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The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—Psalms.

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"You go into the great factory and you see the hundreds and thousands of wheels all connected, in one way or another, with the great engine room; and you learn the tremendous accomplishing force of coöperation. A little closer investigation will teach another lesson. If a single screw is out of place some machine is stopped and perhaps the entire room becomes a place of quiet. Indeed, if a screw is out of place in the all-important dynamo or engine the entire mill is temporarily a useless plant. So it is with us; if we coöperate with our fellows in church and community, we coöperate with God; but, if like the screw, out of place, we fail to do our duty, then our home, our place of business, our church, our community, nay, the universe itself, cannot measure up to its full activity."

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"I thought it was a pretty fair sort of telescope for one that wasn't very big," said Uncle Silas. "I rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and had it fixed so it would swing round easy. I took a deal of satisfaction in looking through it—the sky seemed so wide and full of wonders; so when Hester was here I thought I'd give her the pleasure, too. She stayed a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down, I asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

"Yes," she says. "Why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their outkitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turn-

ed the glass on their windows and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!"

"And, actually, that was all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study, she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes."

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The spirit of liberty is not merely, as some people imagine, a jealousy of our own particular rights, but a respect for the rights of others, and an unwillingness that any man, whether high or low, should be wronged or trampled under foot.—Channing.

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"Only just plain, homely folks,
Working on from day to day,
Doing any good we can
In an unobtrusive way.

Fashionable? Not a bit!
Never sued for unpaid bills;
Never have affinities;
Keep no motor car that kills.

Don't get famous through divorce;

Break no markets, take no lives.
Just keep toiling, humdrum,
dull—

For our children and our wives."

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KING OF THE AIR.

Le Mans, Sept. 21.—Aeronaut Wright today navigated his airship for one hour thirty-one minutes and twenty-five seconds, steadily, and without mishap, beating all records.

(Cousin of Mary H. Krout.)

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It may be that, in order to feel just right in this climate, one should take a certain amount of open-air exercise, and that nature makes known this requirement by giving a delightful feeling of

healthiness to anybody who does. However, it may be there is no doubt that here in Honolulu we have the truly ideal climate for physical training, and the athletic world is just about waking up to the fact.

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The late Thomas Rain Walker, in whose memory a service will be held Saturday morning in St. Andrew's Cathedral, was a man of deeds and usefulness. He lived long in Honolulu, and the good he did survives him, and has not lost its fragrance with time. In the old days, as now, the local British colony was a superior one, and Thomas Rain Walker was among its best individual types.

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WAIANAÆ.

By the late Thomas Rain Walker.

Fringing with crimson crest
Those watchtowers of the west,
Which lift their cold gray battlements on high,
The monarch of the day
Veils his last lingering ray,
And sinks to rest o'er far-off
Waianaæ.

No sound is on the shore
Save reef-bound breakers' roar,
Or distant boatman's song, or
sea-bird's cry;
And hushed the inland bay:
In stillness, far away,
Like phantoms rise the hills of
Waianaæ.

Ghosts of each act and thought
Which the dead day has wrought,
The misty shadows silent fly
To burial, 'neath the pall
Of "past," beyond recall,
Which falls with night o'er
silent Waianaæ.

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Mr. Walker came to the Hawaiian Islands from England in the S. S. Idaho in December, 1868, and took a position in the partnership firm of the late Theo-

philus Davies and R. C. Janion. When Mr. Janion died in 1881 Mr. Walker became a partner of Mr. Davies, and later when the business was incorporated as Theo. H. Davies & Co., he became one of the directors, holding this office until his retirement from active business in June, 1901. He returned to England about that time and resided at Bonchurch near Ventnor in the Isle of Wight. Upon the retirement of the late Theo. H. Davies from active business in 1886 and taking up a residence in England, Mr. Walker became British Vice Consul, holding that position until he left the islands.

Mr. Walker was a devout churchman, teaching Sunday school classes in St. Andrew's cathedral, besides holding positions in the vestry. At one time he was in charge of the choir. The organization of the parish of St. Clement's at Punahou was largely due to the efforts of Mr. Walker and he assisted in many ways in securing the erection of the church. He was a trustee of St. Clement's at the time of his death. Besides his activity in Episcopal church affairs he was intensely interested in the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he was one of the organizers here. He penned the minutes of the first Y. M. C. A. meeting here, in 1869, as secretary. He was president of the Y. M. C. A. on three occasions.

Mr. Walker was liberal in church matters, and was prominent in charitable and social circles. His musical training enabled him to take a leading part in many of the amateur entertainments in the earlier years of his residence.

Although seven years have elapsed since Mr. Walker left the islands he leaves behind him a large number of close friends who mourn the loss of one of the gentlest, most unselfish and kind-hearted men they have known.



HAWAII.

With a Roosevelt, a Frear, a Land Pratt, a Smith (Walter G.), a Cooper and plenty of Wood (the Pacific Fleet) we shall manage to steam and steer along with the best of 'em—hooray!

The 23d of this month will mark the 25th anniversary of the arrival here of Catholic Sisters to take up work among the lepers of Molokai. Theirs was a heroic consecration, the dangers of it seeming far greater than they do now; and the Sisters have, after the manner of their kind, been utterly faithful in their work. The rounding out of the quarter-century since their arrival will, no doubt, be an occasion of ceremony among the Catholics of Hawaii, and ought to inspire some suitable testimonial—something that would let the Sisters know that appreciation of them is not confined to their own church.



HUMANE SOCIETY IS ORGANIZED.

Mrs. Dole called the meeting to order, appointing the following as a committee to draft a constitution and rules for the society: Mrs. Swanzy, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Mitchell and Mrs. Sam Wilder.

Advocates of children won out and the society will be able to prevent either children or animals being abused.

Treasurer A. N. Campbell announced that there were \$110 in the treasury, Mr. Herbert having handed in a check for \$100 to start the society fund. The dues were set at fifty cents a month or five dollars a year.

Following this meeting another was held, that of the ladies interested in the Gipsy Carnival at the Moana Hotel for the purpose of raising funds for the work of the Humane Society.



She also resents being told that she is a medium, unconscious or otherwise.

"Those women they say I do those things, but I don't know. I don't do those things and I do know," she says indignantly. "They say that the power it pass through me. I don't feel nothing pass through me. I see the things pass bzzz past my head, but I don't feel no thing pass through me. How I could do those things, eh? If I could make those things I could get a million dollars, and I don't have to work no more. It silly thing, those women say. They come to me and talk, all of

things I don't know. (I don't think those women know themselves.) The paper say when I come, things start; when I go, pau. That not true."

(No, my dear, not true.—Ed.)



"I take off my hat with sincere respect to the person who can weave, out of common rushes or such grasses as the raffia, or even from the waste rags that have been discarded by the housewife, baskets and rugs of beauty. I bow in sincere admiration before the one who can please the eye and inspire the mind by the use of primitive colors, vegetable dyes as we call them, in preparing material for the wielder of needle and thimble. Still lower do I bow with deepest reverence before those who have learned the divine art of using their time, not merely the years or the months, but the days, hours and minutes, wisely, with ever some gain for themselves and others. So those who have learned to put their words together rightly—as the man of old fitted his arrow head to his stick, nicely feathering the other end—they can wing their weapon with a smile, to send it home to its mark."



Fifty spools of cotton grown here in the 60's are in the possession of James W. Robertson of Brewer & Co. The cotton is known as the South Sea Island cotton and was raised on this island. It was cleaned by the late Henry M. Whitney, founder of the Advertiser. The cotton gins used stood in a row back of Honolulu Hale, between Merchant and King streets. The cotton was sent to the United States and manufactured by Hadley, and these fifty spools represent a portion of the output.



Alfred Lowrey Castle yesterday filed his application for admittance to practise in the Supreme and other courts of the Territory. He states that he has been for the past three years a student in the law department of Harvard University, from which he received the degree of LL.B., June 24, 1908. W. R. Castle and Judge Philip L. Weaver certify to his good character.

PSYCHOLOGY.

We expect to pursue the interesting study; but, shall hope to go more into the science of the subject, comparing one with another and also, trying to group some that seem to us kindred spirits in a way; or that might have been, under perhaps more favorable conditions.

But, for instance right here and now, can you, my reader, put anyone (kamaaina, I mean to say; for, we are thinking mostly of them, in this study) with Rev. Fr. Clement? See? With whom would you put Judge Dole? With Bishop Libert, one might readily think of Consul Schaefer. With Prof. Alexander one might say, Mr. Thrum or Dr. Bishop. Now (without a speck of favoritism or partiality) for calm, quiet reflection, for true democratic nobility of mind and manner, what woman would you place with Mrs. Sanford B. Dole in all this Territory? There is not another of precisely her "bent." With whom would one class S. M. Damon? Why, Muhlenberg has the same certain acumen; so has Pfothner and T. Clive Davies and President Cooke and von Holt, Bishop Restarick, Catton, Ballentyne, (the Castles), Schaefer again and few others.

Mrs. W. R. Farrington, Mrs. Coan and Mrs. Nina Fraser might be classed with Mrs. Dole.

Our judgment is not perfect or always even half correct; we are suggestive only, be it understood. We are only citing these cases, because we wish many to think on this subject of metaphysics or Psychology, for it is a most entrancing study.

Sept. 23.

P. S.—"Oh, yes! editor mentions the rich and the powerful." You wait my friend, perhaps we have not done, quite. But, is it not that very "acumen" which has made these grand men leaders in the business fray? If you have the same "bump," mentally and physically, why go ahead. Now, if you possessed it, that "magic key" as you fancy, nothing could keep you back. You, too, would soon be a banker or a ship-owner or a shop-owner or an entire plantation or a Dr. Wood or Humphris, or an undertaker at least (perchance, unhappy lot, a poor editor). See?

We have been reading Judge Hart's communication in today's Advertiser and at once, we say: "Now, what kamaaina of all this Territory can we, according to the light we have, place with Judge Hart? It is not uncommon for grande ladies and noble dames to walk through Whitechapel and Seven Dials, etc., where the poverty and the misery and the sickness and the crime reach a pitch (a climax) so to speak. They go in behalf of ocular demonstration, for what we see with the eyes and hear with the ears, we are very apt to give credence to! We knew, personally, of a Bishop's party that walked, with the aid of "Scotland Yard," leisurely through Whitechapel not so very long time since. Now, almost all who have occasion to go through King or Hotel, not speaking of the side streets, say from Bethel to the depot, either go and come in the cars or by private conveyance. Very few walk there. A woman said to us (who walk there once a day), "I dislike to go in these parts at all!" "Why? because you think you will meet poor people? Often likely untidy and unkempt—the unwashed crowd?" We like to see, read, mark, learn and understand, how Poverty houses and feeds itself; for then we learn what chance we have of keeping well!

The law of Retribution, righteous and just, pursues us with its iron hand, whenever we too long time neglect the poor and the wretched. And so we were deeply interested in Judge Hart's article and plea, for the poor of Palama. Others must find the money for that poor (more or less) neglected settlement-work; but we will give our bit writing and our much praise for Mr. Rath and for all helpers of that ripe region—ripe and ready with special needs, men, women and little children. Now, who will walk through that district with an eye to help and the heart of pity? The stature of a man or of a woman, or the avoirdupois, pounds and ounces, have nothing to do, or very little to do (often) with the brain power, the temperament (with our subject "Psychology" be it, understand, as we understand or unravel the science, very little or nothing at all much). It is a very intricate and subtle matter (no

matter) this science of Psychology and perfectly useless (of great use and value) and elusive, to any that cannot follow us, purely intellectually so to speak; for, "stretches of the imagination" have naught to do, as "Harvard" (O. W. H.) knows, with a sixth sense. We are coming to hard, but generally unknown data, figures, facts. And we don't purpose to mix up any, much of any, but the kamaainas, as we have hinted. It is to their wisdom and skill we appeal, to think of this very important subject.

A young man may dodge around and hint: "Now, where are you intending to place me?" when he will have to place himself so far as the writer is concerned, only he will see as plain as he sees Fort street that no separate class is needed; he can pass in with the crowd of ordinaries and help the world if he will by the example of an upright life. As an all-around scientific man one would be very apt to say, that Judge Humphreys was not the equal of Judge Hart. But in legal lore Judge Humphreys may be ahead. In temperament they are something alike, fond of family life, tender hearted, gentle and most refined in manner, lacking anything of the brusque or the push—modest, diffident and deferential, most charitable and kind. At a hasty glance, one could easily mistake the handwriting of the one for the handwriting of the other. Of the two gentlemen, the Britisher and the Southerner, we may say that the former is as a whole the more gentle, more quick, but yet they are alike to our way of reasoning.

In reading of the late deeply-lamented and greatly-beloved Mr. Thomas Rain Walker, we are constrained at once think of a trio of Englishmen and the other two are Judge Hart and Mr. T. Clive Davies, gentlemen that, not only by birth, breeding and culture, but because of an inherent "bent"—a certain defined grace of manner and bearing, a speech so well-seasoned and pleasing and direct, that one can only think of them as being fully equipped and ready to enter a king's court and to stand at a king's right hand. There is a host of others, belonging to the legion of honor.

Sept. 29.

THE
HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 8.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

NOVEMBER - - 1908

P. S.—Now, without any reference to yachting at all, would not one say that Robt. Scott and Mr. Hobron were something of the same "turn?" And might one not put in the same boat Fred. Waterhouse, J. C. Davis, President Horne, L. Blackman, Mr. Day, the grocer. It looks very plain to us. If you take Chief Thurston for instance, do you not think of Capt. Soule and Lucas of May & Co., Dr. Murray, Mr. Watkins, James C. Wilder, Chas. H. Atherton in a minute's time? See?

Would you not, reader, in all reason group at once: Mark Robinson, Ballentyne, Consul Schaefer, W. S. Smith, Lewers, Sam Parker, Wright the blacksmith, Marston Campbell, Irwin, Henry Smith, Bp. Libert, Gov. Cleghorn, Rev. Dr. Bishop, Alex. Young, (Dr. Wood, the McNerny's and John Hughes coming in, five years hence?)

In this marvelous science, it is not the point of difference between two men or a class or group of men (or women) that are considered, you understand, but the points of likeness. Would you not say, for instance, that Joseph Carter, Libert, Schaefer, Rev. Dr. Bishop, Irwin, Pfothenauer, Rodiek, Ballentyne, Lewers, McIntyre, Dole, Geo. R. Carter, Pres. Cooke, Cleghorn, Dr. Scudder, Wadman, Felmy, John Martin and some others all possessed uncommon moderation, were careful men in giving an opinion, careful and economical and thrifty in all affairs of finance, men indeed of sound speech, men to be trusted at every point of the public or private compass? Ay, ay!

Now, what of Ralph Turner and a few of his gems; surely he fits into the class of S. M. Damon, Dr. Murray and few others. But no more of this today.

(It seems to us that 26 classes would not suffice to hold an intellectual giant like the Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham. He fills a planet of his own we will name, "Gospel!")

Mr. "Fingy" Connors is reported by the Omaha Bee to have said recently, "I can buy all the brains I want at \$25 per week." Mind you, all he wants; not all he needs.—Washington Herald.

WILL J. COOPER'S COUPON.

We will try to tell, well of reading, in a score of years, more than two score of descriptions (said to be) of the famous volcano on Hawaii; for you all know that a stack (Stackable) of such stuff has been put out, in our dailies. But, of all that has been said on that fiery theme, we like Journalist Cooper's article perhaps the best of all. He does not seem to care very much for a show in the way of big words or finery, does not deck his article out or cover it with frills, tucks, ruffles or puffs (or smoke) so to speak, but, he tells of the taking show, in pleasing simple style and of the road of fern, fine, you must take to see all this fire and its furnace.

And now did we make scrap-books, into one of them it would find a place. My reader will find it in the Star of 26th inst., likely all sold off however, long before our date.

Now, you know even Editor Smith (not the last, however, of the Smith tribe), he went to the same warm and turbulent region, some years since, and he contributed two (or eight) contributions, entirely voluntary; (voluminous volumes of smoke with fire and gas soaring to the skies), but, not his even, remains, a pleasing picture on our memory's wall, as does this later essay, of W. J. C.

We could but hope, as we read his quite unique trip, that he would keep to his own original style always, and not try to pattern (or copy after) anyone else's that may be more showy, and yet not so really realistic as his own straightforward and taking manner of taking one to see that Volcano as he saw the same, by night and by daylight. It is an uncommonly fine story that of Will J. Cooper.

Sept. 30.

The Rev. Mr. Thwing comes, in our opinion, into the same class with the Rev. Mr. Thwing; also, Rev. Mr. Westervelt, the Hon. Frank Damon, Rev. Dr. Scudder, John Martin, Mr. Knott, Secretary Y. M. C. A. and many others, men and "honorable women not a few," among whom we see the name of editor Times. We shall have a few more words on the subject of Psychology tomorrow likely if the editor can give us space.

October 5.

For a preface, we would beg to say, that we all rejoice to see the fine American hand of the Rev. Dr. Bishop again in print.

Here's a loaded coal-cart of strength to you Doctor; and, may you be able to keep the fires of wit and wisdom burning, through many a September yet to come.

We must say just here, that we seem to have an aloha for "extra tall," and ye mark all such with four * * * *, Col. Soper, Cofer, Cooper, Sinclair, McCandless, Dole, Schaefer, Perry, Carden, Campbell, Wilder, Hutchinson, Waller, A. M. Brown, etc. This has very little to do with our heading, bear in mind.

Then, too, we like the "extra shorts," quite as well; they come in for one * only, however. Fact it is we are getting (seems like) the entire community down to a dot (.) or a *.

Hill, Holmes, Hart, Dickey, Henshall and Logan (a team Star), the Cookes, Canavarro, Martin, Spencer, Athertons, Humphreys, John Martin, Emmeluth, Fitz, Sec. Wood, Dr. Rogers (oculist). Then, there are the "extra mediums," that come in for three * * * Like for instance W. W. Hall, E. O. White, Shaw, W. O. Smith, Geo. W. Smith, McNernys, Macfarlane, Thrums, the other McCandlesses, the Lucases, Cohen and a great number not of the tallest but an inch or so below; then many, many not of the "extra short" (not broke); but, a trifle above the shortest. My readers will see that it takes all sorts and kinds to make up a community.

Do you not all see a "family likeness," so to speak, between Engineer Brown, Breckons, Bishop Restarick, Sanford and Stan-

ley Stephenson. To our vision, plain as apple-pie.

Does not Editor Rhodes now look like Gov. Carter and Chief Thurston and Capt. Soule and Atkinson? Certainly.

Gov. Frear, we do not see too many like him (yet).

"As easy as ole Tilly." We have never met anyone, young as we are, that had seen O. T. But, we fancy he must have been well known, as one that did never fret his wife or scold the children or kick the dog; but, like Berndt of Dimond & Co., always had a cheery, cheerful word of welcome; and likely took home chocolates from the Y. C.

Oct. 6.

P. S.—(Not exactly a propos.) The tailors must all like the Cowley Fathers; they use so much good cloth in the making of their coats.

In the express benefit of those who write at night as editors and the rest, we wish to tell of a rest for the tired (bare) feet. We find that resting the soles on a mat of soft brown paper keeps them warm and gives ease and comfort.

When we know a "good thing" we like to pass it on. No rug is half so restful.

We also buy ten cents worth of fresh prunes at the Chinaman's, wash them well and spread them on a plate to chew when writing—fine!

Any how, we wish we could write as well as A. B. Leckenby. He has a fine head on him, like to Jared G. Smith and the late great Prof. Craw.

Mrs. Jordan of the A. C. is level-headed, calm and collected and amiable; and we believe wisely dispenses her not too much "pile of money." It is not an enviable place to fill.

The florist Rhodes is in the class with all the learned and scientific men. Very few, so far as we can judge, seem to know much of the marvels in fruit and flowers the gentleman carts through this town in his kerridge. But it seems to us that fully likely one half of this world will to go through this world with the

eyes of the face and the eyes of the mind (oh, dear, how very sad!) shut.

But they, the finest fruit and the rarest blossoms, are in that very cart.

THE WORKMAN,

By Robert Bridges.

This is the work of my hands;
To be but a cog in the wheel—
A strand in the cable that hauls—
To do and to do—not to feel.
To toil till the last curtain falls,
Yet ever the toiler is blest
Who sees the fair vision unroll—
Interprets the dream half-ex-
pressed—
Feels the work of his hands with
his soul!

This is the work of my hands:
These monsters that furrow the
deep
And baffle the power of the sea
Were given the sinews to leap,
Were bolted and forged by me,
These webs of miraculous steel,
Outspun from the shore to shore,
My nerve and endurance re-
veal—
I rolled them, and wove them,
and bore.

This is the work of my hands:
To drudge, but in spirit be
free—
Eat bread by the sweat of my
brow
In accord with the ancient de-
cree—
Yet labor, with courage, endow;
To know that, though meagre
the gain,
While justice shows many a
flaw—
In spite of distrust and disdain
We are rising, and under the law.

This is the work of my hands:
To cherish the law of the land,
The shield that we've wrung from
our foe;
Ennoble the rights we demand
By the honor and faith we be-
stow.
For brother am I to all,
The helpless ones and the great;
Together we rise or we fall,
Free workers within a free state.

FATHER DAMIEN'S OLD CHURCH IN OLD KA- LAWAO.

The little picture herewith is highly interesting. It came from

an old magazine. Have had this photograph copy made in Honolulu. The original must have been made early in 1886. In July of that year, when I came, the place looked just as in the picture, only the mountain, as shown, is not high enough nor steep enough. The original may have been a drawing. Father Damien's house stood about where the cross mark is. We moved that gate and changed the walls so as to enclose much more ground, obtaining use of same from the government.

The cross part of the church was first built by a Brother, before Father Damien came here, and was in use as a chapel. There was a door at your right hand. Father Damien closed it and put this nave and steeple on, the chapel forming the transepts. The steeple was afterwards blown down in the severe storm about 1887 or 1888. My first cabin stood behind—close by the Lauhala (plant) that you can partly see. The storm came in the night and seemed about to take possession of the little cabin, which opened into the sacristy. I hurried through into the church to see if everything was secure. Tried the windows and door. Just leaving the latter when the storm increased and down came the steeple. I got the door open and went over to Father Damien's house. In the large room down stairs (that I was using as a drug room) Father Gregory, a leper, had a temporary bed. He was nearly frantic in the terrible storm, being an old man and very weak. I went up stairs to Father Damien and found him sleeping soundly through it all.

After that, the steeple being down, Father Damien was going to at once make the nave some ten feet longer, putting a new steeple further along. Kalawao was the leper settlement then, the number rapidly increasing. I persuaded Father Damien to wait a little while. The Irish stone mason had just then come. We hunted, and found some fairly good rock near the old crater. Then I labored with Father Damien—advocating a new church in rock. In about a month he agreed to this. It was built over the old transepts, these old parts being taken out later. This rock church

(partly wood) is our church at present, and the old nave is connected with it, as seen in the later pictures—the steeple gone—a little work over the doorway added.

That good sized white house was the one used by Father Damien as a Girls' Home, under the care of Julia, a native woman. The Brothers' house stands there now, first built for the Franciscan Sisters, and "Baldwin Home" covers the ground this side and back of that location.

Very respectfully,

Joseph Dutton.
Kalawao, Molokai, May, 1908.



THREE COUPONS.

By Editor Times.

1. Little Girl.
2. Silent Night.
3. Tinker.

Little Girl.

A little girl of about six years of age, whose mother had died, was boarded in the S. H. Convent. One day her father came to take her out for a little treat. When they entered the quite empty car the bit dolly climbed up into a seat by herself and sat looking intently out.

Presently her father bade her to come and sit by him. Dolly did not hear. After a minute he called again. She did not heed.

The conductor walking through looked down at the little midget and said: "Now, who is the boss here?" Instantly she turned, and pointing her tiny forefinger up, said, "Almighty God is the boss here; He is the boss, everywhere."

She then quickly moved to her father's side.

Oct. 1.

Silent Night.

It is said that there is but one hour of the twenty-four, in London, when there is any perceptible lull in the noise and the roar of that city; somewhere perhaps, from quarter of one a. m. to quarter of two, or few minutes later. How do they know exactly, editor? How do we know anything that we don't know? It is reduced to figures and facts, by certain demonstrations, so to say.

How would an average be gained, of the number of people for instance that pass around McInerny's corner, every week for

six months, say? Easily done; and also, the average of every separate nationality.

In Boston it is said one can know the average number passing by his domicile every night, from midnight, let us say, until sunrise, for any length of time, granting that things remain normal, etc. The other night here at the Elite we were up from about one o'clock a. m. until three o'clock.

The stillness of this part of the town seemed almost uncanny and we do not like perfect stillness at any time. It seems the presage of some danger.

We can hear for blocks in every direction from the Elite; back past Helen's Court to Beretania, up and dows Alakea and out Hotel south, down Bishop, and out Hotel to Fort. There was not, for one hour a human sound, to us; then a light buggy passed on Alakea; and, far off perhaps to St. Andrew's we could just discern the indistinct crowing of roosters. After a while a small dog in the lane started up and gave a few barks and then as if ashamed to disturb the hush, it lay down again and barked no more. Not until nearly 4 o'clock were there any sounds of life—not an auto, not a hack, not a policeman's footstep; but, finally, one solitary milk cart. The stillness might make one nervous, never the noise around the Elite and strange too, in the middle of Honolulu.

Oct. 1.

Tinker.

Well, I don't want anything to do with cables, said youngest Tinker of four brothers and 14 years old. If I can go to the Iron Works and learn to build a boat like Robert Scott's "Kamehameha I," that will beat all the other yachts and throw in an hour's start at that, that's where I am.

I want to sail a boat over the blue Pacific, called "Our Tinker;" that's my size; and I don't intend to be a cableist, three in one family is enough to tinker at that job, I should say.

My next oldest brother, Rupert, he's at Midway Station and Alfred is now on the way there, and my youngest brother, 16 years old, is on Bishop street for more than a year; and, the superintendent

says he's the cleverest of all—solid as a rock.

But he hasn't had me yet, and what's more, the Iron Works for me. I want a boat and I don't want to cable for any one. And then he shied another stone at the mango tree.

Oct. 12.



IAUKEA AND LOGIC.

If Iaukea were not "all right," he would never have needed to borrow one hundred dollars. He would have known precisely where to steal whatever he needed, like so many others have known. There would have been none of the preliminaries wild, of seeking a loan.

Oct. 14.

P. S.—We are sorry he had not come to us, for a short-lived favor.

A. M. P.



COUPON.

We are the proud owners of at least one curio—an old Palace Hotel dinner knife, that we brought with us from San Francisco and that we have had in constant use as it is one of those things that has a nice "feel" to it.

The handle is just right and the steel of the finest. On the blade is the legend, "Palace Hotel." We can't seem to like any other knife whenever we take hold for kow-kow.

Mr. Webb will now sharpen and grind it for us.

Oct. 14.



If you will go to Hill's in Post-office alley, you can find valleys full of charm and a mountain of curios. Hill, mountain and valley in that alley.



Like Musician Bode, all truly great folk, in their line, seem to keep quiet and eschew noise; (there's editor Times for instance how little we hear from that direction!) And yet how many are always ready to toot their horn and pound on their brass kettle.



There's Beakbane of exquisite work, and the fine teams of the Club Stables opposite, and the veteran Scotch (not whiskey) Lindsav of watch-mending fame; and, a trifle above (nearer Heav-

en) the S. H. Convent; and yet, of all this fine group, all friendly neighbors (and active-paying members of the Times) one never sees them standing on their door-sills (silly) with a trumpet to attract the attention of the passer-by, oh no.

And yet they all deserve to make a cheerful income.

◆◆◆

And then, those nice pretty people at the Naval Station that seem to grow "quarters."

◆◆◆

And Cofer and Brinckerhoff and Humphris, Woods, Camp, Mitamura, Moore, Wayson, Augur and Atkinson down Alakea and up and all over.

Judd, Baldwin and Waterhouse (and that tidy "Delmonico"), the fire laddies so polite, and Manager Cohen. But this is but one little group! Think of the Executive and Judiciary, the Judd and Stangenwald, the McIntyre and Boston, the Hackfeld, Damon, Irwin, Schaefer, Row and Rowe, Du Roi, Police Station, Postoffice! But we shall make you dizzy to recount the half of all our crowd of true and loyal friends:

Judges, lawyers, ministers, bishops, priests and deacons, carpenters, stone-masons, draymen, clerks, all kinds and of all the nationalities, Yap See Young, Kim Chong, Mitamura, Woo Yee Bew, Yin Tet. Oh it's fine to have friends among the good and the lowly. So goes the Times.

◆◆◆

"Seven million dollars may be needed to complete the Pearl Harbor Naval Station, and this amount will undoubtedly be expended within the next four years."

(More'n that, Mister.)

◆◆◆

On Saturday night was performed on this island what ten years ago would have been a miracle. Seated in his office at the Kahuku wireless station, Operator Isbell listened to a man aboard a steamer in the Bering Sea, exchanged messages with a man in San Francisco, and communicated with the flagship of Admiral Swinburne nearly a thousand miles to the south. The wireless ear heard the news over a water area twice as large as that

of the whole United States, while this was only one-half the area of the Pacific with which Honolulu can be kept in touch. And few persons marvelled at the marvel. It was "wireless"—that was all.

This generation is used to miracles. It is blase. If some afternoon an airship came whizzing over the city and dropped in Aala Park with the announcement that it had left San Francisco the day before, we would flock to see it the first day, talk about it for a week, and then look for some fresher sensation.

◆◆◆

(Honolulu, Oct. 10, 1908.

Scripps, San Francisco.

Governor Frear sends Aloha to Pacific Coast through United Press Associations by Wireless Telegraph Company of Hawaii. (Frazier.)

◆◆◆

One gentleman stood upright before us and called our attention (and measure) to the fact that he was six foot one, (for) and not in with the "mediums" (nothing to do with spirits), in that way or, with our "extra shorts" (deal broke). He was quite enough tall (so he thought) and well enough for that matter (no spirit for him) to face Cofer or Cooper even Sinclair or Moore (Langton) or, ton more; he could stand close by Judges Hole and Perry in a court-of-law and not be sent to the foot, for lack of feet. And, he belongs to the White tribe every day in the week and on Sunday, to the Rev. Dr. Scudder's. We meekly assented; "Yes, you are certainly of the 'extra tall's'."

Still another said: "He was growing still, and might, if permitted to keep on in that direction, soon measure height with the statue of Kamehameha. But, at all rates (cheap rate) he could manage even now, to handle a few more 'messages,' first rate."

But, we soon enlightened him as to the "fixed rates" of all ads. in the Times; and, that we were not quite, an eleemosynary institution ("nary times"). He quickly sped, with that little package of truthful Frank An. However, we were glad to hear that one man actually was "growing still," in the midst of all the political times, (not Honolulu Times),

when even editor Advertiser is, day by day, growing more garrulous, querulous in the stirring hasty-pudding strife.

◆◆◆

(Good luck to Logan; he'll "stump" in, as supervisor, O. K.)

And all this reminds us, that we have been seeing for some time, a gentleman (in gray) who reminds us at once of Editor Smith, enough like him to be a cousin, if not a brother. But, as we approach we see that he is rather—well we think perhaps we would better not go on here, better pause and consider; because that Mornin' Glory is sure to get back at us, sooner or later and likely sooner than later, with possibly one of those sharp, jagged little bits (of rock) near the foot of his column of editorial, on page 4. He will rouse himself, on reading the Star, shake his tawny mane and mutter, in low sepulchral notes: "Now, whatever is that Times 'up to.' Ahem! Let us look into this item (ightimes) Zounds! Where are our spectacles? Now, what does that idem icolicidem infer we are like? internal, infernal what?" Call era (cholera) Colic in the inside.

There was a gentleman here, we do not seem to pass him now, that so closely resembled Mr. Kincaid, we felt we must say for a minute (we make minutes), "Now, how's that Mohonk, my dear Rev. William M. Kincaid, D.D. But we recollected the man was far away, supposititiously, on his royal estate of 500 acres, in the close proximity and vicinity of the "F. F. V's."

His aloha for our dear Honolulu, where he and his had supped and lodged for seven years, in comparative luxury (at least what we should term, solid material comfort), faded into nothingness as Oahu faded from their view; and, not one kind helpful (where he had been bountifully helped) word, for these islands, escaped him, so far as we have read. When Mr. Kincaid came to Hawaii he left a much smaller stipend behind him; and, in this Territory he received the largest he had ever handled. Like to many another, he grew dizzy and forgetful.

DAMON.

Nearly all of prosperity and of hearty good will that the Chinese enjoy in this Territory today, is due to the work, the loving unselfish "brotherly kindness" of Francis Williams Damon ("Frank") as his friends love to call him.

If others, in the past few years, have caught of his early old-time unselfish spirit and work, when more of hardship and sacrifice were required than at present, we are glad to know of the same and to mark it. He too is glad and the Chinese are glad; for, surely there is room for all workers when we think of China at our door!

But Mr. (and Mrs. Damon a little later,) were the pioneers that have influenced and inspired others to begin, and to help in the great work. The Rev. Dr. Thwing has now for some years been Mr. Damon's beloved right hand man and coadjutor and to him has Mr. Damon given of his counsel and his love.

Together, hand in hand have these two earnest Orient lovers worked and planned. Speaking in their own dialects to the Chinese and to their little ones of the wonderful works of God and bringing in hundreds, thousands, to take Christ for their Lord and Master, in this world and through all eternity. A mighty work!

Mr. Damon's life work now culminates in the Mid-Pacific Institute—grand monument of exalted Christian labor and love; "charity."



GOOD NEWS.

The new light-house at Kalau-papa, Leper Settlement, Molokai, is to be known as "The Brother Joseph Dutton."



"Mr. Logan is a man who should be elected supervisor by a good majority. He is a kama-aina, he is honest and intelligent and his connection with affairs in these islands has been of a character to win him votes. (Oh yes.)"



"It will be a matter of keen regret in and out of the Methodist church that Rev. David W. Crane is going to leave his Honolulu pastorate. No more wholesome and helpful man has found a ministry here. Without display,

seeking no acclaim and making no pretence of any kind, Pastor Crane has gone about doing good and has illustrated in his own life the precepts of his religion. In bidding him good-bye Honolulu will wish him well."

Here are two bits, good as gold, we find in this day's Advertiser. If you have read them, read them again.



THE LAST BUGLE CALL.

During the cruise a couple of seamen died. One was buried at Pago Pago, and the other was buried in Honolulu yesterday with naval honors. The latter was named Franzen, an oiler, who had served for twenty-seven years in the navy, and was soon to be retired. The remains were followed to their last resting place in Nuuanu valley by a detachment of bluejackets from the Maryland, to which vessel Frenzen had belonged, and by the cruiser's band. Three volleys were fired over his grave.



MANCHURIA OFFICER DEAD.

San Francisco, Oct. 1.—Willard C. Mott, second officer of the Pacific Mail Company's liner Manchuria, was killed in an accident on the vessel in Hongkong harbor September 29, according to a cablegram received here by the company yesterday.



Since women have entered the business world like a tidal wave, there is a good deal of questioning going on as to how they are treated.

Half of them complain that men are rude. The others declare that men are angels of politeness.

Some clever people have been trying to sum up the situation, and they believe that the girl to whom "hats are off" in the business world is the one who:

Doesn't wear clothes that attract unpleasant attention.

Doesn't put paint and powder on her face instead of plenty of water and cold cream.

Doesn't think it clever to use the latest slang.

Doesn't make intimates in the commercial world, but is courteous to every one.

Doesn't listen to gossip and private affairs and doesn't tell

any of hers.

Doesn't say a man is rude merely because he is abrupt.



Lihue, Kauai, Oct. 17.—Mother Rice celebrated her ninety-third birthday last Sunday in the midst of all the descendants who are living here on Kauai. Though ninety-two years of age, Mrs. Rice has retained a perfectly clear mind of the movements of the time. The Hawaiians, to whom she has always been Mother Rice, have a very warm spot in her heart and receive numerous evidences of her love for them. It was therefore but natural that two of the Hawaiian societies of the place wished to show her their gratitude and what more natural than that it should find expression in that peculiarly Hawaiian way, through the song.

A number of Hawaiian ladies and gentlemen called on her Monday morning and greeted her with a number of her favorite hymns. After prayers had been offered up, refreshments were served and a sociable hour spent.

One of the pleasing greetings received by Mother Rice was from Clarence Cooke, in Honolulu, who by wireless announced that the number of her descendants had been increased by the arrival of another great-grandson on her birthday.



For Hawaii has certain advantages to offer to the world. Its climate fits it to be the home of millions of all races who need just what it can give. The next twenty-five years will see thousands of families resorting hither to erect homes—families that have acquired or inherited means enough to guarantee their support, and whose health demands or whose physical constitution renders attractive Hawaii's peculiar balm. They will acquire land. A generous policy of welcome will bring hither such representatives from all races and will attract the labor required. A very interesting social development will result. It will not be exactly like anything else on earth. It may be as immeasurably superior to much elsewhere as Hawaii's treatment of the Asiatic outclasses that of San Francisco.

Dr. Scudder.

"We hope that the time will never come when it may be said of an American naval ship that it goes to sea with any other purpose in the minds of officers and men than strict naval business and snappy naval training.

Honolulu is pleased to greet the Fleet again socially. Our people are more gratified with the business atmosphere that pervades the Navy, and though schedules may be broken, Honolulu should gain a reputation for knowledge that tea parties are not the first consideration of the cruise."—Bulletin.



The sugar industry that only results in making a few millionaires, and any other industries that form gambling stocks, are not favorable to a yeomanry that are necessary to make a good country.

The fact that large, useful crops can be grown here is proven by the yields of sugar and that land rents for as high as \$40 per annum to grow rice, by native rampant vegetation on hillside and valley, by the covering of the land with lantana, by the varied vegetation that we see in Honolulu in spite of insect and blight. Everywhere that moisture is present we find abundant growth, that proves conclusively that other useful crops can be grown when we apply similar intelligent effort that has made sugar king.

If coffee received the same amount of protection that sugar has enjoyed, it alone would solve the problem of the small farmer on these Islands and would result in immediate activity along all lines of business.

Dates, pines, bananas, lychee and other nuts, avocados, mangoes, citrus fruits, sisal and a multitude of useful things can be grown only here in the United States.

It is not easy to see future pictures of prosperity and start ideas that will make them substantial realities, yet we know that the good things in life grow from wisely-selected seeds, and it may be that the seed of suggestion may find a place to grow between the political rocks.

I would like to outline a policy that would add no burden to the public and that would transform these Islands into a fruitful gar-

den, in which to exist would be luxury.

There are now four separate institutions supported by taxation, the combined cost of these being more than sufficient to do a work for these Islands that would easily enrich them in products many fold, and in a few years these institutions can be made self-supporting if what they produce is sold at cost.

A plant-breeding nursery that would supply the people with fruiting dates, valuable nut trees, fruits and plants that are suited to take the place of sugar and weeds, with necessary educational instruction to grow and care for them, would find an appreciative patronage, and they would then supply a necessary want.

The poverty of the poor is a crime that those who govern are responsible for. The reward of those who rule well is found in a monument of happy homes. Righteous ruling exalteth a nation, but poverty is a stinging reproach to any people.

A. B. Leckenby.



There are so many cases of extreme destitution in families where there are little children, that the lines must be very closely drawn when it comes to rendering assistance to able-bodied single men. Allow the presentation of one or two cases. A young woman of twenty-two comes from Hilo to Honolulu to see what can be done for her partially-paralyzed husband. She brings with her two little children, one a baby about four months old; three other little ones are left behind with their grandmother, and are living on charity. The husband is sent to Leahi Home; what is to become of this little family? The mother of the afflicted man kept them for a while with her own family, living in a couple of rooms at Camp 2, but that could not continue. The Salvation Army has taken the three-year-old girl, and at the Palama Settlement the sick baby is being cared for. Mr. Rath, Mr. Dutra and the manager of the Associated Charities have consulted about this case, and evolved the following plan: to have the grandmother and other children sent to Honolulu; hire a room, and have

the grandmother keep house while the mother goes out to work. As the latter is totally inexperienced, she will have to learn, probably in the Steam Laundry, and this little family must be cared for indefinitely. From the Associated Charities a mattress, bed clothing, clothing and food have been sent to them; when the other members of the family arrive another mattress and clothing will be required. Another case is that of a young Spanish woman, whose husband has just died at the hospital. She is left with a young child, utterly destitute. The child, who has been ill, is being cared for at the Palama Settlement, and food and clothing have been supplied from this office. The manager's heart was gladdened last month by the receipt of a check for one hundred dollars, from "a friend," to be "used for any special cases" that might come up. More than half of this was used for clothing and part tuition of three little Hawaiian girls at Kawaiahao Seminary. The rest is being used judiciously as it is required. A. J.



AN INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE AT HONGKONG.

The first mile of the course was packed on either side with boats crowded with people and covered with flags, and must have presented a beautiful sight to those who had time to observe it. I was not able to see much of it. I was busy watching that red-colored French barge, and occasionally glancing at the fourteen hard-set, anxious faces in my boat. At last we were on the line, oars pointed forward, feet firmly braced against the stretchers, mouths shut like steel traps, and every muscle and nerve tense almost to the point of breaking. "Are you ready?" and then "Go!" came from the starter. With one beautiful flash of the oars we all caught the water together, and were off. I could feel my heart thump in my throat as I saw, with one eye, the light French-built boat shoot out half a length ahead of us, and with the other eye the fourteen faces all turned on mine. Three hard, quick strokes had set us going, and for a moment the red barge seemed to be tied to us, so even was our

pace; then I could see my starboard bow-oar slowly, inch by inch, dip out ahead of her. About five hundred yards from the start was a bunch of American boats crowded with yelling lunatics, and as I approached them I spoke a word to the crew, signaled the stroke to rise to forty, and before the Frenchman knew what had happened to him he had our wash, and, barring accidents, the race was won. Then we settled down to our long, swinging, thirty-two strokes, which were to last the rest of the distance. The French crew began yelling when we passed them, and I believe they kept it up to the finish.

It struck me as about the worst use I had ever known a racing crew to put their lungs to, but it pleased me immensely to have them do it. At the turning buoy we were thirty seconds ahead, and on the pull we gained one minute. Crossing the finish line, I tossed oars for a second as the gun flashed, and then pulled to the ship at the same racing speed. As I shot alongside, the tackles were hooked and the boat run up to the davits, crew and all. All hands tumbled out on deck, and when the French barge crossed the line our boat was quietly hanging at the davits, as if nothing had happened. It was only a boat race, it is true, but it was a grand one, and we won it.

Admiral Evans.



"After the czar had returned to the loge the empress came to the rail and handed over it their son, the long prayed for heir, the little Alexis, who came to bless the palace, by the favor of St. Seraphim. The boy was all clothed in white furs, I thought, though the court newsman, who should know, said his costume was made of swan's down and ostrich feathers. All his pretty curls were combed out and the little Alexis wore his hair parted in the middle and brushed out straight, as is the ancient Muscovite custom. The czar seated his little son comfortably upon his left arm, and the procession formed. First came the swingers of incense and the priests and bishops, who swing incense, too. Then the czar and his beautiful boy, with his dark eyes glistening with excitement.

Nicholas Nicholajevitch and half a dozen other grand dukes followed in his train, and then the other notables in the order of their rank. In and among the Cossacks files the imperial procession took its way, and there was not a man of all the Cossacks who could not say when the procession was over that the czar and czarevitch in their royal raiment had brushed his muddy clothes and that he had breathed in their imperial breath. Then the supporting grand dukes and the throngs of officers fell back, leaving the czar and the smiling child alone in front of the regiment.

The czar, holding his boy proudly on his left arm, drew his sword, and, raising his voice until it filled the great riding school as no single voice had done before that day, said: "Cossacks of the Don and the Dnieper, Cossacks of the Volga and the Ural, Cossacks of the Amur and Ussuri, today I commit to your care my God-given son Alexis, your leader in peace or war, as God decrees."

"Cheers for the grand hetman," shouted the frantic little colonel, and again the riding school echoed with the Russian cheer. This time the czar smiled and smiled, and did not say his Cossacks nay. Only the grand hetman grew restless, and sliding down his imperial father's leg with the grace of a born lamp-lighter flew over the tanbark arena to where his mother sat, and soon he was telling her all about it, the grand hetman, a saucy, mischievous child, and the beautiful, though somewhat worn woman who listened to his prattle with tears in her eyes.

"I was glad that the hetman deserted his father and the notables and flew to his mother, because they made a charming picture, and because his swift, deer-like flight across the riding school gives an opportunity to deny with authority the stock revolutionary story to the effect that though the heir to the throne is beautiful as any prince charming, he is paralyzed from the waist down, and cannot move a step.

"A LETTER FROM IRELAND."

'Tis fair in the spring-time, Mary,
When the bloom is on the spray,
And the woodbine scatters fragrance
Along the green-hedged way,
But my heart is lonely, darling,
Though the cuckoo calls the while,
I am waiting in the gray, dear,
For the morning of your smile.

'Twas sweet in the spring-time,
Mary,
When you crossed the white-tossed sea,
The blush was on the heather,
The bloom was on the lea,
But my heart was breaking, darling,
When I gave the last embrace,
For the spring was sweeter, darling,
For the gladness of your face.

It was hard to send you, darling,
To the land beyond the wave,
From the faces of your kinfolk,
And your father's new-made grave.
But the winter snows were cruel,
And the wolf was at the door;
I am listening in the silence,
For your step upon the floor.

Will the strange land change you,
Mary,
Will your blithe young heart grow cold,
In the weary years of labor
For the stranger's hard-earned gold?
O, my heart is breaking, darling,
As I see you sad and lone,
With the burden on your young life,
Since that far spring morn has flown.

I have kept your letters, Mary,
I have read them o'er and o'er,
And their cheery braveness, darling,
Has stirred my spirit's core.
But the nights are lonely, darling,
And I miss your warm embrace;
I am waiting in the shadows
For the starlight of your face.

—Monitor.

A. S. HUMPHREYS

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A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hurts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day,
Were just one day apart!

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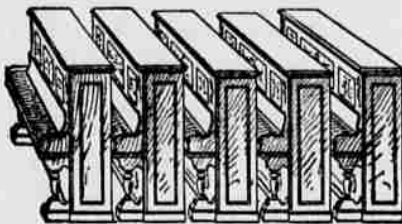
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