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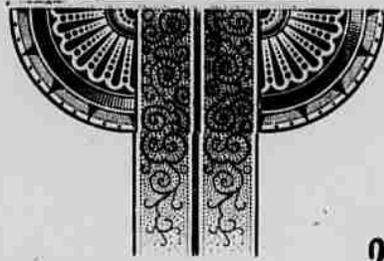
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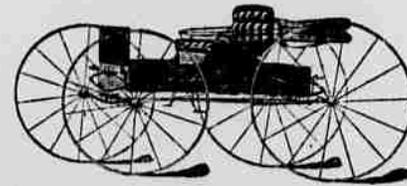
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## CHRISTMAS TIDE.

Its Influence on Christendom.

[BY FRANKLIN AUSTIN.]

"Suffer little children to come unto me."

**I**N the joyous gladness of the Christmastide do we pause to reflect upon the significance of the day we celebrate—its mighty influence upon modern civilization? What a factor the observance of the custom has been in infusing into the social fabric a wholesome moral stamina?

Mighty is the influence of an education that begins with the cradle and is annually punctuated until "lean and slippered old age with sans teeth, sans everything" slips into the oblivion of the grave. The "puking" infant in its mother's arms receives its first impression of Christmas in the shape of a guttapercha rattle to chew upon, with toothless gums, for a year until Christmas day again comes around; then a toy is received to be torn to pieces by its sturdy, chubby little hands; and so on as the cycle of each year revolves to Christmas day, and Santa Claus comes down from skies in his chariot of six to shower more heaven-sent gifts upon all good little boys and girls. When the infant mind, which is receptive only of simple impressions, gives place to childhood's absorption of ideas and later the reflective period, the ever-recurring annual festival is explained by the story of the birth in the manger, heralded to the shepherds by a chorus of the angelic hosts, and to the people by the wise men of the East who had followed the Star of Bethlehem until it stood still indicating the birth-place of the God child they had come to worship.

When young life blossoms into youth and maidenhood, and the truth dawns that Santa Claus is a myth, the moral of the illusion is not lost, for, then, to the maturer mind, Santa Claus dispensing heaven-sent gifts free handed, becomes symbolic of a Savior, the soul of the universe in human form, dispensing salvation to all who will accept the gift. Young manhood and young womanhood refrain from

disillusionizing their younger brothers and sisters that they too may, in their turn in good time, come to the glad realization of the higher truth.

Manhood and womanhood bring the higher responsibilities of life. Business vicissitudes, marriage, the establishment of a home and all the little trials incident upon wearing off the sharp corners in the characters of man and woman until two souls are welded in the higher love of perfect conjugal bliss. Yet through it all, with each recurring year, trials and vicissitudes are forgotten in the joy and gladness of the family reunion at Christmastide. Soon a brand new family springs up around the new made hearthstone. God has caused a special Christmas tree to grow for this new family circle and Santa Claus adds to his store of gifts as he counts the new noses. How the mother's heart beats as she watches the excitement of her little ones as they receive the gifts from the tree handed out by a brand new Santa Claus with an artificial, deep toned voice. All the pangs of motherhood, all the trials these babes have caused are as naught in this supreme moment. These babes are her God-given gifts. Her memory goes back to her own childhood when she hugged a new dolly to her tiny breast in the first budding instinct of motherhood.

Sedate, dignified papa's eyes dilate as he watches his sturdy little son shouting and running about the room with a miniature train of cars. Dignity to the winds! The train of cars has gone off the track and there is a smash-up. He is on his knees in an instant to straighten it out for the child and stop his welling tears. Perhaps this hard working business man has approached Christmas day discouraged and heavy hearted. He has to face his creditors before the new year. But it is all forgotten now. The Christ-soul that permeates—leavens—all society at Christmastide has got hold of him. He goes forth on the morrow girding on the armor of renewed courage to battle with the cold world. He must win—for the sake of these babes. He does win.

It is not only in the ever-evolving family circles that the Christmas festival wields its influence for good. The life of Christ humanized a terrible and awe-inspiring religion. The sermon on the mount breathes the soul philosophy of all humanity. It etherealizes love and makes it an attribute of the soul—enthuses the emotions to an abiding affection for one another and humanity. The annual commemoration of the birth of Christ permeates and leavens society with

His soul philosophy. Its influence reaches up to the mansions of the rich; it gladdens the hearthstone of the poor; it brings a ray of hope to those compelled by adverse circumstances to live in squalor—even to the outcast of society, as she sits in the gilded palaces of sin Christmas day brings back the memory of a happy childhood and the first doll. Repentant tears chase each other down her painted cheek prematurely furrowed by dissipation. The repentance may be only transitory; but are not these good thoughts recorded in heaven to the credit of one who has, perhaps, been more sinned against than sinning? I like to think so. Even the criminal in his cell, as Christmas day comes around, has a momentary pang of regret as his memory recalls a happy childhood and the joys of Christmastide.

The influence of Christmas at last converted "Scrouge, whose name was good on change for any amount he chose to put his name to," to a sentiment of humanity and a whole-



Whereupon, over the punch and cigars, he related a series of startling adventures relating to the prowess of Otto Von Stauffenberg, the robber baron who built the castle and terrorized the surrounding country.

"Well, my boy," he exclaimed as we arose at last from our chairs—I will admit a little unsteadily—"tonight you will have the honor of sleeping in the guest chamber. It is a tradition of the family, that none but the host, should accompany the guest to his quarters; so if you will follow me, I will see that everything is prepared."

I assured him I esteemed it a great honor and furthermore, that he was a most excellent successor to the defunct Stauffenbergs. This sentiment was pledged in a final cup of punch. Whereupon the general seized a silver candlestick and arm in arm we ascended a spiral staircase that led to the portrait gallery. After fumbling a minute or two in his pockets, he produced a key. With the aid of our united efforts, it did its duty and the great oaken door studded with brass nails, swung slowly inwards.

By the light of the moon, which streamed through the narrow windows, and shone on the polished floor, I discerned suits of armor set up in niches in the walls, between each of which, hung a full length portrait of knight or lady. "And this," said the general, swinging the candle recklessly over his head, "is the gentleman we have been talking about." He pointed to a projecting ledge above the door by which we had entered, sustaining a wooden horse bearing a suit of the heavy plated armor of the 14th century. A huge cross-handled sword, hung from the knightly belt.

some consideration of his fellow men. Greed had choked up all the avenues to his heart and destroyed all human emotions. He lived alone without the softening influence of love or the joyous sound of children's voices, yet at last the Christ-soul that is everywhere at Christmas time found him out. He was a boy again. His miserly purse-strings were cut and the hoarded gold flowed forth to load Santa Claus down with gifts for the poor. He ate Christmas dinner with his nephew's family, and actually laughed for joy. There are many Scrouges in the world, but all in good time the influence of Christmastide will restore them to human sympathy. The child will eventually control the man.

"Suffer little children to come unto me" was the mandate of the Master. Through the beautiful Christmas custom and the illusion of Santa Claus the mandate is being obeyed. Through the gladsome recollections of childhood of glorious Christmastide, humanity is made permanently better and the moral stamina of society is invigorated throughout all Christendom.

"He has a contoundedly life-like appearance," I remarked.

"Requiescat in pace," replied the general.

"His sins ought to be forgiven him by this time."

We passed through an arch into a vestibule. The general pulled aside a fold of tapestry, revealing a four-posted bedstead in the center of a huge square room. Having ascertained that I lacked nothing necessary to comfort, he bade me good night; laughingly suggested that I should remember my dreams, assured me he would call me himself in the morning and disappeared through the tapestry.

I am not especially nervous nor a coward physically, but I confess as I heard my host close the door of the portrait gallery—which came to with a rasping resentful groan—and turn the key in the lock, a feeling of depression came over me that was not alleviated, when I noticed that a Mephistophilean looking gentleman in doublet and hose, was gazing at me in a coldly critical manner from a canvas on the opposite wall.

"Well, here goes," I said as I blew out the candle and plunged into the cavern-like recesses of the bed.

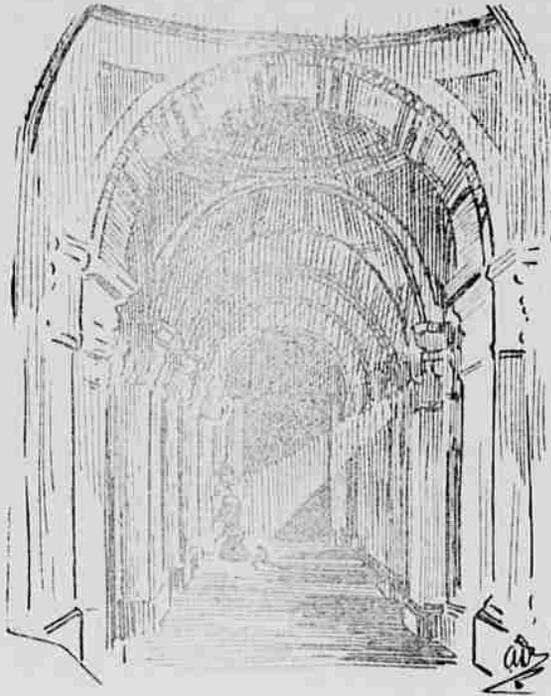
For a few minutes the room appeared to revolve in a most bewildering manner. The punch was strong and I had undoubtedly drunk deeper than I was aware. I soon, however, lapsed into that state of half consciousness when confused thoughts flit through the brain so rapidly as to defy recognition or analysis. In fact I must have fallen asleep, but I was aroused with a start by a voice, the nature of which I could not define.

"That infernal punch," I muttered, as I turned over and settled the clothes around me. I was rapidly dozing off again, when once more, a sharp noise as of iron ringing on stone or some hard substance, caused me to start up in bed as though propelled by a hidden spring. Sleep was now out of the question. I listened with every nerve strung to the keenest tension.

Again the metallic clash of iron, followed this time, by heavy reverberating footsteps. I felt that anything was better than a suspense, terrifying in its intensity and jumping out of bed, struck a match, lit the candle, pulled on some clothing, and with my heart in my mouth, thrust aside the tapestry. Fearfully I entered the long portrait gallery, holding the candle at arm's length in an effort to penetrate the remote recesses of the room. For a moment or two I could not discover anything out of the way, and with a sigh of relief was about to return to the bed chamber; reflecting that a lively imagination stimulated by the punch and the general's stories, was the cause of my fright; when, chancing to glance at a suit of armor, I was startled to observe that its position was changed. Instead of standing, it now sat on the edge of the niche, with one leg crossed over the other! Hurriedly I ran my eye down the row of figures and was horrified to discover that all had changed positions. One held a gauntlet to the closed visor as though in

the act of smothering a sepulchral yawn; another leaned forward with both arms resting in the handle of its sword; a third stood with arms akimbo.

But the climax was reached when I discovered at the end of the gallery, an object crouching on the floor. Shivering with fright, but drawn



by uncontrollable curiosity, I approached. The moon at this moment came out from behind a cloud and shone full on a figure in armor kneeling by a window; one arm rested on the sill, supporting the heavy casque. From behind the bars of the closed visor, I fancied ghastly eyes were gazing meditatively down into the valley of the Rhine!

I held the light aloft. Above the door stood the horse of Otto Von Stauffenberg—but riderless! With a yell I dashed the candle to the floor, rushed down the gallery and burst through the tapestry. I tore open a window and noticing that thick ivy ran up the buttresses I grasped a handful, threw myself out and clinging to the ivy, reached the ground in safety. I ran down the hill and did not stop until I found myself in my room in the "Stauffenberg Arms." Exhausted, I sank upon the bed and almost immediately, fell into a deep sleep.

The sun was beating full in my face through the little latticed window, when I awoke. To my amazement in consulting my watch I found it was noon. Suddenly the events of the previous night flashed on my mind. I had just concluded I had been the victim of nightmare, when General Werner entered the room—the door being open.

I told my story. The general laughed loud and long. "The punch my boy. I felt it myself," he added.

I was nettled by his skepticism and told him I would prove the truth of my statement.

"Come up and lunch with me then; my carriage is at the door," he said. I thanked him and in a few minutes, once more found myself in the great banquetting hall—dumb even at midday.

After a hearty meal, we again ascended the spiral staircase. The general unlocked the door and quivering with excitement, I reentered the portrait gallery. A bright object glittered on the floor. I ran forward and picked up the silver candlestick.

"So!" growled the general, pulling at his grizzled moustache. "But where is Von Stauffenberg? Ah, sir, I salute you!" and he raised his

cap as he pointed to the figure in armor seated on the wooden horse.

"Ah; but general you surely remember how the right gauntlet rested on the sword hilt, and now the arms are folded."

"My God! that is true," he said. Then after a pause—"Those boys, would they dare?—but no, I alone possess the key. Forgive me for laughing at you, my friend."

Thoughtfully we descended the staircase and passed out of the castle to the ramparts. As we sat on a gun carriage and smoked our cigars, the general promised me to thoroughly investigate the matter and let me know the result. He urged me to stay with him, but I replied; that much as I appreciated his hospitality, nothing in the world would induce me to spend another night in Castle Stauffenberg. Shortly after, I took my leave.

Years passed by, I never heard from the general and the incidents of that extraordinary night, gradually faded from my memory. They were recalled with a shock, however, one morning in the winter of 189—when reading the "Times" as I sipped a cup of coffee in my chambers in Piccadilly, my eye caught the following paragraph:

"Sudden death of a well known officer—General Werner, a distinguished veteran of the Franco-German war, for many years commandant of the garrison at Castle Stauffenberg on the Rhine, was found by an attendant on the morning of Dec. 26, dead in the great portrait gallery of the castle. Investigation showed that he had occupied the bed in the ancient guest chamber, the previous night. This room opens out of the gallery, to which he alone possessed the key, and the physician who examined the body asserted positively, that there was no sign of foul play. Heart failure was supposed to be the cause of death, though General Werner had never been known to complain of any warning symptoms."

It will not interest the reader, to know the circumstances that led to my being in the vicinity of Stauffenberg on the Rhine, in the winter of 188—. Sufficient to say, that an artist prefers not to follow the beaten track of the multitude; or at least to choose a time when the high roads of travel are unfrequented, if compelled to traverse them.

That I should be eating my Christmas dinner in the great banquetting hall of Castle Stauffenberg as a guest of General Werner, commandant of the garrison, was, however, an occurrence out of the common and was as novel as unexpected. The previous afternoon, while ascending a zig-zag road cut out of the rocky cliff, on the summit of which stood the grim old quarters of the Barons Von Stauffenberg—a race now extinct—I had met the general accompanied by his orderly, on his way to the village post office, and to my surprise, recognized in him an officer I had known well during the German occupation of Paris, where I had the misfortune to be entrapped during the siege. The general seemed pleased at the chance meeting and insisted on my eating my Christmas dinner at the castle. I gladly consented, nothing loath to sit under "The Stauffenberg Arms"—the little inn at the foot of the hill, where I was the only guest.

The general was a good deal of a martinet. He chafed at the isolation of his position and its apparent insignificance, yet he preserved the strictest discipline and took his meals in solitary grandeur, rarely visiting the officers' mess. His sense of the dignity befitting his station, moreover induced him to eat in the banquetting hall of the Von Stauffenberg—a room so vast, that one spoke with a certain sense of awe, owing to a tendency in the remote corners, to produce an echo. The old fashioned chandeliers on the dining table too, utterly failed to light up the room, merely serving to accentuate the surrounding gloom.

However, a most substantial and well-served dinner, washed down by rare old Burgundy, dissipated a sense of the incongruous that the extraordinary surroundings induced. Hugo, the serving man, had removed the dishes, brought black coffee and cigars, and was in the act of brewing a punch for future consumption.

As I stretched my legs before the wide hearth and watched the wreaths of smoke curling up the chimney, followed by fitful spurts of

flame from the crackling pine logs blazing on the andirons, I fell into a reverie; from which I was at length aroused by a prodigious snort from the general, who awoke with a start from a nap that had lasted over an hour. He apologized profusely for his want of manners, regretting that

he had nothing in the way of entertainment to offer. I assured him that I had thoroughly enjoyed the evening and as for entertainment, if he would tell me something of the history of the castle and its founders, I would ask nothing better.



"It is hardly," said the Skipper, "what ye'd term a Christmas story, tho' it's a first rate ghost tale and Christmas, outside of Hallowe'en is the time for the spinning o' the supernatural yarn. It has the merit anyway o' being a personal experience and therefore a true story.

"It was a gude many years ago, not before I had any thoughts o' the sea, for my longing for that came in wi' my first introduction to Noah and strengthened with the acquaintance of Midshipman Easy and Tom Cringle; but it was before I ever expected to have my wishes realised.

"I was a great footba' player in those days, not the 'second down and three yards to gain,' game of today, but good old fashioned Scottish fooba'. We had regular matches between the townships every Saturday and this particular game was a verra important one, both on account o' the rivalry between the two teams and the fac' that there was a fair in town the same afternoon.

"Well, my sister was for going wi' me to see the match and watch me play, so we left our farm early in the afternoon and took the train to Ayrle, seven miles off, where was the fair and the match ground.

"The match had nothing to do wi' the story and to tell the truth I hardly remember the result, but after the game I, boy like, was anxious to see the freaks and wonders o' the fair. There was a learned pig, I recollect, and a fortune teller and a gude many other curiosities real and manufactured.

"Marion was anxious to get back home after the game; there was a red headed lang legged colt o' an engineer laddie was ca'ing round to the farm odd nights and she may have had some interest in that direction. I believe she married the man afterward.

"Anyway she started back on the train, the last one that day and I lingered round the learned pig and the mermaid, knowing there were plenty o' folks driving back in my direction.

"The teams had had a big supper after the match and I was not hungry so I hardly realised the time till, coming out from the learned pig for the third time, I saw most o' the crowd had gone and heard the chimes sound nine o'clock.

"It was a good seven miles home and though that was a sma' walk to us lads those days, I preferred a ride after the hard game we'd played and started off for the 'Lowland Piper' Inn, where I felt sure of finding some one going back. To my dissatisfaction McLeod, the innkeeper, told me that the folks had all gone home an hour ago.

"Then I'll have to walk," I said.

"Ye'll na be walking hame the night thro the spinney?"

"Why not, it's but seven miles?"

"It isn't the distance," broke in Janet, McLeod's wife. "Ye're forgetting old Menzies' ghost, laddie."

"I had forgotten Menzies' ghost. Old man Menzies was or used to be a farmer whose holding was on a bit of a howe that lay about midway home. He was murdered by gypsies or poachers one night and buried by the roadside, while many were the reports brought in by scared lads and frightened lassies of Menzies' spirit, both seen and heard in the neighborhood of his Lead stone.

"What do I care for old Menzies? said I defiantly, boy like.

"Ye shall na go hame alone," exclaimed Janet. "I'd send my man wi' ye, but he has to guard the inn against the fair folk. I'll send Daft Tammie wi' ye."

"Daft Tammie," as his name shows, was the idiot o' the village, a harmless laddie, and strange to say, seldom tormented by the boys.

"Tammie was an oracle on hares and pheasants; he could find blueberries and show you grouse eggs where no one supposed the existence of either. At casting the line or tying a fly he was our past master and many's the time I've seen Tammie wi' hand made cochybondhu or a gray gnat, pull trout after trout from the burn when the Glasgow tourists could find nothing larger for their baskets than a baggy mennon.

To tell the truth an "shame the dell," I was not sorry to have someone's company, though I was not worrying about Menzies, yet. Still it was a long walk and a lonesome.

"Here's Tammie," said Janet, "he'll go wi' ye and ye can keep him o'er night and bring him in the morn when ye come in to kirk."

Tammie grinned at me in recognition and after a mug of ale "to warm our cockles" and a "piece" to eat along the road, we started.

A full moon was rising and you could see the "checks on a stranger's plaid" fifty yards off. For two miles after leaving the town we went along merrily, singing a chanty at the tops of our voices.

"Tammie was a braw singer and I had a great lusty voice myself those days before I wore it out shouting at the crosstrees, and we made the welkin ring, I promise ye.

As we came to the lang spinney o' firs that lay before us, the moon, not yet over the tree tops, cast a deep shadow across the road. It looked gloomy enough no doubt and Tammie didn't find it to his mind.

"I'll gang na further wi' ye," he said.

"Why not?"

"Did ye hear that and see that?"

"That" was the hoot of an owl and the bird itself flitting across the path.

"It's only an owl."

"Only an owl! It's awfu' to meet an owl's warning at the start like this. Awfu'! I'd as soon meet a kelpie. And I kenned twa corbies on a stane this afternoon that's awfu' too. Come awa back laddies, I'll no gang wi' ye. Think o' Jock Menzies' ghost mon."

"Persuasion was useless.

"Tammie's mind, if weak, was stubborn. I didn't think of going back to be laughed at, and I worried little enough about the ghost. It came into my mind once or twice, actually, but I trudged on steadily, singing and whistling till Jock Menzies' memory was forcibly presented to me by seeing his white gravestone gleaming in the moonlight, as I turned the corner and came towards the howe where his farm, yet untenanted, lay in semi-ruin.

"The same owl or another hooted again and the echo came back through the frosty air.

"I stopped for a moment to listen and discovered how cold it was for the first time. 'Well, there's the grave and no ghost,' I said to myself and walked toward it, I suppose instinctively gripping my blackthorn stick a little closer.

"I kept my eyes fixed on the headstone as I came up to it and saw nothing supernatural until, while I was, I suppose fifty yards off, I noticed some tall birds that grew to one side of the mound suddenly disappear and at the same instant heard a sound between a howl and a moan coming distinctly from that direction.

"I stopped an instant and bearing nothing, went on a little closer and a little closer yet, then the grass waved, though there was no breeze and I thought I could make out a face amid it.

"I'm not superstitious, though I'm Scotch, and while I'm surprised now at my boyish hardihood, I went closer to the grave and there sure enough was, distinct in the moonlight, peering out from the weeds, an old man's face wif bald head and white whiskers round under his chin.

"I'd never seen Menzies, but I had no doubt I was looking on his disembodied spirit and I felt the hair raise under my tam o' shanter.

"Another groan made my knees knock together.

"Impelled by some unknown force, I approached the grave. There lay, stretched on the mound, the body of an elderly man, hatless and disgustingly drunk. It was Brown, a discharged soldier and a pensioner of the Squires.

"Ye drunken old booby," I cried, indignant at the fright he had given me. 'Get up and go home.'

"'Oh, lad! Is that you, Gordon mon? Hae another stoup wi' me!'

"As he only lived a short distance away, I left him to his whisky, after trying to rouse him to his senses, and the last I heard as I left the neighborhood of the howe was his cracked, drunken voice slinging:

"'Maggie ca' the coos back hame,

Sandy bring the milkin' pail.'

"It was only a scare, but if I had not so closely investigated the matter I should, without doubt have ever after had a genuine ghost story to tell. As it was it was clearly a case of spirits anyhow."



Dear Grace: I am an awful heathen for not writing you sooner. But such fun and such a place you never saw. I came over on the Australia the dearest ole beat and I wasn't a bit sick and most all of the passengers were and I had the most fun laughing at them. The old boat just rolled around fine and when we got to Honolulu why the band was out to meet us, fast think of that and they played dead swell.

Cousin Jack was down to the boat to meet me and take charge of me. He's just the same old Jack that he always was and he got me ashore and into a hack and we whizzed up town to the hotel. Heavens! but it was hot and I hadn't ambition enough to do anything to lay around and sleep for about three days. Finally Jack persuaded me to go out to the beach for a swim—out to Waikiki—I had to make several "kicks" before I could say it at all.

We got into a tram-car that looked like it had been running since sometime B. C. and they had two little bits of mules to pull it and it's a wonder they could pull it at all. On the way out I saw a real coconut tree. Do you remember the pictures we used to have in the books at school of the coconut trees and the monkeys throwing down the coconuts? Well, they look just like that, only different. And we saw rice growing. It grows like hay in a puddle of water and Jack like to have died laughing when I told him that I thought it grew on bushes—but really I had forgotten. It was a real cosy little beach where we went and I tore around there in a bathing suit and threw sand at Jack and disgraced myself awfully I am sure, if anyone was looking.

Jack was in a hurry to get back to the ranch. So in a few days we went down there in a funny little train. And there is where I met Harold—that sounds funny don't it, but I'll tell you all about it if you'll just wait. He was a newspaper man that Cousin Jack had met in town and invited out to spend a few weeks at the ranch. He had been wounded while reporting for the New York papers and had come over here to rest awhile and get well before going to Manila. The ranch house was up on a hill that overlooked the bay and it was such a fine

picturesque old place. Jack had a Chinaman for a cook and three Kanakas and one Portuguese, all cowboys. And they were real ones too and they looked just like the pictures in Puck only they were a great deal livelier.

Jack was gone all day sometimes and left Harold and I there to amuse ourselves the best we could, Harold was such a swell fellow and would think up all sorts of things for my entertainment. He said one day that he had discovered a rice mill and wanted me to go down and see it—that it was wonderful and so on. So we went down one morning through the rice fields to where a Chinaman had a little house and I kept looking for the mill, but I couldn't see anything that looked like one, but Harold told me that it was the little shanty. There was no stream and I wondered how the thing ran—I could hear a sort of noise in the place. So I went in and you would have died laughing if you could have seen that Chinaman jumping on a board and then jumping off again, and that was the rice mill. It was only a beam with a big stone tied on one end and when the fellow jumped off of the thing it dropped into a stone basin of rice.

There was a Portuguese cowboy on the place that used to murder the quiet of the evenings with the gasping convulsions of an accordion. And then Jack had one of those Regina music boxes that used to grind out machine like versions of Suwanee River and Old Black Joe. And the Jap was sure to start the thing every evening as soon as dinner was over. Then there were mosquitoes buzzing around and making life miserable and between these three things I think I would have gone mad if it hadn't been for Harold who would tell me all the blood-curdling tales he could think of and he always had a fresh one so it wasn't so bad after all.

Harold could ride a horse just like one of those cowboys, I never saw anyone like him in all my life. He and I nearly died for want of some excitement and so to get something going we gave a luau—translated means party or reception—for the natives and cowboys. So we told

them all about it and for them to get their friends to come. We got the Chinaman to roast a pig and to make an enormous lot of poi—a substance that looks like a bucket of old paste and tastes perfectly horrid. And when the time came, from miles around they arrived in all sorts of conveyances and on horses. The women all came in their wrappers—they didn't seem to think that anything else was necessary. They all sat down on the floor out on the verandah where the Chinaman had laid the spread when dinner time came and they all ate out of the same bowl with their fingers. After the meal was over they cleared the things away and had the place fixed for a dance.

Some of the natives had brought a guitar and the cowboy came with his gasping accordion and when the music started Harold and I had a long waltz to start the thing going. Oh! he is such a lovely dancer.

But I had heard so much about the hula dance that I was crazy to see the thing. Of course I didn't have any idea what the thing was like

pretty hotel and I got a dear little room in a cottage. We went to the theater and took drives and walks and anything to kill time. I met some lovely people and had a real lovely time that week.

The following Saturday was Christmas Eve and Harold came around early and took me to dinner to a popular restaurant and we had a very nice crowd of two. We laughed and joked so much over it that I was actually afraid the proprietor would speak to us. The waiter was a real Filipino and he spilled the soup and felt so bad about it that there were tears in his eyes. After dinner we went for a drive out along the beach road out towards Waikiki. The effect of the beautiful moonlight and the cool sea breeze rather sobered our hilarity of the early evening and we became more serious. Harold remarked as it was Christmas Eve Christmas presents were in order and he would like to present me with one. I began to wonder immediately what it was as I had not noticed any packages at all. And he made me promise to accept it before he



or I wouldn't have been so anxious to see it, especially with so many gentlemen around, the Hooche Kooche isn't in it with this one. I never was so embarrassed in all my life with Harold sitting right by me. I know my face got red but Harold never said a word and seemed very much interested in the thing and between you and me—I don't blame him. But I was glad when the thing was over and they were through screeching around.

It got tiresome after the thing was over. We decided, Harold and I, to spend Christmas in town. And so the next day we got everything ready and went in on the train. We went to the "Hawaiian," a very

offered it as it was a mere trifle, etc. So I did, mentally resolving to get back at him at the first opportunity. Then he had the audacity to inform me that the present in question was himself—that I made him love me and now I must suffer the consequences. Really I was floored completely. I remember I had a kind of lump in my throat and I couldn't say anything but the tears came in my eyes and I just kissed him. It was all I could do.

We haven't told Jack yet but I know he will be delighted. I'll tell you more next time. Write real suddenly. With love,

ETHEL.



### Christmas in the Tropics

It don't seem much like Christmas,  
 Here in these Southern seas,  
 With the land a dream of springtime,  
 An' the fruit upon the trees;  
 The birds are singin' sweetly,  
 The sun shines bright an' warm,  
 But I jes' can't think 'tis Christmas,  
 With no snow, nor ice, nor storm.  
 As long as I can reckon,  
 I've kept each Christmas Day,  
 Way back in Indianny,  
 In the good, old-fashioned way;  
 Oh how 'twould sometimes snow there!  
 By Gosh! how hard she'd freeze!  
 And now—well, this aint Christmas,  
 With this soft Pacific breeze,  
 Why we'd overcoats with collars,  
 That was made of beaver fur,  
 And out-doors without ear-muffs,  
 We wouldn't dare to stir;  
 And here they're wearin' clothin'

You can see through to the skin,  
 And they wish you "Merry Christmas!"  
 Lord! I jest can't take it in.  
 Then the skatin' an' the sleighin',  
 And frolics in the snow,  
 When with bob-sled an' a hay-rack,  
 A ridin' we would go;  
 An' the gals 'ud cuddle closer,  
 An' the boys 'ud lark and spoon,  
 Jest fancy actin' that a-way  
 Beneath a harvest moon.  
 An' yet I guess it's Christmas,  
 For the bells were loudly ringin',  
 An' I heard the little choir-boys,  
 The "Herald Angels" singin';  
 An' the preacher took the text I've heard  
 Again, an' yet again,  
 At Christmas seasons: "Peace on earth,  
 Good will toward all men."

HERBERT M. AYRES.



By Geo. Delanyham

Chinatown on Christmas eve has the outward semblance of any other part of the city, for heathen renunciation of the cult of Christ does not carry with it any prejudice against supplying Christians with such articles of pecuniary value as are deemed appropriate for gifts at this festal period. It is the levelling influence of trade, which knows no creed but faith in the dollar, that makes John Chinaman as merry at Christmas tide as his more enlightened fellow. He who has limited means with which to make many little hearts at home happy is tempted to go into Chinese stores to make his purchases. Hop Hai Kee's great, swinging sign has a line of Chinese characters which, translated freely into Anglo-Hawaiian, reads: "More cheap, more better"—a proverb whose principle is adhered to by many who go shopping in the Chinese quarter.

It was on Christmas eve that a middle-aged man dressed in

rough loosely fitting close accosted a Chinese hackman who was seated in his carriage calmly speculating on the chances of loads among the throng of passers-by on the street. The hackman, with that keen perception of character which a long practice of his calling had giving him, concluded that the man was a sailor, and asked him where he wanted to go.

"Do y u know where John Urquhart lives?" asked the stranger, getting into the hack.

"Yes, Palama; he my blother," replied the hackman, whipping up his horse and driving into King street.

"Your brother!" exclaimed the passenger.

"Yes, I mally wahine all same his wahine."

"I no sabe."

"One wahine he mally all same sister my wahine."

"O, I see, brother-in-law."

"All same blother."

"Yes, brother, that's right; ha, ha. You love your brother?"

"Sure."

"He got family?"

"Plenty. All go way for Clismas. He been stop home alone."

"Well, you take me to your brother just as quick as that Abdallah will let you."

The vehicle was soon out of the busy street and passing through suburban by-ways, bordered by the gardens, taro-patches and rice-fields of the ever-plodding Chinamen. A waning moon shed a glimmer of light over the landscape and a gentle, southerly breeze, scarcely ruffling leaf or flower, lent a warmth to the atmo-

phere that harmonized with the tropical aspect of the scene. After making many sharp turns and winding through some curious nooks the road suddenly terminated in front of a tall cottage, the verandah of which was enclosed by a lattice. The passenger had determined to discharge the hack here, but he wondered not a little how he would extricate himself alone from the labyrinth of alleys that ran in all directions through the neighborhood. He paid the hackman and, after seeing him drive away, noiselessly ascended the steps of the dwelling. Reaching the doorway, he stopped for a minute and looked across the verandah into a lighted room. A small lamp was burning on a table, beside which sat a man bent with years, poring over the pages of an account book. A high-post bedstead, covered with a mosquito net, stood in a corner, and there was little else in the room besides two or three chairs, a wash-stand and a profuse assortment of pictures on the walls. The floor was covered with matting.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Medstone!" shouted the stranger in a hearty tone as he walked into the room.

The old man relaxed his hold of the book, threw himself back in the chair and glared at the new comer. "What do you mean by this intrusion?" he asked in a tremulous voice.

"Just to pass the compliments of the season and have a little chat. Perhaps I should have addressed you by your stage name Mr. Urquhart. I'm only a sailor. I left New York last July in the ship Asia, bound for Hongkong. We put in here two weeks ago with kerosene and, seeing you on the street one day, I thought I recognized a very old acquaintance. Having a habit of quizzing I asked several parties about you and, though people generally are not inclined to be talkative to rough sailor men, I got a good deal of information. I asked one man if your name was Urquhart back in the States, and he said 'may be,' just like that. Then he told me you were an old kammy yammer, whatever that is, and that as long as folks behaved themselves here nobody cared what they were called in the States."

"You are an impertinent fellow, to say the least. If you don't leave my house at once I'll ring up the police."

"O, no, you wouldn't call the police. You know you have a mortal horror of anybody that has anything to do with enforcing law. Hear me out. Thirty years ago this night you strangled your wife on the sands of Little Nahant and—"

"Stop!" roared Urquhart, now pallid with emotion and fear. "What sort of rubbish are you talking of? I'll—"

"You discharged your coachman—who was my father—that very day in order to throw the crime on him. A very pretty strategy, Medstone! When your wife was found murdered and robbed of her jewels my poor old father, who, unfortunately, had been implicated in a previous affair of the kind, and you knew it, was arrested, tried and given a life term, only on circumstantial evidence. You testified against him, and because your family was somewhat higher in the social scale than ours, a credulous jury believed you and not him. I suspected at the time—and I afterwards had my suspicion confirmed—that you could have told the jury more than you cared to about the case. My father died in prison of a broken heart, but nevertheless your desire to get rid of a wife you didn't want was gratified."

This narrative, delivered rapidly and emphasized by a fierce, earnest expression on the face of the speaker, was not without its effect on the hearer, who, with countenance agape and his bony frame trembling from head to foot, but too plainly expressed a confession of guilt.

"I'm only Joe Copthorne," continued the sailor, "but I knew you when you brought your wife to that elegant house in Winthrop. You led a gay life and had money. You are just twice the age you were then, but I can see the pangs of remorse have put thirty years on top of your natural age, making you just ninety. When I started looking for you in different parts of the globe I expected to find a man appearing thirty years older than he really was and I was right. Why, you look older than Santa Claus. I

have it from an excellent source here in town—for I'm as good as a commercial agency when I start out—that you are worth \$150,000. Now, as only a modicum of this world's goods ever came my way, I propose that you divide your lot with me and I will give you a quit claim deed to all knowledge of that disagreeable affair on the sands of Little Nahant."

"Blood money!" gasped the culprit.

"No, gold money, sugar stock, houses and lots or any good thing that will set me up in business, for I'm tired of the sea."

"Not a cent, villain!" screamed Urquhart, now rendered desperate by the situation. "Tell your story to the world. Who'll believe the yarn of a roving sailor?"

Copthorne's brow darkened and a sinister look came into his eyes as he fastened his gaze on the feeble form of the being before him. He advanced a step or two and, clenching his fists, made a threatening gesture with a view of intimidating. The old man was no match for the stout, agile sailor, but, through sheer force of will, he determined to refuse his demands to the end. "Help! Help!" he shouted, the last word dying uncompleted on his lips, for Copthorne had seized him by the throat. Then something bright flashed above his head and in another second the sailor's sheath knife sank into his breast. As the point of the blade pierced the heart the body of the wretched man sprang convulsively forward, but the arm of the sailor quickly arrested the movement and forced the victim into the seat, where with eyes dilated, jaws relaxed and head thrown back old Charles Medstone was the very presentment of agonizing death.

Copthorne extinguished the light and stealthily departed from the house. "I didn't intend to go that far with the old bloke," he muttered to himself, "but he made me mad. Any way, he got two for one and, now he is over his long worry, it may be an all-round blessing that I stopped his speed."

At daybreak the Asia was towed out to sea and bore Joe Copthorne to a distant clime.

On the morning of the third day a Chinese banana vender entered Medstone's cottage and discovered in the chair by the table what the voracious vermin had left there—the murdered man's skeleton, clothed in the garments of the living. The knife, which had fallen to the floor, told of the tragedy.

Then the neighbors and friends of the man that had been known as John Urquhart buried the remains and extolled the deeds of the departed. There was an abiding conviction among them, however, borne out by the manner of his death, that in his early manhood John Urquhart had committed some moral transgression, atonement for which could be rendered only with his own life.



Country House of Minister Lansing.

(Photo by Hamra)

# Agricultural Development of the Hawaiian Islands.

(BY FRANKLIN AUSTIN.)

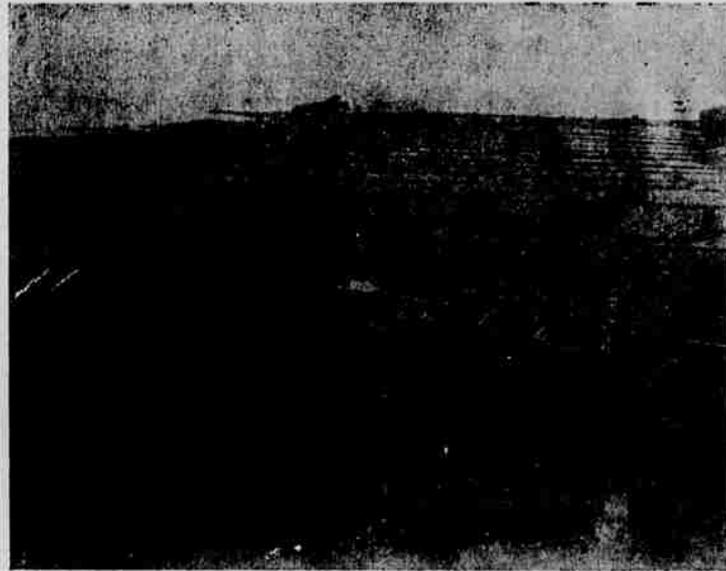
## INTRODUCTION.

It is proposed under the title "History of the Agricultural Development of the Hawaiian Islands," to prepare a carefully written work upon the history of the sugar industry and other agricultural resources of these Islands. Such a work has never before been undertaken with anything like the detail or faithfulness to facts that I propose in the present work. All sugar men with whom I have talked concerning the work, agree that such a book will prove to be exceedingly valuable if care is taken in the gathering of material and it is compiled in such a manner as to be of interest to the general public, as well as to those interested in the planting of sugar cane and manufacture of sugar. I shall take great care in the preparation of the work to avoid too much technicality, yet it will be sufficiently so to be of value to planters.

The history of every plantation in the Islands will be written. It is a matter of fact that no two sugar estates are alike, although their lands may adjoin each other. Conditions of soil and climate are likely to vary almost within a mile and the success of a plantation depends in a most extraordinary degree upon the good judgment of its manager. This is, to be sure, true of any business, but it is ten fold more a factor of success in the sugar business than in any other line of industrial work. So great a factor, indeed, is it that successful managers are paid extraordinarily large salaries, yet these salaries are in no way out of proportion to the enormous responsibilities that fall upon the shoulders of the head of a sugar plantation.

The sugar industry was first introduced in Hawaii by Chinamen in a very small and crude way upon lands which they were permitted to occupy for the purpose of sufrance of the chiefs, as early as 1830. But the industry received its first impetus and official recognition by Kamehameha III in 1835, when Koloa plantation was started on Kauai by Ladd & Co., who were at that time the largest trading concern in the Islands. Major Hooper, one of the partners in Ladd & Co., was the promoter and manager of the enterprise. As this was before the mahele (distribution of lands,) Ladd & Co. held tenure to the land only by concession of the King and the native laborers who were then serfs had to be hired from the chiefs in the vicinity. In his diary, a copy of which is in my possession, Major Hooper recounts the trials and tribulations

in the attempt to make the natives work. It was only after he hit upon the plan of treating them as freedmen and paying each man who did good work a real (12½ cents) a day, in addition to the stipulated sum paid the chiefs, that he was enabled to get a satisfactory day's work out of them. It was the experience he had with native labor at Koloa

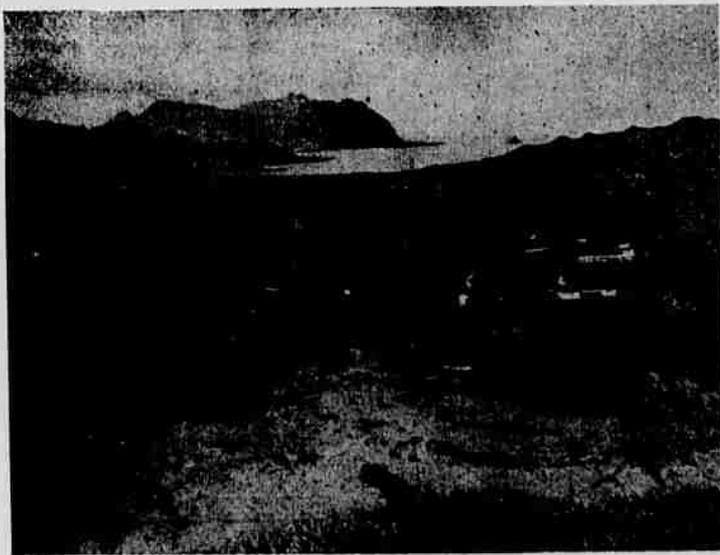


Rice Mill at Waiahole, property of Minister Lansing.

(Photo by Hanna.)

that prompted Major Hooper to urge upon Kamehameha III the wisdom of emancipating the serfs, which was effected in 1838.

The sugar industry received a very serious set back in 1843 through the failure of Ladd & Co., which was brought about by the repudiation by the government of the Belgian contract, which, by the way, was one



Ahuimanu Ranch and Dairy of Henry Macfarlane, Esq.

(Photo by Hanna.)



Rice field at Waiahole.

(Photo by Hanna.)

## ISLAND OF OAHU.

## CHAPTER I.

The island of Oahu, as, indeed, are all of the Hawaiian Islands, is replete with legendary lore, of tales of the exploits of chiefs of ye olden time; of the mysterious and marvelous deeds of Gods and Goddesses, all of which are of interest and tempt the writer to turn aside from the more serious work in hand to relate them. But these must await another time.

Of all the islands, Oahu ranks first in importance by reason of its being the seat of government since the federation of the Islands, at the beginning of the present century, by Kamehameha I, after his successful wars and the subjugation of all the chiefs claiming sovereignty over the various islands. Up to 1889 it was, industrially speaking, the least important, yet it is the most populous island, because Honolulu, the largest city of the group, is located there. In fact, until quite recently since the city of Hilo has become an important business rival, the entire shipping and commercial business of the Islands has been done by Honolulu.

Like all of the Islands of the group, Oahu is mountainous in the center, with broad acres of fertile land extending in gentle slopes to the sea. The lands at the sea level are to a large extent swampy, owing to the numerous springs at sea level. In old prehistoric times this land was used for the growing of taro, the native food which requires large quantities of water. The great extent of these ancient lo'i's (taro fields,) so graded that the water will run from one to the other to flood them or to drain them at will, is the most forcible evidence of the truth of the tales the Hawaiians tell of the great population the Islands once sustained, but which, owing to the terrible mortality of the sanguinary inter-island wars of Kamehameha I, and the epidemics and other evils introduced by civilization, has been reduced to a mere handful of people. During the last twenty years the areas that once yielded the sustenance for a large native population have been utilized for rice culture, which is now an important industry.

Up to ten years ago the sugar industry had not progressed to any great extent. The Waiaua, Waianae Plantations and the Halstedd



The Palisades, back of Ahuimanu.

(Ph to by Hanna.)

of the blackest chapters in Hawaiian history and had the effect of retarding industrial progress for the next fifteen years.

The sugar industry was not revived to any extent until late in the 50's and early 60's, when Capt. Meeke, at Upalakua, Maui, Capt. Ross and the Polcs on Kauai, Judge E. L. Austin and the Hitchcocks at Hilo, Father Bend at Keolu, Hawaii, the Baldwins, the Baileys and Campbell & Turton on Maui and many other early pioneers took up the business with varying success. But the latter day development in the sugar industry really dates from the signing of the reciprocity treaty in 1876. Co. Claus Spreckels in that year made his appearance in Hawaii and started large enterprises. His and the entry of Hawaiian sugars into the United States free of duty had a stimulating influence upon the industry, which has steadily increased until it is estimated that the crop of 1899 reached 288,000 tons of sugar.

The subject undertaken herewith is a very large and important one, and I must confess I approach it with diffidence. Yet I feel that few, if any, are better equipped for the work than myself, as I was born and brought up in the sugar business and in later life here received a careful training as a writer. I am familiar with the history and development of nearly all the plantations in the Islands and know the nature of the lands and the remarkable evolution in sugar machinery. I have also had the advantage of visiting many of the large sugar districts of the world. I am, therefore, impelled to take up this work, which seems to me of such importance, as much from a sense of duty as from motives of profit. But the work cannot be made successful except with the hearty co-operation of those interested in sugar. It is proposed to first publish the work in serial form in the quarterly magazine editions of AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY, then revise the work for publication in book form. This will give those interested an opportunity to criticize the subject matter and correct any errors made, prior to final publication. It is hoped that all kamaainas noting such errors will take the trouble to write a letter pointing them out, that the book may be as authentic as possible. The book will be profusely decorated with artistic up-to-date illustrations from all parts of the Islands.

THE AUTHOR.



Dr. Aveland.

—See Page 11.

place at Waihalua were the only sugar estates on the island. But since the construction of the Oahu Railway and the introduction of irrigation by pumping from wells at the sea level large areas have been brought under cultivation and were heretofore waste land and there are still large areas awaiting development.

The Island of Oahu is about thirty-five miles long and varies from fifteen to twenty-five miles in width. It abounds in beautiful picturesque scenery. The magnificent palisades or cliffs on the north side of the island are unequalled for picturesque grandeur, and it is conceded that the view from the Fall, seven miles from Honolulu, is one of the most awe inspiring views that eye has looked upon.

The illustration of the old fashioned rice mill and the rice fields in the distance at Waiahole give a fair idea of the extent of some of the plantations. The place is owned by Mr. Lausing, Minister of the Interior, and comprises some three hundred acres under water, all ancient rights. Mr. Lausing occasionally retires here for the country air and to enjoy the cool breeze from the ocean. Many of the wealthy residents of Honolulu have country places on the other side of the Fall, where, in the summer it is not only more comfortable than in the city. They yield in clean rice from the mills one and three quarters ton to the acre, or about two-thirds the weight of paddy.

and sugar is also an important industry. At Kalia, Mr. Henry Mac-

imagined. The little colony nestles close up to the mountains at the head of a valley teeming with extensive rice farming that stretches away from the eye to the very sea. Back of the houses the mountains rise in precipitous palisades towering a thousand feet above one's head. Even the very precipice is covered with green moss, ferns and scrub vegetation while the tops are covered with a thick jungle. Down the face of the cliff at intervals, tiny waterfalls make silver streaks against the black rocks. It is one of those romantic spots where one could while away a lifetime and live in dreamland.

## PACIFIC GUANO & FERTILIZER WORKS.

### CHAPTER II.

The phenomenal increase in yields of sugar from the cane fields of the Island of Oahu as, indeed, has been the case throughout the islands, is directly traceable to scientific fertilizing. It is, therefore, pertinent at the very outset to give the reader a clear insight into the methods, preparation and application of fertilizers, especially as the pros and cons concerning proper methods of fertilization will be discussed, and the opinions of plantation managers relativ



farlane's large ranch is a model in every respect. The floors of the creamery were, when I was there, clean enough to eat one's breakfast. Kalia furnishes the city of Honolulu with a large proportion of its cream and the butter is superior to anything I have seen. When Mr. Macfarlane begins to supply the market with butter, as he hopes to do, it should easily win for itself a reputation which will command as high a price as the famous brands do in the United States.

The ranch at Kalia was started in 1850 by the Catholics as an industrial school and no more beautiful spot could have been selected for the purpose. About twelve years ago the school moved into the city and is now known as St. Louis College and the ranch passed into Mr. Macfarlane's hands.

The building site chosen is the most picturesque that could be

to this important factor in sugar growing given, throughout this work. In fact, there is no more important subject in relation to the sugar industry than that of fertilization.

Prior to ten years ago no fertilizers to speak of were used other than organic matter and even this was applied more or less experimentally without any scientific knowledge concerning the condition of the soil and its requirements. Bone meal was largely in use but in districts where there was little or no rain its action was too slow to be of benefit to the immediate crop and its future usefulness problematical. It was found necessary to apply fertilizers that would dissolve quickly and become directly available to the plant. It also soon became apparent to sugar

growers that more care should be taken to return to the soil the ingredients exhausted by the crop. Various preparations of fertilizers prepared in the United States were experimented with, but as these preparations were made without any knowledge of the analysis of Hawaiian soils they did not in all cases produce satisfactory results.

Such were the conditions in regard to fertilization when Dr. Averdam arrived in Honolulu in 1893. He came out from Hamburg for the purpose of investigating the Guano islands. Dr. Averdam has for many years held the very highest reputation in Europe as a chemist in the special line of fertilizers. For many years he was employed as the expert for the Chamber of Commerce in Hamburg. Hamburg is one of the largest manufacturing centers for fertilizers in the world and in the interest of its Chamber of Commerce, he has travelled in Africa, South America and in nearly every country of the world making scientific investigations.

After his return from the Guano islands Dr. Averdam became impressed with the necessity for scientific attention to the preparation of special fertilizers to meet the requirements of sugar planters. Dr. Averdam has had experience in the preparation of fertilizers for sugar countries extending over a period of twenty years. His investigations in the Guano islands lead him to the conclusion that guano properly treated and mixed with the proper sulphates, nitrates and other ingredients would meet all the necessities of sugar. As the islands are a part of the Hawaiian group, although removed from 500 to 1000 miles, Honolulu was the natural point for the manufacture of fertilizers for home consumption. He succeeded in interesting Messrs. Hackfeld & Co. in the enterprise and in 1894 work was begun upon the buildings of The Pacific Guano and Fertilizer works. Several of the guano islands were leased from the government and a gang of men shipped to the island of Laysan to establish a permanent camp. The guano is dug and shipped to Honolulu only during the summer months and stored in the great warehouses at the works. Six thousand tons are taken up every year. Owing to the distance from foreign market a very large and expensive stock has to be kept constantly on hand and a large working capital is necessary to conduct the business profitably.

The works are located very advantageously on the railroad about three miles from the city. The numerous buildings comprising the works make a very imposing appearance together with the long and commodious warehouses. The Oahu R. & L. Co. tracks are laid between the warehouses and also through the packing room so that all hauling is done away with and handling is reduced to a minimum. In the main building are the crushing works, dissolving works and great packing and store room. The tall buildings in the fore-ground of the accompanying illustrations are the acid works, having a capacity of 5000 tons of acid per annum. The guano is first crushed, then dissolved by the application of sulphuric acid; then potash salts and sulphate of ammonia are added in the desired quantities. The capacity of the works is 20,000 tons of prepared fertilizer per annum.

The plant foods in the fertilizer when thus prepared, are soluble in water and upon application to the soil are thoroughly and evenly distributed, which is impossible with insoluble manures. The plant foods are absorbed by the soil and are stored for the use of the plant during the whole period of its growth. The insoluble parts of the

fertilizers such as gypsum and considerable quantities of organic matter highly improve the mechanical condition of the soil also serving in a smaller measure as plant food. It is the solubility of the fertilizers turned out at these works that determine their value and all price.

At the outset Dr. Averdam was compelled to depend entirely upon his own experience and judgment in preparing soluble fertilizers but by the establishment of the experimental station, under the direction of Prof. Maxwell, he has received very material aid in determining the proportional distribution of the various ingredients in the fertilizers best suited to restore to the soil the elements exhausted by the growing of sugar cane. The ingredients most in use are guano as a basis, potash salts, and soda of ammonia, besides food and other organic matter.

The Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Works are conveniently located below the government road at Kalihi and the site comprises twenty acres. All the employees live on the premises in pretty cottages built by the company. Water is furnished from an artesian well which has a surface flow with about a ten foot head. Everything about the factory is substantially built and special thought has been given to provide every convenience.



The Mormon Settlement.

(Photo by Hanna.)

## THE LATTER DAY SAINTS' MISSION.

### CHAPTER III.

By all odds the most interesting thing one finds in travelling around the Island of Oahu is the self-supporting mission at Laie established by the Latter Day Saints in 1865. The Mormons first sent missionaries to these islands in 1850, shortly after their location in Utah. The first missionary was elder the Hon. George P. Cannon, father of United States Senator Cannon. The first mission was located at Kula, on Maui, but headquarters were removed to Laie, when that place was started in 1865.

Laie is situated on the north side of the island, occupying a very picturesque spot sloping to the sea from the pretty low lying foot-hills at the foot of the main range of mountains

that forms the back-bone of the island. On the high ground close under the hills are conspicuously situated the church, school house and the elder's home, of pretty modern architecture. Below on the lower slopes reaching to the sea are the numerous houses of the natives who make their homes at the mission and by the road is the ever-present Chinese store. Within the settlement and spreading over rising hillsides, in the back ground, are extensive fields of sugar cane that, at this time of the year, are in flower, and in the bright sunlight spread a silvery sheen over the hillsides. To the left the low and marshy lands are devoted to rice culture.

The native village gathered around the mission comprises about 300 inhabitants. In addition to this there are about 150 people of other nationalities, mostly Chinamen, who cultivate the rice fields. The school, which is maintained by the mission, has eighty native children enrolled. English is taught exclusively, although the Hawaiian language is used by the teachers as an aid in explaining ideas that are too complex to be elucidated in the limited knowledge of English possessed by the younger pupils. Services are held every Sunday at the church, with preaching in the native language by the elder.

All natives, whether converts to the faith or not, are invited to come to the settlement and make it their home. The heads of families are furnished a piece of land for building site and garden. If he signifies his intention of making it his permanent home there, the mission advances him enough money to build a house, and he is furnished work in the cane field at good wages out of which he is enabled to return the advances made on the instalment plan. By this method the people are held together and are not only brought under constant religious influences, but furnished steady labor for the cane fields, thus learning habits of industry. Kalo land is furnished each family at a nominal rental, so that each family has an opportunity of growing its own food, thus giving the head of the family an opportunity of saving the

wages earned as the fruits of his labor in the cane fields. All the work done is by free labor and, on this system, the colonization plan has proved an entire success.

The Latter Day Saints have churches and missions in every city, town and village in the islands, with a following of 6000 Hawaiians. These missions are supported mainly by the central church in Utah. There are also missions in New Zealand with a following of 7000. This is the largest mission in the Pacific. They also have missions at Samoa and Tahiti, with a following of 5000 each, as well as in Tonga, the Fijis and Gilbert Islands.

The parent church in Utah seems to be a great missionary organization, and every Mormon a member of a vast army of the church-militant to do battle against paganism and ignorance. Every man, whatever may be his calling, must be prepared when called upon to go to any part of the world and serve at least three years in missionary work. He is supposed to pay his own expenses to the place he is assigned and to serve without pay, receiving only transportation back to Utah when recalled. This duty falls mostly upon the young men who are anxious to go out, as the experience is an education, and broadens the mind. There are 2300 missionaries enrolled, and missionaries are maintained throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico, all through Europe, in Palestine and Greenland, besides in the Pacific.

The settlement at Laie was started as an experiment to test the practical and industrial side of mission work, to see whether missions could be established that would prove self-supporting. The experiment has proved in every way a complete success and, indeed, the methods employed are well worthy the attention of other missionary societies. If education, industrial training and religious teaching can be made to go hand in hand, much that is now impractical in missionary work is done away with, and the work of Christianizing and civilizing the benighted peoples of the world



Mormon Church Group.  
Photo by Hanna.

can be pushed with greater results, and at infinitely less expense. So impressed are the Latter Day Saints with the success here that they have purchased a great tract of land in Mexico, where the same colonizing plan is being undertaken. The same system has also been put into operation in Canada and in Palestine. There is also a Hawaiian colony in Utah working on the same principle as at Laie, while in Southern Utah this plan has succeeded with the Indians, where nothing else would hold them together.

Laie is now under the able management of elder Samuel E. Wooly, who first made a trip here in 1880 and served three years. His second visit was in 1895 and he has at his own request served longer than required, as he likes the work among Hawaiians. Mr. Wooly has also worked among the Hawaiians in the Utah settlement, making his entire service with Hawaiians alone about thirteen years. The assignment to Hawaii seems to be the most popular service. The presidents of the church, Lorenzo Snow, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, are all past Hawaiian missionaries. Polygamy is no longer practised either in Utah or in other countries. The first tenet of the church is obedience to existing law in any country in which they are operating both in this respect as in all others. Mr. Wooly has twenty assistants in the field.

I have been thus explicit in describing the methods at Laie, first because it is an instance of success from an industrial standpoint in dealing with free labor, and second because the experiment proves that missionary work can be

placed upon an eminently practical and self-supporting basis.

The Mormons at Laie have never availed themselves of the contract system and have not hesitated to make the natives advances for house building. Yet in an experience of over thirty years they have yet to record a single loss through dishonesty. The people live in peace, quiet and thrifty. Through the instrumentality of their labor the plantation at the Mission cultivates 500 acres of sugar cane and the average yield in sugar is about 100 tons annually, and from the increased area of young cane now under cultivation much larger yields are expected the next year and the year after. Irrigation is practised, the water being pumped to the higher levels by a Rydler pump. The success here with free labor on the colonization plan will perhaps serve as an indication of what may be done in the future by plantations in general after the contract system is abolished. The methods employed at Laie are well worthy of the attention of plantation owners.

From a missionary standpoint nothing can be more important. The missionaries of the Latter Day Saints are perhaps better fitted for carrying on this method of mission work than those of any other sect, because they are taken from the practical walks of life. They are not impractical preachers and priests although they are all expected to teach religion and preach. Nevertheless other religious sects would find it profitable to introduce the industrial colonizing plan into their missionary work.

*(To be continued in the Easter Edition.)*

## Local \* and \* General.

A new bridge is to be built across Nuuanu stream on King street.

Merchants report the busiest holiday season known in ten years.

Two rough drafts of a city charter for Honolulu are already extant.

The new street signs are easily defaced and the hoodlums are beginning to find it out.

Soldiers returning from Manila get high prices for Philippine souvenirs from Hawaiian collectors.

The sewer pump is to be constructed at Kakaako after the plans of one of the local architects.

E. O. Hall & Son have concluded not to build a five-story structure at the corner of Fort and King streets. A smaller building will do for Honolulu just now.

The prospectus of a new irrigation company at Kapahulu, Waikiki, is out. It is on the mutual benefit plan, and will doubtless be well supported.

The hottest number at the telephone exchange last Thursday evening was 390. Retail merchants were greatly annoyed by the failure of the electric illumination.

One electric transit line the public may be pretty sure of in the near future and that is the one to be constructed on Pacific Heights by Mr. Desky, who keeps his promises.

"A plague on your controversy," say the readers of the daily press to the doctors, in spectors, editors and anonymous writers who have been indulging in crimination and re-crimination during the past week.

Wm. Hākalaau, aged about 30, who has been the pressman of the Austin Publishing Co., for some time past, was taken ill suddenly on Wednesday of last week and died early Saturday morning.

There are thirteen Hawaiian youths attending Harvard College. They all keep well to the fore in the mental and athletic curriculum of the institution, and "Old Harvard" always boasts the best of everything.

Although the community have become considerably enlightened, during the last two weeks, in the scientific terms of medical analysis, one doctor has the good common sense to be plain when he talks to the laity. Instead of bacilli he says bugs.

Mrs. E. L. R. Riemenschneider, of Honolulu, and Mr. Wm Lambert were married in Riverside, Cal., on the 6th inst. They have taken up their residence in Los Angeles.

Those who have made so many unpleasant disclosures in darkest Honolulu should investigate the rest of the city between Beretania street and the water front, as they take such delight in sewage revelations. If they took a few rides on the night-blooming excavator after sun-down they would advise the Board of Health to make a contract with a lime quarry, and be mighty quick about it.

A Seattle gentleman proposes to construct a large salt water plunge bath somewhere on Beretania street, near Fort, if he can secure a location. The tank or reservoir would be 60 by 30 feet with a depth of water graded from six feet down to four. A constant change of water would be effected and the bath would accommodate twenty-five persons at a time. The morning and evening hours would be for men and the afternoons for women.

THE dear, old familiar case of Republic of Hawaii vs. Geo. Houghtailing will come up at the next term of the Circuit Court before a native jury. The defendant has the happy faculty of being able to look on the bright side of things. Through the many trying ordeals which he has passed he has never been wrought up to that high tension of anxiety which many persons feel when their fate for weal or woe rests with a traverse jury.

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HONOLULU, DECEMBER 25, 1899.

What the Congress of the United States will do is something no one dare predict. What it ought to do is quite another matter. It is certain at least that it will not enact legislation in the interest of Hawaii until after the holidays. Congress annexed Hawaii by joint resolution, and provided that Hawaiian laws not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States should continue to govern until an enabling act was passed. It gave the President power to appoint and remove any officers of the government and the general supervision over Hawaiian affairs, but it did not give him the power to set aside or make inoperative any of the Hawaiian laws not inconsistent with the constitution of the United States: yet one of the first acts of the President was the issuing of a peremptory injunction forbidding the local election of senators and representatives of the legislature, thus contrary to Hawaiian law which, by the Newlands resolution, was made to govern, cutting the people off from any representation in the affairs of government. In the first place this was un-American, and it certainly was not the intent of Congress to delegate a power to the President that would have this effect. In the second place the possibility of a delay in getting the requisite appropriations made next year has placed the local government in a very embarrassing position. Taxation continues and money is piling up in the treasury with no means of making it available for circulation in the channels it was intended for. By the end of this month there will be a balance in the treasury of nearly \$2,000,000, considerably more than half of which is probably surplus; yet, unless the enabling act is speedily passed by Congress, all public work must stop, school-houses close, and all branches of government must be crippled for want of money when there are more than ample funds in the treasury to meet all requirements. Doubtless President McKinley, in stopping Hawaiian elections, had an abiding faith that Congress would act promptly in Hawaiian affairs, but as no man can tell what Congress will do, leaving out of the question the constitutionality of his interference, Mr. McKinley did the people of Hawaii great injustice in placing them in a position that banishes the possibility of self government if Congress does not act.

The President's land proclamation, which sets aside the Hawaiian land laws and breaks every sale or lease made by the Hawaiian Government, which was authorized by the

Newlands resolution, is an arbitrary act that is not only unconstitutional, but works great injustice to innocent purchasers and retards business in producing a feeling of uncertainty in land titles. The United States annexed the Hawaiian Islands without the consent of the majority of the people of Hawaii, and if the islands are to be retained as an integral part of the United States it is the duty of manifestly Congress to immediately pass an enabling act which will give Hawaiians self-government or in some way curb the President's propensity for interfering with the operation of Hawaiian laws, which are good enough for any one.

It would be almost impossible for those living on the mainland, especially in the Eastern States, to realize what Christmas is like in the mid-Pacific. It is as balmy as June this Christmas morning with the birds chattering in the trees, and the warm sea-breeze fanning the cheek. The day has none of the conventional customs that surround Christmas in other lands, and to those born in the United States, Merry England or Europe, the day loses a large part of its charm. To those to the manor-born Christmas Day with the snow on the ground is a strange and unaccustomed sight. Yet even to them there is a charm in the snow and the swift sleigh-ride of winter, bundled up deep in furs—a delight the holiday does not possess here.

Imagine one coming into the house Christmas afternoon wiping the perspiration from his brow and complaining of the heat. Imagine the ladies sitting down to Christmas dinner in white muslin dresses and fanning themselves while the chit-chat goes around the table. Imagine the trees green with the bright bloom of early spring upon them, and driving up through avenues of palms as one drives to a friend's house to dinner and green lawns, with children in white frocks, playing on them. If people abroad can imagine all these things, and such an unconventional Christmas, a fair idea of the winter conditions in Hawaii may be realized.

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## LOCAL

There are fifty golfers in Honolulu, a number sufficient to form a flourishing club. Messrs. Lovekin and Adams take the lead in this invigorating pastime.

The case of W. C. J. Ottman against the Minister of the Interior to show cause why a light wine and beer license should not be granted to the plaintiff was before the Supreme Court last week, and now awaits the decision of the full bench.

THE Australia's new captain, a veteran of the civil war, has responded to the call for school-flag funds. Though long and favorably known in this port, he has signally made a good impression as commander of Old Reliable.

Owing to an unavoidable accident which destroyed the beautiful frontispiece on the colored cover and many of the most important halftone illustrations of this beautiful Christmas edition of AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY it was absolutely necessary to delay publication until Tuesday morning instead of Christmas morning as announced. Our art printing department have been compelled to work night and day, and through Christmas, to repair the injury. The WEEKLY, notwithstanding the accident, is in a position, although late, to offer the public the most artistic special edition ever published in Honolulu. All of the engravings, art work and printing was produced in this city by the AUSTIN PUBLISHING Co. plant.

MANILA is not without those sad incidents that sometimes come to the notice of the Honolulu public. The following item from the Manila *Freedom* tells a sorrowful story of a girl leper: "Seventeen-year-old Isidora Hernandez, an orphan, was taken from her home on Calle Isac Peral, Ermita, yesterday, and sent to Lazaretto as a leper. Isidora is a very pretty Filipino girl and, when taken before the Board of Health for examination, told a pitiful story. She related how she was left an orphan and uncared for, and that dreadful disease first made its appearance eight or ten years ago, and had made no headway until of late. During the last few months traces of the malady appeared on her face and attracted the attention of Capt. Crame, who caused her arrest."

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