

# Wonderland of the South Pacific Ocean

Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter. AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Jan. 30, 1901.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Mark Twain says Pittsburg looks like "hell with the lid off." I have been traveling through a part of New Zealand which looks like

contains 56,000 acres. It will probably soon be taken by the government and divided into small farms. At present it is given up to sheep and cattle. We see droves of hundreds of cattle and sheep in flocks of thousands. The sheep are feeding on turnips, biting them out of the

mer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard hiron road."

### Riding Over Hades.

But to go on to the Yellowstone. As we proceed we pass through a region of ferns. They cover the hills, and in the valleys rise into trees like umbrellas. The whole earth is matted with them. The tree ferns have stems as big around as a telegraph pole and some rise fifteen feet without a branch.

Farther south we come into highlands. We pass through forests, the tall trees bound around with vines and their wide spreading branches covered with green leaves. Many of them are loaded with orchids, which ornament the living as well as the dead, hanging down amid the green leaves and wrapping themselves around the dead limbs to make them green again.

When we reach an altitude of about 1,000 feet above the sea we come into a region of active volcanic energy. The earth seems hollow. It rumbles and grumbles as our train goes over it. We see steam coming forth from the cracks here and there and we wonder if the crust may not break and drop us into the bubbling, boiling, steaming mass which evidently lies below.

We pass the village of Koutu, which is almost hidden in columns of steam from the ground above, and sail on by Lake Rotorua to Rotorua itself.

This is the famous health resort of the South Pacific ocean. The land all about it is steaming, clouds of vapor go up from pools of boiling water, each of which has its own medicinal properties. There are hotels and cottages and all the surroundings of such a resort in the United States. The government has charge of the springs and fixes the tariff, and the people thus keep the place for themselves. The government has put up bath houses with enormous swimming pools.

### Madam Rachel and the Priest.

The baths have curious names. One, owing to the beauty which it gives the complexion, steaming all impurities out of the system, has been called after Madam Rachel, which the French pronounce Ras-

merely having their morning baths, I do not know.

### Where Mother Earth Does Cooking.

Old Mother Earth is kind to her Maori daughters. She does their cooking for them. They never have to make a fire nor put the kettle on. Each woman has a steaming box of her own, which is always at the right temperature. This box is merely an old dry goods box, a shoe box or soap box, with the top and bottom knocked out and the bottom covered with shales. It is sunken in the earth over one of these steam holes. The food is dropped in and an

cracking, steaming, rumbling, spitting region about me.

She lends me from one wonder to another. Here is a pool of boiling, bubbling mud which now and then shoots a column high into the air. That great round vat with the white walls is made of the silica and other minerals (thrown up by a geyser; it is called the brain pot. That vast pool in which the yellow fluid within bubbles and boils is known as the champagne pool, its contents stir about just like champagne and the cases now and then throw the water up to a height of six or eight feet. The walls are



BOYS AND GIRLS BATHING TOGETHER IN THE STEAMING WATER.

"hell with the lid on," save that there are a thousand and one holes in the cover from which all sorts of poisonous gases, malodorous smells, boiling springs and other devilish evidences are pouring forth. I am in the Yellowstone park of New Zealand, a land of volcanoes, geysers, earthquakes and lakes of boiling mud, a land in which old Mother Earth seems afflicted with perpetual colic and is ever vomiting forth hot paint or belching out steam loaded with alum.

This region is situated 171 miles southeast of Auckland near the center of the North Island. It covers almost 2,000,000 acres. It is about thirty miles wide and 100 miles long, and the crust upon it is so thin that as you walk or ride over it you seem to hear a thousand devils rumbling and raging below and feel that there is little more than a sheet of brown paper between you and Hades.

The face of the earth changes from week to week. Great cracks open and new boiling pools burst forth. There are frequent earthquakes and now and then a mountain breaks forth into eruption. There are active volcanoes, and no one knows when those dormant may not spring into life, as Mount Tarawera did in 1886. In that year, on June 10, the towns about this mountain were destroyed. Several native villages were covered to a depth of sixty feet by a deluge of mud. Both houses and inhabitants were destroyed almost as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum by Vesuvius centuries ago. The bottom of a big lake was blown out and in its place came a roaring crater, which sent up a column of steam to a height of almost three miles. The earth broke open. There was one crack nine miles long. New lakes were formed, clouds of ashes and dust turned midday to evening, and for miles around there was a downpour of water, mud and stones.

This eruption destroyed the famous pink terraces of New Zealand. These terraces were in the form of basins. They were made by the sediment from the mineral waters of a geyser 100 feet above the lake. The basins were filled with the clearest of hot water, boiling blue at the top and changing in color to a lighter hue as it fell from terrace to terrace. They were surrounded by walls which seemed to be made of jewels, some very pink, others white. The water pattered over them in the cascades and when the sun shone the hillsides seemed alive with falling diamonds, pearls, emeralds and rubies. The terraces are now being reformed and in the near future nature will probably have rebuilt them in an even more beautiful form than they were in the past.

### Country Scenes in New Zealand.

I spent all day on the train going from Auckland to the Hot Springs region. Rotorua, the central town of this Yellowstone of the south, was my destination. Leaving Auckland, we shot out into a rich farming district. The fields were green with luxuriant grass, or black where the soil was being turned up for planting. Volcanic evidences were everywhere. Chunks of lava were scattered over the fields and in many places there were fences of lava.

Near Auckland the farms are small and the farm houses especially so. This I have observed in all parts of Australia and New Zealand. The frontier cabins are not so big as those of the wooded regions of the United States. In many places there is a scarcity of lumber. The average farm house is a wooden cottage of four, five or six rooms, roofed with galvanized iron. There are no barns, no stables, no out-buildings. The stock feed off the fields all the year round, for the grass is always green.

Now we go through plains covered with brush. We ride for miles along the banks of the Waikato river, the largest in New Zealand, and on again into a country of farms. The holdings have now grown larger. We go through a great estate owned by one of the landed nabobs. It

ground in which they have grown. There are acres of turnips, their green tops eaten off and the white, round roots lying like tens of thousands of billiard balls upon the ground. The sheep will feed upon them until nothing is left.

How beautiful the land is! It is rolling. We go over plains which look like the blue-grass lands of Kentucky and others which remind me of the meadows of old England. We pass through groves of cabbage trees or New Zealand palms. Each has a tall trunk ending in a feather duster of green leaves, which jut out on all sides. There is plenty of poor land as well as good and some large tracts which still belong to the crown and which will some time be turned into farms.

### Railroads Belong to Government.

As we go I examine the railroad. Like all in the colony, it belongs to the government and its officials are government clerks. The conductor is called the guard. He comes through the station and punches the tickets from time to time. The smaller stations are also postoffices and I see signs evidencing they are government savings banks and the offices of the government life insurance company as well.

The gauge of the railroad is only three feet and a half. The roadbed is ballasted with lava and pumice stone and it seems to be well built. The cars are comfortably made, half after the American and half after the English fashion. At every station a bell is rung before the train starts. Every now and then there is a five minutes' stop that the passengers may get out and buy a cup of tea, a glass of whisky or beer. The New Zealanders are great drinkers. They are always stuffing and swilling. Nevertheless they keep fat and healthy. Beer, whisky and tea are sold at the stations. I try them all. The whisky is Scotch. It has a smoky, peaty taste and it costs 12 cents a glass. Tea is tuppence a cup. Every one takes it with milk and sugar. It is strong, but not bad. No coffee is sold, for no one wants it.

The chief trouble with the cars is the lack of heating arrangements. The weather was cold and every passenger had a traveling blanket which he wrapped around his feet. I had a foxskin one and to this I added my rubber hot water bottle. I took it from my bag and had it filled by the girls at the tea stations. One young woman was amazed at the request and wondered what I wanted hot water for. At last a smile lit up her face and she said: "I understand. You want it for the baby (baby)."

"Yes, my dear," said I, as I handed her a shilling, "but I am the baby."

That is something like the English they talk down in New Zealand. You hear a great deal of the cockney accent. A is frequently like "I" or "ai," and you have to often translate the phrases you hear. This is so in the stores. In buying the foxskin I spoke of I asked the department store clerk where the rugs were kept. He said: "Go through that aisle and down by the Hees." I could not think what he meant by "the Hees," and a brief vision of crawling insects and frowzy hair came before my eyes until on the other side of the store I saw some white lace, with carpets and rugs beyond, and I knew the young man meant laces. As for the letter "h," I have never heard it so mistreated in England as in New Zealand. It is always on when it should be off, and always off when it should be on. Even the school children butcher the king's English in this respect, and in every-day conversation the faults are common. They remind me of the blacksmith whom I like to quote whenever our English cousins talk about such Americanisms as "I guess." The blacksmith was discussing the effect of hunting versus macadamized roads on the horse's feet, when he said:

"Hit hien't the 'opping hover 'edges what 'urts the 'orses' 'ooft, but hit's the 'am-



MAORI WOMAN AND BABY—THEY LOOK LIKE AMERICAN INDIANS.

shell. The people here drop the madam and say Rachel, as though they were speaking of an English girl. Another is called the Priest bath, another the Painkiller, a third the Coffee Pot and a fourth the Blue Bath. The names sound curious at first, and when I was told I could have a half hour at the Priest I felt like protesting I was not a Catholic, but a castron Presbyterian.

Joking aside, the baths are wonderful. Rachel comes from a boiling cauldron of enormous depth, which yields 50,000 gallons daily. The water seems to be loaded with sulphuretted hydrogen, and a smell of decayed eggs floats into your nostrils. You are disgusted until you walk down into it. Then your skin seems to have turned to satin, and you lie as comfortable as though on beds of rose leaves.

The Blue Bath has a swimming pool about it as big as the average city lot. The water is at 98 degrees. It is delightful. In the "Coffee Pot" the pool is covered with an oily slime and the water is thick, brown and muddy. Still it is a cure for rheumatism. Others of the baths are so strong in their mineral properties that one must be examined by a doctor before he can enter them.

### How the Natives Bathe.

There are many native Maori villages in this region. The Maoris, you know, are the aborigines of New Zealand. They correspond to the Indians of North America, although far different from them in character and customs. There are only about 40,000 of them left. I went into many of the houses. They are a sort of a cross between an Indian hut and that of a lower class Englishman. They are built right over the steaming earth. Many of them have bathing pools behind them, and in the pools you see boys and girls bathing together in the steaming water. I stood and watched such a crowd this morning. The pool was about twenty feet square, and in it were a dozen little ones as naked as when they were born. The steam rose up from the pool, and as the morning sun caught it their brown skins shone out through the mist. One of the bathers was a girl of 14. She was pouring the water over her with a bucket, when I threw in a silver sixpence. She, with all the rest, dived down into the steaming pool for it, she finally emerging with the coin in her mouth. As I walked on to other pools I saw here and there the heads of men and women floating, as it were, upon the water. They were Maoris, but whether they were taking this method of getting warm or



MOTHER EARTH DOES THE COOKING.

old piece of carpet or cloth thrown over it, and in due time it is cooked.

Cooking is also done in the boiling pools. Potatoes are pared and put into bags made of a network of rope, each holding a quarter or half peck. The bag is then dropped into the pool and a string which is fastened to it is tied to a stake outside. In a few minutes the potatoes are ready for eating. Meat can be boiled the same way or it can be put into a bucket and steamed. In fact, almost anything in the boiling or steaming line is so done by these people. They have lately taken up some English customs and now celebrate Christmas, when they make plum puddings and cook them in these petty volcanoes.

In some places the villagers cook at one great vat, and in others, such as Whakarewarewa, the women all do their washing in one hot pool. They kneel down on the outside of the pool and scour their clothes together. I like the Maori women. Their dress is now much like ours, save that nearly all are barefooted. Some would be good looking were it not for the tattoo marks upon their chins and lips, making them blue. Many of them speak English and I take one for a guide through the

of different colors, here white, there dark red and there yellow with sulphur. We go to see the Pohutu geyser, which twice a day for from twenty minutes to three hours at a time sends a majestic column of water high into the air, and then take a look at the giant's cauldron, which bubbles and boils and scethes, heated by the fires below.

Come and take a trip with me into the mouth of hell. This is a region about twelve miles from Rotorua. We steam across the lake, sailing over what was evidently once a volcanic crater, then take horses over the country to Tikitere. As we near it we see great columns of steam rising into the air. We tie our horses, and, with staff in hand, plunge into the vapor. We are in the midst of acres of boiling springs separated by thin walls upon which we walk along looking into the terrible commotion below.

Here is a whirlpool. The water is as black as ink. It boils and steams and bubbles and spits. It is hotter than the Shadrack, Meshac and Abednego furnace. Watch out, for if your foot slips you will be scalded to death.

Now we are on a great yellow mound

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## Photographic Art Studies

These are the works of the Tonneson Sisters of Chicago, and there is probably no more capable photographic artists in the world than these enthusiastic young women. There are twelve subjects from which to choose, of which we reproduce eight. These pictures are handsome enough for anyone's drawing room and may be used effectively unframed, or will look splendidly with a simple dark frame.

### How to Get Them

These pictures are mounted on handsome black raw silk stock mounts, 12x15 inches, the photographs are 7x9 inches. These have never been sold at the art stores for less than one dollar. By securing an immense quantity of them we are able to offer them

### With a Coupon for 10 Cents.

When ordering state the name of the subject, and if they are to be mailed enclose four cents additional for postage and packing.

ART DEPARTMENT.

THE BEE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17th and Farnam Sts.



REFLECTION.



GRANDMA'S TEA.

### CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Present at Bee Office or mail this coupon with 10c and get your choice of Photographic Art Studies. When ordering by mail add 4c for postage.

ART DEPARTMENT, THE BEE PUBLISHING CO., OMAHA.