

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

AUSTIN'S

HAWAIIAN



WEEKLY

OF THE PACIFIC

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HONOLULU, MARCH 17, 1900.

Per Year, \$3.00. [No. 26.

Glimpses of Hawaii.



Native Woman in Riding Costume.

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HONOLULU, MARCH 17, 1900.

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Sint Pathrick and Shnakes.

"How's it Pat that whin Sint Pathrick drove all th' shnakes out iv old Iriland on th' sivintanth day iv March that so miny min see shankes on that silf same day?"

"Is't a connudthrum Mike?"

"Divvile a btt iv it. It's th' truth, Pat, an' no mishtake. I kin prove it by me own experience Sint Pathrick's day last year, those silf same shnakes nairly kilt me old woman Bridgit."

"An' what did the shnakes do to ye old woman Bridgit?"

"Me'n Tim was cilibratin' th' good luck iv old Iriland, in havin' th' shnakes drove out bi Sint Pathrick, f'r wan week 'fore th' sivintanth an' on that grate day him an' me painted th' town rid. Wan barkap'r was f'r tillin' me that I was on th' road to seein' shnakes. Me'n Tim larft at 'im, f'r, dint Sint Pathrick clane all th' shnaks out iv Iriland an' how cud an Irishman see shnakes?"

"That night whin I wint home a sight mit me eyes as'd sint most min to th' insane 'silum. There was Bridgit standin' 'fore me with her hair full of shnakes—little shnakes, an' wan big shnake, th' divvle that timplted Ave, was wound round h'r waist an' was a reachin' his bastely hed to kiss th' swate lips of me Bridgit. B'gora! but I was fightin' mad an' I whipped ouf me gun to blow th' divvle's hed off, whin Bridgit throw'd up me hand an' sid:

"What ye goin' to kill me f'r, Mike?"

"I'm goin' kill th' shnakes that's crawlin' all over ye."

"Bridgit's a knowin' crater an' puttin' h'r hands on h'r hips an shaking iv h'r hed, she sid:

"An d'ye think yez Sint Pathrick that ye kin clear th' shnakes off this bit iv old Iriland (manin' hersilf)! Go to bed, Mike an' in th' nit Sint Pathrick will come an' drive the shnakes away."

"Sure 'nuf nixt moanin' thre was'nt a shnake to be seen."

JACK POTS.

March 17th, the day known amongst Irishmen the world over as the birthday of the patron saint of that "green isle," St. Patrick, is also a day hallowed in the memory of Hawaiians as the birthday of one of the noted Kamehameha line, viz. Kamehameha III. To the notable annual local festivities on this date is the celebration of the birthday of Hon. John Aalamanu Cummins of this city, an Hawaiian who shares with the Saint and King the honor of March 17th as a birthday. Today the usual festivities will be held at Mr. Cummins' hospitable home, and on the first page is shown a picture of an Hawaiian lady in riding dress en route thereto. THE WEEKLY wishes many happy returns of the day to Mr. Cummins; the others are dead but they still live in the memory.



It is comforting to know that the Hawaiian bill has passed the Senate. It is perhaps early to comment on the bill until it is seen what the House of Representatives does with it.

Hawaii must be congratulated so far upon the amendment that removes the property qualification. It is encouraging that the people of the United States mean to be consistent, at least, as far as Hawaii is concerned. With a popular legislature and a senate that comes from the people, which has the power of approval of the appointees of the governor, we may look forward to a reasonably popular government, which will be a happy release from the present oligarchy. The people are also given an opportunity in 1903 by popular vote to ask Congress for such changes they desire in the system of Territorial government laid down in the bill. We are most decidedly to be congratulated that the arbitrary tariff measures adopted for Porto Rico were not even broached in the discussion on Hawaii. We are also to be congratulated that the efforts of the present party in power, to perpetuate themselves, by restricting the governing power and leaving it in the hands of some 4000 whites, as confessedly was the scheme of Senators Cullom, Morgan and Platt, failed utterly. The case of the party in power has practically broken down as might have been expected when oligarchical methods are confronted by a democratic system. What will develop in the future, in local politics, it is hard to prognosticate. All that can be said is, all local factions are girding on their loins for the coming fray.

Why the *Advertiser* should have gone out of its way to give J. O. Carter a 'three column advertisement and print a picture of him Mountain out of a Mole hill. to boot it is hard to say. Nothing could have brought Mr. Carter more prominently into public favor than the *Advertiser's* arraignment of him as the enemy of Hawaii when his only offending was the sending of an official report to his friend Senator Pettigrew. Certain it is, no man in the islands has been brought so prominently before the American people than Mr. J. O. Carter in the tribute paid him by the Senator on the floor of the Senate chamber.

The action of Congress in passing the Porto Rican bill with a discriminating duty clause of 15 per cent. upon all imports into the island and the same tariff upon all exports to the United States, must have come upon all good Americans on the mainland with something of a shock. Mr. McKinley's view that the Constitution does not apply to our new possessions in their trade relations, though sufficiently startling, is of less consequence than his notion that the principles of liberty, justice and equality upon which the American Government is founded do not extend to our "colonies." This is going a long way beyond the imperialism of Great Britain, whose colonies are not only not taxed by the home Government, but enjoy a degree of autonomy that is practically self-rule.

In matters of tariff England goes to the extreme in liberality to her colonies. They are permitted to enact discriminating tariff laws against products from the mother country while the benefits of free trade are extended to them upon all products exported from the colonies to England. This is as it should be to prevent the preponderating trade of the mother country from sapping the vitality of her colonies and reducing them to practical servitude.

The action taken by the United States is not only an insult to the name of Freedom but will retard the progress, development and civilization of the island and work gross injustice to its inhabitants. It is practically adopting the tyrannical tactics of Spain in bleeding her colonies, which Americans went to war to put a stop to. What is the Republican party thinking about? This un-American act will cost the party thousands of votes next fall.

A Voice From South Africa.

Anything from South Africa from the pen of a Schriener is sure to obtain wide circulation owing to the great fame of Olive Schriener (Mrs. Carpenter) and her brother the Premier of Cape Colony. Mrs. Lewis, a sister of Mrs. Carpenter and the Premier, contributes a very remarkable letter to the *Methodist Times* (London) which, if we can rightly fathom her true meaning, takes a directly opposite view from her sister, whose remarkable appeal to the English people in favor of the Boers was published in the *Manchester Guardian* and quoted in all parts of the world. Following is Mrs. Lewis' letter entitled "A Voice from South Africa: A Message to the Christian People of Great Britain."

Mrs. Lewis writes:—"An awful war is upon us in this country—a war in which, on either side, our nearest and dearest may fall. There is scarcely a household in the Cape Colony which has not some of its beloved ones in imminent danger of death, not only in the Colonial forces, which, in Natal and elsewhere, are supporting the Imperial Government, but in still larger numbers among the burghers of the Republics now engaged in the war with Great Britain. If ever there was a war for the Lord of Hosts, if ever there was a war for truth and right, for the putting down of oppression and wrong, for the deliverance of a people powerless to deliver themselves, whose wrongs have cried up to heaven until the Lord has come down to deliver them, this is that war. It is not the grievances of the Uitlanders, though they have been very real, and have called for justice; it is not what British subjects have had to suffer of indignities and wrongs, though these have been numerous under recent Transvaal administration; it is not the insult to England's power and prestige shown by the refusal to concede her moderate demands for justice to be done to her subjects, followed by the unparalleled act of defiance contained in the Transvaal War Ultimatum—it is not these things, however they may justly stir the national heart, which call upon us as Christians to bring the united force of God's people, by the power of believing prayer, to bear upon this war question. British soldiers are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to a condition of atrocious wrong. For over 200 years the progenitors of the Transvaal Republic and their descendants have crushed, maltreated, and as far as they had power to do so, robbed of all rights belonging to them as fellow human beings, the colored people of this land. On every side individual brutalities were being committed on defenceless victims,

and not by Arab slave-drivers or Moslem oppressors, but by a professedly Christian and highly religious people, who, with the Bible in their hands and loud professions of faith and prayers, were practicing barbarities, in peace as well as war, which put to shame the records of what the savages of this land have inflicted, even in war time, upon white races."

Boers and Beers.

The amber overflow from two glasses of foaming Anheuser was slowly dampening a picture that lay on the table between us. After a long walk and talk in which the topic of conversation had been the war in South Africa, my friend Jim had suggested a beer and preceding me into a temple devoted to the purveying of the nectar of the Teutonic gods, had taken a seat at a table on which lay the lithograph, which as I said, was having its beauty marred by the dripping beer.

"Now," said Jim, when I had joined him, "I wanted you here that you might see this picture and learn from it a much needed lesson, for my dear boy you must curb your anglo-phobic spirit or at least be more modest in exhibiting it."

I had seen the thing a thousand times and laughed at it as many, but I gave it now a careful study as though it deserved it.

A highly and atrociously colored picture of possible life in a far frontier. A log cabin standing in the background of a clearing. Stumps of newly felled trees dotted the open space in front and in the prone trunk of one, an axe was deeply bedded with the handle showing.

There was no undergrowth, no briars or bushes. A plow lying on its side indicated the purpose of the day's work. From the open doorway a woman was looking with intense and agonized eyes at a man who stood with every muscle braced, awaiting the inevitable rush of an advancing bear. The huge beast was standing on hind legs, distended jaws and tongue protruding from between fierce and glistening teeth and seemed just making a closing leap. The man, in shirt sleeves, was grasping with one hand an immense bowie knife—his only weapon—while with the other he appeared to be pointing toward a rifle, which stood leaning against the house near the door. The woman was poorly clad, bare feet, slipshod and with one foot raised as if about to step out on the log sill.

That was the picture. "Now," said Jim, "If you are deaf to all I have plead in behalf of sympathy for a brave people struggling for liberty, this may induce you to at least adopt the text of the picture sermon. You cannot really be a British partisan and you may fairly say, if you won't say more, in the words of the possibly interesting but apparently indifferent female in the doorway that you don't care a d— which whips, as the world does in regard to the struggle in Africa."

While the waiter had gone to obey an order to "fill 'em up again" I said, "you are wrong, Jim, all wrong, both as to the picture and the lesson you would have it teach. The woman is not by any means indifferent as you say. Her attitude exhibits the intensest excitement—even terror. See the foot ready to step over the threshold. No, she is not 'trying to shut the door' she is reaching for the gun,—and if she gets it, there will be a dead bear in that clearing. More than that, my sauer-kraut loving Jim, it ill becomes Americans to view with carelessness the progress of the South African war. It was not so that England looked on at our struggle with the Spaniard. The world cannot behold this terrible conflict with unconcern. In a war between peoples the sympathies of mankind are with the higher civilization as was said by Oliver Wendell Holmes in the 'Autocrat,' that or something like it are his words, and he goes on to say, 'England takes down the map of the world and makes a correction thus: D E L H I. DELE.' And for the sake of all that is hopeful in human progress she may well now make another correction, thus: D U T C H—DITCH, and the world will applaud the driving of the first into the last."

Of course we had another beer and perhaps another, but before we separated, my friend Jim had come to the conclusion that what with our new possessions and increased family and the absolute need for the United States to be ready to defend the Monroe doctrine, it would be wise and well for both Americans and English, that they should always be able to "reach the gun."

Our Boarding House.

No. II.

Of Woman Suffrage.

BY JACK POTS.

[Continued from last week.]

The editor was talking when the "Rosebud" floated into the room. Of course, all paused until the queen of beauty had taken her seat. Miss "Sunshine" Napolion, who was a school teacher, had deplored the fact that modern languages were not made compulsory in the schools, stating what difficulty she had experienced in not understanding French while abroad.

The editor was saying: "I can't say that I agree with you, Miss Napolion. The female mind does not seem to have the capacity of speaking correctly more than one language and that one has to be drummed into her from birth."

"A woman's mind has as much capacity as a man's I want you to understand, Mr. Editor," cried the "Sunshine," wrathfully. And the "Rosebud," looking severely at the editor, exclaimed sympathetically, and not nearly so sweetly as usual.

"Du tell!"

Not at all disconcerted, the editor continued: "To prove my way to this hypothesis it will be necessary to tell the incident upon which it is based."

"A party of us started from London for Paris, some years ago, bound for a tour of Europe. Among the party were two bright and pretty young ladies who had for many years made a careful study of the French language and were at home, in America, considered French scholars.

"Oh, we will translate for you when we get to Paris," they patronizingly assured us on the way from London to Dover.

"When their knowledge of the vivacious language was put to a test not a Frenchman could understand them nor could they understand what was said to us. One day, after the ladies had vainly tried to inoculate some understanding into the cranium of a 'caby' about where we desired to be driven, I made up my mind to take a hand in it myself. I grabbed that Frenchman by the 'scruf' of the neck' and shaking my finger within an inch of the tip of his nose commanded:

"Numero venti cinco Avenue De'l Opera.—Vamuse!"

"He jumped into his box before I had time to kick him and drove with all possible speed to the place we wanted to go. On the principle, that the best French is that which is successful in being understood, I was voted the linguist of the party."

The "Sunshine" became suddenly animated with excitement—laughing and clapping her hands:

"We have found a name for the editor. Henceforth he shall be Editor *Vamuse*—and if he doesn't behave, why, we will just *vamuse* him."

The roar of laughter that went around the table even agitated the dishes; while the chairman indicated his amusement by emitting between his teeth the word: y-e a-s-l- from a low to a high key. The editor looked sour and smiled a sickly smile, while the Misses "Sunshine", and "Rosebud" figuratively speaking hugged each other at the discomiture of the editor. Vengeance is sweet. But the Captain, who always took the editor's part, roared a great roar:

"No insinuations, ladies,—no insinuations!"

Believing matters had gone far enough in this direction the chairman, with great gravity, delivered himself of the following remarks:

"Ladies and gentlemen: As the subject already discussed seems to have come, as usual, to a happy termination, namely in the triumph of the ladies, I would suggest that we now take up a more timely subject. A few weeks ago Senator Clark, of the state of Wyoming, introduced in the Senate of the United States an amendment to the Cullom bill, which, if passed, would have saddled woman suffrage on Hawaii Nei from the inception of the Territory. Mr. Editor *Vamuse*, what is your opinion concerning giving women the right of suffrage?" All eyes were turned on the editor as he paused a moment in thought:

"Women, in general, and I are *persona non grata*. Therefore,

if my remarks should in anyway appear to favor womankind, I hope I shall not be misunderstood. Politically and as a part of the social fabric, women must be considered in the abstract—"

"None of your shadowy, phantom, abstract women for me," interposed "Billy Boy," with spirit. "Give me sympathetic women in the flesh with good warm blood in their viens."

"Warmer the better," interpolated the "kid," irrepressible.

The chairman "squelched" the "kid" with his severe eye and motioned the editor to proceed, while the "Sunshine" cast a grateful glance upon "Billy Boy."

"—In the abstract"—repeated the editor with a severe look at "Billy Boy," "there has been commendable progress in the condition of women from—"

Here, I whose business it is to listen not talk, interrupted: "Mr. Editor, *Vamuse*, let me suggest, in exploiting upon views on this subject, that you recite to the ladies and gentlemen the story you wrote and presented to Susan B. Anthony at the time of the equal suffrage election in California, but which, was so pointed that she could not get an editor in the states to publish it."

"True. True. I had forgotten about that. With the chair's permission I will recite it." The chairman nodded.

Socrates and the New Woman.

"Linn Roberts had finished at Yale and was at home for a long rest before going West to start in business for himself. It was thought best he should go to California as he was something of a dyspeptic and, although he showed no signs of it lung trouble was a legacy of the family."

"While at home Roberts met and became enamored of Miss Lillian Crawford, sweet, pretty, bright and piquant, of about seventeen summers. Linn thought he had never seen a living creature so gentle and fair. Even his dreaming ideals had not dared reach so high. Lillian had just finished her preparation for Vassar and it was arranged that Roberts should go to California and establish himself in the shoe business, as his father was a shoe manufacturer, while Miss Lillian finished her education."

"In four years they were married and after a pleasant honeymoon in the East went to a pretty home in California."

"One evening after supper Linn was writing some business letters, he hadn't time to attend to at the office, while Lillian hurried herself in the evening paper."

"My! but this is good news, Linn," exclaimed Lillian, "the new state of Wyoming has been granted equal suffrage. Isn't that fine? I wish I lived in Wyoming."

Linn looked up from his writing: "You certainly cannot be serious, Lillian. I certainly would never permit a wife of mine to go to the polls and mix up in politics."

"Why? aren't we women receiving now the full measure of education accorded men?"

"Yes, but it is a question of the difference in the quality of the intellect. Women could never understand the intricacies of politics," and he turned again to his writing.

"Lillian turned pale. She was about to say something, but bit her lips instead. Her hands full limp into her lap and a frightened look came into her eyes. At last she said very quietly:

"I must go and dress for the reception, Linn. You needn't mind coming with me as you are busy. Jones can drive me. With this she escaped from the room. Upon reaching her bed chamber she exclaimed: "What an escape! I nearly said something sharp that would have led to an altercation like any hod carrier's wife." I, Lillian Crawford, in a vulgar altercation with my husband; and she shuddered at the thought. Then throwing herself into a chair she clasped her hands above her head and exclaimed: "Terrible! Terrible! I cannot love a man who does not consider me equal to him in everything—*everything*" and a sob choked the last utterance. She got up and paced the room.

"Divorce?—never—too vulgar. I must do my full duty as a wife and meet my fate bravely. Oh! the theory of inequality brings educated women into worse bondage than slaves in a Turkish harem because *she* knows no better. Like many an other martyred slave of a woman I will do my duty; but in what special way? Why, his stomach of course. How negligent of me. I was too happy to think. It was selfish. He has been complaining a good deal lately. I will read everything about dyspepsia and find out what foods assimilate best. I will take up my life work scientifically." (To be continued.)

Cows Wearing Glasses.

Cattle with spectacles are to be seen on the Russian steppes. The steppes are covered with snow more than six months of the year. The cows subsist on tufts of grass which crop above the snow, and the rays of the sun on the snow are so dazzling as to cause blindness. To obviate the calamity, it occurred to a kind-hearted man to protect the cows' eyes in the same way as those of human beings, and he manufactured smoke colored spectacles which could be safely worn by cattle. These spectacles were a great success, and are now worn by upward of 40,000 head of cattle, who no longer suffer from the snow-blindness which once caused such suffering among them.—*Kobe Herald*.

Boers and the Paris Exposition.

Notwithstanding the business on their hands in their own little republic in South Africa the Boers have contrived to keep abreast of all civilized nations and have completed, strictly on time, the building which will contain their exhibit at the Paris Exposition. It is safe to say this will be one of the centers of attraction of the big show, containing, as it will, tokens of the industry of that phenomenal race. While its chief feature will be a collection of native minerals, including the gold ores of the Rand and uncut diamonds, it will also comprise specimens of fruits, cereals and other agricultural products, and many trophies of the chase in the form of the skins of lions and leopards and other wild animals which the Boers have killed in the course of their lonely trekking the wilderness. The Transvaal building is a handsome two story

Bacilli Spoils all Fun.

He exfoliates and multiplies
And his offspring do the same
And their offspring do likewise,
And become innumerable and tame.

No matter where you are sick or ill,
No matter where you have pain;
To have you doctors microbes—kill,
For they have microbes on the brain.

Even bloomers cannot scare microbes,
When scorching on the bike.

The new woman dressed in all her robes,
Though hideous, the microbes like.

The microbe, alias bacillus,
Is the physician's favorite friend.
Whatever the ailment he is sure to say
That danger doth portend.

No matter what you suffer from
The microbe is to blame.
You may ward him off, but he will come
And get there all the same.

He is very small and invisible
And hard to keep away.

A Very Fair Lie.

"A man I know named Hicks has on his farm a beautiful stream. He attempted to stock it with trout, but soon discovered that the water was too warm. Not discouraged, he proceeded to cool the water. He started an ice-factory, and every morning now during the summer he deposits ice in the several pools. Well, sir, it will tickle you to see those fish. When the ice wagon arrives at the stream the driver shouts 'Ice!' and the fish come out from the rocks. They get upon the ice and carry on in a perfect flutter of glee. It beats anything I ever saw. Why, the fact is, the fish won't bite for anybody but Hicks."

"How do you account for that?"

"Gratitude."

"What?"

"Gratitude, I tell you. They know Hicks. They know how much he has done for them. Why, sir, he can pull them out as fast as he can throw in. You ought to see them look up in his face and smile. One day when I was with him two of the biggest fish I ever saw began to fight for the hook. One of them got it, and the other determined not to be outdone, came out on the bank and lay down. I never saw such gratitude."

The other two just looked at each other, and then both together, said:

"What'll you have?"—*Chicago News*.

Whether in full dress or in dishabille
When he visits, he comes to stay.

Even kissing now is dangerous, too,
There are microbes on the lips,
And every time Jack kisses Loo
The bacilli he sips.

What little devils they must be
To break up all our fun;
We had just as well be with he as she
Since we can't enjoy yum, yum.

FALATASIC.



Natives Making Poi.

Music and Drama

THE ORPHEUM.

This popular family play house had the usual good bill on this week. The new features were well received by all castes of the audience, the boot band in the gallery frequently attesting the appreciation in that quarter of the house and the clapping of hands and laughter of the ladies showing the approval of the orchestra and parquet section. That the Orpheum has been gotten up to amuse the public goes without saying. It confines itself strictly to the legitimate amusement field and fills the bill, especially when it furnishes plenty of vaudeville. After all it is the feminine figure divine accompanied by a rich voice singing coon or rag-time airs that draws the bulk of the silver dollars through the box office window. The comedians and the jugglers set well in their places, but it's the graceful young lady in the abridged song and dance habiliments that always fetches the undivided attention of the audience. "Professor Robinson" as a little sketchy comedy is well put on. Its funny situations keep the laugh going around constantly. Miss Beresford and Mr. Hearde are as delightful as ever in "The Coon's Jamboree," which secures

more applause than any other number on the bill. The feats of strength and juggling by Pirri and Baxter respectively are the best exhibitions of the kind ever seen in this city. The Dutch sketch was good all the way through and so was the coon piece, "I Aint Seen no Messenger Boy." The finale, "Tramps at Trampville," was a spirited, roistering piece of fun in which the big four, Hearde, Adams, Livingston and Rogers, took part. Although the big four were cast for the curtain fall, which is the hardest to place any attraction for an encore, they nevertheless received an ovation. The audience sat in their seats and insisted on three recalls before consenting to go home.

THE HAWAIIAN BAND.

The band concerts this week have been unusually good. Special mention must be made of the performances given on Monday and Thursday evenings of the sweetest and most difficult parts of Bohemian Girl. Mrs. Alapai and Miss Keliiaa received a veritable ovation for their singing from over three thousand people gathered at Emma square. Four numbers were sung. Mrs. Alapai sang the difficult *cadenzas* of the leading role with wonderful effect. So difficult is this song the *prima-donnas*, who have spent half a life time in study, approach it with fear yet she did it with ease. Miss Keliiaa sang "I Dreamt I dwelt in Marble Halls" to entire satisfaction. The song is well adapted to show her magnificent voice off to the best advantage. In the great quartette with chorus the tenor and bass were supplied from among the band boys. Berger's band boys make a magnificent chorus. Paul Agery was there with his violin and played in his masterly style the obligato to Mrs. Alapai's *cadenzas*.

Three Cutting Affrays.

AN UNCOMMON PHASE OF CRIME SUDDENLY ASSERTS ITSELF.

The carousals of Saturday night are often productive of violent deeds in Honolulu, but the orgies of last Saturday night furnished a criminal calendar that even appalled Judge Wilcox. Between the early hours of Saturday night and the daylight hours of Sunday morning three serious stabbing affrays occurred in as many different parts of the city, resulting in the death of one man and the wounding of five others. As a mild addenda to these criminal events two men attempted to burglarize a shoe store while the police were tracking the culprits who did the stabbing. Never before have the police had to deal with such a volume of crime in one night and the community can take credit unto itself that the knife wielders are all new comers to these shores. One of the immediate lessons of these direful events is that the police have been instructed by the Marshall to place especial espionage on every stranger of suspicious or intemperate habits. The alleged culprits are in prison awaiting trial and nothing yet can be legally determined as to the measure of their guilt, the most important witnesses being unable, through their injuries, to attend the preliminary investigations. A coroner's inquest was attempted and each witness told an entirely different story from the other. Sir Walter Raleigh having calmly witnessed a brawl from his prison window wrote five minutes afterward that he was unable to state who was the aggressor, who was in the right or who was the victor; neither would he be able to identify the participants if they were brought before him. This observation led Sir Walter to note further: "How can men write correct history?"

Supporting the serious charges to which the men will shortly be held to answer there will be a confusion of testimony, as most of the eye witnesses were under the influence of liquor when the deeds were committed. In two particulars the three events have a common similarity: The men held for trial appear to have been acting in self defense and were in about the same degree of intoxication as the persons they injured.

The most serious of Saturday's doings occurred early in the evening at the Pacific Saloon, where William Ester, Toyo Jackson and Isaac Cockett became implicated in a quarrel about the loan of a dollar, which Ester had importuned of Jackson. The

latter refused and a drunken row began. Ester left the saloon and Jackson with his brother-in-law, Cockett, followed. Jackson knocked Ester down once or twice outside the saloon and then Jackson fell to the pavement with a knife wound near the heart, from the effect of which he died a quarter of an hour afterward. Cockett, who tried to assist him, was dangerously cut in the back. When a policeman arrested Ester a moment later a blood stained knife was picked up from the pavement. This weapon was afterwards proved to have been in Ester's possession before the fray. There is strong circumstantial evidence that he did the stabbing. Ester has been here only six months, having come here with the 42nd U. S. Infantry. He has lately been employed by E. O. Hall & Son as a driver. He is an American negro and while the police have no prejudice against his color they have a well founded reason for considering him a dangerous man.

In the matter of the stabbing of three natives one Charles O. Downing, a white man, is held as the culprit. He with a companion named Haskell went to a luau on Liliha street about one o'clock on Sunday morning and conducted himself in a disorderly manner. Now, the Hawaiian luau as an occasion of social, homely festivity has, through the introduction of tourists and sailors and damnable gin and swipes, degenerated of late years to a bestial revel, occasioning police surveillance and no end of annoyance to those whose residence is in the vicinity of such a gathering. The Liliha street affair proved to be an extraordinary type of nuisance. Downing insulted some women and incurred the wrath of the whole assemblage. He tried to escape, but was overpowered and, in self defense, used his knife. He was assisted by his companion Haskell with a slung shot, and when Downing was finally locked up he bore evidences of a hard fought battle on his face. The prisoner is 27 years of age, a painter by trade, and has been in the country only two months.

Walter King, an electrician, living in Kakaako, stabbed a native named Geo. Richard on Sunday morning for meddling with his domestic affairs. He has been acquitted of the charge.

Some system of publication of delinquent taxes and water rates should be inaugurated by the government that new comers and property holders will get an idea of what they should do. Ofttimes by an oversight taxes and water rates remain unpaid for a long period, causing great inconvenience.

Business and Real Estate.

The Market.

The real estate market continues to be in a good and strong condition. Activity to any remarkable degree is not true of it, but neither is it a fact that there is any approach of dullness in the market. Money is plentiful, and people are on the lookout for improved and unimproved holdings. Small lots appear to have the preference just now.

Competitors.

In no line of business is there a greater amount of deception practiced than in the transactions in real estate. Not only does the market suffer but the reputable agencies themselves must bear the burden of the rascalities of a class of parasites that infest all cities; they are as a rule a set of loafers with little or no knowledge of the real estate market, and in all cases unlicensed and illegitimate. Their time is wholly employed watching the offices of the legitimate agencies for such property as is readily salable; they then seek the buyers and offer the same pieces at a less figure than has been quoted through the agency; they can thus make liberal concessions to purchaser, being under no expense whatever for office maintenance and are satisfied with only a fraction of the commission requisite to support a legitimate agency.

The real estate market suffers grievously in having confidence at once shaken in those who are supposed to be its true representatives. This most deplorable state of affairs it is difficult to remedy, the plausibility of the curbstone broker induces the purchaser to transact business through him while the impression is given that the scrupulous agent is guilty of extortion. The investor is then deserted by the seeming benefactor and is compelled to close his bargain through other channels at an additional expense. Instances of this kind are familiar to the reading public and large investors have been mulcted in much the same manner. Generally contingent upon the success of one investment another will follow.

The agent is doing business for a commission and in no race to crowd his office with unsalable property; hence his object is to get it at the lowest figure in order to have the element of a ready sale. This statement is also rather a reflection upon the intelligence of the seller as well as the purchaser, for it is absolutely certain that anyone holding property is well "posted" upon that which immediately affects his holding, while the investor is quite able to inform himself against all deceit. A fruitful source of annoyance to the agencies arises from the broken faith of clients. I will cite one instance to which nearly all others are similar. A certain party posing as a man of exemplary honor, commissioned an office to seek him a residence site. They assiduously set themselves to the task, used valuable time and effort, and submitted quite an exhaustive list. He had privately made his selection and went directly to the owners and made his purchase, entirely ignoring the agency or the broker. His assurances of justice to his broker were profuse until all his objects were in view and easy of accomplishment. With these difficulties to contend with the path of the legitimate agent is not an easy one and entitles him to the firm support of all property holders and investors who wish advice and protection in transactions in real property.

Worthless "Expert" Valuations.

It often happens that negotiations leading to the sale of real estate are spoiled by opinions which are given concerning values of properties, said opinions in many instances being given carelessly, in ignorance, in malice and sometimes with a disposition to prevent the inventors making

the purchase. Incompetent persons are often called upon for opinions in such matters, and it is seldom that incompetent stands in the way of ready expressions in the premises. Men who would not call a tinker to pass judgment on a watch or upon a minister of the gospel, to pass upon the solvency of a bank, will readily turn upon some one equally as incompetent to pass upon the value of a piece of real estate. It should be the rule that expert opinions should only be given by real estate men in real estate matter and by them only as an attorney passes opinions in legal matters. Such expert service should be done for a fee and after proper investigation. The opinions should be in writing with the signature of the expert attached. He should understand that he is making a record upon which his own reputation rests.

It is often said opinions given by loan associations and bankers have the recommending power of a city. They are no more capable or competent than other men to pass such opinions; but being prominent are applied to more often than other people.

The real estate agent supplies the necessary information for one to form his own opinion. This information is given so that each item leading to the results can be verified.

There are thousands of trades and sales spoiled and lost because the would-be investor obtains some worthless opinion without the knowledge of the agent who is trying to make the sale.

Fakes

There is scarcely anything for which the cultivated architect has the more genuine abhorrence than what may be generally termed architectural shams. This designation is used here for want of a better. It is really a misnomer, for shams are not architectural. The three graces of architecture are strength, truth and beauty. Shams violate all three, and truth is the highest degree. Truth, the use of honest material at their honest values, is very dear to lovers of good architecture, and should not be deviated from. But departure from truth are many here and elsewhere. Shams have been encouraged by building owners through a mistaken idea of economy or, rather with the thought of making a great show for little money. Shams are false to beauty and false to strength. There is not the slightest excuse for their existence nor even on the score of economy, for honest simplicity is always obtainable for the modicum expense, and is certainly far preferable to sham enrichments, which do not enrich, and sham ornamentation. The ass in the lion's skin could not hold the lion's place for a day, but sham passes for the real in architecture.

Concerning the use of stone it is unnecessary to write here, stone being itself the richest of materials, is not at all likely to be given disguise. It is the material most generally unstated that are shams. In this article, though incomplete a few shams have been touched upon. But be the question one of folly or mere expediency, it will always be found that honesty and sincerity, in architectural work, as in everything else, commands the most lasting respect, a cheap snob is derided and looked down upon; there is such a thing as cheap snobbery in building.

An organization should be inaugurated among our prominent real estate agents immediately to protect landlords against bad tenants. A movement of this kind would be one of importance and unquestionably, will meet with the approval and hearty commendation in its efforts to put a check upon the impositions and abuses practiced by bad tenants upon house owners. Proper books should be kept indexed and a classified list of tenants, of good tenants and those who are considered bad tenants. These books should be open to the members so it will be seen at a glance that the virtually full information shown will give the clients of the many of our real estate agents full protection.

WILL E. FISHER.

AUSTIN'S HAWAIIAN WEEKLY

Devoted to the Interests of the Pacific.

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FRANKLIN AUSTIN, MANAGING EDITOR.

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HONOLULU, MARCH 17, 1900.

THE *Maui News*—bright, breezy, well printed paper continues to adorn our exchange table, it having reached its third issue. The paper is well filled with advertisements and has the appearance of prosperity. It is ably edited by Mr. G. B. Robertson with Mrs. G. B. Robertson as business manager.

ACCORDING to the testimony of the keepers of many drinking resorts in the city, wherever Colonel Ester went in his hours of recreation the storm center was in his steps.

TWO months ago the WEEKLY advocated the convention of the Council of State for the purpose of making appropriations for current expenses. Many citizens declared such a measure impossible, but they have just learned that President McKinley has advised President Dole to call such a meeting to provide for emergency expenses.

IF MR. SHELDON'S venture in making a tract serve for a daily compendium of news were to extend longer than a week he would find that the novelty would soon wear off. The Topeka Capital under Mr. Sheldon's righteous editorial management will go into newspaper history as one of those miscellaneous freaks for which rural Kansas long ago staked a claim. We hope the Topeka Capital will suffer no disfigurement in going through Mr. Sheldon's mill.

HENRY BERG, the fearless defender of dumb animals, has his disciples in all parts of the United States. In Hawaii his follower is Mrs. Craft, who champions without fear or favor every beast subjected to the cruel treatment of mankind. Mrs. Craft does all she can, but she cannot do enough. She is one watchful guard in a city of 40,000 inhabitants, the propensities of many of whom are the beating of brutes without provocation. Mrs. Craft has recently chosen to establish a newspaper organ in espousal of her Samaritan labor and we trust it will have the support it so well deserves.

THE VERY favorable reception accorded to our new department of "Business and Real Estate," under the able and comprehensive direction of Col. W. E. Fisher, induces us to promise to give more prominence than we have hitherto done to the great interest of *Insurance*, fire, life, casualty and other branches of this indispensable adjunct to successful business. We propose to discuss the need for and the prospect for success in the formation of local companies, which, while affording adequate protection to our

citizens, will tend to keep at home at least a part of the immense amount of money we are now paying as tribute for such protection to the United States and other countries; and to write of the laws and usages pertaining to this branch of trade. We will make a more definite announcement of this matter later.

The "Law of the Road"—a Suggestion.

Many cases of violations of this law generally of custom, here, of statute as well, have recently been noted in the city press and these have resulted in serious injury in some cases and in narrow escapes frequently, that the police have been unceasingly vigilant in requiring its observance. The punishment of a few violators will doubtless have a most salutary effect, but we are led to ask if it would not be well for the authorities themselves to set a good example and this we think they can possibly, easily do.

In the main, the offenders are Asiatics who in their own countries have been made to observe the law there, which is to *turn to the left*. These people constitute the principal part of the street car travel and finding here, that the cars take to the left at switches may be led to that way of turning in passing in the streets in wheeled vehicles.

It would not be a difficult nor an expensive matter to have the switches arranged to turn to the right instead of to the left as now, and though we shall probably have double tracks in a short time, it might help in the interval to have this object lesson taught.

And, by the way, does anybody know why the switches are laid to give a left instead of a right turn?

From the Orient.

Notwithstanding the severe weather prevailing throughout South Russia, the departure of reinforcements from the Black Sea to Russia's Asiatic possessions in the Far East still goes on.

The Manila Railway Co., Ltd., is in trouble owing to the failure of the United States Government to pay claims for seizure of the road for military purposes, which amount to nearly \$200,000. The directors were compelled to defer the payment of interest on the company's mortgage bonds until the money could be collected.

In the Yokohama Chiho Saibansho before Judge Fujise, judgment has given for the defendant in the fire insurance case raised by Mr. Rin Hokusen against Mr. Bavier. As reported previously Counsel for defendant maintained that the representative of the Norwich Fire Insurance Co. for Yokohama is not Mr. Bavier but Mr. W. W. Till and that the plaintiff, in instituting legal proceedings, had failed to observe the provisions

printed on the back of the policy to the effect that "any dispute arising between the contracting parties should first be submitted to the arbitration of a third party before bringing the matter before law courts."

The *China Mail* of Jan. 28 says that on the previous day one of the men injured in the explosion on the U. S. gunboat *Wheeling* died from the effect of his injuries, making three deaths from the accident. The name of the man killed instantaneously was Gunner's Mate Campbell, and Gunner Nelson subsequently succumbed to his injuries. The other injured men who are still in hospital are Lieutenant-Commander F. E. Beatty and Gunners Conroy and Bite. The funeral of the victims took place on the 27th ult. at the Happy Valley, the remains being followed to the grave by representatives from the warships in the harbor.

United States Minister Conger, in consequence of the murder of the Rev. Mr. Brooks, Church of England missionary at Ping Yin, has demanded from the imperial Chinese government thorough protection for American residents at Taian-Fu, who have felt their lives were in danger. As a result of the American demand the Empress dowager has issued a strong edict ordering Gen. Yuan to pursue and disperse the "boxers"—the anti foreign society, members of which beheaded Mr. Brooks. Her Majesty also expressed her horror and regret at the murder of the missionary. The anti-foreign agitation in northern Shantung is reported to have subsided somewhat.

According to some of the St. Petersburg papers, the Japanese Envoy to the Court of St. Petersburg, has recently expressed to the representative of a Japanese journal his opinion that Japan should pay less attention to political matters and should devote all her energy to commercial enterprises. She should, he is reported to have declared, encourage foreigners to enter Corea, and, with a view to co-operation with Russia, should see that the railway which she is to construct from Soul to Fusan is of the same gauge as the Manchurian lines. With these remarks the Russian press generally expresses agreement, the *Novoe Vremya*, for instance, declaring that, if Japan has great interests in Corea, so also has Russia. Corea is already supplying the South Ussuri district with cattle and grain, and will in the future play the part of a granary for the Kwantung peninsula. There is, the journal adds, no ground for the supposition that Russia is absorbing Corea, or is desirous of establishing a Russian protectorate over the country.

"Why did you place such a tough fowl before me?" asked the indignant lady patron, of a waiter in an downtown restaurant.

"Age before beauty, always, you know, madam," was the gallant reply. And then, woman-like, she smiled and paid her bill without a murmur.—*Chicago News*.



Round about Honolulu

The color scheme of the day is green, which is found on the cover of this issue of the WEEKLY.

There is a general expression of pleasure in seeing James Hunt at the head of the fire department again.

The bubonic plague has been here three months and five days and there have been only 57 deaths.

The little bull flurry in sugar stocks this week was a more soothing panacea to the worried minds of the community than a whole fortnight-full of "no cases."

The *Kobe Herald* of the 7th ult. says: "Mr. Hirai Shiuzo, secretary of the foreign department, has been ordered to proceed to Hawaii to make enquiries in connection with the destruction of Japanese property in the island. He will take passage by the next boat sailing for Honolulu. He was formerly at Honolulu as acting Japanese consul."

The few Custom House watchmen who perform their nocturnal vigils along the water front earn every dollar they get. In the absence of lights they run their frames against all sorts of debris and merchandise and occasionally take an involuntary dip into the harbor. Opium is now within the reach of the poorest Chinese coolie on Oahu.

W. C. J. Ottmann, it will be remembered, formerly kept the Ocean View Saloon, having a light wine and beer license. Sometime since his license was taken away from him, very unjustly some people think. Not wishing to lose his property or stand Mr. Ottmann has fitted up Ocean View as a cafe and will serve refreshments at all reasonable hours and private dinners to order. Being at the end of the car line no more convenient place can be found to stop for refreshments than Ocean View Cafe.

Waikiki Inn has undergone considerable improvement under the management of Mr. Almy, vice Mr. Hayward retired, and many more changes are contemplated. Mr. Almy hopes to make Waikiki Inn the resort of the beach. He is prepared to take orders for special dinners and is even contemplating making a cafe of his "lanai" and putting in a grill room where short orders may be served at any time. No more genial host can be found than Mr. Almy and his enterprise deserves the patronage of the public.

The Circuit Court is working two foreign juries again this session and many talesmen are called. Men who are taken away from important store and office duties would serve the Court and their country with better grace if they were not subjected to the long tedious waits occasioned by the unreadiness of lawyers and the legal sparring after the opening of court. The course of justice does not go with the "rush" that the business men, who largely make up juries, would like to see.

The destruction by fire of E. F. Bishop's residence early Tuesday morning is one of the regrettable consequences of the prevailing drouth. The absence of electric lights in parts of the city where they are most needed is also due to the failure of the water supply. It is hard to tell where the high authorities, beset as they are by demands from all sorts of sources, can begin improvement. The current expenses and damage claims of the plague will require every dollar of the surplus, leaving nothing in sight for the much-needed reconstruction of the water department. Roads and Bridges, Schools, Custom House and Post Office are suffering for want of funds.

The Problem at Kahului.

A very serious problem is presented to the people and property owners of Kahului. Would it be better to remove the plague from Kahului, or to remove Kahului from the plague? If, as it is believed, plague bacilli make their abiding place in the soil, it will be practically impossible to render the infected portion of Kahului habitable. And if Kahului remains where it is the precise portion which is infected will be indispensable for business purposes.

By simply selecting a new site for the town further back from the wharf, on clean, uninfected ground, there will arise a new Kahului more beautiful, more commodious and more healthful than the present site ever has been, and then we would have a Kahului absolutely free from all taint of plague.

This being done, and the buildings on the present site of the town being burned or razed to the ground, let an algeroba grove be planted along the whole water front and back to the new town, forming a wind break and Kahului with the natural advantages which she would then possess, would become one of the most attractive and desirable towns on the islands.

Of course it would be an expensive proposition, and the expense would fall on some who could ill bear it, but from present indications it is going to be more expensive both in life and property, to keep the town on its present site than to remove it.—*Maui News.*

Austin's Hawaiian Weekly

\$3.00 a year.

Jack as a Matchmaker.

It is rumored that Supt. Atkinson has asked for the hand and heart of a celestial maiden domiciled in the Japanese tea-garden, of two of them, in fact. Of course he didn't want the hands and hearts for his own use, but was merely acting as proxy for an amorous but bashful Japanese swain.

By the way, Camp Wood as it is managed, is a hint to plantation managers generally as to what would be the best and most economical method of maintaining and managing plantation camps.—*Maui News.*

Commanders Iida and Yamamoto, accompanied by Paymaster Tomita and other officers of the Japanese navy and 270 sailors, left Yokohama by the N. Y. K.'s S. S. *Wakasa Maru*, for England, to bring out to Japan the *Asahi Kan*, a first-class battleship of 15,200 tons displacement, built to the order of the Japanese Government, and now nearing completion. Three well known curio merchants of Yokohama also left on the same steamer for the Paris Exposition, representing the exhibitors of Yokohama.

NOTICE.

T. B. Clapham, Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist. Office, King Street Stables; Telephone 1083. Calls, day or night, promptly answered; specialities, obstetrics and lameness.

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