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# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Availeth a Nation."

Vol. 3, No. 6.

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"And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

St. Matthew xviii. 2-3.

In Boston it says: "Keep to the right as the law directs." That's an old legend old as the town itself.

Is the road very dreary,

Patience yet!

Rest will be sweeter if thou art a weary:

And after the night cometh the morning cheery.

Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining,

Don't forget;

And though he's hidden, still the sun in shining;

Courage! Instead of tears and vain repining,

Just bide a wee and dinna fret.

(Torquil MacLeod.)

## AN ENORMOUS MANGO CROP IS IN SIGHT.

The newspaper man's face has grown happy and short for he can now fill his space from the dear Legislature. Good to him as a vacation and salary (celery) sure.

There is one conductor on the Kalihi road who amuses us like the end men of a minstrel show. We don't know his name and if we did we would not name it of course. But he attends strictly to his car—a perfect martinet. "Get on." "Don't get off yet." "Can't ring the bell here, too late." "Can't ring the bell there, don't you see the hill?" I can tell you he means to "magnify his office" and while

he's on the car it will be conducted safely to the terminus, and when there he tries his best to wear out a broom. This is a world. He's as sharp as a squirrel and reminds us of one.

"Human nature is at bottom right, loyal and generous. In the darkest and most ravaged heart there may survive, as in the ruins of a temple, a last lamp, forgotten by the last priest, which burns still for truth and goodness.—Henry.

## A GARDEN.

A rough lot has within a few weeks been turned into a garden near by and to-day we noticed a large bed of flowers—lavender purple and white the colors often in demand. Somebody has started an industry. Here, it is but to sow and to water and then the increase.

The Portuguese now have fine large brown eggs on hand—seven for a quarter. Look at the tiny vineyards on this Punchbowl! and figs also.

Go to Coyne's and take your choice of a baby carriage; they are so pretty and a comfort indeed.

We are glad to see the grass in the lot opposite the Young. Now if a fairy would after, or just before a rain, scatter over it dandelion or whiet clover seed it would shortly look alive in the early morning and throw off too a certain whiff of fragrance perceptible at the Hotel. It costs so little to make things sweet and nice about us if kept up from day to day but spasmodic effort is mostly money badly invested. One must be diligent and systematic and keep at it to win even a violet or a daisy.

## GOOD WILL.

A Chinaman and some few Britishers have a certain dogged persistence and will that will make a hen lay and potato hill. It is a fact. Good will.

## JOHNSON.

We have never in all our Hawaiian life seen anything like so good roads as at this time—no.

Mr. Ballentyne is a manager, one in a decade and no one can say us—nay. There is very little escapes him not of practical financial help only, but the "True and the Beautiful" is a deep thought with him in regard to Hawaii and the Rapid Transit. A man can be breaking stone on the road possibly and yet perchance recollect the velvet damask roses in the little garden-plot in Lancashire.

Coyne is an awfully quiet pleasant man to trade with.

You can buy a dress length of beautiful cloth at Ehlers for walking skirt or steamer, not too costly.

## POLITICS.

Speaker ..... E. A. Knudsen  
Vice-Speaker ..... A. Cox  
Clerk ..... D. Kalauokalani  
Chaplain ..... S. Desha  
Interpreter ..... C. Wilcox  
Stenographer ..... R. A. Kearns  
Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Kamaopili  
Messenger ..... A. G. Duncun  
Janitor ..... S. H. Meekapu  
Lilikalani was, as usual, the Beau Brummel of the opening of the Legislature. He had a frock coat, lavender trousers, patent leather shoes, white tie and a clean collar every minute.

At this point a recess was taken during which the Governor entered the chamber. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed in tones of satisfaction, "you certainly are record-breakers. You have only been in session for thirty minutes and you already notify me that you are ready for business."

The Opposition in the House was unanimous. It was represented by Kaniho the lonely Home Ruler from Kohala.

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"Many of the tourist who have spent several weeks or less in Honolulu departed yesterday on the Siberia for San Francisco. Every one went aboard laden with leis and in a regretful mood. They all had had a good time in Honolulu and spoke in the best terms of the hospitality which had made their visit so charming. What with surfing, swimming, dancing, coaching, going to luaus and hulas, visiting Hilo and the volcano, listening to the Hawaiian Government Band, and watching steamers depart, the visitors have surely enjoyed themselves."—P. C. A.

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#### SENATOR DICKEY'S LOCAL OPTION BILL.

Editor Advertiser: Can you kindly permit me to say a few words with reference to the bill "Local Option," which Senator Dickey purposes to again offer for passage to the legislative body. We have tonight been listening to Messrs. Gilbert and Withington also to Senator Dickey himself, explaining the motive of the measure.

It is so plain and simple that the simplest man can understand it, and there is perfect and complete satisfaction guaranteed on the very face of it. It is truly a piece of goods that will wash. If Senator Dickey failed in getting it through the Legislature the first time, it was not because it is not a perfect thing of its kind, for it undeniably is, but because of the imperfection of the said Legislature, and may Heaven defend us and forefend us from ever another even savoring of the likes of that. Not that simply the refusal of this bill was the

sum total of its "insanity" by any means, but it is past and gone now (driftwood), and we are all looking for a better record in the coming weeks. Local option means, it seems, that if the voters of any given precinct say, "We prefer to see in our precinct—where is our home (our wives and children), school houses, churches, library, drinking-fountain, pretty shops etc. and we don't want a saloon licensed in the place," it can't be.

On the other hand, if the voters of a precinct do want saloons they certainly ought to like "Local Option," for its fairness and ready help (indirectly), for, if there are no saloons, say, on the right of a certain precinct or on the left, to the north of it or at the south of it, why, it would not only have all the custom of its own voters, but the minority members also of all four adjacent precincts, it may be.

Certainly, this is a "free country," but saloons ought to consider that it is as free to the man who doesn't want the saloon as to the gentleman who really craves the same. Now, local option, as we have said, is simply a bill for fair play, and every English-speaking man is willing that "public opinion should have fair play and sway."

We do hope, editor, that the subject will be brought home to everyone's door at this time, and that the saloon shall "pass" a given precinct, if the taxpayers say, Pau.

A. M. P.

St. Valentine's Day.

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The origin of this commission, as pointed out by Alfred Mosley, in the preface, dates back to South Africa. Mr. Mosley was the business partner of the late Cecil Rhodes, and through varied industrial and commercial enterprises in South Africa, he came in relation with many Americans, and notably several American engineers. The sagacity, skill, and intelligence of these men turned his attention to the United States. Accordingly he planned a visit to this country, as he himself says, "for the purpose of seeing what

sort of a country it was that was responsible for sending so many level-headed men to the Cape."

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#### A SAILOR'S SANITARIUM.

We always envy the men-of-war whenever we see their clothes hanging far up in the sky to dry, in the sun and the fresh-salt air, where not a speck of smoke or dust can reach 'em. And, a sea-plunge always at the door! (Compensation).

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#### MOILILII.

The principal of this little hedge school on the fringe of the town is skeery of newspapers and would not see her name in print "for anything." But the singular and fateful part of it is that the lady's surname begins begins with M and ends with i. But we will not reveal her name and you all know by now that we can keep secrets passing well.

This lady is a very clever ("clever" is a noun here) and a shrewd and earnest with wit and wisdom at her fingers' ends but she has never grieved for a 3 story school-house out there and she is quite as likely to find herself encompassed by a town as in any of the suburbs we know. Time, and the Panama Canal will unfold a three volume story for all of us (so say we all of us). Good luck to you M—i. Pass on.

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#### CARTER.

In his Report for 1904, in the clause: "Labor conditions" merely confirms and ratifies every word we have said in the TIMES the past two years or more with reference to Chinese contract labor for the cane fields of this island possession of Uncle Sam. We are content now to turn down the pencil in that direction and only call attention over and over if need be to that section of the report. We could not say the thing better or make it clearer to the worst Congressional dullard than the Governor has sifted and threshed out.

And now after all the struggle the depression the fret and the wor-

ry of having to literally beg for mercy and help for what would have been our splendid and righteous income from sugar, only for wicked exclusion law which ought to have nothing to do with barring out our welfare and prosperity, if, we say, if the President and Congress will not give a helping hand but say indifferently: "Oh, likely, Hawaii will manage to grind along as it has since annexation and we (power) can't be sending the coolie over there," they may find in time to their sorrow, as to ours, that Hawaii is not only cool but indeed, and by wrong deed, frozen out. May that time of woe never come.



#### OUR OWN LOGAN.

It has made us laugh to tears in looking over "Commercial" by Daniel Logan because the innumerable and multitudinous doings, including Rego's "having got into trouble as postmaster with the Federal authorities," (sure) would not admit in the small space allowed him for any spreading or even a polly syllyable and so he goes ahead like a veritable venerable steam-engine piling in one fact after another with a grim determination "and a desperate endeavor" to ring every bell in the Territory that is blessed with a clapper, and let us all know he was all there. He even compasses the "lace-making" but never a line of poetry can we discover. "Two of the big hotels are filled, a third is filling, four ocean liners besides a transport in the past week" &c., &c., etc. and we are transported by him into the most prosperous times this country ever knew. Whew! Can't he make his lead spin and humzit-zit-zit.



#### TALKING TIME.

1. Talk with Mr. Cooke.
2. Palolo talk.
3. Buy a bit of land while you can.
4. Take up the hoe for a diversion night and mourn.
5. You'll not dye if you dive.

6. Dig and dive into soil, put sole in the work.

7. Then can you have tomato all stile and potato without a Chinaman in sight.

8. Look and learn of the gardens on King street!

9. Try a very small farm at Palolo.

10. Mr. Cooke didn't ask us to write these words; he may not like them. We can't help that.

11. Palolo is a pretty sight in the morning and no discount on landscape.

12. If you escape a small farm and go on paying rent why go on—we don't lose anything.

13. Small farming is not as hard as newspaper work and more lettuce.

14. You are a silly not to fasten to an acre and cream while you can and own your own castle if but one rough room: very easy to make it two after a while.

15. Buy your lumber at Lewers & Cooke not cost more than \$200 for one-room cottage. And how many of you live in more than one room in boarding!

Buy a "small farming."



P. S.—Look at a file of the TIMES, we have always plead for many industries, paper-mills, peanuts etc. No new departure.

We are no one's servant but our Maker's, so please you.



#### THE BY STANDER AND SOL. SHERIDAN.

Certainly history repeats itself and it is curious how things come and go in our lives one piece fitted into another like to mosaic. Now and again there comes a tangle: and we cannot always clear up in our mind who and who and who tied the little knots and sometimes big. Well we began started in to say tell that once before we knew two scribes quite akin to these two whose names, few or many, cover our heading.

And one of them we cannot recall but think he went to London to take a place on the staff of the TIMES likely, we can't exactly say

and now the name is here; Prentice Mulford and his articles, if you know reader, were often charming delightful and were sought after and largely read. The other you can all guess was, Bierce. He was and is wedded to the Bay city. Indeed he has rightly earned fame and money and they are his.

(To be continued.)



#### OUR BILL.

We would ask the Legislature to give to us a lot of land with a square house in the middle a door on each side and a road leading up to each door.

Looks like every bodyelse is putting in a bill or two.



With a brace like the Reverends Baker and Wallace Kona should show something in church work as fine as its coffee and oranges—why not?



Oh well my dear man, it is not everyone that has sense (cents) like you, it is only about half of this grand old world that's much more than half-witted seemingly and the other half must be constantly on deck with their guns cleaned and primed ready to cover and protect them from the face of their foes or they would be stranded, swamped or strangled in the strife. We all know that for it's as plain as the church steeple.



The tally-ho is an inspiration (respiration expectation compensation). We like 6 horses.

Hand-cart not to our gre.

Give us a go-cart.



No, not a black Juggernaut but the little red men with shining metal (mettle) on the wheels—the pretty kind.



We are very sorry to record the death of Mr. Waity, formerly of Bishop's Bank for he seemed but in the prime of life and a most kindly Christian gentleman quiet and simple in his home life and ever given to and earnest for good works. May his soul rest in peace.

THE  
HONOLULU TIMES

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MARCH, - 1905

STRAY CRUMBS (PLUMS)  
FROM THE EDITOR'S LOG-  
BOOK (FEBRUARY).

We called in to see how the R. T. men are treated (hot coffee and sandwich) at 10 a. m. on Sundays and Mr. Haley talked to them of the true success, the way to find it and the easy and only way and all were interested because success in life is what everyone craves and would have; and he himself is on the high road from his own honest confession.

After an hour's stay in which we were informed and interested; we tarried for a little time in the German Lutheran which is a most charming bit of color and sweetness. The deepest and most profound reverence is manifested by the worshippers and it is very restful and soothing in its tendency—no flurry or flutter all quiet and peaceful, calm. It impresses one at once. The singing was melody, and a violin solo was beyond our words in point of beauty. That church is a picture indeed.

After that we listened to Bishop Restarick; he urges decidedly to believe in God, have faith in His promises and go forward though even clouds and darkness are round about; in other words not to look for fair weather always or smooth seas for breakers will sooner or later come into every one's life to test his cable and to see if his anchor will hold—"to try every man's faith of what sort it is." And then after getting our lunch we said the forenoon's time had not been wasted.

REVEILLE.

As we said in our February paper quoting from a great writer: "the state is God's state just as much as the church is God's church." We cannot neglect the one and expect the other to have true life and earnestness.

We must have the state reformed and corrected of all evil then will follow in natural sequence that righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. If a man is an honest patriot he is an honest Christian; he can't be one without being the other also. He can't love God unless he loves his city, his country, where his earthly home is, where are all his dearest ties, and, unless he wills to see that well-ordered seven days in the week, he is no Christian man, no gentleman. All creation belongs to the Creator.

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are thine." "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou so regardest him?" Oh, let us all try to make things lovely in Hawaii and not 'orrid. Smooth out (gently) all the rinkles and rongs. But don't go at it (please) hammer and tongs. We have no fancy for Rough and Gruff or any such stuff. If you swing a tomahawk people will turn up any by street to escape your circle (circus) cuss.

Honey-comb, my dear, not curry-comb.



A soul from earth to heaven went  
To whom the saint, as he drew near,  
Said: Sir, what claim do you present  
To us, to be admitted here?"

"In Boston I was born and bred,  
And in her schools was educated;  
I afterwards at Harvard read  
And was, with honors, graduated.

In fair Nahant—a charming spot  
I own a villa, lawns, arcades,  
And last, a handsome burial lot  
In dead Mt. Auburn's hallowed shades."

St. Peter mused and shook his head

Then as a gentle sigh he drew,  
"Go back to Boston, friend," he said,  
"Heaven is not good enough for you."

Somerville Journal.



On Friday we were at both the Young and the Hawaiian enough long to take a few notes of things about us. We really cannot see a fault in either or in the really royal and sumptuous and most perfect housekeeping of these delightful inns of central Honolulu.

It seems almost a marvel that gentlemen like Messrs. Lake and Church should be here just at this crucial time, so to speak, when skill and tact are needed to suit and entice and attract the tourists of the world, men and women who know an extra good thing in the way of entertaining, men of means and of culture who have been and who are travellers in the largest sense and that will meet others and tell them of our attractive land and homes.

Nowhere in the wide world is more pleasing entertainment than these hostelrys have known in the past few months. Never has there been anything to compare with it in the Islands before. Why? Because the resources are many times more. Look at our imports for a dinner to-day. The music is finer, the flowers are more varied, the settings and furniture and lights and transportation and vehicles and horses are not the same of "ye olden time" but in every point compare with New York or Hyde Park or Champ Elysee. O yes, we are at the flood-tide of beauty and comfort, and daintiest fairyland, in our two mid-city hotels. And we speak straight facts, no circumlocution ("I guess") with us. And who would like if he could (dare) to stop our pencil? (Please send us a few) and now will spin on in our "auto."

What we rejoice in is the perfect good fellowship of the managers—no envy. "We'll come over to your

roof-garden for we have n't any and your crowd shall be more than welcome on our lanais for you have not any; and we will invite the town to come and enjoy the grand music and have a dance and eat and drink a choice supper and wander from one hotel to the other and be at home in both.

Skilful, wise managers who can see a point and play to win! It takes a large-minded man to be a hotel-keeper. The witty legend: "Not every man can keep a hotel." The guests who left Honolulu last week will talk their friends blind in the Orient at the Coast and the Colonies.

They never heard anything at all like the Ellis Bros. Quintette, the Hawaiian Band, the singing; the lanais, the leis, the roof-garden the riding, the surf, the sea the sky, the hills, all all a revaluation! One gentleman remarked: "Oh yes we've seen the world but your place is novel—quite different, not like other tropical."

Humph, not indeed. Heigho! Were we rich a house of four rooms for our exclusive use would content us. We might lodge a night at the Hawaiian, step over to the roof-garden for our coffee, take our swim and lunch at the Moana, and then as far as Haleiwa for a few days. And have the key to four rooms—all the locks alike. That would suit us, no bother and no fuss. But oh how monotonous the four walls of one room!

Would we crave idleness and luxury? We would find work and work as hard as we ever have. It is only in "the sweat of the brow" that a blessing follows and if wise, believe it. Under the Young Hotel nearly all one's needs can be found books, music, hats, cigars flowers curios etc. And just here we would not pass by Mr. Boyd and the "Promotion" help by any manner of means; for he seems the very precise one to help on the work.

We saw a lot of officers and men there asking questions and hands full of books and views and they were very pleased and earnest.

Everything is made so courteous and comfortable by Mr. B. for we all know it needs a gentleman to deal with the public to make any success. One who is patient, unselfish and thorough. And final analysis we must mention (incidentally) that there can be but one encomium for Mesdames Lake and Church and the noble band of kind helpers, trying to help in the uplifting of our dear Hawaii.

We want Local Option and a Homestead law for the two things (needs).



"Go to grass!" How can we without rain.



"We are not to depreciate the beautiful and good things of this world but through them and by the righteous use of them to gain a better appreciation of the world beyond, the spiritual and unseen separated from us only by a "vail."

REV. DR. KINCAID.



Drink "Bethesda" water? Tel. Main 219.



From the Governor's Report.

#### LABOR CONDITIONS.

As the sugar and rice industries of the Hawaiian Islands are the only ones employing agricultural or other laborers in large numbers the needs of the Territory in respect to the numbers, nationality, and kinds of immigration desired reflect to a large extent the needs of those two industries. At the present time there is, outside of the sugar and rice industries, very little room for the employment of unskilled laborers. In time to come other industries may be established which may employ a number of laborers, but there is now a necessity for only such class of laborers as can be utilized in the cane and rice fields and in other branches of the sugar business.

The conditions which exist here render it imperative for the preservation of the industries established that laborers be brought from abroad.

Most tropical sugar-growing countries either possess an indigenous laboring population, available for the cultivation of sugar cane, or have within easy reach people who are readily obtainable for tropical field work, and whose physique and constitution enable them to undertake such field work without fear of injury to their health.

There is not such an indigenous population here to supply the demands, and the tendency of the native population is not toward field work. They make good mechanics, and a portion of these are engaged in a variety of trades, but agricultural labor appears to be distasteful to them, and the number employed on sugar estates is small. This being so, it has for many years been necessary to promote immigration of field laborers to the islands, and many countries have been drawn from. There has been regularly conducted emigration from Germany, Norway and Sweden, Azores, Madeira, Portugal, Galicia, China Japan, and Porto Rico besides which British, Americans, Italians, and negroes (from the United States) have come in small numbers.

Under the laws of the Kingdom and later of the Republic of Hawaii, immigration from European countries was assisted by the government and industrial interests of Hawaii. Since annexation to the United States it has entirely ceased, as assisted immigration is prohibited by the United States immigration laws, and it is quite impossible to direct a voluntary immigration from Europe direct to Hawaii, the great distance and expense of transportation being insurmountable obstacles in the way of such voluntary immigration.

So far as the Europeans and Americans are concerned, it has, with one exception, been found that they were unfitted for tropical field work; they could not and would not perform it, and never for long labored as "field hands." The one exception noted is that of the Portuguese from Madeira and the Azores, who showed themselves capable of performing good field work. The improved condition of

their own countries no longer necessitating emigration, these people show no disposition now to come to the islands, and even if they were willing to emigrate to Hawaii the laws of the United States would hinder them from receiving that assistance without which emigration would be for them impossible. And here it may be stated that if other Europeans can be found who could endure labor in the cane fields of Hawaii, the immigration laws would render them unable. The geographical position of these islands and the great distances which such emigrants would have to travel would necessitate their being assisted in ways which are prohibited by the laws, as they can not themselves meet the cost. Of the Portuguese who originally came to Hawaii as assisted emigrants, those who did not go to the mainland have so prospered that now they do not engage to any large extent as plantation laborers, and their children, by the aid of the excellent Hawaiian free-school system, have fitted themselves for more congenial occupation than field labor affords.

It has sometimes been argued that the Hawaiian sugar industry is in exactly the same position as that of the Southern States, and that if the latter can supply their labor needs, Hawaii should be able to do the same. This, however, is wholly misleading and untrue. If Hawaii had a large indigenous population such as exists in the Southern States, and if Hawaii could draw upon the large streams of immigration entering the United States, from which to supply its requirements, as does that section, then such a comparison might be made. If there were no indigenous population upon which the Southern States could draw to supply the labor required in the fields, and were they wholly dependent upon Italian and other European immigration for labor, they would stand in relation to Europe geographically as does Hawaii in relation to Asia. Furthermore, while there is a stream of Italian and European immigration from which the Southern States can

supply their needs, the great distance to Hawaii, coupled with the rigorous laws against assisted immigration makes it impossible for Hawaii to hope for relief from that source, even if such immigrants could stand the climate, which is far more trying than is that of the South. It must be remembered that the Hawaiian Islands are situated south of the Tropic of Cancer between the nineteenth and twenty-first degrees of longitude, consequently on or about the same level with, for instance, Vera Cruz, Manzanillo, Hongkong, Bombay and Burmah, Cuba, Formosa and Mexico City.

The impossibility of securing a sufficient supply of Hawaiian or other laborers able to endure the work in cane fields forced the planters of these islands into a reliance on China and Japan for the necessary supply. The Chinese have always proved themselves to be a law-abiding, docile, and industrious people, but the United States exclusion laws shut out this nationality from Hawaii as soon as annexation became an accomplished fact, and the only present practicable source of supply is Japan, though a small number have come from Korea.

Since the annexation of these islands the difficulty of maintaining an adequate supply of agricultural field laborers has been very great. Chinese are absolutely prohibited, and while the Japanese still come, the number of immigrant laborers hardly balances the number of Chinese and Japanese who return monthly to their homes, and the scarcity of labor has enhanced its value.

There exists in the minds of some, who are unfamiliar with the nature of field work in a tropical cane field, the impression that white men can perform the work, and that the proper way to conduct a sugar plantation is to divide the land into small lots and give them to white men to cultivate instead of doing work of cultivation by day laborers working on a wage under one controlling management.

A list of the nationalities that have tried field work in Hawaii has

already been given. To-day there are no white men laboring in cane fields here. Those who have tried it have never stayed by it for any length of time, and abundant evidence is forthcoming that the white man can not and will not stand the work of tropical cane fields.

Some little time ago the management of the Ewa plantation, on the island of Oahu, decided to experiment with American farmers. Fifteen families of highly respectable people were carefully selected in the Western States, and all their expenses paid to the plantation, where houses had been erected for them, each with a garden patch surrounding it, and where a large patch of "common land" had been set apart for their use as pasture for such stock as they desired to keep. Here they were given lots to cultivate in cane, and every help was rendered in the way of plowing and preparing their fields, but notwithstanding this and all the Ewa Plantation Company expended on this effort to raise cane by white farmers, these people were not able to perform the necessary labor, and they drifted away by degrees, so that in about a year none of the fifteen families was left. Other experiments of a similar nature have been made with like results.

In connection with the question of "homesteading" and of encouraging small farming, it is proper here to point out that all the lands cultivated by plantation companies who find it necessary to irrigate because of the uncertainty of the rainfall, were either arid wastes or poor pasture lands before they were acquired by these companies, who sank artesian wells, established expensive pumping plants, or constructed extensive water ditches and pipe lines, and at great cost poured water over the lands and made agriculture thereon a possibility. If development by homesteads only had been possible the lands which are now cane fields would be in their primitive condition, because their irrigation was only rendered possible

by the investment of a large amount of capital.

With the largely increased world production of sugar, it is only with difficulty that cane can be grown here with a profit. The remoteness of these islands from the world's market and the cost of production are factors to be contended with.

It would be of great advantage to the agricultural interests of these islands if the United States immigration laws could be so amended as to permit the assisting of a desirable class of Portuguese laborers from the Azores or neighboring islands, or if there could be a modification of the Chinese exclusion act permitting the immigration to these islands of a limited number of Chinese agricultural laborers, such laborers to be restricted to agricultural labor and domestic service, and strictly prohibited from engaging in mechanical and mercantile pursuits; such immigration to be so regulated that the identify of each laborer may be ascertained and a record kept thereof, and that he may be required at the end of from three to five years from the date of his arrival in these islands to depart therefrom, and that such laborer be not permitted to go from these islands to the mainland. The organic act takes care of this now. No Chinese can go to the mainland from Hawaii.

Under the existing laws of immigration it is impossible for Hawaii to get immigrant classes from Europe or other occidental countries. Hawaii is 5,000 miles from the point where the great numbers of immigrants land in the United States. Hawaiian interests have tried the experiment of bringing immigrants from Atlantic ports of the United States to Hawaii, and have failed. We are therefore forced to take immigrants from the Orient or go without, and to go without means *the ruin of Hawaiian industries*, a condition that the Congress of the United States can not afford to permit, much less to exist, as it certainly would be making a failure of the industrial situation in Hawaii by the conti-

nued application of such a *drastic measure*. No class of American citizens would be injured by the special legislation above referred to, permitting a restricted immigration of field laborers from China; on the contrary, the interests of all Hawaiian citizens and producers as well as of the planters themselves *would be furthered by such legislation*. The population thus created would increase the Hawaiian market for American products and be for the direct interests of workmen on the Pacific coast and in all industries supplying goods to the Territory, while it would not be a competing element upon the mainland.

By the acquisition of distant territory in the Pacific Ocean the domain of the United States is extended in such a degree that in making laws existing conditions which are required for the protection of the mainland may be very injurious for distant possessions, and a distinction should be made by special legislation so that classes not desired on the mainland can be excluded, and the *distant possessions provided for as their needs may require*.



The Rev. Mr. Wallace now on his way to take up work on Hawaii preached in the evening at St. Andrews'. His voice has fine *timbre* exceptionally pleasing and the sermon, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and—was enough convincing to suit any hearer?" He is calm and sure as a town clock. Amen.



"'Interesting' does not fit the case; we enjoyed every minute of the three days' outing around the islands," says W. J. Patterson, of Oregon, tourist.

"We made a start on Wednesday noon from Honolulu in the six-seat tall, ho from the Stock Yards stables in charge of the owner, Mr. E. H. Lewis, who by the way, is a very reliable (Jehu) driver and he took special care that all were properly and safely cared for.

"The first stop was made at Mrs. T. F. Lansing's fine rice plantation, 23 miles out, where we enjoyed a splendid dinner which the cool bracing air had prepared us for, and a good night's rest and breakfast.

"At Kahuku, our lunch station, we enjoyed a good old fashioned 'Dutch lunch.' We resumed our journey on the circuit to Haleiwa and arrived there at 5:30 p. m. on Thursday. Manager St. Clair Bidgood of the Haleiwa Hotel had been advised of our visit and the entire party were loud and unanimous in their praise for the way we were taken care of. The dinner table was arranged specially with beautiful floral decoration for our party.

"After a good night's rest and a splendid breakfast we again went down the Pike toward Wahiawa and homeward bound. At noon we were entertained at the home of Mrs. S. E. Scott, our table being laden with strawberries, fried chicken and jokes of the minister and the judge which were timely and duly appreciated. At 2 p. m. we again made our get-a-way for beautiful Honolulu and arrived at 5:30 after a really pleasant three days' trip and one all tourists should plan to take before leaving the islands."

The following composed the party: Judge F. H. Humphries, H. G. F. Clinton, D. D., W. E. Grace, Miss Hannah Fox, Mrs. F. Alley, Mrs. R. L. Johns, Miss L. G. Davis, Miss Grace Anderson, Miss Lina F. Conelly, Mrs. V. D. Rood and W. J. Patterson.



It was written in the long ago, by one of God's noblemen: "Let him that is fearful and faint-hearted return to his own home lest his brethren's heart faint as well as his heart."



The Koran contains a story which illustrates the spirit of perfect obedience. Gabriel, while waiting at the gates of gold, was sent of God to earth on two errands: One was to prevent King Solomon from forgetting the hour

of prayer while exulting over his royal steeds, and the other was to help a little yellow ant on the slope of Ararat that was almost exhausted in trying to get its food to the nest, and would soon perish in the threatening tempest if unaided. The story goes that to Gabriel the one behest seemed just as dignified and important as the other, because God gave the orders.

\*\*\*

Toiling all day in a crowded room,  
A worker stood at her noisy loom;  
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,

These words at the window floated in;

"Whether we sleep, or whether we wake.

We are His who gave His life for our sake."

\*\*\*

The Siege of Gibraltar taxed the combined land and marine forces of France and Spain for four years, but Sir George Elliott successfully held it for Britain. All the resources of science and ingenuity were used to reduce the beetling Rock, but they failed absolutely. Floating batteries were the chief hope of the besiegers, and were accounted invincible. But they were almost totally destroyed by the English fire, as also many of the finest French and Spanish sail of the line. The siege had to be abandoned, and Britain has held the Rock ever since.

\*\*\*

"I must say with much satisfaction, that one of the greatest assets I had in floating the loan, was that the Territory under the administration of Governor Carter is running within its income."

\*\*\*

I remember to have seen this from some parliamentarian: "The pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the army."

\*\*\*

"It is only the lighter water that flies

From the sea on a windy day;  
And the deep blue ocean never replies

To the sibilant voice of the spray."

### PUBLIC SCHOOL.

The purpose of our schools is often lost sight of. It is too often believed that our pupils are mere receptacles of knowledge and that the more subtle processes of education whereby influences now unseen are to promote the welfare of the child for life are merely a waste of time. Standing, as the public schools do, for the creation of the best type of citizenship, there is not a full realization nor recognition of the work they are doing today for the state and for the world. Everything which adds to their effectiveness, which makes the child a fuller, broader or more versatile man or woman, which refines and elevates, but which yet does not produce immediately computable results, is too often set down by these self-constituted critics as a "fad." So, drawing, which gives expression to the perceptive faculties, music which sweetens and ennobles life, cooking and sewing and manual training which add directly to the earning power of the child, which render the home of the future citizen and patriot more attractive and heighten the art of living—these all come under the ban of criticism.

When, in 1818, it was determined in Boston that children of seven years and under were as worthy to be educated at public expense as those who were fitting themselves for the learned professions, there were objections to this extravagance. Even the foundation studies of reading, writing and arithmetic were thought needless to be taught at public expense. Let us, then, be patient with the critics, but let us not cease making our schools as effective as possible, choosing deliberately, but fearlessly, what we may be sure will conserve their highest good.—W. Prescott Adams.

\*\*\*

Dr. Moore is not the dentist but his friend Hutchinson next door and Sanford this side sells spectacles and Dr. Rogers, Young Building is famous for the eye and ear. (O. K.)

### "BACK TO THE LAND."

Secretary Wilson says a reaction is taking place and the people are inclined to go back to the land. I have just received a letter from a factory hand in Hagerstown, Md., stating that, although he makes from two to three dollars a day, he wants to go back to the farm, and that some four hundred men in the same factory want to do the same. Letters from city toilers in the press, and to me also, prove the back-to-the-land inclination.

Work, and not education, must become the nation's slogan. Every family now has enough education in it to supply its needs for all the children that may come to it. The new farmers must live within themselves; get down to "the simple life;" keep away from the crowds.

\*\*\*

### THE KNUDSEN RECORD.

(Garden Island.)

Hurrah for Speaker Knudsen of the House of Representatives! It is a stranger coincidence that he is the third generation of Knudsen holding the highest office in the legislative body of the country they live in. The present Speaker's grandfather was for a number of years speaker of the legislature (Storthing) of Norway and was known as President Knudsen till his death. The Speaker's father, Valdemar Knudsen, was speaker of the House of Representatives of the Kingdom of Hawaii some time in the sixties, and the illustrious grandson and son of the former two is at present occupying the seat. May he live to see his son get the job.

\*\*\*

The best "Commercial" we've read in a year.

\*\*\*

### THE MAN WHO DIED?

"Mammy, what's 'Morial Day for?"

Mammy stood in the cabin doorway with arms akimbo, the sunset light shining on her broad, kindly face, and lighting up the gay handkerchief she wore about her head.

She took the short pipe from her mouth as she goodnatureedly answered the boy:

"Laws, honey! ain't you 'member dat yet? I done tole you more'n forty times, fo' sure. 'Bout the men who died, don't you know? Dat's what it means." Joe didn't appear to be much enlightened. "De men who died?" he repeated questioningly, looking up with those bright eyes of his.

He was the blackest little specimen that ever was. The ace of spades was nothing to him—"Charcoal would make a white mark on him." But the white teeth gleamed, and the big eyes shone, and the woolly hair knotted itself into the funiest little fuzz you ever did see. As for his costume, it wasn't much to boast of; nothing but rags, and not too many of them. But Joe didn't care,—not he! He was as free as the birds, and lived as careless and irresponsible a life. When the sun shone, and all was bright, he rejoiced as they did; when it was cold and dismal, he crept into his own little nest of a cabin, rolled himself up in all the rags he could gather, curled into a small heap, as close to the fire as he could get, and waited for fair weather.

He had two treasures: Jack, a thin, gaunt, yellow cur (I really can't call him anything else), and Billy, an old goat once white, but not at all particular about his present appearance, and with the beard of a patriarch. Belonging with Billy was a cart made of an old box perched between two wheels much too high for it, and with a board nailed across, on which, Joe would sit as proudly as any dandy young Englishman in his dog-cart. This wagon was usually periously loaded with "lightwood," picked up here and there; and to see Joe driving over the rough, uneven sidewalks, now on the planks, now off; now with a wheel caught in a crack, now tilting over so far that one wondered the whole rickety concern didn't go to destruction altogether,—really, it was an exciting experience. Jack was usually in close attendance, trotting as close behind the

carts as the sharp ends of the light-wood, stuck in all sorts of ways, would permit. In this rig Joe would drive along certain streets which he considered his special property, and try to sell his cargo. Sometimes he got five or ten cents; sometimes, if nobody happened to want any light-wood, he still got something to eat. In one place there was a lady from "up north." She always gave him doughnuts, but she wanted him to learn to read and spell, and Joe suspected her of designs to enforce this desire. So he usually steered clear of her, preferring corn-bread and liberty.

Mammy took in washing when she could get it, carrying the full basket poised on her head as she went and came. She went out scrubbing and cleaning, too, whenever her services were called for. They earned little, but they wanted little. It was a miserable, shiftless way of living, but then it was the best they knew, and as long as they were neither cold nor hungry, they were perfectly content, and found life good, as the birds and squirrels do.

The cabin was a small log affair with bare ground all about it—not very tidy, certainly. The wooden shutter was thrown back, and the sunshine streamed pleasantly in at the window, which boasted neither sash nor glass. The open door sagged a good deal, and the whole place had that unmistakable *darky* look about it everywhere. A hen and some half-grown chickens roamed about, and a little black pig followed his own sweet will hither and yon, not disdaining the shelter of the cabin when it pleased him. And, indeed, why should he? He was one of the family, and Joe, at least, always gave him cordial welcome. He wasn't quite sure of Mammy's.

It was seldom that Joe troubled himself or Mammy with questions of any kind; but to-day he had happened to hear two women talking of Memorial Day, and something about the procession and flowers. Now, if there was anything Joe loved, it was a procession and flowers—and who didn't?

Why there wasn't a darky for miles around that didn't turn out to see every one that marched. A circus was a wild delight. Joe had only seen one procession of that kind, and it had remained a joy forever. But he wasn't critical; a wedding or a funeral, so there was a procession, was a joy to him. Of course he had seen several Memorial Days, but he took little note of time, and somehow it had never occurred to him before that they recurred regularly like Christmas, the one great holiday. And now he wanted to know what for. So Mammy told once more, and very graphic she made the story. Unfortunately, she had had a very harsh master, in slavery days, and she drew so vivid a picture of how Joe would have to "stan' roun' if ole marse had got hold" of him, that the boy looked apprehensively about for that dread personage, and was much relieved to know that he was dead. "Killed in de war, honey, like all de rest." And then she told of the coming of the Northern army—"Marse Linkum's men"—and of the brave soldiers—some of them mere boys who laid down their lives there, "the men who died," and who slept peacefully enough under the pines, with all discord over at last. And Joe, as she told of the day set apart to keep their memory green, resolved that he, too, would march in the procession to-morrow and carry flowers for "the men who died."

He didn't say anything to Mammy of that, though, for he knew she would object. "Laws, honey! she would say, "you ain't got no legs fo' dat;" and, indeed, poor Joe's crippled limbs and limping gait were poorly fitted for processions, however willing his stout heart might be. No he wouldn't say a word; but he'd get up early to-morrow, and go for flowers,—there were gay pink and yellow ones in the swamp, way up the Branch—a long way for him to hobble, but he knew of none nearer. Then he'd get back in time to join the procession, and would carry his posy with the biggest of them. Mammy'd be proud enough when she saw him there.

So he and Jack were astir betimes, and soon toiling along the dusty road. It was a bright, warm morning, and Joe sang like a little black-bird as he limped along; past the log cabins like his own, where swarms of children were already about, and dogs of all sizes came yelping out and gave them noisy welcome; past the broad fields where lately the kale and spinach had been cut, where the level country stretch away on either hand, unbroken by wall or fence, the boundary lines being ditches or low hedges, till he turned off to follow the Branch, only a narrow creek, up into the swamp lands where the flowers grew. Oh, what a wealth of them, as if purpose for Joe!—all he had hoped and more. He picked and picked, meantime looking warily about for moccasins. His posy would be the biggest and gayest of them all, he said to himself, as at last he tied his flowers into a great, straggling bunch with a strip torn from his rags. Rags are very convenient, sometimes. He was tired now, and the sun was hot, but there was no time to lose; so, trying carefully to shield his precious posies with his torn hat, he shuffled along, bare-headed, the weary way home.

Jack had been rushing about everywhere; back and forth, here, there, and yonder, now diving under the bushes, now jumping the creek; but he, too, was tired now and followed close behind Joe, panting very dejectedly, paying no heed to anything about him—as if he were a mournful procession on his own account; and so; at last, they reached home.

The old goat slumbered in the doorway, and the little black pig scurried away with shrill squeals, as Jack, roused again, made a dash for him. But Jack was only in fun and piggy knew that very well. He was squaling only to carry out his part of the performance.

Mammy had gone out, too well accustomed to Joe's vagabond roamings to wonder where he was. There was corn-bread on the shelf, and potatoes, too; and Joe and Jack ate their breakfast together as soon as the flowers had been put in water. Joe hid them behind the

cabin. He wanted to surprise Mammy. *She* didn't know he was big enough to march in the procession with the rest.

Later in the day the dreary little procession was moving slowly along the narrow, dusty streets of the straggling Southern town, toward the road leading to the cemetery where "the men who died" had their humble graves. It was a meager little procession, indeed. A drum and fife furnished the music; there were a few white men who led, and then a straggling line of colored people, men and women, too, each carrying a little bunch of flowers; and behind them all hobbled little Joe. Even their slow pace was too fast for him, weary and foot-sore as he was; but he struggled bravely to keep up, and held his head high, and carried his big posy proudly,—the biggest of all, as he had thought it would. But no; Joe wasn't *quite* the last one—Jack was last, close behind Joe, and much impressed with the dignity of the occasion.

(To be continued.)



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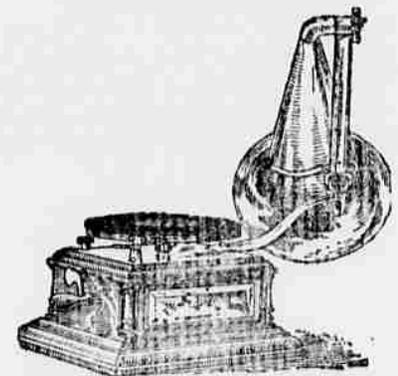
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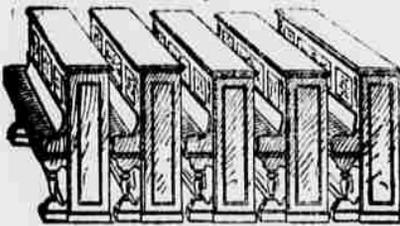
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