

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY. A. D.

Devoted to the Progress of the Pacific

Vol. I.]

HONOLULU, JULY 15, 1899.

No. 5.

Progress of the Pacific.

There must be some mysterious influence controlling the destinies of America. With the advancement of education it is becoming more and more to be conceded that the sixth sense—the X-ray quality of the mind—is a factor in shaping the destinies of men. With the progress of general education among all classes it is noticeable that the intuitive faculty is more frequently the incentive of action. In fact, it is not impossible that in the future, based upon a wide range of primary education, intuition may be developed as a key to the universal knowledge of things and the basis of all action. Individual sovereignty has brought this faculty into action in the American people more than in any other. Emerson says: "We elect one gang of thieves to office and upon their retirement elect another gang of thieves to office, yet the net result, on the average, is a higher standard of public morals."

So stupendous is the industrial revolution in the United States in the sudden and almost frantic rush of capital into trust combinations, that the people have become alarmed at what is thought might become a menace to individual liberty. The daily press and periodicals on the mainland, without exception, are agitating against trusts, some of them going so far as to make frantic suggestions for legislating them out of existence. If this journal were published on the mainland it is doubtful if it would have a subscriber left in a fortnight should it have the temerity to champion the cause of amalgamated capital. Indeed, it would be an anomaly if this pen that has for years been fearless in condemning the abuses of power of which combined capital is so frequently guilty, should champion its cause now against the people. Be assured the complexion of its writings are in no way changed. But, isolated as we are here from the local influences of the mainland, standing midway between the breathlessly

rapid changes taking place in the activities of both the East and West, all of which most vitally affect the prosperity of Hawaii, may we not from this vantage ground discuss the probable causes of the sudden industrial revolution in the United States and whether or not this remarkable centralization of all industries and commerce, may not in the future become the bulwark of individual liberty rather than a menace to it—the protecting power against the possible disintegration of the greatest republic in the world's history, or the fate of a military dictatorship, when the East and West shall meet in the great struggle for the supremacy of ideals.



The United States is the only republic ever created where individual sovereignty is a reality. France is governed by the influence of the army; all of the pan-American republics are governed by military dictatorships; Mexico has a dictator, who, in his twenty years of rule, has by his wisdom won the hearts of his people, but it is, nevertheless, a dictatorship. All the world is centralizing power. The world is governed by militarism. The sudden awakening of the United States, after the Spanish war, to her responsibilities as a world power—the necessity for taking part in the coming activities—and the necessity of meeting cen-

tralized power with centralized power is intuitively apparent to all Americans. The centralization of power in the federal government is contrary to the constitution and abhorrent to the American people. The real power of the United States lies in her wealth, industries and commerce, and, as wealth is most sensitive to changed conditions, with an intuitive forboding as to the future, it has become centralized, as by magic until vast combinations control all of the principal industries of the nation. Greed could not have been the incentive of this great industrial movement. Capital when combining for purposes of greed never jumps in the dark. All possibilities are carefully estimated. There is no precipitancy.

There can be no question but that the people of the United States will take good care that individual liberty is not interfered with by any number of aggregations of capital. Note the present agitations as an instance of how jealously guarded American free institutions are. The trusts of the United States have other business in hand in the future than that of oppressing the people; although it is doubtful whether the trusts themselves, except in a vague way, realize what role they are destined to play. It is quite certain that the American people have not the slightest conception of it.

Combinations of capital may, for a time, be able to buy legislation, but when it is apparent that American patriotism has been aroused against them as a menace to liberty, they will become as subservient to the popular will and law as any individual. Yes, more so. Their true role is the conservation of industrial energy—the preservation of the high standard of American civilization.

Glance, now, at the changes taking place in the Orient. Two thousand years ago China had reached the highest point of civilization in the known world. This early civilization dates back four thousand years when the great Emperor Yar, the father of advanced Chinese civilization, turned the waters of the great rivers upon the land and was the first to inaugurate irrigation by the use of lateral ditches. He divided

the land into small holdings and taxed the proceeds of each holding for the maintenance of the irrigation systems. The country which had frequently been visited by famine and calamity prospered under these beneficent changes. For two thousand years art, science and invention flourished with greater activity, perhaps, than has ever been known in the history of any other people in the world. Philosophy became the fad of the educated mind and it probably reached higher ideals than that of any other people. Having taught themselves to believe that they had reached perfection, the Emperor declared himself the sacred head of the middle kingdom and ruler of the world. All progress was then stayed and China slept mouldering in the dusty memories of a past glory and philosophy, restrained by inordinate egotism from further progress for two thousand years. The war with Japan was a rude awakening. Her impotence invited the aggressions of Russia and Germany, which has been, to some extent, curbed by the diplomacy of England. Under the influence of these nations railroads are being built, and China will embrace Christianity and Western civilization.

What does this portend? Who dares estimate the potential power of China in the industrial field? Already the Chinese have proven their rapid adaptability to Western manners and customs and grasp of American industries. They have exhibited such industry and personal economy that they became a menace to American labor, and it was expedient to exclude them from further immigration. With Western methods introduced into China the Chinaman can compete with American labor just as well from his own soil as if he were in America.

China should not be partitioned. Each portion that became an integral part of the territory of any of the civilized Powers would become a menace to its industrial system and the United States would be put to great disadvantage. Under the rule in diplomacy of "spheres of influence," when these spheres are agreed upon, the integrity of China can be maintained under the strong hand of the Powers. Individual competition between the citizens of civilized Powers must cease within the borders of the nation and competition made possible only between nation and nation. In the meantime the "open door" should be maintained in China. Indeed, this is vital to the maintenance of American civilization. The Chinese must be kept at a disadvantage by the loss of energy, not only in individual competition, but in being compelled to compete against the conserved economy of centralized industry and commerce.

It behooves the American people in their crusade against trusts to be thoughtful and careful not to legislate them out of existence. They will doubtless require severe measures to curb the tendency toward greed. The trust problem will solve itself as soon as the industrial re-organization of China makes its influence felt from without. Then will the farmer be enabled to buy goods at the lowest minimum of cost plus profit and the laborer maximum wages for his work. The results of the conservation of industrial energy, by the centralization of capital, must eventually be beneficial to the people at large. It is doubtless the intuitive realization of the foregoing truths that is responsible for the complete and magical industrial revolution in the United States and the movement is entirely in the line of progress.

It is interesting to note in this connection, according to the Argonaut's statement of the strikes now on in the United States and those having occurred since the first of the year, that none of them were

American Labor and Trusts

employees of the trusts. There are threatenings of a strike by the employees of the Tin Plate Trust, but this may be avoided before the trouble comes up. The Sugar Trust, which is the oldest organization of the kind, has had but one serious strike. Recently the Carnegie combination, which has just been organized into a trust, has raised the wages of its employees of its own free will. With the exception of railroads and mines there have been only occasional labor troubles in the manufacturing or industrial fields, especially those managed by trust combinations.

No question is of more vital interest to Hawaii than the Nicaragua canal. It has been settled that the canal can be built for \$125,000,000, to accommodate war-

ships of the very largest draught, and the money for its construction will probably be voted by the next Congress. The only complication in the canal question is the Bulwer-Clayton treaty. It now seems likely that the Republic of Nicaragua will settle that knotty question by requesting annexation to the United States. The agitation in this direction comes from Nicaragua, not the United States. This republic could easily be made a territory eligible to statehood. Certainly no objection could be made by England, or would be tolerated, if made, to the United States building the canal through her own territory. Nor could England or any other Power object to the annexation of Nicaragua. If the doctrine of the "spheres of influence" amounts to anything, the sphere of influence of the United States, by the establishment of the Monroe doctrine, includes the Western Hemisphere and recently by annexation and conquest the whole Pacific ocean as far south as Samoa and through Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines to the very doorway of Asia. Under these circumstances the canal is a positive necessity, and if it is constructed on American soil there can be no question of control.

General Otis has shown himself perfectly incompetent to cope with the situation in the Philippines and should be recalled. After having every means possible at hand of estimating Aguinaldo's fighting strength and material resources, he made the fatal mistake of underestimating his adversary. He was confident that he could pacify the islands with 30,000 men. These have been supplied him, yet he is no nearer that devoutly to-be-desired end than when he began. Many of the mistakes of the Administration have been made through the unreliable information furnished by General Otis.

Incompetence in the Philippines

When he had an opportunity of effecting the pacification of the islands by the display of ordinary common sense, tact and diplomacy, he not only failed to grasp the opportunity but plunged the United States into further war which will take more than twice 30,000 men to carry our banner to victory. Already because of the fatal error in not granting the request of Aguinaldo for an armistice, giving time to consider the form of government for the Filipinos to be proposed by the United States, has resulted in a call for 20,000 volunteers to reinforce the army in the Philippines. General Otis has always underestimated the enemy, and, mistaking Aguinaldo's request for a conference as a sign of weakness, he arrogantly and without the slightest show of justice, demanded an unconditional surrender.

Mr. Smith, who is back from the Philippines and who spent some time in Aguinaldo's camp, describes the little general as a veritable Napoleon. He is far-sighted, prompt in action, al-

ways at the front, and as skilful in the handling of his troops as the Americans. As an instance of Aguinaldo's great abilities, Mr. Smith speaks of the success of the Herculean task of moving supplies across the Island of Luzon, where the general absence of roads would seem to make the task impossible. In speaking of the probable duration of the war, he says that Aguinaldo has a rich country behind him and a reserve of men to draw from equal to five men to one gun; that he could without difficulty keep up the war for five years. The Spanish and American prisoners are well treated and are given as much freedom as is compatible with restraint. In all respects the Filipinos are carrying on civilized warfare. Aguinaldo's conception of American principles of government are very vague, and it was his desire to get into closer touch with American ideals that prompted his request for an armistice. General Otis should have been in possession of this information before demanding a surrender. Is it not about time to send the vigorous, yet politic, General Miles to the front?

It has been suggested that in view of the importance of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States War and Navy Departments during the Hispano-American war, and more recently their invaluable aid to the army transports and the 30,000 soldiers who have passed through Honolulu, the proper Washington authorities should be approached upon the subject of naming one of the new warships, albeit it may be a gunboat, after some city of the Hawaiian group or other Hawaiian cognomen. That Honolulu and its people extended valuable assistance to the mother country in her efforts to end the Spanish war in the Philippines and to quell the Filipino insurrection, is well known throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and the returning volunteer soldiery would no doubt voice the suggestion. Honolulu to them, when they were en route to Manila, was a garden spot, and the memory of the hospitalities extended to them en masse and individually, should dwell favorably in their memories.

Hawaii Deserves Remembrance

The "Weekly" heartily endorses the suggestion, and trusts that some one of Honolulu's public-spirited citizens will foster the plan and bring it to the attention of the all-powerful in the White House.

For some unaccountable reason the Argonaut does not miss an opportunity of casting a slur upon the native Hawaiian and that, too, without rhyme or reason. After reviewing Mr. Casper Whitney's articles on Hawaii in Harper's Weekly the Argonaut says:

Are Hawaiians Indifferent Americans

"Such is the picture that Mr. Whitney draws of political conditions in Hawaii, and, it must be confessed, it is not very encouraging to those who look forward to the time when that possession shall become an integral political portion of this country. He finds no acquaintance with distinctly American political thought or political questions; he finds a large part of the population so indifferent that they will probably never acquire such acquaintance. That there should be a surviving interest in their local problems is natural, but he finds no stirring of an interest in the questions that they expect in the future to be called upon to assist in deciding."

When the Argonaut says, "a large part of the population" it means the native Hawaiians, because it is not proposed to extend the franchise to Asiatics. Certainly the provisional government did not find the native indifferent. He was

so much in earnest that he made a very considerable amount of trouble for five years prior to President McKinley's forcible annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The natives know that it is useless to fight the United States and have, with stoical philosophy, which is one of their chief characteristics, accepted the inevitable. To the stranger, like Mr. Casper Whitney, they certainly appear indifferent to political issues. They do not wear their hearts on their sleeves and do not speak of their political sentiments except to those who speak the native language, and then only to those whom they consider friends. They are intensely interested concerning the role they are to play in greater America. They devour the newspapers for news concerning the policies of the United States not only toward Hawaii but abroad. As far as light comes to them they are industriously educating themselves to become good, intelligent American citizens.

The writer is native-born and speaks the language like a native. In speaking to a small gathering of Hawaiians recently concerning American principles and the duties they would be called upon to assume, the intensity of the interest they exhibited was astonishing. The thought that sovereignty, under American rule, had descended to the individual—that he had the power to assist in shaping his own destiny—was a pleasing thought in spite of royalist leaning.

The circulation of newspapers among the natives is nearly twice as large than in any country with 50,000 inhabitants in the United States; and they are religiously read. When the time comes it will be found that the native Hawaiian will vote intelligently in his own interest and will be posted concerning national issues.

It would be difficult to find in the remotest parts of Hawaii a native man, woman or child who cannot read and write both Hawaiian and English, except, perhaps, the very aged, and they can all read and write their own language. They are better educated, even in English, than any distinct class of people in the United States. The native Hawaiian was maligned enough for political purposes during the annexation agitation by the newspapers of the United States, without being sneered at now by such high-class papers as the Argonaut that have a reputation for fair dealing. When Hawaii becomes an integral part of the United States the native Hawaiian will make himself felt as an intelligent political factor.

A Living Arrow.

This is a fish story, but it's true, if the writings of a man who signs F. R. G. S. after his name count for fact. We all know the "gar," a long, thin gentleman like an elongated pickerel that often occupies a stall in our fish markets. They rarely attain a length of over twelve inches here, but at Aru, Fiji and thereabouts they grow much larger and the bill, armed with sharp teeth, is a weapon to be dreaded.

The fish bask habitually at the very surface of the water, and become extremely excited and, in the larger specimens, vicious, at the slightest alarm.

The gentleman who describes the incident was collecting specimens of shells along the reef in the Aru Islands, natives towing the boat along the streets and by-ways. Tossing the useless specimens and bunches of coral overboard again, in doing this he noticed that almost invariably the large gars that were in the vicinity would start out of the water and dash away at headlong speed, glancing in and out of the water like a shot. One of the fish coming near the boat, he observed that as soon as its direction could be determined, the native lifted up the peculiar flat basket that he carried and held it as a shield, at the same time raising his club.

The idea of using a basket as a shield seemed a comical one, but was nevertheless a good one,

as a few moments later a native, some three hundred yards to their left, lifted up a huge branch of coral, and finding nothing in it, hurled it back again. It fell with a loud crash, and almost instantly four or five gars darted from the water, rushing away with incredible speed. Two of the largest came flying toward the boat, clearing three or four feet at a bound, striking the water and glancing out again, and the native had barely time to utter a warning cry, when one of them passed directly over where his head had been a moment before. The other came full at the native. For a second it was under the water, then out with a bound, flashing in the sunlight like a meteor.

The quick eye of the native, however, had fol-

journal is happy to see the former friendly relations between Japan and America remain undisturbed by the trying Philippine affairs. For America, like England, is an earnest advocate of the open-door policy in China; but the journal thinks they are both fully conscious of the disadvantages that will result from making Japan their enemy. As for Japan, on the other hand, the journal finds every reason to believe that her ambition in China lies in the same line as the two Powers. Hence our contemporary is far from giving up its advocacy of the formation of a commercial alliance between these three Powers, but sees, on the contrary, no better opportunity than now for the realization of such a scheme.



MARSHAL A. M. BROWN.

Marshal Brown.

The police regulations of Honolulu are as good as those of any city in the world. This condition is due entirely to the untiring efforts of Marshal Brown. Arthur Brown was born in Hawaii and is an able representative in intelligence and energy of the descendants of the early settlers. For so young a man he has made great achievements and is justly popular with all classes. Even the criminal class, although they find him severe, never fail to get a hearing and strict justice at his hands.

lowed it, and, stepping back, he raised the thick basket shield, and received the flying gar full upon it. The blow was so heavy that for the instant the man staggered, and was nearly thrown over, while the fish, evidently stunned and confused by this sudden arrest of its progress, lashed the water about him into foam. A spear was soon put into it, and the dangerous living arrow thrown into the boat.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—Still adhering, as it does, to the advisability of an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance for the purpose of maintaining the integral existence of China, the Yomiuri rejoices over the news of the disallowance, at the instance of Mr. Chamberlain, by the Canadian government of the anti-Japanese measures legislated by the British Columbia government as an undeniable sign of England's friendship for Japan, and of her desire for keeping up amicable relations with us. Then, again, the

NEW ROUTE TO MANILA.—The Nippon Yusen Kaisha has decided to newly open a regular steamship service to Manila, by making its Yokohama-Australia liners call regularly at Manila. The service will be commenced from August next. The company's branch office at Yokohama is at present much occupied in completing arrangements for the new departure,

Murder Will Out.

O Semper Timidum Scelus.

I have a friend of the hour, I might add, by the hour, who brings his heavily scented pipe into my study after his, and during my, working hours, and regales me with broad Lancashire dialect and stories of his youth—some half-century ago. I have to smoke in self-defense and patiently listen until his bedtime, and postpone my own. Here is one of these stories with the broad-gauge dialect eliminated:

"Did I ever tell you, Judge, how I discovered a murderer at my lattice in New York?"

"No," I forlornly reply, "Go ahead, Jimmy."

"Well it was during the war, and, being young and frisky, and knowing all of my trade, as I thought, then, that I could learn in old England. I took a 'flyer' to New York and went into the big foundry and machine shop of Blank & Co., it is now, you know, Blank, Sons & Grandsons, and had a lathe there, and a fine time I had of it, working all day and dancing all night, for I was a handsome boy, could dress first-class and dance a hornpipe, clog dance or highland fling with the best, and always had my own money and never took a drink unless I gave one back, and it was such fun, too, the girls thought I was but a raw English boy, and so I stole many a kiss they wouldn't give me now."

"Well, but where does the murderer come in, Jimmy?"

"Why he was in our shop, I tell you, but I didn't know it then—I'm coming to him, but it was through the girls I got him, for you see I was jealous of his sparking a girl I wanted to go with, for I had heard her father came from Bolton."

"Well, this fellow, I won't tell his name, call him Sniggles. He worked at the same lathe with me on a different shift, but I saw him often and too much of him and I didn't like him at first sight so used to play rough jokes on him. I'll tell you one—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, get on to the murder."

"Well, this fellow had a queer eye, and a queer mouth and a peculiar twist of his right arm and his left leg and I afterward found out that he had two sets of teeth, to change like his clothes for weekdays and Sundays, and that he was running with the girl I wanted to run with. Oh, yes, and he had dark hair and a black beard at the foundry and a kind of golden hair and a military blonde moustache for Sundays and dances. Oh, but he could dance a bit, you bet, almost, but not quite, as well as myself, but I made him dance to another tune before I had done with him, and he didn't get the girl—nor did I, for the matter of that. Young Snooks got her at last and gave her up after marrying her."

"But the murderer?"

"Oh, yes. Well, I never liked the fellow. He looked cruel and treacherous like, and I couldn't make him out. Well, one day I went to the foundry an hour ahead of my time to speak to a chum, and a devil's fit seized me to play some deviltry on Sniggles—I suppose you would say Providence guided me—perhaps it did. Anyhow, I sneaked up to the door, and oh, God! not a second too soon. There was Sniggles standing over a small boy—a mischievous little plaguey brat he was, too—just about to strike him dead with the sharpened point of a long and heavy file. I was in time, though. I caught him a biff behind the ear before he saw or heard me, and down he went like an ox before the butcher's axe, his foundry-day wig and beard fell off, and there was a red pate for you of short, stubby red bristles, so short that you could only see its color, and right across the top of the head a curiously colored zigzag

scar. I took the boy and the file away, skipped off and left the brute bleeding. A few days after that I met him again at the shop, quite innocent-like, never letting on what I had seen and done. He didn't say a word to me and acted as pleasantly and innocentlike to me as possible, ending up by inviting me to go out and take a smile and to go with him that night to a swell dance. By Jupiter, my blood boiled, and I up and went for him and gave him an awful tongue lashing, and something came into my mind, and out of my mouth it went without my knowing it, and it was only this I said: 'I know you, Sniggles, you are a bloody murderer, and I'll give you away for that other job you did before you came here, you murderous villain.' I never saw such a sight as he was when I had said this, and I felt sorry and scared. He looked like a dead man for some minutes—it was awful—and then he fell in a heap at my feet and moaned: 'Don't give me away, Jimmy, for God's sake; I've repented.' I didn't know that he was a murderer, but I put it on then a little more, and said: 'Well, I won't, if you don't use that file again on that boy or anyone else.' I left him, but do you think I could dance, or eat, or drink, or sleep? Not a bit of it. I was thinking of that man and that file, that red head and that livid scar day and night, and something kept saying inside of me, 'You are on the right track, Jimmy, the comer is getting warmer, as we used to say in the old Christmas games at hide-and-peek at home when we were boys.'

"Well, I couldn't stand it, so I took a week off to have a regular drunk and good time, to see if I could drive away these thoughts that were making me crazy. Well, in those days there was a quiet snuggery—no matter where, it is now pulled down, and there's a sky-scraper on top of where it stood—where many Britishers went, and especially Lancashire men, and there were lots of old English papers there reaching back many years. I went there and called for my beer. I was on my third when a man passed me and laid down right in front of me a file of the Manchester Guardian about ten years old. A cold shiver like the first touch of the east wind at home went through me, and, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I took up the papers and carelessly turned them over. There right before my staring eyes was the heading, 'A Terrible Murder,' and a column of reading telling how a man, a foundry man, had killed another man and his wife with a sharpened file, had been sentenced to be hanged and had escaped from jail, and it was supposed had committed suicide or joined one of the armies in the American Civil War. There was the description of Sniggles to the dot, and so I had caught the murderer, and could claim a big reward. I slept that night and I didn't drink any more."

"What did you do about it? Go to the police?"

"No. I thought it over. I called him by his right name and told him that I had found him out, and he must leave the shop at once; and I would get him another job, and I then introduced him to another blackguardly English scoundrel I hated, who made lots of money in bounty jumping."

"What did you do that for?"

"So that I might give the pair of them away to the boss, who was a colonel in the Northern army, and had a billet in New York."

"And did you?"

"Oh yes. They were soon tracked through my lead, and the provost marshal rid the world of them a few months afterward. I saw them go, but they didn't know that I was their particular friend. But what I want to know is, why was I put on this job, or was I put onto it, or was it merely an accident or was it what you sometimes call 'spiritual telepathy?'"

"Give it up, Jimmy. It's late. Get the Doctor to translate this: 'Nullus esse potest am bigendi locus,' and this:

'O caeca momentum

Consilia! O Semper timidum scelus!

"There are other words of wisdom but 'good-night.'"

BERT HARROLD.

Hawaii's Greatest Liar.

Lie Number One.

Of all the liars Hawaii has ever produced Captain Marchant was the greatest. He took a pride in lying. It was his greatest pastime. And he was such a smooth liar—so convincing in his manner—that in spite of yourself you would almost be impelled to believe the wildest tale. The Captain came here in a whaler in early days and after making several voyages to the Arctic, wintering here, he decided to settle. He was captain of the old Kilauea when I knew him, and how he used to take in the unsuspecting tourists. It was almost pitiful. Probably the most successful lie Marchant ever told was on the trip to Kauai once. He had four or five ladies and gentlemen around him lounging on the deck and the Captain was in his element. He was holding forth in this fashion:

"Yes, I had pretty hard luck in the Arctic at first, and a whaler, who afterwards became my friend, might have made it good deal worse had it not been for my forethought. The boys were towing in a big whale and were laughing because they took him so easily. The whale seemed to be dead as a herring. But I happened to catch an ugly gleam in his eye as the boys were making him fast to the side of the ship. I saw his purpose at once. One blow from that mighty tail against the side of the ship would have sunk her with all hands on board. I could not help admiring the intelligence of that whale even in the moment of our extreme peril. A thought struck me in an instant. I climbed over the rail and jumped down onto the whale's head, and, getting a good foothold on his whalebone, reached over and whispered in his ear. He seemed pleased, but gazed up at me inquiringly with his left eye. 'Now,' I said, 'if you understand me switch your tail gently but be careful of the side of the ship.' He switched his tail. The boys on the deck saw their peril at once and wanted to fire a harpoon into him, but I warned them off with a gesture.

"'Now, if you want to say yes,' I continued, 'roll this eye three times, and if you want to say no, roll it twice.' I was in a very uncomfortable position, with my left foot on his jaw and my right braced against his fin, while with my left hand I hung onto his eyebrow and with my right clung to his left ear. But it was a case of life and death.

"'Will you do what I want?' I asked anxiously. He rolled his eye three times and I felt easier. 'Now, when you want to make yourself known to me spout four times at regular intervals.' He acquiesced. 'If you do not know where there are any whales for us to slaughter follow with one spout.' He rolled his eye twice frantically, and switched his tail twice. 'Oh, spout twice, eh?' He rolled his eye three times.

"I derived at once what the trouble was. He had to take enough water into his spouting apparatus to spout twice at least, and if he only spouted once there was no way to get rid of the balance except by swallowing it, and swallowing sea water is apt to give on dyspepsia.

"'If you know where there are any whales for us to catch follow the four spouts with three spouts and lead off in the direction you want us to follow, spouting four times at regular intervals so that we can keep track of you. This will

be a lot of fun for you, won't it, eh?' A luminous sporty gleam lit up his fishy eyes as we cast him off. The leviathan plunged away into the sea gamboling, sporting and lashing the sea with his tail as if he had at last found a scheme that suited his diabolical purpose.

"I always had lucky catches after that with the assistance of my ally, our friendly whale."

A burst of derisive laughter greeted the Captain's story.

"You doubtless do not believe this," he said, with dignity, as he rose from his seat. "Let me say to you that my pet whale frequently pays me a visit. He is due this afternoon off the starboard bow." And the Captain walked toward the bridge, apparently very much injured.

A little before 3 o'clock that afternoon a sailor summoned the passengers to the Captain's bridge.

Captain Marchant silently pointed out to sea, and there, off to the starboard bow, about half a mile away, was a splendid large whale lashing the water with its tail. When it began to spout the Captain solemnly counted: "One, two, three, four." Then, after gravely taking his hat off four times, paced up and down the bridge, puffing silently at his pipe.

The passengers looked at each other perplexed and wondered when marvels would ever cease.

JACK POTTS.

The Yankee is Taller.

The Yankee is a much bigger man than the Spaniard, and that is an important advantage for the American in this war. With all his pride of race the haughty Don is a little fellow; in stature he is least among the Europeans, averaging only five feet five and a half inches. The soldier who fights under the Stars and Stripes averages five feet seven and a half inches; he weighs ten pounds more than the Spaniards, and his chest girth is nearly two inches greater. These are points that count.

During the present war much attention will be paid to the gathering of statistics of all sorts relating to the soldiers. This was done to some extent during the civil conflict, and some of the most interesting facts noted had to do with the varying stature of recruits from different parts of the country.

The Oldest Republic in the World.

The little republic of San Marino, the oldest and smallest republic in the world, is a perfect example of a medieval republic; for its constitutions and customs are the same today as they were in the time of Dante. Every few days there meets in the fine new palace of the government, opened four and a half years ago, the venerable Council of Sixty, twenty nobles, twenty town-folk and twenty countrymen, elected for life, and presided over by the two "Captains-Regent," one a noble and the other a commoner, who hold office for only six months at a time, and are not re-eligible for three years. Taxes are practically non-existent at San Marino, so that where an Italian proprietor pays 13 per cent., a Sammarinese landowner pays only one and a half. Having no standing army, but only a guard of honor for the Regents, the republic is thus exempt from another heavy burden, and will therefore not be represented at the Czar's conference; while, in lieu of customs, it receives a sum of from 80,000 to 90,000 lire a year in compensation from the Italian government. For almost the first time the little republic is in debt. There is a deficit of 60,000 lire, attributable to the cost of a new palace, a new cemetery, a new road (railroads are unknown), and the expense of coining the new

silver money of San Marino. Despite the deficit in all honor to the moral of their peasant statesmen be it said that most tempting offers to establish gaming tables on the same plan as Monaco were peremptorily rejected.

Germany in the Pacific.

Germany has just gratified her ambition for colonial extensions of empire by purchasing from Spain the remaining islands in the South Pacific which have until now been under Spanish sovereignty. These include the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone or Mariana groups, the island of Guam excepted, which was lately taken possession of by the United States as a coaling-station. The islands adjoin the Marshall group, already the possession of Germany, and all lie between the Hawaiian and the Philippine archipelagoes. The price of the purchase is understood to be 25,000,000 pesetas, or \$5,000,000—Spain receiving some tariff advantages in addition to the money value. The islands are partly of coral and partly of volcanic origin, are densely wooded, and have a rich and well-watered soil, capable of raising cotton, sugar, rice, maize, tobacco, besides yams, coconuts, etc. The population of the several groups, roughly estimated to exceed 40,000 belongs to the brown Polynesian stock, with an admixture of Spanish blood. The advantages of the transfer of these islands, 600 English square miles in area, to a strong colonizing and trading Power like Germany, will be apparent; while with the United States and England as neighbors in the Pacific the character of the administration and protection given to the region will be greatly raised.

An Interesting Table.

Here is a useful and interesting table on the world's tonnage compiled from the most recent data:

Country.	Steamers Over 10 Tons.		Sailors Over 100 Tons.		Total Over 100 Tons.	
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.
United Kingdom.....	6,783	10,547,355	2,261	2,040,549	9,044	12,587,904
British Colonies.....	919	620,834	1,180	456,574	2,099	1,077,408
British Empire.....	7,702	11,168,189	3,441	2,497,123	11,143	13,685,312
United States.....	780	1,175,792	2,370	1,272,915	3,150	2,448,707
France.....	617	972,617	534	206,898	1,151	1,179,515
Germany.....	1,096	1,644,337	538	499,614	1,634	2,143,951
Norway.....	710	618,617	1,953	1,024,000	2,663	1,642,217
Total world.....	14,701	19,511,292	13,351	7,949,058	28,052	26,560,250

A Rival to the Mammoth Caves.

The Bellamy caves in Cuba, situated three miles from Matanzas, rival the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, for, though they are smaller, they far exceed it in beauty of formations. The "Gothic Temple" is about 350 feet long and 175 feet wide, filled with wonderful stalactites and stalagmites. A second series of caverns is reached through long, descending corridors and up ladders, placed almost perpendicularly. The stalagmites in these farther caverns are colossal, all covered with crystal moss and lichens in tracery so fine that it reminds one of frost-work on window-panes. By holding a torch back of some of these formations, and looking through them, their full beauty is brought out. Samples of these beautiful formations in the open light show that they are purest crystal, without a spot or flaw. Between ten and fifteen miles of this wonderful chain of caves have been explored, yet

probably only the smallest part of them has been seen by human eyes. There are many entrances from the bay known to only a few, and they were used during the war by the Cubans as store-houses for arms and supplies. It is also well known that robbers and pirates used these caves as a rendezvous years ago, and some enterprising explorer may some day be well repaid for his exertions in searching for treasure.

Literally a Gold Fish.

One of the rarest and most expensive of Chinese gold fishes is the brushtail, a pair of which sells for \$1,000. The brushtail gold fish is so small that an American silver dollar will cover it, and probably there is no other living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money. Like all the other Chinese fishes that are so highly prized by collectors, the form of the brushtail is due to some extent to artificial methods. The Chinese know how to assist nature in shaping and beautifying fishes. How they do it is one of their many secrets which we have not discovered yet.

An Ancient Game.

One of the most popular of Korean games is the "Pa-tok" (pebble game) known as "Wai k'i" in China and "Go" in Japan. The board is like a chess-board, but with no variety of color, and with as many as 361 places (19x19), on which men can be placed. The player's object is to surround bodies of his enemy's pieces. When surrounded they are considered to be captured. An important point, however, adding much to the complexity of the pastime, is that any body of men, containing within itself two or more empty spots, called "eyes," is safe from attack. It is from the symbols that express this idea, "go ban no me" (eyes of chess-board), that we have borrowed the name of "go-bang." "Pa-tok" claims an extreme antiquity, having been invented, it is said, by the Emperor Shun (of China) in 2255 B. C. Other authorities give it a century more of age, referring to the Emperor Yao, who flourished 2356 B. C. "Among the playthings of modern and ancient times," says one of the Chinese classics, "there is nothing so remote as 'Go.' Next to wine and women, it leads men astray. If they think it difficult, even village boys and common people can play it very skilfully; but if it be thought very easy, even the wisest and most intelligent, though they investigate it through generations, may not acquire it correctly."

The Southwell Opera Company appear at their best in Sousa's "El Captan," and that the management's faith in its popularity was well founded is proved by the large houses which have filled the Grand Opera House during this week's revival. On Monday next Planquette's pretty and melodious opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," which is always welcome, when well sung and acted, is to be given. The cast will include Hattie Belle Ladd and Daisy Thorne alternating as Germaine; Edith Mason as Serpolette; Maud Hood as Susanne; Thomas H. Persse as Henri, Marquis of Corneville; William Wolf as Gaspard and the Notary; Miss Delamotta as Ger-nichuse; and Arthur Wooley as Baillie. Others in the cast are Winfred Goff, Charles Arling, Nace Bonville, and Manuel de Foe. Harvard Observatory by Mrs. Fleming, to whom are credited five of the six new stars found since 1885. This latest comer in the stellar family is in the constellation Sagittarius.

Along the Rails.

The American continent has many features in its railway system that are not duplicated in the world. It can give the traveler a sample of what might be termed every style of scenery.

The Sunny South, with its semi-tropical verdure and cultivation, the cloud-touching lines of the Rockies, deserts, rolling prairies, summer haze, and winter blizzard. Triumphs of tunneling and engineering, highways bored into the hearts of rocky fastnesses, bridges swung across broad expanses, in Colorado a cog-wheel road that mounts over fourteen thousand feet.

The claims for distinction from a generally attractive and scenic point of view are many. In Colorado, which, the sea excepted, possesses along its rails perhaps the greatest similitude to our own island the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad lays claim to the proud distinction of being the "Scenic Line of the World." Yet in Oahu, right here at home, though the length of line, the rolling stock, by natural limitations cannot compare with the mighty railroads of the States, yet along the lines of the Oahu Railroad are scenes that for beauty and distinctiveness cannot be rivaled. The Hawaiian Islands have been likened by various homesick wanderers, eager to find some reminder of their native or better-known climes, not without some degree of reason indeed, to Switzerland, Scotland, and many spots in the States. Yet the charms of Hawaiian scenery as presented along the rails of the Oahu lines have a beauty and a glamor all their own. The shifting shadows, the clinging mists that crown the peaks, have some resemblance to the Highlands or the Alps, but the coloring of our mountains, changing every moment under the shading clouds, the glimpses of emerald sea, purple-rimmed, foam-flecked, the rugged headlands, the palms waving in the sea breezes, the unrivaled foliage, all are components of scenery unique to the gems of the Pacific. The rugged incinerated rocks, fire scarred, sombre sentinels of deep, gloomy valleys pierced by a wandering shaft of light; the many rainbows that oft-

en span the distant scene all are intensely typical and local beauties to enthrall and entrance the eye ennuied with the sights of older lands. The plantations along the road, aside from their commercial interests, are picturesque from their environment.

Some day on the northerly coasts of Oahu there will be a thriving town, a health resort, unrivaled elsewhere. It is an ideal place for the devitalized invalid, the faded business man. Fanned by the regular breeze of the northeast trades, the climate is cool and invigorating. There is a bracing atmosphere in the winds that has swept across leagues of foam-tossed blue, with more good in a draught of ozone than all the drugs of opathetic doctors ever knew. In addition to the superb scenery of the line come the sister attrac-

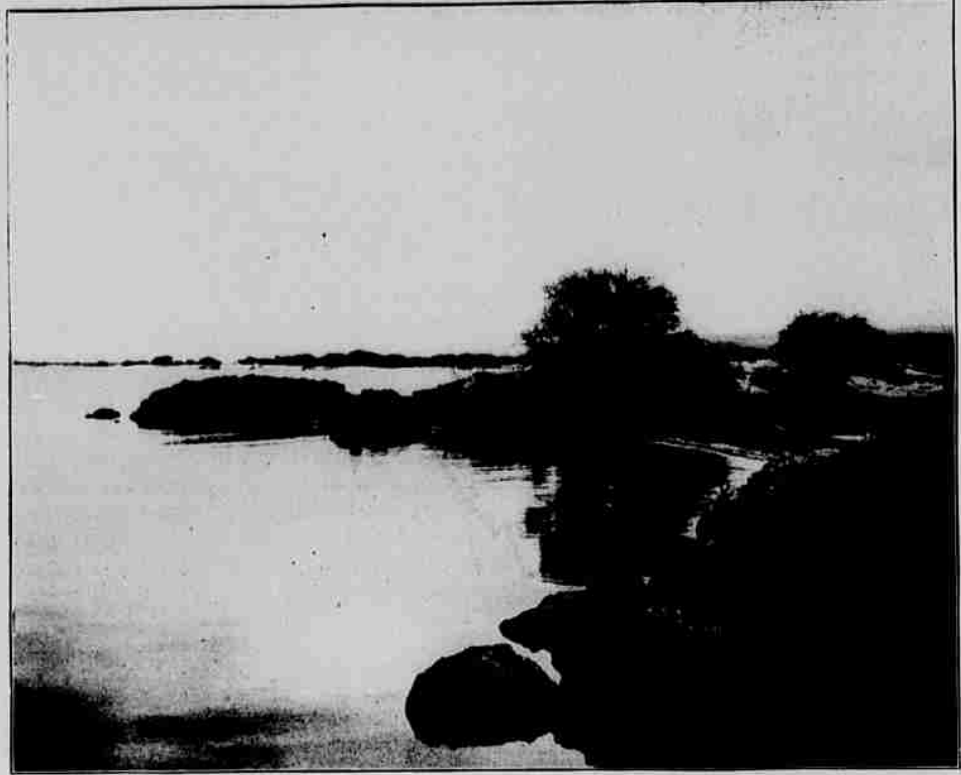
tions of bathing, boating and hunting, all presenting an ample field for amusement.

A trip along the rails of the Oahu Railway should be included in the itinerary of every visitor to the Island, and might indeed open up to the residents beauties hitherto unsuspected and unsought.

The Awakening of Pele.

On the Fourth of July Madame Pele celebrated the event after having slumbered for many years. And from the account of an eye witness grandly did she do her part. Smoke and steam had been observed emitting from the side of the mountain for several days previous to the outbreak, and at 4 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth the occupants of the Volcano House were awakened by a great glare of light from Mauna Loa. The eruption is described as being a grand sight. Molten lava was shot up into the air many hundred feet. The light could be seen for fifty miles.

The outbreak was on the side of Mauna Loa very nearly where the flow of 1881 broke out. There are three flows—one toward Kau, one toward Hilo, and a third in the direction of Mauna Kea. Latest reports indicated that the one toward Hilo will be the only one to survive. In comparison with the flow of 1881 it is estimated that this flow has made more progress in three days than the former flow did in two weeks. At this rate it will not take long to reach Hilo Bay, a distance of about thirty-five miles. In 1881 Hilo miraculously escaped destruction. How will it be this time? The progress of the flow will be watched with great interest, as many million dollars' worth of property is endangered if Pele insists upon pushing to the sea. It would be a sad thing to spoil the beautiful Hilo Bay with ugly black lava, and many hundred acres of splendid fertile land would be laid waste. Wai-akea Sugar Plantation will probably be the greatest sufferer. It is to be hoped that Kilauea will soon be in eruption, thus drawing the fires from the flow. In that event the flowing lava would probably cease before reaching the sea.



SCENE ALONG THE WAIALUA COAST, OAHU.



KAENA POINT, OAHU.

Here and There.

"The estates of several minors, children of Manuel Leandro, deceased." It sounds quite like an inheritance to a dukedom; then the necessity of appointing a guardian—that onerous duty. And after all the estate amounts to just \$20. The legal jargon that is applied seems in such cases to be covert sarcasm.

Here is a suggestion for a novel souvenir: A cocoanut arriving unexpectedly at Christmas time in an Eastern family held in the thrall of winter, would be a unique reminder of the absent and more fortunate member in summer lands: "One of the strangest packages which has ever been handled by the clerks in the Waterville postoffice was delivered to S. S. Lightbody the other afternoon. The package was a cocoanut in the same form in which it was taken from the tree. There was no tag attached to the cocoanut. Instead the address was written on the husk. One of the three sides of the husk was taken up by the address, which used up nearly all the space allotted for it. Another side contained the postage stamps."—Exchange.

Marshal Brown kindly gave the newspaper men a chance for a "free ride" in the patrol wagon last Saturday. The writer remembers a fellow reporter on a Chicago paper objecting "sotto voce" to accompanying the patrol wagon to the station with an "interesting and newsy" capture, because, there being no room with the driver, he was forced to ride with the prisoner and felt afraid the public might fail to discriminate between the felon and the reporter.

It is astonishing how many business men have discovered urgent business in Hilo these eruptive days.

The native boys that greet the incoming steamers by displaying their natatorial ability, go into the water for divers reasons; but one of them dived after a nickel the other day and brought up principal and interest in the shape of a quarter that he found handy on the bottom. Since then he has been regarded as a "thing apart" by his brother swimmers.

The paintings of Mr. Hitchcock that have been exhibited in the Pacific Hardware Company's windows the past few days have attracted more than passing attention. The artist has succeeded in painting Hawaii—its haze and brilliant sunlight, besides interpreting the subtle quantity

called, in the literary world, local color, the feeling of the country. The somewhat impressionistic technique of Mr. Hitchcock is strongly handled and well adapted to his subjects.

We could have better sidewalks. This is mentioned, not even suggested, most deferentially.

If it hadn't been for the transports we would have felt 2,008 miles from land the last two weeks. Sixteen days and not a regular steamer—not a new book—not a magazine, and in some eyes, worst still, no fresh game or fruit.

Several hunting parties have dropped over to

ted but with less than half their number from the ravages of disease and the enemy speak a plain story.

O.—If P. C. Jones was Street Commissioner how would he pave our streets?
A.—With good intentions?
Q.—No, with flags.

One of the men of the colored companies registered what may be considered a legitimate kick. "Yessuh, I think thah ought ter be some 'scrimination shown suh. It ain't calc'lated to raise our feelin's in the way its mebbe intended, the kind of music these heah bands played w'en we wus leavein'.

"W'en de white reg'ments went down street wid colors flyin', bands at the depo', dey played 'Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye,' an' 'Gal I Left Behin' Me.' Yes, suh, an' w'en we cullud boys lef' de station what dey play? What dey play, suh? 'All Coons Look Alik' to me! Yessuh, An' 'I Don' Care if You Nevah Comes Back! Mebbe dey meant it fo' a compl'ment, but its a mighty po' way of showin' it."

The warships Kongo and Hiyei have now become too old and dilapidated to remain in the service of the Imperial navy and are shortly to be retired. In their day they have done, as we all know, great service to the state, but have latterly been used as training ships for naval cadets, being, from time to time, commissioned for long-distance cruising with them on board. Now that it has been decided to withdraw them some discussion is said to have been occasioned among the navy authorities as to the advisability of discontinuing the practice of sending out cadets on those long-distance cruises. We understand that the party advocating its continuance has finally won the day, and on the morrow of the two vessels being struck out of the naval list, suitable successors will be appointed.

A London telegram, received by the authorities with regard to the Japanese loan raised in the British capital, states: "The market is recovering in favor of the Japanese loan. The press criticism on the Japanese loan has ceased. The call for £15 has been all met. The selling at reduced rates is now stopped and the rate in the market stands at the discount of one and three-fourths (or £88½ per bond)." From the above it is possible to see that the popularity of the Japanese loan is growing and time will soon be when the bond will sell at £90.



PELE AWAKES.

UNCLE SAM:—Wake up Madam! Its time to celebrate. Fair Hawaii is annexed and its the Fourth of July
MADAM PELE:—You caught me while I was napping, Sammy, but its done now so here goes.

Molokai lately and venison steak has been a frequent dish. It seems a peculiar idea to shoot deer in July. The nuisance of the too rapidly increasing herds is the saving clause in the motive. If the sportsman will go only after the horns, well and good, but it does seem somewhat wanton cruelty to shoot the mother and leave unweaned fawns to a lingering death by starvation.

The colored troops make a fine showing. They are a most intelligent and well-behaved class of soldiery. Their mettle has been amply proven in our late war, regiments returning not decima-

On and Off the Stage.

Alice Nielson intends to spend her summer vacation in Honolulu, and while here will study the lines of a new opera now being written for her.

General Lew Wallace says the dramatization of his book, "Ben Hur," will be produced only in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, as it will not admit of successful production in other cities, owing to the great expense of placing it upon the stage.

In the latest issue of the New York "Dramatic Mirror" to hand, Harry Corson Clarke announces his intention of visiting Hawaii shortly after the commencement of his next season.

The Maggie Moore-Harry Roberts Company, after many threatened invasions, is now in New Zealand and purposes to make Honolulu the next stand on their way to the States.

A season of light opera will doubtless be relished by Honolulu play-goers; the Lyon Company, to be brought here by Mr. Scott early next August has been for years a steady attraction in San Francisco, possessing a reputation for first-class and thorough work.

Nance O'Neil has made a sensation in London that seems likely to turn to a success.

The Chinese lately celebrated the one thousand anniversary of the death of Long Wong, inventor of the Chinese theater.

The death of Augustin Daly marks the end of an epoch in American theatricals. Mr. Daly was in many respects in regard to his stage debut the Irving of the United States. He leaves an estate estimated at \$300,000. His funeral was a most impressive one. All the prominent actors able to attend, including Joseph Jefferson, swelled the funeral cortege.

The Frawley Company, with Blanche Bates as leading lady, opened their season in San Francisco on Thursday.

The Orpheum.

This popular little playhouse seems to have taken a new lease of life. The new management presents a most satisfactory program. Such efforts, persisted in will give the Orpheum a clientele of Honolulu's best society. The increase in the audiences and the number of fresh faces well known in the city's four hundred has been very noticeable the past week.

The new program commencing last Saturday night was without doubt the best yet presented. The opening sketch showed some plot and consistency, which essentials have been lacking at times. Jim Post, as an Irish Uncle Josh Whitcomb, was not only genuinely funny, but did some quieter and more earnest work that delighted and surprised his admirers. He was ably supported by the rest of the cast. The skit on the Honolulu police force by Post and Marion was original, humorous and included some very clever dancing. The team work well together.

The innovation of a more legitimate style of work by Mr. and Mrs. Boggs proves both the wisdom of the management and the cleverness of this couple. Their versatility was well shown in "Locked in with a Lady." Mr. Boggs doing some clever character work which was well seconded by the vivacity of his partner. The songs were catchy and went well.



LILIAN HAEWOOD.

(Mrs. Boggs)

The Olio was as usual—good. Barton is a universal favorite with his audiences. The Hartwell Sisters and the fair balladist came in for their share of the applause. Willie Howard closed on Friday, the 7th inst., after a successful fourteen weeks' engagement and Glorine made her farewell appearance Saturday night. The new comers seem to have caught on.

With the refitting of the house the Orpheum should speedily attain a permanent position as a welcome feature on Honolulu's amusement list.

Odds and Ends.

Captain C. Rath, who had charge of the execution of the four persons who conspired to assassinate President Lincoln in 1863, is at present a railway postal clerk, and lives at Jackson, Mich.

The inhabitants of a quiet village were once alarmed by the cry of wolves. They rush to the town hall. They debate, discuss, deliberate. At last they decide that each go home and get his gun. But as they rushed out they were met at the door by the wolves. They had all been honest agnostics.

Mr. J. C. Dibden, a descendant of the famous song-writer, and himself an author, has purchased the house in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born.

Enormous Pendulums.

The only structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which are erected before the temples. There are many which are seven or eight hundred years old and as solid as when first built.

There is a reason for this, and it lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers which starts from a wide base, and is in itself a substantial structure, but is rendered still more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy beam of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end of the four sides; four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty, still more timbers are added to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum which reaches within six inches of the ground. When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda, the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently the equilibrium of

the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them, when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effects of an earthquake.

The Organ.

It is no harmony of human making,
Though men have built those pipes of burnished gold;
Their music out of nature's heart awaking,
Forever new, forever is of old.

Man makes not only finds—all earthly beauty,
Catching a thread of sunshine here and there,
Some shining pebble in the path of duty,
Some echo of the songs that flood the air.

That prelude is a wind among the willows
Rising until it meets the torrent's roar;
Now a wild ocean, beating his great billows,
Among the hollow caverns of the shore.

It is the voice of some vast people pleading
For justice, from an agent shame and wrong;
The tramp of God's avenging armies, treading
With shouted thunders of triumphant song.

O, soul that sittest chanting dreary dirges,
Could'st thou but rise on some divine desire,
As those deep chords upon the swelling surges
Bear up the wavering voices of the choir!

But ever lurking in the heart there lingers
The trouble of a false and jarring tone,
As some great organ which unskillful fingers
Vex into discords when the master's gone.

Roses on My Lady's Breast.

Roses on my lady's breast,
From your gently heaving rest,
Tell me; does my lady's heart
Quicker beat when I drew near?
Does her bosom aught impart
That she ever holds me dear?

Gladly would I take your place,
Only for a moment's space;
Gladly would I fade and die,
In that soft expanse to lie;
Learning from its pulsing beat
To be bold, or to retreat.

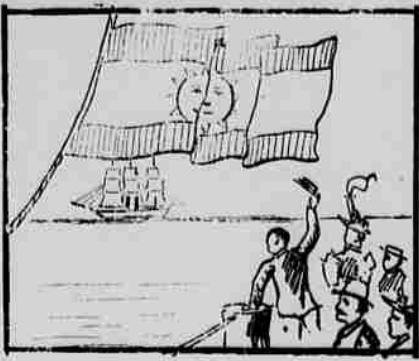
Roses on my lady's breast,
From your gently-heaving breast,
Tell me, does my lady's heart
Quicker beat when I draw near?
Does her bosom aught impart
That she ever holds me dear.

A. D.

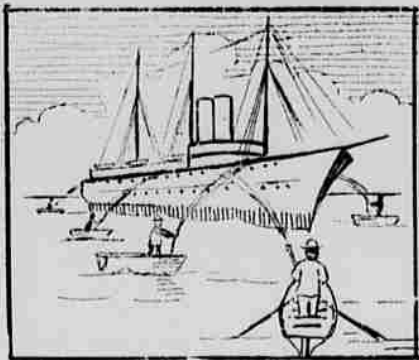
You may ask a Chinese friend about any of his possessions, but you must not mention his wife or daughter. A newly arrived American minister once discomfited the whole Chinese cabinet by not knowing this national peculiarity. With the best intentions our minister remarked that "the amicable relations between the United States and China ought to be strengthened by the fact that a distinguished Chinese officer had married an American girl." Besides the head of the cabinet, Prince Kung, six colleagues were present, and no one made reply. The remark was repeated, and the Prince said, gravely, "It is fearfully hot today."

The South African natives in Boerland still preserve their old customs, and one of the most curious is that of carrying off a girl for a wife. This custom is called "ukutwala," and the girl, though not indisposed to accept the man, causes every obstacle to be placed in his way. The suitor watches his opportunity (after first placing so many head of cattle in the kraal of the girl's father) and eventually carries away the girl by main force. The heart-rending cries of the bride, as she is carried away, are something pitiful—a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but his pity subsides when he learns that in native language it means: "Don't take me, but don't let any one help me, because I want to go!"

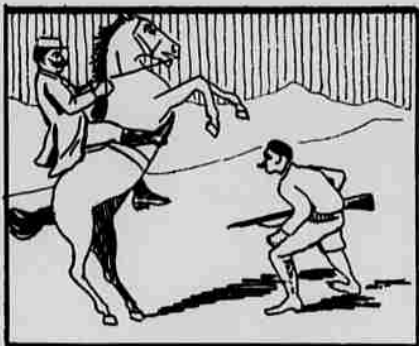
Pen Pictures of the Week.



Aloha! Saruicento!



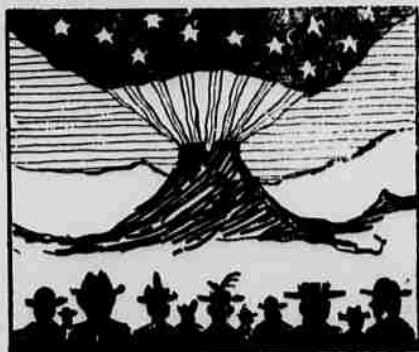
"Nippon" is fumigated.



The police play "tag"



Victims of the New Tramway.



The finest set piece of them all.

Baseball.

It cannot be said that the game between the Stars and the Artillery team on Saturday was interesting. It was not. The military team was a "pudding" for the Stars and they realized it. The Stars demoralized the boys in blue; they swallowed the mwhole; they Gorman-dized them.

That the public will come to good ball has been shown. That there was an empty grand stand and a vacant field on Saturday is not to be wondered at. Why even Cuba turned up his nose as far as his terrier blood allowed him and refused to attend. The Stars themselves were not called on to play their best and didn't. In the third, out of sheer pity for the half-dozen spectators and the press box, they made a triple play, but they fell down in the person of Dick Davis in the first and made another break in the eighth when Moore demolished a bat.

The Artillery have got to get together and practice if they want to attract the public. Fancy the Artillery not having a battery! Yet from a baseball point of view this is a fact.

The detailed score is scarcely interesting, but the following is the score by innings:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Stars 3 0 5 5 1 0 2 0 *—17
 Artillery . . 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0—3
 Earned runs—Stars, 5. Struck out—by Jackson, 3; Bullock, 3; —, 1. Two-base hits—Super, Steele. Three-base hits—Davis, 2; Home run—Jackson. Passed balls—Stars, 1; Artillery, 3. Flies caught—Stars, 7; Artillery, 6. Foul fly caught—Gorman. Double play—Steele and Gregg. Triple play—Soper and Moore. Sacrifice hits—Stars, 2. Time of game—Hour and a half. Umpires—Corp, —, an dWise. Scorer—Clement.

The Police Drill.

Whether strictly speaking the manoeuvres of the police could strictly come under the term sports, is a question. Undoubtedly it was a most interesting exhibition. Honolulu is justly proud of her police. Enconiums well deserved by the excellent conditions and personnel of both horse and foot are frequently passed by visitors as well as our own citizens.

The men are well drilled, well mounted and without exception a fine-looking body of men. Saturday proved their efficiency. They are fully up-to-date. Both corps won frequent applause from the large crowd in attendance. The foot police held the ground first, and in their general drill and their bayonet exercises showed military precision and skill. Then came the Mounted Patrol. It is difficult to say which deserves the most credit—the horses or the men that trained and handled them. To call them Centaurs and bestow the

praise on the combination is perhaps most fitting. The men in turn showed their ability in catching runaways. This is a most useful feature of the drill and one that requires a consummate horseman, and a cool head to bring to a successful issue. To the glory of the patrol be it said that every attempt to catch the improvised runaway was successful. The sham battle was most exciting. Captain Spiclane held the hill with his troops valiantly, but despite a gallant defense were finally dislodged by the foot under Captain Robert Parker in the face of continuous and disastrous firing, many being placed hors de combat and taken from the field. Marshal Brown and Major Parker played tag to the intense delight of the crowd. The Marshal was "it," and, after considerable doubling, caught up with the Major's steed and "tagged" the gait officer. With a final drill by the foot police the manoeuvres came to a close and victors and vanquished ate in amity.

The drill was a most satisfactory one from a practical point of view. Such exhibitions give confidence to the public in their "keepers of the peace" and encourage both officers and men in keeping up the really splendid condition of the organizations.

"Columbia" the New Cup Defender.

The yacht is 131 feet over all, 89 feet 6 inches on the load water line, with a beam of 24 feet and a draught of 20 feet. Her lead keel weighs about 90 tons, and she will carry about 13,500 square feet of sail. Her shape is that of the pronounced fin-keel type. Her increase in overhang, forward and aft, should give her great advantage over Defender in a strong breeze when well heeled. Columbia is a stronger boat than Defender. Her frames of nickel steel and

her plating of bronze are more conducive to soundness of structure than the hybrid hull of Defender, which, composed of bronze and aluminum imperfectly insulated, is always undergoing suicidal corrosive destruction.

Judges seem to agree that the Columbia is a distinct step forward in the building of our cup-defenders and that the Shamrock will have a hard task to wrest the cup from American waters.

La Paloma, for which Colonel George Macfarlane has just negotiated for the sum of \$4,000, will prove a welcome addition to Honolulu's fleet of yachts. The schooner will not arrive here until the close of the yachting season on the Coast.

Boating at Harvard will gain a fresh impulse from its victory over Yale. The Reds deserve to even up things a little, eight years of defeat is a drag on any crew. Yale misses her late coach, Cook. It was a crushing defeat for the Blues to lose every race.

In a small lot of letters which came into the possession of a lady a few years ago was a specimen of the famous 2-cent Hawaii of 1851, which is worth anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,000; yet this package of letters was looked upon as having no value.

One of those officious busy bodies—a tug—with possibly a short-sighted reporter on board, bumped into the Shamrock, the new challenger of the American cup, and dented in her bows. The damage was not serious, however, and will not probably be used as an excuse for defeat. Otherwise the launch was a success, and the British boat with its Irish name, Scotch builders and English owners, is rapidly getting into trim for the race.

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Rapid Transit.

Well, the new tramway has made a start—a small one, but a start. Visions of whirling to Waikiki and Sans Souci already float before our eyes. No dusty waits at street corners, no deadening remorse for the poor overweighted mules with the imperative necessity for getting back to dinner.

Quarantine Quarters.

The Board of Health must have heaved a sigh of relief when they found there were no dangerous cases on board the American Maru, but though the difficulty was smoothed over by circumstantial luck the problem of where to put our quarantined arrivals is going to be a difficult one to grapple with in perhaps the almost immediate future.

If the American Maru had been in a similar quandary to her sister ship, the Nippon Maru, what would we have done with the passengers for the Islands? On Saturday the president of the Board of Health owned that he felt on the horns of a dilemma. The City of Columbia was, contrary to his supposition, unavailable. The rats prohibited the use of Quarantine Island in any serious case and the only alternative, the old warship, would take several days to overhaul. This problem is still extant and unsolved. With the rapidly increasing importance of Honolulu and her shipping, the likelihood of plague-infested ships from the Orient is a possibility. Accommodations for passengers for Hawaii are a necessity. Are we to send them on to San Francisco, our own home-coming friends and relatives, or intending tourists? The Board of Health has its hands tied through lack of means—therein lies the remedy. It must not be said that this lately annexed portion of the United States is unable to keep abreast of its rapidly enlarging commerce in providing satisfactory quarantine quarters.

Times have Changed.

The editorial on Italian labor in last Saturday's columns of the Advertiser calls to mind the wonderful changes in racial influence in the past thousand years. To hark back to the days of ancient Rome the member of the populace who, leaning from the topmost tier of the amphitheater, yelled as the sand reddened with the blood of the Irish barbarian under the blow of his own favorite gladiator, this same gallery god of ancient days is the ancestor of the Dago workman who helps lay asphaltum on the streets of our principal cities; while the despised Irish captive "butchered to make a Roman holiday," stalks supreme as foreman of

the job with a "Git a move on yez, ye haythen, or begobs. I'll dock yez a quarter!" And the descendant of the mob that thronged the Forum and listened to the orators of other days—the heir to all the poetry, science and art of the Roman race—"gits a move on."

New Books of Local Interest.

"The Making of Hawaii." A Study in Social Evolution. By William Fremont Blackman. 8vo, pp. 266. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.

Professor Blackman has made a unique contribution to the study of Hawaiian development. As a field for the study of certain important social problems Hawaii is peculiar. There temperate and tropical climes are blended, widely different traces are mingled, civilized and aboriginal peoples come in contact, and, finally, industries are controlled by corporations to an unusual degree. All these and many other striking phenomena are described in Professor Blackman's book, which, as the author says, is not so much a history as a study of social development.

"Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain." With Introduction by Nelson A. Miles. 32 parts, folio, 16 pp. each part. New York: Harper & Brothers. Paper, 25 cents per part. Sold only by subscription for the entire work.

In the eight parts of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War with Spain" that have appeared since our first notice of this work, the narrative has been carried down to the location of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor, Hobson's exploit, and the operations at Guantanamo. The high standard of excellence in illustration set by the earlier numbers has been well maintained. The text, too, is interesting, and has a permanent value. Many of the accounts of episodes and phases of the war are contributed by participants, and though brief and unpretentious, are clearly written.

Our Relations with South America.

The extremely friendly terms existing between the officers of the Presidente Sarmiento and ourselves as an American port, the cordial recognition by them of the Fourth of July beyond the mere courtesies of diplomatic rules recalls the strong racial feeling in South America for Spain last year; but the best conviction of the South American republics undoubtedly recognized the justice of the intervention of the United States in Cuba. Our naval victories and the fighting qualities of our

troops made a marked impression in South America. The Monroe Doctrine will henceforth mean a great deal more in the South American mind than it has ever meant before.

Through an inadvertence an error was made in the last issue on the page devoted to religious thought. The article on the Rev. Rabbi Levy was placed on the ensuing page instead of immediately under Mr. Azbill's first paragraph, thus unintentionally disconnecting the relation of the two paragraphs.

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Foreign Affairs.

The Pity of It.

The tense interest in the Dreyfus case that has been so steadily maintained by the general public, has culminated and is now subsiding. Justice, legal and poetic, seems at length about to be tardily done. Tardily and haltingly, however. By presumption of the law, Captain Dreyfus is innocent of the crime for which he was arraigned, dishonored and condemned. By the decision of the Cabinet and the chiefs of the army he is once more a captain of artillery, and yet he is yielded no more consideration than an ordinary felon. The old spirit of the European majesty of the law, evidenced in the racks, the solitary dungeons of the Inquisition and the Bastille, the old spirit that gave to history the Man in the Iron Mask yet lives in the secret sessions of a modern military French tribunal.

The inquisitorial examination, the physical and mental torture aggravated by the sense of outrage, dishonor and wrong which the unhappy officer had to undergo were as the rehnements of cruelty as the bone breaking instruments of medieval days.

The affair reviewed is a drama intense as any that Dumas wrote. One man against a nation howling hysterically "Vive l'armee!" The hideous sham of the trial and the transportation to the modern equivalent for the Bastille so aptly called Devil's Island, shut off from any sense of the outer world, a victim to agonizing hopes and doubts, surrounded by jailors whose carrying out of their brutalizing orders was aggravated by the difference in religious feeling between the unfortunate prisoner and themselves. This for month in and month out. And at home the devoted wife struggling through the doubt and disdain of a nation for justice. Finally a slight revulsion comes. The foremost writer of the country, the free-thinking Zola, voicing the sentiment of civilization, cries "I accuse. I demand light. I wait." Another farcical trial and the champion of the supposedly lost cause is banished in disgrace, to come back triumphant.

Then, like a page from Monte Cristo, comes the heavy touch of retribution. Colonel Sandherr dies a madman, in an agony of remorse; Colonel Henry a suicide; Du Paty de Clam imprisoned on a charge of fraud and forgery. Esterhazy, lespicable, debauched, is a fugitive with not a friend in the wide world. This is the fifth year since the condemnation, and finally Dreyfus returns, guarded from the outside world as some desperate criminal, placed at Rennes in a sky-lighted room where the slightest move is under secret inquisition. The vaunted charity of the French in

such matters allows him to see his wife. At the same time, in its open-heartedness, proceeds to deduct his board while in prison from his arrears of pay. The pity of it all lays in the fact that no human justice can adequately repay the injury done. The months of agony, the years taken from the life of the prisoner and his devoted wife, the deaths of his heart-broken relatives cannot be given back by tardy restitution. Esterhazy, prime plotter, is still at large, hidden in London.

Civilization itself demands that France acknowledges its hysterical passion and injustice and reinstates itself as a justice-loving nation. The steadily growing conviction of a few of the more thoughtful of her citizens and the sturdy help of the Paris Figaro availed as nothing against the insane rage of the nation until the pressure from Great Britain, Italy, Germany, the United States, and even despotic Russia forced the sacrifice of a few personal reputations to the triumph of truth. Much remains to be done yet in reparation. Those who condemned him must, if right prevail, be degraded as he was before the matter can rest as an unhappy, but past, episode.

The Socialistic Question.

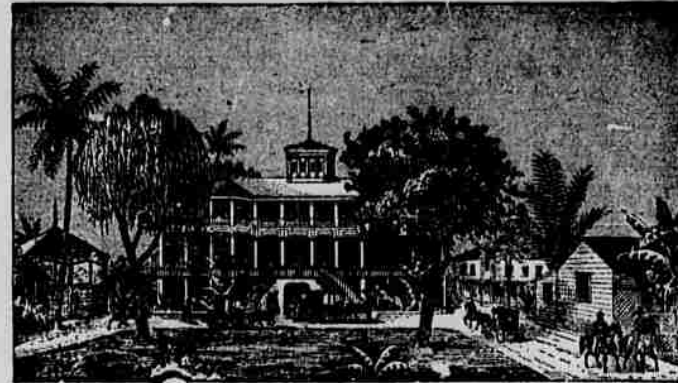
The threatenings of the socialists to overturn the government in Belgium, the fierce riots in the streets, combined with the disgraceful scenes in Italy, whose parliament King Humbert has been obliged to close to prevent similar occurrences, point to the truth of the many predictions that, despite the thin veneer of disarmament talk and the Peace Convention, Europe is but a volcano, ready to break into fearful conflagration and death-dealing ruin at any moment.

These are pessimistic views, but there seems some reason for alarm. Many of the most prominent statesmen of the Continent contemplate with no little concern the possible consequences of disarmament on the enormous organizations of disaffected socialists. While the standing armies remain at their normal capacity there is, of course, no more danger than at present, but if, through peace motives, any serious diminution of troops occur, advantages might easily be taken by the socialists and their more lawless followers, the mob, to redress their wrongs, fancied or otherwise.

There is a tradition of an Indian chief who with his tribe fled before the prairie fires till he had crossed a broad river, when he struck his tent-pole into the ground and cried, "Alabama!" (Here we may rest.) He was no prophet. Hostile tribes overpowered them, and they found only graves where they sought a home. This is a parable of the soul; for it, earth has no Alabama. —Sel.

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Echoes of Religious Thought.

BY W. K. AZBILL.

The Outlook (June 3), discussing the matter of Church unity, proposes a plan which the editor thinks will "at once remove the bewildering diversity of usage and conduce to draw all the churches together on the basis of a common system of liturgical worship." Here it is: "Our simple proposition is that the non-liturgical churches shall frankly confess to themselves that the Episcopal church has an admirable liturgy, and adopt it in its simpler form, with such modifications as may fit it to Puritan habits of thought and feeling."

Church unity will never be realized by adopting anything that man has devised. Union with Christ—vital, spiritual union in purpose, in unselfish work for man's happiness and God's glory—in the Head of the Church, is the only unity worth praying for or worth writing about. The love of Christ, which means more than his love for us—the love with which he loves and which he has taught us to feel and to manifest towards all—is the bond of union between those who belong to him.

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It is gratifying to note that works of benevolence are coming to be more and more the chief characteristic of Christians. "What is your theology?" is no longer asked; but "What are you doing to lighten the burdens of others and to bring joy and hope to your fellow-men?" is the question which the common sense of Christendom propounds. Of course, right thinking is important, but right actions imply right thinking, and noble acts imply high thinking. Show us what people are doing and it sufficeth us as to what they are thinking and feeling.

As to robes and phylacteries and long prayers, and psalm singing, they were all in vogue in the days of Jesus Christ. They did not especially commend men to Him. He said not, For as much as you have adopted a favorite form of worship or repeated a particular form of prayer, you are to enter into life and joy; but "For as much as you have done good to the least of these, my brethren, you have done it unto me; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

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Christian teaching was begun last Sunday on the Waimanalo plantation for the benefit of the two hundred Japanese laborers there. About fifty-five of the men gathered in the school house, where permission has been given to hold regular meetings in the future, and an address was made by W. K. Azbill in which the teachings of Confucius and the teachings of Christ were compared. The hearers manifested pleasure upon hearing a

Christian teacher speaking highly of Confucius and his sayings, and they also showed signs of consent when they were shown that the teachings of Christ are superior.

Christ among the Rich and the Poor.

God is no respecter of persons. Peter thought differently until he saw the vision from the housetop in Jopa.

In the midst of the troubles, disappointment and poverty that often come to God's people now we are sometimes inclined to think the Father partial, but with a clearer vision of faith we can see that "all things work together for good."

Man is a respecter of persons. James found that in the Apostolic church the sick man "with a gold ring and fine clothing" was far more respected than the "poor man in vile clothing," and the same is true in the modern Church, though the oppression of God's poor is as patent today as it was 1800 years ago. Among the first and the last public acts of Jesus Christ was to drive the rich money changers out of the temple, but it was not because they were rich but because they were law-breakers. He selected the rich tax-collector Matthew as an apostle, dined with rich Simon, and was buried in the grave of the rich Joseph, but he gave as the crowning proof of his divinity to the doubting John "The poor have the gospel preached to them." As teacher and exemplar he constantly emphasized the truth that character is the true test of a man, and exalted, above all others, the law of love, finding its practical working in the Golden Rule, obedience to which law is the only solution to the great social problems that now trouble statesman and philanthropist.

Unity of Faith.

The Christian Evangelist of St. Louis thus sums up the article of the Outlook on Church unity:

In an editorial in the Outlook of June 3, on "Unity in Worship," the editor refers to the ten theological propositions recently suggested by Dr. Henry Van Dyke as a possible basis for an evangelical creed. The Outlook argues very correctly and very conclusively that unity cannot come about through any attempts at definitions of doctrine. It points out what every one familiar with history knows, that creeds have been, not unifying, but divisive. The fact is that the creeds were all formed with the express purpose of excluding certain persons and including others. This tendency of creeds to be divisive, the Outlook argues, is not an acci-

dent, but a psychological necessity. To define is to circumscribe. "All within these limits is orthodox; all beyond is heterodox."

According to the Outlook, "unity is to be looked for, not in a common creed, but by use of the same or substantially the same symbols in worship, and by co-operation in Christian work." The editor then refers to the growth of sentiment in favor of a liturgy in the non-liturgical churches. There is a reaction against the old Puritan forms, and a decided tendency toward the enrichment of the worship. It is in this direction that the Outlook sees the hope for Christian unity. By patterning a liturgy somewhat after the Episcopal liturgy, though differing from it sufficiently to make it acceptable to the mass of worshipers, the editor of the Outlook thinks an important step would be taken toward bringing about that unity for which we seek.

Personal.

Mr. Frank Damon and family have gone to Kauai for a change. Before returning to Honolulu Mr. Damon will proceed to Hilo to attend to some mission matters there.

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Miss Alice Miller, Dr. Nina Stephens, and Miss Jessie Asbury, missionaries from Tokyo, were among the arrivals by the American Maru. Also Mr. Ota, who comes to engage in mission work at Kona.

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Rev. W. A. Gardner (Christian Church, corner Alakea and King streets), preaches a sermon especially adapted to children on the first Sunday morning in each month. The sermons are unique, and are enjoyed as much by the older people as by the children.

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Was it not all right for the Board of Health to say "Plague on it," when the American Maru came in with five hundred people from an infected port?

"Christ Among the Rich and the Poor" is the outline of one of the Rev. W. A. Gardner's Sunday sermons.

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The life of the Christian should be like the lily in silence, in beauty, in purity, and in profusion of bloom and fragrance.

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Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be but few claiming to be heroes or patriots.

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Another new star has been discovered at the Harvard observatory by Mrs. Fleming, to whom are credited five of the six new stars found since 1885. This latest comer in the stellar family is in the constellation Sagittarius.

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Modern Quips and Saws.

Everybody has read Mr. Dooley's humorous articles on political affairs. The following anecdote is characteristic of the quiet wit of the new humorist. On his way to the steamer that was to bear him to England, he passed a short time in New York, where he astonished everyone by his appearance. "Why," Richard Harding Davis is satirically reported to have said to him, "I thought you were an Irishman with a red beard," and then Mr. Dooley is said to have replied: "And I expected to find you in a shirt waist." As a matter of fact, the real Mr. Dooley is known as Peter Finley Dunne, and is a good-looking, smooth-shaven young man with quiet, simple manners and with a nice taste in dress.

A leading citizen in a little town in the north of Scotland was asked to take the office of elder in the kirk. He seemed reluctant to accept the honor till a wag, who knew his weakness, whispered to him that if he became elder he would get five pounds and a pair of trousers at the end of the year. The year passed away, and when the promised garment did not appear, the elder went to the minister and said: "I haven't got the breeks yet." "What breeks?" said the minister. The elder explained, and the minister smiled, and declared that the promise was only a silly joke. The elder expressed great disappointment about the trousers, and was turning away, when the minister said, "You seem to care more about the breeks than about the money?" "Oh, ay! the f' pun," replied the elder; "I just helpt mase! to that fra' the plate."

The following curious sentence, "SATOR AREPO TENET OPERA ROTAS," is pretty bad Latin, but may be freely translated—"I cease from my work; the sower will wear away his wheels."

It has these peculiarities:
First, it spells backwards and forwards the same.
Second, the first letter of each word spells the first word.
Third, the second letter of each word spells the second word, and so on with the third, fourth, and fifth.
Fourth, the last letters, read backwards, spell the first word; the next to the last the second word, and so on throughout.

Fifth, there are just as many letters in each word as there are words.

A Western man prominent as an educator, tells of a trip on a far Western stage coach. He sat beside the driver and tried to engage him in conversation, but the driver was silent, and almost surly. The stage stopped for dinner at a little eating house, and when it rolled

away again the driver talked and told stories and acted like another man. Later he explained the matter. "I didn't take a shine to you this morning," he said, "because I thought you was a gospel fellow, but when I seen you eating pie with a fork, I knowed right away you was a gambler."

Crawford—"There is nothing like perseverance."

Crabshaw—"Still, it hasn't done much for the English in their attempts to win a yacht race."—Judge.

Little Gabe (in the midst of his reading)—"Why, I didn't know that rabbits knew anything about 'rithmetic."

Farmer Hawbuck—"The y don't."

Little Gabe—"But, paw, it says here that rabbits multiply with astonishin' rapidity."—Judge.

Little Clarence—"The funny-bone is in the elbow, isn't it, Pa?"

Mr. Callipers—"Yes, my son."

Little Clarence—"Well, Pa, is that what makes people laugh in their sleeves?"—Puck.

The Wife—"How sweetly the baby sleeps, John."

The Husband—"Yes; seems like a dream, doesn't it?"—Puck.

Japan is the door of the East, while China is more in the nature of a door-mat.

A PIGEON'S FLIGHT.—According to the Premier of New Zealand, a homing pigeon flew from Victoria to New Zealand in three days. The distance is about 1,000 miles, and the bird must have flown without rest at a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

The funds invested so far in the Paris Exposition amount to £1,520,000. Of this sum £1,120,000 have been paid away during the present year. The Paris municipality has contributed £480,000 of and £100,000 have been supplied by the Western of France Railway and other various undertakings. The State has contributed 6,500,000 francs, and has agreed to pay 7,000,000 francs more before the end of 1899.

Wee Willie sat a-thinking
And he shook his curly head,
Around him on the nursery floor
His treasures lay outspread.

Fire-crackers and torpedoes,
Trumpet and flag and drum,
Rockets and pinwheels and paper caps,
For Fourth of July had come.

"But it makes me sort o' sorry,"
Wee Willie said with a sigh,
"To think of those poor little English boys
Without any Fourth of July."
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Business Office, 314 Fort street (up stairs)

HONOLULU, . . . JULY 15, 1899

It is most important that the Board of Health should make sufficient quarantine accommodations. It was decided at a recent meeting that it would be dangerous to use the quarantine station for epidemic cases because it was infested with rats; that they would only be a factor of disseminating the diseases. If the quarantine station is useless what is to be done? Honolulu is especially susceptible to epidemics because of the numerous steamers and sailing vessels that touch here from every part of the globe, and the Hawaiian government has heretofore gained a most enviable reputation for vigor in stamping out disease. This energy should not be relaxed because the islands have come under American rule. The Board of Education has always been efficient and it should be much more so now because ocean travel has doubled in less than ten years and the danger to the public health is that much greater.

It is certainly a coincidence that Madame Pele should have chosen the Fourth of July to come to life again. From all accounts the way she celebrated Independence Day "knocked the persimmon" off of anything that could be exhibited on the mainland. There can be no question that Uncle Sam had Pele hypnotized and woke her up in time to make a great display on Hawaii's first Fourth of July. So think the superstitious.

It is a matter for congratulation that the rapid transit company has at last broken ground for its street railway. We may now look forward confidently to the time when Honolulu shall become a modern city in the way of street railway transportation. The mule must go.

Business on the stock boards has been slow this week. The recent slump in stocks has nipped the

speculators pretty hard and has resulted in bringing things down to a legitimate basis. Doubtless when the crops are all off and marketed stocks will liven up. San Francisco speculators have left Hawaiian stocks severely alone of late. Now is the time to buy.

This is by all odds the best issue that Austin's Weekly has yet produced, and the good work will continue. When our engraving plant arrives, in about three weeks, look out for some fine work. Why should not Honolulu have as fine a paper as can be published in the United States?

The great object of the Weekly is to furnish tourists and residents here a paper to send to the United States that is representative of Hawaii. In this object it has been successful. Over 500 copies a week have been purchased to send away. This, added to our 300 exchanges, makes a very respectable showing for Hawaii in the United States.

The Public Protectors.

(See Engraving on Page 3.)

One of the special events which attracted the attention of the not alone elite, but the general, public, and especially, of course, those who have the honor and pleasure of being the representatives of the city's wealth and confidence, was the arenaic exhibition, under Nature's auspices, at the Punahou recreation grounds, of the quarterly drill of the mounted constabulary and the foot police, whose combined forces, under the intelligent direction of Marshal Arthur M. Brown, aids and assists in obtaining more than comparative (when other seaport cities of over 30,000 population are considered) quietude and safety to property and person in this mid-Pacific capital.

The hour set for the commencement of the evolutions was 3:30 p. m., and promptly at that moment the police patrol wagon, conveying two fearless newspaper writers, became prominent and the games went on.

First of the interesting events was the evolutions of the mounted constabulary, consisting of about twenty men, under the special orders of Captain H. Spillner, an old veteran of Continental war.

Lieutenant Heuston (whose ears have heard the Indian war whoop

for years), as aide. The exercises were many and varied and all well executed, showing training in both men and animals.

Evolutions by the foot police were the next events on the unpublished programme, and from the moment the guernsey and denim-clad brown-skinned lads went into the field until their recall they were the subjects of much interest. Captain Robert W. Parker, their instructor, has the record of holding the Palace, in 1891, against a revolutionist party. Lieutenant Holi, Captain Parker's aide, received almost a death wound on the occurrence of the latest "picnic," in 1895, and others of the men in line have great, unpublished records. The average ages of the corps, who, as "bobbies," police the city, is about 31 years, with an average weight of 180 pounds.

The foot police, captained by Senior Captain R. W. Parker, went through a series of detail movements, including skirmish and other infantry tactics, and which were most satisfactory. A very creditable record was made by Captain Parker and his foot police (on failure of a pre-concerted movement) by repelling a very shrewd rear attack by Captain Spillner with the mounted police. Attorney General Cooper and others present applauded the "opposition."

An event not on the programme and which reflects great credit upon both the nerve and ability of Major Potter of the staff of the present President of the Republic was a "catch-as-catch-can" race on horseback between Major Potter and Marshal Brown. Everybody, both police and citizens, were looking for the outcome, and, although the Major rode a gallant race, the confederation was against him, and the Marshal won.

The esprit du corps manifested throughout all the movements reflected most creditably upon the supervising officer, Marshal A. M. Brown, and also very creditably to the men of both the foot and mounted police. The next exhibition is slated for the latter part of October, and will probably present some new features.

FRANK GODFREY.

Japanese advocates of co-operation on the part of the island empire with the United States in the construction of a Pacific cable point out that the outlay for cablegrams from Japan to the Western world now amounts to more than \$750,000 annually.

El Presidente Sarmiento.

The open-house courtesy of the officers of the El Presidente Sarmiento besides being a most agreeable evidence of the good feeling existing between a Southern and practically Spanish country and our own, furnished a most welcome break in the monotony of the week.

The launches steadily running between the ship and the boat-landing, the shore boats pressed into the service were reminiscent of the days of fifteen or twenty years ago, when nightly visits to and dances on the war vessels that lay in the harbor were of frequent occurrence. The Argentinos entertained in royal fashion. Marines presented arms and officers received at the gangway parties of visitors were shown the guns, the engines; the whole ship was turned inside out for inspection with the polished officers of the ship as guides.

The gentlemen of the ward-room are all good linguists, all talk more or less English, French and Italian besides their own Spanish. It was interesting to see the animated groups chattering in foreign tongues, according to the visitors' linguistic facilities. For those who cared there was dancing on the quarter deck, while the music was equally enjoyed by the promenaders. Convivial groups met in the ward-room, and officers' quarters and toasted in sparkling champagne "Les deux Republiques!"

A boat race between the two watches furnished further food for amusement and a banquet to a few specially invited guests culminated the hospitalities.

The most effective illumination of the vessel in the evening attracted many. Each mast, each spar, the graceful lines of the hull, were outlined in fire against the dark background of the harbor. The vessel is named after the last president, whose grandson, Mario Gomez Sarmiento, was sent with others to England to bring back the ship named after his ancestor. Senor Sarmiento is a cadet on board the Sarmiento and is a polished and well-educated gentleman. On the return of the vessel to Argentine after the present trip through the Orient he attains the grade of lieutenant with the other midshipmen on board.

After the somewhat bizarre dictates of fashion in the matter of feminine headwear in recent years, the perfect taste of the latest importations from Paris is most refreshing. The newest creations are artistically graded tones of the Caine color. No matter what the materials, this rule is infallible. Straws, felt, feathers and flowers all must glide in delicate gradations through the gamut of the tone most suited to the individual.

Notes.

"On to Manila," issued as a supplement by the Bulletin, is a timely and interesting volume, well printed, illustrated and written. It possesses much of local interest, and is evidence of our afternoon contemporary's up-to-dateness.

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Negotiations have been concluded by an enterprising local publication to bring over a completely equipped engraving plant. A large amount of this work is weekly sent to the Coast and the Advertiser and Gazette Company intend to keep this branch of industry in local hands. The "Weekly" gladly hails the news of the coming machinery. The Hawaiian Weekly intends to be in the fullest sense of the word an illustrated paper, up-to-date. Hitherto it has struggled against difficulties. Chalk plate, the only local process by which drawings can be reproduced, is, while practical for newspapers, totally unsuited for the enameled paper used on a weekly of our description. In two or three weeks from the present issue Austin's Hawaiian Weekly will, with the aid of increased facilities in these lines, reach the position aimed for by its editors.

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A European correspondent of the Chicago Times-Herald furnishes an interesting article on the secrets of the modern complexion. The correspondent held a lengthy interview with a woman, French, of course, who is in great demand from the marvelous success of her enamel. The "complexion specialist" has an immense clientele among the fashionable women of London, New York and Paris. The headquarters of the concern are in Paris and the profits may be estimated by the scale of prices which commences at \$250 and goes up. Certainly in one sense you get your money's worth. The operation is neither brief nor painless. Once through with it, however, the patient, or victim, has complete immunity from care for six months. The peer of any famous beauty as regards her complexion, she need never worry about her face, nor even wash it for half a year. No little heart-burnings about the tip of the nose, no little perfunctory dabs with a powder rag. Of course you have to go to Paris and wait your turn, and it costs \$40 a month to keep it up. Here is the operation in detail:

First of all, the skin has to be specially prepared for the reception of the enamel, and it is not every skin that can be enameled. Complexions that are very coarse, for instance, will not assimilate the enamel either readily or successfully, and these the face-painter refuses to treat unless her patient will screw up her courage to go

The Oahu Railway

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through, first of all, a very trying, though not painful, operation, by which she is absolutely skinned, and then wait until such a time as a new skin grows, which may be of a better texture than that which she has shed. But allowing that the patient has a sufficiently fine-grained skin to allow of the enameling process to be begun at once, it must be first prepared by a series of washes and manipulations for a period of three days. On the fourth day the enamel itself is applied, and this really amounts when dry to a complete false skin. The application of it is a most exquisitely delicate matter, for it must be "wiped" on with such perfect regularity and attention to the grain of the skin that this in itself is a business of no small moment. After this extra skin of most delicate and beautiful whiteness and smoothness has been successfully introduced upon its unsatisfactory surface, the enameling operation is practically concluded, and the patient may be regarded as ready to compete with the world generally in point of beauty. This enamel lasts for exactly six months, and during all that time madame has not washed herself. She polishes the surface of her neck, arms, hands, and face with the lotion supplied to her by the beauty doctor, but otherwise she absolutely has not allowed a drop of water to touch her. At the end of six months little inequalities and a blotched appearance begin to show upon her skin, and this warns her of the beginning of the end. The time has come when she must either once more appear in her true colors or else go through another operation.

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DORIC	SEPT. 9



FOR SAN FRANCISCO:

AMERICA MARU	JULY 4
CITY OF PEKING	JULY 14
GAELIC	JULY 27
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