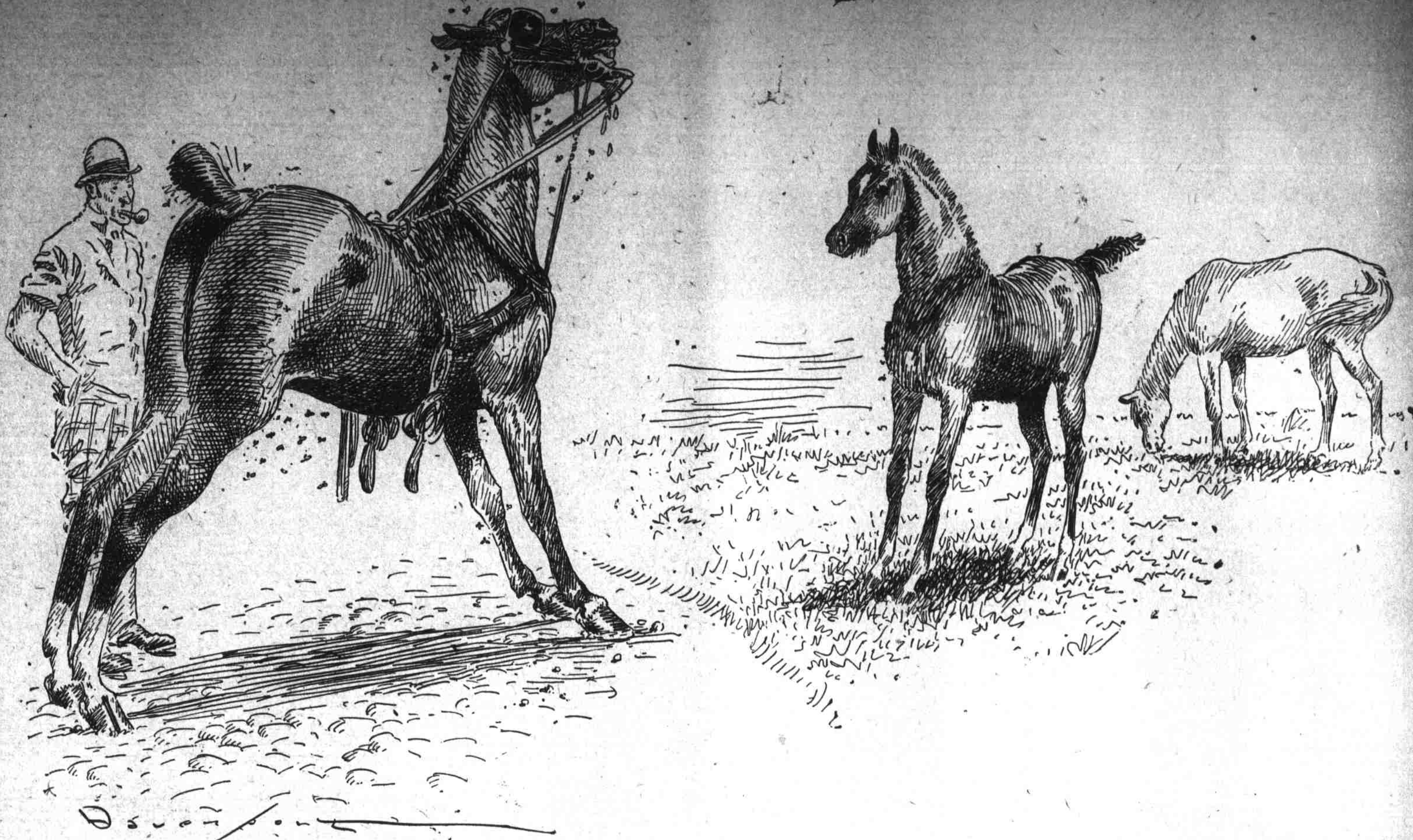


DAVENPORT PLEADS FOR ANIMALS TORTURED TO MAKE MAN'S PLEASURE

X. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS HORSE?

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It is hardly necessary to write anything to go with this cartoon, for every reader probably can draw a better opinion than the writer can frame in words as to what the young colt is saying to himself, if animals can think. It would be quite natural for the colt to wonder what makes this horse hold his head so high and stand so awkwardly.

The horse himself is at a loss to know why he is checked so high and why he must endure an enormous strain on his back. He still switches at flies, but his tail fails to

drive them off him. Like the innocent young colt, the matured horse wonders at the strange order of things. Perhaps he thinks he is being punished for some offense he has committed.

He is compelled to stand very still, owing to the weight of metal in his mouth resting on his tender lower jaw. If he could, only for a change, get his head a little higher occasionally, it would rest him, but the martingale prevents that. With back aching and the tendons in his leg throbbing as the result of the manner in which the

weight is thrown on them, he endures the torture uncomplainingly. If the little colt were endowed with reasoning powers and knew that this wretched horse was once a happy youngster like himself, how miserable would he become, for he would realize that in a few more months he, too, would have his head yanked up, not to speak of having his tail cut off and being subjected to other tortures.

Do "horsemen" realize what torture they are causing when, for Fashion's sake, they distort horses as they do?

amount of bonds in the safe on that particular day, moreover, further showed that one of the inmates of the office was the guilty party."

"What was Ranger's object?"

"He had been speculating secretly, contrary to an agreement with his partners, and was deeply in the hole. He took this desperate chance to square himself."

"Ah! I see."

"He showed up so quickly after the crime, however, that I knew he must have hidden the stuff upstairs. To find it, and at the same time to work Ranger's feelings as to evoke a self-betrayal, was the occasion of my own display of excitement. I aimed to shake his nerves a trifle, that I might surely drop him at the crucial moment. You have seen how the trick was turned, Jimmie."

"Well—rather!" drawled the central office man, with a smile evincing an admiration too profound for comments.

Next Week—The Trap Gun.

Leaves From a Traveler's Notebook

BY MISS CARRIE THOMAS

Running back from the beautiful city of Honolulu are several verdant mountain spurs that rise many hundreds of feet into the cool atmosphere, affording a change of climate, cool and bracing.

Upon one of these ridges, Pacific Heights, we are now situated. To our left and immediately below is the Paoua valley green with taro patches, banana farms and vineyards; to our right lies the matchless Nuuanu valley with its palatial homes, magnificent bike and country club.

Our neighbor is Punchbowl, the crater of a volcano long since gone to sleep. At our feet, seven hundred feet below, nestles Honolulu, the most beautiful city in the world, while out beyond lies the peaceful ocean as blue as the sky above.

From our high pinnacle we can watch the great whips as they come and go to and from the Orient and the West, and can see the tiny pleasure boats as they glide along the placid sea.

THE LUNA RAINBOW.

Many rainbows visit us throughout the day, and nature paints most gorgeous pictures on both land and sea. Luna rainbows are not uncommon, and can be seen nowhere else but in the brilliant moonlight of these islands. Not only do they appear as a corona around our nightly Watchman, but they lean against the curtain of the sky bedecked in colors almost as radiant as one of noonday birth would be.

HONOLULU AT NIGHT TIME.

In the fullness of her strength, the moon is so bright that all street lights are dispensed with until the dark nights come again. But with her myriads of lights, Honolulu fairly scintillates through the darkness, the stars twinkle back a response from the sky, the trades sing a sweet lullaby, and the soul of man, overpowered and intoxicated by the beauty of it all, climbs into the clouds above.

Then it is that fancy runs ahead of facts, and we can see old Punchbowl bright with the lights of a summer garden and gay with festive scenes. We can see American capital wind a track around her rim, and lighted cars like glow worms crawl along her sides.

DIAMOND HEAD.

Nothing could be more strangely beautiful than Diamond Head as it lies like a huge lion, its dead crater darkened by shadows or glittering in the western sun.

"Have you learned to love Diamond Head?" was asked us soon after our arrival. "If you have not, you will, was the reply. "It is so closely identified with the place that every one does, it has since proved a fascination. Artists have found its playful shadows a source of ever changing delight. Mr. H. C. Hitchcock, the splendid landscape artist of whom Honolulu is so

Justly proud, has made it the centre of many of his most beautiful studies.

HAWAII, THE ARTISTS' PARADISE

At all times the Hawaiian Islands are a paradise for the artist. Art flourishes here like trade on the mainland. The Kilauea Art League has its own quarters and holds a semi-annual exhibit that would do credit to any city. Japan imports her cloisonne, China, her ivory, and the local artists grow in the hospitable atmosphere of it all.

Mr. Hitchcock's picture of the Volcano of Kilauea is most wonderful in execution. It now hangs on the wall of the Bishop Museum and is valued at one thousand dollars.

THE BISHOP MUSEUM.

The Bishop Museum is one of the show places of Honolulu. It was built by the missionary, Charles B. Bishop, in memory of his wife, Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a native of rank. The Bishops are great land barons, owning large outlying estates on several of the islands. This museum, however, is only one of their many gifts to the public.

The Bishop Museum contains the relics of a fading race. The throne-room shows the gorgeous feather cloaks worn by the kings of old. These feathered cloaks of red and yellow are of inestimable value. The yellow feathers are the more costly, only two being found on a very rare bird.

Helmetts with plume and weapons of war, portraits of royalty and cabinets inlaid are to be seen as old time relics and furnishings of royalty.

Grass huts and everything else to show the manner of life of the aborigines of these islands are there. The early natives ate their food from wooden calabashes or wooden bowls which they used for holding poi. These calabashes are usually made from koa wood and are polished most highly. They are far more costly than the tourists imagine, ranging in price from five to twenty dollars, according to size.

In glass enclosures are life-sized plaster casts of natives pounding poi, mending their nets, and living the life of old.

There is also a most beautiful variety of stuffed birds. The Hawaiian islands can boast of but few birds, so this collection has been gathered mostly from Australia and the South Seas.

THE AQUARIUM.

One of the first places to which the tourist is taken when he visits Honolulu is the aquarium. This aquarium is said to be second only to that of Nice. The "painted" fish are a source of the greatest wonderment on account of their unusual formation as well as their gorgeous apparel.

Fish with teeth, with wings, with bills like birds, with horns, and with eyes almost in the centre of their

bodies are seen in abundance. The snake-like eels and the fish that look like birds make it easy to understand why Darwin got his theory.

The lazy devil fish coils himself like a snake while his lung-valve dilates as he breathes and sleeps his life away.

The gold fish, the silver fish, the red fish, the flat fish, the fish in stripes like a convict, the rainbow fish, the dark blue fish with orange trimmings, the dotted fish, the cray-fish, the turtle, the flying fish, and every other kind and color of fish in the category are found in the Pacific, and are here in the aquarium happy and bright.

The flying fish are quite numerous in these waters, it being no novel sight to see them flying along by the steamers as they near into the warm latitudes. They have been known to leap upon the deck, and not long ago one did so with such violence as to knock a man down who happened to be in the path of his intended flight.

Last to mention, but not least of these creatures of the sea, is the man-eating shark. One lives at the back of the aquarium in an open tank by the beach. As the tide comes in and the great waves splash into his watery home, he swims swiftly around and casts a hungry glance at his spectators as they stand at a respectful distance away. He eats the food given him by the keeper, which is a great source of satisfaction to the authorities, as every one they have captured before has starved himself to death. His sole companion is a huge turtle too hard to bite. She swims in her corner and adds to her thirteen pounds day by day.

These sharks are not at all uncommon in these waters, and but for the protection of Waikiki beach by the coral reefs might prove a source of much apprehension. On the other side of the island, they are as numerous as to make sea-bathing more of a danger than a pleasure. They like nothing better than a nice juicy man for a meal, and will chew up his arm or leg with the greatest enjoyment and satisfaction. When captured and killed, their bodies sometimes contain cans not yet digested; besides, the bones of some unfortunate fisherman, perhaps a Jap, who has wandered too far out into the deep waters.

Whales are to be seen here, also. In years gone by, "whaling" was quite an industry in this part of the world. The whaling vessels spent their winters on the Alaskan shores, and their winters in Hawaii when the huge icebergs and raw winds drove them south.

HAWAII A SUMMER RESORT.

As to the climate of these islands an erroneous impression exists. It is well realized that there is a variation of only a few degrees from winter to the summer temperatures the traveler would come to Honolulu as a summer resort.

If it were remembered that these islands are mountainous, that the group is washed by the cooling waters of a great sea, and that the ever faithful trade winds come from a land of ice and snow, the tourist travel would not be over in May, the big hotels would not do only a straggling business during the summer season, and the markets would not have to look forward to the fall for better days to come.

HOTELS.

Honolulu being the rendezvous of many wealthy globe-trotters, her hotels are naturally up to the standard. The three largest hotels, the Hawaiian, the Moana and the Young, would take rank with the best in any land. The Hawaiian is the oldest, and though situated in the center of the town, is the most tropical in appearance.

The Moana is out on Waikiki beach where the surf-bathing is unexcelled and can be indulged in all the year round. The Young is a handsome stone structure, and with its modern roof garden would be at home in New York City. It was evidently built with an eye to the future growth of the city, for it is so large that only a part can be utilized for hotel purposes.

The Seaside is a family hotel, and is a picturesque little thing with its tall willow cocoanuts and many cottages that overlook the sea. One of these Seaside cottages has been engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who are now on their way to visit the islands.

The suburban Halewa Hotel (beautiful house) is artistic in appearance and splendid in its appointments. The Brown, another suburban hotel at Waialua up in the pineapple regions, is most unique and attractive.

It is an almost universal custom among the hotels, and even among the private families in Honolulu, to serve the meals on the long broad lanais (porches).

Many sleep out in the open also, for the island people follow the advice of Henry Van Dyke and "spend as much time as possible in God's great out of doors."

STREETS.

As to streets, Honolulu has much of which to boast. The people tied here where they are not accessible to mainland cities, do not properly appreciate their blessings in this line.

The streets are macadamized with ground up coral rock which is obtained from the ocean bed. It might almost be said that there is no dust. The fine long pikes extend for miles, and miles into the country, making this place an ideal one for automobile travel. There are about a hundred automobiles in use here now. This is quite a goodly number considering the fact that the white population amounts to only about 7,000.

STREET CAR SYSTEM.

Honolulu's street car system is excellent. The cars are large and splendid, and the lines radiate out into all parts of the city.

The cars follow the unusual practice of stopping before they cross the street to let off and receive passengers. This is done to prevent accidents and after the newcomer becomes accustomed to it by a few sad experiences (having the car leave him as he waits on the wrong corner) the new arrangement is liked.

HONOLULU'S MARKET PLACE.

One of the most interesting sights around Honolulu, especially on Saturday, is her market where the foods of many nations may be seen. Here the Hawaiian, the Jap, the Chinaman, the negro, the Portuguese, the Spaniard, and the white go to select his food and choose what he likes best. Chinese cabbage, Portuguese onions, Hawaiian taro, the negro's watermelon, and the Jap's fish are to be seen side by side, while the white man looks over the lot and has a wide choice.

California has sent her grapes, her cherries, her oranges, her lemons, her

apples, her raisins, her olives and other fruits and vegetables that admit of slow transportation. The islands have furnished the figs, the pineapples, the guavas, the breadfruit, the alligator pears, the soursops, the mangoes, the strawberries, the spinach, the tomatoes, the lettuce, the luau, the coconuts, the sea-weed, the venison, and the great abundance of fish—the most popular of all the viands.

Here fish may be seen ranging in size from the tiny worm-like variety which are eaten raw, to the great uluulu (red) kind that remind us of our own red snapper. Lobsters, crabs, big and little, and dried fish of all kinds abound.

THE SONS OF MANY NATIONS MEET.

Here, too, the cosmopolitan population shows up at its best. As the vendors call out their bargains, the crowd surges, pandemonium reigns, and a "Carnival of Nations" couldn't bring forth a much more varied lot than is to be seen. A book could be written upon "English as She is Spoken in the Honolulu Market Place."

"How you sell?" says the haole (white person) as he wanders, for instance, near a booth where alligator pears look very inviting. "Five cents one," replies John Chinaman as he stands faithfully by while we examine his wares. This in our estimation is too high for home-grown fruit, but there is no use saying, "Too much money; refuse. I buy five cents two," for neither the Chinaman nor Jap ever falls from his original price except in case of fish, when to keep is to lose.

"What is that?" we say, pointing to some stalks, celery-like in appearance, and forgetting for the moment to draw on our scant knowledge of Pidgin English. The Chinaman looks at us in wonder, shakes his head and says with a broad grin, "No sabey" (understand). "What you call?" comes back the question correctly put, and to which you get the proper answer, "Chinese cabbage." Haole: "Maikoi?" (good), Chinaman: "Yes, Maikoi." "How you cook?" Chinaman: "All same spinach." "You like?" he says, as he begins to gather up some stalks. "No, bye and bye I get." We answer back as we pass on to the fish booth.

Here the methods are truly American and great bargains are offered in high tones as the day begins to wane. Fish of various kinds are thrust at us with the startling announcement, "Twenty-five cents four." "This fish tabu" (prohibited to common people in times of Royalty) we ask. If the answer is in the negative very likely we won't buy, as nearly all of the best varieties were tabued. Haole: "I think more better I like mullet." Jap: "Mullet all pau (gone). Bye and bye I get plenty. To-morrow you come."

"That good kau kau?" (to eat) we say as we point to a white silvery fish almost transparent. "Haole no eat," replies the native who stands near by. Near by, be it understood, and as a looker on, for he has no place in this busy mart. Far to one side he may be seen with his cocoanut and sea-weed concoction, his baked pig and poi, quietly awaiting a chance purchaser.

Selections having been made, we finally produce a paper bill of five dollars. It is looked at in astonishment, passed from one to another, minutely gazed at with screwed up eyes, and finally handed back with the reply

"United States I no see." When Uncle Sam's signature is pointed out to him, he shakes his head and says: "I no see before." Then it suddenly dawns upon us that silver and gold is the exchange in these islands, and that we have already been told that even many clerks in the stores and banks don't recognize a "dollar" when in paper form.

MOSQUITOES AND SPIDERS.

Although the island of Oahu can boast of but few birds and less wild game, she holds the palm for mosquitoes and spiders.

The board of health of Honolulu is very careful to fumigate all ships coming into port from Mexico, Central America and other tropical points, so as to kill all yellow fever germs.

A war is being waged on mosquitoes within the city as well, and old residents say many have surrendered in the presence of kerosene and sanitation, but there are still fully enough to go around. They have an especial liking for new-comers, and can spot them without fail.

NO SNAKES NOR POISONOUS BUGS IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

None of the bugs of these islands are poisonous. There are no mineral products in the soil upon which they can feed. But best of all, there are no snakes. A kind Providence has seen to this. The thickest cane fields can be roamed through with a feeling of perfect security. At one time, a circus came bringing specimens of the serpent owing to the great number of chloroform route before the show was allowed to land.

It has been said that the island of Martinique which was destroyed by Mont Pelee's eruption, was almost uninhabitable at the time of its destruction owing to the great number of snakes that had infested the land, and that at the time, the people were contemplating its abandonment. If snakes ever do get into this hospitable land, they will take it most completely.

UNCLE SAM'S MEN OF SCIENCE DO GOOD WORK.

Even cattle die here for lack of mineral in the vegetation. An interesting experiment has been made by the United States authorities on one of ranches. Bone meal mixed with molasses in order to make it palatable was fed the cattle. They ate it so ravenously that four hundred (\$400) dollars was expended the first month to meet their demands. The use of molasses was discontinued, but the cattle had had a taste of the mineral's good effect, so they continued to eat it in enormous quantities until the cravings of the body seemed somewhat satisfied. The expenses for supplying the ranch is now reduced to about fifty dollars (\$50) per month.

As to spiders, they are the lords of the land. No one kills the huge harmless creatures as big as saucers, and they crawl around at will. They are not poisonous, and are first-class scavengers, enjoying most heartily a mass of cockroaches, flies, and bugs.

In like manner the men at the United States agricultural station are constantly experimenting with various products, and are continually giving out information for the benefit of the grower. At first the island people resented the idea of a man from the mainland teaching them how to grow sugar cane, but now they value his suggestions and sit at his feet and learn.

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.