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The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Vol. VII. No. 6.

HONOLULU, MARCH, 1909.

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"And it came to pass, that as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.

2. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth. Give us day by day our daily bread And forgive us our sins; for we also forgive everyone that is indebted to us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."—S. Luke xi:1, 2, 3, 4.

It has been said that there are five times as many exhortations in the Bible to give as there are to pray, yet praying continues to be more popular among Christians than benevolence. God himself, who gave a Son to save the lost, has set the shining example of beneficence, and, having given us Christ, with Him bestows upon us all things that pertain to real living and lasting happiness. Yet there is no antithesis between giving and praying, and he who prays while he gives, gives twice.

J. B. Atherton Estate has made a gift of \$15,000 for the endowment with no restrictions as to its use.

Mrs. Atherton was a Punahou girl for about 14 years. Mr. Atherton was a trustee of the College for six years previous to his death.

All of the children have studied at the grand old Alma Mater—Charles H., the late Alexander M., Mrs. Theodore Richards, Frank C. and Kate M.

The Times has now reached the half-way house of the seventh year.

Laus Deo.

First Magazine Editor: "I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor." Second Editor: "Why so?" "Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the waste-basket."—Lippincott's.

"War between America and Japan is impossible."—Ambassador Takahira. (You are O. K. there; and now tell us why?)—Ed.

It seems hardly possible, however, that the gospel according to Matthew Arnold can in the minds of the rank and file make any such appeal as the gospel according to St. Matthew has made through eighteen centuries.—Ed. Nation.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12.—The Lincoln celebration held here today was attended by British Ambassador Bryce, French Ambassador Jusserand, William J. Bryan, and Robert Lincoln, son of the martyred President.

Hodgenville, Ky., Feb. 12.—President Roosevelt spoke today at the exercises held in connection with laying the cornerstone of the Lincoln memorial to be erected on the Lincoln farm. The memorial will be an elaborate marble structure and will enclose the log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born. Secretary of War Luke E. Wright and many leaders of the country were present.

WEATHER IS IDEAL.

During the night, and the early hours of the morning, rain fell in torrents, and it looked as though all of the plans for an open-air demonstration might go for naught. Shortly after sunrise a balmy breeze dispelled the clouds, and when the time rolled around for the procession to start, Old

Sol was doing his best to sustain Honolulu's reputation for weather of the Garden-of-Eden variety.

Had the weather man laid out the day on lines specified by the committee in charge of the arrangements, he could not have made a better job of it. Not too warm to cause the marching soldiery discomfort, not too cool to discommode the watching multitudes along the line of march, the day was little short of ideal.

And the spirit of the weather was the spirit in the hearts of the participants. "Peace, perfect peace," was the prevailing note on every hand.

BUSINESS HOUSES CLOSE.

The suggestion that all places of business be closed in honor of Lincoln's birthday met with universal satisfaction, and after 10 o'clock there was scarcely a store in the down-town district open.

Even before the announcement was made that this was a legal holiday, the banking establishments had announced their intention of closing, and merchants quickly fell into line. Some did not open their stores at all.—Bulletin.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(Feb. 12, 1809-1909.)

Oh yes, we are grateful and thankful for Lincoln who freed the millions of slaves and straightened out matters and things, generally; he taught the people to be honest and to speak truth and to do it all in words of one syllable—plainest, strongest, sweetest, simplest English. "Don't lie, don't steal." No circumlocution or polysyllables, and very little oratory, (beyond a famous good story) about Abraham Lincoln.

The saving grace of humor carried him, with faith in God, through strife and carnage and

brought the whole country out (safe, sane and sound) free and united, into "a wealthy place."—Editor Times.

MIS' SMITH.

All day she hurried to get through
The same as lots of wimmin do;
Sometimes at night her husban' said,
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"
And then she kinder give a hitch,
And pause half-way between a stitch,
And sorter sigh, and say that she
Was ready as she'd ever be,
She reckoned.

And so the years went one by one,
An' somehow she was never done;
An' when the angel said as how
"Mis' Smith, it's time you rested now,"
She sorter raised her eyes to look
A second, as a stitch she took;
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she,
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,
I reckon."

Albert Bigelow Paine.

Washington, February 12.—The President has carried out the wish expressed in the Joint Resolution of Congress that today be set aside as a public holiday in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

Benevolent Old Gentleman: "Don't you find a sailor's life a vevy dangerous one?" Old Salt: "Oh, yes, sir; but, fortunately, it ain't often we gits into port."—Punch.

In all that is written of Abraham Lincoln and all that is recalled of the life of this greatest American, one finds two characteristics unfailing—a kind heart and an abiding faith in the people.

It is a happy commentary on the American people that they should find in the life of such a man the epitome of National ideals.

Abraham Lincoln was under all occasions an optimist. Even in the darkest days he was able to find the ray of light that made the way more hopeful to those around him and inspired them to new zeal and vigor. This does not mean that he did not suffer under the burdens and temporary defeats, but at no time did he allow the enemies of the Nation or false and weakened friends to swerve his belief in the integrity of the average American citizen or embitter and turn him in anger to rail against his fellow-men.

Lincoln was genuine. He was direct. In all his dealings with officials, the people, and other nations he found no occasion for digressing from the rule of common honesty.

He was not of the type of man or of official who cloaks a natural mendacity with the soft title of "diplomacy." If he could smooth a difficult way with a story, he told the story. He had the soft answer that turned away wrath without sacrificing his own position in the slightest degree.

There is no character in American history whose career so completely overthrows the teaching of that school of little men who adhere to the theory that the victories of politics and successes of life are best obtained by deception, manipulation, and an intricate system of fooling the people. "You can't fool all the people all the time," was a truism amply proved in the eventful and kindly life of this great man. He was thrown into the midst of the manipulators, the traitors, the "keen" politicians, the big and the little thugs of government. Through it all, he played fair. He trusted the people, their good sense, and their sterling patriotism. They in turn trusted him, and gave to him the strength and support that carried the Nation to the cause of freedom through to victory.

The integrity of the average citizen, on which Lincoln leaned in days of trial and in which he placed absolute faith, is not less a bulwark of the Nation's strength today than during times when our people were settling their differences by force of arms.—Wallace R. Farrington.

CANDIDATES.

Either Mr. Parke or Judge Andrade for U. S. Attorney Breckons' place—both Honolulu boys. Feb. 11.

GOOD ADVICE.

Persevere against disappointments. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything to some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practise strict temperance, and in your transactions remember your final account.

Ah, Stanley Stephenson's is a little art—full—place!

DAVIS THE MASTER WORKMAN.

Whenever we see a school place (or one's daily life or "carriage") beautifully kept and ordered, and in so far as we are able to criticise, constantly progressing, improving here a tree, there a shrub (now a good deed, a merciful word—even a tiny pecuniary help) here a new bit of sod, a climber (there is but one "vine," you all know?) a flower-pot, a hanging-plant; and all this good (best) work going daily forward—no fences, no bars, all open for the passerby to see and to enjoy, we can but say: "Oh, there is some strong self-restraint here, some moral force, some strength and power from within this school as a unit, or this individual life—a governing principle from within, unseen but felt, by these results, subject to our daily observation. It is not any fear from without, it is moral force from

within, which must ever be and is, allied to spiritual force—nothing that we can touch or handle, but still an indefinable lever that moves the world—moves men and minors to do, even ever their best.

So, as we go by this great common school of nearly 1000, from time to time, we say reasoning from the known (the seen) scene to the unseen, the inside of this big school, there must be order and so, harmony within. "Order is Heaven's first law," we all know from childhood; and, where order reigns, there jars and discord find no place.

And so we determine to visit the Royal School and to carefully note the machinery, every wheel, spindle and bobbin of it so far as we may; and also to discover what sort of fabric is being woven within those halls and rooms, for the world's daily practical use.

You know the French say, "there is a kind of beauty in well-scrubbed boards." And so there is, because clean boards in a shop or home tell of order, industry, sweetness, purity and health, not to go farther.

So it cometh to pass, that in any school or in any industry whatsoever, the lowest, even the drudging menial parts, help to make up the harmonious whole, that can startle and arouse a world with its beauty and its perfect comeliness of form and feature—the poetical and the practical, combined into a magnificent whole.

On the malls of Boston Common, that most dainty and exquisite park in the city's heart, not a scrap of refuse is allowed to rest, longer than it meets the eye of a care-taker. And now, what see we in that "public school?" Let us walk quietly the round.



SCHOOL CITY.

Of the "school city" of the Royal too much can hardly be said, we incline to fancy, of its good and sensible practical work.

This is the third year of its inception.

The question of politics be it said, does not enter into the courts and doings of the afore-said city.

At election times there is a

trifle, a suspicion of party feeling as it is right and proper that there should be.

The officers of the courts, mayor, sheriff, etc., can only advise, admonish, read the "riot act", if needed, etc., etc., but can inflict no penalty in the way of prison or fine.

All of any serious nature must ultimately reach the Principal's office.

The object of a "school city" is to better prepare boys and girls for the hard experience of life, which must come to all in greater or lesser degree, by implanting early a correct sense of thrift, industry, law and order, truthfulness, honesty, self-reliance and self-control. It teaches to them the value of minutes to themselves and to their superiors, by making them prompt and ready to the minute, no laggards, no shirks, no idlers, in the race of life!

We were interested in the pound-master's report, because it shows to the pupils the importance, the market value of "trifles" so to speak.

A child is apt to say: "Oh, only a bit of crayon, only one leaf from my book, only a pencil." But how when he wants that leaf to read from? That pencil for his sums, etc. Every article found on the grounds or in the halls is impounded, and the record kept by the ever-vigilant officer.

The "city" is now so well-systematized that it nearly runs itself, without much of any oversight from Mr. Davis; and does its work with "neatness and dispatch."

We have not alluded to the tidiness of the rooms and halls, for all that too, coming under the eye of the "city," is a self-evident proposition.

Amiability and good-will, obedience and content are the ruling factors of the Royal School.

There is an average daily attendance of 800—Hawaiians, part-Hawaiians, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese and a sprinkling of others.

To witness the proceedings of those "courts" was most amusing; the police court when one litale shaver, not much higher than the table" was brought forward by an officer, for offering to lick a

bigger boy a good deal quicker than three rounds, the gravity of the judge who warned him that "order and decency" must be preserved; or, in the near future he could hear his sentence.

The dignity and complacency of the mayor, the parliamentary proceedings of the supervisors, (girls and boys, please take notice,) the sheriff, the pound-master, and all the reports written out and recorded in big tomes for future reference: "How many times have you, sir, been before this court?"

Oh, it was far ahead of any play we have ever seen! But, understand that while the bump of fun covers almost the whole of our brain pan, and the amusing side of a question often with us predominates, we know that on the vital subject of this "school city," the educational advantage of the work to the pupil for all his and her after life will be something most hopeful and of incalculable value—practical and sound.

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

All the Reports of the courts of the "City School" will be filed and found among the archives of the Royal School for all future time. ("Make a note of it.")



JUBAL AND TUBAL CAIN.

Jubal sang of the wrath of God—
And the curse of thistle and thorn—
But Tubal got him a pointed rod
And scrambled the earth for corn.
Old—old as that earthly mold,
Young as the sprouting grain—
Yearly green is the strife between
Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,
And the souls its waves divide—
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree
And passed to the farther side.
Black—black as the hurricane wrack,
Salt as the under-main—
Bitter and cold is that hate they hold—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

THE
HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 8.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

MARCH - - - 1909

Jubal sang of the golden years
When wars and wounds shall
cease—
But Tubal fashioned the hand-
flung spears
And showed his neighbors
peace.
New—new as the Nine Point
Two,
Older than Lamech's slain—
Roaring and loud is the feud
avowed
Twix' Jubal and Tubal Cain.

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar
And the peaks that none may
crown—
But Tubal clambered by jut and
scar,
And there he builded a town,
High—high as the Passes lie,
Low as the culverts drain—
Wherever they be they can
never agree—
Jubal and Tubal Cain!
Rudyard Kipling.

THRUM'S ANNUAL.

One need not to go outside of
"Thrum's Annual" to learn the
story of Hawaii.

It is all authentic and reliable
on those pages. No poetry, just
plain facts for practical people.

Read.

TAG!

It was a splendid idea indeed!
everybody wanted a tag; they
wanted to pay for one baby's pint
of pure milk if no more. The
spirit grew as the sun rose high-
er in the sky; we could plainly
see it! Japanese and Chinese
called out from their poor hacks
that they were ready and willing
to give their mite.

It was all most charming and
Christ-like the spirit that ruled
the day. It created good-will
and kind feelings to know that

all were willing to give of their
time and labor to help the poor.

Oh yes, let us always keep Tag
Day on our city calendar: "Feb-
ruary the Sixth."

"To a certain hermitage of the
friars near Borgo, San Sepolcro,
begging for bread came some rob-
bers, who laid in wait in the
woods for passing travellers to
despoil them. Some of the friars
maintained it was not fitting to
give them alms, while others out
of pity relieved them, hoping thus
to move them to repentance.
Meanwhile Blessed Francis (of
Assisi) came to that place, whom
the friars asked if it were right to
give them alms, and Blessed
Francis answered: 'If you do as
I tell you, confiding in God, you
shall gain their souls. Go, there-
fore, and take with you good
bread and good wine to the woods
where they dwell, and calling to
them say: "Brother robbers,
come to us who are your broth-
ers, and who bring you good
bread and good wine." When
they come, spread a white cloth
on the ground, and place thereon
the bread and wine, and serve
them humbly and cheerfully while
they eat. When they have eat-
en, speak to them the word of
God, and at the end, beg them for
the love of God as your first peti-
tion, that they will promise you
not to kill or wound anyone; for
if you ask too much of them at
first they will not listen to you,
but this much for the sake of your
humility and charity they will
promise you. Then another day,
because of their good promise,
take with the bread and wine eggs
and cheese, and serve them as be-
fore while they eat. And when
they have eaten, say to them:
"Why do you stay here to die of
hunger and suffer so many hard-
ships in order to do evil in will
and deed, for which you will lose
your souls unless you are con-
verted to the Lord? Better is it
to serve the Lord who in this
world will give you all you need
for your bodies and finally save
your souls." Then, inspired by
the Lord, they will be converted,
because of the humility and pa-
tience you have shown them.'

"The friars did all that Blessed
Francis had told them, and these
robbers, by the grace and mercy

of God, listened to them, and ob-
served literally and in every point
all things the friars had humbly
begged of them. And further, be-
cause of the humility and kind-
ness of the friars, they humbly
served the friars, carrying wood
for them to the hermitage, and
some amongst them entered the
order. Others, confessing their
sins with true repentance, made a
promise into the hands of the
friars to live thenceforth by the
labor of their hands and never
more commit the like offences."
(From St. Francis' Mirror of Per-
fection.)

Have you all met Dr. Collins?
he told us he had been here but
four months and he is so nice and
friendly it seemed as if we must
have known him for years—just
like one of the family. You all
know that some come to Hawaii
and fit in like a bit of mosaic into
the common plan—no fuss and no
fault-finding—all serene, so to
speak.

There's Mr. Galt, why we hap-
pened by good fortune to step in
his office and the gentleman said,
"My name's Galt and I want to
subscribe for the Times." All so
natural-like and easy. Oh, there
is nothing like having that genius
(genii) termed "tact."

It is worth a fortune to any
business man—in fact to any one
that must face the world. To be
friendly and cheery and kind; ah,
how it helps in this our world
where men and women even at
the best, must meet often and
combat, trials and sorrow!

It is not the money always, but
pleasing gracious manners go so
far. "Manners makyth ye man"
indeed. And verily, "tact" is a
word of many syllables!

But these two gentlemen are
only twins to many others.
There's Mrs. Taylor, "Now, go
and find Mrs. P. one of the best
roses," and so we came off with
three regal beauties and an ele-
gant calendar.

Mr. Williams, the photog-
rapher, said: "Go right up and
pick out a couple of my best—
Anne we went.

So Judge Andrade says he'll
never have the chance to try us
for obtaining best goods under
false pretenses.

The June bride frowned.
 "These tomatoes," she said,
 "are just twice as dear as those
 across the street. Why is it?"
 "Ah, ma'am, these"—and the
 grocer smiled—"these are hand-
 picked."

She blushed.
 "Of course," she said, hastily;
 "I might have known. Give me
 a bushel, please."

THE MULLET.

Doubtless Prof. Alexander and
 Rev. Dr. Westervelt and many
 others can give to us scientific in-
 formation of the mullet.

Queries.

Were Hawaiian waters always
 its habitat?

Why the mullet is so high?
 What the supply is? What bait
 is used? What is considered a
 good "catch"? How many go
 out to catch, and when and
 where?

How long time in which to
 make a good catch? How many
 pounds (or fish) in a good catch?
 Why should the mullet be so
 scarce and so expensive—the sup-
 ply never equal to the demand.

Why do not more men fish
 for it?

Ever "go up," in Hackfeld's?
 Ever in Hall's? Ever in Di-
 mond's? Well worth your time
 —fine things to see, good as a
 museum.

People are not apt to see the
 beauties of their own town. It
 takes the ranging tourist who
 leaves nothing unturned in less
 than three days!

Then they sail home and tell
 the Colonials what they espied, in
 "that Honolulu."

Mr. McCandless says: "Why,
 I want the Times for a year—bet-
 ter than half rations."

(The Pratts and the Campbells
 suit us.) With good Castles and
 good Cookes and a Crane, what's
 to prevent having supper?

There's Samson too strong on
 binding things together in best
 style.

Supervisor Quinn is a practical
 man, sound and sensible.

He looks all that.

"THE WAR CRY."

This weekly output is indeed a
 gigantic proposition—a colossal
 business scheme and controlled
 entirely within the borders and
 gates, of the Salvation Army.

But in sale, in distribution, and
 in returns has a far, far cry reach-
 ing to every quarter of the civiliz-
 ed globe—to the outmost islands
 of the sea.

Now, what can the harvest be
 we ask, from a business and
 monetary point of view?

We have never in our news-
 paper work come across, run up
 against, any of those harsh,
 worldly crude things, called by
 business men "statistics."

How much does the War Cry
 cost to the Army, per copy? Can
 it print four, or even more, for
 one cent, U. S. currency?

How many printed for each
 week of the year? It almost
 staggers us to compute the (try
 to) edition!

But, it seems to us, it must
 easily run into six ciphers, likely
 more.

A gentleman gave to us his
 copy yesterday, for which he had
 just laid down his customary five
 cents. His act, strange to re-
 count, at once set the wheels of
 our mind in motion as to the in-
 come of that paper, which to the
 unthinking may seem so almost,
 trivial. "Only five cents!"

Yea, only \$2.60 per copy, for
 the year.

That is all.

But, we began to count and to
 add until matters grew some-
 what faster than Jack and his
 bean-stalk or than those old-
 fashioned "sums" where, if one
 puts by only 3 cents today and
 tomorrow doubles that amount
 and goes on that way, in less than
 a year, must hire Anne expert to
 keep tally of the riches!

Well, the "War Cry," my dear
 friends, we strongly suspect,
 savors of those mighty results
 that began in the "little acorn" of
 which you have heard from your
 babyhood.

The War Cry is no "puling in-
 fant," in the newspaper field of
 today.

From a monetary point of view
 it seems to us a most magnificent
 success from, the hard cash view,
 alone.

Editor Times.

P. S.—There are articles and
 pictures in the W. C. that we
 fancy very well.

Beakbane's perfect engraving.

[Look in opposite at your old-
 time friend Lindsay; he can
 make your watch come up to
 time, every time.]

Tom Sharp's shop 'is a curio,
 sure. He can insure your sign, to
 outshine your Sunday shoes.

On the narrow road, covered
 with coarse rubble, that leads
 from the high forest country, by
 many turnings and windings,
 down a steep slope to the village,
 was heard the sound of fierce,
 half-suppressed grumblings and
 curses. An old, crooked little
 man, in dilapidated leather
 breeches and tweed jacket, hold-
 ing a short pipe in his toothless
 mouth, was tugging with angry
 impatience at a low wooden
 sledge heavily loaded with logs
 wood.

It had stuck between the sharp-
 pointed stones, and refused to
 move in spite of all endeavors.
 The old man cursed and swore
 between his empty jaws, and
 poured out the stream of his fury
 with such celerity that it would
 seem as if his purpose was to
 make a record in profanity.
 Again a desperate pull: the sledge
 did not stir; and again a most
 horrible oath.

As he spoke, there sounded be-
 hind him a sonorous voice, full of
 gentle but earnest warning:

"But, my man, how can you
 curse so?"

The old man looked up, and
 slowly took off his fox-skin cap.

"The new Pfarrer!" he mur-
 mured, and then pointed to the
 sledge. "Your reverence thinks
 I shouldn't swear. Just look
 here! This is the fifth time it has
 stuck since I left the top of the
 hill. Could anything be more ag-
 gravating?"

"You are certainly Rupert
 Bodsteifer, known as 'the devil's
 Rupert,' because you are always
 saying bad words. I have heard
 of you. You swear because your
 sledge has stuck fast—"

"Do you expect me to sing?"

"You swear under all circum-
 stances."

"Because I'm always getting stuck fast, whatever I do."

"You never go to church."

The old man threw an obstinate glance at the priest, and murmured peevishly:

"I'll do that when I'm happy; I wait for happiness all my life, and it doesn't come."

The Pfarrer sternly replied: "Why do you grumble, man, that happiness does not come to you, while all your life long you refuse to come to Him who is the Fountain of all happiness,—God, who rewards the good and—"

"Does He reward the good?" broke in the old man, as he replaced his fur cap on his gray head. "I can't say. All my life I've never stolen or robbed or done harm to any one, and yet every bolt from heaven falls on my house. Don't shake your head, Pfarrer, but stop a moment. I was a brave soldier in the Kaiser's army. I had married a wife, and always worked faithfully and zealously. We had built a house; it was burned over our heads. We built it again, and thought that the two best and finest cows in the valley belonged to us; we lost them. We began again, and with hard toil got a field—the best soil on the hillside—and when the fruit was hanging on the boughs, down came a landslide of the overhanging rocks, and field and fruit were gone forever. Our little vineyard was devoured by grubs, our cabbage patch by worms; our field down by the mill, ever since it belonged to me, has produced nothing but weeds. Nature has given me no reward for all my sweat and labor."

"Nature does not reward where God does not bless, and God does not bless where man does not pray."

"Other people don't, Pfarrer, and still are lucky. Down in Tobelthal, that fellow Markle is certainly a homicide, drunkard, rascal, usurer, who oppresses people, and is a thief; but he has thirty cows on the mountain, the biggest farmyard in the district, and a house like a castle. Ten years ago he was a common servant. He has not only cursed, he has committed many crimes."

"Is the man still alive?"

"I don't exactly know. He was in prison two years ago for

smuggling. He got twenty years or thereabouts, I think."

"And you envy him this luck? He had his luck from wickedness; but when the devil lends a groschen he demands a thousand ducats as interest. Look at Markfelsbadern here in the village! He is the richest man hereabouts—"

"Twenty years ago he was poorer than I," interrupted the old man; "and he's not a bit more industrious or honest."

"But he prays instead of cursing, and so blessing comes upon his fields and his house; for happiness passes away, but blessing stays. His son has studied and become a priest."

"My son had that in his mind—he is in the town; but it takes money to study, and he has become a clerk. Just now he is badly off, and must go hungry, poor boy! He is clever and honest. I've not seen him for eight years. He doesn't come home, because he doesn't find the happiness there which he seeks. For us there is no reward."

"Because you live without God. Seek Christ's kingdom, man! Press the cross to your heart—"

"I've done that already," said the old man; and he rummaged under his red waistcoat, and presently brought to light a silver crucifix, scarcely the length of a finger, hanging on a narrow band.

"You see, Pfarrer, I've got a cross, and there's something written on it, but I can't read it. It is in a foreign language."

He handed the Pfarrer the cross, which bore the inscription, "Deo fidelis."

"What does that say?"

"It says: 'True to God.' And you have been living all your life untrue to Him. How do you come to have that cross?"

"I've had it these thirty years,—since I left the army. The day I was discharged, as I was going with my box from the barracks through the town, on my way to the station, I saw three big fellows attack a young gentleman, and ill treat him as if they wished to murder him on the spot. He was crying: 'My book! my book!' His clothing was torn to rags. It was night, and there was no one to help; so I put down my box, and brought down my stick on

one of the rogues' back. They ran as hard as they could, and disappeared. When I turned to take up my box, I could see nothing of the lad. Perhaps he had feared the rascals would come back again. As I stooped to pick up my box, I saw this little cross lying between the stones. At once I thought that he had lost it; but he did not return, and I had no time to lose, so I took it and hung it round my neck. I might often have sold it when I was hard up, for it's silver; but I've not let it go. I've often thought that the devil is waiting to take everything from me, if only he could make me give it up."

The priest returned the cross, saying in a tone full of significance:

"If only you would pray instead of cursing! Prayer is work for God, and He never leaves it unrewarded. You must carry the cross not only on but also in your heart, and be true to Him who died upon it. But remember that even where God does not give earthly good things, He grants His peace. Pray, Bodsteifer, and curse no more; and the reward will not fail you."

He gave the old man a friendly nod, and walked on up the mountain path.

The old man scratched his head in a puzzled manner, and looked downward toward the little village church. "The reward?" he murmured. "And He gives at least His peace? I have no peace, and I can never pray. But to go in there does one good. And He helps everyone else,—perhaps He will help me." And, leaving his sledge to its fate, he hobbled on, with strange feelings in his heart, almost rapidly, down to the village—and to the church.

There stood Bodsteifer before the high altar, clutching his fur cap in his brown, horny hands. He saw the Tabernacle in front of him, but did not know how he should speak to Him who dwelt therein. He had never prayed, he could not pray now. But deep within his breast, full as it was of sadness and anger, he felt something incomprehensible, mysterious, almost terrifying, and yet peace-bestowing. "My God! Jesus! Redeemer!" He could

think of these words, nothing more.

Then he took out the little silver cross, and sank on his knees. With voiceless prayer he held it up toward the Tabernacle. Perhaps He who was there understood and would help him. He gazed fixedly upon the cross that surmounted the Tabernacle, and thought: "Lord, I am not Thy servant; I have done no work for Thee; I can do none. Thou canst not reward me for anything I have done; but, since Thou art rich, Thou canst bestow an alms upon me. Give me Thy peace, and then I will learn to work for Thee, that I may receive a reward." The unspoken prayer rose earnestly, but with a hard effort, in Bodsteifer's heart, and he held up the cross still higher.

A half-uttered cry of astonishment sounded behind him; there was a hasty whisper, and presently a hand rested softly on his shoulder. Turning round, he saw a footman in livery, who whispered that his master, who had been seated in a pew near at hand, wished to speak with the old man, and would wait for him outside the church.

As he came out of the porch, a man, evidently of high rank, stepped up to him and said:

"On my journey I went for a few moments into the church; I saw you kneeling and lifting up the little cross. Tell me, my man, where did you get it?"

"A young gentleman, I believe, lost it in the city when three rascals set upon him one night long years ago. I interfered with my stick, and the thieves ran away, I after them. When I turned back, the young gentleman was nowhere to be seen, only this little cross lay on the ground. Ever since then I've kept it—"

"My deliverer!" the stranger interrupted him joyfully, and warmly pressed his hand. "I was that lad; and the little cross, a family heirloom, I then wore, as you do now, on my breast, whence it was torn during the fight with my assailants."

Bodsteifer shook his head. "Was it only that, then, which the rascals wanted?"

"You have earned the right to know," answered the stranger. "Listen, then. It was about six months after the death of my

grandfather, who was known to be an eccentric man, but who was universally beloved on account of his deeds of charity, which corresponded to his wealth. One day before his death he presented me—I was always his darling—with an old, worn Bible, and said: 'Take it, Edward; and if ever you find yourself disinherited by Destiny, read often and diligently therein; for in this book, which contains God's testament, every man may find his rightful inheritance, since it contains the very truth of God.' I took the book, and laid it, unread, on my bookshelf, secretly amused at the old man's whim, as I called his exhortation. I knew better than to read an old Bible! When my grandfather died, a will was found which, contrary to all expectation and to his own promises, excluded myself and all his relations from sharing in his property, and appointed three former servants as his sole heirs.

"This will was disputed by us, who were the rightful heirs, and the matter came into court. One night I could not sleep, and for the first time, out of very weariness, took my grandfather's Bible into my hand. There I found, on five leaves which had been stuck into the book, a will in his own handwriting, appointing myself and our kindred as his sole heirs, and also leaving large sums in charity. There was no doubt; here was the true will; the other was false and unauthentic. Though it was the middle of the night, I hastened with the Bible to my brother, who lived not far away, to share my discovery with him. On the way the three rascals who had forged the false will met me; they recognized me and began to jeer at me. I flared up, and with boyish thoughtlessness shouted out, waving the Bible, 'You are lying cheats! Here is the truth,—the real will!' Then they fell upon me, to tear the book away from me; and if you had not come up they would have gained their end. I did not wait for your return from pursuing them, but hastened to my brother with my treasure. I have never seen you since until today. You then secured for me and ten poor families a life free from anxiety; and yourself, whom I have sought so long in vain, must now

be free from all care. If you are in poverty, I will supply your need; and if you have children, I will secure their future; in a word, I will—"

He would have continued speaking, but the old man, pressing his cap to his breast, cried, half laughing and half in tears, as he joyfully lifted his eyes to heaven:

"The reward!—the reward!"

The next day the old man presented himself, with a transfigured face, at the door of the Pfarrer's sitting-room. To the priest's question as to what he desired, he answered in a trembling voice:

"The reward has come, Pfarrer,—the reward is here! We keep our cottage; it will become a good house, and our old age will be bright and happy. Our boy has his future secured, and the dear Lord God—"

In the excess of his joy he began to weep. Then he related to the Pfarrer, who listened joyfully, what had happened to him the day before, and concluded:

"And now, your reverence, I pray you make me a good servant of the Lord, that I may work diligently and only for heaven. Pfarrer, teach me God's work,—teach me to pray."

"That I will indeed!" cried the priest, much moved, as he seized the old man's hands. "See, here is the way clearly marked. Prayer gives man's honest work value in God's sight,—a value that merits a reward in heaven. Every man strives for an earthly inheritance, but it is only the heirs of eternal life that the good God gathers into His kingdom. Let him who is oppressed by the riddle of the cross he has to bear, ask of the Church, and she will solve it for him. And happy is he if he follows her counsel. He will seek peace and find his salvation."

"Your reverence is right," nodded the old countryman. "On every cross that comes to us there is inscribed in homely script: 'True to God!' But to read it one must carry it to the church, and by prayer work for Him who carried the whole world's cross. At once we find His mercy; He helps us to bear the cross; He even takes it altogether away, and reckons with true human joy the work of His

servant as meriting a heavenly reward,—our loving, all-good Lord, Jesus Christ!"—Translated from the German.

HERZER

Hugo Herzer is undeniably one of the best teachers of vocalism in the city.

He is of most gentle and pleasing demeanor—modest and quiet.

His work needs no praise of ours; but, Mr. H. deserves the full reward of true merit.

I can match them with scores where workingmen and workingwomen predominate and where God's kingdom is first. "Social betterment," "Justice to the toilers," are the slogans heard from Maine to California in our pulpits and thundered at our great church councils. The Church of Jesus never was so awake to the causes of temperance, fairer distribution of wealth, the square deal, the healthy life and this world for God as today. Business is more moral than in any previous great commercial age. A mere enumeration of the firms that practise profit-sharing would consume hours. Our politics is undergoing a vital reform. More men vote the ticket that conscience dictates, regardless of party names, than ever before in human history. Civic rebirth is everywhere. Men never thought and read and willed righteousness so much as now. Therefore America is safe. Therefore the world moves on. The Christ is coming to His own and civilization is steadily merging into the kingdom of the Living God."—Rev. Dr. Scudder.

("You bet.")—[Ed.]

"Good-night, Evybody!"—Little Wee Walter.

Our minds should be masters: our bodies servants. It can and will be so, if so we will it. Herbert Spencer tells us, "improving the servant does but give the masters more power of achieving their ends." There is no valid reason whatever why we should be mastered by our bodies.—Civis Secundus.

A story is told of a sailor who, having been left at the helm with directions to steer by the North star, went to sleep at his post, and loosening his hold on the tiller, let the boat turn directly about. Wakening some time later, he summoned the captain and startled him with the report: "I have passed that star now, give me another one to steer by." Such would seem to be the case with some of our youthful sky pilots. The Bible, as God's Book, written by the pens of inspired men, and containing all we know of the biography of the God-Man, is the one star to be kept in view as we move onward toward eternity.

It may be impossible for any man by merely willing to add wings to his body, but it is possible for man by merely willing to add wings to his soul.

Of the dialect poems one of the best is "Li'l Gal," a scrap of a love song which is full of music and fun and human nature, and the strongest possible contrast to the wretched and vulgar doggerel which, in connection with the so-called "rag-time" passes as negro verse.

I guess there never wuz a spot
Where shadders didn't fall;
But shadder's just the other side
Of sunshine, after all.
An' there ain't no use in fumin'
When the world seems out o'
gear
Fer music's always in the air,
An' love, an' song, an' cheer
Jest keep a feller's spirits up,
An' kinder make him glad,
An' come what will, he's bound
to think

Life ain't so awful sad.
Sometimes a feller has ter weep,
Sometimes he has ter laugh,
The shadders an' the sunshine
mix,

Jest kinder half an' half.

You can see any day a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt?

The Pacific Club, with its fifty-five years of existence, may be the oldest club west of St. Louis and east of Hong Kong; or if not, it is one of two or three which

share that distinction. Civilization came early to Hawaii as compared with the great West and among its landmarks is this distinctive center of social life. The Pacific Club under that and another name has a right to take pride in a record so long and honorable.

"I have been a member of the club I now belong to for forty-eight years, and forty-eight years is a long time, but the Pacific Club is even older than that."

Governor Cleghorn is an authority on club life in Honolulu, and has many interesting tales to tell of earlier days, when the clubs of the city served the purpose of home and hostelry, and distinguished guests from abroad were constantly being entertained at the club "mess."

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the
flowers are fair;
Joy is abroad in the world today;
If our door is wide, it may come
this way—

Open the door!

"AN EMPIRE ON WHICH
THE SUN NEVER SETS."

"I sent The Honolulu Times to His Majesty, King Edward!"

An' faith begorra why shouldn't we? Did you think we'd be after sending to the President and to His Excellency and then—

Now we all know the above saying was borrowed from Spain in her days of splendor and wealth and prosperity, alas! There, was its origin.

Yes, we are a true Yankee (big why), and that term "Yankee" is simply the Indian corruption for "English." You please look it up if you are at all interested.

"A Republic (and now in our turn we will borrow what will soon preëminently fit us), on which the sun never sets." Westward, the course of empire takes its way. (Sway.)

It's a good cook who can make an eatable dish with meagre provision (larder).

CURFEW.

Let us have Curfew; not exactly to cover our fires on these cold nights, but to control any wandering boy or girl, and to set the clock!

Buts or no buts! Macaulay had precedent enough. The notion that it is not "good style" to stick your conjunction at the front of your sentence is of moonshine all compact. Still, we have no wish or right to command other men's conjunctions. Let everybody put his conjunctions where he thinks they will do the most good; and be blessed to 'em!



"A chiel's amang ye takin notes, An' faith he'll prent it."

—Robert Burns.



In the United States there are 272 life saving stations which are conceded by other nations to be the best in the world. The men of these stations are constantly on the watch to save life when storms are raging on the coast; and when a ship is driven on the rocks they signal her crew with a red light, if at night, and by a red wig-wag flag in daylight, when they are going to send out the life line.



"The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day, by night—
And this the life that counts."



"At the Devil's booth are all things sold;
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Baubles we earn with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
There is no price set on the lavish summer,
And June may be had by the poorest comer
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might—
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."



THE RAPID TRANSIT.

It is a fact that some people seem to have the idea that the car ought to pull up at their door and stand waiting like a hack till they get ready, for one nickel:

"Don't you know," in an ugly tone, "when someone here wait-in', they has to git on the car?" And the car has been waiting with all the patience of Job for them to pick up an armful, say their "good-bye," good-bye, etc., and help them and their bundles in.

It is indeed a "strenuous" life for the poor men when they must be on the alert to see that the Asiatics do not jump off with the car in motion, for they all seem to have that mania pretty much, to look after all babies and bundles and never, never "answer back."

A Hawaiian said to us as she stood waiting for a car: "What a blessing these cars are? to think I can ride from Waikiki to Kalihi for five cents when it used to cost dollars;" and she looked as happy as Christmas over the reflection of those costly days gone forever.



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 today, 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.)



SUNSET.

How charming beyond all words sunset and twilight in Honolulu, and, in every nook and corner, every hill and valley and sea side home of these incomparable pearls of islands!

We'll talk of sundown here and now, and of that marvelous time when often, day by day, the eastern sky is painted flooded with prismatic hues as the sun dips to the west—not the rainbow only, but blankets of color over all those hills with the rich greens

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Elite Building, Room 8, Honolulu.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

intermingling. In no place of the wide world can a like phenomenon be seen. And yet children born in Hawaii rarely even notice the glory overhead unless their attention is called to the same. It is always beautiful at night-fall in Honolulu; (if not a rain-fall) there is a restful, peaceful hush in the very air, soothing and comforting to the tired worker. And all the town is polite and nice and in afternoon promenade attire. Friend meets friend and as the Holiday season approaches much shopping is often done between the hours of four and six.

The morning too has its delights and often the rainbow for breakfast; but, one charming feature of our city is the friendly greeting among working men of all classes:—"Morning Tim, how are ye". "O. K. Pat I guess, how's yerself?" "Loa Tom, your folks all right?" "Oh yes, how's that new baby of yours?"

"Off for work Nat?"

And so is heard from every car and on every side the unselfish morning greeting, the friendly word that oils the cogs of weariness and toil be it in the bank or the "barn" the shop or the foundry.

Quite late the other night we saw a young man come out of one of the shops whistling a merry tune, locking the big door, he ran off the steps whistling a merry time, greeted a friend, bade him a cheery good-night, and hastened up a by street, still whistling and we said: "That young man, after a long day's work and last one out of the building, is a walking sermon to me and to our dear (magnificent) from a moral standpoint, Honolulu."

And we are proud every day and every hour of the spirit that governs this place we call, home. It is not perfect but it is better than the best, this little town in

midocean. Come to see us and (you will see) O stranger.

A. M. P.

Yes, Mary, the hedges here are brilliant in crimson and we know when one has never been here before, because the first twenty-four hours they promenade about the town with the hibiscus blossom in their hand or in evidence somewhere. But soon they are shy of it for some reason. The native cannot understand why a tourist praises the day for even a rainy day in Hawaii has its great charm and he has never known any unpleasant days! Even a Kona storm is grand beyond words to describe—we have watched one an entire night. True, other places and numberless have fine days and even "seasons" of charming, fascinating beauty, we can bear witness, personally; but, not the twelve months round, that is where Hawaii has you, hapaha!

LONDON, Feb. 16.—His Majesty, the King, today opened Parliament. The speech from the throne was pacific throughout.

Amos M. Ensign, editor of the New York Tribune, is dead.



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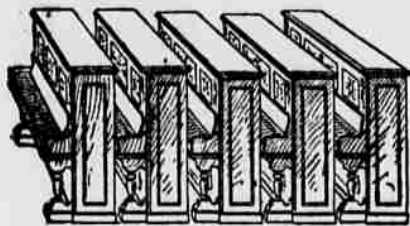
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