

DEVOTED
TO THE
INTERESTS

AUSTIN'S

HAWAIIAN



WEEKLY

OF THE
PACIFIC

VOL. II.] Per Copy, 5 Cents.

HONOLULU, JANUARY 20, 1900.

Per Year, \$3.00. [No. 18.

Glimpses of Hawaii.



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BY
DAVEY



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There is a remedy for the plague: Stop Asiatic immigration immediately. It is a harsh measure, but severe evils require severe remedies. In this crisis the Board of Health has a greater power than even Congress. It can do anything but rule the elements. It can remove a family from one quarter to another and burn their dwelling. A body that does this can stop a pest-ship from coming into the harbor.

The Board of Health is doing splendidly, but it can advance a step farther in exercising its functions. It should decree that all communication with Japan and China must cease until those countries shall make themselves clean. It should order Japanese immigrants, with their belongings, back to their homes before they touch foot on Hawaii. No term of quarantine detention is sufficient to protect us. The germs of the plague lurk in the baggage and clothing of the Japanese for weeks and months after the people leave quarantine. That has been proved to our sorrow. The bubonic plague is the worst in the category of zymotic diseases; yellow fever, cholera and smallpox are angelic visitations beside it, for these have been fought and conquered. The bubonic plague is a monster that rarely fails to kill when it strikes. Let the Board of Health stop Asiatic immigration and it will deal a more telling blow at the root of the contagion than a whole city full of fires.

With the now almost universally accepted prospects of a Russo-Japanese war before us, it is of no little interest to speculate on the probable influences of the victory of either side upon Pacific commerce. Should Russia win, little effect would probably be made on the Open Door policy, at least as far as the United States are concerned. It would probably lead to some friction with

Great Britain, as regards her commercial interests; France, and possibly Germany, might be favored with concessions detrimental to England's mercantile power in the Far East; yet little interference would hardly be made with the free importation into China of American products.

Russia, immediately after the close of what will certainly be a bloody war, will not be anxious to embroil herself with so powerful a country as America; neither will our Government be backward in demanding free access to the China trade. We are valuable to Russia, too, in many ways. The white Czar is a good customer in our shops for locomotives, bridges and machinery.

It must also be remembered that Russia is not a commercial nation. The dignity of the merchant is a very little thing in the Czar's dominions; the merchant is very necessary, very respectable, but his claims to social distinction are entirely overlooked.

If the Bear wars with the "little brown man" it will be for national aggrandisement, for lust of conquest and more important reason yet: the securing of important sea ports on the Pacific ocean that will, with the completion of her trans-Siberian railroad, allow the Czar to mass armies, to give harbor and egress to ironclads and transports sufficient, so the White Czar thinks and hopes and dreams, to crown him not only Czar of all the Russias, but Sovereign Power of the World by right of the might of his iron hand.

It is doubtful, even with the Czar's hopes fully realized, whether the greater naval powers—Great Britain, Germany or ourselves—would feel that the might of the Bear was any serious menace to their prosperity. The man behind the gun is, after all, the backbone of a country's defensive and offensive power, as is the farmer that of our commercial prosperity. The "spirit of the whole" of our fighting men, for example, is so far beyond the demoralized personality of the unpracticed Russian man-of-war's man that the preponderance of power in the Pacific could easily be equalized by the American navy if it came to a case of force and arms. This, however, is hardly likely to occur, the point gained being apparently the fact that Russian conquest of the Korea and victory over Japan would not seriously interfere with American commerce in the Pacific.

On the other hand. Should the Japanese win? As shown in the editorial column of THE WEEKLY's last issue the Jap must colonise. The growing population, with their rapid development along the line of modern idea and invention far outstrips the area and resources of her territory. She fights for the possession of Korea not only in the light of her old enmity against Russia, but as an absolute necessity for her overflow.

Provided she wins the war and gains the Korea, will she be satisfied? It is highly improbable. For years the statesmen of Japan have had their eyes on China, on the enormous possibilities of her teeming population, her latent resources when coupled with Japanese vigor and intellectuality.

With travellers and those who have intimate dealings with the Japanese in his native land there has long been expressed the opinion that the "little brown man" would have to take the fall that lies ahead of Pride. The Japanese, once master of the Russians, would imagine themselves the fighting equal of any nation, a parity that does not by any means follow, and calmly appropriate the Chinese Empire for their own ends, shutting out the commerce of all competitors.

There may be no little truth in this supposition. The Japanese are, without doubt, fully aware of their own possibilities, but it is not improbable that the wisdom of her statesmen realizes the fact that she is yet in the kindergarten of Modern Lore and Advancement, and hesitate before she takes such a decisive step.

On several occasions when, for instance, the Japanese Government having purchased a warship and attempted to bring it home under entirely Japanese command, casualties and lack of practical experience, with many say, loss of head at critical moments, have resulted in their putting back to port.

The Jap is a natural sailor, possesses quick adaptability, and while he might whip the Russian navy he has not yet graduated. This fact, however, may be realized by the heads of the Japanese Government.

The feeling of the Japanese towards foreigners, however, is decidedly independent, if not aggressive. Growing complaints come from residential European and American merchants of discourtesy and rudeness on the public streets towards foreigners.

The Christian religion was lately tabooed in both governmental and private colleges endowed and maintained by missionaries.

This religious intolerance has been diplomatically remedied within the past month.

The issue seemingly stands thus, then, that under Russian control of Korea and the Northern Pacific the opportunities for American commerce would be greater than those under the reign of the little people from the Land of the Fan, or rather that under the latter head the suzerainty would be imagined by the Japanese, who would have to be taught a lesson by some Power that would not be probably be necessary if Russia gains the supremacy in the impending struggle.

At the citizens' meeting in the offices of the Board of Health, on Monday last, the editor of the **Is the City Quarantined?** WEEKLY took great pleasure in seconding the motion of Mr. Atherton that a general quarantine be established, by districts, throughout the city, in the hope of staying the progress of the plague. In seconding this motion the editor of the WEEKLY stated that he did not believe that the Board of Health should be criticised for errors in judgment in the past, but he thought that because of the spread of the plague to quarters outside of the quarantined section occupied by Asiatics, severe measures should be taken to stop the progress of the disease. The motion was carried by acclamation. In consequence, the Board of Health put the whole city under quarantine last Wednesday. Because the WEEKLY does not believe the Board of Health should be criticized for past errors, it does most decidedly believe it should be criticized and held to its duty in the future. Is its duty to the community being fulfilled?

The community do not care how much it costs to stamp out the plague as long as the object for which the money is

spent is properly administered. The cost of burning down whole blocks of houses, if necessary, for the public good and to save life will not be objected to by thoughtful people, even if it increases taxation. But the people do not want their money wasted. They will see that it is not if they can help it.

There is general dissatisfaction concerning the enforcing of the quarantine, and with good reason. Where the case on Punchbowl street was reported on Thursday, women and children in the neighborhood were permitted, under a natural panic to be sure, to depart, and their whereabouts in the city are not known. It is well known that the quarantine in Chinatown, even, has been a farce. Inspectors and guards are permitted to enter the infected district and then visit their families without changing their clothing. Is it any wonder the plague is spreading? The lives of innocent women and children are endangered by mismanagement, and not for the lack of money which is being lavishly spent.

The worst scandal to be laid at the door of the Board of Health is the Arlington quarantine. It is no quarantine at all as far as guests are concerned. They are permitted to go in and out and mingle with their friends as they choose. Yet a day and night guard of inspectors is maintained at a cost to the government of over fifty dollars a day for no other purpose than to prevent seven Mongolians from leaving the premises. Rather a high price to pay for the quarantine of seven Asiatics.

Supposing the Japanese woman in question is not a plague victim, on the other hand suppose she is. It is not a question whether she is or not. She is certainly pronounced a suspect. Are we to have a quarantine against Asiatic and natives that will not hold good with whites!

This is not a time for soft talk. It is time for action. There should be a business man at the head of affairs who will know how to use the brains of the medical profession to the best advantage, and that man should be chosen by the people and not appointed by the government.

In the choice of this man there should be no "slating." He must be a people's man.

This is said with all due respect to the medical profession who are doing all that men can do in their line; who, in their devotion to duty, are winning golden opinions, but they cannot do it all. Their work must be guided by hard-headed business, wisdom and discipline. The situation is pathetic. We are burning blocks of our fair city down to save the lives of our people. We must show the world that we can battle, with intelligence and vigor.

An article in the *Literary Digest* deals in an interesting manner on this subject, giving open columns to opposite views of the subject. The matter is an interesting one to Hawaiian readers.

Health in the Tropics. *The Friend of India*, Calcutta, thinks that microbes are not responsible for all the ills to which the human race is subject in the tropics—it points out the cases of fruits and vegetables imported from Europe which do well in the Australian climate, but never reach full maturity in India. The difference between the Australian horses and the miserable Indian specimens is also used as argument. It is their point that not the bacillus but something indigenous to the soil or clime creates these stunted conditions. On the other hand there is the fact that centenarians are much more frequently met with in tropical countries, in Guatemala for example 20 per cent of the population are between 40 and 100 years of age. Spain, in her hottest

provinces, has many more centenarians than Northern Europe.

The Tropics have one great benefit, the effects of more light or more sunshine. Acclimatisation is not a very hard matter if one is actually living for any lengthy period in tropical countries. So many are there for but a short time, they go then, tempted by the opportunities for money getting and expecting no lengthy stay are loath to give up the customary foods and mode of living. To them the tropics are unhealthy. Malaria is dangerous only to those addicted to the use of alcohol. The great majority of those who return from the tropical climates declaring them unhealthy are careless of the proper restriction in one way or another.

Of course the natives of such countries are proverbially the people of *manana* or *mahope* and without the energy or indeed the knowledge of the white, sanitary conditions soon become threatening sources of disease.

In aboriginal days if the natives of any tropical land found a camp growing unhealthy through these or other conditions they took up their spears and removed to a healthier spot while Nature gradually restored the vacated one to a normal condition. Now they are tied to the towns by necessity, but generations of carelessness for hygiene have still kept them indifferent to sanitary regulations. The native Hawaiian was ever far more cleanly than most tropical races, the Chinese are the Great Unwashed of the Tropic. Drastic measures in regard to their enforced cleanliness, public baths, proper sewerage and open spaces would soon remove the slur on the Tropics and prove them what Nature intended them to be the modern Edens of the Globe.

Still we wait for decisive news from South Africa.

The Situation in Boerdom. The situation hangs on General Buller's action. His object is, of course, to win a decisive battle resulting in the defeat of Joubert's army and the relief of Ladysmith. This will decide the fate of General White's division, and close the first stage of the war.

Ladysmith must, in view of the recent heavy firing, be growing short of the ammunition and supplies. Her three hundred rounds for heavy guns must be nearly exhausted though, at latest news, her men were still on full rations.

Meantime, all wait for reinforcements as fighters taking a breathing spell. The Cape Dutch are declared to be unanimously in rebellion from Perska to Barkly East.

The next news will, in all probability, bring the results of a series of hard-fought battles on both sides of the Tugela, with probably disastrous losses on both sides.

Panama Commissioners Sail.

The Commission appointed by President McKinley under an act of Congress to determine the most feasible and practical route for the canal across the Isthmus of Panama has sailed for the scene of its labor.

The members of the Commission are: Rear Admiral Walker, U. S. N., retired, chairman; Professor Emory R. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor W. H. Burr, of Columbia University; George S. Morison, civil engineer, New York; ex-United States Senator Pasco, of Florida; Alfred Noble, civil engineer, Chicago; General Peter Hains, U. S. A., Professor L. M. Haupt, of the University of Pennsylvania, and General O. H. Ernest, U. S. A. A member of the Commission said; "The duty of the Commission is not to decide between the claims of the Panama Canal and the Nicaragua Canal—though it may come to that—but to determine 'the most feasible and practical route,' wherever that may be."

Ode to Sheriff Andrews of Hilo.

The man stood on the lonely dock,
Whence all but him had fled.
"I'm firm," quoth he, "as any rock,"
And proudly tossed his head.
A crimson glare shone in the air
From out his whiskers red.
From each firm set lip, you could launch a ship,
Where tobacco juice had sped.
"Oh I am the Sheriff and Board of Health
And cock of the Hilo Isle,
You can tempt me not with your glittering wealth
Or your most alluring smile.
No germ shall land while here I stand;
Not a letter shall come ashore,
The man who tries at this port to land
Must wade through my hard spilled gore."
Then he took a boat and he rowed him out
In the stream, where the Kinau lay
With a deaf ear turned to her captain's shout,
But a terrible lot to say.
"No one shall land! What's that you said,
Some mule for my friend? You dunce,
Mules ain't like men, just eighteen head?
Yes, put 'em ashore at once.
Take away that mail to Cocanut Isle!
Lower it down on a line!
Take it away! Hold on for a while;
Here's some for some friends of mine.
No communication from you we'll take—
You men from Honolu—lu.
Not a word, not a look. Is that you Jake?
Say, I want to talk to you.
Just climb down here with me in the boat
While we have a quiet chat,
Now back you get while we're both afloat,
I can't take a germ, that's flat.
The rice? Take it over to Cocanut Isle.
What's that? It'll spoil in the rain!
None of your business, let it spile,
You fellows just give me a pain."
To the Post office then he swiftly ran,
Giving out private mail on the road
And he yelled for a rope and a big washpan,
And staggered on under his load.
Behind the rope stretched taut as a wire,
Like a little tin god he stood
Throwing the envelopes into the fire,
All for the people's good.
Hundred dollar bills and all
Into the fire they went,
"For the Chinese mail you needn't call;
That's burnt with a wise intent."
Oh, sing of Andrews. Chant aloud,
And a graven image make.
Place it on wheels so the yelling crowd
Can worship it for his sake.
He lost his job, but he baffled the germ,
Though his reign was short, yet he once was chief.
Remember that citizens all next term,
And let not your praise of his work be brief.
Remember he stood for a little while
Sole monarch of all he surveyed.
King of Hawaii's lovely isle
While the government stood dismayed.
Hurrah for the man with the whiskers red
And the baccy tattooed chin.
He ought to be placed at the government's head
Though his chance of the job is thin. HILO-ENSIS.

Famous Charlotte Bronte Cosey.

French coffee: English tea. The words hang together as naturally as hook and eye, cup and saucer, shovel and tongs. As the French have no monosyllabic equivalent for "home," so they employ two words to describe the cosey, without which no English tea service is complete. When they speak of it at all—and their need of naming it is infrequent—they call it a "couverte." Not knowing how to make tea, they do not like to drink it, and concern themselves little as to the appurtenances of the tea equipage.

Anglomania takes an amiable form in the social function which has teakettle, teapot, creamjug, sugarbowl, sugar tongs, teacaddy, and the multiform cosey, as its motif.

Yet a gentleman of the very old school used to attend "afternoon teas" because the hissing kettle, the hissing pot and the warm aroma of the "woman's tippie" reminded him of the days when his mother kept the teapot on the hob on winter afternoons and regaled herself and neighbors with a "dish of tea." Furthermore, he recalled that she wrapped the black earthenware pot in a square of old flannel—"a piece of an old petticoat, I suspect," he added with a laugh—"when she set it on the supper table."

Association with some such humble contrivance may have held back the daughters of colonial dames from adopting the cosey which from time immemorial was in high favor with their English sisters. Even now, when in one form or another, it figures as "teas," our housewife is disposed to regard it as ornamental, rather than useful. It comes in with the best china and silver, and is remanded to the pantry with them when the function is over. Those who know, habitually, the flavor and temperature of tea when heat and "bouquet" are conserved by the cosey cannot comprehend how other families dispense with it.

As a genuine tea lover, I eye with anguish veiled under conventional smiles the dip and bounce and swing of the silver teaball, the churning of the closed perforated spoon in the cupful of alleged hot water, cooled by each plunge. By the time it reaches lips thirsty from heated rooms and much talking, it is a faintly tinted, tepid mockery. Tea, to deserve its name, must be freshly drawn in boiling water, kept as near as possible to the boiling point, while the "delicious flower" is steeping, without actually bubbling. Cooked tea is a degree short of lukewarm in nauseousness.

After more than a quarter-century's experience in the daily use of the cosey, I commend most cordially what is known in my household as "the Charlotte Bronte cosey." I got the pattern at the "Black Bull" in Haworth, Yorkshire, a hostelry made famous by the Bronte family. There I was told that this particular style of teapot covering was in general use in the district, and that the "parsonage people had always had it." My eye was caught by its first appearance upon our table in the inn parlor, and tests of its merits confirmed me in its favor.

It is knitted of double zephyr worsted upon needles of corresponding size. Forty stitches are hung for the smaller cosey suitable for a pot holding four cups of tea. For the larger, 44 stitches suffice. Knit a rib of two plain, two purled, stitches until you have a square. About an inch from the top narrow and widen alternately for one round to make a row of eyelet holes. Finish the top of the square with another row of open work. Knit two squares after this fashion, crochet or sew them together at the sides, leaving in each side a two inch gap, at equal distances from top and bottom, to admit the passage of spout and handle. Make the lining also in two squares, knitting this plain, backward and forward, so as to have it alike on both sides. Knitted thus it holds the cosey in shape better than a ribbed lining would. Fasten outside and lining together by a row of crocheting around the bottom and a scallop of the same around the two inch apertures in the sides. Through the eyelet holes an inch from the top run a narrow ribbon, shirr the double thickness of the cosey upon this, and draw into a rose-shaped bunch. You have now a bell-shaped

bag open at the bottom warranted to outlast any five of the silken constructions that go by the same name.

This is the commonest form of my favorite cosey, made for every day hard use. You may vary and elaborate it by knitting the outside of shaded wools, dividing the shades at regular intervals by rows of eyelet holes, in which narrow ribbon is run (not shirred). Finish with a bow of wider ribbon where the knot holding the rose at top is tied. Shaded browns, lined with gold color, with ribbons to match; shaded olives, lined with pink; crimsons, shading into pale pinks, lined with rich carnation, shirring into a glowing heart for the blush rose, are some of the combinations I should suggest.

Satin coseys stuffed with down and lined with chamois skin are handsome, but the chamois leather stiffens when dampened by steam, and a spot ruins the beauty of the embroidered satin. The same objections apply to velvet coseys wrought with gold thread and lined with quilted satin, or silk. The worsted lining of the "Charlotte Bronte cosey" does not take dampness, and a chance spatter of water or tea can be brushed from the outside cover without leaving a trace.

MARION HARLAND.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

The name of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar, who goes to South Africa in supreme command of the British army there, is a household word in England. He was born at Cawnpore in India, in September, 1832, and entered the Bengal Artillery in the service of the East India Company in 1851. He served with distinction throughout the mutiny, and won the Victoria Cross for bravery in the field in 1858. In the Abyssinian campaign of 1868 he served as assistant quartermaster-general to Lord Napier, and had control of all the arrangements for the reembarkation of the British army at the conclusion of the war. In the Afghan War he commanded the Luram field force, and subsequently had chief command of the army in Afghanistan. In 1879 he re-occupied Kabul, and in 1880 made the celebrated march to Kandahar, from which he took his title, and relieved that fortress, besieged by Ayoobkhan, the pretender to the Afghan throne, on whom he inflicted a crushing defeat. He subsequently became commander-in-chief of the Indian army. In 1881 he was sent to Natal to succeed General Colley, killed at Majuba, but found that peace had been concluded before his arrival, and he returned to India. In 1886 he commanded the Burmese expedition on the death of Sir H. MacPherson. More recently he has been commanding the troops in Ireland.—*Argonaut*.

War Preparations in Japan.

Under the above head a correspondent of the *Kobe Herald* points out some significant measures that have been taken by Japan. On excellent authority it was learned that first class topographical maps of China had been distributed among all now commissioned officers in the Japanese army. The heads of all private railway concerns have assembled and it is alleged that an understanding has been arrived at whereby all Japanese lines would become under complete military control at a few hours' notice.

THE German Rear-Admiral von Valois, in a recent work on sea power, declares that the United States, if it continues its colonial policy must, sooner or later, come into conflict with Great Britain. As Germany must also find herself opposed by the British empire, von Valois believes that it would be of advantage if Germany were to be allied with us. Without such alliance, neither country could successfully oppose British sea-power; but a combination of two small, but excellent, navies would command respect.

BILL OF THE MARY B.

Over the dingy sides of the schooner Mary B, leaned a man, slowly pulling on a cob pipe, as his gaze rested across the river where Camden's chimneys and spires rose indistinct in a blur of smoke. A snorting tug turned across the bows of an approaching ferryboat, which swerved from its course with elephantine grace and splashed on toward the slip. In the crowd on her deck were a group of Salvation Army lassies, and upon these the gazer on the Mary B turned his eyes. He puffed steadily until the ferryboat disappeared, when he called, as if he had just remembered something: "Say, Jim; come here."

A slouchy individual, with ginger chin whiskers, appeared from the cabin at Bill, the smoker's, command.

"Jim," he began, after a preliminary puff, "Christmas is gettin' near."

"Three days off," volunteered Jim.

"And most likely," went on Bill, "some of them Salvation Army folks'll come poking around for old duds or money for the poor. If any happens here to-day while the crew's ashore—mind, I don't say any'll come, Jim—but, if anything wth a Salvation bonnet on does come aboard, give 'em what they ask for, Jim, and tight away."

"Why?" ventured Jim, after a respectful wait, who did not relish such a sweeping demand.

"Because," said Bill, "do you want anyone hangin' round the boat askin' if you swears or drinks, or what yer mother what's dead would think of you now? Sometimes they cry and pray over you terrible, too. Mind what I say, Jim, and give 'em what they want and git 'em ashore quick, and say you don't drink, but goes to the Mariners' Church every Sunday; but don't let 'em get started on religion."

Bill was the largest man on the schooner Mary B., but his moral cowardice was only equaled by his stinginess, although his big fist saved him from such an accusation on the Mary B.

Jim shambled thoughtfully into the cabin, where Bill soon followed, and began peeling potatoes for the evening meal.

Suddenly Jim looked out and whispered: "She's come," and the affrighted Bill saw a woman in Army costume walk up the gangplank and toward the cabin. With a word that, fortunately, was lost in the wild scramble, Bill threw the potatoes below, dashed for a suspicious looking jug on the table, and had barely slipped it underneath before Ensign Miller, of the Philadelphia Army Corps, appeared at the cabin and knocked.

"Come in, Miss" said Bill, striving to be polite and easy.

The woman entered and said she was on an errand for the Christmas poor, but before she explained further she laid a War Cry and a temperance tract on the table.

This was a threatening indication to Bill, and, wishing to keep things in his own hands, he expressed his love for reading—said he had just finished an article about the African war, and started to repeat parts of it. After his resume was exhausted Bill stopped for breath and asked what he could do for some poor unfortunate's Christmas, and vouchsafed that Jim wanted to give something, too.

"Thank you, sir," said the woman; "if you could only see some of the unfortunates that come to our Christmas dinner, wrecked from drink, and—I hope you men don't drink, for—"

"O, no ma'am!" said Bill, hastily, with an uneasy glance at the half concealed jug under the table. Jim's eyes were also resting on the same place, but he was warned by a nudge to fix his gaze in a safer direction.

"I'm glad of that," said Ensign Miller; "there's not many sailormen what can say that; but mebbe you've been at our meetings."

"Yes, ma'am; but not for a week or two," said Bill.

Jim was evidently confused by the situation, or lost in admir-

ation for his mate's unexpected virtues, for he maintained an aggravating silence.

"And I hope you don't swear or curse, either," continued the ensign, turning to the silent Jim, who dropped his eyes under her searching gaze and the threatening gesture from his mate.

"O, no, ma'am; he don't, and he's great on the Bible, and doin' good, and would give 'most anything he had for some poor chap's Christmas," interposed Bill, hoping he had changed the current of conversation.

A few more questions leading to their spiritual welfare were skillfully parried by Bill, who was perspiring under the strain, when Jim unexpectedly came to his relief, and, by a direct question, succeeded where diplomacy had failed.

"I must get supper, ma'am," he said; "tell me what you want for the Christmas poor before I go below."

"If you will give me old clothes or torn garments in a couple of days I will—"

But what Ensign Miller would do was lost in the expressions of readiness to comply with her request.

"I will go below and get some," volunteered Jim, jumping at the chance to escape.

"No: I will go. You might catch more cold on your lungs," said Bill, solicitously, slipping below and leaving Jim astonished at learning of his malady.

In a few minutes Bill reappeared with a great bundle of clothes. He hurriedly tied them up, but not before Jim recognized in the motley collection the mate's vest, two shirts of the cook, linen belonging to other members of the crew and his own best shirt. He started to remonstrate at this, but a threatening glance from Bill dissuaded him.

With profuse thanks and wishes to have blessings returned to them for their generosity, which the men scarcely heeded, the ensign departed and Bill clenched his big fist as he threatened Jim with varied tortures should the disposal of the crews belongings ever become known while he remained on the Mary B.

* * * * *

Christmas came cold and clear, and the wind whistled merrily in the schooner's upper rigging, as the crew celebrated below.

Captain Smith had ordered a sumptuous dinner, and after doing it justice the men gathered for a smoke and general good time. Bill volunteered to spin a yarn, and was approaching the climax when a knock was heard, and Jim whispered excitedly in his ear: "She's back, Bill, and's got all them clothes washed and patched up, and wants \$3.75 for the job!"

"Wha—t!" gasped Bill, falteringly, and then made a dash on deck, where he confronted Ensign Miller, smiling radiantly.

"Three dollars and seventy-five cents toward our Christmas dinner; but some of the clothes were good as new. Oh, you're a kind-hearted man, sir, a—helping me out."

"You came collecting clothes for the poor, and now you want me to pay for other folks' washing. I won't," shouted Bill.

"I thought you understood," said the Ensign, with a troubled face: "the money goes for their Christmas dinner."

"And so it does," said a voice from the mate, who had approached unnoticed. "Shell out, Bill," he said, as that individual hesitated. "Perhaps you'd rather have the men know how you sneaked their clothes away," he continued. But Bill had hastily placed his donation in the Ensign's palm and beat a retreat to the cabin.

His appearance was with a wild chorus of "Hooray fer Bill, our Christmas box! My old shirt is as good as new! Bully fer benevolent Bill!" and in the centre, like a king of revelers sat Jim, holding his thin sides and showing his yellow snags of teeth as he cackled with glee.



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HONOLULU, JANUARY 20, 1900.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Hoffman's batch of plague destroyer hatches out speedily and successfully. In Portugal the death rate is much lower in infected cases than here, possibly due to the use of this or some similar serum.

THE WEEKLY again calls the attention of the Board of Health to the rat typhoid germs now being used in Osaka by the governor of that province. The germs were brought from Tokio and distributed among the houses of the city. The germs are destructive when absorbed by the rats but inimical to human beings.

The suggestion in the *Advertiser* that yellow posters be placed conspicuously on condemned or quarantined quarters is most excellent. The Chinese store on the corner of Punchbowl and S. King is quarantined. There was nothing to advertise the fact until anyone proceeding up the mauka side going Waikiki, was stopped by a guard in plain clothes. Yellow posters would have prevented any such close approach, the other side of the street being much the more preferable in these cases.

MEANWHILE walking is good exercise unless one can afford an extra thirty dollars a month or so for hack hire. Even had the cars been kept in a proper condition, as long as the Chinese freely used them to and fro there was danger. Two of the car drivers confidently declare that Chinamen with bundles of clothing have used the cars at night and that they know positively that these men were but a short time before in quarantine. It is quite possible that it would have eventually seemed

a proper measure to eliminate the Chinese from the cars or put on special ones for their service entirely.

THE Tramway Company have themselves to thank for the loss of a good many nickels and dimes while the public have to thank the Tramway for the inconvenience caused by the removal of Pain's caravans. A little sapolio a little sweeping a little good citizenship in trying to conform to the health measures being taken by every citizen would have saved all this. The neglect of cleanliness in this matter is not only flagrant selfishness but most culpable and condemnatory negligence. If the keeping of the charter for the present line of road depend in anyway upon the voice of the people, it will be remembered that the lives of citizens were endangered through the lack of ordinary cleanliness and due precaution continued until the Board of Health used drastic measures.

Sugar Production.

Of the world's sugar two thirds is now produced from beets. Prior to 1871-2 the world's production of beet sugar had never reached 1,000,000 tons; in the present crop-year it is, according to latest estimates, 5,510,000 tons, while the cane sugar crop which in 1811-12 was 1,599,000 tons, it is the present year 2,904,000 tons. Thus cane sugar production has scarcely doubled during the period under consideration, while that from beets has more than quintupled. Meantime the price has fallen more than one-half, the average cost in foreign country of all sugar imported into the United States in the fiscal year 1872 being 5.37 cents per pound, and 1890 2.39 cents per pound.

The Death of Mrs. Boardman.

One event of the visit of the plague strikes the foreign population with pathetic interest. It is the death of Mrs. Geo. Boardman, which came with a suddenness that appalled the community. The deceased had many acquaintances and was an estimable member of society. Always active in the affairs of the Christian Church she endeared herself to every one in the congregation.

As Others See Us.

The following excerpt from the Philadelphia Record is of interest: "The Secretary of State has sent to the House several letters of Harold Sewall, the United States Special Agent in Hawaii, giving recent decisions of the Hawaiian Courts, showing the anomalous condition now existing. Mr. Sewall says the decisions in Peacock & Co. and Lovejoy & Co., against Hawaii, hold that the Hawaiian Government may collect the customs duties prescribed by its laws, notwithstanding the provisions of the Constitution of the United States. In another case, Hawaii vs. Edwards, it is held that felons may be prosecuted now as prior to the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Mr. Sewall says the importance of the decisions has attracted much attention to them and subjected them to much criticism, especially from members of the bar. He adds that he is confidentially advised that an effort will be made by a shipment from Hawaii of American manufactures which have paid the Hawaiian duty to bring the point of the Peacock case before the Supreme Court of the United States."

An Export Outlook.

A hundred million dollars a year appears to be the present market offered to the people of the United States by Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, provided we are able to supply the normal demand in those islands for foreign products. This estimate is based upon their actual consumption in years of normal conditions. How rapidly this will increase remains to be seen, but if the experience of the past year in Hawaii is an indication of what will happen elsewhere the increase must be rapid. The exports from the United States to Hawaii in the 10 months of 1899 whose record is now complete are more than double those of the corresponding months of 1897 and nearly double those of the corresponding months of 1898, while to Cuba they promise to exceed in 1899 those of any preceding year, even surpassing that of the great reciprocity year 1893, when the exports to that island were double the average of earlier years. More than one-half of the supplies which Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines have received from other parts of the world in former years have been furnished them by Spain.—*Home Magazine*.

Tom Brace's Scheme.

Yes! that's the Admiral in command down 'ere, the finest sailor afloat, an' a man every inch of 'im. Saved my life when we was both younger. Jumped overboard in the Western Ocean, 'e did, when I'd fallen from the topmast 'ead into the main rigging, 'an from there plump over ther rail into the ocean.

But 'e says I repaid 'im when I married 'im to Miss Kate O'Grady, ther then Port Admiral's daughter.

Yer see, it were this way.

Miss Kate (O lor, weren't she a beauty in them days) were in love with 'er—in love, why 'e could'nt eat, nor smoke, nor chew, and when a sailor can't smoke nor chew, it's 'orrible.

Now you must know that ther Captain (as 'e then was) were a brave man, but when it came to tellin' that ther little girl, Miss Kate, that 'e were dead gone on 'er, why he could'nt screw 'is courage up to the point 'an if I 'adn't a stepped in an' 'elped 'im out, why 'ed 'a' been single yet. Yer see my financy were maid to Miss Kate, an' 'er name were Kate likewise, an' I'm a namesake o' the Captain's (Admiral as now is): Thomas—Tom, for short.

Well, I went to my Kate an' says;—

"Kate," says I, "we must do somethin' for them poor young people," meanin' Miss Kate an' ther Captain.

"Yus," says she, "but 'ow?"

"Kate," says I, "I've got a scheme."

"What is it," says she.

"Like this," says I. "I'll write you a letter, an' tell yer I love yer fit to bust, and arst yer to marry me quick next week."

"Well?" says she.

(I was took flat aback, for I were poppin' the question for myself like at the same time)

"Why!" says I, "don't yer see? Yer'll write back, and say yus."

"Oh, will I?" says she.

"Yer will if yer wants to please Miss Kate an' ther Captain, let alone me," says I. Things some'ow did seem a trifle mixed.

"Oh, well! if yer puts it like that, of course I can't refuse," says she blushing. (An I kissed 'er.)

"Yer'll write an' say yus; an' your name is Kate, an' mine is Tom. Do yer twig now?" says I.

"No, I don't," says she.

"Why! ther letters I writes to you, asking yer to marry me, an' signed Tom, must find its way into Miss Kate's 'ands, see? an' the answer yer writes to me, signed Kate, will find its way into ther Skipper's. Savey de rat," says I.

"Lor! Tom!" says she, "what a lovely idea! But your writin'—'ow about—?"

"I'll get the purser to write it for me, pretending I've 'urt me 'and; an' you, ther kid's governess to write your answer. So's ther Captain won't suspect anything, anyhow," says I.

"Then when they meet, if ther 'Cap' don't fix things somehow, I'm a bloomin' Dutchman."

Sure enough the next day I gets a sweet-scented little "billy dew," addressed to plain "Tom," with "To be delivered private" writ in the corner.

Just then ther Skipper passed ther word for ther "Code" Signal-book, an' I slips ther note 'twixt ther leaves an' carried it up on ther bridge.

"Mornin', Tom," says ther Captain.

"Mornin', sir," says I.

"What do you make them signals," says 'e, an' 'e opens ther book an' out falls ther little "billy dew."

"Come ashore at once, sir," says I.

All of a suddent 'e gives one jump an' yells out—

"Pipe away the gig's crew, Bo'sun! tell 'em to look smart."

"Tom," says 'e, "I've 'ad good news my lad."

"I wish yer joy, sir," says I.

An' with that 'e jumps down the side-ladder into ther gig an' sings out for 'em to give away. "A sovereign if yer do it in twenty minutes," says 'e.

About three hours after 'e comes aboard lookin' down-right good and cheerful, an' I heard 'im say—

"Pass the word for Tom Brace to tumble aft." When I gets into ther cabin 'e were writin' like mad. "Tom Brace," says 'e, without lookin' up from 'is writin', "you will be spliced on Wednesday ther 25th o' March," says 'e. 'E paused a bit, then continued "the same day as Miss Kate O'Grady an' myself." An' I was.

MONT. ST. LO.

Quips and Quirks.

A POSTER GIRL.—"Why do you call her a poster-girl?" "She's stuck up."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

AN IMPORTANT DISTINCTION.—Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Longfellow said that in this world a man must either be anvil or hammer."

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Oh, I don't know. How about the bellows?"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE CZAR'S CHINA.—The Czar of Russia probably owns a greater quantity of china than any other person in the world. He has the china belonging to all the Russian rulers as far back as Catherine the Great. It is stored in an immense closet in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

RECTIFYING A MISTAKE.—Saturday has always been observed as Sunday in Raratonga, in the South Pacific, owing to the mistaken reckoning by the early missionaries. The island Legislature has just passed a bill rectifying the matter.

A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.—"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we'." "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—*Tit-Bits*.

HIS EXCUSE.—"Listen to reson, m' dear," he explained, "lishen to reason. I wash-hic-held up on m'-hic way home." "Held up!" she angrily exclaimed, "I don't doubt it! If you hadn't been held up or carried you wouldn't be here even now."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

HIS DISAPPEARANCE ACCOUNTED FOR.—MANAGER: "Where's the living skeleton? It's his turn to go on."

THE GENERAL UTILITY BOY: "Please, sir, he slipped while he was a washing his hands an' went down th' waste-pipe."—*Tit-Bits*.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.—SPORTSMAN (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day: "Do you know Lord Peckham?"

SNOBSON: "Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house."

SPORTSMAN: "Ever hit it?"—*Tit-Bits*.

IMPENETRABLE.—O'RELL: "A soldier was saved by a bullet striking something he had in an inside pocket. Guess what it was?"

LUKE: "His girl's picture or a pack of cards."

O'RELL: "Neither! It was a paper containing a New York murder mystery."

LUKE: "How could that stop a bullet?"

O'RELL: "Why, nothing could penetrate it."—*Chicago News*.

One-third of the population of the world speaks the Chinese language.

By the year 1900 Japan will have to pay £5,000,000 a year as interest on its National Debt.

In time of war France can put 370 out of every 1,000 of her population in the field; Germany 310, and Russia 210.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us," exclaimed an old lady."—*Columbus State Journal*.

There are in circulation in China at the present time coins bearing the names of Emperors who lived 2,000 years ago.

Each soldier ordered on active service in the British army has a small white label sewn inside his jacket. On this is written his name, regiment, number, and the name of his next-of-kin.

On the Queensland, New South Wales, boundary line, on the edge of the Australian desert, an artesian well has struck a yield of water of 4,000,000 gallons a day.

Local * and * General.

Love and Poker.

"My 'Queen'" said he, "I'd like 'two pair' with you." The fair maid blushed, and said: "Now, Jack, I'd 'beat' you there. For, don't you see, I'm flushed?" "But that ain't 'straight,'" replied her "Jack;" (That "hand-sir" dimmed his lustre;) "Such 'play' (on words) you know I lack"— And then he "double bussed" her. "Please name the day; I would 'deal light' To even 'board' your 'ante,' I've 'table steaks'—'give me a sight'— Shall I 'order cards'—or shan't I?" The "Queen" said yes; and now, grown bold, They "draw" their carriage wicker; On afternoons you'll "see" them stroll— It "holds up a little kicker!"

T. L. Wilson in Titusville World.

Up to the hour of going to press 39 persons have died of bubonic plague in Honolulu. It is just a month since the Board of Health was officially notified that the plague was here.

Punahou Mosquito: "Say, your'e not in it."

Bubonic Bacillus: "Why not?"

Punahou Mosquito: "You only kill at one shot, and I can worry the life out of a man through months of torture."

As the war on cats, dogs, vermin and mosquitoes has been proclaimed the long-suffering residents of Punahou would be particularly grateful for an extermination of their mosquitoes, which are larger and more vicious than other breeds in Honolulu.

As enthusiastic as the Board of Health were in their treatment of bacteriology they had the wisdom to spare the Occidental Hotel, which stands as a most remarkable specimen of architecture that guides show to tourists.

The big hole in the street in front of the Lincoln Block is not the mark of a nitroglycerine explosion. It only denotes the point where the rival trolley corporations came to a misunderstanding. When this cruel plague is over some one in authority will fill up the unsightly excavation.

There will soon be a call made for a meeting of citizens to organize a "Good Government Club," such a one as many California cities have. This step will be taken as a preparatory measure for municipal government, which the passage of the Cullom bill insures to the residents of Honolulu. Sound municipal organization will be urgently advocated by those who have the formation of the club in hand and it will be to the interests of all tax-payers to respond to the call.

Austin's Hawaiian Weekly, 5 cents per copy.

A man falling down in a fit in front of the Beaver restaurant on Friday morning created a short sensation. Some of the people on the street said it was a case of apoplexy, whereupon one of Mr. Nolte's steady boarders remarked: "If the man has a poplexy he never got it here."

While removing earth from a tram car on Friday workmen found a human skeleton. The supposition is that it is the remains of some passenger, who, years ago, falling asleep at one of the Waikiki switches, became buried alive under the street soil brought into the car by many passengers' feet. The moral is obvious: Don't go to sleep on a switch.

"Am I in favor of a public crematory? Well, I should say so most decidedly," said a doctor in answer to a question propounded by a WEEKLY man. "Incineration is the proper way of disposing of a dead body whether in plague time or any other time. It is recommended on the lines of public health and economy and I know it will have the hearty endorsement of all my colleagues should the Government or any private corporation build a crematory."

All the equipment for the electric car line that is to run up Pacific Heights has been ordered, and Mr. Desky says he will treat his friends to a free excursion on the next Fourth of July. The road will be a little more than two miles long. Mrs. S. N. Castle has concluded to build a home on the Heights. Her beautiful Manoa residence will not be abandoned. It will be occupied only at intervals. The Manoa zephyrs have a force at times that forbids all comfort living in their path and Mrs. Castle's Manoa villa is so situated that it gets the full shock of every gale that sweeps down the valley.

The Uses of the Cocoa Palm.

Of cocoa-palms there are several species. The common coconut tree is the one considered of the most importance, however, owing doubtless to the fact of the many practical uses to which it has been put. The meat of the nut furnishes food while the liquid from the shell yields a refreshing drink. This liquid, if allowed to stand a certain length of time, becomes milky and pungent, which adds to its popularity. In time this juice will coagulate, then it is mixed with sugar and made out into bonbons.

The central bud that crowns the coconut-tree if tapped will yield a kind of wine that is also popular as a drink. When this wine is allowed to ferment it produces vinegar, and, when distilled, it makes a brandy—another highly relished drink. The Tagals use husk of the coconut to make ropes and cords, also a material they use for calking their boats. From the woody shell are carved spoons,

cups, beads for their rosaries, etc. The vein^s and smaller ribs of the leaves are used for brooms, the larger ribs furnish fuel from the ashes of which their soap is made, while the remaining portion of the leaves cover their roofs, making them thick and tight. There is one disadvantage in this kind of roof, however, that they catch fire easily; then there is no saving the house. This is only a portion of the uses to which the coconut tree is put. One more use, however, deserves mention. Large quantities of coconut oil are manufactured and highly valued by the natives. All the men, women and children are addicted to its use as a hair oil, the demand being so great that it always finds a ready sale at a good price. The Filipinos are noted for their thick growth of hair, and who knows but this regular and frequent anointing has been the cause.

Boston Sarcasm.

New York is accustomed to poke a good deal of fun at Boston's dining clubs, where the menu is disposed of and the postprandial exercises are gone through with by daylight. This scheme of procedure may have its drawbacks, but it will have to be allowed that it is rather more attractive and advantageous to all concerned than the New York way of sitting down to dinner late in the evening and beginning the intellectual entertainment just before midnight. At the dinner of the New England Society there the other night, for instance, one of the distinguished gentlemen who was on the programme to respond to a toast retired and went to bed before his turn came. And he is a gentleman of excellent habits at the dinner table, too.—*Boston Herald.*

Tree Burial in New Zealand.

The recent fall of an enormous puketea tree near Opotiki, New Zealand, disclosed the fact that the hollow interior from the roots to the first fork, about forty-five feet from the ground, had been filled with human bodies. A confused heap of skeletons burst out at the butt of the tree when it fell. A local paper says: "A more extraordinary sight than this monarch of the forest lying prone and discharging a perfect hecatomb of human skeletons can scarcely be conceived. Some are nearly perfect, while others are mixed up in a chaotic mass of heads, hands, feet and arms, indiscriminately. All the Maoris here seem to have been quite unaware of this natural charnel house, and declare that it must have been some hundreds of years since this novel family vault was filled with its ghastly occupants."

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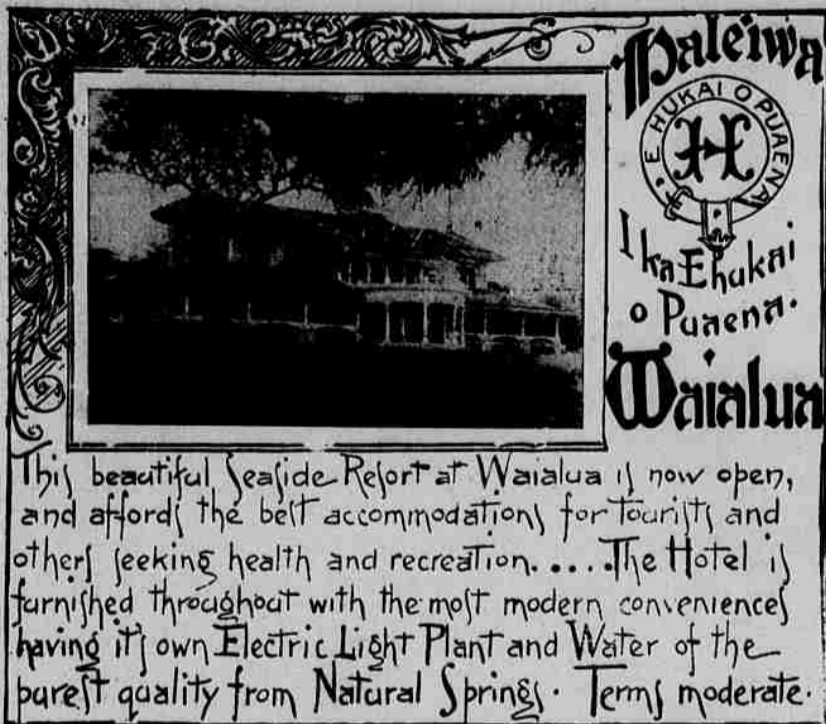
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