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In this issue are Three Serials—Six Stories—Seven Special Features

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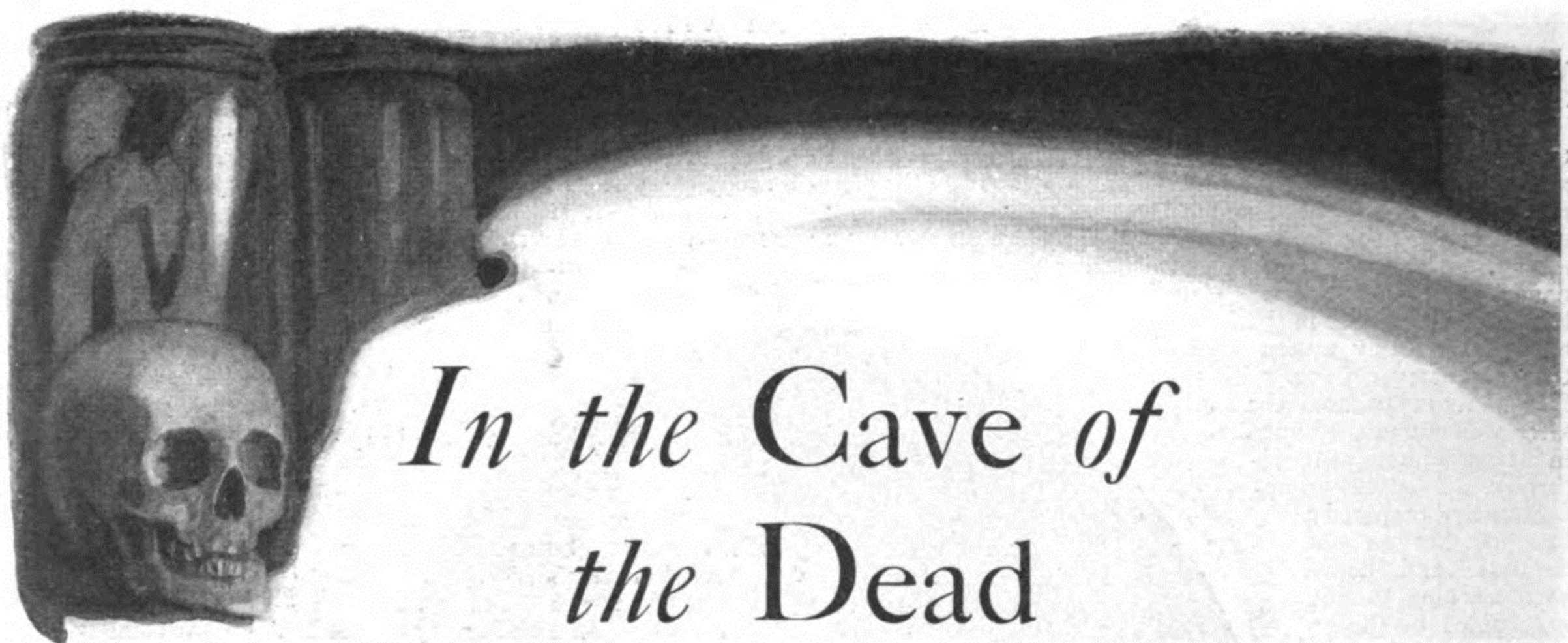
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Cosmopolitan, 119 West 40th Street, New York



In the Cave of the Dead

By Jack London

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

They have gone down to the pit with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads.

"I T was a sad thing to see the old lady revert." Prince Akuli shot an apprehensive glance sideward to where, under the shade of a *kukui* tree, an old *wahine* (Hawaiian woman) was just settling herself to begin on some work in hand. "Yes," he nodded half sadly to me; "in her last years, Hiwilani went back to the old ways and to the old beliefs—in secret, of course. And, believe me, she was some collector herself. You should have seen her bones. She had them all about her bedroom in big jars, and they constituted most all her relatives, except a half-dozen or so that Kanau beat her out of by getting to them first. The way the pair of them used to quarrel about those bones was awe-inspiring. And it gave me the creeps, when I was a boy, to go into that big, forever-twilight room of hers, and know that in this jar was all that remained of my maternal grandaunt, and that in that jar was my great-grandfather, and that in all the jars were the preserved bone-remnants of the shadowy dust of the ancestors whose seed had come down and been incorporated in the living, breathing me. Hiwilani had gone quite native at the last, sleeping on mats on the hard floor—she'd fired out of the room the great royal, canopied four-poster that had been presented to her grandmother by Lord Byron, who was the cousin of the Don Juan Byron and came here in the frigate *Blonde* in 1825.

"She went back to all-native at the last, and I can see her yet, biting a bite out of the raw fish ere she tossed them to her women to eat. And she made them finish her *poi*, or whatever else she did not finish of herself. She—" He broke off abruptly, and by the sensitive dilation of his nostrils and by the expression of his mobile features, I saw that he had read in the air and identified the odor that offended him.

"Deuce, take it!" he cried to me. "It stinks to heaven! And I shall be doomed to wear it until we're rescued."

There was no mistaking the object of his abhorrence. The ancient crone was making a dearest-loved *lei* (wreath) of the fruit of the *hala*, which is the screw-pine, or pandanus, of the South Pacific. She was cutting the many sections, or nut-envelops, of the fruit into fluted bell-shapes, preparatory to stringing them on the twisted and tough inner bark of the *hau* tree. It certainly smelled to heaven, but, to me, a *malahini* (newcomer), the smell was more wine-woody and fruit-juicy, and not unpleasant.

Prince Akuli's limousine had broken an axle a quarter of a mile away, and he and I had sought shelter from the sun in this veritable bowery of a mountain home. Humble and grass-thatched was the house, but it stood in a treasure-garden of begonias that sprayed their delicate blooms a score of feet above our heads, that were like trees, with willowy trunks of trees as thick as a man's arm. Here we refreshed ourselves with drinking-coconuts, while a cowboy rode a dozen miles to the nearest telephone and summoned a machine from town. The town itself we could see, the Lakanaii metropolis of Olokona, a smudge of smoke on the shore-line as we looked down across the miles of cane fields, the billow-wreathed reef-lines, and the blue haze of ocean to where the island of Oahu shimmered like a dim opal on the horizon.

Maui is the valley-isle of Hawaii, and Kauai the garden-isle;

but Lakanaii, lying abreast of Oahu, is recognized in the present, and was known of old and always, as the jewel-isle of the group. Not the largest, or nearly the smallest, Lakanaii is conceded by all to be the wildest, the most wildly beautiful,

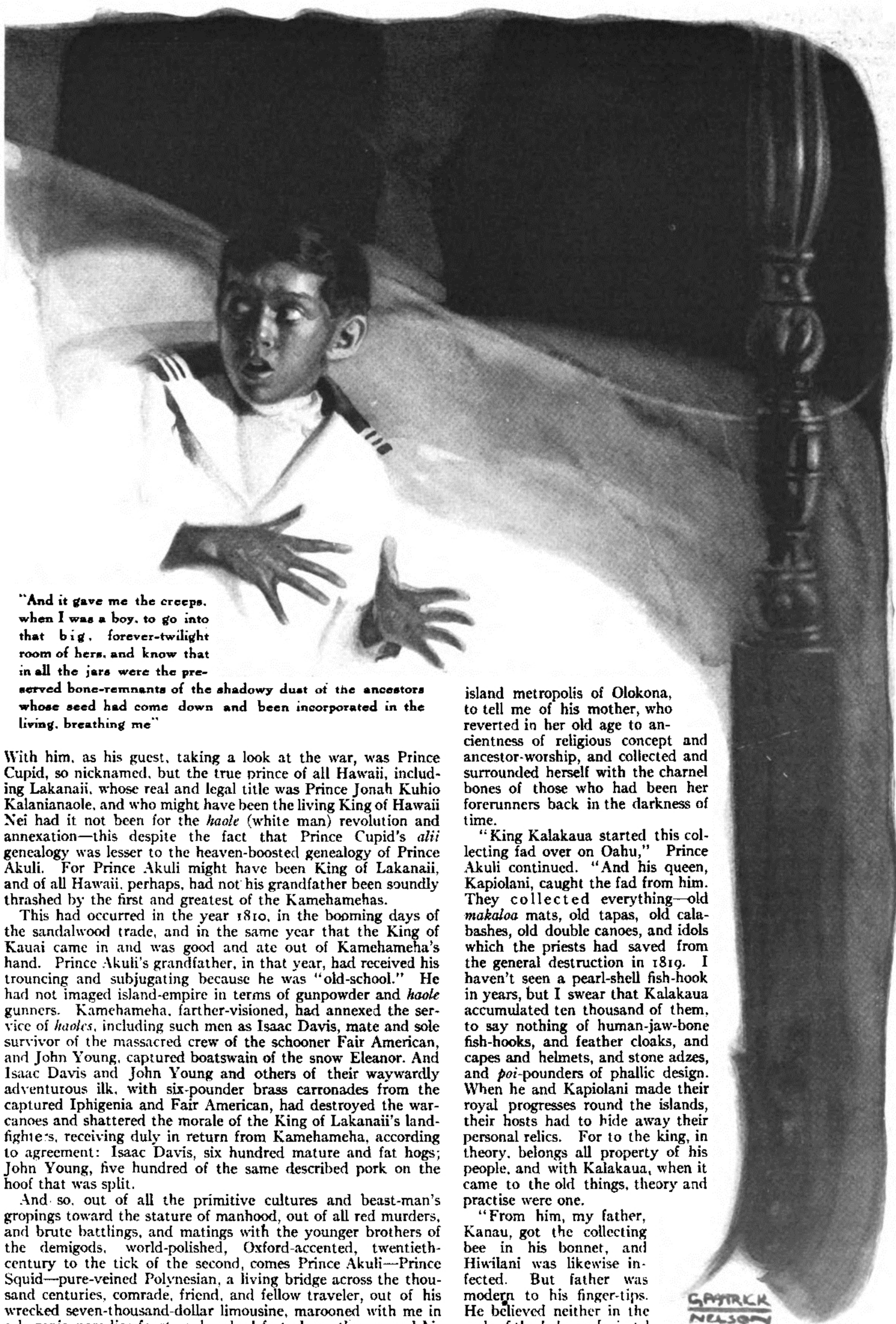
and, in its size, the richest of all the islands. Its sugar-tonnage per acre is the highest; its mountain beef-cattle the fattest; its rainfall the most generous without ever being disastrous. It resembles Kauai in that it is the first-formed and therefore the oldest island, so that it has had time sufficient to break down its lava rock into the richest of soil, and to erode the cañons between the ancient craters until they are like Grand Cañons of the Colorado, with numberless waterfalls plunging thousands of feet in the sheer, or dissipating into veils of vapor and evanescing in mid-air, to descend softly and invisibly through a mirage of rainbows, like so much dew or gentle shower, upon the abyss floors.

Yet Lakanaii is easy to describe. But how can one describe Prince Akuli? To know him is to know all Lakanaii most thoroughly. In addition, one must know thoroughly a great deal of the rest of the world. In the first place, Prince Akuli has no recognized or legal right to be called "Prince." Furthermore, "Akuli" means "squid." So that "Prince Squid" could hardly be the dignified title of the straight descendant of the oldest and highest *alii* (high chiefs) of Hawaii—an old and exclusive stock, wherein, in the ancient way of the Egyptian Pharaohs, brothers and sisters had wed even on the throne, for the reason that they could not marry beneath rank, that in all their known world there was none of higher rank, and that, at every hazard, the dynasty must be perpetuated.

I have heard Prince Akuli's singing historians (inherited from his father) chanting their interminable genealogies, by which they demonstrated that he was the highest *alii* in all Hawaii. Beginning with Wakea, who is their Adam, and with Papa, their Eve, through as many generations as there are letters in our alphabet, they trace down to Nanakaoko, the first ancestor born in Hawaii and whose wife was Kahihokalani. Later, but always highest, their generations split from the generations of Ua, who was the founder of the two distinct lines of the Kauai and Oahu kings.

In the eleventh century A.D., by the Lakanaii historians, at the time brothers and sisters mated because none existed to exceed them, their rank received a boost of new blood of rank that was next to heaven's door. One Hoikemaha, steering by the stars and the ancient traditions, arrived in a great double canoe from Samoa. He married a lesser *alii* of Lakanaii, and, when his three sons were grown, returned with them to Samoa, to bring back his own youngest brother. But with him he brought back Kumi, the son of Tui Manua, which latter's rank was highest in all Polynesia and barely second to that of the demigods and gods. So the estimable seed of Kumi, eight centuries before, had entered into the *alii* of Lakanaii and been passed down by them in the undeviating line to reposit in Prince Akuli.

Him I first met, talking with an Oxford accent, in the officers' mess of the Black Watch in South Africa. This was just before that famous regiment was cut to pieces at Magersfontein. He had as much right to be in that mess as he had to his accent, for he was Oxford-educated and held the queen's commission.



"And it gave me the creeps, when I was a boy, to go into that big, forever-twilight room of hers, and know that in all the jars were the preserved bone-remnants of the shadowy dust of the ancestors whose seed had come down and been incorporated in the living, breathing me"

With him, as his guest, taking a look at the war, was Prince Cupid, so nicknamed, but the true prince of all Hawaii, including Lakanaii, whose real and legal title was Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniana'ole, and who might have been the living King of Hawaii. Nei had it not been for the *haole* (white man) revolution and annexation—this despite the fact that Prince Cupid's *alii* genealogy was lesser to the heaven-boosted genealogy of Prince Akuli. For Prince Akuli might have been King of Lakanaii, and of all Hawaii, perhaps, had not his grandfather been soundly thrashed by the first and greatest of the Kamehamehas.

This had occurred in the year 1810, in the booming days of the sandalwood trade, and in the same year that the King of Kauai came in and was good and ate out of Kamehameha's hand. Prince Akuli's grandfather, in that year, had received his trouncing and subjugating because he was "old-school." He had not imaged island-empire in terms of gunpowder and *haole* gunners. Kamehameha, farther-visioned, had annexed the service of *haoles*, including such men as Isaac Davis, mate and sole survivor of the massacred crew of the schooner Fair American, and John Young, captured boatswain of the snow Eleanor. And Isaac Davis and John Young and others of their waywardly adventurous ilk, with six-pounder brass carronades from the captured Iphigenia and Fair American, had destroyed the war-canoes and shattered the morale of the King of Lakanaii's land-fighters, receiving duly in return from Kamehameha, according to agreement: Isaac Davis, six hundred mature and fat hogs; John Young, five hundred of the same described pork on the hoof that was split.

And so, out of all the primitive cultures and beast-man's gropings toward the stature of manhood, out of all red murders, and brute battlings, and matings with the younger brothers of the demigods, world-polished, Oxford-accented, twentieth-century to the tick of the second, comes Prince Akuli—Prince Squid—pure-veined Polynesian, a living bridge across the thousand centuries, comrade, friend, and fellow traveler, out of his wrecked seven-thousand-dollar limousine, marooned with me in a begonia paradise fourteen hundred feet above the sea and his

island metropolis of Olokona, to tell me of his mother, who reverted in her old age to ancientness of religious concept and ancestor-worship, and collected and surrounded herself with the charnel bones of those who had been her forerunners back in the darkness of time.

"King Kalakaua started this collecting fad over on Oahu," Prince Akuli continued. "And his queen, Kapiolani, caught the fad from him. They collected everything—old *makaloa* mats, old tapas, old calabashes, old double canoes, and idols which the priests had saved from the general destruction in 1819. I haven't seen a pearl-shell fish-hook in years, but I swear that Kalakaua accumulated ten thousand of them, to say nothing of human-jaw-bone fish-hooks, and feather cloaks, and capes and helmets, and stone adzes, and *poi*-pounders of phallic design. When he and Kapiolani made their royal progresses round the islands, their hosts had to hide away their personal relics. For to the king, in theory, belongs all property of his people, and with Kalakaua, when it came to the old things, theory and practise were one.

"From him, my father, Kanau, got the collecting bee in his bonnet, and Hiwilani was likewise infected. But father was modern to his finger-tips. He believed neither in the gods of the *kahunas* [priests]

GAYTRICK
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nor of the missionaries. He didn't believe in anything except sugar stocks, horse-breeding, and that his grandfather had been a fool in not collecting a few Isaac Davises and John Youngs and brass carronades before he went to war with Kamehameha. So he collected curios in the pure collector's spirit; but my mother took it seriously. That was why she went in for bones. I remember, too, she had an ugly old stone idol she used to yammer to and crawl round on the floor before. It's in the Deacon Museum now. I sent it there after her death, and her collection of bones to the royal mausoleum in Olokona.

"I don't know whether you remember her father was Kaaukuu. Well, he was, and he was a giant. When they built the mausoleum, his bones, nicely cleaned and preserved, were dug out of their hiding-place and placed in the mausoleum. Hiwilani had an old retainer, Ahuna. She stole the key from Kanau one night, and made Ahuna go and steal her father's bones out of the mausoleum. I know. And he must have been a giant. She kept him in one of her big jars. One day, when I was a tidy size of a lad and curious to know if Kaaukuu was as big as tradition had him, I fished his intact lower jaw out of the jar and the wrappings, and tried it on. I stuck my head right through it, and it rested round my neck and on my shoulders like a horse-collar. And every tooth was in the jaw, whiter than porcelain, without a cavity, the enamel unstained and unchipped. I got the wallowing of my life for that offense, although she had to call old Ahuna in to help give it to me. But the incident served me well. It won her confidence in me that I was not afraid of the bones of the dead ones, and it won for me my Oxford education—as you shall see, if that car doesn't arrive first.

"Old Ahuna was one of the real old ones with the hall-mark on him and branded into him of faithful born-slave service. He knew more about my mother's family and my father's than did both of them put together. And he knew, what no living other knew, the burial-place of centuries where were hid the bones of most of her ancestors and of Kanau's. Kanau couldn't worm it out of the old fellow, who looked upon Kanau as an apostate.

"Hiwilani struggled with the old codger for years. How she ever succeeded is beyond me. Of course, on the face of it, she was faithful to the old religion. This might have persuaded Ahuna to loosen up a little. Or she may have jolted fear into him; for she knew a lot of the line of chatter of the old Huni sorcerers, and she could make a noise like being on terms of utmost intimacy with Uli, who is the chiefest god of sorcery of all the sorcerers. She could skin the ordinary *kahuna lapaau* [medicine-man] when it came to praying to Lonopuha and Kolecamoku, read dreams and visions and signs and omens and indigestions to beat the band, make the practitioners under the medicine-god, Maiola, look like thirty cents, pull off a *pule-hee* incantation that would make them dizzy, and she claimed to a practise of *kahuna hoonoho*, which is modern spiritism, second to none. I have myself seen her drink the wind, throw a fit, and prophesy. The *aumakua*s were brothers to her when she slipped offerings to them across the altars of the ruined *heiaus* [temples] with a line of prayer that was as unintelligible to me as it was hair-raising. And as for old Ahuna, she could make him get down on the floor and yammer and bite himself when she pulled the real mystery-dope on him.

"Nevertheless, my private opinion is that it was the *anaana* stuff that got him. She snipped off a lock of his hair one day with a pair of manicure-scissors. This lock of hair was what we call '*maunu*,' meaning 'the bait.' And she took jolly good care to let him know she had that bit of his hair. Then she tipped it off to him that she had buried it, and was deeply engaged each night in her offerings and incantations to Uli."

"That was the regular praying-to-death?" I queried, in the pause of Prince Akuli's lighting his cigarette.

"Sure thing!" he nodded. "And Ahuna fell for it. First, he tried to locate the hiding-place of the bait of his hair. Failing that, he hired a *pahihiu* [sorcerer] to find it for him. But

Hiwilani queered that game by threatening the sorcerer to practise *apo leo* on him, which is the art of permanently depriving a person of the power of speech without otherwise injuring him.

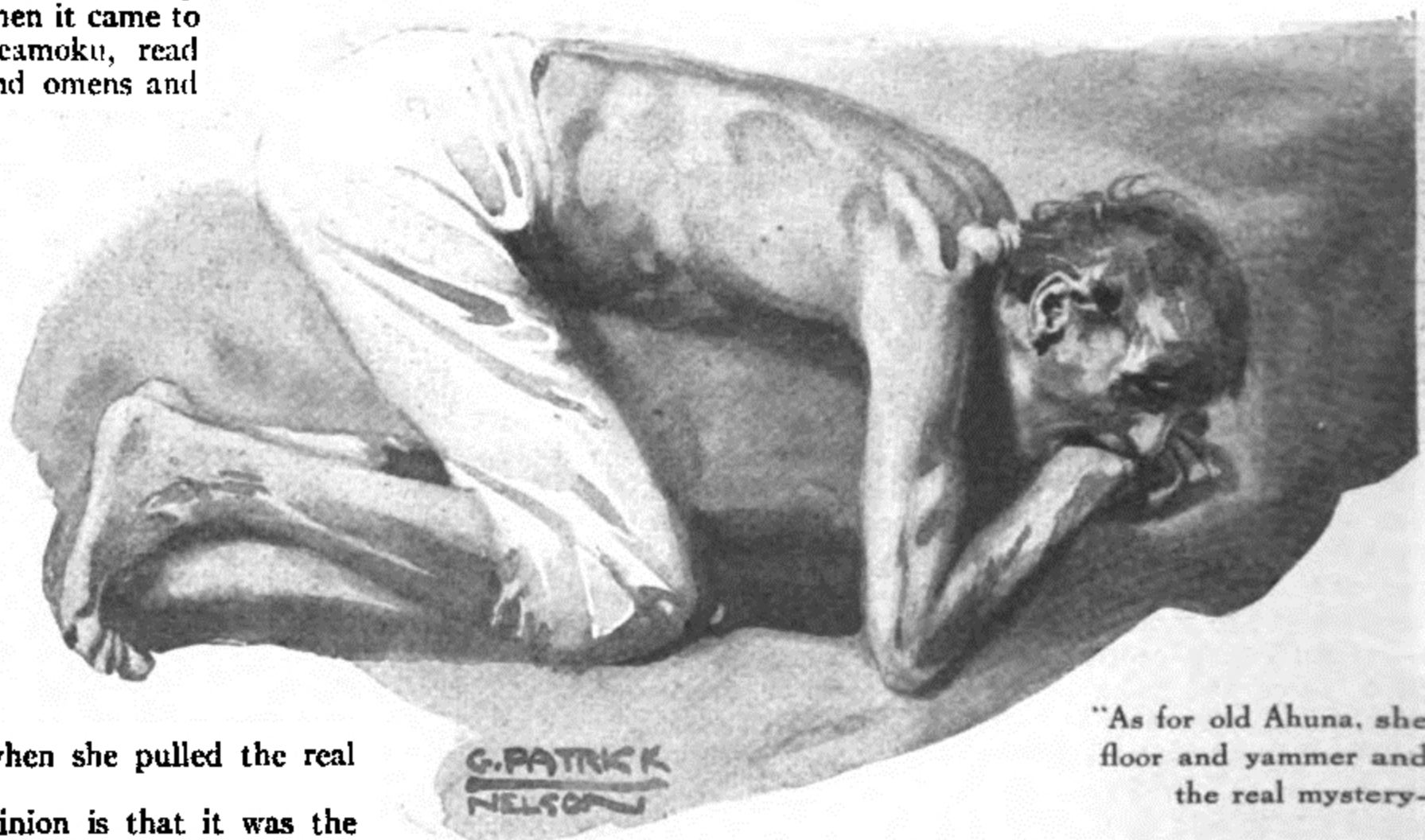
"Then it was that Ahuna began to pine away and get more like a corpse every day. In desperation, he appealed to Kanau. I happened to be present. You have heard what sort of a man my father was.

"'Pig!' he called Ahuna. 'Swine-brains! Stinking fish! Die, and be done with it! You are a fool. It is all nonsense. There is nothing in anything. The drunken *haole*, Howard, can prove the missionaries wrong. Square-face gin proves Howard wrong. The doctors say he won't last six months. Even square-face gin lies. Life is a liar, too. And here are hard times upon us, and a slump in sugar. Glanders has got into my brood-mares. I wish I could lie down and sleep for a hundred years and wake up to find sugar up a hundred points.'

"Father was something of a philosopher himself, with a bitter wit and a trick of spitting out staccato epigrams. He clapped his hands. 'Bring me a high-ball,' he commanded. 'No; bring me two high-balls.' Then he turned on Ahuna. 'Go and let yourself die, old heathen, survival of darkness, blight of the Pit that you are. But don't die on these premises. I desire merriment and laughter, and the sweet tickling of music and the beauty of youthful motion, not the croaking of sick toads and googly-eyed corpses about me, still afoot on their shaky legs. I'll be that way soon enough if I live long enough. And it will be my everlasting regret if I don't live long enough. Why did I sink that last twenty thousand into Curtis's plantation? Howard warned me the slump was coming, but I thought it was the square-face making him lie. And Curtis has blown his brains out, and his head *luna* has run away with his daughter, and the sugar-chemist has got typhoid, and everything's going to smash.'

"He clapped his hands for his servants, and commanded: 'Bring me my singing boys. And the *hula*-dancers—plenty of them. And send for old Howard. Somebody's got to pay, and I'll shorten his six months of life by a month. But, above all, music. Let there be music. It is stronger than drink and quicker than opium.'

"He—with his music-druggery! It was his father, the old savage, who was entertained on board a French frigate and for the first time heard an orchestra. When the little concert was over, the captain, to find which piece he liked best, asked which



"As for old Ahuna, she floor and yammer and the real mystery-

piece he'd like repeated. Well, when grandfather got done describing, what piece do you think it was?"

I gave up, while the Prince lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Why, it was the first one, of course. Not the real first one, but the tuning-up that preceded it."

I nodded, with eyes and face mirthful of appreciation, and Prince Akuli, with another apprehensive glance at the old *wakine* and her half-made *hala lei*, returned to his tale of the bones of his ancestors.

"It was somewhere round this stage of the game that old Ahuna gave in to Hiwilani. He didn't exactly give in. He

compromised. That's where I come in. If he would bring her the bones of her mother and of her grandfather (who was the father of Kaaaukuu, and who, by tradition, was rumored to have been even bigger than his giant son), she would return to Ahuna the bait of his hair she was praying him to death with. He, on the other hand, stipulated that he was not to reveal to her the secret burial-place of all the *alii* of Lakanaii all the way back. Nevertheless, he was too old to dare the adventure alone, must be helped by some one who, of necessity, would come to know the secret, and I was that one. I was the highest *alii*, besides my father and mother, and they were no higher than I.

"So I came upon the scene, being summoned into the twilight room to confront those two dubious old ones who dealt with the dead. They were a pair—mother, fat to despair of helplessness; Ahuna, thin as a skeleton and as fragile. Of her, one had the impression that if she lay down on her back she could not roll over without the aid of block and tackle; of Ahuna, one's impression was that the tooth-

and he could go, splitting equally with her whatever bones he brought back. But she said he was only a blamed collector, or words to that effect, only stronger.

"I know him," she assured me. "He'd bet his mother's bones on a horse-race or an ace full."

"I stood with father when it came to modern skepticism, and I told her the whole thing was rubbish. 'Bones?' I said. 'What are bones? Even field-mice and mangy rats and cockroaches have bones, though the roaches wear their bones outside their meat instead of inside. The difference between man and other animals,' I told her, 'is not bones but brains. Why, a bullock has bigger bones than a man, and more than one fish I've eaten has more bones, while a whale beats creation when it comes to bones.'

"It was frank talk, which is our Hawaiian way, as you have long since learned. In return, equally frank, she regretted she hadn't given me away as a feeding child when I was born.

Next, she bewailed that she had ever borne me. From that, it was only a step to *anaana* me. She threatened me with it, and I did the bravest thing I have ever done. Old Howard had given me a knife of many blades and corkscrews and screw-drivers and all sorts of contrivances, including a tiny pair of scissors. I proceeded to pare my finger nails.

"There!" I said, as I put the parings into her hand. "Just to show you what I think of it. There's bait and to spare. Go on and *anaana* me—if you can."

"I have said it was brave. It was. I was only fifteen, and I had lived all my days in the thick of the mystery-stuff, while my skepticism, very recently acquired, was only skin-deep. I could be a skeptic out in the open in the sunshine. But I was afraid of the dark. And in that twilight room, the bones of the dead all about me in the big jars, why, the old lady had me scared stiff. As we say to-day, she had my goat. Only, I was brave and didn't let on. And I put my bluff across, for my mother flung the parings into my face and burst into tears. Tears in an elderly woman weighing three hundred and twenty pounds are scarcely impressive, and I hardened the brassiness of my bluff.

"She shifted her attack and proceeded to talk with the dead. Nay, more—she summoned them there, and, though I was all ripe to see but couldn't, Ahuna saw the father of Kaaaukuu in the corner and lay down on the floor and yammered. Just the same, although I almost saw the old giant, I didn't quite see him.

"Let him talk for himself," I said. But Hiwilani persisted in doing the talking for him and in laying upon me his solemn injunction that I must go with

Ahuna to the burial-place and bring back the bones desired by my mother. But I argued that, if the dead ones could be involved to kill living men by wasting sicknesses, and that if the dead ones could transport themselves from their burial-crypts into the corner of her room, I couldn't see why they shouldn't leave their bones behind them, there in her room and ready to be jarred, when they said good-by and departed for the middle world, the overworld, or the underworld, or wherever they abided when they weren't paying social calls.

"Whereupon mother let loose on poor old Ahuna, or let loose upon him the ghost of Kaaaukuu's father, supposed to be crouching there in the corner, who commanded Ahuna to divulge to



could make him get down on the bite himself when she pulled dope on him

pickedness of him would shatter to splinters if one bumped into him.

"And when they had broached the matter, there was more *pilikia* [trouble]. My father's attitude stiffened my resolution; I refused to go on the bone-snatching expedition. I said I didn't care a whoop for the bones of all the *alii*s of my family and race. You see, I had just discovered Jules Verne, loaned me by old Howard, and was reading my head off. Bones? When there were North Poles and centers of earths, and hairy comets to ride across space among the stars! Of course I didn't want to go on any bone-snatching expedition. I said my father was able-bodied,

her the burial-place. I tried to stiffen him up, telling him to let the old ghost divulge the secret himself, than whom nobody else knew it better, seeing that he had resided there upward of a century. But Ahuna was old-school. He possessed no iota of skepticism. The more Hiwilani frightened him, the more he rolled on the floor and the louder he yammered.

"But when he began to bite himself, I gave in. I felt sorry for him, but, over and beyond that, I began to admire him. He was sterling stuff, even if he was a survival of darkness. Here, with the fear of mystery cruelly upon him, believing Hiwilani's dope implicitly, he was caught between two fidelities. She was his living *alii*, his *alii kapo* [sacred chieftess]. He must be faithful to her, yet more faithful must he be to all the dead and gone *aliis* of her line, who depended solely on him that their bones should not be disturbed.

"I gave in. But I, too, imposed stipulations. Steadfastly had my father, new-school, refused to let me go to England for my education. That sugar was slumping was reason sufficient for him. Steadfastly had my mother, old-school, refused, her heathen mind too dark to place any value on education, while it was shrewd enough to discern that education led to unbelief in all that was old. I wanted to study—to study science, the arts, philosophy, to study everything old Howard knew, which enabled him, on the edge of the grave, undauntedly to sneer at superstition and to give me Jules Verne to read. He was an Oxford man before he went wild and wrong, and it was he who had set the Oxford bee buzzing in my noddle.

"In the end, Ahuna and I, old-school and new-school leagued together, won out. Mother promised that she'd make father send me to England, even if she had to pester him into a prolonged drinking that would make his digestion go back on him. Also, Howard was to accompany me, so that I could decently bury him in England. He was a queer one, old Howard, an individual if there ever was one. Let me tell you a little story about him. It was when Kalakaua was starting on his trip round the world. You remember—when Armstrong and Judd and the drunken valet of a German baron accompanied him. Kalakaua made the proposition to Howard—"

But here the long apprehended calamity fell upon Prince Akuli. The old *wahine* had finished her *hala lei*. Barefooted, with no adornment of femininity, clad in a shapeless shift of much washed cotton, with age-withered face and labor-gnarled hands, she cringed before him and crooned a *mele* in his honor, and, still cringing, put the *lei* round his neck. It is true, the *hala* smelled most freshly strong, yet was the act beautiful to me, and the old woman herself beautiful to me. My mind leaped into the prince's narrative, so that to Ahuna I could not help likening her.

Oh, truly, to be an *alii* in Hawaii, even in this second decade of the twentieth century, is no light thing. The *alii*, utterly of the new, must be kindly and kingly to those old ones absolutely of the old. Nor did the prince without a kingdom, his loved island long since annexed by the United States and incorporated into a territory along with the rest of the Hawaiian Islands—nor did the prince betray his repugnance for the odor of the *hala*. He bowed his head graciously; and his royal, condescending words of pure Hawaiian I knew would make the old woman's heart warm until she died with remembrance of the wonderful occasion. The wry grimace he stole to me would not have been made had he felt any uncertainty of its escaping her.

"And so," Prince Akuli resumed, after the *wahine* had tottered away in an ecstasy, "Ahuna and I departed on our grave-robbing adventure. You know the Iron-bound Coast?"

I nodded, knowing full well the spectacle of those lava leagues of weather-coast, truly iron-bound so far as landing-places or anchorages were concerned, great forbidding cliff-walls thousands of feet in height, their summits wreathed in cloud and rain-squall, their knees hammered by the trade-wind billows into spouting, spuming white, the air, from sea to rain-cloud, spanned by a myriad leaping waterfalls, provocative, in day or night, of countless sun and lunar rainbows. Valleys, so called, but fissures rather, slit the cyclopean walls here and there, and lead away into a lofty and madly vertical back country, most of it inaccessible to the foot of man and trod only by the wild goat.

"Precious little you know of it," Prince Akuli retorted, in reply to my nod. "You've seen it only from the decks of steamers. There are valleys, there, inhabited valleys, out of which there is no exit by land, and perilously accessible by canoe only on the selected days of two months in the year. When I was twenty-eight, I was over there in one of them on a hunting-trip. Bad weather in the auspicious period marooned us for three weeks. Then five of my party and myself swam for it, out through the

surf. Three of us made the canoes waiting for us. The other two were flung back on the sand, each with a broken arm. Save for us, the entire party remained there until the next year, ten months afterward. And one of them was Wilson, of Wilson & Wall, the Honolulu sugar factors. And he was engaged to be married.

"I've seen a goat, shot by a hunter above, land at my feet a thousand yards underneath. Believe me, that landscape seemed to rain goats and rocks for ten minutes. One of my canoe-men fell off the trail between the two little valleys of Aipio and Luno. He hit, first, fifteen hundred feet beneath us, and fetched up in a ledge three hundred feet farther down. We didn't bury him. We couldn't get to him, and flying-machines had not yet been invented. His bones are there now, and, barring earthquake and volcano, will be there when the trumps of judgment sound.

"Goodness me! Only the other day, when our Promotion Committee, trying to compete with Honolulu for the tourist trade, called in the engineers to estimate what it would cost to build a scenic drive round the Iron-bound Coast, the lowest figures were a quarter of a million dollars a mile!

"And Ahuna and I, an old man and a young boy, started for that stern coast in a canoe paddled by old men. The youngest of them, the steersman, was over sixty, while the rest of them averaged seventy at the very least. There were eight of them, and we started in the night-time, so that none should see us go. Even these old ones, trusted all their lives, knew no more than the fringe of the secret. To the fringe only could they take us.

"And the fringe was—I don't mind telling that much—the fringe was Ponuloo Valley. We got there the third afternoon following. The old chaps weren't strong on the paddles. It was a funny expedition, into such wild waters, with now one and now another of our ancient-mariner crew collapsing and even fainting. One of them actually died on the second morning out. We buried him overside. It was positively uncanny—the heathen ceremonies those gray ones pulled off in burying their gray brother. And I was only fifteen, *alii kapo* over them by blood of heathenness and right of hereditary heathen rule, with a penchant for Jules Verne and shortly to sail for England for my education! So one learns. Small wonder my father was a philosopher, in his own lifetime spanning the history of man from human sacrifice and idol-worship, through the religions of man's upward striving to the Medusa of rank atheism at the end of it all. Small wonder that, like old Ecclesiastes, he found vanity in all things and surcease in sugar stocks, singing boys, and *hula*-dancers."

Prince Akuli debated with his soul for an interval.

"Oh, well," he sighed; "I have done some spanning of time myself." He sniffed disgustedly of the odor of the *hala lei* that stifled him. "It stinks of the ancient," he vouchsafed. "I? I stink of the modern. My father was right. The sweetest of all is sugar up a hundred points, or four aces in a poker-game. If the big war lasts another year, I shall clean up three-quarters of a million over a million. If peace breaks to-morrow, with the consequent slump, I could enumerate a hundred who will lose my direct bounty and go into the old natives' homes my father and I long since endowed for them."

He clapped his hands, and the old *wahine* tottered toward him in an excitement of haste to serve. She cringed before him as he drew pad and pencil from his breast-pocket.

"Each month, old woman of our old race," he addressed her, "will you receive, by rural free delivery, a piece of written paper that you can exchange with any storekeeper anywhere for ten dollars gold. This shall be so for as long as you live. Behold! I write the record and the remembrance of it, here and now, with this pencil on this paper. And this is because you are of my race and service, and because you have honored me this day with your mats to sit upon and your thrice-blessed and thrice-delicious *hala lei*." He turned to me a weary and skeptical eye, saying, "And if I die to-morrow, not alone will the lawyers contest my disposition of my property, but they will contest my benefactions and my pensions accorded and the clarity of my mind.


"It was the right weather of the year; but, even then, with our old weak ones at the paddles, we did not attempt the landing until we had assembled half the population of Ponuloo Valley down on the steep little beach. Then we counted our waves, selected the best one, and ran in on it. Of course the canoe was swamped and the outrigger smashed, but the ones on shore dragged us up unharmed beyond the wash.

"Ahuna gave his orders. In the night-time, all must remain within their houses, and the dogs be tied up and have their jaws



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

She cringed before him and crooned a *mele* in his honor, and, still cringing, put the *lei* round his neck



bound so that there should be no barking. And in the nighttime Ahuna and I stole out on our journey, no one knowing whether we went to the right or left or up the valley toward its head. We carried jerky and hard *poi* and dried *aku*, and from the quantity of the food, I knew we were to be gone several days. Such a trail! A Jacob's ladder to the sky, truly, for that first *pali* [precipice], almost straight up, was three thousand feet above the sea.

And we did it in the dark!

"At the top, beyond the sight of the valley we had left, we slept until daylight on the hard rock in a hollow nook Ahuna knew, and that was so small that we were squeezed. And the old fellow, for fear that I might move in the heavy restlessness of lad's sleep, lay on the outside with one arm resting across me. At daybreak, I saw why. Between us and the lip of the cliff scarcely a yard intervened. I crawled to the lip and looked, watching the abyss take on immensity in the growing light, and trembling from the fear of height that was upon me. At last, I made out the sea, over half a mile straight beneath. And we had done this thing in the dark!

"Down in the next valley, which was a very tiny one, we found evidences of the ancient population, but there were no people. The only way was the crazy footpaths up and down the dizzy valley-walls from valley to valley. But lean and aged as Ahuna was, he seemed untirable. In the second valley dwelt an old leper in hiding. He did not know me, and when Ahuna told him who I was, he groveled at my feet, almost clasping them, and mumbled a *mole* of all my line out of a lipless mouth.

"The next valley proved to be the valley. It was long and so narrow that its floor had caught not sufficient space of soil to grow taro for a single person. Also, it had no beach, the stream that threaded it leaping a *pali* of several hundred feet down to the sea.

It was a God-forsaken place of naked, eroded lava, to which only rarely could the

scant vegetation find root-hold. For miles we followed up that winding fissure through the towering walls, far into the chaos of that country that lies behind the Iron-bound Coast. How far that valley penetrated, I do not know, but, from the quantity of water in the stream, I judged it far. We did not go to the valley's head. I could see Ahuna casting glances to all the peaks, and I knew he was taking bearings, known to him alone, from natural objects. When he halted at the last, it was with abrupt certainty. His bearings had crossed. He threw down the portion of food and outfit he had carried. It was the place. I looked on either hand at the hard, implacable walls, naked of vegetation, and could dream of no burial-place possible in such bare adamant.

"We ate, then stripped for work. Ahuna permitted me to retain only my shoes. He stood beside me at the edge of a deep pool, likewise appareled and prodigiously skinny.

"'You will dive down into the pool at this spot,' he said. 'Search the rock with your hands as you descend, and, about a fathom and a half down, you will find a hole. Enter it, head first but going slowly, for the lava rock is sharp and may cut your head and body.'

"'And then?' I queried.

"'You will find the hole growing larger,' was his answer. 'When you have gone all of eight fathoms along the passage, come up slowly, and you will find your head in the air, above water, in the dark. Wait there then for me. The water is very cold.'

"It didn't sound good to me. I was thinking, not of the cold water and the dark, but of the bones.

"'You go first,' I said. But he claimed he could not.

"'You are my *alii*, my prince,' he said. 'It is impossible that I should go before you into the sacred burial-place of your kingly ancestors.'

"But the prospect did not please.

"'Just cut out this prince stuff,' I told him. 'It isn't what it's cracked up to be. You go first, and I'll never tell on you.'

"'Not alone the living must we please,' he admonished, 'but, more so, the dead must we please. Nor can we lie to the dead.'

"We argued it out, and for half an hour it was stalemate. I wouldn't, and he simply couldn't. He tried to buck me up by appealing to my pride. He chanted the heroic deeds of my ancestors; and I remember especially he sang to me of Moko-moku, my great-grandfather and the gigantic father of the gigantic Kaaukuu, telling how thrice in battle Moko-moku leaped among his foes, seizing by the neck a warrior in either hand and knocking their heads together until they were dead. But this was not what decided me. I really felt sorry for old Ahuna—he was so beside himself for fear the expedition would come to naught. And I was coming to a great admiration for the old fellow, not least among the reasons being the fact of his lying down to sleep between me and the cliff-lip.

"So, with true *alii* authority of command, saying, 'You will immediately follow after me,' I dived in. Everything he had said was correct. I found the entrance to the subterranean passage, swam carefully through it, cutting my shoulder once on the lava-sharp roof, and emerged in the darkness and air. But before I could count thirty, he broke water beside me, rested his hand on my arm to make sure of me, and directed me to swim ahead of him for the matter of a hundred feet or so. Then we touched bottom and climbed out on the rocks. And still no light, and I remember I was glad that our altitude was too high for centipedes.

"He had brought with him a coconut calabash, tightly stoppered, of whale-oil that must have been landed on Lahaina beach thirty years before. From his mouth, he took a water-tight arrangement of a match-box composed of two empty rifle-cartridges fitted snugly together. He lighted the wicking that floated on the oil, and I looked about and knew disappointment. No burial-chamber was it, but merely a lava tube such as occurs on all the islands.

"He put the calabash of light into my hands and started me ahead of him on the way, which he assured me was long but not too long. It was long—at least a mile, in my sober judgment, though, at the time, it seemed five miles—and it ascended sharply. When Ahuna, at the last, stopped me, I knew we were

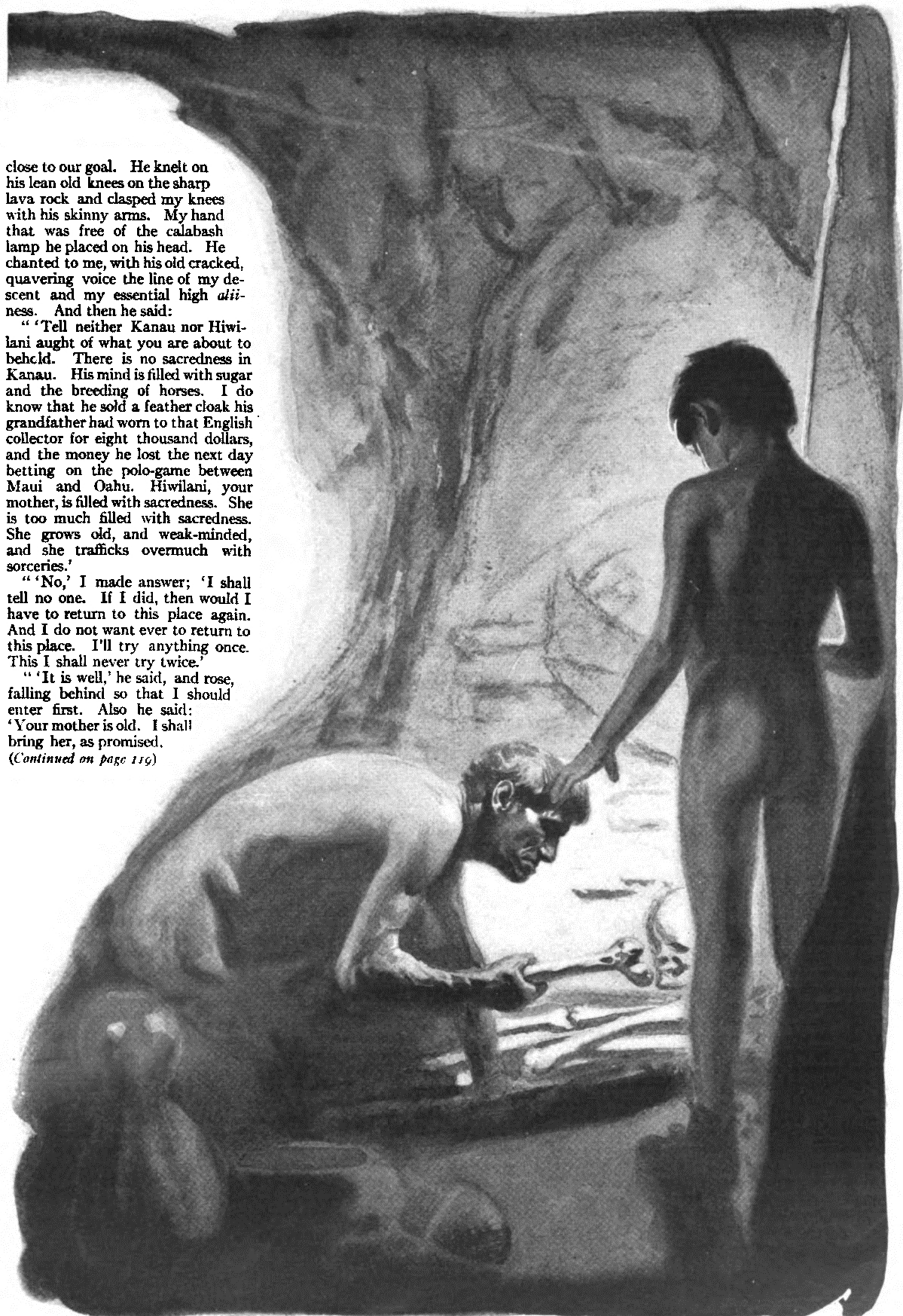
close to our goal. He knelt on his lean old knees on the sharp lava rock and clasped my knees with his skinny arms. My hand that was free of the calabash lamp he placed on his head. He chanted to me, with his old cracked, quavering voice the line of my descent and my essential high *alii*-ness. And then he said:

"Tell neither Kanau nor Hiwilani aught of what you are about to behold. There is no sacredness in Kanau. His mind is filled with sugar and the breeding of horses. I do know that he sold a feather cloak his grandfather had worn to that English collector for eight thousand dollars, and the money he lost the next day betting on the polo-game between Maui and Oahu. Hiwilani, your mother, is filled with sacredness. She is too much filled with sacredness. She grows old, and weak-minded, and she trafficks overmuch with sorceries."

"No," I made answer; "I shall tell no one. If I did, then would I have to return to this place again. And I do not want ever to return to this place. I'll try anything once. This I shall never try twice."

"It is well," he said, and rose, falling behind so that I should enter first. Also he said: "Your mother is old. I shall bring her, as promised."

(Continued on page 119)



"This," said Ahuna, exhibiting the pitiful white contents of one parcel, "is Laulani"

In the Cave of the Dead

(Continued from page 81)

the bones of her mother and of her grandfather. These should content her until she dies.'

"The place was wonderful. Ahuna, sepulchraly muttering prayers and *meles*, moved about, lighting various whale-oil-lamp-calabashes. They were all there—the Hawaiian race from the beginning of Hawaiian time. Bundles of bones and bundles of bones, all wrapped decently in *tana*, until for all the world it was like the parcels-post department at a post-office.

"And everything! *Kahilis*, which, you may know, developed out of the fly-flapper into symbols of royalty until they became larger than hearse-plumes, with handles a fathom and a half and over two fathoms in length. And such handles! Of the wood of the *kauila*, inlaid with shell and ivory and bone with a cleverness that had died out among our artificers a century before. It was a centuries-old family attic.

"There were tapas and mats of the rarest and oldest; capes and *leis* and helmets and cloaks, priceless all, except the too ancient ones, of the feathers of the *mamo*, and of the *iwi* and the *akakane* and the *o-o*. I saw one of the *mamo* cloaks that was superior to that finest one in the Bishop Museum in Honolulu, and that they value at between half a million and a million dollars. It was lucky Kanaʻu didn't know about it!

"Such a mess of things! Carved gourds and calabashes, shell-scrapers, nets of *olona* fiber, a junk of *ie-ie* baskets, and fish-hooks of every bone and spoon of shell. Musical instruments of the forgotten days—*ukukes*, and nose-flutes, and *kiokios*, which are likewise played with one unstoppered nostril. Tabu *poi*-bowls and finger-bowls, left-handed adzes of the canoe-gods, lava-cup lamps, stone mortars and pestles and *poi*-pounders. And adzes again, a myriad of them, from an ounce in weight for the finer carving of idols to fifteen pounds for the felling of trees.

"There were the *kaekekes*—you know,

our ancient drums, hollowed sections of the coconut tree, covered one end with shark-skin. The first *kaekeke* of all Hawaii Ahuna pointed out to me, and told me the tale.

"This is the very oldest and father of all our *kaekekes*," he said. 'Kila, the son of Moikeha, brought it back from far Raiatea in the South Pacific. And it was Kila's own son, Kahai, who made that same journey, and was gone ten years, and brought back with him from Tahiti the first breadfruit trees that sprouted and grew on Hawaiian soil.'

"And the bones and bones! The parcel-delivery array of them! Beside the small bundles of the long bones, there were full skeletons, tapa-wrapped, lying in one-man, and two- and three-man canoes of precious *koa* wood, with curved outriggers of *wiliwili* wood. And their war-weapons were laid away by the sides of the lifeless bones that had wielded them—rusty old horse-pistols, derringers, pepper-boxes, five-barreled fantastiques, Kentucky long rifles, muskets handled in trade by John Company and Hudson's Bay, shark-tooth swords, wooden stabbing-knives, arrows, and spears bone-headed of the fish and the pig and of man, and spears and arrows wooden-headed and fire-hardened.

"Ahuna put a spear in my hand, headed and pointed finely with the long shin-bone of a man, and told me the tale of it. But first he unwrapped the long bones, arms, and legs, of two parcels—the bones, under the wrappings, neatly tied like so many faggots. 'This,' said Ahuna, exhibiting the pitiful white contents of one parcel, 'is Laulani. She was the wife of Akaiko, whose bones now placed in your hands, much larger and malelike, as you observe, held up the flesh of a large man, a three-hundred-pounder seven-footer, three centuries ago. And this spear-head is made of the shin-bone of Keola, a mighty wrestler and runner of their own time and place. And he loved Laulani, and she fled with

him. But in a forgotten battle on the sands of Kalini, Akaiko rushed the lines of the enemy, leading the charge that was successful, and seized upon Keola, his wife's lover, and threw him to the ground and sawed through his neck to the death with a shark-tooth knife. Thus, in the old days, as always, did man combat for woman with man. And Laulani was beautiful, that Keola should be made into a spear-head for her! She was formed like a queen, and her body was a long bowl of sweetness, and her fingers *lomi'd* [massaged] to slimness and smallness at her mother's breast. For ten generations have we remembered her beauty.'

"And, Ahuna done, I could but gaze, with imagination at the one-time sobered and fired. Old drunken Howard had lent me his Tennyson, and I had mooned long and often over the 'Idylls of the King.' Here were the three, I thought—Arthur and Launcelot and Guinevere. This, then, I pondered, was the end of it all, of life and strife and striving and love, the weary spirits of these long-gone ones to be invoked by fat old women and mangy sorcerers, the bones of them to be esteemed of collectors and betted on horse-races and ace-fulls, or to be sold for cash and invested in sugar stocks.

"For me, it was illumination. I learned there, in the burial-cave, the great lesson. And to Ahuna, I said:

"The spear headed with the long bone of Keola I shall take for my own. Never shall I sell it. I shall keep it always.'

"And for what purpose?' he demanded.

"And I replied,

"That the contemplation of it may keep my head sober and my feet on earth with the knowledge that few men are fortunate enough to have as much of a remnant of themselves as will compose a spear-head when they are three centuries dead.'

"And Ahuna bowed his head, and praised my wisdom of judgment. But, at that moment, the long-rotted *olona*-cord broke, and the pitiful woman's bones of Laulani shed from my clasp and clattered on the rocky floor. One shin-bone, in some way deflected, fell under the dark shadow of a canoe-bow, and I made up my mind that it should be mine. So I hastened to help him in the picking-up of the bones and the tying, so that he did not notice its absence.

"This,' said Ahuna, introducing me to another of my ancestors, 'is your great-grandfather, Mokokoku, the father of Kaaukuu. Behold the size of his bones! He was a giant. I shall carry him, because of the long spear of Keola that will be difficult for you to carry away. And this is Lelemahoa, your grandmother, the mother of your mother that you shall carry. And day grows short, and we must still swim up through the waters to the sun ere darkness hides the sun from the world.'

"But Ahuna, putting out the various calabashes of light by drowning the wicks in the whale-oil, did not observe me include the shin-bone of Laulani with the bones of my grandmother——"

The honk of the automobile, sent up from Olokona to rescue us, broke off the prince's narrative. We said good-by to the ancient and fresh-pensioned *wahine* and departed. A half-mile on our way, Prince Akuli resumed:

"So Ahuna and I returned to Hiwilani, and to her happiness, lasting to her death the year following, two more of her ances-

tors atided about her in the jars of her twilight room. Also, she kept her compact, and worried my father into sending me to England. I took old Howard along, and he perked up and confuted the doctors so that it was three years before I buried him restored to the bosom of his family. Sometimes I think he was the most brilliant man I have ever known. Not until my return from England did Ahuna die, the last custodian of our *alii* secrets. And at his death-bed he pledged me again never to reveal the location in that nameless valley and never to go back myself.

"Much else I have forgotten to mention did I see there in the cave that one time. There were the bones of Kumi, the near demigod, son of Tui Manua, of Samoa, who, in the long before married into my line and heaven-boasted my genealogy. And the bones of my great-grandmother who had slept in the four-poster presented her by Lord Byron. And Ahuna hinted tradition that there was reason for that presentation, as well as for the historically known lingering of the Blonde in Olokona for so long. And I held her poor bones in my hands—bones once fleshed with sensate beauty, informed with sparkle and spirit, instinct with love and love-warmness of arms around and eyes and lips together, that had begat me in the end of the generations unborn. It was a good experience. I am modern, 'tis true. I believe in no mystery-stuff of old time or of the *kahunas*. And yet I saw in that cave things which I dare not name to you, and which I, since old Ahuna died, alone of the living know. I have no children. With me, my long line ceases. This is the twentieth century, and we stink of gasoline. Nevertheless, these other and nameless things shall die with me. I shall never revisit the burial-place. Nor in all time to come will any man gaze upon it through living eyes unless the quakes of earth rend the mountains asunder and spew forth the secrets contained in the hearts of the mountains."

Prince Akuli ceased from speech. With welcome relief of his face, he removed the *hala lei* from his neck, and, with a sniff and a sigh, tossed it into concealment in the thick lantana by the side of the road.

"But the shin-bone of Laulani?" I queried softly. He remained silent, while a mile of pasture-land fled by us and yielded to cane land.

"I have it now," he at last said. "And beside it is Keola, slain ere his time and made into a spear-head for love of the woman whose shin-bone abides near to him. To them, those poor, pathetic bones, I owe more than to aught else. I became possessed of them in the period of my culminating adolescence. I know they changed the entire course of my life and trend of my mind. They gave to me a modesty and a humility in the world, from which my father's fortune has ever failed to seduce me.

"And often, when woman was nigh to winning to the empery of my mind over me, I sought Laulani's shin-bone. And often, when lusty manhood stung me into feeling overproud and lusty, I consulted the spear-head remnant of Keaho, one time swift runner, and mighty wrestler, and lover, and thief of the wife of a king. The contemplation of them has ever been of profound aid to me, and you might well say that I have founded my religion, or practise of living, upon them."