

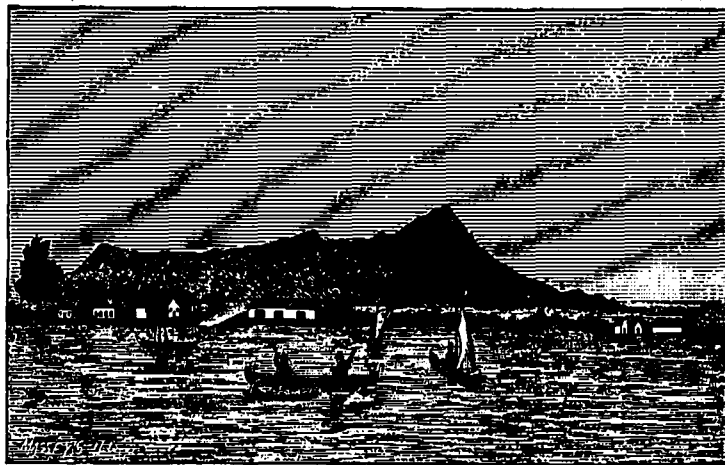
like a chestnut, though slightly bitter. The plant is of the calladium family and resembles the species which has a very large leaf—that is, large to us—and is sometimes used to ornament gardens at home. This *taro* plant is very extensively cultivated and has to be grown in marshy places or in irrigated patches. The average yield per acre is said to be 28,000 lbs. of *paiai* (cooked *taro* pounded to stiff pulp). Allowing 4 lbs. per day per man—a liberal allowance—this will give to the square mile, or 640 acres, substance for 12,274 men for one year. A process has been devised by which the root can be diverted into flour and 25 lbs. of this flour is calculated to be ample for a man's supply for one month. The *poi* is made by beating the baked root, or the flour, mixed with water, into a thick paste about the consistency of "porridge." When in best condition for eating it has a peculiar sour taste, approaching a yeast taste, and is of a lilac color. One has to acquire a taste for it, but from the way in which even foreigners seem to relish the very nutritious and fattening dish it cannot be difficult. However, I struggled over a few spoonfuls. Eating *poi a la* native is quite an art, for they use neither spoons, knives, nor forks on any occasion, but employ the first or first and second fingers as a conveyance and in a manner quite surprising, so neatly and deftly is it done.

The grass or thatch houses of the natives, so cleverly made and once so extensively used, being admirably adapted to the climate, are fast becoming a thing of the past—the modern frame house taking its place. (See cut next page.)

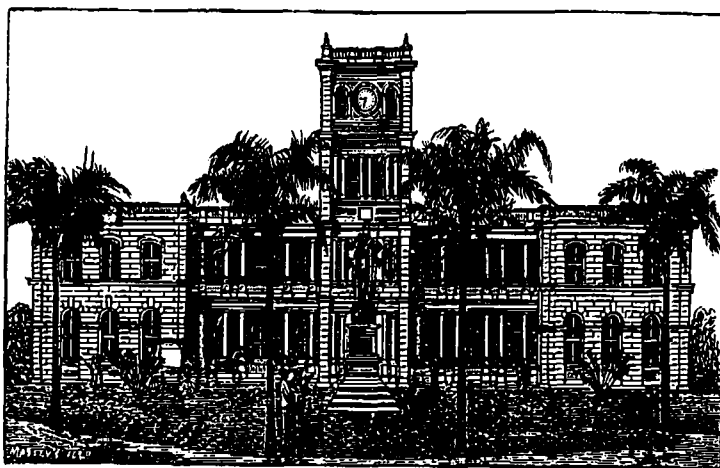
The costume of the women is somewhat unique. It corresponds to the style of dress which we call the "Mother Hubbard" and to which the natives give the name *haloku*. It is in universal use and well suited to them and the climate—even resident foreigners have taken it up. (See Illustration, page 11, "Household Department.") The men dress about as we do.

Amongst savages and cannibals, such as these Sandwich Islanders are supposed to be by the majority of the outside world, one would scarcely expect to look for much civilization—schools, churches, etc.; but a look into the hall of the excellent government building while the legislature is in session, and a visit to some of the

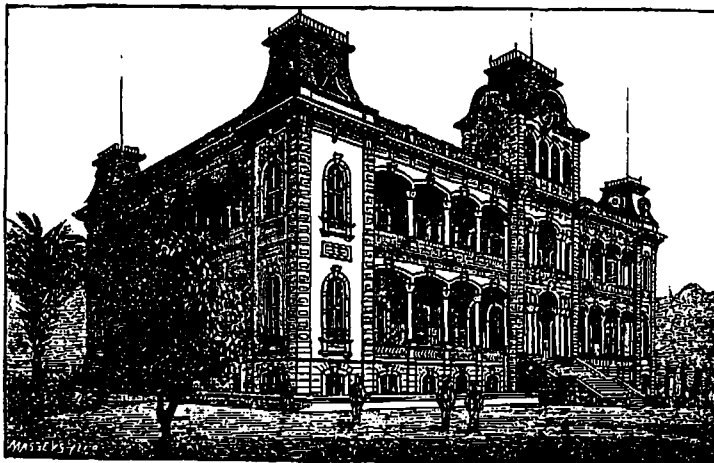
schools and public institutions would astonish you—upon making such visits I myself was more than astonished. As far back as their history can be traced it is affirmed the Hawaiians were never cannibals, but whatever once they may have been, it is certain they have not been such for over a century. Idolatry was abolished by them in the early part of this century, but like the gods of the Greeks and Romans, the chief deity, Pele, of the Hawaiian mythology, is not forgotten in their songs and legends to this day. Of the different religious denomi-



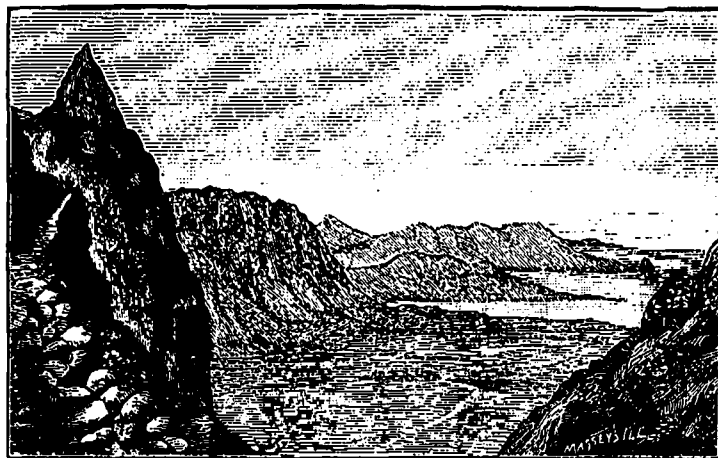
DIAMOND HEAD, NEAR HONOLULU.



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.



KING'S PALACE, HONOLULU.



THE PALI, ISLAND OF OHAU, NEAR HONOLULU.

nations, the Catholics count the largest membership, next are the Congregational, Anglican and Baptist. In Honolulu all the Evangelical Churches—Congregational, Methodist, Baptist, etc., except the Anglican and Catholic Churches, have united into one body, known as the Central Union Church, forming a live and energetic congregation, which is doing a good work. The Y.M.C.A. have a fine building costing \$20,000, which is wholly out of debt. There is also a Chinese Y. M. C. A. building.

It will be most surprising to you to learn the proportion of these people who are educated and can read and write, which, according to Prof. Zahm's report, is ninety per cent. How does this compare with Ontario? The great reason for this is the fact that education is compulsory, there being also a liberal provision for schools and teachers—a teacher for every 25 and a school for every 40 pupils in the land.

I was surprised to find the number of Canadians resident in the islands,

and it was through the kindness of one who holds an official position that I was enabled to procure a pass to the receiving hospital for lepers, the sad subject of which I now come to speak.

Leprosy, the dreaded plague of the islands, cropped out there some fifty years ago. It is probably the most terrible disease with which mankind is afflicted, it is so loathsome, so horrible, and so long, as a rule, in overcoming its victim. Notwithstanding the advanced stage to which modern medical science has attained, no remedy has ever been found for this dreadful plague. After the introduction of the disease into the islands, it began spreading with such alarming rapidity that the government found it necessary to resort to severe action for its suppression, and accordingly a settlement was founded on the Island of Molokai, to which the unfortunate afflicted were banished as soon as discovered—a rather harsh and stringent measure, but the only one that would accomplish the purpose.

Up to November 1st, 1885, 3,101 cases had been taken to the leper settlement, the average present being about 700. A receiving hospital was instituted at Honolulu, where newly-discovered cases were first taken and afterwards sent to Molokai, though many cases are now kept there, there being 100 lepers present when I visited it. It was Thanksgiving Day, which is celebrated in the islands by resident Americans, and a thanksgiving dinner had been prepared for the poor afflicted creatures after the native style.

A native feast (*luau*) is a sight in itself, but a native leper's feast was a rare and pitifully sad sight—one which I would be glad at times to efface from my memory. I shrink from describing the awful scene of these wretched plague-stricken men,