

Keep a goin'.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a goin'.
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a goin'.
'Taint no use to sit and whine,
When the fish ain't on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin',
Keep a goin'.

If the weather kills your crop,
Keep a goin'.
If you tumble from the top,
Keep a goin'.
S'pose you're out of every dime,
Gettin' broke ain't any crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' prime,
Keep a goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a goin'.
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a goin'.
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin'—sing,
Keep a goin'.

—Adopted.

M. McINERNEY,

Men's Furnishing Goods of every description. Stein-Bloch Ready-to-Wear Clothing.
MERCHANT AND POET.

The Fires of Halemaumau

By R. O. Matheson.

Madame Pele has notified her worshippers that she is about to retreat for another period of quiescence into her subterranean home beneath the dead floor of Kilauea. So are her vagaries just now in Halemaumau regarded, her comings and goings, the ebb and the flow of her fires running before her feet, the swing and the swirl of her flame fringed garments as she opens the door of her fiery kingdom for the nonce, then closes it on a darkened doorstep. For months, until a few days ago, the Fire Goddess raged in the open and hundreds of her worshippers gazed down upon her ragings from the lip of her crater home. Then, the fury relaxed and for a day she sulked, drawing a veil of black and deadened lavas over her bright face, while far and wide the report spread "Kilauea is dead." One day the news was true, the next, petulantly, Pele had torn the veil away and with a rush and fury her mourning weeds were rent and she was again the fiery queen, watched and admired and feared in her unconquerable strength. Furious at her own temporary abasement she tossed her fire locks to the skies, clutched with angry fingers the edges of her cavern and tore the glowing rocks in thundering cascades into the depths. Then feminine in her moods, her fury sunk to sobs and finally to silence, the fires brooding deep. This series of moods, so say those who know her best, are the warnings of the goddess that soon she will refuse to exhibit herself. It is a notification to those who would visit at her gleaming shrine, not to delay lest it be too late. But, though a goddess, Pele is a woman and none may say that her mind is made up. Women are said not to make up their minds except to change them. Those who would see the fires would do well not to put off the visit too long, however.

The phenomena of Kilauea at the present time are intensely interesting. The display of volcanic action is never better. The violence of the forces at work in the depths, the source of the lava lake, has not been exceeded for a score of years and tourists and others cannot expect to see the fires of Halemaumau to better advantage. So say the kamaainas. I cannot say what the volcano has been in other days; I cannot begin to say in words what the volcano is today or what it was the day and night I sat and marveled on the firepit brink last week, because there are few men who have ever been who could set down in words the scene that all may see who visit Kilauea at this time. Certain it is, however, that those who are able to visit Madame Pele at her home now and fail to do so are losing that which would be an experience of a lifetime, a sight of Nature's throes to be seen nowhere else in the world, something never to be forgotten and a spectacle that must impress the most unimaginative.

Nearly everyone who has crossed an ocean has been through the greatest storm that the captain of their particular vessel ever experienced in all his years at sea and in just the same way everyone who has visited the volcano in one of its periods of activity has seen the fires to greater advantage than any of the volcano guides ever remembers in all his years of guidance back and forth over the lava trails. There was no guide to lie to me a week ago today when I hung my legs over the firepit brink and I was the sole spectator for two hours of the glorious display three hundred feet or more below me, thus I have no means of telling how much greater was the flow, how much higher were the fountains and how much hotter was the lava than it had ever been before, but should anyone tell me that the activity on Monday afternoon last has ever been surpassed at any time I would not believe them. I saw the fires that day when they first began to rise; I watched the lake of fire belch from the bottomless galleries in the firepit center, spread over and across the dead lava floor of the great chasm, lap the walls with tongues of streaming, gleaming glow, cascading into the hollows and tumbling, roaring and splashing in the livid, pulsating pond in the center that rose so fast that the hardened lava on the surface was the thinnest scum, across which waves of ruby light crisscrossed from the splashing of the fire fountains.

At first, when the lavas welled from the depths in their first return to the day, they were sluggish, squirming in dull red writhing, but a short way, then blackening into stillness, while the outlet cavern seemed to suck back the smoke clouds that swirled out between the flows. Then, with a cough and gurgle, the first fountain began to play, increasing in volume until in the center of a rapidly expanding lake of gleaming lava a fire column stood clear thirty feet above the level into which it poured. From that time on for two hours that mammoth jet of fire remained, never once sinking back to the lake level, and at times, with intervals of less than three minutes, she forces at work below heaved the whole mass high into the air, the cooling fragments splashing back into the lake, spluttering the lava for a distance around quite a hundred yards. To say how high the lava was tossed or to what volume the fountain played for me is the veriest guesswork, and the guess is forty feet for the diameter of the fire column and at least seventy feet for the height to which the lava was tossed in the greatest convulsions. At times the whole column would rise obliquely, partially solidify, and topple over with a splash that would send fiery tidal waves across the lake. Again, in mighty spurts, the fountain would shoot splotches of fire clear across the pit bottom, past the spreading fringes of the lake. And as the great fountain played, boiling in the center like a great cauldron and with such intensity that there was no hardening of a cone, no building up of a solid on the surface of the swirling fire, the lake spread and grew. After each explosion in the center the waves would run to the edges, would curl over the level of the fire tide, and a new high fire mark would be established, while in the lake center two other great fountains formed, ceaselessly boiling,

and a score of other lesser ones rose and fell at other spots in the flood. In the full sunlight these rivers and fountains or fire appeared as great gutterings of oozy blood fresh from the dying veins of slaughtered giants.

And all this great show was for me alone. For one lone reporter, traveling on a pass, this greatest show in all the world was given, for no other person stood on all the rim of that great circle. As I watched through those fascinating minutes, shading my face from the heat of the swelling fires, under the hypnotic influences of all that swirl and flow of molten lava, Madame Pele herself appeared. Presumably the goddess did not know that a rash mortal, and that mortal a reporter, was at hand, because in all the glory of her beautiful womanhood, giant in stature, she emerged from the center fountain and laved her gleaming body in the living fires. Winding her tresses about her brow, she scooped great handfuls of the fires and poured them over her shoulders; in glee she tossed the lavas into the air, and the wind that swept across the firepit streamed through the pelting rose-red pebbles and bore brown wisps of Pele's hair against the windward edges of the rugged pit. I saw the brittle filaments blown away from the shapely head, and I gathered handfuls of them afterward from where they lodged, so I know I dreamed no dream.

Her bathing finished, the goddess, slipped slowly back into her fires just as others from the Volcano House trudged up beside me. They saw the fountains play and the lake rock and surge and spread, but I alone had been a witness of the coming forth of the mistress of the pit.

From the time of her withdrawal the violence in the lake decreased, until, an hour later, the lowering of the lake was perceptible, the fires draining back from the edges and cracking open the darkening surface in sinuous cracks like writhing, blood-red serpents. Lower and lower sank the lake, and less and less violent played the fountains, until, five hours after the first stream had welled from the depth, the activity had practically ceased. Two hours later, after dark, the scenes of the day were almost repeated, the darkness emphasizing the extreme liquidness of the fire lake, the surface scum being fairly agleam with the heat from the under lava, the whole surface of the lake from edge to edge of the firepit being a gleaming, ever-changing sea of light and fire, wonderful to see and fascinating to watch as it shifted, changed, formed and reformed unceasingly; fretting beneath the blows of the fresh lava pouring into it from the fountains.

The Volcano House.

Much has been written in praise of the courteous treatment accorded the volcano travelers by Host Demosthenes Lyeurgus and his aides at the Volcano House. Like the volcano itself, there is nothing new to tell. It has all been written and said, but a comparison of the comforts of today with the accommodations that were to be had at the volcano by the earlier travelers, as written a few days ago in the guest book of the house by Professor Brigham of the Bishop Museum, who compared his visit last week to one he paid to Madame Pele's domain forty-four years ago, is interesting. He wrote:

"At the request of our most kind host I break my custom on this my fortieth visit to Halemaumau, or Lun Pele, to note not merely the activity of the volcano, which reminds us of the conditions in 1864 and 1880 so far as the action in the pit is concerned, but to the visitor the important change in the creature comforts he now experiences. At the earlier date the main crater was four hundred feet deeper than at present and there was no trail suitable for horse, hardly one practicable for man. For shelter there was a grass house of one room with floor of coarse hala mat, no other bed, no cook stove and attendant Chinese, but the visitor must bring his own provisions, and water was condensed from the steam cracks, which were then much the same in volume as at present. Later came the frame house, of which the present billiard-room is a relic much improved. It seemed a great advance and my conservatism was a little disturbed when the present hotel was added. But as we grow in years appreciation of the mere physical comfort also grows, and now, after many kind and pleasantly remembered pasts, it is pleasant to have such a shelter and to be cared for by Demosthenes N. Lyeurgus and his obliging staff. * * * When I came in 1864 to survey the crater and for the first time carried a chain around it, assisted only by Hawaiians, provisions were scarce and other visitors rare. Now that after forty-four years I am again here to collect more of the local native plants, I find abundant many fine vegetables grown in the hotel kikehau garden, good enough roads, telephonic connection with the rest of the island, wireless with the rest of the group, gas in the house and hospitality such as is seldom found in hostilities, and guests in ever-increasing numbers. I have brought with me from Hawaiian institutions not dreamed of in 1864, two men of about my age them—Mr. Charles N. Forbes, the botanist of the Bernice Pauahi Museum, and Mr. Clifford B. Thompson, instructor in the Kamehameha Schools."

THE MAILS.

Mails are due from the following points as follows:
San Francisco—Per Asia, today.
Yokohama—Per Korea, Sept. 21.
Vancouver—Per Manuka, Sept. 19.
Colonies—Per Marama, September 15.
Mails will depart for the following points as follows:
San Francisco—Per Alameda, Sept. 16.
Yokohama—Per Asia, Sept. 15.
Colonies—Per Manuka, Sept. 19.
Vancouver—Per Marama, Sept. 15.

VESSELS IN PORT.

(Army and Navy.)
Iroquois, U. S. Station Tug, Moses.
Taisei Maru, Jap training ship, Furuya, S. F., Aug. 25.

Brilliant Bedding Bargains

Irresistible prices this week. Prices are down but values are up. Our sale of bedding is an unusual opportunity for buying and the prices will make things hum here while the stock lasts.

See the goods plainly marked in our show windows. A closer examination in the store will make you like them all the more.

T. Blom Fort Street, opp. Catholic Cathedral upper Fort Street

SAN FRANCISCO HOTEL.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO

The most superbly situated hotel in the World

OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO, THE GOLDEN GATE, AND THE RAPIDLY REBUILDING CITY.

CONVENIENT TO SHOPPING, THEATER, BUSINESS, AND RAILROAD CENTERS.

THE EPITOME OF HOTEL EXCELLENCE

Combining all the conveniences and luxuries a good hotel should have, with many unique, original and exclusive features. Entirely refurbished and refitted at a cost of over three million dollars. Social center of the city—headquarters of the Army and Navy—Scene of most of the social festivities.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 1000 GUESTS.

EUROPEAN PLAN.

Single rooms with bath, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00 upwards. Suites, with bath, \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$20.00, \$25.00 upwards.

MANAGEMENT

PALACE HOTEL COMPANY

Queen Insurance Company of America

NEW YORK

That the people of the Pacific Coast, especially of California, have learned to appreciate the value of first-class insurance (the difference between merely a policy and indemnity) as a result of the San Francisco conflagration of April 18, 1906, is shown by the following figures, which tell their own story:

The Queen Premium Income in the State of California, 1905...\$121,543
The Queen Premium Income in the State of California, 1907...\$396,244
The Queen Premium Income, Pacific Coast Department, 1905...\$273,029
The Queen Premium Income, Pacific Coast Department, 1907...\$642,817

The Queen is one of the greatest of the American Companies. Paid its losses in San Francisco as adjusted 100 cents on the dollar without discount. (See Chamber of Commerce report.)

ASSETS \$6,844,559.94

NET SURPLUS \$1,961,538.90



Hawaiian Trust Company, Ltd. AGENTS

"The Badger"

Fire Extinguisher

J. A. GILMAN, - - - Agnet

Hawaiian Curios and Jewelry

Three candidates that always poll large majorities
Good Workmanship
Good Values
Prompt Service

H. Culman, 1064 Fort St.

Saturn, U. S. collier, Newell, San Francisco, August 31.
(Merchant Vessels.)
Den of Ruthven, Br. s.s., Sydney, Sept. 13.
Flourance Ward, Am. schr., Piltz, Midway, Aug. 23.
Hollywood, Br. bk., Smith, Junin, May 7.
Romford, Br. s.s., Newcastle, Sept. 4.
Stephanotis, Br. s.s., Ocean Island, Sept. 12.

TRY THE NEW!

Vulcan Bread Toaster

Can be used on any kind of stove.
Four slices can be toasted in two minutes.
Tea or Coffee can be prepared on the top of the Toaster.

50c each

E. Q. Hall & Son, Ltd.

Take Elevator. Second Floor.

Regal Felice

An exclusive New York custom bootmaker for women is responsible for the "Wing Tip" and fancy perforated quarter so effectively shown in this tan Oxford. We have duplicated his most fashionable design—even to the modeling of the narrow and fancy tip.

They Hug the Heel PRICE \$4

Shoes neatly repaired while you wait.

Regal Shoe Store

CORNER KING AND BETHEL
McCandless Building



Lacquer Trays, Boxes and Egg Shell Boxes.
Silk Fans of All Kinds. Ladies' and Childrens' Kimonos.

SAYEGUSA

FRENCH LAUNDRY

J. ABADIE - - - Proprietor.
Ladies' and Gents' Washing Done First-class.
Gloves and Ostrich Feathers.
Wool and Silk Made Cleaner by a New French Process.
Charges reasonable. Give us a trial.
BERETANIA STREET : : : 'PHONE 1491