

Honolulu, One of the World's Greatest Melting Pots, Where All Races Study but Strange Superstitions Still Cling

BY HARRIET GEITHMANN.

FOR three glorious summer months it was my good fortune to teach in the Girls' Industrial School, a Hawaiian territorial institution situated on the open stretch of Kapaeha, between Maunaloa Valley and the sea. Directly in front of the campus boomed the noble old crater Diamond Head, which is now heavily fortified. Uncle Sam built the school on the cottage plan on an 11-acre campus. Through one corner ran a noisy brook on its way to the Pacific. The banks were shaded with the native mango and guava trees, both of which are dear to the heart of the Hawaiian girl. Back of my cottage flourished a healthy banana and papaya grove. Beyond the grove was our real old-fashioned farmyard, barn, chicken house and pig pen. We boasted of eight head of cattle, a rollicking family of 11 pigs waxing fat for future luaus (feasts), one ancient, battle-scarred mutt good for all ploughing, 100 chickens and 10 ducks. In the paddock bordering on the brook the forage crops were raised for the cattle. While I found the setting full of fascinating interest, I found the native girl much more so. I shall never forget her with her wealth of possibilities and complex problems.

All Races at School.

Almost all the races and nationalities are represented at the Girls' Industrial School at one time or another. Honolulu is one of the world's busy melting pots, and from it pours an endless stream of half castes. The majority of our girls were Hawaiians and half castes, with a goodly sprinkling of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Korean, Filipino, Samoan, Puerto Rican, Spanish and Russian. To see the pure Hawaiian one must visit the islands now. They, too, are a "vanishing race."

I found the Hawaiian girl essentially primitive, generous to a fault, good natured, affectionate and indolent. Never will I forget how I struggled with their names. I was tongue-tied before such names as Ekokela, Kainakupuna, Kesioka, Kahiwai, and Kiri Uluhehe. There are only 12 letters in the Hawaiian alphabet and half of them are vowels. These vowel sounds are like those in the German language.

The girls are masters of brevity of speech, their knowledge of English being limited. Each afternoon during the bathing hour I heard from all directions in the vicinity of my cottage, "Pau bath, Miss G." "Pau" is a powerfully expressive word which equals "finished, stop, no more, hush, through, etc." Crossing the campus with a 9-year-old Kauai child, Mokihana, we passed Kaula tatting.

Mokihana looked at Kula and then at me and said, "Kula, smart fat." In this respect they remind me of the wise Japanese in the islands who, instead of taking a picture bride, goes to Japan and finds his bride and later defends his judgment with, "More better I see."

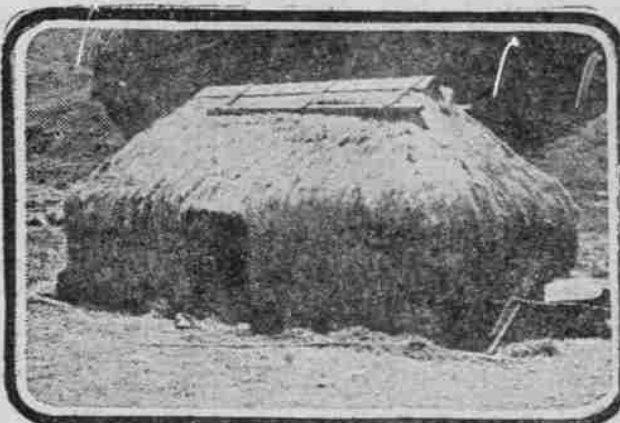
How to Eat Poi.

The Hawaiian girl thrives better on the native foods such as rice, poi, taro, salt salmon, fresh fish and frits. I learned easily to like poi in spite of Mark Twain's description: "The buck Kanakas bake it under ground, then mash it up well with a heavy lava pestle, mix water with it until it becomes a paste, set it aside and let it ferment, and then it is poi—and an uneductive mixture it is, almost tasteless before it ferments and too sour for a luxury afterward." But nothing is more nutritious. When solely used, however, it produces acid humors, a fact which sufficiently accounts for the humorous character of the Kanakas. I think there must be as much of knack in handling poi as there is in eating with chopsticks. The fore-

Pure Hawaiian Strain Fast Dying Out; Kanaka Girls Are Masters in Brevity of Speech—American School Teacher Tells How to Eat Poi—Life Carefree and Happy.



On a hike around Diamond Head, with the Pacific Ocean at the left.



A native grass hut under a cliff by the sea.

finger is thrust into the mess and is made from the bulb of the taro stirred as quickly out, thickly coated, plant. Just as if it were poulticed, the head is thrown back, the finger inserted in the mouth and the delicacy stripped off and swallowed—the eye closing gently, meanwhile, in a languid sort of ecstasy. Many a different finger goes into the same bowl and many a different kind of dirt and shade and quality of flavor is added to the virtues of its contents. I might add that poi



Departing for the mainland. One of the prettiest customs of the islands is the giving of leis (wreaths) when a friend sails away.



Statue of Kamcha, the first king of the Sandwich Islands—Their Napoleons.

for my neck, and nose-rings of brilliant hue.

The following Hawaiian words were more or less convenient in the daily discipline: Pilikia (trouble), pupuli (stupid), pau (finished), whiwhi (hurry), wai (water), no (yes), kanaka (man), huhu (angry), wahina (woman), malihini (newcomer), kaukau (food), luau (feast), mahopi (by and by), hanahana (work), and hole-hole (play). We never said north, south, east or west but makai (toward the sea), mauka (toward the mountains), ewa (plantationward) and Wai-kiki (south or Diamond Head way). I never liked the wriggling centi-

pedes which visited up "with 42 legs on a side and each one hot enough to burn its way through a rawhide." I liked them still less after hearing one of the other teachers tell us of the nice, long, juicy centipede in the Irish stew which was prepared for the teachers' table by an angry girl.

After prayers at eight P. M. my 22 young children were ready for bed; then came the thrilling period of pills and cough syrup. They clustered around me in the hall like so many little brown sparrows with wide-open bills and crooked necks. With a spoonful of black syrup in each little red throat, a gurgle of keen satisfaction and they slip away to bed. Half the time the sore throat is a myth.

A Weird Superstition.

With the Christian influence of the sturdy New England missionaries of the nineteenth century in the islands the ancient Hawaiian superstitions could not live. However, at this time there are still a few natives, who believe in the old superstition of being prayed to death by a duhuna (priest) employed for that purpose by the enemy.

The industrial classes of the school are rug-weaving, basketry woven from the leaf of the lauhaie (pandanus odoratissimus), sewing, lace and crocheting. The girls soon learn to profit with their fingers in any one of these departments. In addition to these classes folk dancing, music and the three R's are taught. The native hula dance is not allowed at the school.

The entire work of the institution, cooking, dining-room service, laundering, sewing and gardening, is done by the girls themselves. Thus they learn daily the lessons of faithful service and the compensation of work well done.

When 18 years old they leave the school. Many of them are capable young women, full of hope and promise and with a real appreciation of Christian ideals.

My last day came, as all last days are bound to come. I was scheduled to sail for the island of Maui to climb Haleakala, one of the world's largest extinct craters. The girls knew it and expressed their feelings by gathering outside my window, where they sang their plaintive airs and played "Aloha Oe" on their ukuleles until my heart was sad.

WORSHIP OF ANTIQUE

BY VIRGINIA EARLE.

CHANCE led us to the door of a very exclusive firm of interior decorators not long ago and the object of our quest was to find, if possible, a photograph of an especially interesting bedroom. The picture which the head of the house brought out from an inner sanctum was interesting, very, from a decorator's viewpoint, and the details of color scheme and furniture arrangement had been exceedingly well worked out. But the furniture itself was of mediocre design. It was almost but not quite good. A tactful question elicited the information that it was of "exclusive design," and especially built for the room in question.

The next question was more blunt than tactful: "How should this furniture be described in the caption beneath the picture?" And the head of the house, after thoughtful deliberation, replied, "Mahogany, in Adam style."

"Surely, though, we could hardly call it a pure Adam?" was the next question. "Not exactly, of course, but a modification," came the unblushing reply. And so it goes! On every hand we are met in modern furniture exhibits with "adaptations" and "modifications" of this or that period style, though the adapter has gone to such

length, or the modification is so far removed from the thing original, that one cannot but wonder what Chipendale and Sheraton and Adam and Hepplewhite and all the rest, harking back to good Queen Bess and even including Louis XVI, would say if they could pay a visit to our furniture shops today and see the various creations which bear their names.

Now it is all very well to modify and to adapt the masterpieces of the past so as to meet our present-day needs, thus preserving the beauty which is our heritage from the past while still conforming to modern ideals of comfort. But in our strenuous efforts to display a knowledge and appreciation of the various furniture periods, are we not carrying things too far? Must every piece of furniture bear a tag reading "Jacobean" or "Queen Anne" or "Adam," as the case may be, before it can hope to interest the possible buyer? To look over the furniture assembled now for the coming midsummer sales this would seem to be true.

Ancient worship was, we are told, a practice of the decaying civilization of the East. And, in the opinion of many who speak with authority, the popular artistic worship of antiques is but an evidence of the decayed ancestry of the West.

Mokihana, a Kanaka girl, on a gala day.

picnics. For days afterward I paid the penalty by treading on mango pits, panini skins and date stones scattered broadcast. Mokihana used to save her mangoes by hiding them high in the arch of the lanai (veranda). Often her store was pilfered. That night at devotional services Mokihana would invariably startle me and her comrades by the following Bible verse: "Thou shalt not steal."

All Expert Swimmers.

It was my pleasure to take the good deportment girls to the pool in the hills for a swim. What a joyous group they were and what a picture they

made in their blue holokas as they stood high on the lava rocks and plunged headlong into the deep pool. They are all powerful swimmers. On red letter days we hiked to Wai-kiki Beach and swam in the surf of the Pacific. They frolicked with the breakers dashing over the rough coral rocks, ate the slimy seaweed and dug in the sand for crabs.

Whenever these primitive youngsters were keen for a hike or a swim they were "queek" to hoomaimuli (flat-ter) me with gay flower leis (wreaths).

Sketches From Life, by Temple.



Business Affairs All Arranged



Salute!



Her Tribute