

From Honolulu to Vancouver

By Alexander Home Ford.

There were those on the Makura who had come out, on this her first voyage, from Glasgow, bound for America. She is a palatial boat, 8350 tons, can make 18 knots an hour and did make 15, so that the trip from Honolulu to Victoria was accomplished within seven days. There is one innovation made by the Makura; above the dining saloon is the ladies saloon, no smoking here even about the big fireplace of blazing logs that graces one end of the sumptuous parlor finished in pink damask. Above the ladies saloon is still another palatial parlor, for ladies, mind you, who do smoke, or who don't object to their escorts who smoke. None of the ladies aboard who smoked were American, for which favor, the gods be praised. Alas! it is not always so.

The table on the Makura was equal to any on the Atlantic greyhounds, save that the usual Australasian horror of green peas as a vegetable, or in any other form, was displayed with the usual ardor, although delicious asparagus and still more expensive fresh crisp celery was always on the table. There was a lack of chicoryless coffee, but then Grey of the Moana is the only Australian bred steward I ken of who will serve real Kona, strong as you wish it and without chicory. I am placing these facts before the head of the commissariat department in Vancouver and hope to convince him that it is the seeming trifles that count at sea and that such a floating palace as the Makura should be flawless in every respect. Real coffee (with no "mixture" in small letters on the original package) and the violation of the Australian rule of no green peas aboard ship would create perfection in travel on the Makura between Honolulu and Canada. It was a rough voyage, but few realized that the weather was stormy, so steady was the boat. Several round-the-world voyagers aboard pronounced her the steadiest ship they had ever boarded—and I believe she is.

One passenger on the Makura whom I hope to have with me in Hawaii for a mountaineering tramp about the islands is S. Turner, of London, the famous mountain climber, F. R. G. S., author of a celebrated work on Siberian mountain climbing that won him a medal from the Russian government, and the only man who has ever crossed over the summit of Mt. Cook in New Zealand. Our Russian and Siberian experiences formed a bond of sympathy and when I dwelt on the mountain trails of Oahu, the crater of Haleakala and the big mountains of Hawaii, Turner agreed to come back with me next year to Hawaii and we will explore. He will bring his wife and children, leaving them in Honolulu. We both believe that a book on mountain climbing in Hawaii is needed—we need it anyway, and there seems only one way to get it. Mr. Turner is to be my pupil on the surfboard, I follow him mountain climbing.

We had five evening hours in Victoria and started out for the nearest Seafood restaurant, where I met my first Puget Sound crab fifteen years ago. Victoria seemed a struggling village then compared to what she has since become. Crabs as big as a soap plate were then given away gratis with a small steak order; now they are a luxury. We ate a big one, each, were beguiled to a theater by an advertisement of a Hawaiian sextet and came back for more. The crabs were good, the sextet was bad—very bad. There was one-half Hawaiian in the group, a hapapake, and the rest—well they looked like malihinis, they sang like malihinis, and I believe they were malihinis. Yet, although they sang but one song that might by any evasion be called Hawaiian, "Tomé," they were echoed again and again as the star feature of the bill; which only demonstrates that the stranger does go in raptures over the music of Hawaii. I refer it to this day to any in the world—for pleasure without intellectual effort—and I know that it will pay Hawaii to give more attention to her native singers and songs. The sextet did not sing "Aloha Oe". I don't think they knew it.

Turner and I discussed the great vast reaches of mountain valleys seen from Puget Sound; valleys and mountain peaks that would take weeks to explore, and for what? One continuous tramp through pine and snow. Puget Sound is wonderful. Next to the sounds of New Zealand perhaps the most awe-inspiring stretch of mountain and water vistas in the world. But there is no such grouping as in Hawaii, the world's jewel box of surprises. For lonely overpowering grandeur, Puget Sound and mountains, yes. For inviting, enticing, embracing, resistless mountain charm, Hawaii. That is the conclusion Turner and I reached, and I like Turner, for he has done something, and even at a glance he recognized the fact that he had left the best undone, and he is going to rectify that by doing Hawaii as only an experienced thrill-loving mountain climber can do our most difficult and interesting peaks. Hawaii and her mountains for mine, with Turner, that I may know the land I love as I wish to know it and make others know it.

I take off my hat to the Puget Sound transportation companies. What an example they set Hawaii. They really set out to tempt the tourist and they succeed. I hope to take up the matter of combination cruises from Hawaii and the South Seas, including the Puget Sound cruise. If only such a scheme could be worked among the Hawaiian islands! With the Matson Company's Puget Sound boat in operation this may come about—at least I shall work for it, and persistently accomplish much in the long run.

I asked for a five-dollar-a-day cruise—for the tourist—among the Hawaiian Islands. See what these progressive Puget Sounders give the tourist for his money! Cruises on palatial steamers, at \$2.50 a day if you please, meals and berth included—and only four dollars a day including ocean voyage to San Francisco. Or if a trip to Nome, Alaska, is added, only five dollars a day. We will yet have our popular cruises among the Hawaiian Islands—it is coming.

See the sample Puget Sound sets us—this little circular everywhere:

Round the Sound Excursions.

Quit your worry and work and pack your trunk for a voyage around the Sound!

That's a trip worth while! Away from the heat and dust to the cool air and balmy breezes of Puget Sound.

Look at the map! Board the steamer at Seattle or Tacoma and for four glorious days travel from port to port sightseeing, paying for the whole trip, including comfortable berth and unsurpassed meals, only \$12.00. Can you beat it? Is it not cheaper, and far superior, to staying at home? With their electric lighting, their commodious staterooms, handsome lounging parlors, large promenade decks, great size and staunch seagoing qualities, these big ocean steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company embody satisfying features for the pleasure seeker. This is an opportunity you can not duplicate! Now is the time to go!

From Victoria, B. C., the fare is only \$15 for a five-days' voyage and is yearly taken advantage of as one of the grandest short trips from that City.

From San Francisco, eleven days for \$45, with ample stopover, if desired, on the return trip, at Seattle or Victoria, B. C.

This vacation cruise is on the big steamers President, Governor or City of Puella sailing every five days. You will find many congenial people also making the excursion. There will be a continuous panoramic shore line of mountains and forests, beautiful beyond description, the Cascade Range with peerless Mount Rainier (Mt. Tacoma) 14,444 feet high, the mysterious and unexplored snow-capped Olympic Mountains, enchanting islands, and interesting stops with trips ashore at many large cities! You can loaf and rest aboard ship, send messages or receive news via wireless telegraph, fatten up on good things from the commissary, or vary the rambles about the steamer's ample decks with sightseeing trips ashore. From San Francisco stops are made at Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Anacortes, Bellingham and Vancouver, B. C., in the order named, then return is made to Seattle and the vessel proceeds back to San Francisco via Port Townsend and Victoria. While the steamer is in port and freight is being hurried aboard and ashore, there must needs be a stop of many hours duration. Passengers are informed how long this will be by the ship's officers and usually pass the time, visiting the sights.

Everywhere I find the Puget Sound people take to the plans proposed by the Territorial Transportation Committee for joint Hawaiian-Australasian work in America. They even wish to contribute toward the expenses on the ground that it brings people to the Pacific Coast, and that he cause of Hawaii and the South Seas is their cause also. The Honolulu Home Hotel information circular is being received with evident enthusiasm, and the Pacific Coast papers give ample space to telling the truth regarding the really sumptuous home hotels of Honolulu that charge no more to the transient tourist than do the boardinghouses of the Pacific Coast. It is from the men of moderate means that our small farmer element must be recruited, and the sooner he realizes that he can visit Hawaii and be as economic there—as at home—the better in my opinion, for the success of any plan to people Hawaii with those of Anglo-Saxon blood.

As I whiz by the scenery en route from Vancouver to Seattle, I am impressed with the fact here that each mountain lasts a long time. The trolley ride from Waikiki to Kalihii road offers a variety of scene and mountain scape that one does not get here in a day's ride on the train. As the Makura passed out before glorious Manoa in the Outrigger, some one on the bench at the Olatrigger Club lit a farewell bonfire—well, I would rather see that signal fire again and Manoa valley, with the prow of my ship turned Honoluluward, than any one sight this side of the regions that are reserved for the blest—and I am now whizzing along through a most awe-inspiring portion of the world's great wonder book of scenic illustrations.

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