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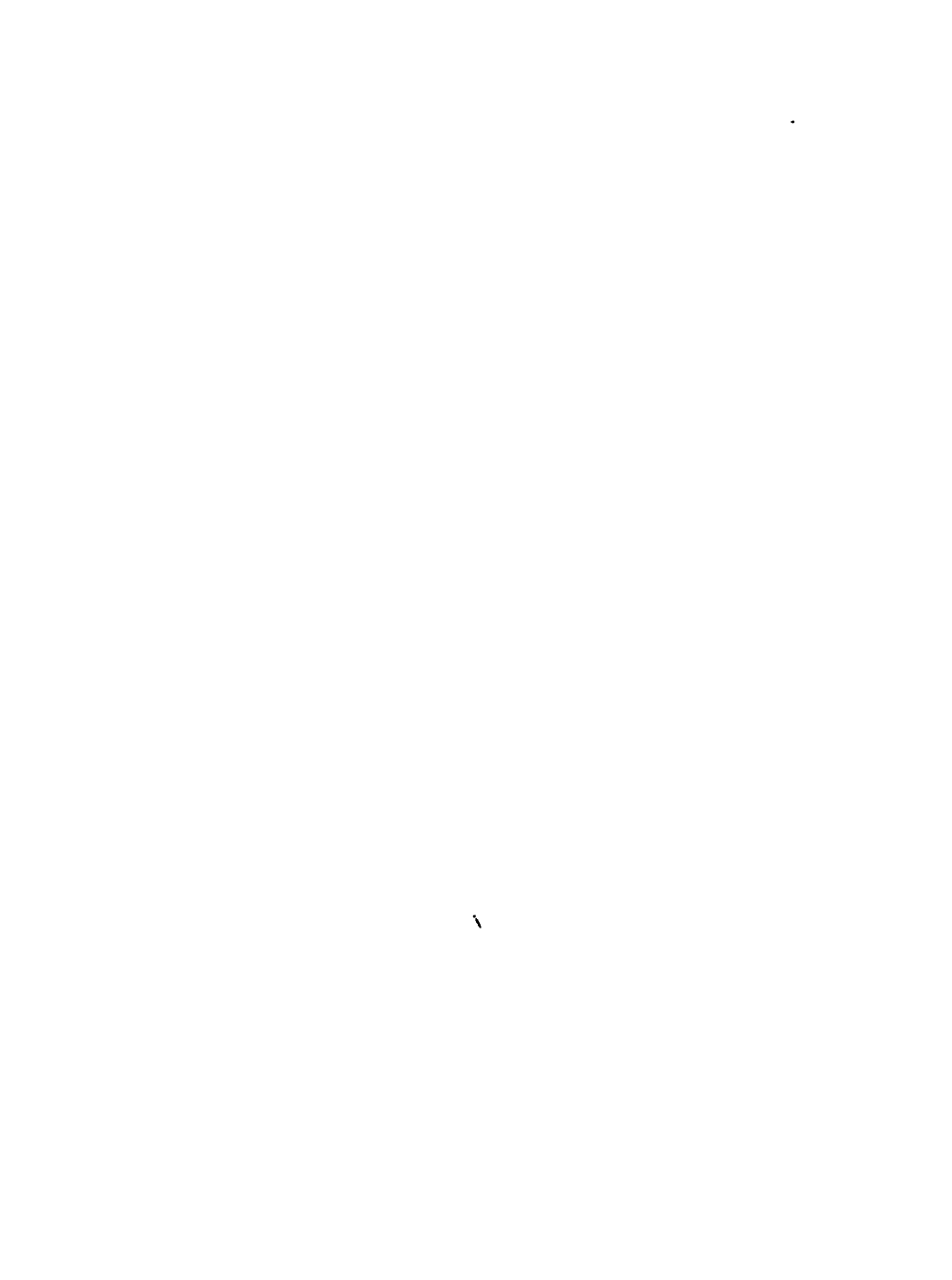
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**A TALE FROM
THE RAINBOW
LAND**

By **KATHERINE M. YATES**

AUTHOR OF
"ON THE WAY THERE," "AT THE DOOR,"
"CHET," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY
AUDLEY B. WELLS

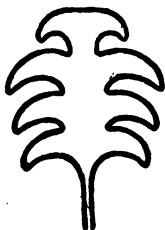
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A BOOK HATH MORE OF THE
READER THAN OF THE
WRITER BETWEEN ITS COV-
ERS. SEE THAT THOU DOST
FIND GOOD WITHIN THY
BOOKS



Foreword

The Menehunes are a mythical race of little brown people supposed to have inhabited the Hawaiian Islands in olden times. They were very tiny folk, measuring their stature by inches instead of by feet, and their mission seems to have been that of being helpful to men; but they could work only at night, and had to drop whatever they were doing when the elepaio bird called at dawn, and the task, no matter how far from completion, could never be taken up again by them.

They are used in this little tale merely as a fanciful vehicle to carry the words of the Loving People; and the local color, merely as a setting for a world-wide phase of human life.

K. M. Y.

*Waikiki, Honolulu,
Nineteen-Fourteen.*





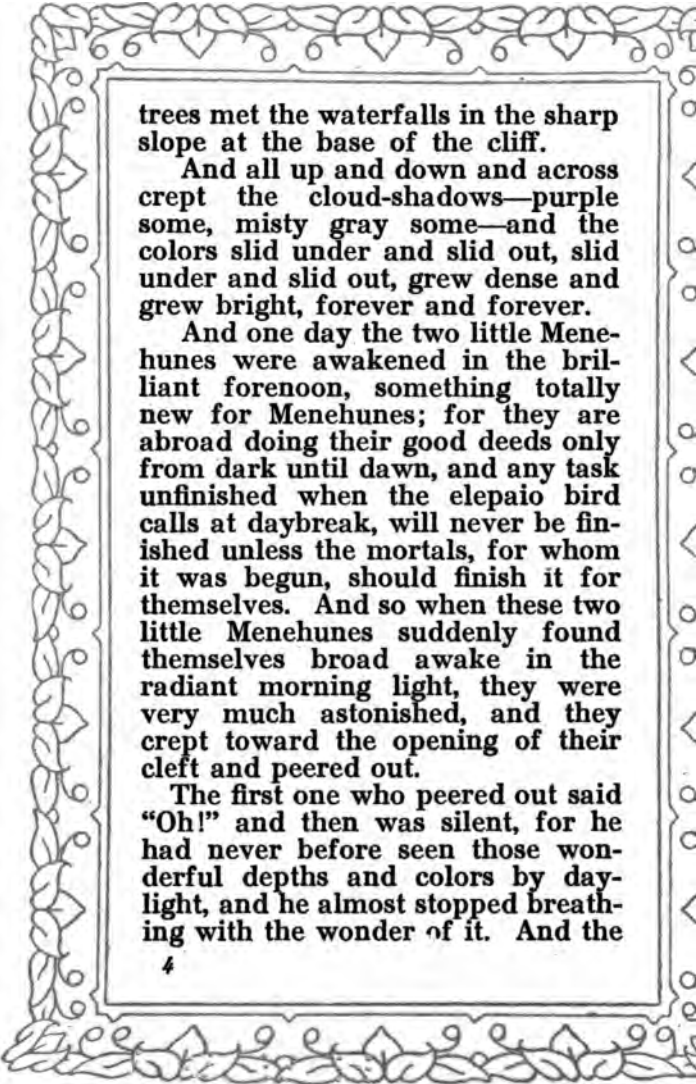
**A Tale
From the Rainbow
Land**

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Once upon a time there were two little Menehunes who lived in the cleft of a huge, square, crumbly rock; and the rock stood far, far out upon the very point of a great ridge which separated two deep, narrow canyons and jutted out into a violet-purple sea with pale green and white fringes.

The walls of the canyon were steep and buttressed like the walls of a church, and the colors were gray and lavender and mauve and vermillion with black arabesques like Indian pottery—and purple and saffron and verdigris—and pale pink and corn-color and dove gray; and they were chiffon-white where waterfalls wove and wavered their way downward, and brilliant mottled green where kukui and lehua

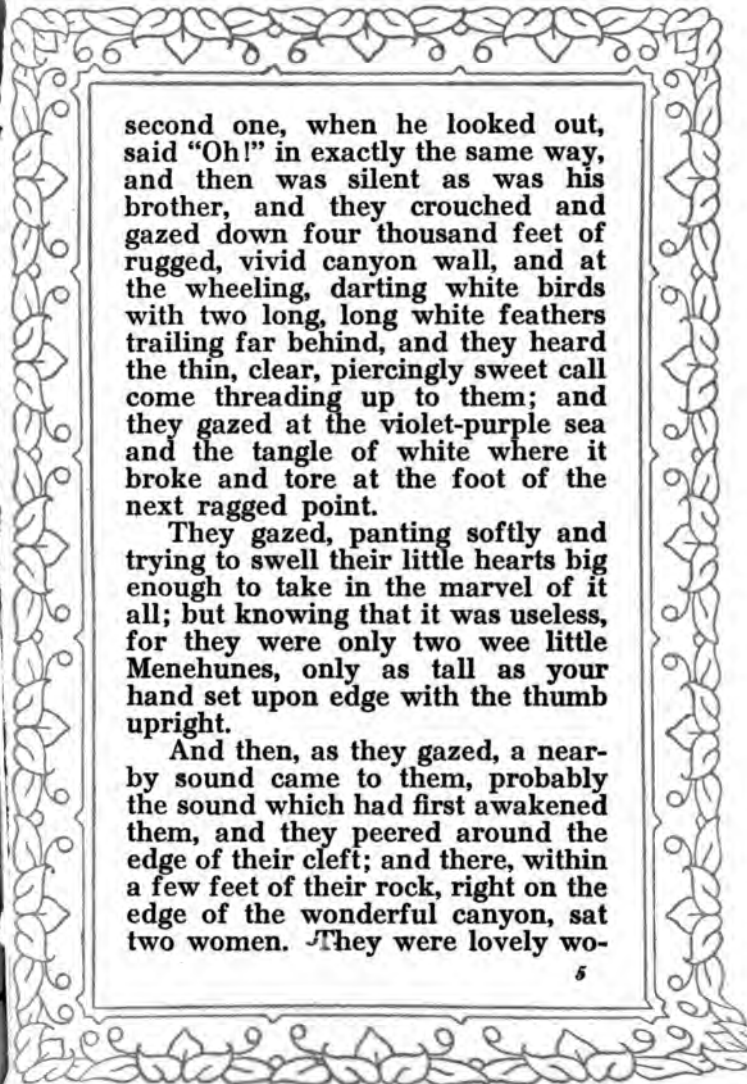


trees met the waterfalls in the sharp slope at the base of the cliff.

And all up and down and across crept the cloud-shadows—purple some, misty gray some—and the colors slid under and slid out, slid under and slid out, grew dense and grew bright, forever and forever.

And one day the two little Menehunes were awakened in the brilliant forenoon, something totally new for Menehunes; for they are abroad doing their good deeds only from dark until dawn, and any task unfinished when the elepaio bird calls at daybreak, will never be finished unless the mortals, for whom it was begun, should finish it for themselves. And so when these two little Menehunes suddenly found themselves broad awake in the radiant morning light, they were very much astonished, and they crept toward the opening of their cleft and peered out.

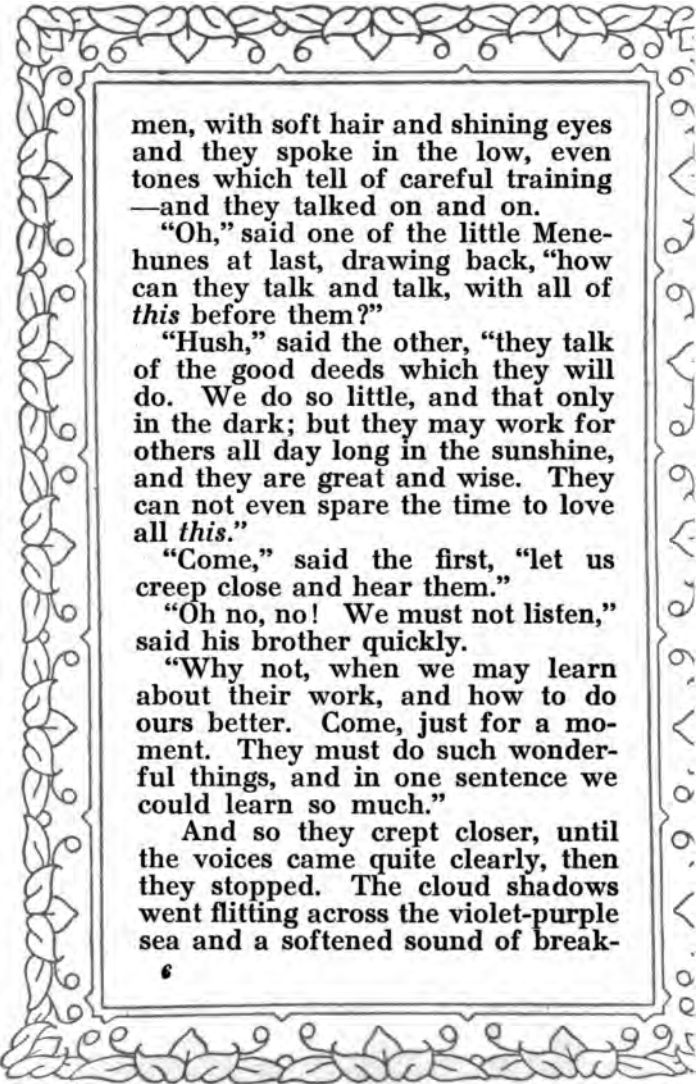
The first one who peered out said "Oh!" and then was silent, for he had never before seen those wonderful depths and colors by daylight, and he almost stopped breathing with the wonder of it. And the



second one, when he looked out, said "Oh!" in exactly the same way, and then was silent as was his brother, and they crouched and gazed down four thousand feet of rugged, vivid canyon wall, and at the wheeling, darting white birds with two long, long white feathers trailing far behind, and they heard the thin, clear, piercingly sweet call come threading up to them; and they gazed at the violet-purple sea and the tangle of white where it broke and tore at the foot of the next ragged point.

They gazed, panting softly and trying to swell their little hearts big enough to take in the marvel of it all; but knowing that it was useless, for they were only two wee little Menehunes, only as tall as your hand set upon edge with the thumb upright.

And then, as they gazed, a nearby sound came to them, probably the sound which had first awakened them, and they peered around the edge of their cleft; and there, within a few feet of their rock, right on the edge of the wonderful canyon, sat two women. They were lovely wo-



men, with soft hair and shining eyes and they spoke in the low, even tones which tell of careful training—and they talked on and on.

“Oh,” said one of the little Menehunes at last, drawing back, “how can they talk and talk, with all of *this* before them?”

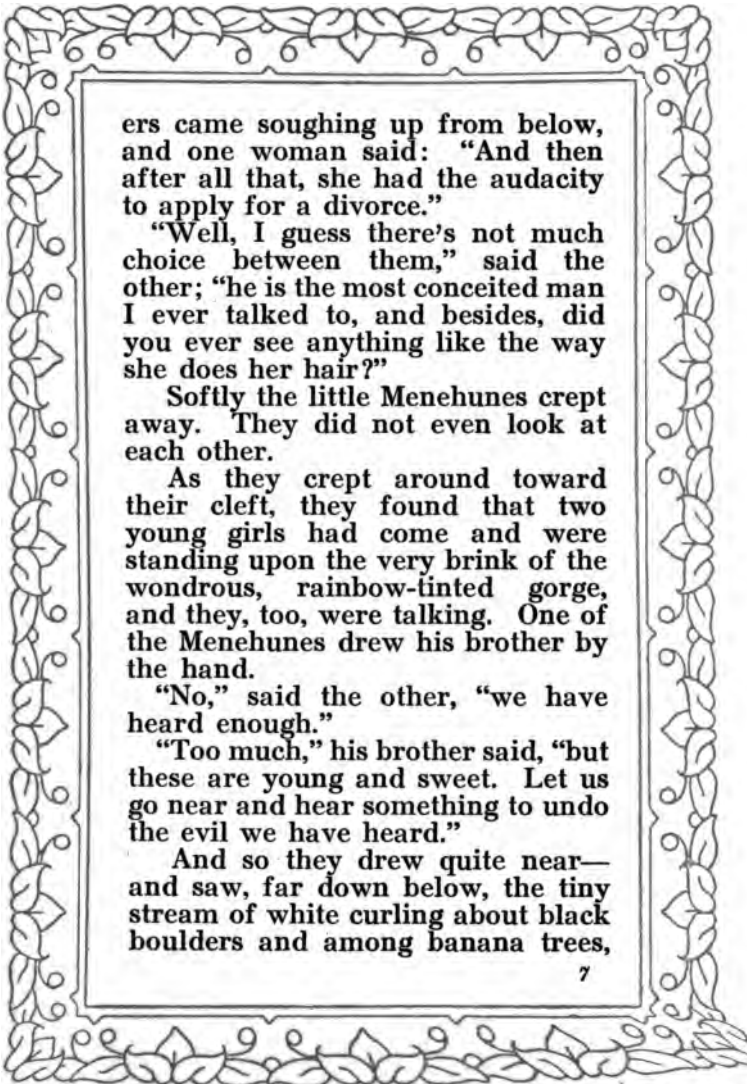
“Hush,” said the other, “they talk of the good deeds which they will do. We do so little, and that only in the dark; but they may work for others all day long in the sunshine, and they are great and wise. They can not even spare the time to love all *this*.”

“Come,” said the first, “let us creep close and hear them.”

“Oh no, no! We must not listen,” said his brother quickly.

“Why not, when we may learn about their work, and how to do ours better. Come, just for a moment. They must do such wonderful things, and in one sentence we could learn so much.”

And so they crept closer, until the voices came quite clearly, then they stopped. The cloud shadows went flitting across the violet-purple sea and a softened sound of break-



ers came soughing up from below, and one woman said: "And then after all that, she had the audacity to apply for a divorce."

"Well, I guess there's not much choice between them," said the other; "he is the most conceited man I ever talked to, and besides, did you ever see anything like the way she does her hair?"


Softly the little Menehunes crept away. They did not even look at each other.

As they crept around toward their cleft, they found that two young girls had come and were standing upon the very brink of the wondrous, rainbow-tinted gorge, and they, too, were talking. One of the Menehunes drew his brother by the hand.

"No," said the other, "we have heard enough."

"Too much," his brother said, "but these are young and sweet. Let us go near and hear something to undo the evil we have heard."

And so they drew quite near—and saw, far down below, the tiny stream of white curling about black boulders and among banana trees,



and the pink glow of young mango leaves, and saw a flock of wild goats fling along one of the narrow, shelf-like trails; and one of the young girls spoke:

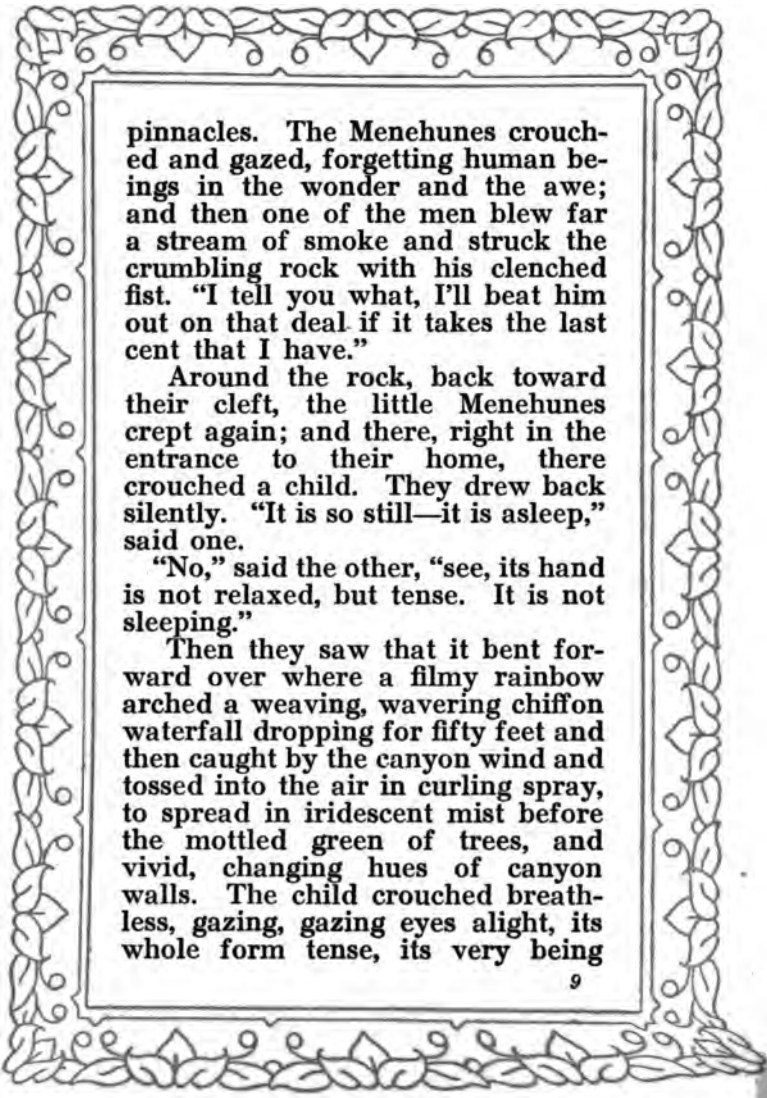
"I had mine made with an Irish crochet yoke," she said, "and a turquoise velvet girdle, and it is a million times prettier than Helen's."

"Well, I should hope so," said the other. "She looks like a fright in hers."

Again the two little Menehunes crept away without looking at each other; and they saw two men approaching from the farther side. One little Menehune drew his brother's hand again. "Come," he said, "*they*, surely, will be talking of their work and planning their good deeds."

The other hesitated—then he yielded. "Yes, they do look strong and fine and wise," he said; and so they crept more near.

Far down below, within the center of the gorge, a God-made temple rose for full two thousand feet—of brown and orange, with a great arched entrance all of gold and black—and there were spires and

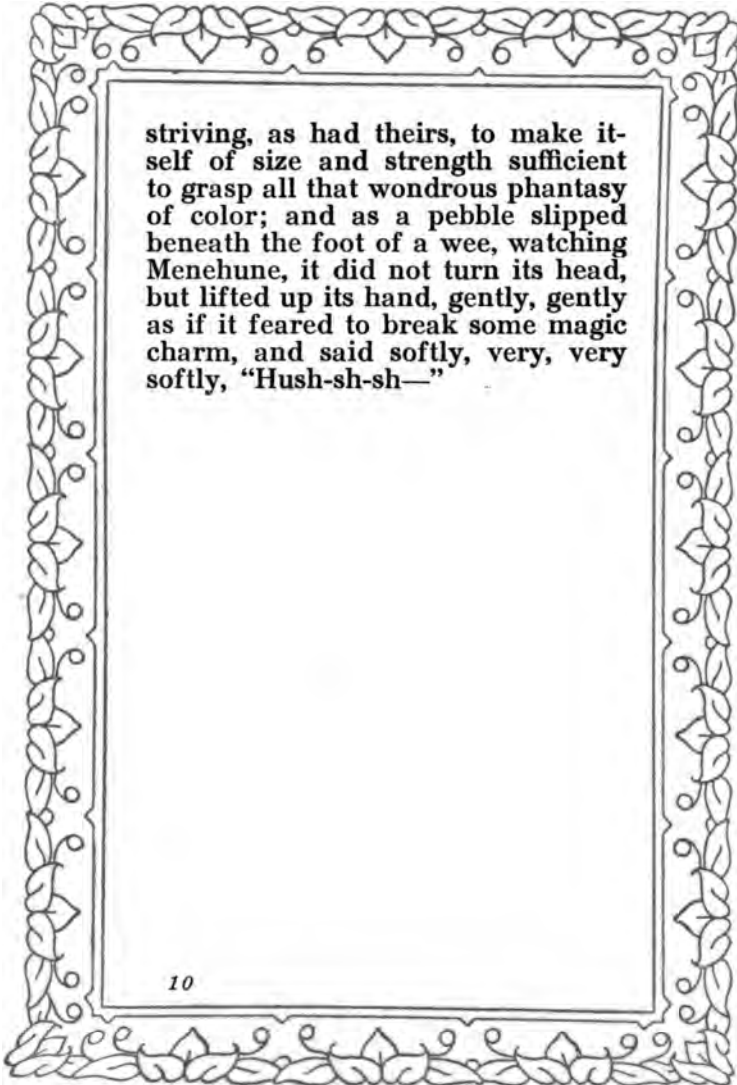


pinnacles. The Menehunes crouched and gazed, forgetting human beings in the wonder and the awe; and then one of the men blew far a stream of smoke and struck the crumbling rock with his clenched fist. "I tell you what, I'll beat him out on that deal if it takes the last cent that I have."

Around the rock, back toward their cleft, the little Menehunes crept again; and there, right in the entrance to their home, there crouched a child. They drew back silently. "It is so still—it is asleep," said one.

"No," said the other, "see, its hand is not relaxed, but tense. It is not sleeping."

Then they saw that it bent forward over where a filmy rainbow arched a weaving, wavering chiffon waterfall dropping for fifty feet and then caught by the canyon wind and tossed into the air in curling spray, to spread in iridescent mist before the mottled green of trees, and vivid, changing hues of canyon walls. The child crouched breathless, gazing, gazing eyes alight, its whole form tense, its very being



striving, as had theirs, to make itself of size and strength sufficient to grasp all that wondrous phantasy of color; and as a pebble slipped beneath the foot of a wee, watching Menehune, it did not turn its head, but lifted up its hand, gently, gently as if it feared to break some magic charm, and said softly, very, very softly, "Hush-sh-sh—"



It was night when the little Menehunes crept forth again, and all was still. Each heaved a wee sigh of relief when he had glanced carefully about and found no human being near, and then they climbed to the top of their huge, crumbling rock and sat there with their hands clasped about their knees, looking out across the velvet-black sea streaked with flickering lines leading toward great stars which swung in the indigo void above.

At last a Menehune spoke. "It was a wonderful little child," he said.

"Yes," said his brother softly, "it was a wonderful little child."

After a time the first one spoke again. "We must do something," he said. "I have a bad taste in my heart. I do not want to work—for

them—only for the little child. We must do something to drown these evil feelings which taste so bitter. We can not work if we do not love. What shall we do?"

The other shook his head. "The feelings must be drowned—I even hate myself."

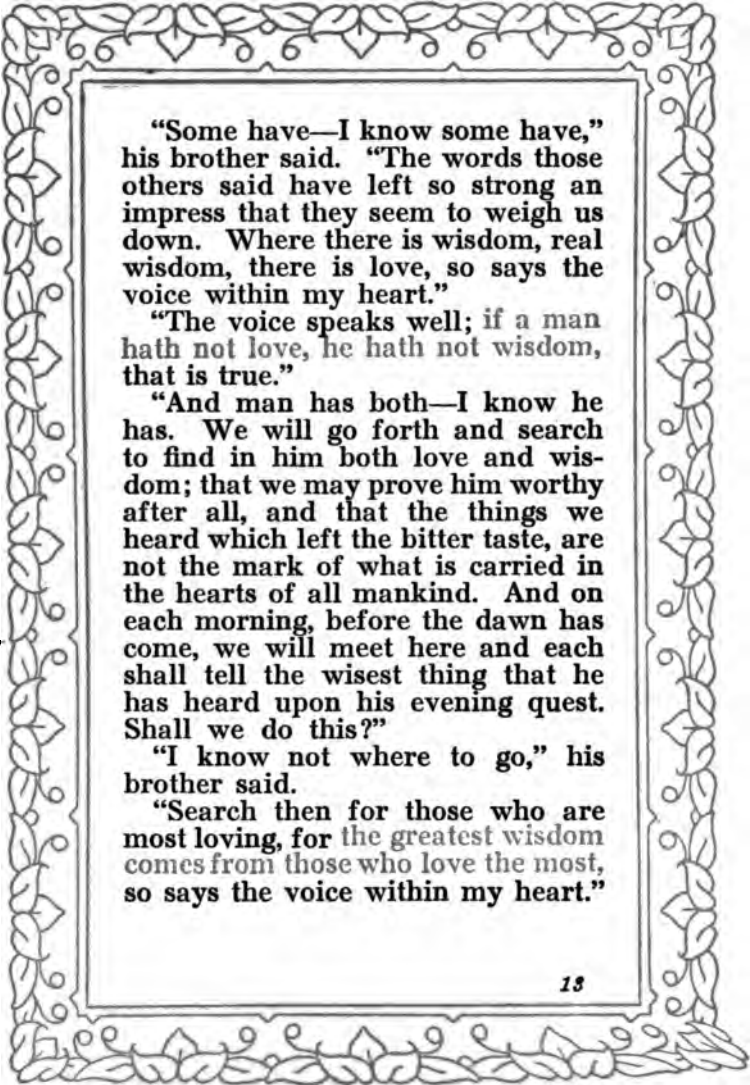
"Well," said the first, "what shall we drown them in? They seem so strong."

The other sat and thought; and slowly, over the edge of the canyon, rose the great round moon, shining first through the writhing koa limbs, like a great, round, lighted window shaded by the trees, and then rising higher still and cutting sharp limned shadow silhouettes and casting them against the straight, steep walls. At last he raised his head. "I am so little, yet a big thought spoke from somewhere, in my heart. 'But one thing can drown hate,' it said, 'and that is love.'"

"But I feel no love—for humans—now; only for the little child."

"Then we must find it. That will be our work."

"But where shall we look? The human beings haven't it."



“Some have—I know some have,” his brother said. “The words those others said have left so strong an impress that they seem to weigh us down. Where there is wisdom, real wisdom, there is love, so says the voice within my heart.”

“The voice speaks well; if a man hath not love, he hath not wisdom, that is true.”

“And man has both—I know he has. We will go forth and search to find in him both love and wisdom; that we may prove him worthy after all, and that the things we heard which left the bitter taste, are not the mark of what is carried in the hearts of all mankind. And on each morning, before the dawn has come, we will meet here and each shall tell the wisest thing that he has heard upon his evening quest. Shall we do this?”

“I know not where to go,” his brother said.

“Search then for those who are **most loving**, for the greatest wisdom comes from those who love the most, so says the voice within my heart.”

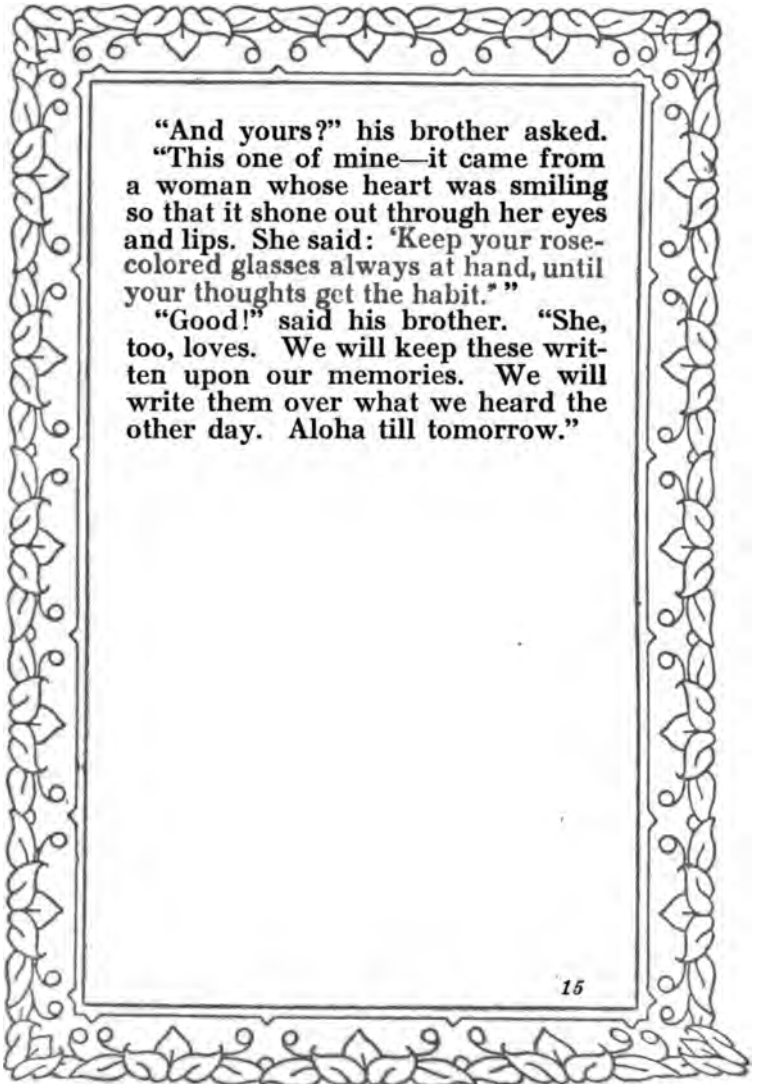


And on the morrow, before the elepaio bird had called, the two little Menehunes sat upon the rock. The wind came swinging down the canyon, rustling the kukui leaves into the sound of running water, and the calls of the night birds flicked the air here and there, and the soft confusion of their wings now and then swept close—and was gone:

“What have you brought?” one little Menehune asked.

“Here,” said his brother, “I have it written on my memory: you know not all the factors in your brother’s problem; therefore keep thou silent.”

“It is for us, and truly it is wise,” the other said. “It comes from one who has love, ‘not for one or two, but for them all.’”



“And yours?” his brother asked.
“This one of mine—it came from a woman whose heart was smiling so that it shone out through her eyes and lips. She said: ‘Keep your rose-colored glasses always at hand, until your thoughts get the habit.’”

“Good!” said his brother. “She, too, loves. We will keep these written upon our memories. We will write them over what we heard the other day. Aloha till tomorrow.”



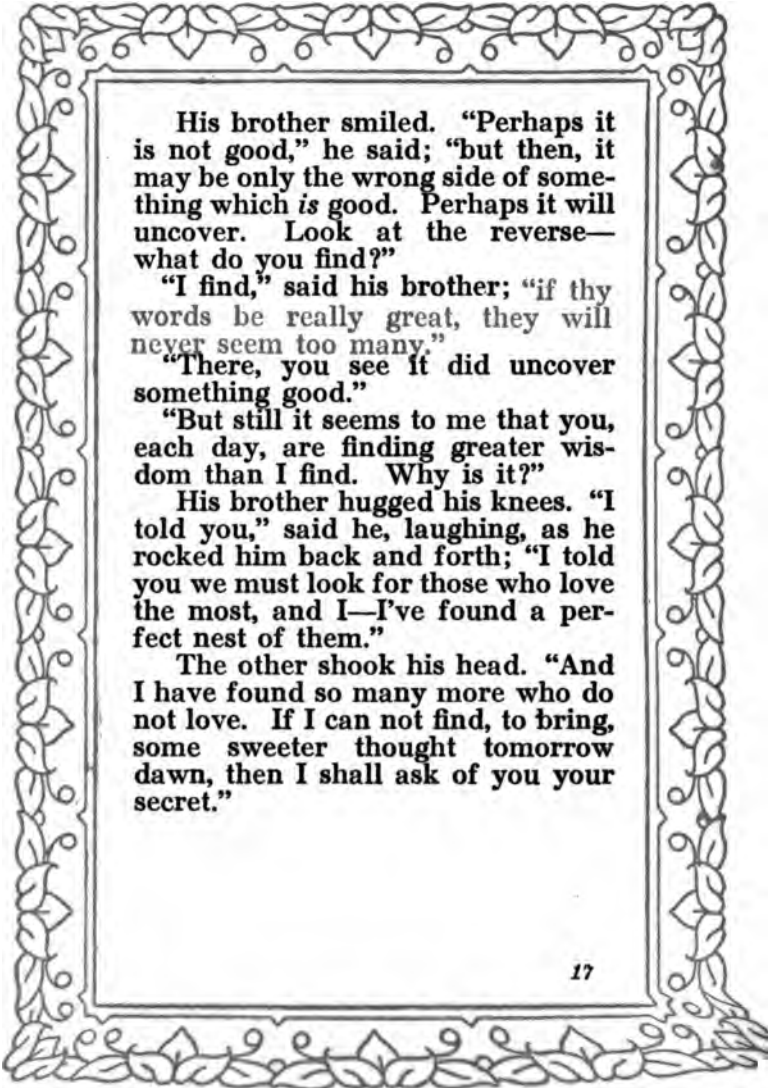
Next day, before the dawn, the Menehunes met again—each eager with his memory tablet.

“Listen now!” cried one; “here is what I have: Do not try to see yourself as others see you—try to see yourself as God sees you, and then know that the real man sees with his eyes.”

“It is good,” said his brother. “It is wise. Mine is not so wise, for it has not so much of love. In fact, I do not think that it has any love at all in it; but it somehow took hold of me and insisted that I bring it here. After hearing yours, I am not so sure that I want to give it at all.”

“What is it?” said his brother.

“This: Isn’t it astonishing how much some people can talk?”



His brother smiled. "Perhaps it is not good," he said; "but then, it may be only the wrong side of something which *is* good. Perhaps it will uncover. Look at the reverse—what do you find?"

"I find," said his brother; "if thy words be really great, they will never seem too many."

"There, you see it did uncover something good."

"But still it seems to me that you, each day, are finding greater wisdom than I find. Why is it?"

His brother hugged his knees. "I told you," said he, laughing, as he rocked him back and forth; "I told you we must look for those who love the most, and I—I've found a perfect nest of them."

The other shook his head. "And I have found so many more who do not love. If I can not find, to bring, some sweeter thought tomorrow dawn, then I shall ask of you your secret."

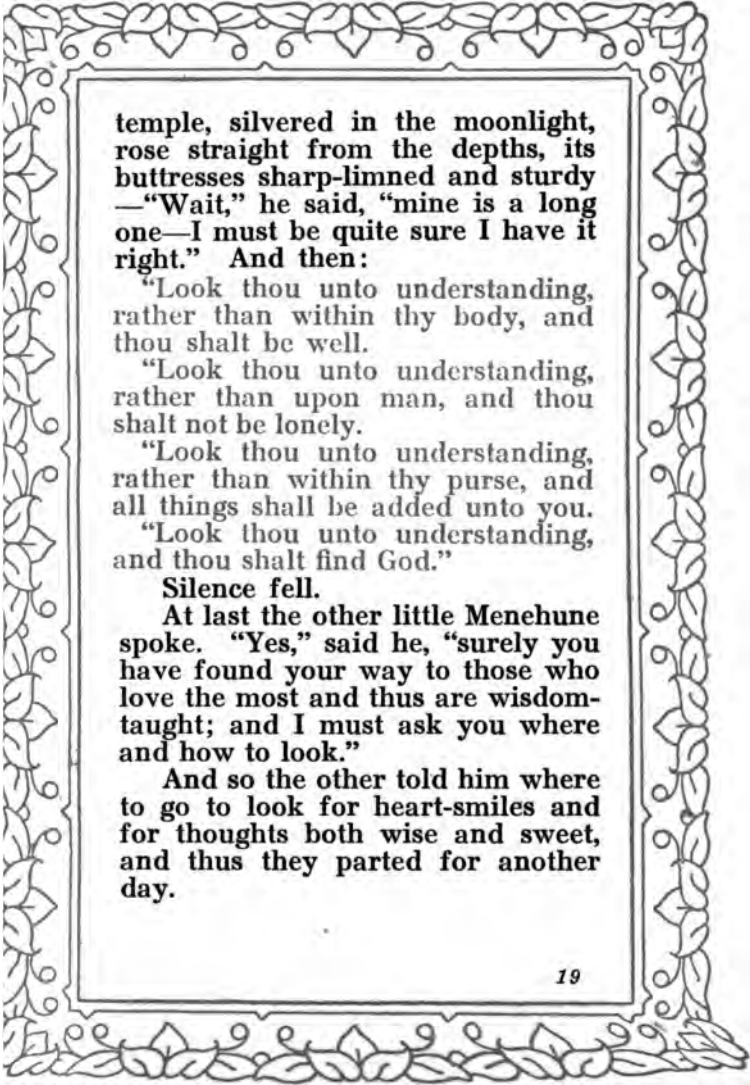


And when again they met, the less successful one said to his brother: "Again I have found so few who love—although I have found some, and one has given to me this: You can't wash up spilled milk with tears. Give it a chance to evaporate."

"That is wise," said his brother.

"Yes, but it is not very sweet—it has not such ring of earnest feeling as you bring. Now what have you?"

The other leaned his chin upon his hand, looking deep down among the wondrous shapes and shadows far below, where the great, domed



temple, silvered in the moonlight, rose straight from the depths, its buttresses sharp-limned and sturdy—"Wait," he said, "mine is a long one—I must be quite sure I have it right." And then:

"Look thou unto understanding, rather than within thy body, and thou shalt be well.

"Look thou unto understanding, rather than upon man, and thou shalt not be lonely.

"Look thou unto understanding, rather than within thy purse, and all things shall be added unto you.

"Look thou unto understanding, and thou shalt find God."

Silence fell.

At last the other little Menehune spoke. "Yes," said he, "surely you have found your way to those who love the most and thus are wisdom-taught; and I must ask you where and how to look."

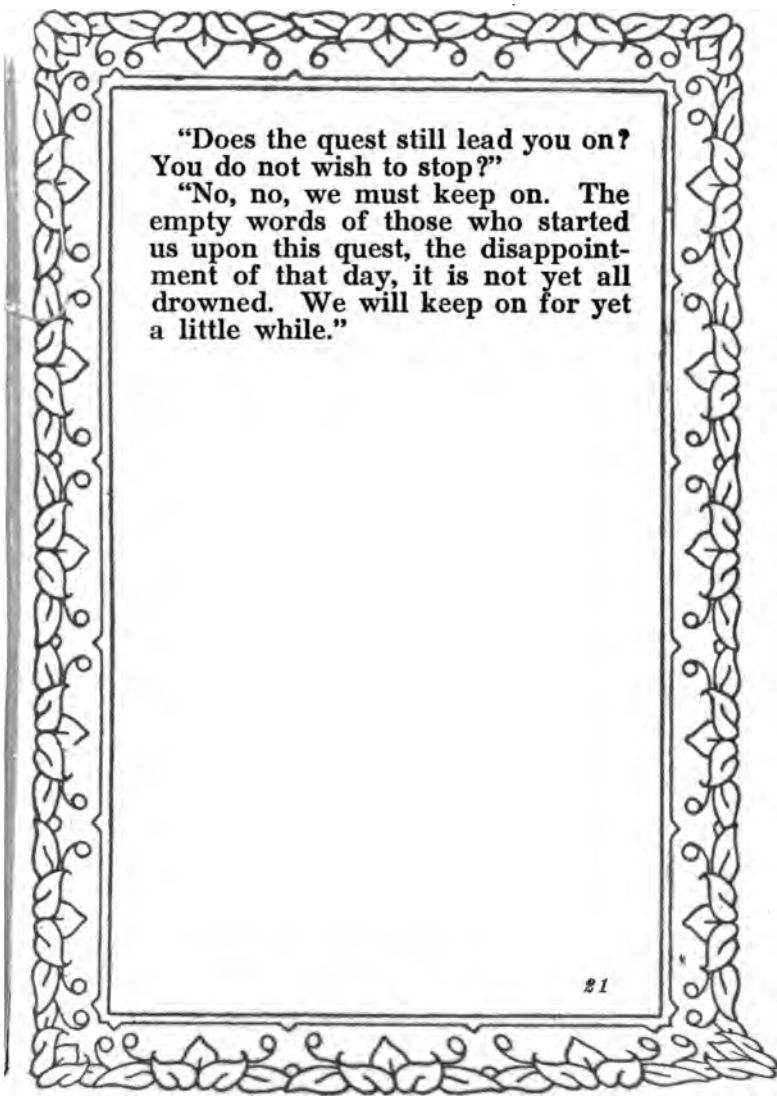
And so the other told him where to go to look for heart-smiles and for thoughts both wise and sweet, and thus they parted for another day.



Again they met, each brother full of the message he had chosen. "Listen," said one, "I have done better today because you told me where to look. Mine is short, but it is wise: Keep your hand ready and your thought right. Now what is yours?"

"This is mine: When you realize that good underlies everything, you will know that you can not get beyond your depth."

"That is fine," said his brother. "Do you know that although on other evenings I have searched and searched for even one wise saying; yet, with your direction, I have found this time so many that it was hard to choose which I should bring home."



**“Does the quest still lead you on?
You do not wish to stop?”**

“No, no, we must keep on. The empty words of those who started us upon this quest, the disappointment of that day, it is not yet all drowned. We will keep on for yet a little while.”



And when they came again, one set forth this: "If it seem difficult to look at life in the big, close-at-hand, because the detail mountains seem to obstruct the view; then we must get altitude, so that these mountains, no matter how near, may dwindle to mole-hills at our feet, and our horizon stretch beyond the ends of the earth."

And the other said, "But mine is short this time, yet it contains wisdom. Here it is: A right thought in time saves a lot of trouble."

"And the source of right thought?" said his brother, "Did you hear from whence it comes?"

"Yes, I have it written down. The source of right thought is love."

"'Tis as we felt was true. These things are great and full as was the breathing of the little child after the clatter of the empty words of those who came before."

"We must forget the empty words. Empty words, the loving people say, come from thoughtlessness; and thoughtlessness is negative, and negatives are nothings; so the empty words had no real source, and therefore never really were. We must forget."

"And, too," the other said, "we know so little of the ones who spoke. One of the loving people said to-night, when he had heard another criticise: 'It may be all in your viewpoint, friend; a straight spoon in a glass of water looks most crooked.' "

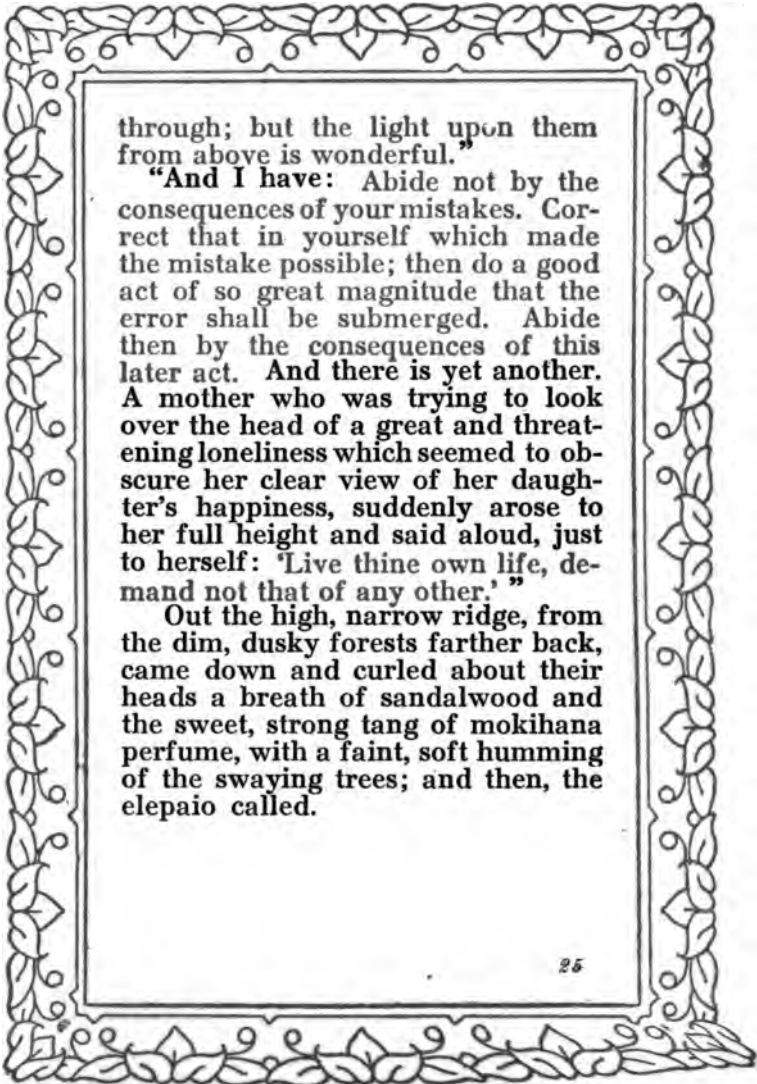
"Why," said his brother, "I heard one say almost the same thing. Here it is: You know not all of the hidden rocks and reefs upon your brother's chart, nor all of the ports which he must make; therefore, say not that he steereth wrongly."



And once again they met, and one brother said, "I am almost ready to go to work again for men, as we used to do; for love has come again into my heart and the bitter taste has left it, and I no longer hate even myself."

"Yes," said the other, "love has drowned the evil, and I, too, am ready to set my hand to the tasks that we always loved. But what did you bring today?"

"Mine is of altitude, like that which you brought only yesterday. Altitude is a pretty good thing. If there are clouds, don't stay under them; they may be misty to pass



through; but the light upon them from above is wonderful."

"And I have: Abide not by the consequences of your mistakes. Correct that in yourself which made the mistake possible; then do a good act of so great magnitude that the error shall be submerged. Abide then by the consequences of this later act. And there is yet another. A mother who was trying to look over the head of a great and threatening loneliness which seemed to obscure her clear view of her daughter's happiness, suddenly arose to her full height and said aloud, just to herself: 'Live thine own life, demand not that of any other.'"

Out the high, narrow ridge, from the dim, dusky forests farther back, came down and curled about their heads a breath of sandalwood and the sweet, strong tang of mokihana perfume, with a faint, soft humming of the swaying trees; and then, the elepaio called.



When they met again, each came with panting breath from having hastened on the way; and each was laughing and was brushing from his hands the marks of toil.

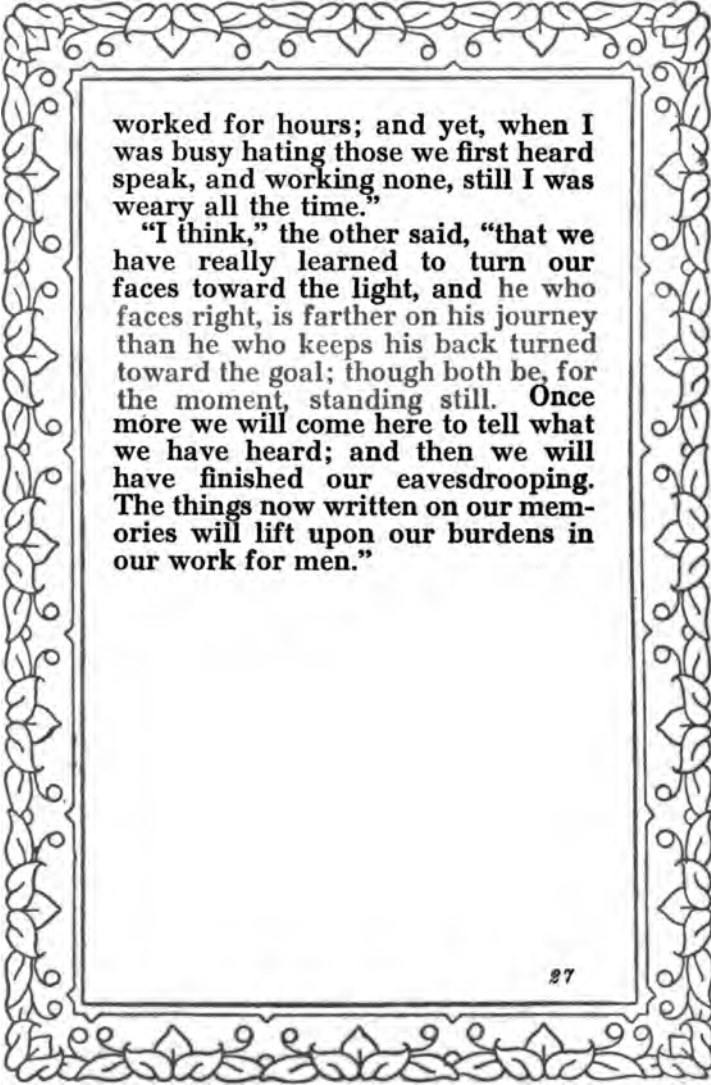
"You have been working!" cried one Menehune. "I can hear it in your voice."

"Indeed I have," the other said. "I could not help it. When one loves, one has to work. He knows not how to hold his hand. Now what have you today?"

A sweet thought or a sunbeam beautifies everything that it touches. And yours?"

"To understand, is to rest."

"Ah, now I see," his brother said. "I am not weary, though I've



worked for hours; and yet, when I was busy hating those we first heard speak, and working none, still I was weary all the time."

"I think," the other said, "that we have really learned to turn our faces toward the light, and he who faces right, is farther on his journey than he who keeps his back turned toward the goal; though both be, for the moment, standing still. **Once more we will come here to tell what we have heard; and then we will have finished our eavesdrooping. The things now written on our memories will lift upon our burdens in our work for men.**"



And so, just before the dawn, they met again. Their eyes were shining and their faces glowed, and both were holding high their heads with surplus of the energy acquired through eager work, and both were brimming with the fullness of new messages.

"Mine is not long," said one. "There is just as much satisfaction in actually losing the desire for a thing as in possessing it."

"And I have this," the other said: "See that the beam in your own eye is a sunbeam. You had a sunbeam one last night, so I have one tonight."

"It is good," said his brother; "but since both were so short, I think that each might have another turn. We have so many unused ones written upon our tablets by the loving people."

"Surely," said the other. "Tell me one more."

"Sit not upon the street corner, an error-cripple, holding up your tin cup for sympathy. Get you feet and limbs of understanding and run your race. **And now for yours.**"

"A fact higher than your very highest ideal is the truth, always."

"But there is another that I want to tell."

"Go on," bade his brother.

"You see, I really could not leave **this** out: If it isn't kind, don't say it."

"Very good," said his brother; "but I must have another turn, for **this** one is very needful: If you *must* look over your brother's fence, *don't.*"

"Oh," said his brother, "at this rate we shall never stop. Let us put our hands over our mouths and run—in just one moment the elepaio bird will call."

And so, laughing, they clapped their hands over their mouths and ran toward their cleft; but suddenly a gleam of moonlight flicked across the path of one. He stopped and struggled for a moment with the hand over his mouth, and then called out: "I've got to say it—it *will* come out: Love shine is sunshine, other shine is moonshine," and dived into his cleft.

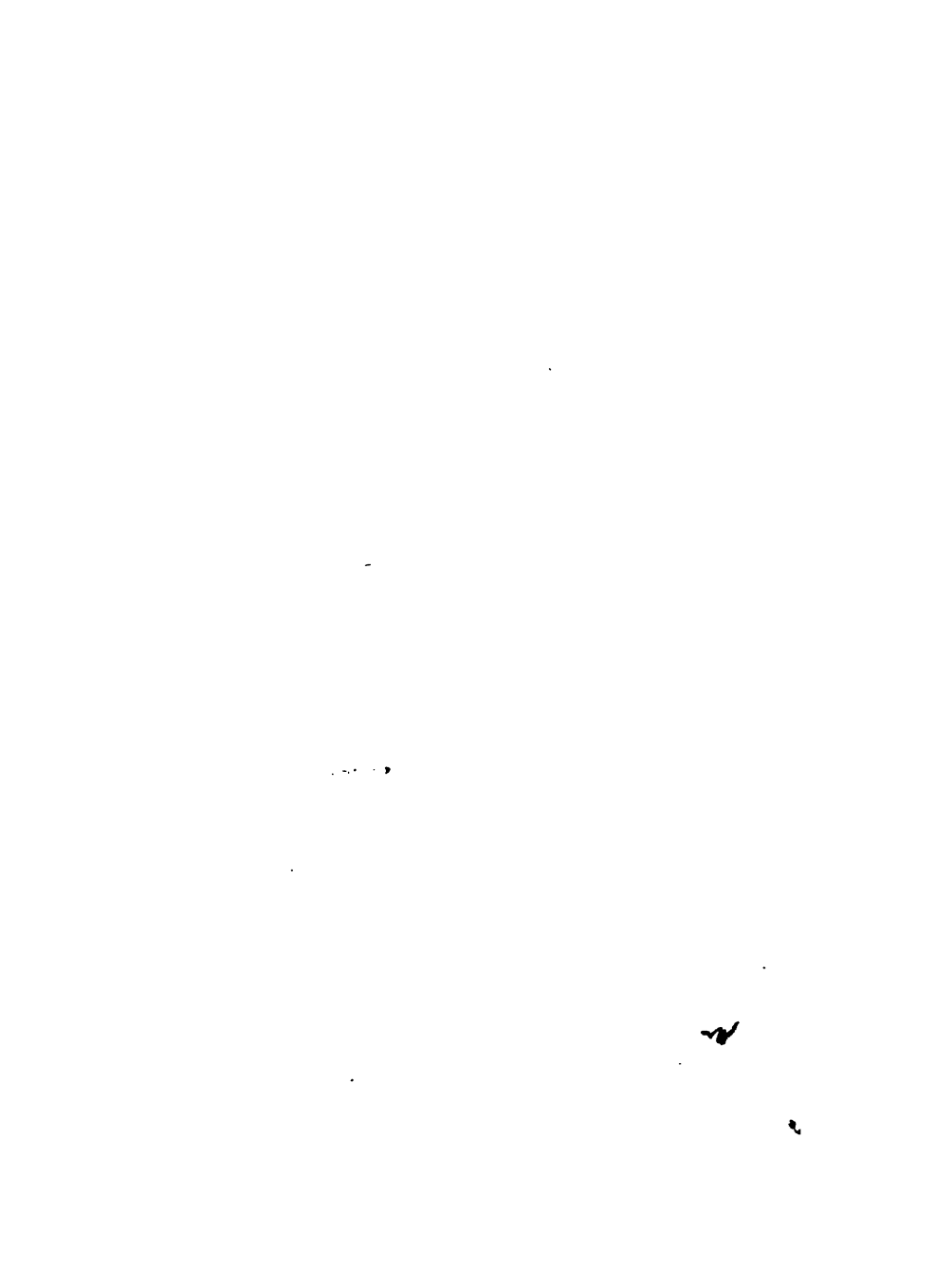
The other called after him: "Then I have one more turn, listen: Here's hoping that each day will contain something finer and better than you had ever thought of wishing for. Aloha."

From low on the horizon the moon sent forth a long white ray, reaching far up the canyon, and there gleamed softly into life a lunar rainbow, its dream-tinted radiance arching above the filmy waterfall whose mists were wavering upward in the canyon wind, and from the forests where the dim line of the mountain met a sky of mingled dawn and moonlight, there came down the elepaio's faint, far call—that day had come.

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