

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

AUSTIN'S

HAWAIIAN



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Glimpses of Hawaii.



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVEY



The Hawaiian Sugar Planters finished the business of their eighteenth annual meeting this week without adopting any method for concerted action in procuring foreign labor. The problem was left to a committee of three for solution, and when the solution is reached the committee will report. An interested community are waiting for that report with considerable impatience. Our planters have so long been used to contract labor that they find themselves unprepared to abandon it altogether and substitute systems that have been only partially tried. As to the nationality of the labor to be next employed, there are almost as many opinions among the planters as there are nations on the face of the earth, while there is very little said against the old stand-by—the Asiatic. The Chinaman is the favorite, but he is barred. The Japanese will satisfy most sugar men if the leasehold system is adopted. The American negro has some would-be patrons, but his combative propensities are against him. The German and the Scandinavian are apt to organize strikes, and the Portuguese dislikes the companionship of Asiatics on the plantation. Italy has a vast number of poor farmers, some of the best of whom Mr. Damon is trying to lead this way.

The WEEKLY expressed the belief two weeks ago that the only logical course for the planters to pursue, in the face of the Exclusion and Anti-Contract Acts, would be to grant leaseholds to all-comers for the growing of the cane. Mr. Baldwin and some other planters hold the same view, as the plan has been tried successfully in numerous places. However, little can be said or done in this direction till the trustees' committee finish their labor.

Although the latest editorials, especially from Western sources, seem to concur that the present aggressive movement against Aguinaldo is only "the beginning of the end," that is purely an optimistic view of the case.

Aguinaldo is a fox with many holes. At the moment that the crafty Filipino is supposed to be entrapped at Bayabang, near Tarlac, he turns up seventy-five miles away from the snare at Boombang. By placing himself out of communication with Tarlac, he undoubtedly cuts himself off from the populous and fertile country surrounding it, which has hitherto formed his base of supplies. Organized resistance to Federal authority is undoubtedly weakened by Aguinaldo's retreating tactics; but the crafty gentleman must be captured before the "beginning of the end" is reached.

Putting aside an organized defense on the part of the insurgents, as long as guerilla warfare is waged, American occupation will be simply a name. Outside of Luzon the insurrection grows instead of decreasing. In Wundanao, the second largest island, incalculably rich in minerals and woods, the insurgents hold important ports. In Negros and Cebu, General Otis reports fighting between the 19th, 18th and 6th Infantry and the robber bands.

The insurgents seem to feel easy at the present state of affairs. They have 42,000 miles of territory from which to

draw supplies, and boats coming without opposition from Hongkong, Japan, Central and South America and Australia.

One of the important objects of the campaign is the Manila and Dagupan railroad, the possession of which will cut off the provinces of Zambales, Paggasinan, Tarlac, Pampanga and Batavia, and give the American army the claim to a larger expanse of country to operate on than the town lot on which the army now camps. North of Angeles, when we get there, will be met the torn-up track, burned rails and burned ties.

It is interesting to note the *Army and Navy Register* of the 4th inst. In an editorial the attitude is firmly taken, while praising General Otis and his staff, that further help is urgently needed.

In past experience, guerilla warfare has been the hardest to combat. While it exists, the commercial value of the Philippines is practically *non est*. The only proved remedy for guerilladom is compromise. It is a nasty pill to swallow, but the cure seems the only practical one, and the illness is an expensive one with alarming items. The loss of the Charleston is simply an addition to the enormous expense-account paid in lives and cash, with what return? The doubtful prestige of a lengthy war. The Philippines are of undoubted strategic importance in our future operations, commercial and otherwise, in the Pacific; but a scheme of autonomy could surely be drafted that would, while satisfying the Tagals, retain to us most of the advantages of possession without the expensive and dangerous luxury of unconstitutional colonization.

Although no official statement has been received from London of the Tripartite Agreement, America's share in Samoa is practically defined. One most important item is the possession of Pago Pago, generally considered by experts as the finest harbor in the Pacific ocean.

The United States becomes possessed of all the islands of the Samoan group, which lies east of the 171st meridian of longitude. These islands comprise Tutuila, which contains the harbor of Pago Pago, and, further east, Manua, Oloosinga, Ofoo and Rose Islands.

In the island of Tutuila, besides five reef harbors similar to those of Upolu, there is the harbor of Pago Pago, which is a deep and land-locked basin whose easy approach and perfect security for vessels causes it to outweigh in value all the other islands of the group.

The situation in the Transvaal is still marked by meagre news, and little change in the aspect of In Boerdom affairs. It is evident that the Boers are straining every effort to reduce Ladysmith before the relief arrives.

Whether the town can withstand the heavy bombardment is still an open issue, with slight odds of the British. Continued possession in the face of investment is, if not nine-tenths of the law in warfare, a favorable percentage.

The arrival of the troop-ships at the Cape, while giving an impetus to British arms, does not necessarily mean the speedy closing of the campaign. It is quite within the bounds of probability that England will be compelled to send a portion of her second army corps, now being mobilized, before General Sir Redvers Bulwer can assume the crushing, aggressive tactics expected to end the war. The army corps now rapidly concentrating at Cape Town will have to be split in order to relieve Ladysmith and check the Boer advance into Southern Natal. The force then remaining at General Buller's disposal, while powerful enough to

keep the Boers interested, will yet probably be insufficient to carry out the movement through the Orange Free State to the Transvaal capital that the arrival of the reinforcements was expected to effect.

The situation between Russia and Japan is undoubtedly a very delicate one. Japan is undoubtedly ready for strife as a nation, and is only restrained by the lack of preparation. However, she is fully resolved not to brook liberty or interference, such as the wintering of the Russian fleet in Nagasaki harbor or aggressive action by Russia on the sea fronts of the Northern Pacific likely to prove detrimental to the interests of Japan.

There is undoubtedly an understanding now existent between Japan, China and Korea. Japan will inevitably look to Great Britain and the United States for support when the inevitable crisis comes. These practical assurances of help, and the rapid progress of Japan's naval armament, coupled with the conviction that, with the completion of the Siberian Railway, the hour for successful revenge will be passed, make the present relations hardly strained between the two nations. It is undoubtedly to England's interests to have Russia involved in a war with Japan and distract her attention from Persian and European affairs.

If indications can be trusted, the new century will commence with a war of the Empires. Almost every Power will be involved. America alone will be strong enough in its independence to remain neutral, unless it joins the great alliance possible between the United States, Great Britain and Germany. In Europe the situation stands thus:

Great Britain—At war with the Boers, and, as the result of its taking the initiative in opening the ball in what may become a dance of death, on the defensive against France and Russia.

Germany—Neutral, or officially favorable to England, an enemy to France, and jealous of Russia's aggression in the Orient.

France—An enemy to England and Germany on old unsettled scores.

Japan—Friendly to England aside from diplomatic reasons, bitter against Russia.

Italy—Friendly to England.

Turkey—Friendly to England, bitter against Russia.

United States—Friendly to England by ties of blood and mutual interest. The game stands thus:



Germany is the key to peace or war. If Russia and France succeed in their strenuous efforts to keep Germany passive, if not openly allied to their interests, it is more than probable that Russia and France will assume the initiative in what will result in the war of the next and of all centuries. The threatening eruption may subside—a consummation devoutly to be prayed for. The essential of commercial freedom from war may outweigh old grudges and the lust for conquest, but that the world at large has its hand upon the sword and the other on its pocket-book is a fact that must be accepted.

General Joubert, the commandant general of the Boer army, though within a few months of his seventieth year, and despite his adventurous life, is still a magnificent type of a Boer farmer-soldier. He stands erect and his steely eye is undimmed, although his long, full beard is white. As commander-in-chief of a farmer army he is unique, and he is venerated by those who have served under him



GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER.



SLIM (CRAFTY) PIET
GEN. PIETRUS JACOBUS JOUBERT.

The Boy on the Farm.

Under a spreading apple tree
The boy with bare feet stands;
He has ten apples in him and
Some more are in his hands—
Beneath his waist of calico
His tummy tummy expands.
His hair was singed by his ma,
Who cut it straight behind;
He had a lurid color that
Is due to sun and wind—
He's lost the teeth he had in front,
But doesn't seem to mind.
Week in week out, from morn till night,
He tears around the place,
With briar scratches on his legs
And freckles on his face—
The neighbors candidly admit
That he's a hopeless case.
He wears his trousers at half-mast,
He rises with the sun;
The chores his busy father leaves
For him are seldom done,
And he is always gone when there
Are errands to be run.
He goes on Sunday to the church
And stays to Sabbath school,
And by propounding questions, makes
His teacher seem a fool;
He pinches smaller boys than he,
And learns the golden rule.
His mother sits up every night
To patch the clothes he wears,
And every night he takes them off
With more emphatic tears—
He falls from trees and into wells,
And smokes and chews and swears.
The frightened chickens duck their heads
And cackle where he goes,
With ugly sties upon his eyes
And bruises on his toes—
He eats things with his knife, nor cares
For any wind that blows.
You gorge with undeveloped fruit,
Which is a foolish plan;
No poetry is in you but
Know this my little man;
It takes much more than genius
To stand the things you can.

—Chicago Herald.

The French Doctor's Angel.

BY FRANKLIN HALE AUSTIN.

"I can never marry him, Mamma. Never!"

"But you must my child," said the mother as she tucked another piece of straw in the mat she was braiding. "You are now passed sixteen years of age, and it is high time you were married."

"But mamma, I hate him. Oh, how I hate him!"

"You will get over that when he has given you a lot of pretty new *haole* dresses and *holokus*. You will find he will be very good to you."

Maeli did not wail and weep as many a white maiden would have done under the circumstances. But in her despair she stopped stringing flowers on the wreath she was making and resting her plump round cheek in the smallest and prettiest of dimpled hands set her simple mind to thinking. The silence was unbroken for some time. Then Maeli said: "Mamma, doesn't the religion of the *haole* (whites), that they teach us every Sunday, say that if one prays to God with great faith he will answer the prayer."

"Yes, my child."

"Well, Mamma, Kane will not come again for three days. I want to pray the Good God to send me a husband."

The mother paused in her work: "That is a hard test to give the *haole* religion. How are you to know that your prayers are answered if a man does come."

"If a man comes and without my saying anything to him he takes notice of me and kisses me then he is the one sent to take me away from you and Kane and make me happy."

After some consideration the mother replied: "You may try it, Maeli. If the Good God does send a man to take you away I could not object, because He knows better than I what is best for you."

Two days later the *Kauka Palani* (French Doctor) as he was known by the natives, called to see Maeli's little sister who was sick. Maeli was sitting on the veranda employed in her usual occupation of stringing flowers into wreaths, from the sale of which her mother derived considerable profit. She was very sweet and pretty in her fresh white mother hubbard gown or *holoku*, surrounded as she was with yellow, white, pink and red wreaths and flowers.

After visiting the sick room the doctor and Maeli's mother came out upon the veranda. The *Kauka Palani* was a very austere man and was reputed to be a woman hater, but he could not help pausing to admire the beautiful picture before him. What a subject for an artist, he thought. Yet who could reproduce the color of that transparent, velvety, nut-brown skin with the faintest olive green tint suffusing it.

"Maeli has grown to be a very pretty girl," said the doctor.

"Upon being noticed, Maeli arose from the floor among her flowers, and standing on tiptoe tied the wreath she had just finished around the doctor's neck, as was the custom of her people.

"I am not much given to wearing flowers, my girl, but I will wear this for a while to please you, and I think you deserve a kiss."

Instantly the girl's arms were clinging around his neck. "Mamma, Mamma," she cried, "it is the sign. He is the one God has sent."

The doctor looked inquiringly from one to the other, and as the mother explained what had passed between Maeli and herself, his iron-clad cynical face seemed to break up, as it were, moved by the most powerful emotion. He involuntarily drew the girl closer to him, then almost roughly pushed her away and in a hard, dry tone of voice commanded:

"Maeli, go saddle your horse;" and to the mother, "Go and get the girl's things and put them in my saddle bags. I will take her with me." He then muttered to himself in French: "She will love me until death. I did not realize how hungry my heart is for woman's love."

Dr. Lousseau was understood to be a man with a story, but none had been able to penetrate the veiled mystery of his past. Even

the most charming of his lady patients could not surprise him into speaking of himself. Yet, what would not the matrons of Honolulu society have given to know that story. He was very erratic and after attending to the duties of his profession for a year or two would suddenly and without warning abandon the most lucrative practice and retire to his lonely sheep ranch on Mauna Loa, severing all connections with society and the companionship of his fellow men.

During the monarchy, there were two very distinct circles of society in Honolulu. One circle was virtuous, proud, exclusively good and God-fearing. The point around which it circled was Central Union Church. The other circle was very fast, and the central point around which it radiated was the Palace.

There were occasions, occurring about twice a year, when these amiable, though antagonistic circles of society buried the hatchet. These occasions were King Kalakaua's state balls at the Palace. With great impartiality, as truly became a King, he distributed his invitations alike to both social circles. The King was a past master in Bohemia and high in the degree of being exquisitely fast. But on these occasions he assumed the Royal dignity becoming the majesty of his high station and circle No. 1 graciously unbent in recognition of this effort at conventionality, while circle No. 2 was on its best behavior in the presence of so much virtue.

The doctor's recent return to civilization and the duties of his profession had created an unusual sensation. It chanced to be Mrs. Lucy Tristian's day at home. This matron had the reputation of being the most virtuous champion of rectitude in the whole of Honolulu. Mrs. Bella Long, her friend and partner in noble effort, had called late that she might have a quiet gossip with Mrs. Tristian.

"Bella, our doctor has become common, like any other adventurer who comes here," cried Mrs. Tristian in virtuous indignation.

"I suppose you refer to his recently acquired enamorata," purred Mrs. Long.

"Yes. It is bad enough for him to smoke his vile cigarettes when he comes to see me. I suppose he has rolled and smoked one of those nasty French cigarettes in nearly every lady's bed chamber before he would even feel her pulse. I told him one day that smoking made me deathly sick. He coolly replied that it was quite fortunate as his bill would be larger. But this could be forgiven. He was so grand in his contempt for women, and although he treated us like so many cattle, he was never common. But now—Ugh!" and the regulator of morals shuddered. "And to think that the King has decorated him and appointed him court physician. It seems like a premium on sin."

"Oh, how interesting," giggled Mrs. Nellie Swing, who had not gone yet. Mrs. Swing was known to seek the society of Circle No. 2 oftener than could be approved of, but being the daughter of a minister in the States she had to be tolerated.

"Interesting! Do you call wickedness and sin interesting? Nellie, I am ashamed of you," and Nellie subsided.

"What can we do about it, Lucie?" asked Mrs. Long quietly.

"We must organize, Bella—organize. Make the ladies of our set agree to cut him dead and refuse to call him when ill.

"But," chirped in Nellie Swing, "perhaps the poor doctor has had some trouble that would excuse what seems to you so bad. Many people think so."

"Excuse for wickedness!" cried Mrs. Tristian in sheer exasperation. "There can be no compromise with sin. What has become of your early training, Nellie?"

"Calm yourself, Lucy," purred Bella Long. "I feel as badly about this as you do. But stop and think a moment. You are very frequently prostrated with your various ailments. Dr. Lousseau knows you like a book, and can get you on your feet in half the time any other physician can. Now you know, Lucy, you will be the first to break the agreement and send for him, making yourself the laughing-stock of Honolulu."

"Yes, Bella, I am afraid I should," sighed Lucy Tristian, "but I am sure I shall have nervous prostration if he touches me.

"That would be quite fortunate" giggled Nellie Swing, "the

doctor's bill would be larger," and with this parting shot she took her leave.

* * * * *

On my return from the States it became necessary for me to see Dr. Lousseau. I found that he had gone to the ranch in one of his periodical flights from the city, and so followed him to Hawaii. He met me at the gate, having heard the clatter of my horse's hoofs as I came through the silent forest.

It was cool at that altitude on the mountain side, and a fire was comfortable in the evening. After supper we repaired to the rudely-furnished ranch sitting-room to smoke our pipes by the fire. A few moments later Maeli entered the room and, coming up to me shyly, offered me her small, tapering, dimpled hand (a special mark of beauty with Hawaiian women), and, after the simple graceful greeting, "Aloha oe," took her place on a stool beside the hearth and busied herself with a hat she was braiding for the doctor.

I looked at the doctor inquiringly—almost severely, I fear. Maeli's father and mother had been next-door neighbors at our home plantation for thirty years, and had the reputation of being the most upright of all the Christian natives. Maeli had attended my mother's Sunday school class at the plantation church from childhood. I was surprised, to say the least. Divining the tenor of my thoughts, the doctor said very deliberately, with emotion in his voice: "I cannot bear to have you think ill of my girl. You, of all others, who expected so much of her. I can only justify her and myself by telling my story if such an alliance can be justified in your mind."

He told me the circumstances of meeting Maeli, and added:

"You will see when I have finished that it could not be otherwise than as you find us. I have never told my story to anyone, and it is painful for me to do so now. It is very brief and very common, but, to a temperament like mine, it is a tragedy, a terrible memory, a sorrow that will follow me like a Nemesis to the tomb. My father was one of the greatest physicians in Europe, and when he died he left me the largest and most lucrative practice in Paris. A few years previous to my father's death, while I was working with him, I chanced to take a long walk into the country. When returning home, while passing a famous old chateau, I was arrested by the sweet strains of a girl's voice singing a popular French air. It was such a joyous, fresh voice that I was irresistibly impelled to see the singer if possible. I climbed up so that I could look over the high wall that surrounded the chateau, and there sitting in the summer house was the prettiest fair-haired girl of eighteen that I had ever seen. She was cutting up ribbons of all colors, and deftly making them into bows which she would alternately pin to her dress, then admire the effect in a hand-glass. She seemed to me a veritable fairy. It was some time before she spied me peering over the wall. Instead of running away frightened, as I expected, she called out most bewitchingly, 'Oh, you must be my chevalier come to carry me away from this prison-house.'"

"Yes, I shall be your chevalier, and will come and take you away. Cannot you give me a token that you may know me when I come."

"She laughed the merriest laugh, very much excited over her flirtation. She peered around the garden and at the house to see if anyone were looking, then said:

"Reach your arm, my chevalier, over the wall and I will tie a ribbon of my favorite color to your wrist. No, no, you must not jump over. We will both get into trouble."

After she had tied the ribbon I imprisoned one of her little hands and brought it up to my lips. She laughed again in a perfect ecstasy of excitement. Just then some one called: "Minon, where are you?" and I fled.

"My people never give girls any freedom and the marriages are all arranged. My father held so high a position in Paris that it was easy enough to arrange a marriage with Minon. I was not permitted to see her until our wedding day, and she did not recognize me until I exhibited the pink ribbon on my wrist. I have it yet."

"Oh, it is my good chevalier come to take me away," and she clasped her hands for very joy.

"We were very happy for nearly five years, and had two children." Here the doctor paused evidently overcome by the memory of those happy years. When he proceeded, he spoke with even greater deliberation, and the narration seemed very painful to him.

"Shortly after my father's death Louis Lefevre, the chum of my boyhood, and the dearest friend I had on earth, returned from a long term of service in Africa. He was of course the most welcome guest at my house. Since my father's death my work had become very arduous, and I regretted not being able to attend Minon as much as I should have liked. I was therefore greatly pleased when I found that Louis, my trusted friend, paid my wife a great deal of attention and seemed to enjoy taking her to the theatre and accompanying her to the parties which our social position demanded she should attend.

"About six months after Louis returned from Africa, I was called to London on business and returned home about thirty-six hours sooner than I was expected. I caught Minon in the act of eloping with Louis. I could never have believed it except for the tell-tale note on my desk, which fell into my hands before my wife could recover it. It was terrible! I challenged Louis Lefevre and killed him, and, after sending Minon and her children home to her father, I was compelled to flee from France. I lost a beloved wife and I was compelled to kill my best friend, whom, next to Minon, I loved above all other mortals. Having been married in the Catholic faith, the woman is still my wife. We cannot be divorced."

Maeli spoke English very indifferently, and had not tried to follow the narrative, especially as the doctor's English was very Frenchy. But towards the last the agony, and even despair, expressed in the doctor's voice attracted her attention. She had laid aside her work and was gazing at him. When his head fell forward and his hands nervously clutched the arms of his chair, the perfect picture of despair, Maeli was at his side in an instant, and with her arm round his neck, said "I shall sing for you," and the doctor nodded his head. Getting her guitar and placing her stool beside the doctor's knee she sang the following simple song (which I have translated), in a voice almost ethereal in its sweetness, to one of the Hawaiian tunes, which seldom range more than two octaves, but linger plaintively in the minor keys:

Sweet is the love that endureth
Deep in our hearts, ever true;
Healing your soul that despaireth,
Making a heaven for you.

Refrain—Oh, our loves ever true!
I'll make heaven for you,
Make heaven for you.

Bright is the *ea o kalani**
Brighter than fair paradise
Our loves make for you and for me,
In this, Nature's beautiful palace.

Refrain—Oh, our loves ever true!
I'll make heaven for you,
Make heaven for you.

Here love, in these isles of the sea,
Far from the cold weary world,
I'll weave you a magic love *lei***
Crown you with love yet untold.

Refrain—Oh, our loves ever true!
Will make heaven for you,
Make heaven for you.

When the last sweet strain of her voice had died away the doctor was all smiles again. She laid her head upon his knee and he was caressing her velvety cheek.

"Dear child," the doctor said, turning to me. "I used to have fits of the blues, thinking of the past, and Maeli was very much troubled. Her simple mind invented this little song to bring my thoughts back to her, she said, from bad memories of other lands. And she does not know what those memories are. If there ever was an angel on earth she is one. I may not be able to squeeze into heaven hereafter, but she is truly trying to make heaven here

* (untranslatable; meaning "sheen of heaven.")

** (wreath of flowers.)

for me. Ah, Maeli, who dares judge between me and thee, but the good God who brought me to thee."

Maeli had turned around as the doctor spoke to her with her arms upon his knee, her great shining brown eyes were gazing up at his face with an ineffable smile, parting her voluptuous lips and dimpling her face. While her strong, beautiful white teeth seemed like a row of shining pearls in contrast with her brown, though

transparent skin, and, oh, how gently the doctor stroked her blue black hair.

It may have been my imagination, but it seemed to me that the *ea o kalani** had descended upon her, for every nerve and fibre of her beautiful personality radiated the only thing angelic in woman—"love ever true."

* (untranslatable—meaning "sheen of heaven".)

HAWAIIAN SUGAR PLANTERS

Eighteenth Annual Meeting—Cultivation and Manufacture Discussed—The Labor Question Submitted to a Committee.

President H. P. Baldwin called to order the eighteenth annual meeting of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association in their hall on Nuuanu street, last Monday morning. About 35 representative planters were present. After the minutes of the seventeenth annual meeting were read and approved, Secretary Bolte submitted a table of the production of Hawaiian raw sugar from Oct. 1, 1898, to Oct. 1 of the present year. A recapitulation of the sugar by Islands is as follows:

	Tons.
Hawaii	117,239
Kauai.....	65,359
Maui	54,880
Oahu	45,820

282,807

In this report it was also shown that of the several commission houses in Honolulu, H. Hackfeld & Co. handle the largest amount of sugar, with C. Brewer & Co. second, and Alexander & Baldwin third. The treasurer's report gave an increase of expenses consequent upon the expansion of old plantations and the establishment of several new ones.

The following trustees, residents of Honolulu, were then chosen: J. B. Atherton, C. Bolte, H. P. Baldwin, G. H. Robertson, C. M. Cooke, W. G. Irwin, F. A. Schaefer, F. M. Swanzy and J. F. Hackfeld. Then the committee reports were taken up. Hugh Morrison, of Makaweli, reading an exhaustive report on cultivation. Touching on the main points he said:

In Makawao, on Maui, and in Hamakua and Hilo, on Hawaii, the rose bamboo is now the favorite. On lower, irrigated lands the Lahaina still holds its own, although it has lost that richness and vigor in leaf and size of stick which we were accustomed to see in this variety, but wherever this cane has been displaced by another kind we find regret at the necessity which has compelled a change. Ever since the Lahaina variety displaced the native canes we have all been aware of its good and bad qualities. It stands among the best as regards quality and strength of juice; its fibre furnishes a hard, woody fuel, and on rich, deep soils it produces a very large crop; its faults are the habit of lying down all over the field and so decaying easily in wet fields, and after maturity it decomposes and dries up rapidly unless milled in time. This cane is known all over where cane is grown as yellow Tahaita, Bourbon, Crystallina, Cayanne, and so on. Wray, as far back as 1845,

placed it, I think, second on his list. To the first rank he assigned a variety called Salangore. This fine variety is planted in Singapore, in province Wellesly, in Malacca, and here and there in the French possessions. Boname says it is larger and more vigorous than the Lahaina; the leaves are very large and deep in color, the stick more upright and furnishes a rich juice, clean and easy to work. Climate, soil, age and cultivation have great influence on the color, shape and general make up of a cane and determine, perhaps, these variations. It is not possible, therefore, to fix definitely for all time the group to which a cane may belong; neither are they named alike in the different countries where they are cultivated.

In regard to seed eyes we plant, usually, to suit the quality of the land, from four feet six in rather poor land, up to six feet or more in rich, deep soil. We take an average row of any length; say thirty feet, and five feet between rows; then if we plant in this thirty feet furrow one hundred eyes we may obtain on an average forty per cent. shoots, some of which will die in the struggle for existence, but whether any of them die or not, our crop will not be satisfactory, unless secondary shoots, stronger and richer than the first, come up. This is the point; if we have the rows too near each other and the eyes too numerous in the row, we do the cane injury, but if we depend too much on our cane sending out secondary shoots and consequently plant too far apart, then we have too open a field and the yield is unsatisfactory. This is only too well known, I think, by all having practical experience of the work; and must be decided according to circumstances. The use of commercial fertilizers is extending very much over the Islands. Lime is now recommended where formerly its place was taken up by large doses of superphosphate, a useless expenditure in many cases. From my own experience I can trace but little benefit in our land from the use of phosphates, either soluble or not, and associated with other elements or applied alone. Potash alone, or with guano, gave no marked effect, but if followed by an application of nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia, rendered much assistance to the growing crop, and in adding nitrate soda I have found best results if accompanied with carbonate of lime. Two applications at different times are better than one, and in our circumstances I prefer the warmest weather, say, August and September, for the last dose, and have had good results as late as the middle of October, cane being cut in January. A field is planted, say, in August; grows until the second November but is not cut until, perhaps, May; this is practically two years. If it is ratooned it

may be cut again in April or May; this makes three years that the cane has occupied the soil, but if, in place of ratooning at once, after the plant, the field lies idle until, say October or November, and after that cultivated and cut, say, the second April or May, then the cane has occupied the soil four years, but in actual growth only three and a half years. Now the point is which method pays best, and which, from an agricultural point of view is best for the land.

When Mr. Morrison finished, G. R. Ewart read another report on cultivation and the papers of these two gentlemen created considerable discussion and questioning on the part of the members.

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

President Baldwin announced the election of officers by the trustees as follows: C. M. Cooke, president; F. A. Schaefer, vice-president; F. M. Swanzy, treasurer; C. Bolte, secretary and George H. Robertson, auditor. Dr. Maxwell read the report on fertilization and remarks on this topic were then in order. Being a subject almost purely scientific, most of the planters turned to Dr. Maxwell for information. Mr. Renton, manager of Ewa plantation, read his report on the reduction of cane to the raw sugar. The committee on machinery making no report, President Cooke expressed some regret, particularly as the pump had recently become such an important adjunct to a plantation outfit. Professor Koebele, who is now in Australia, mailed a report, which was read by Dr. Maxwell, superintendent of the experimental station, on cane diseases, in which is meant the destructiveness of the borer. This baneful insect defies all efforts at extermination and proves itself quite a factor in hindering sugar production.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The first business of the day was a visit to the experimental station on Makiki street, where Dr. Maxwell furnished a practical illustration of the best cultivation of rose and Lahaina cane. This is a veritable sugar garden, where the best and latest theories are given a trial and where theory is brought face to face with practice on a fair field and with no favor. Before the party left the grounds Dr. Maxwell spoke of the danger of importing any foreign cane, on account of some disease that might come with it.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when the planters opened their meeting in the assembly hall. Directly the last and most important subject of the convention was brought up. This was the labor question, on which E. D. Tenney, member of the labor committee, rendered a report, reviewing the difficulties of

the problem and showing the divergence of opinions among planters. Perhaps a more important paper on this moot question was one prepared by Dr. Maxwell, who, acting as Special Agent for Hawaii of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, had, at the request of Senator Cullom, rendered a report for the instruction of Congress. In this report, which was read before the meeting, the author cites the different kinds of labor employed since the beginning of the sugar industry, with their relative degrees of profit to the planters. Concerning free laborers, the report goes on to say:

The Portuguese and some smaller numbers of Germans and Anglo-Saxons, who have worked on plantations, have not only borne the work, but have rendered more and a higher class of labor, which is attested by the high rate of compensation they have received. This statement can be compared with the labor rolls of numerous plantations employing mixed nationalities. Also the more taxing indoor work of the iron foundries and machine shops of Honolulu is mainly done by white labor, chiefly imported from the mainland. At this time a complete sewerage system is being put in throughout the streets of Honolulu. The contractor is from San Francisco. This man brought some twenty white laborers from California to do the heaviest work in laying down the pipes. Bearing upon the question of the "inducements offered" to white labor, in the first place, the compensation paid to free laborers may be considered. In a brief report on "Labor Conditions in Hawaii," made by the writer six months ago it is stated that the average wages per day of all laborers is equal to that of the mixed labor of Louisiana; and that the wages of unskilled Portuguese labor on stated plantations was forty three per cent. greater than that of the Asiatics. Since that date wages have risen all round on the Islands, and to day the average wage of all nationalities is not less than eighty cents per day, whilst plantations exceeds one dollar per working day. The free laborers have further the opportunity to become individual planters, growing cane to be sold at stated prices per ton to the large plantations; or according to several forms of a system of profit sharing they may co-operate with the plantations and receive such share of the results as may have been mutually decided upon. To become independent planters, growing and selling the cane to the plantations, is the more popular system with the men, and it is extending with considerable rapidity. The reason of the greater popularity of this system lies in the circumstances, that the men can work not only when they feel inclined, but when their labor is most effective. Further, they are able to engage the help of their families at any season when the work is pressing. Moreover, this system contributes to the spirit and possibilities of independence, much of whose results are good and praiseworthy. Concerning the means by which free laborers have already become planters, and through which means

free labor of all nationalities can continue to do so, an example is given in some detail, which sets forth the principle and serves as an illustration of other cases: The Hilo Sugar Company encouraged and entered into agreements with free laborers to grow cane on its own and adjoining lands. Such lands as could not be cultivated by the plantation with horse labor were lent free of rent; other lands are rented at from a nominal price up to eight dollars per acre, as determined by the value of each specific lot. Where necessary, which is so in most cases of free laborers entering upon this system, the plantation makes advances of money to meet the living and other expenses of the small planters during the period that their crops are in growth. These allowances are refunded when the crop is harvested. The crop is purchased by the plantation according to the scale of prices which is based on the quality of the cane and the prices of sugar in New York, or in other cases according to conditions, all of which are set forth in drawn agreements, approved and signed by the growers and manufacturers of the cane. Forms of these several kinds of agreement can be readily obtained, and have already been furnished to authorities requiring to see and to use them. Relating to the example now under consideration, the writer was present in the office of the said plantation four weeks ago when the manager was renewing contracts, and making advances of money to the planters upon the growing crop. Some thirty of those planters were there. The appearance of thrift, respectability, and air of business responsibility of those men was nothing short of impressive when it was remembered that every one of them had arrived as contract men a few years ago, and without a dollar to them. In the course of conversation the manager said, "Yes! I paid out \$90,000 to those small planters last year, and their production is still increasing." He said further: "Oh, yes! they all seem very content, and even proud of their position. And they may well be! They not only live well, but some of them have balances of \$1000 to \$2000 to their names; whilst others make trips home to Japan in good style to see their friends. They all turn up again, though." As these men were leaving the manager's office, the writer noticed that most of them were riding their own horses or mules. The ways that have been opened to existing small planters are open to white laborers of all nationalities upon those conditions that are necessary to make the independent planter system and other co-operative systems a success. The proposition of relative independence and security, and the compensation which have come to numbers of those people who came into the country through the contract labor system are offered to all free labor entering the country, and at once, and without the preliminary period of enjoined service through which contract laborers have worked up to their present state. Only, all laborers, independent of nationality, must subscribe to the requirements of the system, and honestly stand by the conditions of the

agreements. This has been faithfully done by the small planters generally; and probably for the reason that they are fully aware that but for the liberal conditions offered by the plantations, the system could not have come into existence. It is not for one moment claimed, however, that the plantations have been moved in this matter by any than business considerations; nevertheless, the results to the small planters have been just as beneficent as though the undertakings had proceeded from motives of philanthropy.

This report provoked the usual discussion. Mr. Horner thought labor might be obtained from the Philippines and he also thought Asiatic labor here might be improved. It has been the habit of the Chinese and Japanese to allow the slowest man in the gang to set the pace. Mr. Baldwin did not believe in profit sharing, but he thought it practical to give a laborer a certain percentage on every ton of cane. Mr. Oeding believed in negro labor and that the Japs were a bad element. Judge Hart was against the negro very emphatically. Dr. Maxwell said Italians were doing well in Louisiana, and if planters were to import negroes, they would get only the riff-raff from the cities. Mr. Baldwin again took the floor, saying the planters should do the best they can to keep what they have, as there were to be no more contracts. He favored co-operation. Mr. Morrison suggested that the plantations be made more attractive to the Asiatics. Mr. Kropp thought labor was being drafted to no considerable extent from the plantations. President Cooke coincided with Mr. Morrison's suggestions and added that hospitals, like that at Lihue, might be introduced.

After instructing the trustees to appoint a committee of three to report on labor, the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

A Hawaiian Dramatist.

Advices are to hand from Honolulu from T. D. Beasley, late of this city, which indicate that the presentation of his one-act Chinese drama "Golden Flower" in Albany, N. Y., was a great success. The drama was written in conjunction with W. N. Lawrence, who is Daniel Frohman's manager at the Lyceum theater, New York. The manner in which the piece was written is somewhat interesting. About two years ago, Mr. Lawrence came to San Diego with the Lyceum company. He then mentioned the plot to Mr. Beasley, and the finished scenario was forwarded to him by mail. Meeting with his approval, the play was then written within six days, and was accepted. Just at that time the interest in Chinese dramas temporarily died out, with the failure of "The First Born" in London, and it was not until a few weeks ago that an opportunity occurred for the presentation of the "Golden Flower." The eastern press speaks highly of the clever work.—*San Diego Union*, Nov,



At the Opera.

Il Trovatore was probably the event of the operatic season. The opera is a favorite with Honolulu theater-goers since its selection as the opening bill for the house by the local amateurs.

The treatment of the opera by the Boston Lyric Company was excellent. Despite the fact that the organization carries a double prima donna and tenor-cast, there were doubts as to the possibility of an avowedly light opera chorus, and, with the two exceptions, the principals being able to handle grand opera. Martha was hardly a fair test, but served to show, nevertheless, that Miss Leekley was thoroughly to be depended on to sing her role successfully.

With the first act, however, doubts were dispelled, and expectations more than realized. Miss Andrews sang with power and judgment. Leonora is a heavy role to sustain from the emotional and dramatic standpoint, aside from the difficulties of the score, and Miss Andrews ably encountered and surmounted her trials. Her voice, of exceptional range, as those of all sopranos who aspire to grand opera must be, shows evidence of high cultivation and vigorous training, its chief beauties lying in the sweetness of tone and the spontaneity of the outbursts of song that seem to come so naturally. She seems to sing like a bird with "ever-trembling tongue," trills; cadenzas falls from her lips as if she loved to sing them. Her voice is not extremely powerful, but with full knowledge of its capabilities, and its mistress leads up so carefully and artistically to the dramatic climaxes that the lack of strength noticed in the recitatives is forgotten. Miss Andrews' voice, too, has a sympathetic timbre that is extremely pleasing in Leonore, the only noticeable fault in her rendition is lack of judgment in her phrasing.

Mr. Parmley surpassed himself. The gentleman is the fortunate possessor of a tenor voice that, eliminating one or two throaty touches, should in five years' time be a treasure-trove to its owner. He sang "Marcio" beautifully; at the close of the third act only was there a suspicion of tiredness which passed off between acts, leaving the voice clear, sweet and powerful for the beauties of the last act. Mr. Parmley, from his height, has more difficulties than the average aspirant of Thespian fame to contend with, but his dramatic work in *Manrico* was better than anything he

has done, and, while unimpressive, did nothing to detract from his really good singing.

Miss Leekley deserves little adverse criticism; she has, at times, in the *Bohemian Girl* for example, a slight tendency to over-act in a character part. In *Martha* she was almost perfect, giving in many ways the performance of the opera. On Thursday, in *Il Trovatore*, she acted well and sang better, her rich contralto is under good control. Miss Leekley is in her element in opera; she possesses the essentials, voice, dramatic instinct and capability.

Mr. Rockwell has given us many evidences of clever acting, and the Count was fully up to his usual skill. Mr. Rockwell sang better than he has sung yet—sang with dash and elan, with appropriate look and gesture that deserve their meed of praise. Mr. Rogers sang "Fernando" very well, nor should Miss Leicester be passed over; she has a good voice, and, in the parts she has been entrusted with, has shown both capability and versatility. The other name on the cast, Alex. Joel, has a basso of unusual depth and fullness that has shown its usefulness in every opera up to date, while his frivolings in the *Mikado* and *Belle Helene* have raised the ghost of many a smile.

The chorus was the weak point in *Il Trovatore*. You can't expect a chorus that is more than above the average in comic opera, that drills and dances and marches in spangled armor and fleshings to sing a *Miserere* and counterfeit the Nun, any more than champagne could take the place of holy water. They didn't; the male choruses were the better; the opening song of the Watch went well, but that *Miserere* and those Nuns were as masqueraders, friars and sisters at a carnival.

La Belle Helene, on Saturday, was rendered funny by much that was not *Belle Helene*. Offenbach was distinctly in the shade. When he was sung he was sung indifferently by chorus and principals alike, though the chorus were the more hardened criminals, seeming to have the blissful uncertainty as to where they were to leave off or begin. Still we laughed till our ribs ached, but it was at funny make-up and irrelevant, if clever, specialties. Messrs. Kunkel, Henderson (who looked like an abbreviated edition of McVay as Chrysos), Van Dyne, Joel and Rogers, were quite clever, if not overpoweringly original. Mr. Rockwell's imitation of Mr. McCullough was very clever. The 'Iceman' was good, though even Honolulu has heard it before. Moses and Aaron was funny because Henderson did it. "What became of the Monk," however, is really, my dear Colonel, a trifle too chestnutty even for we dwellers in the South Seas.

La Belle Helene, what there was of it, wasn't opera, grand, comic, romantic, light opera bouffe, but it was amusing, and all right for once, and only once in a way.

The Orpheum.

The popular Orpheum again presents a practically new and excellent bill of fare to its clientele which should fill the house. Miss Dreyfuss is back again as graceful as ever since her bout with malaria. Mr. Hearde and McGinty-Winton still are stellar attractions, while the new-comers comprise many new and well-heralded features. The Llewellyns are most strongly recommended from Australia, and Australia has been sending us good specimens of her talent of late. The Musical Fletchers and Flying Busch have more than passing reputations in their various line. Altogether, the new talent promises most agreeable evenings, and should bring very good houses.

A New Arrival.

Mr. H. F. Sharpe, a new arrival from California, comes to fill a position in Wall, Nichols by the side of his brother, Professor Sharpe.

Mr. H. F. Sharpe is a thorough workman, where pianos are concerned, being an expert case-polisher. Both he and his brother have been practically connected with their trade from infancy, having learned it under their father—one of the best known and expert workmen in the Western States. Like his brother, Mr. Sharpe has musical tendencies aside from the mere possession of an accurate ear required by piano-builders and tuners. Though not an instrumentalist, as his brother, Mr. H. F. Sharpe has an excellent baritone voice and a reputation for coon songs and rag-time music aside from his more classical repertoire. The Brothers Sharpe expect to build up an extensive connection in their chosen profession of piano physicians.

A Painter's Jest.

To Jan Steen, the Dutch painter, a brilliant practical joke is ascribed. Having accepted a commission from a notable burgher of Leyden to paint a mural picture representing "The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea" Steen, as usual, requested a considerable advance, and, as usual, disappeared to have a joyous time, his patron having also gone on a pleasure trip. Steen's return took place a day before the patron's, and the wall of the staircase had not as much as been touched. Steen simply painted it a dark red "all" What is this asked the astonished and irate merchant. "That" replied Steen, "is 'The Children of Israel Crossing the Red Sea.'" "Where are the Israelites?" was the next question. They are over," was the answer. "Where are the Egyptians?" "They are under."—*Short Stories.*

Local * and * General.

Next Tuesday and Thursday are national holidays.

Waialua sells cane to Kahuku at six dollars a ton.

The W. H. Marshall libel case has been continued to the February term.

Dr. Waughop is making a tour of the Islands, investigating tuberculosis.

Punahou pasture will be the scene of the sham battle Thanksgiving morning.

Colonel Norris has won his great suit with the Hawaiian Agricultural Company.

The funeral of Dr. McWayne with full Masonic honors took place last Sunday.

J. A. Magoon will erect a business block at the corner of Merchant and Alakea streets.

Army transports in the harbor and soldiers on the streets quicken the old town into a new life.

Mrs. E. C. Wilson, a trained nurse from the mainland, has taken charge of the Kapiolani Maternity Home.

Dr. Alvarez treated the students and faculty of Oahu College to a discourse on bacteriology Thursday afternoon.

The native delegates to the International Congregational Convention will speak at Kaumakapili church to morrow night.

E. Ellsworth Carey, a former partner of Bob Wilcox in the newspaper business, passed through this week en route to Manila.

The Government has engaged the McCandless Brothers to drill three water wells at Kalihi for the new pumping plant.

President McKinley's bans have drawn a pretty tight check rein on the progress of public and private improvements.

In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, the Hawaiian Islands will have exported raw sugar to the value of nearly \$25,000,000.

If the trolley war drags on like the Philippine war the people will not get decent transit till some time in the next century.

W. P. L. Waipa died at the Queen's Hospital Sunday evening, from injuries received by falling from his horse on King street.

The Christmas benefit concert for the lepers will be held at Kaumakapili church as usual on Dec. 6th.

Deputy Sheriff Faneuff died at the Queen's Hospital Wednesday morning, after suffering ten days from a gun shot wound, perpetrated accidentally by one of his men. The Government has lost a faithful officer. He was buried by the Knights of Pythias.

There will be an auction sale to-day of 3371 half pound tins of opium, which have been seized at different times by the Government.

Rev. Mr. Gardner has resigned the pastorate of the Christian Church on account of poor health. He and his family will soon take their departure for the mainland.

Minister Young has no passion for romance, or he would allow Monte Cristo Pringle to have full possession of Coconut Island and satiate his taste for coconuts and notoriety.

The U. S. government is supplying fresh beef gratis for the manufacturing material of a local fertilizer works. This looks like extravagance, but it is far better for Uncle Sam to stimulate the growth of Hawaiian sugar than to poison his soldiers.

Rev. W. A. Gardner will address the Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Christian and Adventist adherents in the Central Union Church on Thanksgiving morning. There will be a special musical attraction.

It would be well for the fault finders to know that Judge Hartwell went to Washington by the special request of President McKinley.

The new dredger built by Captain Parker for the O. R. & L. Co., is the only one of its kind. It has features that are improvements on those built in California and elsewhere.

Minister Young tendered a banquet to W. O. Smith on Thursday evening at the Hawaiian Hotel. A large number of business men attended. Mr. Smith is going to Washington on government business.

Honolulu is to furnish one officer for the U. S. Army in the Philippines. Captain Paul Smith will have a company in the 40th regiment, when that body of men come through on the U. S. A. transport Hancock.

There seems to be a difference of opinion between G. F. Gouveia and the trustees of St. Clement's church, respecting the ownership of a piece of land on which Gouveia has recently been living. It will require the Circuit Court to settle the question.

The Board of Education are considering the question of changing the session hours of school from 9 to 2, to 8 to 1. Parents of the scholars are to be asked their opinion in the matter. It is a well known fact that the early hours of the day are better for study, particularly in the tropics.

Quicker steamship transit among the Islands and wireless telegraphy are two subjects that have just begun to receive attention in Honolulu. The fruition of such enterprises will bring the Islands closer together, socially and commercially, and be of incalculable benefit to the territory at large.

Hawaiian Reservations.

Adjutant-General H. C. Corbin, in his annual report, has this to say about military reservations in these islands:

The joint resolution of Congress, dated July 7, 1898, section 1, recites: "The existing laws of the United States relative to public lands shall not apply to such lands in the Hawaiian Islands; but the Congress of the United States shall enact special laws for their management and disposition: Provided, that all revenue from or proceeds of the same, except as regards such parts thereof as may be assigned for the use of the local government, shall be used solely for the benefit of the Hawaiian Islands for educational and other public purposes."

Under the above-cited resolution the Hawaiian Government has continued as heretofore to deal with and dispose of its public lands. This section, if continued, is likely to result in embarrassment, if not to individuals certainly to the United States, as it is questionable whether the Hawaiian Government can give a clear title to the land already formally ceded to the United States. The latter is likely to need for governmental use public lands not used at present by the Hawaiian Government, but which it may lease or otherwise dispose of in the future. This is especially true of lands which may be required for posts, barracks or hospital sites, and, in the present state of values, such lands, if once in private ownership, will be held at prices the United States would be unwilling to pay, had the selected lands could not be obtainable at acceptable figures either by purchase or condemnation proceedings. It is, therefore, urgently recommended that Congress be asked to provide, by legislative action, for securing the reservation of such public lands as the War Department may indicate as necessary and desirable for military purposes.

It was found, after consultation with the authorities in the Surveyor-General's office of the Hawaiian Islands, that nearly all of the public land has passed from governmental control by reason of a system of sale and lease for a term ranging from ten to thirty years.

An examination of map of Government and Crown lands on island of Oahu discloses the fact that all public land available for useful purposes is now beyond the control of the Government by reason of leases ranging from two to forty years. The low prices paid by lessees are out of all proportion to the value of the land, but possession by any other means than by condemnation would subject the Government to extortionate rates. The barracks and property of the military department of the Hawaiian Government are now occupied by the troops in garrison at Honolulu.



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HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

Announcement.

The Christmas Holiday Number.

Cash Prizes For Original Stories.

THE WEEKLY intends making a strenuous effort to produce, in its Christmas Edition, a publication beyond anything yet attempted in Honolulu. The Christmas Edition will be especially adaptable, not only for home reading, but to send abroad to give an Xmas "aloha" to friends and relatives, and show them the Christmas of the Southern Seas. A special cover in colors will be a feature; the size of the paper will be enlarged and will team with original illustrations from wash drawing, pen etchings and photographs. Tales of Hawaiian folk lore and articles of literary interest will fill the pages. A feature will be the offer of the following prizes for Original Stories to be of a "spooky" and generally Christmas-like flavor:

First Prize.....\$20.00 in Gold.
Second Prize..... 10.00 in Gold.
Third Prize..... 5.00 in Gold.

CONDITIONS: The Stories must be original and hitherto unpublished, not to exceed at most 2000 words; not necessarily of Hawaiian character, though other things being equal, these will be esteemed preferable. The Stories will be adjudged by a competent critic, not a member of the Weekly's staff. The tales will be fully illustrated by the Weekly's artists and the rights of future publication reserved by the Weekly. The Weekly also reserves the right to retain for its use any Stories sent in and not winning a prize; the same to be paid for at regular rates. Address all manuscripts care of

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR,
Austin's Hawaiian Weekly.

All Stories should be typewritten and submitted not later than November 30.

Stories may be sent in under an assumed *nom-de-plume* for publication purposes.

Special Offer.

In order to largely increase the subscription lists of AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY and THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC, we offer the two papers from now till January, 1901, for \$4.00. The regular price of both papers is \$5.50.

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY is a high-class, illustrated journal, devoted

to the Progress of the Pacific in general, and the upbuilding and the advancement of the interests of the Hawaiian Islands in particular, and should be read by everyone on the islands who desire to promote those ends.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC is a most beautifully-printed and illustrated monthly, and would make a welcome visitor to the home of your friends in other countries who are anxious to learn

about Hawaii. Each issue contains interesting descriptive articles of Hawaiian life and customs, as well as many fine illustrations. We will mail the PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC, postage paid, to any address you may furnish, and the WEEKLY you can have delivered or mailed to your home. If you wish the WEEKLY mailed to a foreign country, \$1 must be added to price for postage.

Remember, this offer only holds good till January 1st next. The sooner you subscribe, the more papers you get for the money.

AUSTIN PUBLISHING Co., Ltd.

CAR No. 9 passing the Judiciary Building at three o'clock last Saturday afternoon, the 18th inst., boasted a white mule on the off side. The wretched animal had been galled by the trace chains until a bloody groove had cut into his left flank, while with the wound still fresh and the chain still galling, the unfortunate victim of the tramway was whipped and cajoled out to Waikiki. In any other city this would be a case for any policeman to have authority to attend to.

AS MAJOR MILLS disclaims any authority to stop the indecent exhibition of regimental bathers at Waikiki, the matter should be handled locally. It seems somewhat of a farce for commanding officers to call at police headquarters to exchange mutual compliments and make arrangements for the good behavior of their regiment while in town, and then to march out to Waikiki and march them "mother naked" into a few inches of water, in plain sight of suburban householders. It is more than embarrassing to be driving along the Waikiki road in the afternoon and at a sudden bend to bring one's mother, wife, sister or sweetheart, as the case may be, into practically the midst of a horde of naked men. Some few, very few, have had the decency to retain their under drawers, the others form a belt of nudity that shuts off the women and children of Kapiolani Park from intercourse with the outer world during the afternoon. The bath is not a necessity, the men by the regulations being forced to take regular showers on board the transports. It is to be trusted that the photographs taken and forwarded to the Government will have their effect.

MR. THOMAS RAIN WALKER as president of the Chamber of Commerce made some interesting remarks at the dinner given to the Hon. W. O. Smith on Thursday anent the growth of Hawaii in the last fifty years. An increase in sugar output from 12,500 to 280,000 tons, an export trade of \$1,000,000 now over ten times the amount and the great increase in inter-island traffic were some of the noteworthy statistics mentioned.

DR. POSEY.

Specialist for Eye, Ear, Throat and Nose diseases and Catarrh. Masonic Temple.

Echoes of Religious Thought.

BY W. K. AZBILL.

"The Larger Hope."

The Rev. Wm. Kincaid read a thoughtful paper of literary merit before the Ministerial Union last Monday morning, on Tennyson's idea of Christianity, in which the fact was brought out that the poet was one of those who indulge "the larger hope" of the final redemption and happiness of all our race.

We would not presume to say that the poet did not hold the views which the learned gentleman attributes to him; but we hardly think his inferences are always justified by the citations he gives. For instance, this:

You recall that little poem where the king comes to the nunnery in which the guilty Queen has found an asylum, and he speaks to her of her sin, but he does not leave her helpless and hopeless, He says:

"Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,
And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ,"

We speak often of Christ as a brother, a Friend, a Savior, a Redeemer, but seldom if ever, as a Father: and it is a pity. For in Isaiah we read, "This is the name by which he shall be called, Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father," and the far seeing eye of our poet has marked the word and seen its fitness of application, and so he puts it into the mouth of the king:

"And so thou lean on our fair Father Christ,
Hereafter in that world where all are pure,
We too may meet before high God," etc.

How could we bear the grinding oppression for that burden called sin, unless we had some ray of hope, that the time will come when by the power of the mercy of a living, loving God, a God as Tennyson says who lives and loves and moves, there shall be one grand event, a splendid consummation, where sin's burden shall be rolled away forever and hid absolutely in the absolute mercy of an ever-living God. You cannot read this poetry without noticing with what tenderness he always brings help to the helpless, light to the darkened, redemption to the sinner.

We have given the lines and the remarks of Mr. Kincaid in full, to do him justice. It is enough to say that the apparent meaning of the lines is, that the guilty Queen should, by leaning on the "fair Father Christ" during this life, prepare to meet the King, her husband, in the next world.

Whatever may be the truth as to this, the larger charity of those who indulge "the larger hope" is creditable to their hearts; but we, in the exercise of the like charity, must allow that they forget to consult their better judgment. The deeper one sinks into the slums of White Chapel, for instance, the less are his chances of restoration from them, partly because restraining influences and redemptive forces grow less and less as he goes deeper and deeper, and partly because his own sensibilities are blunted and he becomes less and less disposed to avail himself of any help in reach. If we think of a community of beings who have been banished from good society solely for despising its excellencies, whose only sentiment in common is this disregard of all that makes good society good, what ground of hope shall we find in this community that its members will work a reformation among themselves? We

can not suppose that Heaven, out of pure charity, will recall such beings back into good society without reformation on their part—not if Heaven feels kindly towards good society.

In our times there appears to be a great rush of people toward hades with hopes, both larger and smaller, of being able to escape, even stowaways on ships of state and of commerce, as well as ships of pleasure; but the chances of return are too uncertain for the really prudent to risk a step in that direction.

But the truly larger hope is, that all the world of living men may ultimately be persuaded to embrace the right for its own sake and to live for good in the present life; and the poets who sing and the preachers who persuade men with this consummation in view are most deserving of the world's gratitude.

Churchianity vs. Christianity.

Edward Everett Hale, at the recent Unitarian Conference in Washington, D. C., in the course of remarks on the lack of freedom in the Presbyterian Church, said:

"I once asked an eminent Presbyterian clergyman a question. I said to him: 'Now suppose a young graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Medical School should go with letters of introduction to Wilkesbarre, Pa., hang out his shingle and not take a sitting in the Presbyterian church there wouldn't he starve within less than two years?' And my friend said: 'Well, Dr. Hale, I'm sorry you mentioned Wilkesbarre, but I think you are right. He would starve to a certainty.' Now, that's only one instance which is true throughout the country."

Possibly the denominations, taking a narrow view of the Apostle's words, "Do good unto all men, especially to those who are of the household of faith," justify what Dr. Hale complains of. But, fairly interpreted, the teachings of Christ and his Apostles furnish no justification for partisan preferences of the sort intimated. "Those who are of the household of faith," (that is, faith in Christ, not faith in human dogmas), are to be found in all the denominations, and the tendency is now strongly toward a general recognition of this fact. Yet, no doubt, there is ground for the complaint in some places.

A story has gone the rounds in Honolulu that a business man who came to this city and began business without taking sittings in any church, surprised his friends one fine Sunday by taking membership with the leading congregation. On Monday, so the story runs, a friend reminded him of his assertion that he did not intend to connect himself with any church in Honolulu, to which he replied: "I found that I could not get on here without being a member of that d—d Church."

Whether the story is true or not, it must have originated with a sentiment which had its rise in a state of facts. And whether the facts in the case are creditable to the phase

of Christianity we have here or not, certain it is that the motives of those who take sittings in churches in order to get on in the world, is as deserving of severe condemnation as the partiality of denouciationalists for those of their own creeds.

But, to return to Dr. Hale, his idea is that "we must speak as children of God to children of God. We must not only discredit doctrine, but also discredit ecclesiastical machinery."

In the spirit of the candor he suggests we would say, we must discredit human dogmas, and "contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints;" we must discredit the "ecclesiastical machinery" which has been invented since New Testament times, but hold on to the appointments and ordinances authorized by Christ himself.

Ignorance and Criticism.

There is a great deal of ignorance, inexcusable, if not willful, in the numberless criticisms of the Bible, and in the endless comments on the teachings of Christ and his Apostles, appearing in the periodicals of the day. Here is a sample. A prominent Unitarian preacher, Rev. E. M. Wheelock, writing on "the seat of authority in religion," after saying that all religious wars come about through an insistence upon some intellectual belief supposed to have been revealed by divine authority, remarks that Jesus "never commanded any one to believe any formal proposition about himself."

Jesus said to Nicodemus, (John 3:16-19),—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that *whosoever believeth in him* should not perish, but have everlasting life; for God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him [Jesus Christ] is not condemned; but he that *believeth not is condemned* already, because he hath *not believed* in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

Again in John 14:1, he said "Ye believe in God, *believe also in me.*"

It would be easy to multiply proofs that Jesus required all his followers to believe that he is the Christ, the Son of God. It is further evident from the foregoing quotations that, according to the ideas of Jesus, intellectual enlightenment and right thinking are indispensable preparations for right feeling and right doing. Men must come to the light. They must believe the truth about himself, that he is the Christ, the Son of God. He condemn them for failure in this intellectual preparation.

But these facts are cited as an illustration of the bold, unwarranted statements which so-called critics are making everywhere and all the time, and which too many people are ready to accept without question to the undermining of their faith in and their respect for the religion of Christ.

Misinterpretation of Motive.

Justice Hawkins was on one occasion presiding over a case in which the plaintiff was giving evidence against a man who had stolen a pair of trousers from his shop.

"How much were the trousers?" queried Hawkins. "Well" replied the plaintiff, "it depends who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for thirty shillings, to another one for twenty-five, but you can have them for twenty-three and six." "Sir!" cried Hawkins, angrily; "I want you to tell me how much those trousers are worth." "Well," replied the plaintiff, "shall we say twenty-two shillings for you?" "Look here," thundered Hawkins, "if you do not instantly tell me what those trousers are worth I'll send you to jail for fourteen days for contempt of court." "Well, well," replied the frightened plaintiff, conciliatingly, "you may have them for a guinea. I'm giving them away; you may have them at that price."

Even the stern aspect of Justice Hawkins could not stop the roar of laughter which broke out on hearing the reply, a roar in which Hawkins joined himself.

Japanese Wrestlers.

Although the American is willing to concede to the Japanese the possession of a mental capacity almost if not quite equaling that of the majority of white races, he is apt to form a somewhat slighting opinion of him as viewed from a physical standpoint. The specimens met with in this country do not tend to convey a favorable impression of their athletic powers. After, however, reading an account of the physical measurements of some of the most prominent Japanese wrestlers, a more respectful attitude regarding the muscular development of these little men will probably be taken. The Jiji Shimpo has recently published a table giving the measurements of six of the foremost Japanese fighters. From this table it is gathered that the most bulky of these modern gladiators weighs at the age of twenty-two years about 300 pounds; height, 5½ feet; girth of chest, 58 inches; lung capacity, 4,450 cubic centimetres; upper arm, 18 inches. Another one weighs over 280 pounds; height, 6 feet 5 inches; girth of chest, 48 inches; lung capacity, 6,000 cubic centimetres; upper arm, 16 inches. The smallest of these fighting men weighs more than 200 pounds, measures in height 5 feet 7 inches, while in lung capacity he exceeds them all. There are few wrestlers or pugilists in this or any country who attain to these dimensions, and those who have seen some of the best exponents of Japanese wrestling are willing to back them when pitted against the pick of the European or American experts, as it is said that they are as skillful as they are powerful.—*Medical Record.*

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A Bismark Anecdote.

One day a young Swede, a student at the University of Berlin, received a letter from his uncle saying that his daughter, the young man's cousin, would stop in Berlin for a few days on her way to Ems, and would he kindly meet her and show her the city. The mail coach arrived, and with it the young lady, who found a fine looking young fellow with a vivid boutonniere awaiting her arrival. He accompanied her to the hotel. The following morning he called and took her driving in an elegant brougham. These attentions continued during the three days of her visit.

The lady appeared overjoyed at the gallantry of this cousin, whom she had never met before. On the day of her departure, while assisting her into the mail coach, the young man said: "I cannot let you depart without making a confession." The lady blushed and dropped her eyes. "I must tell you that I am not your cousin. Your cousin is a friend of mine. He had no time to accompany you, having to cram for his examinations, so he bade me take his place." "In Heaven's name who are you then?" cried the lady. The young man handed her his card. The postilion blew his trumpet, the mail coach rolled away, as the young lady read this name on the card, "Otto von Bismark."

Owners of the Shamrock.

Young Lipton went to London with a borrowed capital of about \$500. He rented a small shop, spent one-half of this sum in purchasing a stock of tea—getting it cheap for cash, and the other half he put in a separate box to be used entirely and exclusively for advertising. That was the time when the \$10,000 per-day advertising houses were an unknown proposition, so that is it not surprising that Lipton's friends shook their heads at his scheme. But the scheme worked to perfection. Marking his goods at the very lowest figures—which were lower than other tea merchants, for it was not customary at that time for merchants to pay cash for their stock—Lipton got ready for his advertising. He bought two of the fattest hogs that could be found anywhere in London, had them carefully scraped and cleaned, tied pink ribbons around their necks, and sent them waddling through the crowded streets, each led by a man dressed in pink, and having between them another man carrying a banner upon which were inscribed the words "We are going to Lipton's pink tea. Come along yourself!" Of course the shop was crowded within an hour. The low prices caught the peoples' fancy, too, and business became so brisk that instead of serving behind the counter as he originally intended for about a year, anyway, Lipton was compelled to employ a dozen clerks to do that work while he attended exclusively to the getting out of new advertising dodges. —*Home Magazine.*

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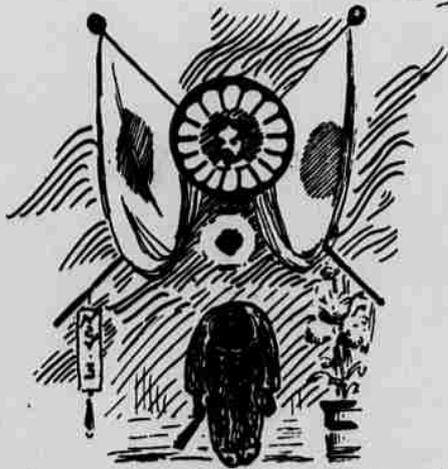
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