

Hawaii Versus America

By VINCENT G. PERRY

Home again! There was something in that thought that thrilled Jack Wells through and through. There he was at his own little breakfast, smiling his own breakfast being prepared by his own Chinese servant. That was the life!

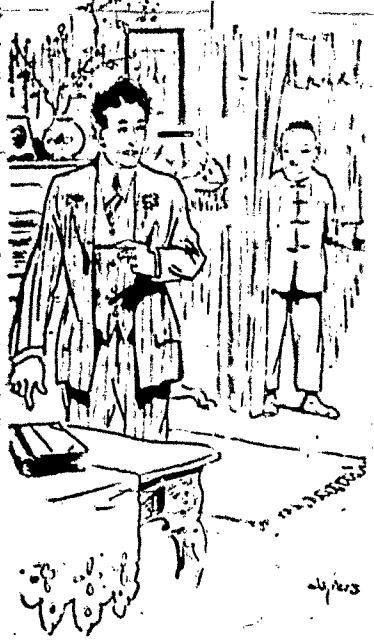
With a yawn he sat back in his chair to find contentment, but he couldn't find it. He was not sure whether he was pleased at coming home or not. He had been home a month, but this was the first time he had had a chance to think it over. Hawaii was a wonderful country next to America. It would have been easy to have stayed there if it hadn't been for Junonia. It was a little of the real country to him, a little of the sunny island. What a wretched being she would think he was! He had shown her he had thought a lot of her, too, and she seemed to think a lot of him. She would have made a much better wife than many American girls he knew, even if she was a foreigner. Why had he been silly enough to let the ideas he left America with prejudice him against her? Perhaps it was because those ideas had been imbedded in his mind by the wagger he had made with Dick Meadows.

"You'll fall in love with a Hawaiian princess," Dick had told him the night before his departure. "Hawaiian girls always manage to land Americans."

"Catch me falling in love with a dark skin!" Jack had sneered. "I am going to that country to get dope for popular songs, not to fall in love. The only love I will make will be set to music."

Then the wagger had been made. Jack promised to confess if he did make love to a Hawaiian girl, but he was sure he wouldn't. Dick was equally as sure that he would bring back a Hawaiian wife.

It had taken Jack about a month to get enthusiastic over Honolulu. His typewriter still seemed to make up words that fitted right into the old native music. The natives he found particularly interesting. They were



"I Am Going Back to Honolulu."

far more civilized than he had been led to believe back in America. The girls were attractive, but he scoffed at the idea of falling in love with one of them. Then he had met Junonia. She was so different from the rest—so like an American, and yet so unlike one. She appeared educated and refined. When Jack realized that he was really falling in love with her, he was panic-stricken. Recollections of the fate of the hero of "The Bird of Paradise" and other Hawaiian plays swarmed into his brain and caused him to cut short his stay. Junonia was all right in Hawaii, but she would be out of place in America. He had sense enough to see that.

But as Jack sat ruminating over it, he wondered if he had been wise. It was not fair to Junonia to come away as he had. He had been in America for a month, but had been so busy on his songs he hadn't had an opportunity to think it over before. It was hard on her if she thought anything of him. After all she was a woman in her heart just the same as any American girl was. Perhaps she was breaking that heart at the very minute. The thought of those big, laughing eyes, dimmed with tears, made Jack miserable. He was on his feet in an instant. "I am going back to Honolulu," he called out to his servant. "Find out about the steamer."

It was an excited Jack that bounded in on Dick Meadows.

"Dick," he yelled. "I've been a cheat. You really won that wager and I've just found it out. I am in love with a Hawaiian girl and I'm going to marry her."

"Sit down like a sensible man," Dick ordered. "You are not really in love, you just think you are."

"That was the wrong way to take it," "I'm not," he grunted. "I tell you I am. She's the finest girl in the world—Hawaiian or no Hawaiian. You'll have to admit it when I bring you back here as my wife."

"Surely you wouldn't marry a woman

with 'dark skin'? There was genuine horror in Dick's tone.

"Dark skin, nothing!" Jack flushed. "Her skin is no darker than yours. Many of the Hawaiians are as fair as you."

"That doesn't make a Hawaiian an American. She will be a foreigner."

"What if she is? America is crazy over Hawaii. Every fellow will stay as fair as you."

"They'll think it a large joke. In whom you are all right to play and lose. But they don't let you carry off an American wife. You know that as well as I do."

"I know nothing of that kind. There is very little difference between you and an American girl. She speaks English as fluently as either of us, and the only respect she has is just like any other of those American girls. You know that as well as I do."

"I took you a mighty long time to discover it. What did you come back here for without her?" There was a smile on Dick's face that Jack couldn't quite understand.

"Because I didn't have sense," he answered. "The climate down there makes a fellow a little tamer. It took a little of the real country to bring me to my senses. I have been a backer too long."

"Wouldn't an American girl satisfy you?" Dick asked.

"American girl? Nothing. There is only one girl for me, and I'm sorry her name is an African." Jack was quite decided.

"You have never met my sister," Dick said, as if struck by a sudden thought. "Nita, Nita," he called.

"Nita was not very far away."

"Did you call, Dick?" There was something in the voice that glued Jack's feet to the floor.

"Junonia!" he cried, as she entered the room. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Dick's sister," she smiled.

"Are you Hawaiian, Dick?" Jack demanded, as he faced his friend, who by this time was convulsed with laughter.

"No; neither is Junonia," Dick smiled. "Her name is Spanish, but she is American through and through. She has just returned from visiting an aunt in Honolulu."

It was a moment before Jack could gain control of his senses. "Why didn't I realize it?" he gasped. "I thought you were Hawaiian. Will you ever forgive me for saying as I did?"

"I thought I never would until I overheard your conversation with Dick," she said sweetly. "Do you really love me that much?"

"That much! Why, since I know you are an American I can hardly keep my heart from racing over you. You'll really be angry at you for making me believe you were a Hawaiian."

"It was Dick's idea. He wrote me and asked me to look you up and play the deception on you. You and him and Junonia laughed. But Dick had disappeared."

"You are a much better American," Jack told her as he looked at her admiringly. "Let's go to the piano and try out a song I've just thought of."

PASSPORT IDEA IS OLD ONE

There is record of document granted by Julius Caesar to a Philosopher.

According to a writer in London Answers, passports, without which one cannot at present quit the country except as a soldier or a sailor, are of very ancient origin. The earliest of which there is record is one granted by Julius Caesar to a philosopher, and is worded as follows:

"If there be anyone on land or sea handy enough to molest Potman, let him consider whether he be strong enough to wage war with Caesar."

In normal times a passport is not a difficult thing to obtain in England. The application must be accompanied by a declaration made by the applicant's banker, or any mayor, magistrate, minister of religion, barrister at law, physician, solicitor or notary. It is linguistically a highly ornate document, with the royal arms at its head, an imposing array of titles set forth in magnificent language and printed in the best paper plate.

At the base is the coat of arms of the foreign secretary, followed by his signature, lithographed. The bearer's signature completes the document, and the whole thing may be considered cheap at two shillings.

If a person wishes to travel in any of those countries where a passport is a necessity, the must obtain the acknowledgment of registration—that is, the visa—of the embassy or consulate of that country. This costs a further sum of from two to nine shillings.

Chestnut Burs and Porcupines.

A chestnut bur is almost as hard to handle as a porcupine. Long bristling spines point in every direction to prick the fingers of the unwary. But after the frosts come, the bur opens itself and the soft smooth nuts drop out for the first comer to pick up. Don't be discouraged because the thing on which you have set your heart is encased in a prickly armor which makes grasping it inexpedient. Perseverance, steadfastness, a determined holding on, are sure to open the toughest burs at last, making the prickles harmless and dropping the treasures they guarded into the hands uplifted to receive them.

Horses in Military Service.

Fewer horses die in military service than in commercial service, according to a figure which have been compiled in England. The normal loss for commercial animals in the course of a year is 20 per cent, while the loss in military service is estimated at about 10.

ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS

Savages Ruled by Customs and Ceremonies as Unalterable as Are Beliefs of the West.

If life in the New Hebrides can be described in unchangeable terms of primitive custom, it is not the less governed by an elaborate code of tribal laws by custom, and the influence of these laws is the governing factor in the life of the natives. But the old are being altered by the new, and the new are being altered by the old. It is a struggle between the old and the new, and the result is a new order of things.

Her Beau Was No Adonis.

A girl with a stunning figure, big brown eyes, pencil-like complexion and wavy black hair, lovely enough to be some the bride of a prince, stood gazing at the Union station recently. The girl was waiting for a train. She was waiting for a man who had promised to meet her. She was waiting for a man who had promised to marry her. She was waiting for a man who had promised to love her.

GAVE GREAT WRITER THEME

How Patriotic Protest of Gentle-Hearted Man Furnished Inspiration to Joel Chandler Harris.

In one of his stories of farm life in Georgia Joel Chandler Harris tells of a wealthy planter who wanted a few acres of cleared woodland cleared near a village in which he lived. Labor was scarce, but he finally induced a thrifty fellow to follow him to the village to work on his land. The man who had always been honest, but a kind of dreamer and "nerd" of a sort.

Music is a Moral Law.

There is an intense need for art, and above all for music in the daily lives of our people, and it is through the public schools that the musical resources of the younger generation, at present lying dormant, must be awakened.

Why should our girls and boys being educated to be good business men and women be denied development of all higher intellectual and moral side of their natures? It is here that music most directly exerts its influence. To quote the words of Plato: "Music is a moral law. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."

Undersea Pipe Line for Oil.

Trunk steamers are loaded with oil from the Mexican coast by means of undersea pipes, sometimes over a mile long. The record is broken by two lines, each two-and-one-half miles long, recently installed about seventy miles south of Tampico. This method of loading is made necessary by the character of the coast in the vicinity of the oil fields. There are no harbors deep enough to accommodate tank vessels and the water alongshore is shallow for a mile or more to sea. The oil pipes lie on the sea bottom and connection is made with the tank ship at the outer end by means of flexible metal hose. The line is fully connected on shore and is then towed out to sea by a tug.—Literary Digest.

About Milestones.

Most people imagine milestones to be quite ancient institutions. They are not so really. The first milestones to be erected in England were set up on the Cambridge road between Barkway and Cambridge in 1727, and it was not until 40 years later that their use became at all general. True, there are two "milestones," so called, that bear the date 1700, still standing—one at Tadcaster, and the other near Widdington, Herefordshire. But these do not give the distances to the places graven upon them, being in effect, therefore, merely stone signposts.

Elusive Australian Birds.

No bird of eastern Australia is harder to find than the cockatoo, which comes out of the dense undergrowth only in the early mornings to water. It is the male which is responsible for the whistling note. The note is often heard but the cockatoo is rarely seen. The female is usually the one who would think both sounds proceeded from the same bird. It is the cockatoo that calls again, this time however emitting the whistling note. The note is a hoarse, guttural sound, and is very well concealed. It is made in a low, dry voice, which on account of the spines makes it almost impossible to hear. There are two eggs at a sitting, both white with black markings.

Used Human Flesh for Bait

Hawaiian Kings Utilized Bodies of Slaves or Enemies to Lure Monsters of the Ocean.

In the days of Hawaiian kings, every part of the bone and skin of a shark was supposed to confer undying bravery upon the possessor. Wherefore, shark fishing was then a royal sport. In those days, the bait chosen to stop a shark was the body of a slave or of some enemy against whom the royal personage had taken a sudden dislike, according to an Outing.

Kamehameha I was especially proud and jealous of his title of the Great One. He should cherish a great name. He therefore had a plentiful supply always on hand.

The person chosen to act as bait was killed, cut up, placed in a calabash, and allowed to mellow for a few days. The mellowing process continued, the bait was lashed to the outrigger of the royal canoe in such a manner as to leave behind it dripping blood and oil. Upon reaching the fishing grounds, the bait was lowered over side. Historians tell us that great skill and courage were shown by the members of the royal party on such occasions in the roping and landing of the captured shark.

History of Ballooning.

The first ascension in a balloon filled with hydrogen was made in 1783 by M. Charles and M. Robert at Paris. Henry Cavendish, about 1780, discovered the great levity of hydrogen gas, and the following year Doctor Black of Edinburgh announced that a thin bladder filled with this gas must be floated along these lines and found that a bladder was too heavy paper not airtight, but that soap bubbles filled with gas rose to the ceiling of the room. The first successful balloon was made by the Montgolfier brothers, in France, in 1782. It was a fire balloon, inflated with hot air from burning paper. The Montgolfier success led M. Charles to experiment with hydrogen gas, and with M. Robert he traveled 31 miles in a hydrogen balloon fitted with a safety valve. In 1785, Blanchard, the first professional aeronaut, with Dr. John Jeffries of Boston, crossed the English channel. Military balloons were used at the battle of Solferino in 1859 and by the federal army during the Civil war near Washington in 1861.

Kemp, the Architect.

The architect who designed the beautiful monument in Edinburgh to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, was George Meikle Kemp who was born at Moorfoot, Peebles, Scotland, in 1795. He studied architecture while traveling as a journeyman carpenter through England and France. That he acquired the art under such conditions is those is proof of superior talent and strength of character. The Scott monument is his best known work and is sufficient to establish his fame as an architect. The monument was commenced under his supervision, but Kemp never saw his finished work, for he was drowned in the canal at Edinburgh in 1844, before the monument was completed.

Their Hallucinations.

The city man who longs for country life thinks more about a restful nook in a shady nook somewhere near a babbling brook than of the back-breaking plowing hoeing reaping and mowing, and less of stopping the logs and pulling the line than of the later wending their way homeward in the gleaming and loving an accompaniment to the hired man's musical there is light present. To be sure, the city man who longs for country life thinks that about all their town fellows ever do is to set round in cabarety shows and bid wine with yellow haired adventures.—Kansas City Star.

Little Demand.

"A stitch in time saves nine," remarked the ubiquitous quoter. "Yes, that's what they all say," returned the other. "but in all my travels I've never run up against a fellow who is saying them."

Only Three.

A certain political orator was thus described by an opponent: "He has only three faults. First, he reads his speeches; second, he reads them badly; third, they are not worth reading."

And Several Other Things.

Any man who is continually making fool of himself must be a natural born tautologist.

MOTHER NATURE AS SCULPTOR

Marvelous Beauty of Yosemite Valley Due to Erosion of Water Through Uncounted Ages.

After the visitor to the Yosemite valley has recovered from his first shock of astonishment for it is no less than the supreme beauty of the valley, he will wonder how nature made it. How ever did it happen that walls perpendicular in character, a man should be tempted to stand on a ledge otherwise it will not lessen wonder to learn that it was water which cut most of this deep valley to the solid granite. Originally the Merced river flowed practically at the level of the canyon top. How long it took its waters, enormous in volume then, no doubt to scrape with tools of sand this valley, then sands of feet into the living granite no man can even guess. And, as it cut the valley, it left the tributary streams sloping even more sharply from their levels until eventually they poured over brinks as giant waterfalls.

But geologists have determined, by a long fact, that the river did by far the most of the work, and that the great glacier which followed the water ages afterward did little more than square its corners and steepen its cliffs. It may have increased the depth from 700 to 1,000 feet, no more.

During the uncounted years since the glaciers vanished, erosion has again marvelously used its chisel. With the lessening of the Merced's volume, the effect was to amazingly carve and decorate the walls.

Not a Matter of Policy.

"Honesty is the best policy" is an old adage which has been drilled into the minds of children for many generations. There is dishonesty in the saying. If one is honest on the ground of policy he is not strictly honest. He would be dishonest did he think he would not be found out or if he saw the dishonesty of the saying. It is a principle lying deep and firm in character. A man should be honest because he would feel a contempt for himself were he otherwise. The really honest man is not looking for approbation so much as to satisfy his own conscience. To act because it is "good policy" is liable to lead one into many makeshifts. Let us be honest because honesty is right and falsehood is contemptible.—Milwaukee Journal.

Brain Memories.

Every activity, every experience is registered in the brain as a memory, conscious experiences as conscious memories, unconscious experiences as unconscious memories. And the conscious memories which disappear, things forgotten, are still retained as unconscious memories. If we think of the great number of things that we experience unconsciously for instance, how many people we see and do not remember the next moment, and the still greater number that we remember for a while and then forget, it will be apparent that great quantities of unconscious memories are stored away in the dim depths of our minds. Some of them it is difficult to recall, but more cannot consciously be recalled at all.

Monuments of Worth.

It is very doubtful if the things we do for ourselves count half so much as the things we do for others. A self-lived life is always one-sided and incomplete. God helps him who helps himself was not meant as a stimulus to selfishness. A man's own life—or a woman's, either, for that matter—as a monument is worth little unless it symbolizes some usefulness to those about him. Napoleon's monument, for an example, is something of a hollow honor, looked at through modern eyes. Benjamin Franklin, on the contrary, needs no monument other than the heritage of his work and thought.—Exchange.

High Structures in America.

From the foundation of the pedestal to the torch the height of the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor is 305 feet 6 inches, the height of the statue to the base of the torch is 151 feet 1 inch. The light at Navesink is the highest from the level of the water, being 216 feet above mean high water. The tower of this lighthouse is but 52 feet in height. The highest tower is that at Cape Hatteras, N. C., 180 feet in height. The tower at Cape Charles, Va., comes next, being 175 feet in height. Along the New Jersey coast the towers at Atlantic City and Cape May Point are the highest, being each 150 feet.

New Verb in Language.

Barton warmly advocated generosity provided by was the recipient of it, but he generally managed to appropriate his own things and a large share of little brother's as well. One day the brother had a large, luscious apple, which he was consuming with great relish, when along came Barton and said "Give me half." "None, nothing doing," was the unexpected reply, "you never divide anything good with me." "I will next time," glibly promised Barton. Little brother calmly continued enjoying his apple and tartly remarked, "Sure, Bart, quit your kidding."

Natural or Acquired.

A business man says that no matter how busy he is he gives 20 minutes every day to getting his desk in good condition. For years he struggled to catch up with himself by taking a day every now and then and devoting it to getting order out of chaos. One day his young stenographer suggested to him to give just 20 minutes a day to "straightening out things." "I have found," he said, "that 20 minutes every day is worth many days' time if given intelligently. The only way to have things straight is to keep them straight. And the only way to keep them straight is to keep them so day in and day out."

Samplers.

There is no doubt that, as a rule, the long and narrow samplers are older than those more nearly square, writes Alice Morse Earle in "Child Life in Colonial Days." These ancient samplers, especially the few bearing dates of the seventeenth century, are much finer in design, more closely worked and better in execution than those of later date. The linen background is much more closely covered. They have more curious and varied stitches. Occasionally they are of minute size, but four or five inches long, with exquisite fine stitches.

Natural Curiosity.

Miss Oldbird was airing her views on marriage and went to Miss Flap-pette, and it was evident that she was what is known as a man hater. "I don't care for men, my dear," she said to her young friend. "In fact, I already have said 'No,' to several of them." "Indeed," said the young thing with a twinkle in her eye. "What were they selling?"