FROM TROPICS TO FRIGID ZONE

Climatic Transformation Possible in a Few Hours' Experience in Trip to Haleakala--Islands at One's Feet, While Beyond Is Unlimitable Sea

By Edward P. Irwin.

THIS old earth upon which we live is fairly familiar to most of us, at least in its commoner aspects. We travel back and forth over a small portion of it, as a rule over about the same paths, looking upon the same old things—and generally seeing but few of them—and if familiarity does not breed contempt, it at least prevents wonderment and narrows our capacity for comprehending the strangeness of that upon which we gaze unseeing.

It is not until one stands upon the rim of one of the great sinks of desolation which was once one of the vents of the unknown interior of this strange globe, and gazes down into the scarified depths where ages agone the subterranean forces played at world-making, that a faint gleam of comprehension begins to light up complacent ignorance and he understands to some slight extent the fury of the titanic struggle out of which the earth surface was evolved.

An extinct volcano in which the departure of its fires is sufficently recent that the gradual process of disintegration has not transformed it into a fertile valley is even more impressive than an active volcano. In the latter there is life, the evidence of inconceivable power and fury. One is thrilled and awed at what he half sees, half suspects in the swirling depths. But in the former he looks upon the results of the struggle of those blind forces and upon their grave.

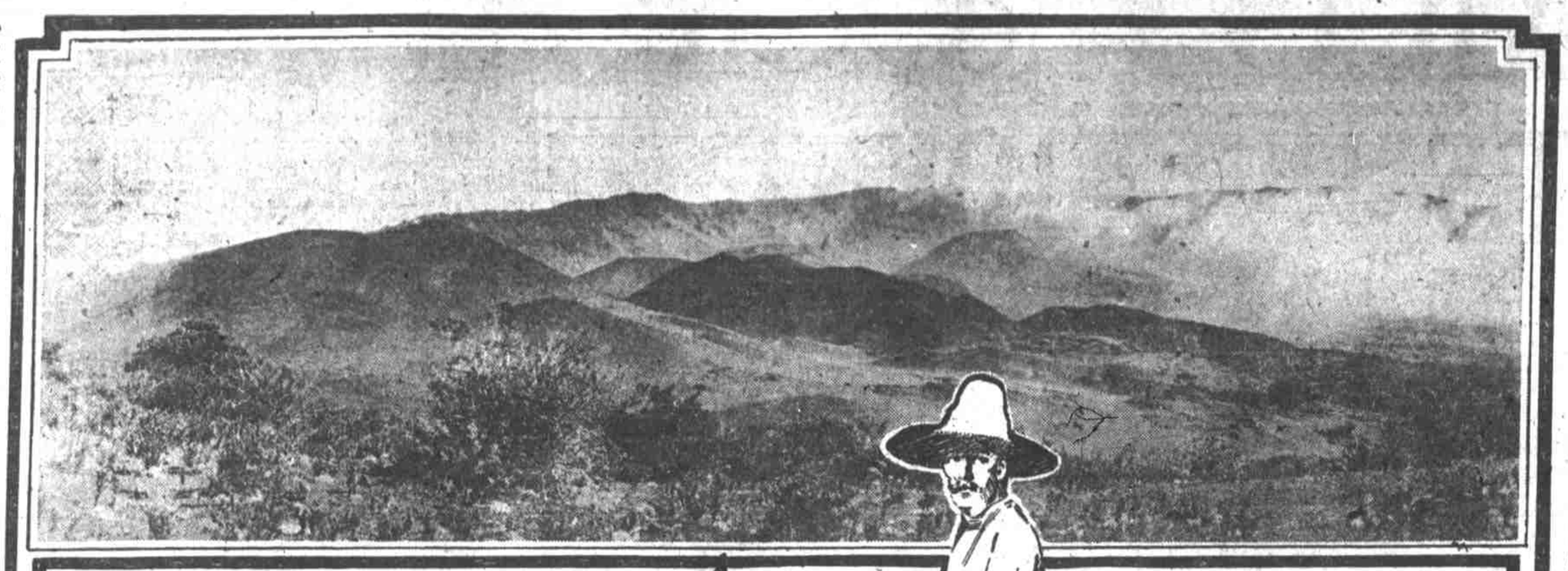
See America First.

Last spring, traveling as the correspondent for a Honolulu newspaper with the governor of Hawaii and his party around the island of Maui, I stood one morning upon the rim of the great crater of Haleakala and watched the sun rise out of the eastern sea and above the banks of cloud far below us. Every year there is an exodus of Americans to Europe, and not a few of them climb the icy reaches to the summit of Mount Blanc or some other of the Alpine giants to see the sun rise. Some day rich America will travel to the island of Maui in Hawaii to watch the incomparably greater spectacle of a sunrise on Haleakala.

We had rested at Makawao one day early in March, after having for several days ridden the mountain trails that form the only land connection between the northern and the southern ends of Maui. The governor and his party were making a tour of the island for the purpose of looking into its resources and farming possibilities, and on the afternoon after reaching Makawao we rode out over the Haiku district to examine some lands supposed to be available for pineapple culture. Returning to the home of Worth Aiken at Makawao late in the afternoon, the governor suddenly proposed that an ascent of the mountain be made that night. There was a fair moon, and the prospect was a pleasing one to several of us. Only six of the party decided to go—Governor Frear, Land Commissioner Pratt; Worth Aiken, private secretary to Governor McBride; W. J. Copper, correspondent for a Honolulu paper, and the writer.

Glacier and Cloud Effects.

The ascent of Haleakala can hardly be called mountain-climbing in the Alpine sense. There are no glaciers to be crossed, no whirling clouds of snow to blind the traveler, no avalanches crash down steep slopes, threatening to bury beneath them any unfortunate that may be in their way. For a daylight ascent, not even a guide is necessary. All the traveler needs is to place himself astride a horse and ride all the way to the summit. The road, it is true, is inconceivably rough, but it is in no particular dangerous, except in the improbable event of a horse stumbling over one of the boulders and throwing his rider over his head onto the lava. So those who read this need look for no account of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventure.



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.

For two or three miles we rode along a country road unusually good for Hawaii, where good roads are the exception rather than the rule. Then leaving this, we commenced the ascent of the mountain. The first part of the climb was like riding along through the rolling ground of one of the middle western states. A trail, accessible even for vehicles, wound up the side of the mountain, and on each side stretched away rich pasture land, whereon grazed thousands of cattle. At intervals out of the darkness ahead would loom ghostlike a white signpost informing us that the summit was so many miles ahead.

A Climb to the Top.

We rode steadily ahead until we reached Idlewild, Aiken's summer home and half-way house, at an elevation of 4,000 feet. Although we were in the tropics, the air was already decidedly chilly. It was the original intention to spend the night at this place and finish the ascent early in the morning; but the moon was still two hours above the western horizon, and the desire to see the sun rise tempted us to continue the ascent. So, leaving the cheerful fire blazing in the big fireplace at Idlewild, we rode out and up the mountain.

From here on the ascent was much harder. A trail was built to the summit about three years ago at a heavy expense, but the engineer apparently knew nothing of the effects of mountain storms, and now it is absolutely unusable on account of the rushing torrents of water which at certain seasons of the year pour down the face of the old volcano. Consequently, under the leadership of Mr. Aiken, who had made 37 ascents before, we rode straight up the mountain in pursuit of the ever-vanishing skyline. Shortly after we had reached an elevation of 6,000 feet the moon went down, leaving us in darkness so dense that none could see the rider in front of him.

Overhead the stars glimmered but faintly on account of the haze which had spread over the sky. But far below us glittered the twinkling lights of the great sugar mills of Paia and Puunene, and the harbor beacons of Kailua. The stillness was absolute, except for the clatter of stones and the heavy breathing of the horses.

Air Grows Cold.

Shortly after the moon sank, we came to a long barbed wire fence—for the slopes of Haleakala are leased by a grazing company for the pasturage of their thousands of cattle—and in order to keep our direction, we followed the narrow trail that ran alongside of this fence. By this time the air had become decidedly cold, and each of us had put on a long rubber slicker. Suddenly out of the stillness came a long, r-r-r-rip that startled each man to an upright position in his saddle. A muffled exclamation that sounded much like muffled profanity followed. Pratt's slicker had been caught on one of the barbs of the fence and torn half across. Naturally this was funny to the rest of us—until our laughter was stopped by two more tearing sounds. Cooper had myself had ventured too near the barbs and been stung.

With the going down of the moon, the elusive skyline with which we had been trying to catch up suddenly leaped forward out of sight, and about the same time the jagged a-a boulders became thicker and larger. But the ponies scrambled over the rocks like goats, with never a slip. But breathing was becoming hard for them and we were obliged to stop constantly and let them blow. Towards the end of the climb they were unable to advance more than 100 feet or so without stopping, for the atmosphere at 9,000 feet is very rare.

And it was getting colder. Some of the party who were entirely unprepared for the trip felt the chill keenly, for there was a wind blowing that seemed to find every opening in one's clothing and to search its way to the marrow. One of the party was seized with the nausea of mountain sickness and before the summit was reached was almost unable to sit his horse.

"There's the Top."

The last part of the ride was by far the worst, the way being through a-a boulders with occasionally masses of slippery pahoehoe. And the ascent was almost as steep as the side of a house. But unexpectedly Aiken anounced, "There's the top, and looking up we saw the ragged line of the crater faintly against the sky. One last scramble and the horses landed us on top, where we could get the full benefit of the gentle zephyr that seemed to have come on a special mission direct from the north pole. "Me for the dear old Alaska where it's warmed," moaned one member of the party as he dismounted and stood shivering in the wind. "Ughr-r-r-r," groaned another, "I was never so cold in my life." But he was a good deal colder before the sun came up.

There is a house on top of Haleakala but a windstorm some time ago blew the roof off and when we made the ascent the place was useless. So we crawled into a sort of cave under the edge of the crater and tried to keep warm by the imperceptible head of a kerosene lantern. It was 3 o'clock when we reached the summit—a long time in that wind to wait for the sun to come up.

But while it was still black dark, our guide hustled us out to watch the sun rise. There was the faintest crimson glow in the east, which steadily and rapidly became brighter. Soon the desolate valley of the huge crater became faintly visible, and floating far below us, over the sea and the lowlands we could see what appeared to be ghostly islands, white, unsubstantial, foamlike.

A few degrees above the eastern horizon hung a narrow strip of cloud, black as coal but with the lower edge faintly tinged with delicate rose from the as yet invisible sun. The light increased with wonderful rapidity and the higher clouds burst into flame or became incredible masses of pearl and amethyst and gold, with dashes of purple and cerise and deeper paintings of violet and orange.

The colors changed every minute until one could hardly follow the bewildering transformation. Out of a sea of pearl dust the summits of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa on the adjacent island of Hawaii rose swimming in the glory of the morning. Molokai floated on a mysterious sea of vapor. Lanai lay like a long sand dune bathed in the diffused glow. The mountains of West Maui rose boldly above a plain yet hidden in the vapors of the night. And the colors in the east increased, vibrated, changed with kaleidoscopic swiftness.

And then suddenly there appeared above the rim of the world a dazzling segment of a circle of molten gold. An instant we stared at it, and then there shot above the horizon as if hurled up by giant hands the great ball of the sun.

Gardens of Color.

The clouds swimming far below were instantly metamorphosed into gardens of color. Their upper surfaces, which were turned to us, glowed with every color of the rainbow, every minutest drop of moisture acting as a prism through which the rays of the sun passed and were broken up into their component elemental colors and reflected up to us. And off in the west the great blue shadow of the mountain itself was cast on the darker sky.

The crater that lay below us was in striking contrast to the glory of the east. Arid, stark, desolate, it was the very place of death. Where once a furious sea of fire boiled and tossed its troubled coils and shot great columns of molten rock toward the sky is now an immense yawning hole, burned and scorched by the ancient fires, barren except for straggling clumps of a hardy plant that appears able to live without soil or moisture.

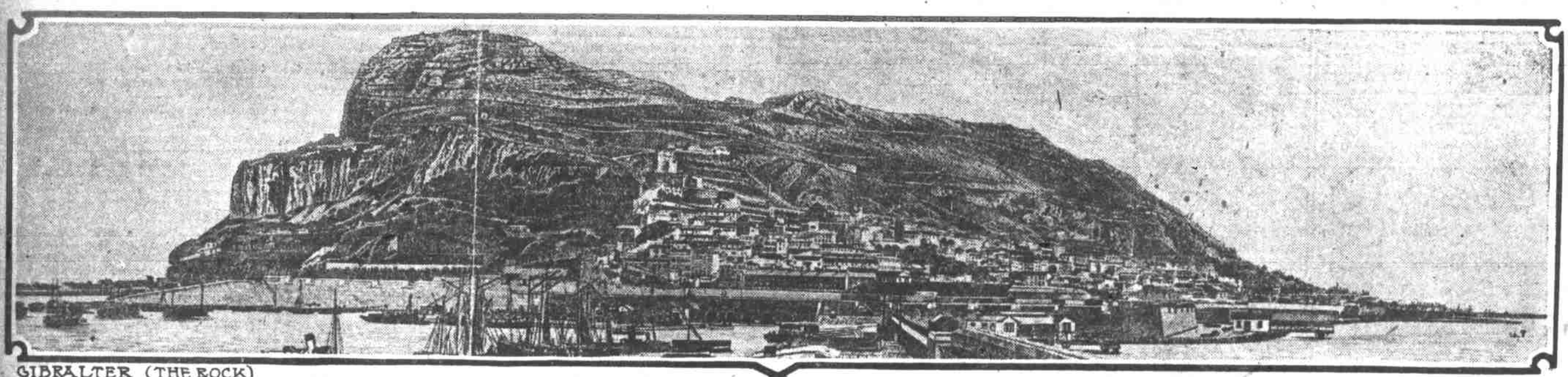
Haleakala is the greatest volcanic crater in the world, either active or extinct. It is 2,500 feet in depth and nine miles across. Sometime during its long period of activity the great weight of the molten lava in this cistern of fire broke out a large part of the eastern wall and allowed the molten rock to pour in devastating flood down the mountain side. The gap still remains, mute testimonial of the powers of the Madame Pele, the fire goddess whose habitation the crater once was.

Pent Volcanic Fires.

Within the greater crater are about a dozen minor craters, thrown up during the dying out of the fires, probably their last spasmodic sputterings. Viewed from the summit these curiously resemble hills. Yet from the floor of the crater they are seen to be mountains in themselves, some of them being nearly 1,000 feet in height. It is almost possible to climb them, for their surfaces are formed of constantly sliding particles of red lava sand and one slips back almost as far each step as he gains.

Nothing can give any better idea of the terrible earth forces than the scarred and riven sides of the rim of the crater. And if one can picture to himself this huge vent in the earth filled with flame and boiling rock, he may get some faint idea of the titanic powers that created out in the midst of the Pacific this new fertile and pleasant group of islands.

SOME FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF IMPRESSIVE GIBRALTAR



GIBRALTER (THE ROCK) FROM THE BAY.

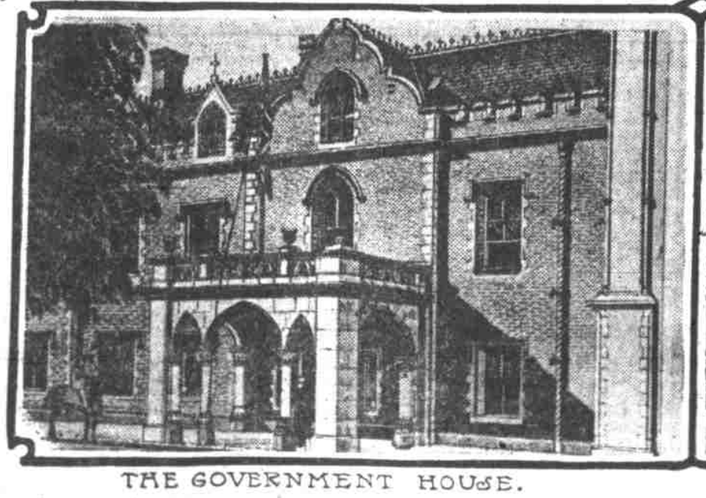
By J. Mabel Miller.

THE deep azure of a clear September day reflected in the tideless waters of the Mediterranean. Between the blue above and that below, the majestic figure of a lion couchant carved by nature out of stone—a gigantic rock rising 1,400 feet out of the sea and bristling with the fortifications of Britain, Gibraltar!

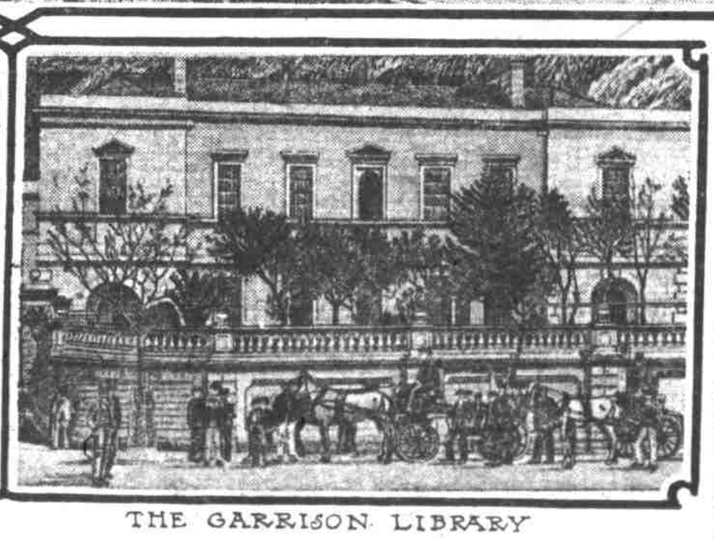
Such was my first impression, while waiting to be rowed ashore from the Scindia, of one of the most historical as well as one of the greatest geographical features in the world.

From an impression to a thought is a swift transition, and perhaps the first idea that occurs to one in entering the Straits of Gibraltar is the nearness of Africa to Europe, the distance being but nine miles from the most northern point of Africa to Tarifa, Spain, the most southern point of Europe.

On the headland at Tarifa, jutting into the sea, still stands the old Moorish castle, once the stronghold of the Barbary pirates who in mediaeval times exacted tribute from all ships passing the straits. In fact, the word "tariff" is said to be derived from this very stronghold, where duty was first paid to the pirates of the sea.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE.



THE GARRISON LIBRARY

If one has but a short time to spend at Gibraltar, the first thing to do is to climb the rock, which is not difficult, and on reaching the summit the view from this Pillar of Hercules of two seas and two continents is well worth the exertion, particularly at sunset, when the sky is literally aflame. Women who are not good walkers usually avail themselves of the patient, sure-footed donkeys, and are thus carried safely to the top.

Although a "rock," Gibraltar is fertile to the point of luxuriance, producing no less than 500 species of ferns and flowering plants, 90 per cent of which are native. On the side of the rock the Barbary apes are frequently visible.

Wonderful as it is by nature, Gibraltar has at the same time the distinction of being the strongest fortification in the world. The rock is three miles long and from a half to three quarters of a mile wide, the whole circuit being approximately seven miles.

The town is protected by artificial defenses, consisting principally of a line wall, which is a tremendous mass of masonry, two miles in length, with projecting bastions having guns turned right and left, sweeping the face of the wall.

Inside the line wall, fronting the bay, are the casemates and barracks of the artillery regiments that serve the guns.

The line wall is armed with guns of the biggest caliber, some of them mounted on the parapet above, but most of them being in the casemate below. These are but the beginning of the defenses. In the rear of the town again are batteries that can be fired over the tops of the houses, and the rock itself bristles with guns.

The rock galleries, however, are the greatest feature of Gibraltar. These were begun over a century ago and were blasted out of the bowels of the earth by gangs of convicts.

The tour of the galleries is precisely like walking through a railway tunnel, with the exception that there are no arches, the solid rock through which the excavation is hewn being self-supporting. From the entrance at the Moorish castle, which was built in 700 or thereabouts, to the Hall of St. George at the end, in which Nelson was once entertained by the officers of the garrison, is a distance of two miles. At intervals of 36 feet there are portholes through which light is admitted, and at which heavy guns are stationed, mounted on carriages by which they can be swung around as desired. These enormous guns in the galleries have been likened to the teeth of a lion, the shape of the rock so closely resembling that of a lion couchant, and the galleries being located in what would be its head.

The galleries are in two tiers, one above the other, each a mile in length, and are on the northern side of the rock, the side which faces Spain, and are intended as a protection against advances from the land.

The sanguine kodak fiend who imagines that he is going to have an interesting souvenir of the fortifications, or of anything else at Gibraltar, is doomed to disappointment. No sooner does he unstrap his kodak from his shoulder than a polite British official informs him of the fruitlessness of his desire.

The human aspect of Gibraltar is particularly interesting. When the tourist steps upon the quay he is confronted by a motley array of humanity, mostly with something to sell. Here are Moors and Spaniards; Jews, long-bearded, clad in gabardines; Turks in baggy trousers, Levantines and Maltese and blackest Africans, besides a native variety known as "rock scorpions."

From this babble of tongues and tangle of color I was glad to escape to the cool seclusion of a friend's house and be refreshed by a dainty luncheon of Scotch scones and honey, and oatcakes and tea, within sound of a simple song service at a mission conducted by the Established church of Scotland, and within sight of a field where a Scotch regiment, gaily kilted, was marching to the music of the pipes.

Truly cosmopolitan is Gibraltar!

HER CRY OF DEATH

By Charles Foley.

THE last rehearsal of the drama "Her Death Cry," was over and the playwright, Johnow, left the little theatre pale with fury. He had every reason to feel excited. All the actors had done well and everything had gone fine, but the actress who played the main part, the beautiful blonde Mizzi Werner, had been simply ridiculous. Instead of doing her very best and putting her whole soul into her part, she had done nothing but flirt with the stage manager, and Johnson was offended and hurt, not only as playwright, but as lover.

"The play must take," he said to himself, "but it must be played right. The excitement increases from act to act, but instead of this I may say tonight that the audience, instead of sitting spellbound during the closing scene, will burst out laughing because this Mizzi Werner, instead of showing extreme anguish, looks as if the whole thing were a poor joke. Her cry of death is simply silly. The stage manager is stuck on her, too, putting it mildly, so he will do nothing, and if anything is to be done I must do it myself."

At this moment the object of his thoughts left the theatre, together with the stage manager. Mizzi Werner was indeed a thankless creature. Without Johnow she would never have had this chance. He had ordered her engaged, and now she was deceiving him with the stage manager.

Indignant at her ungratefulness and almost insane with jealousy, Johnow went over to the couple and said curtly: "I did not want to humiliate you in front of the other actors, Madame, but if you, in spite of all my assistance and advice, insist upon playing your part as insanely as you have just done, you will ruin the whole thing, and the play will be an utter failure."

"I want you to understand, sir, that I play my part as I conceive it," Mizzi replied with a smile, not the least imposed by the anger of the author. "You are lucky, indeed, to have found an actress of my ability and talent to take a part in such a miserable piece as yours. There isn't a single good joke in any of the three acts, and my talent is absolutely in a comical line. I love to laugh, and know how to make others laugh."

In that case you ought to have given up your part instead of pestering me until I gave it to you. I tell you once more that tonight you must play your part with more conviction, and especially you must put much more feeling into your cry of death."

"If you believe that I'm going to cry myself hoarse for your sake, you are very much mistaken. I'm sick and tired of all your fault finding. The instructor and the stage manager both say that I play excellently, as far as it is possible in a part of that kind, and what you think is absolutely immaterial to me. Besides, I know very well that you make all this fuss not because I don't play well, but because you are jealous as an old cat."

She added half a dozen more impertinent remarks, and Johnow, now thoroughly infuriated, was barely able to preserve his calmness as he said: "You would better be careful, Mizzi. Do not force me to do something reckless."

In the meantime the stage manager, who until now had believed that he was the sole ruler of the beautiful actress' heart, thought that this conversation had lasted long enough. He tried to calm both parties, assuring the playwright that he was absolutely certain of the success of the play, and then took Miss Mizzi home, admonishing her to take a good rest before going back for the performance in the evening.

As soon as Johnow was alone he soon grew cool. As for his disappointment in love, he felt his pride returning, and said to himself that an absolute breach with Mizzi would be far better than all these humiliations which he had suffered within the last few days. But the playwright, in his character, was less satisfied. He wanted his drama to make a strong impression upon the audience, to fill them with terror, and if this didn't happen the play would fall flat.

"I must force that woman to show doubly fear in the last scene. She must appear absolutely natural when she gives that piercing cry, and not skip around as a shop girl when you tickle her. If I only knew how I could make her see how foolish she is."

And Johnow continued on his way with a frown on his forehead, and had almost reached his apartments, when a certain idea struck him. He rushed into the nearest postoffice, bought a postal card, addressed it to Mizzi, not at her apartments, but at the theatre, then he put a special delivery stamp on it and dropped it in the box.

* * * * * * *

The curtain rose slowly and the theatre was filled to the last seat with an audience which at first didn't look as if it had much feeling, but the scenes took well, and after a while the audience followed the play with great attention.

Johnow hadn't come yet, but the stage manager was watching the play from the wings, and next to him stood blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked Mizzi Werner, flirting with him worse than ever. At the same time she promised herself inwardly that if she could do anything to make the play a failure, she was going to do it, just to show this peevish little Johnow that he was not to offend her unpunished.

"I will show them something," she thought, "I will show the audience something that they have never expected. I'll make them laugh from the minute I enter, and I have practiced at home for that death cry until I can meow like a cat."

Just then a stage hand handed her a special delivery letter. She looked at it in surprise and read the few lines it contained. She recognized immediately that it was in Johnow's hand-writing. The letter read: "I have loved, now I hate you! The love which filled my heart has become a jealousy which tortures me. I have suffered too much, and tonight, when you enter upon the stage, I shall have my revenge. Farewell!"

Mizzi stood pale and motionless with terror.

"Look out, you will get your cue in a moment," the stage manager whispered.

The girl was shocked as if somebody had awakened her from her sleep. She hid the postal card in her pocket, but in spite of the rouge she was so pale that the girl next to her asked her what was the matter with her.

"Oh, I don't feel well. I am afraid."

"Oh, nonsense, the idea of you having stage fright—there is your cue now."

As she went in Mizzi had only one thought: Johnow will take revenge, but how is he going to do it, and what is he going to do? He isn't even in the theatre.

Her thoroughly terrified expression made a great hit with the audience, which was soon thoroughly absorbed in what was going on. In the meantime the most fantastic thoughts chased one another through the brain of the actress.

"Even if he should be among the audience," she thought, "he wouldn't dare hiss, for he would spoil the success of his own play," and somewhat calmer at this thought, she lifted her head and looked around.

Suddenly her eyes landed upon the prompter's box, and what she saw there almost made her faint. In the place of the prompter, Johnow was sitting staring at her with eyes blazing with fury. The girl stood as if paralyzed. It was the moment when the scoundrel had finished his speech and lifted his hand to stab her through the heart, but looking at the terrible eyes of the prompter, her voice failed her, and instead of the death cry there came only a low moan.

Then she saw Johnow stoop and take something which had been hidden under the table. It was a revolver, which he aimed straight at her.

She rushed back, at the same time uttering a cry so piercing, so terrible and so natural that the audience held their breath and sat as spellbound. A feeling of terror had taken hold of each one, both actress and audience, and it only passed away when the curtain went down and the applause of the audience called the playwright and the actress in front of the curtain.

The play was a success, as Johnow had expected. An absolute success, which meant glory and money to him.

Mizzi Werner never played the part again. She has married the stage manager, and declares that not for a fortune would she ever go on the stage again.