

HAWAIIAN STAR.

SECOND SECTION

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COTTON TO GROW ON TREES, ORCHARDS OF THEM, IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, SAYS THIS REPORT

Hartford Times: Climbing trees for wool bids fair to become before long the approved method of gathering one of the most important crops in the Hawaiian Islands. At the present time, in fact, the federal government is making certain very interesting experiments with a view to developing the industry in question.

Strictly speaking, the wool is not wool at all, but cotton. It is a type known as "wool-cotton," because the fiber is kinky and strikingly wool-like. From most people's viewpoint, however, the most remarkable thing about it is that it grows on trees, which attain a height of something like fifteen feet.

The notion of climbing for cotton seems rather picturesque, but in actual practice the trees will be kept cut down to a size suitable for making picking easy. Their trunks, in the course of a few years, reach a thickness greater than that of a man's thigh, and their large and heavy branches bear a profuse crop of fluffy white bolls.

This wool-cotton comes from Australia, and it is understood to be a cross between our own sea island cotton and a certain Peruvian type which has a wool-like fiber. It is an interesting circumstance, by the way, that all of the large quantity of this Peruvian cotton imported into the United States is used by our manufacturers in the production of "all wool" fabrics. As for the hybrid from Australia, it is especially valuable, combining as it does the long staple of the sea island with the woolly texture of the South American parents, and possessing the additional advantages of heavy yield, great ease of picking, and a higher percent of lint than the sea island affords.

This, however, is only the beginning of the story; for experiments made in Hawaii have already shown that the wool-cotton trees can be grafted and budded just like fruit

trees. Thus any vigorous trees of the kind can be used as stock on which to bud the finest varieties of wool-cotton—the process, as nearly everybody knows, consisting in cutting a bud, with a piece of bark attached, from a plant of the desired strain, and inserting it in an incision made for the purpose in the stock.

It is now planned to grow seedlings of a vigorous sort in the nursery, as is done with common fruits, and, when these are two or three years old, to bud them. Practically every bud inserted grows. Indeed, the expert in charge at the government station, on the island of Oahu, says that "the day seems near at hand when one may purchase seedlings of wool-cotton by the hundred or thousand. These will be planted out in orchards like so many fruit trees, and a full year of cultivation will be saved."

This, of course, is wholly a new discovery. But it is not the only one made in connection with this interesting investigation. The experts have found, much to their own astonishment, that they can take ordinary cuttings of the wool cotton tree, plant them in the ground, and grow big trees from them. The cuttings take root immediately, put forth leaves, and presently become thriving plants, assuming at first a bushy form.

The importance of this is obvious enough. Cotton ordinarily, in our own Southern states and elsewhere, is grown from seed. Consequently there is no uniformity in the plants produced. Nobody can tell how a seedling is going to turn out. On the other hand, when cuttings of a superior strain are planted, results are absolutely certain, and all of the plants grown from them will meet the specifications for that strain. In a word, this method of planting will enable growers to produce a certain

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ARMY AND NAVY

Major Herbert H. Sargent, Second Cavalry, the gallant soldier, gifted writer and historian, spent Thursday in Honolulu. Major Sargent has been for almost two years, during this tour of service, with his regiment in the Philippines Division, being commanding officer of Torrey Barracks, Malabang, Mindanao, and at Camp Overton in the same Department. Major Sargent, although in perfect health, has through hard military service and exposure become partly deaf, which as a cavalry line officer is thought to impair his usefulness. Consequently he, Sargent appeared before a retiring board in Manila, and was ordered to the United States. On reaching San Francisco, Major Sargent will report to the adjutant general of the Western Division, and await the verdict of the retiring board, before proceeding to his home at Medford, Oregon. Major Sargent's world known books are "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," "Napoleon's First Campaign," "The Campaign of Marengo," "Grant's Memoirs," and "Virginia Campaign of 1864-65." These books passed into their third editions and have received the stamp of favor by the military and literary critics, not only of the United States but of Europe as well.

Should retirement overtake Major Sargent he will then devote his entire time to completing and publishing several books that are now occupying his spare time. Friends of Major and Mrs. Sargent extended them a most cordial welcome here, while the troopship was in port.

Among the many well known passengers on board the Sheridan en route to the coast was Lieutenant Colonel M. C. Martin, retired, Lieutenant Colonel Martin, since he was placed on the inactive list, has entered into agricultural pursuits in hemp raising and along general business lines.

Americans living in the Philippine Islands claim Lieutenant Colonel Martin as one of their best and most progressive civilians, as he has lived in

the Philippine Archipelago most of the time, for the past six years.

Entertainment on Sheridan.
The voyage of the U. S. A. T. Sheridan from Nagasaki, Japan, to this port was one of unusual interest and pleasure.

Shortly after clearing the Japanese port where seventeen first-class passengers were taken aboard, an entertainment epidemic seized the first class passengers, and the many cases reported developed into a most successful and delightful concert on ship board. Ensign Lawrence Townsend U. S. Navy was the conductor, and leader, contributing greatly too, to the charming numbers presented by some choice selections given upon his violin. Charles A. Honan acted as the pianist, and added much to the music of the evening.

An attractive stage was improvised on the spardeck of the transport. This was draped and decked with flags and lighted with red, white and blue electric lights. Monday evening, July the third was the time set for the entertainment. Chairs and long benches were arranged conveniently around the temporary concert hall to accommodate not only the upper deck travelers, but soldiers, casuals and everybody aboard as far as the limit of space would admit, were invited and expected to be present. No regrets from the verbal invitations extended, were received. All hands were made welcome.

Those taking part in the evening's entertainment were: Thomas Mauley, Charles Brouard, "Kelly" Henshaw and F. Belcher acting as endmen, two on each side of the stage. Other stars, Miss Winifred Barns, Mrs. R. K. Beere, Mrs. Daniel S. Hewitt, Mrs. Anthony Kleitz, Mrs. James R. Malott, Mrs. Clifton C. Norton, Miss Caroline Quincy, Miss Scriven, Mrs. Charles S. Schepke, Miss George Wallace, Mrs. Adolph Wislizenus and Mrs. Albert Youngfot, Captain Alvan C. Read,

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The Onlooker

By the Man
at the
Tailor Shop

The mongoose have again become a nuisance in the Kaimuki district and chicken-raisers are up in arms against the pestiferous little ichneumon. The bloodthirsty little creatures carry off a quarter-grown chicken which has strayed into the brush just as easily as a tiger jumps a stone wall with a steer in its jaws, and only the other day a report came to hand that the throats of five fine Pekin ducks had been torn open by a mongoose while they were sleeping in their pen.

The mongoose is also developing into an expert egg-stealer and takes fresh, stale or eggs with chicks in them with equal impartiality. It is an interesting and instructive sight to watch a mongoose approach a setting hen, swear at her heartily from a safe range and then spit in her face. The hen can stand the swearing but the insult of being spat at she cannot endure. The mongoose is well aware of this fact and spits in order to lure her from her nest in a fit of blind rage.

As soon as the hen is off the nest the mongoose is in and as quickly out with an egg in its mouth and another in the curl of its tail.

It may not be generally known that the mongoose possesses a prehensile tail of steel-like springiness and that it can grip this appendage round an egg like a vice.

A Kaimuki woman who had lost a number of eggs in some mysterious manner determined to find out who the depredator was and, leaving half a dozen eggs on the floor of her hen-house, hid herself where she could not be seen yet could see everything that went on there.

Presently a mongoose glided in emitting its peculiar whistle which is so efficacious in fascinating chickens of immature growth but which has little effect on an egg. Approaching the eggs it took one tenderly in its mouth and coiling its tail round another left the hen-house holding its head and tail high in the air and looking for all the world like a pair of huge spectacles.

Having deposited the eggs in a space between the rocks of a stone wall bounding the premises it returned twice and secured the remainder of the eggs.

The woman watched the proceedings entranced, though whether by the operations of the mongoose or its peculiar whistling which it kept up all the time it was in the hen-house cannot be definitely stated.

When she had seen the last two eggs disappear she seemed to come to suddenly and when her husband returned related to him in detail what she had seen. He is now busy experimenting with an explosive which will go off on being jarred and which he intends injecting into some egg-shells from which the contents have been removed.

By this means he hopes to teach the marauding mongooses in his section a lesson which they will never forget.

Except the Babu, no one can mangle English like the uninstructed but intrepid Japanese. Even educated Japs take daring liberties with the King's vernacular, as witness an official letter I once got telling me that "His Excellency was fired from a pistol by an individual named Koyama." Tokio signs are, or were when I last saw them, a delight to the risibles. "Fresh Cox Eggs," was the alluring sign over a poultryer's and "French Infections" over a candy shop. "The Trunks and Boxes" served better to indicate the place where one could renew his luggage wraps.

But here in Honolulu is the best example yet. It comes in the form of an actual business card:

Home's View by the Garden	Fair Garden like the Lord
Waste Garden Crash Slight	Every one wanted
KEEP OF SIGHT, AND	
T. MITSUOKA	
EXPERT GARDENER	
DAY WORK OR CONTRACT	
IS WAITING FOR YOUR ORDER. LET HIM TRY!	
MOILILI	HONOLULU, T. H.

This is surely in a class by itself, but it makes its meaning clear. "Home's view by the garden!" Why not? A view of a home beside a flowering bit of ground is good for weak eyes, especially when the ground is "fair garden like the Lord." And isn't it true that a "waste garden is a crash sight?" Why it would crush your tenderest emotions. And if T. Mitsuoka "of Moilili" is waiting for your order it is high time to let him try his clever hand on the crashiness and remove it. For like my friend Ohashi of Kobe, he may be able, in any artistic work, to "restore adorable extract of ingenuity and cleverness."

The poets are not doing much these days but I am hoping for better things. It is on this account—not doing much—that the local magazines are beginning to look back over old files and get the best things of the past. Thomas Rain Walker's "Waianae" has come to life again and so has Mr. Dole's metrical vision of the "Sweet Apocalypse" which the New York Sun printed long ago under the head of "The Half-White Girl." Not so very far back one could run down to the Naval Station, drop a nickel in the slot and get a poem on anything patriotic, but the present Admiral—fine old salt!—would rather have his right foot cleave to the roof of his mouth than to indite a verse. He had rather indict the author. Nothing is doing either in the haunts of T. Maurice McMahon, the sweet singer of Limerick; and I suspect there won't be until another pair of brown eyes go smouldering by and sets his soul to music. Will Sabin hits off a rhyme or two now and then, but he is running to the occult and getting in on spavined old "Mabattas and Adeptis in the dismal realms of prose, and Ayres is too busy throwing cocoanuts at the Advertiser's pupule bard to give out the burden of a soul which is as full of music as that land shell he wrote about the other day with a straight face.

Of course I can't speak for the rhyming circle of the Kiloana Art League where there are any number of soulful poets who keep their verses in the archives until Christmas card and Valentine day orders come in. They don't give much away, these sequestered poets, but now and then a neat little ballad or sonnet strays out among the non-elect. If the rhyme circle would jettison the archives some day I think a lot of good things would float ashore, odorously of maile and mayhap, of myrrh and frankincense.

But we miss the Bard of Dalbeattie. Recall him? He went home to add Scotia about twenty-five years ago, with plenty of time to let his muse frolic on the heather. The Bard took the Hawaiian Gazette, so as to keep in touch with his adopted "home," and every time he saw an item that reminded him he wrote a column poem about it and sent it back. Did the Thistle Club meet to put down the infamous liquor traffic, bottle by bottle? Why, Dalbeattie responded with rhymed appreciation. Did they have thunder and lightning up Tantalus? Just as sure as the mails came from Scotland, they brought back echoes set to music. Did a flood from the melting snow fields of Mauna Kea tear out fern acres and set them blooming on the sea? Dalbeattie knew what to say in metre for a column or more. But alas! he went the way of all Scots and his lyre was probably used for fuel. There is no one to take his place, at least since Admiral Rees left.

Most forgetful man, Kuhio! I see he says he has always been a Republican, but if memory holds a seat in this distracted globe he began

VOLCANO STUDENTS AT KILAUEA ARE GREATLY IMPRESSED AND PREPARE TO PLACE INSTRUMENTS

(Correspondence of the Star.)
HILO, Hawaii, June 7.—"The Kilauea volcano is even more interesting than I had expected that it would be, and I am particularly glad to have arrived here just now, when there is an extremely interesting action going on. The island in the center is moving from hour to hour, and so is the cavern into which the lava is flowing, thus accomplishing the apparently impossible, through showing that a hole can float."

This was the interesting statement made this morning by Frank A. Perret, the director of the Hawaiian expedition of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who came down to Hilo to make arrangements for the stretching of cables across Halemauau, by which he will be able to lower apparatus into the molten lava. He seems to be very much pleased with everything that he has found at the volcano, and states that the conditions for experimenting are ideal, and that if the lava was higher it would not present so good an opportunity, nor would it if the level was lower. In speaking further on the subject he said:

Where Does It Flow?
"According to measurements which I have made, the level of the molten lava is about one hundred and twenty meters, or approximately 350 feet, lower than the level of the Kilauea crater. It is in a state of activity which is of especial interest, and one thing which I am anxious to find out is how the lava comes to be rushing out in one place and coming in at another. That is, whether there are two separate passages into the depths, or whether this is simply a natural circulation, which is caused by the expansion and contraction of the lava as it cools and is reheated."

Cables Across Crater.
"I certainly hope that the results of this trip will be such that a permanent observatory will be erected at Kilauea, as it seems to me to be

far the most interesting volcano in its class that I know of, and one that is well worth a great deal of study. We expect to stretch our cable across from the lower, or black, ledge which will give an opportunity to reach first shore, then molten lava, then the island, more molten lava and the shore on the other side. It was proposed at first to stretch two cables, one across the crater and this to meet a second at right angles, which would run the length of the pit, but under present conditions one cable across from the lower ledge will be enough. We will soon get at work upon this part of the job, and it should not be very difficult to get the cables in position."

The Volcano Neglected.
HILO, July 6.—Among the arrivals in this city on Sunday by the steamer Claudine were Messrs. Perret and Sheppard, the two volcanic experts who will spend several months at Kilauea in making various experiments in connection with the activities of Madame Pele. They stayed in Hilo for but a short time, having breakfast at the Hilo Hotel and then leaving for the scene of activity; in speaking of the work which was to be done Mr. Perret said:

"You can have no idea of the general feeling of surprise and astonishment on the part of the Europeans who are interested in this kind of work when they think of the fact that there has been nothing done in connection with scientific investigations at Kilauea. In any of the European countries there would have been a fully equipped observatory there long ago, or at the very least, a station with an observer on duty at all times. European scientists cannot understand the lack of interest which has been taken."

"I have seismographic instruments which I should like to place in position."

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INTER-ISLAND HAPPENINGS

HILO, July 4.—The board of license commissioners for this island at its meeting last Thursday decided to emulate the example set by the Oahu board in an attempt to annihilate the blind pigs by compelling the wholesale houses here to show their books to the license inspector. The step was taken by the adoption of the following resolution:

"Be it resolved by the board of license commissioners in and for the county of Hawaii, T. H., that all licensees of the first class shall keep a complete record of all sales, whether cash or credit; and

"Be it further resolved, that the license inspector, or the members of the board of license commissioners, shall have the same access to all books and records as is required by the United States internal revenue authorities."

Kau Goes Dry.
The holding up of the license of the Kau Wine Company, refusing the license of John Payne, in this city, and that of Ah Lap, at Kailua, were the most important things done at the meeting of the board.

Another big fight came up over the license of John de Mello, of Kona, which was also turned down by the commissioners, this coming directly as the result of a visit paid that section by Messrs. Moir and Ogg, of the commission. The former stated that not only had they seen two Hawaiians come out of the saloon drunk, but that he would be against the granting of the license on account of the dirty condition of the place.

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as a Home Ruler. He "fit mit Wilcox" for a time and then went out and organized a sort of native "peace club" composed of young Hawaiians, and then made enough show of strength to get him a most affable bid to enter the Republican party and be the next candidate for Congress. Sam Parker was the first one and was beaten by Theresa's better half; next time Kuhio, who had traded himself into a violent type of Republican, won hands down. He has been winning ever since, is tired of Congress and wants something better, and Frear is in the way. And as a digression from the subject I believe he will stay in the way.