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## WIRELESS

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from eight to ten.

In the face, spun around on his feet, and fell headlong towards the pavement. John Thomas caught him as he fell, and then after doing all he could to help the man, telephoned the police station, and had the patrol wagon come and convey the Japanese to the Queen's Hospital.

## MOVING PICTURES OF OLD HAWAII

M. Bonvillain and Alexander Hume Ford have both returned from a tour of the Big Island. M. Bonvillain is so enchanted with Hawaii that he will postpone his return to Japan and again visit Hawaii with the object of securing many motion pictures of many subjects. Ford will also return to the Big Island as soon as he can form a little hut to charter a power sampan that will be the home of the cruisers for a month or more. A. B. Leckenby will be one of the party.

Speaking of his trip to Hawaii, Ford said: "I went with the determination of walking around the Big Island to become intimately acquainted with the ground I covered—and I did walk when I wasn't automobiling. Hilo I had visited with the first Congressional party, but I was not prepared for the changed and improved appearance of the town in three short

years. Hilo looks as though it had just been taken out of a band box. There is plenty for the tourist to see about Hilo, and I had not been ashore an hour before I annexed Editor Kinney's horse and was off to visit Rainbow Falls. Why Hilo don't build a trolley line through town and out to the falls, I can't understand. I suppose she will before another three years; she will have to. After lunch I secured Ernest Moses and took him out to the Kahunu caves, this heathen resident of Hilo never having visited them yet living and doing business no three miles from their entrance. I tried to get him to follow me for three miles along the lava tunnel and burrow out, so forming a new entrance and one two miles nearer town, but he balked. However, we got some good flashlight pictures in the cave, and some day someone in Hilo will buy a few pounds of dynamite and blast a more convenient entrance to this three-mile cave under the lava.

"I started to walk around the island by taking the train for Puna stopped an hour or so at the Castle sawmill because the locomotive ran off the track, and leisurely watched the process of cutting ohia ties—crime in my eyes, for the timber is the finest flooring wood in the world. Nothing can surpass it as dance flooring, as friends of the Outrigger Club will soon have cause to know.

"At the Puna end of the line I dropped into the delightful little cliff-bound warm spring on Mr. Lyman's place. Here is a spot that should and will some day be developed. These Hawaiian warm waters actually cured rheumatism; the natives frequent them from far and near when afflicted. After a bath in the warm spring I did begin to walk, and kept it up for about fifty miles, the first day through primitive Puna, along the seacoast and over 'aa' that wore out a pair of shoes per hour. But, alas! the only two grass houses I snapped were modernized. One had stone walls and the other a corrugated iron roof. I spent a night at Kalapana and the next morning started out on a 24-mile journey to the Volcano House, a glorious walk 4000 feet up the mountain side, with a trip to a famous and extensive heiau before leaving the beach. The trail up the mountain is rugged, beautiful and waterless. You come out of it at Kileauiki, and if you turn in the wrong direction, as I did, land up in the big pit, with several additional miles added to your itinerary. I found Bonvillain at the pit, about midnight, making motion pictures for Pathe Freres and the rest of the world. Kilauea was bubbling and boiling much as every writer for the past year or so has stated in glowing original sentences. The Volcano House of today is a vast improvement in every respect over the house I visited three years ago. 'The world do move in Hawaii.' I was off at daylight, however, for a ride over the Kau desert and through the canefields, to catch the Mauna Loa.

### Primitive Hawaii.

"Real primitive Hawaii is seen in little chunks along the Kau lava coast. Every few miles a little grass house settlement of native fishermen and a little cluster of

cocanut trees growing out of the bare lava.

"They were scrubbing Cook's monument when I arrived, but as Kona is the poor man's paradise for one who loves autoing, I was ashore kidding up the mountain side at ten cents a mile. The fare from 'apoopoo to Kallua, including a several-hour visit to the coffee plantations, is but three dollars, and you have an hour or so at quaint old Kilauea before the boat starts for Honolulu. I know of no more interesting part of any of the islands or a few days' outing than the Kona country. I have a picture I took during the first Congressional trip of some pa-u riders on the Kona road, and a number of tumble-down rigs. I snapped the same spot again, and there are three autos in the picture. Three years ago there was not an auto in Kona; today here are a score, and homesteads dot the hillsides everywhere. I spent a day on the Hinds' ranch to see a little feed on cactus and to ascend Pawaawaka hill, from which is secured the finest view of its kind in the islands, for this hill is in the center of the triangle formed by the three big peaks that tower from eight to fourteen thousand feet above. Then there was the ride through the Parker ranch and two lays on the ditch trails of Waipio Valley. It would take a whole chapter, at least, to begin to describe this queen of scenic marvels in Hawaii—the land of wonderful scenery. I am going back to spend a week or more there. Trails from which you can drop a pebble down, down, two thousand feet; forests of fern, mountain vistas as superb as any in New Zealand, valley and ocean views that can be duplicated only in Hawaii—this is the wonder-rip of the islands. The Laupahoehoe-Hilo trip I have done. It is the Riviera of Hawaii, and comes only after the French and Italian riverias—and not such a long way after, either. I want to go back to the Big Island—and I shall.

"It is only a night's run from Laupahoehoe to Hana—eight dollars to the purser, if you please, however, as we rounded the Hana point we went out of a dead calm into monster rollers and on the Hana rocks could be seen waves dashing themselves a hundred feet in air, it was the finest surf display I had ever seen, such surf at Waikiki would make even the biggest boasters pause in their remarks. No, I did not go out surfing, instead I rode overland from Hana to Walluku, and no one should miss this trip, for the Claudine does not leave Kahului for thirty six hours after she arrives at Hana, arrangements will soon be perfected so that the trip may be made in a day at moderate expense. There is a stage conveyance almost every hour between Walluku and Lahaina so I spent a day in the old Hawaiian capital and watched the cocoanuts grow, two hundred to a tree. I got back to Honolulu sixteen days after leaving the little metropolis, and was glad to get back, although in those sixteen days I saw more varied kinds of scenery than in any six months of continuous travel in any lands. I have visited, and I want to do it all over again and again and again."



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