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# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Begetteth a Nation."

Vol. 3, No. 8

HONOLULU, MAY, 1905.

[Price \$3.00 per Annum  
Single Copies 25 Cents

"I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me."

—

"I am the true vine."

—

"Many climbers—but one vine."

—

Oh! wonderful story of deathless love!

Each child is dear to that heart above;

He fights for me when I cannot fight,

He comforts me in the gloom of night,

He lifts 'the burden, for He is strong,

He stills the sigh and awakens the song,

The sorrow that bowed me down he bears,

And loves and pardons because He cares.

—

"O God, who art more merciful to the worst of us than the best of us deserve, etc."—Rev. E. B. Turner.

—

"Give me a hail and I'll give you a lift." (drive) Bishop of London to Workingmen.

—

It is not always the honest hard-working clever (man or woman) that gets a lift but, too often, the clever rogue (we see)—Ed.

—

We are commanded to be "wise as serpents" (try to be) but harmless as the doves."

—

We'll ever do our level best, mark ye, whatever that same may "level up," to drive a bad thing to the wall—*oui*.

It is not permissible, the use of too much punctuation, the exclamation point almost obsolete and the comma and question mark but little better-off.

—

Certainly something may be left to the educated and intelligent reader. Don't use the pepper-box from first line to the last in half page of print. Too, it confuses the printer.

—

Oh yes, you'd better mind your p's and q's and dot your i's!! (fact).

—

"It is as plain as way to parish church," what you are intending my (good) bad man.

—

"A pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night." What are you going to do about it. (Pslm xxii.5.)

—

*Daily Mails*—"England required brandy, and many Englishman did not at all like paying an increased price for it because an objectionable insect was ravaging the Char-ente vineyards. The Englishman asked for cheap brandy, and he got it—with a vengeance. How some of it was made is one of the guilty secrets of the world, but I am told that it is possible to-day to buy in Bordeaux for six francs a case which purports to contain twelve bottles of brandy, capsuled, swathed in straw, and starred like the Milky Way."

—

Forget each kindness that you do  
As soon as you have done it:  
Forget the praise that falls to you  
The moment you have won it;  
Forget the slander that you hear  
Before you can repeat it:

Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,

Wherever you may meet it.

—

"You advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place, but I don't see it," remarked a stranger who wanted to rent the place. The landlord said: "Just work that pump-handle a little and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to have the Niagara Falls on the place for \$15 a month, do you?"—*Texas Siftings*.

—

The Salt Lake Tribune says: "The trip to the Hawaiian Islands is the ideal journey for Salt Lakers to take," remarked Joseph Geoghegan last evening. Mr. Geoghegan has lately returned from such a trip, accompanied by his two daughters. He was away for some weeks and states that it is a most restful trip in every way.

"The voyage there and back" he continued, "is taken by fine boats, the equal of any on the Atlantic, and the time for making the round trip is but three weeks, so it is in reality very near to Salt Lake. In the islands the climate at this time of the year, and generally through the winter is superb, and the bathing on the beach, the luxuriant foliage, fruits and flowers, with the good hotels and many places of interest, make it a most novel voyage in every way."

—

## WHAT AILED THE PUD-DING?

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"What shall we have for dinner, to-day?"  
Said Mrs. Dobbs, in her pleasant way;

"For Sally has much to do, and would wish  
That we'd get along with an easy dish—  
Something that wouldn't take long to prepare  
Or really require very much care."  
Said Mrs. Dobbs: "There isn't a doubt  
But what we'd all fancy a stir-about!"

"A hasty pudding! Hurrah! that's nice!"  
Exclaimed the girls and boys in a trice.  
Then Sally put on the biggest pot,  
And soon the water was boiling hot,  
And Mrs. Dobbs mixed together some flour  
And water, and in less than half an hour  
The pudding began to bubble up thick  
And dance about with the pudding stick.

Said Dr. Dobbs as he made a halt:  
"Our Sally is apt to forget the salt;  
So I'll put in a pinch ere I leave the house,"  
And he went on tip toe, as still as a mouse,  
And, dropping a handful in very quick,  
Stirred it well about with the pudding-stick.  
And said to himself: "Now isn't this clever!"  
At which the pudding laughed louder than ever.

Then Mrs. Dobbs came after a while,  
And looked in the pot with a cheery smile,  
And thought how much she'd enjoy the treat,  
And how much the children would want to eat;  
Then said: "Our Sally has one great fault—  
She is very apt to forget the salt!"  
And into the hasty-pudding was sent  
A handful of this ingredient.  
John, George and Jennie, and Bess,  
in turn,

Gave the stick a twist, lest the pudding burn;  
For oh! how empty and wretched they'd feel  
If anything ruined their noonday meal!  
And each in turn began to reflect,  
And make amends for Sally's neglect,  
For the girl was good, but she had one fault—  
*She was very apt to forget the salt!*

But Sally herself, it is strange to say,  
Was not remiss in her usual way;  
But before she went to her upstairs work  
She threw in a handful of salt with a jerk,  
And stirred the pudding, and stirred the fire,  
Which made the bubbles leap higher and higher,  
And as soon as the clock struck twelve she took  
The great big pot off the great big hook.

It wasn't scorched! Ah! that was nice!  
And one little dish would not suffice  
Mr. or Mrs. Dobbs, I guess,  
John or George, or Jennie, or Bess;  
And as for Sally, I couldn't say  
How much of the pudding she'd stow away,  
For she was tired and hungry, no doubt,  
And very fond of this stirabout.

A happier group you'd ne'er be able  
To find than sat at the Dobbs's table,  
With plates and spoons and a hungry wish  
To eat their fill of the central dish,  
But as Dobbs began to taste  
The pudding, he dropped his spoon in haste;  
And all of the children did likewise,  
As big as saucers their staring eyes.  
Said Mrs. Dobbs, in a voice not sweet:

"Why, it isn't fit for the pigs to eat!"  
And I doubt if an artist would e'er be able  
To depict their looks as they left the table.  
Said Sally: "I thought it would be so nice!"  
But I must have salted that pudding twice!"  
And none of the family mentioned that they  
Had a hand in spoiling the dinner that day  
—*The New York Independent.*

There are men so keenly sensitive to trees that they can tell them in the dark by the characteristic sounds when their leaves are rustled by the breeze. This power is scarcely to be learned, but it represents the degree of sensitiveness which may be attained by an expert, even in education, who knows more of a teacher or school in a minute than he could be taught in a week. (Davis).

*Remarkable Instance of Gratitude.*—An old lady, 90 years of age, very wealthy and full of wit, died recently at Fontainebleau, in France. Her will contained this provision: "I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oak chest in my boudoir. The key of the chest will be found under the mattress of my bed." The heirs were much disturbed, for they foresaw material diminution of their share of the property. The fortunate and expectant physician at length arrived. The notary delivered to him the key of the chest. It was opened and found to contain solely all the drugs and potions still intact, which the worthy physician had given his patient for twenty years back.

UNITY.

Let any great (or anticipated) calamity come upon a people and then see how quick they are in devising and in helping; no one stops to say: "What is your religious belief!"

Why not more unity at all times?

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There once lived in Bohemia a very beautiful princess, named Libussa, who was awfully well up in plums, and painfully clever about housekeeping. Her three lovers, finding her one morning in the kitchen-garden gathering plums, the princess offered her hand and housekeeping to which ever of the three would tell her how many plums she had in her basket. She said, "One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall have half that are left and one more, and the third shall have half the remainder and three more. That will empty my basket. How many plums, therefore, are in it?" The first knight blundered out a random guess of sixty. "No," said the bewildering beauty; "but if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more, with five more added to that, the number would as far exceed sixty as it now falls below it." The second knight wildly speculated on forty-five. "Nay," said this royal ready-reckoner; "but if there were a third as many more, half as many more, and a sixth as many more, as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there are now less than that number." The third knight, Prince Waldomir, then declared the number of plums to be thirty, and thereby secured this desirable housekeeper for his wife. The princess then counted him out fifteen plums and one more, leaving fourteen; to the second knight she gave seven and one more, and six remained; to the first knight she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty.

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#### PROBLEMS.

I tell you human nature in its meanness and its "nearness" (or where would miser come in) is once in a while beyond all mental computation. And just here, did any one ever know of an excellent mathematician being stingy? We can not recall one. There is that

in figures taken in the higher sense, we mean to say, that seems to widen out a man or a woman. The very concentration needed lifts his thoughts far away and away from any sordid or mean calculation. It trains the entire moral being the pursuit of the Euclid Conic Sections etc, and that is the great benefit, while the practical part in after life may be nil.

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Baroness Charlotte de Rothschild was a leading woman in her day, and many of her clever repartees hover about London drawing-rooms still. When Mrs. Walpole declined to meet Cardinal Wiseman at the Baroness's table, because her principle was never to "break bread with a Romish priest," the Jewess cuttingly responded, "You see, my dear, I am not a Christian; and so I can't be expected to enter into such feelings."

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#### LEST WE FORGET.

There are men in this very Territory, to-day, who have made their only money here, right here; and, who would as soon give an ear off their head as to think of donating say fifty dollars (or even fifty cents) for anything when suddenly called upon. We mean to imply that all their instincts are selfish and sordid in money matters. They would likely give a little after considering the subject from every point of view (their own standpoint, included!) But a noble man a true man says at once, on the instant (when attacked by a high-way man) "I guess its all right, it *must* be, Pat, if you're dunning for a few dollars for a man, or an object that has the cramps in his little insides (pockets). Here's a 'red' boy for you. As the keen little Chinese boy said to his father, in Kohala; they used to give him coins to count (three years old) but one day he spied a *gold* piece in his father's hand among the others, and after that he would not be put off with old nickels and few keni-keni!

"Me like allee same *redy* kind papa (ready sense). Me want to countyyy him, me want, me takee, you givee me likee. Me no run, me hold tight."

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Resume: And they would be, near off their head, when they really did that unaccountable thing—to give a whole dollar. Lest we forget when we landed in Hawaii poor! Lest we forget.

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#### LUCK.

Don't talk about luck! We were born on a "lucky day" for my dearest father said we were; and how is it now? Why, we pick up horse-shoes and hang them on the fences. Only the other day we picked up (you may have seen it) the very largest and heaviest shoe (big luck) and stood it up in the corner of Nolte's window quietly and trudged on. These are facts. Just fancy, we forgot our matches the other day and when we wanted a light in haste—we thought about "those matches," when too late! But, we shook the box and there was a match, one solitary match, and we drew a long sigh of relief for it made our light and was as good (polite and bright) as a boxful. And is not it (ever thus) with us—always a little light left to us, and our shoes on the road! "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," then your luck will lie on your path every day and you need only to stoop and pick it up. If, on the other hand, you despise what comes to you and "would not be seen" stopping to pick up a small bit of metal how can you expect to succeed or prosper. A great deal depends upon yourself, my dear; and if not willing to work and to endure "as a good soldier"—to rise early and to lie down late many times, red-letter days will skip your house and the stork never be seen resting on your roof. We can't help it.

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"Be not the iron that is bent  
And beaten as it glows;  
But be, through full and fixed intent,  
The arm that gives the blows.

THE  
HONOLULU TIMES

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

MAY, - 1905

LOG-BOOK FOR MAY.

The Editor's Log-book (part of it) for April, 1905.

Did you know that a different atmosphere pervades the town Saturday morning? An aroma of kindness and good-will is as perceptible as the odor of violets from the boy's basket as he passes you. Why is this? Because men of all classes and of all work so welcome relaxation and recreation after the strain of the week; they are so glad to "get off" at 12 o'clock and it makes us happy to see how much they enjoy the afternoon treat—just like "half-holiday" in school. They seem all to say as with one voice: "We 're soon off home, or down country or to the boats or for our game and what can we do for you before we go? And they buy flowers and they buy candy at the corner and frozen fruit and the TIMES any time before noon—and, "solong." Its jolly on Saturday. *Shut up.*  
April 6—

It is a fact that we have one Christian to-day (C?) in the School Department and he will doubtless have a good influence in all his travels. We are glad for him and glad for the *bairns*. Speak the good word, Christian. Never flinch.

Moved by Commissioner Mrs. Jordan, and carried, that the Board express its appreciation of former school agent Miss Rose Davison's ability, fidelity and courtesy, and that the Board regrets losing her services.

WHY NOT?

A teacher told me this:  
She was putting Christmas mot-

toes on the blackboards. She had three boards. On one she put, "Glory to God in the highest." On another, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

She hardly knew what to put on the other, and she asked the children for suggestions.

One little girl raised her hand. The teacher asked her what she thought best to use. The little girl answered: "Peace on earth, good will to women."—Brent Walker.

Oh yes, my dear; but, you don't happen to be my father-confessor. April 7—

The blessed rain! We were intending to be at the "cottage-meeting" last night at Mrs Frank Damon's house; but having worked hard all the day, and then the rains and altogether—Lucky Friday, two new subscribers!

Lucky Saturday! One new ad. and one subscriber—the TIMES is looking up looks like; "long lane that has no turning.

But my dear listen; the TIMES is printed on better paper than many use for their stationery. "Why not use a cheaper?" It is this, as the Irish say: "The end of a good thing is better than the beginning of a poor thing."—And then, it has always been known what is the motto of Grieve & Co., as printers. "We go to the top." Ahem!

And now, my dear reader, if you will read on and on from October to October we shall give to you many more very valuable facts concerning this world (the other) and Honolulu our rainbow-hill-top town.

The Thomas and the Sherman are in port. To-morrow will be Sunday the 9th. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness—We must sell a few papers to those transports. And now I must n't tell any more of our private affairs, though we would just as soon tell we have fine stout new shoes and a brand new sauce pan! (small farming sass).

Lewis & Co., has a lot of kitchen ware, handsome to hang in the corners of the dining-room or fix on a what-not. It seems something too fine to meet slam-bang in a kitchen or Ah Sin Chip in the cook-house.

BECKONING.

Do you desire your restaurant to prosper keep it perfectly fresh and clean if you have to scrub it in the night. Dust and wash the chairs and the legs to the tables, the windows, your counter; have bright paper on the walls, a few flowers and ferns, and don't oh don't put on the walls anything but a good map of Hawaii, the Kalendar, the time-tables, fire-alarm, a good head of Roosevelt pictures of palms and fruit of Hawaii and one or two good sacred pictures. The roughest guest can appreciate a nice room and if he can't, let him out—don't wait upon him even if you lose a quarter.

Keep up nice quarters pretty to the eye and tidy. Then will your place grow into favor.

It will be a steady and permanent growth, granting that you add good real coffee (no fraud) and best butter. Those two articles alone will draw like a magnet. We at one time frequented a "dining-room." The coffee-cups were roomy, fresh and shining at one's plate and a waiter came at once with steaming-hot strong coffee in one pot and hot-milk-half-cream in another, and he would pour, mixing to one's liking and there was loaf sugar. The aroma of that coffee filled the delightful public room. Then, there were piles of French bread crisp and brown delicious butter and a chop or eggs, *order.* What a dejeuner!

They never had to advertise for patrons, and see what an easy breakfast to cook! The tables were bare white boards and they were simply, scrubbed. The French say, there is a certain beauty in perfect cleanliness. The bon-ton of the city were daily buyers of the good man's feast, not breakfast only but at noon as well the place was packed and gentlemen waited

often for a seat. Rich and poor fared the same. Fact.

Is not a clean board more taking than untidy cover? (Coarse!)

Miss Jessie is come and is gone and money was as easy as if it rained gold on King st. Bonnie Jessie will be joyous in thinking of her fortunate stay. We wish her to come again. An' a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye. Does he happen miss two dollars. Not a body cry.

We like to go to that Depot; it is roomy, cool and clean. The old man who sweeps there has a pride in it; he will sweep and sweep and then leaning on his broom cast a long lingering look backward and if he shall see a bit of dust on the walk it must go. Then there is the tall gawk of a colored gen'man and he scurries through the train like the north wind and feels that he is of more importance than the president of the road and all the directors for does he not furnish the drink for the people, ice-cold? And he knows that every man, woman and child likes him for the refreshment he brings. People all seem in a happy mood when seated in the cars; and we too are always going "down country" and never go!

To that House Beautiful we long to go.  
For it's not so very far away;  
Still, work and duty ever whisper,  
no,  
And if we went we might forever  
(wish to) stay.  
Oh no, it would n't do at all.

"The electric light is a sort of donation party and brings its own meals. And in a room bright with electric-lights you can breathe as refreshingly as you could out of doors." Then, ring up "390!"

April 11—

"Treated worse than a dog!"  
Humph! We wish every body and anybody was treated as well as the man's true and faithful friend

—his dog and horse. But servants are sometimes careless and often ignorant about the dumb and it behoves any man to keep a close scrutiny over his animals. We knew a gentleman who would not go in to dinner until he was assured his horse had received attention. Ah, he was a nobleman indeed.

April 15—

#### OUR SHORT SATURDAY SERMON.

"Ask and ye shall receive;" and, it does not say we shall receive without the asking, but we do receive because God is so loving and merciful; and because of this very love and mercy men do not "bother" to ask or to say; "My Father we thank Thee for Thy gifts to us and to our children; make us never to forget Thy goodness all the days of our life; know us as Thy sheep forever, come life come death." Oh, no.

They sleep at night and awaken to a bountiful breakfast but they do not think of the loving Father that has kept them and fed them—no time for that. But my readers there 'll be time to die, time to die you see it all about you every day and every day. We cannot one of us escape more than we can escape the notice of our Creator for He knows us every one; "he is about our path and about our bed and spieth out all our ways" and we were created for His glory and we can help Him in every common act of life, every duty. Let us as reasonable beings look to it, "acknowledge him in all our ways and he will direct our steps." And then my dear readers think what a wholesome relief!

Whatever the burden of the day, whatever the care, whatever the sorrow or the anxiety, that we can know for a positive certainty that our God and Father is for us and then go on cheerfully trusting it all to Him. It was not meant that we should go through our earthly existence unhelped.

Think of the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem! And does He not care for every one? "Ye would not come unto me." Were you

lost on the mountain or in a desert, say, would you not cry out for God independent of church or priest?

We do not, understand us, deny these agencies; but your help now to-day, and forever, can be relegated or delegated to no third person; it is between your soul and Almighty God. (Fact) You must ask that you may receive. The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—(A. M. P.)

A peculiar fact is noted about this year. It began on Sunday and will end on Sunday, so it has 5: Sundays. Not until 2015 will there be another year with this number of Sundays.

It seriously looks as if we were all going to become slam-bang town; but second thoughts guess no.

We are never for the impracticable; and Prohibition is contrary to the Constitution of the U. S.

The invitation is in for "King Rene's Daughter" and we shall like to find (myself) there at Kamehameha in good time. Thank you.

Oh, certainly, it is correct on the very highest authority to end a sentence with a preposition.—(Ed.)

Please to look them up ("Of")—"Which neither ye nor your fathers knew not of."—"And makes us rather bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

#### SOONER!

"The situation thus created is one which must, sooner or later, be remedied by Congress."

Quick sales and small profits.—(Ed.)

"Never complain except to those you know will help you. In other words, never complain.

When you need help (and there come such times to the best of us)

go last of all to those whom you have had occasion to assist."

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"Wishin' foh de rain storm  
When de drought comes roun'  
Wonder why dat sunshine keep  
A-dry'n out de groun';  
Better stop dis kickin',  
Doesn't help a bit,  
Kin' o' weather what you has  
Is all you's gwinter git."

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We are glad it rains, glad to get water and "mighty glad" the Governor can go home and have a few peace and not umpire anything until a new weak.

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J. C. Davis, the new Superintendent of Public Instruction, enters upon the discharge of his duties with the good wishes of every friend of education in Hawaii. He has had long experience in the schools of the Islands as a teacher, and since last September he has had the wider and more administrative experience of an inspector. Throughout his connection with the schools of Hawaii, he has taken an interest in his profession outside of the routine of the school room, and has been active in Teachers' Associations and in the work of the summer normal schools. He thus brings to the work, good capacity, experience along some lines that will be useful, and zeal—*Star*.

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#### LUNCHEON FOR THE SCHOOL CHILD

Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread well buttered, filled with a thick layer of Creamed Cheesed, and season lightly with Salt and Pepper.  
An Apple.

Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread buttered, filled with Chopped Chicken, nicely seasoned  
The heart of one stalk of Celery.  
An Orange.

Two slices of White Bread, buttered, filled with Chopped Lean Beef, nicely seasoned. A cup of Apple Tapioca.  
cup of Apple Tapioca.

Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread well buttered, filled with a mixture of Chopped Dates, Raisins, and Figs.  
A tart Apple.

Two slices of White Bread well buttered.  
Small cup of Cup Custard A very ripe Banana.

Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread well buttered, filled with hard-boiled Yolks of Eggs pressed through a sieve, nicely seasoned.  
Small jar of Rice Pudding.

Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread buttered.  
Twelve Dates stuffed with Pecan Nuts.

One baked Apple. Bottle of Milk.  
Two slices of Whole Wheat Bread buttered, filled with Chopped Chicken, nicely seasoned.  
An Apple.

Two slices of White Bread well buttered, filled with a mixture of Chopped Nuts.  
One Orange.

Two thin slices of Whole Wheat Bread buttered. One large Apple. A piece of Ginger bread.  
—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"Beyond the schoolhouses with their delightful departures from the conventionalities, and the varied applications of the manual and domestic arts and sciences, in interest for me, was the hospital of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, presided over by Dr. Corwin.

I have no patience with any contrasts of East and West to the glorification of either, much less patience with those who assume the inferiority of either section, for one is likely to run upon record-

breaking institutions and characteristics at any time and in any place in this great land of ours. New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, with their boasted superiority in philanthropy, science, and art, had a shock when they first knew that amid the sand storms of the desert a hospital had been erected that is destined to revolutionize the construction of all of the hospitals of the world. In not less than five vital phases does this hospital lead the world, but one will suffice by way of illustration and suggestion. For the first time there was here built a large hospital of two or more stories without an elevator or stairs. Attendants go from basement to top floor, and patients are carried from the street to any room in the vast building, or walk from bottom to top without the jar of a stair step, never so light.—A. E. Winship.

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"The sixties," said Red Jacket to his young braves, "have all the twenties and forties in them."  
"Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles  
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides  
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers  
When each had numbered more than fourscore years,  
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten  
Had but begun his Characters of Men.  
Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales  
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales  
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,  
Completed Faust when eighty years were past."

History resounds with the performances of men whose years numbered threescore or more. "My Cid, with the fleecy beard," driving the Moors from Spain, Dandolo, Doge of Venice at ninety and storming Constantinople at ninety-four, and in our own time Von Molte at seventy conducting a campaign unparalleled for brilliancy and result in the history of war.

There are feats of arms; would you search other fields? In science there are Darwin and Spencer, and Pasteur, and Lister, and if you go back a little, Sir Isaac Newton, who could name a discovery for every one of his eighty-five years. It was Voltaire who said that if all the great men of all ages could be assembled in a congress Sir Isaac Newton would be chosen to preside by unanimous consent. In literature and art the flames of those who in advanced years won imperishable renown are legion. Everybody can recall their names. Milton wrote his great epic when nearly sixty. Michael Angelo at eighty won the triple crown for excellence in painting, sculpture and architecture. Browning at seventy-seven wrote his most characteristic poem, and Tennyson at eighty-one gave to the world the most exquisite of his lyrics



April 19—(A notable day!)

*BINGHAM TABLET*

The exercises to take place this afternoon at Punahou at 4 o'clock, when the Bingham tablet will be unveiled, will be a significant ceremony. There is some special reason why each person who appears should have a part in the program. The music, which is in charge of Miss Caroline Castle, has been chosen because of its appropriateness. Especially is this true of the hymn, "Head of the Church Triumphant," which the whole audience will join in singing. It was at the ordination of Father Bingham and Father Thurston, at the Park street church in Boston just prior to their embarkation, and on the ship by Mr. Bingham and Mr. Thurston, both of whom possessed fine voices, as they lay off the leeward shore of Hawaii.

An ode will be read by Mrs. L. B. Coan, which was written especially in honor of Father Bingham and his missionary labors in Hawaii, by the poet William Bingham Tappan, a relative of the family.

A special invitation is extended to all those who are connected with

the missionary families and to those who are now doing Christian work in the Islands, to the cousins, the Hawaiian band, the Daughters of Hawaii, and the Hawaiian Historical Society, to old Punahou students and friends, and to the Hawaiians who are interested. The public will also be cordially welcomed.

The Hawaiian band will begin to play at 3:30 p. m. and the program, which is as follows, will begin at 4 o'clock:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music ..... Old Hundred  
Hawaiian Band.

Prayer ..... Dr. S. E. Bishop  
the oldest male descendant of  
the missionaries.

Hymn, Head of the Church  
Triumphant

Address ..... Rev. O. H. Gulick  
the oldest living Punahou  
student.

Address ..... Mr. L. A. Thurston  
the grandson of of Mr. Bingham's  
co-worker, Rev. Asa Thurston.

Ode ..... William B. Tappan  
(Read by Mrs. L. B. Coan,  
daughter of Father Bingham.)

Double trio, with violin obligato—  
"To Earth Fair Winds Are  
Bringing" Miss C. V. Hall, Miss  
Julia Damon, Miss E. M. Damon.  
Mrs. C. B. Damon, Miss H. A.  
Austin, Miss A. E. Judd. Violin—  
Miss Ethel Andrews.

Address ..... Judge S. B. Dole,  
the son of the first Principal  
of Punahou.

Address and Unveiling.....  
Dr. Hiram Bingham, son of  
Father Bingham.

Dedication—Miss J. L. Winne,  
Miss Helen Alexander, Miss May  
Kluegel, Miss Margaret Thurston,  
Miss Claire Kelley, Miss Catharine  
Goodale, Mrs. L. B. Coan, descendants  
of the pioneer company.

*VETO.*

The Governor yesterday received a petition signed by hundreds of citizens asking him to veto the liquor bill. The petition, in fact, was the most bulky that has been received by the executive concerning any measure considered by the

present legislature. (Veto sustained).



United States Secret Service is now our new guest (guess) and the wicked (politicians if there be any here) will look for holes and caves in which to hide.



*ROCKFELLER'S GIFT.*

(\$100,000 for missionary purpose)

When it comes to dirty people we try to wash them and make them clean and get them into cleanly occupations. Isn't that a good standard to set for money, too?

It may be set down as a self-evident proposition—so it seems to the Advertiser—that if all the scoundrels in the world contributed to the coffers of the American Board they would have just so much less money for rascality and the Board just so much more for Christianity. And unless such money could be returned to its real owners what better use could be made of it than in doing good?



A conservative estimate of the value of the warships which Russia has lost during the war is \$80,000,000



He opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow inquired. "Is this the editorial rinktum—sintum—sanctum, or some such place where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."



The Hawaiian Electric Co., in sending out its dainty souvenir each month is showing as it always has the generous spirit of true brotherhood, wishing to help a neighbor to live and prosper—and, donating real light on the dark night. See our ad!



*KAMEHAMEHA.*

Oh yes indeed and indeed we heard and saw the sweet and most delightful Cantata: and the fairies

amine the perfect mechanical were in the grounds as usual and fitting all about the place; but, if you have not my dear reader an eye to and for the supernatural, do you still grope about on the earth (earthy) we cannot help it but we saw the lovely elves; there they were clinging to the vines and waving their wands with the left hand, nodding their heads with delight. Groups of them were resting on the palm leaves, dancing up and down the steps watching every girl as they walked quietly on and off the stage, peeping in at the arches; and finally, at a beckon from their queen they raised their wands above their heads, faced the road and vanished. It was a marvellous sight.

And likely you all know that never do these airy visitants enter mortal domains excepting where there is entire love and harmony as is true of our dear "Kamehameha." As we tried to cover the whole scene of beauty—the perfect night, the clear pure atmosphere the planets over our head, the seeming transformation of the place by moonlight, (with its trees its plants the classic arches of the building,) the bewitching tender music, the pretty girls—and so we went dreaming to far-off Italy when the notes of: "Rene the King will ride forth from the gate,

With his horsemen and banners in state." All the people were going and we hastened too, but met nor King neither horsemen and banners at the gate; and we looked to see even a fairy drifting about on the clouds but alas! only plain mortals and the slow transit car.



"There is never a thing remembered so

As a word with kindness fraught,

And there's never a sky with as bright a glow

As the sky that you make with thought."



The *Brewers' Gazette*—"High-class Chateau bottled and labelled wines of good vintages, with branded corks, always fetch their

price, because one knows exactly what one is drinking. But with the cheaper wines bottled in England it is quite another matter. A large amount of wine is shipped over here every year from Bordeaux at an average price of £4 to £8 per hogshead. Wine of this class must, as a rule, be labelled when in bottle, and as labels are cheap enough, there is no difficulty in the matter—"Bordeaux," 'St. Julien,' 'Medoc,' and 'Margaux,' are chiefly favoured, and the public in buying take their choice.



#### WHAT IS A BILLION?

The difference between an American and a European billion is considerable, in fact the difference is exactly nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand millions (999,000,000,000). There is of course only one correct billion, that is a million times million (1,000,000,000,000). This is the right, scientific and only billion.



#### LEWERS AND COOKE.

It is a museum of mechanism—wonderful marvelous mechanics and there is "high art" to be seen in that store—the highest. There is color and beauty and finest finish and artistic order and arrangement of details. We were amazed and really mortified and ashamed to discover that we had gone in and out there for two years, and has and seen to be sure the magnificent wall-paper and matings but had not "noticed" the cases and compartments of metalwork that are on exhibition. For instance a builder wants a unique or a less expensive, lock or knob or handle or hinge (and some of the hinges are exquisite) there they are each pattern (in its own little room) under glass, no confusion of ideas and not confusing. One can't fail to find just what he is after.

One case has perfect gems of knobs etc., in steel, and old brass and bronze, one of steel blue or gray charmed us; and oh so many beauties in locks—daintiest locks! It is a pity that boys could not ex-workmanship of that hardware,

and then go to learn a trade—learn to make a lock and a smooth bolt. Were I a boy I'd bolt for a shop and learn to turn a key and slip a bolt and build an honest house (like Lewers & Cooke) or a good ship and fasten the same with finest goods and nails, hammers, screws, cinches etc. Learn a trade, boys.

And if you learn a trade it will be an easy burden to carry all your life whether you follow it or not. We know a friend who in early life learned a trade and really was an expert at it but he became a merchant and made much money in his life-time and never after worked a day at that trade. But he had it in his hand and felt "mighty independent" as Kentucky says.



An Irish gentleman is reported to have visited the Municipal Court, and walking up to the Judge on the bench, said: "Joodge, the wather-pipe at the hydrant beyant me house has bursht and it has flooded me cellar and is drowning me hins. Me name is McCarthy, Joodge." The Judge sympathized with him and was sorry for the damp life his hins were leading but told him he would have to go to the Board of Public Works to complain. McCarthy went away, but the next morning he came back to the Judge and told the same story about the "wather" and the "hins," when the Judge said: "I told you to go to the Board of Public Works and tell your story." "And I did," said McCarthy. "And what did they say?" asked the Judge. McCarthy looked indignant and said: "The man axed me: 'McCarthy,' says he, 'why the divil don't you kape ducks?'"



#### THE GLORIOUS PSALMS.

When we feel glad we like to read them and whenever we are feeling sad we like to read them for they sing themselves and in the songs, of whatever key, food is found for every hunger.—Ed. "End of Log for April."



DEDICATION OF THE BINGHAM TABLET ERECTED IN COMMEMORATION OF A NOBLE GIFT TO PUNAHOU, OAHU COLLEGE, APRIL 19, 1905

Wherein every number in that program was a flawless gem of exquisite taste and fitness we may be permitted by our readers to say and to think that the loving and faithful tribute of the son, Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham to his parents was the truest and most excellent that could have been framed by affection and loyalty. New gifts of twenty, ten and fifty thousand dollars, stated by the Hon. P. C. Jones, have come in to the College. (Truly "of a little one God has made a thousand.") But more than that will be needed. A college in order to keep in sanitary condition needs to swallow and digest a good deal—(that is in order) (good form).—Ed.



Every Island of us is "mighty glad" (as Kentucky would say) to know that the Hon. Claus Spreckels is here again and we'll all help him to get strong and well in our dear rainbow-land. We do *hope* he'll stop a round year. And then again there's Mr. Irwin, why does he ever leave us. We are putting vital questions for Hawaii. *Y oh Y.* (2 wise, eh?)



SPRECKELS.

His own niche in Hawaii has been empty indeed for twelve years for no other man could ever fill it and it is a comfort and a moral support to see again the name on our passenger list. Can we not have a Spreckels Square somewhere in the business part of Honolulu. Is there not room, slicing off the ancient corners, at top of Emma St., or say taking in a strip of estate opposite the R. T. Office?

More squares would be of practical benefit in the town. Breathing-room for traffic, caravans, circuses etc. We need more *Germans here* anyway; too scanty few. But the Kaiser himself could not pick a choicer lot. "Fact."

FOOD.

We happened to throw, for our own convenience, our crumbs out of a side window when lo! one morning we began to realize that there was a very unusual chirping and chipping of birds; and so it is with every little word of truth and help that we send out often without direct aim or intent to hit or help anyone; but, if we grow the habit of helping in every even trifling way we can until it becomes a very part of us—never seeing evil really in anyone never thinking of uncanny things but always looking up up making others look up too in spite of themselves, making someone more content more happy even for a moment why we shall hear singing and joy in place of murmur and repine and fret and faulting. It is really more good to sit on the curb-stone (we ought to have good curbs) and whittle and whistle than to go sauntering down the street finding everything all wrong all the very worst in Mister or Supt. or Governor Somebody. Oh for gracious' sake! make the birds sing and all the trees to clap their hands. We like a merry noise sometimes if it's only a couple of taro-patch fiddles with our dear old-time natives padding up the Pali, (auwe)

At all rates we must, *do*. We are commanded to do and that is all we have to do is to do and to have faith and go on with that doing even where we, with our mortal eyes, can see no results—our Father will take care of our work. And the birds will sing.



We rather like frank at times but blunt is far removed from the Gentle clan. It savors of the boor and the present—plebeian and never patrician. Not exactly the pattern of "Col. Newcomes."



Look at our new ad for *Gas*. Gas for food as well as for light, on any subject.



What do we understand by the term *esprit du corps* in relation to any of the various pursuits and avocations of men and women—

the bread-winners and wage earners? Is it not the spirit of kindness and mutual help?



The memorial tablet is a simple but beautiful affair. On a grass mound in the shape of a truncated pyramid is a pedestal of lava rock on which is a great rough lava boulder hewn out from the slopes of Rocky Hill. On its rough face is an oval bronze tablet bearing in simple raised letters this inscription:

"On This Spot  
Stood the Home of the  
Rev. Hiram Bingham  
Who Gave This Broad Estate  
To the Cause of  
Christian Education."



HEROISM IN THE PINES.

One of the most impressive religious services I ever attended, one which moved me deeply, I want to briefly describe to you, and mayhap in the scene and surroundings there may be something of help to those who toil in mission fields, home or foreign; something, perhaps, of stimulation to those who give of their substance to advance the cause of Christ in the slums, on the far frontier, or in the blackness of heathendom.

It was half-past five o'clock on a wintry afternoon in early December, 1895. There was a shimmer of starlight through the rift in the roof where the stovepipe and the pine shingles failed to meet by several inches. The room was cold. A huge box stove on one side kept the air warm for those who sat nearest it, a half-dozen serious faced folk, in humble attire. I sat on a low school seat bench, and my heavy overcoat was hardly proof against the stinging cold. In front of me stood a rude desk on which two kerosene lamps made sad show of illumination. The room had no plastering, no furnishings. The building was made of pine boards with a covering of tarred paper, and was used for a school house.

At my left there stood a slender man in the white garb of a rector. His face was flushed from the biting cold, for he had been walking perhaps ten miles from his station to preach to this handful of people—not more than twelve all told. He used an abbreviated or condensed form of the Episcopal ritual, and then preached a short sermon on the second coming of Christ. It was Advent Sunday, and he made his sermon fit the day.

It was not so much the arrangement of his discourse, though that was sensible and logical; it was not so much the exposition of the wonderful coming of Christ, though it was full of tenderness and void of irrationalism; it was not so much the manner of address, though that was forceful and worthy of a city pulpit—not these that most impressed me, but if I may use the word, it was the transcendent earnestness of the man marked this sermon as one to be remembered a life-time. The central thought was the oft repeated promise "I will come again," and the universal need of being ready for this coming, whether it be on the morrow or in a thousand morrows.

The preacher's face was radiant with a hope that moved one as perhaps not even his earnestness did.

But it was not only the preaching of this man that impressed me, as he told the story of the Cross to this handful of people away up in the heart of one of the vastst pine forests yet left on the globe: there was even more in his life. I learned of this life from him only in the barest outlines—from others I learned more in detail.

Twenty-two years ago, a young rector, he went into the forests of Northern Minnesota to preach the gospel to the Indians. Since that time he has been steadily at work among them. He has ten or a dozen mission churches, perhaps 300 souls all told. These churches are located at widely separated points on a vast Indian reservation. The preacher is absent from

his home at the agency, where stays his devoted wife, about half of every week. Sometimes he will walk fifty miles to meet a preaching engagement to his Indians. Sometimes he travels on horseback, sometimes in a humble one-horse rig, sometimes in the dead of winter on snow-shoes. He sends his little children at the age of six years away to school, for not all mission work he may do makes it safe morally for them to come in daily contact with the vices of the Indians, for who shall say, for how much the white man is responsible? Think of it, will you? Forced to part company with his precious children at this age, to see them perhaps only semi-yearly until they reach manhood and womanhood. He told me, when I asked him about his life, with a sadness in his speech I shall not forget, that he was ashamed to say he read but little of the world's thought—he was so busy with his work, he was abroad in the forests so much, he could not find time to keep up with the mental pace of the day, and he had quit trying to.

(To be continued.)

\*\*\*

Say Mister, it looks like you'll get a long lease of one of the best (blest) "mansions." (Ed.)

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