

**A TRAVELER'S MAIL BAG,
DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PARADISE OF
THE PACIFIC AND CALIFORNIA;
LETTERS FROM MRS. JOHN E. BAIRD
FEBRUARY TO AUGUST, 1914**

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IRONWOOD TREES IN KAPIOLAWI PARK

HONOLULU

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AND CALIFORNIA

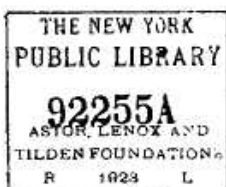


LETTERS FROM MRS. JOHN E. BAIRD
FEBRUARY TO AUGUST, 1914

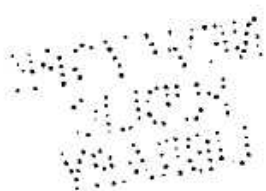
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THROUGH THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

A FEW FIRST IMPRESSIONS

EARLY in the morning we were on deck for our first sight of the Islands. We were impressed with the "barren" and "unpopulated" appearance of them, until, after several hours, we sighted Honolulu in the distance. The city proper lies along the shore, with only scattered buildings on the mountain side, so that the perspective does not remind us of the Mediterranean ports,—except the boys swimming and diving for coins!—and when we learn that the ship will *dock*, it not only delights us, but quite convinces us that no comparison is to be made between this and the ports so much better known to tourists, for of all those we have previously visited, Colon and Constantinople are the only ones that have docked our ship.

The color of the sea is the first thing we notice, for though not so blue as that around the Bahamas, it is a beautiful, clear, *vivid* blue.

Our ship, the "Matsonia," being the handsomest Matson S. S. Co. boat ever having entered this port, and not only being on her maiden trip, but also having on board her owner, Captain Matson, there were thousands at the wharf to meet her. All whistles in town shrilled their greeting, and all the boats in the harbor gave salutes of welcome, so that for two hours there was much excitement.

We were met by Bishop Restarick and received a very cordial welcome. There were with him three native girls

THROUGH THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC

from the school who had made for us wreaths of colored paper and "maile," a native vine. We each received one from each girl and felt very much "decorated" by the time we reached the automobile the Bishop had provided for us. They all, and we, quickly jumped in and escaped from the crowd, making our way along the boulevard through part of the beautiful city down to Moana Hotel at Waikiki Beach. This short ride was quite enough to satisfy us that we had come to the right spot to find real beauty of tropical growth and also a charming climate.

We were given a lovely suite in the Moana Cottage, first floor, facing the sea. Our sitting room is a veranda, inclosed with wire netting only. There we have a desk, couch, table, Morris chair, rocker, and desk chair, with room for others. On one side of this porch-room is a lovely stream of water that falls from the mountain and runs into the sea. The front faces the boulevard, and beyond that the sea. On the other side is the porch entrance to the cottage. We sleep with the door that leads to it from the bedroom wide open, and four windows also open, thus managing to sleep out-of-doors with all house comforts.

The little stream beside the cottage of which I spoke, bordered as it is by palms and a variety of plants with effective foliage, offers a scene of beauty to which we turn again and again, never tiring of it.

We are so glad to be away from the hotel, thus insuring greater quiet, while at the same time it is very near us,—just across the street,—and is a very fine hotel. We take all meals there and are free to spend all the time there we wish, enjoying all its privileges, but we much prefer the quiet and atmosphere of homelikeness which the life at the cottage makes possible, so spend most of our time