

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Vol. VIII. No. 2.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1909.

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"And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself."—S. Luke xxiv:27.

The Church of the Golden Rule would rule the world.

A HOME.

We wish there might be an open door, free, in our midst (of prosperity) for the old men and for those who have lost a limb—an arm or leg.

There are many very old, and quite a few are cripples.

They are not sick to be sent to Leahi Home; but they are certainly disabled (unable) and decrepit, beyond all hope of making a maintenance. Poor, old and utterly infirm, they are on our highways and byways, from time to time, to get the air and the sunshine, and doubtless to relieve the terrible oppression that must depress them, by watching the life and the whirl and animation of our streets.

We fancy that for the few hours they forget partly their own misfortune and misery. For, to be a real cripple must be very (too) sad—eh?

UNITY.

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

To a young American woman who encountered a German professor and began to speak in German, he replied: "You need not sprechen mit me in Deutsch. You sprechen English. I very vell understand your meanness."

We don't like to miss our Coffee and Brown Bread at the

Young Cafe at six in the morning; for, the entire service deserves capital letters! (Kona Coffee, Kream, Brown Bread, Best Boy.)

ADIEU.

(A Decade of Work.)

From a newspaper point of view, the departure of Editor Smith of the Advertiser (after ten years) has left an empty space as big as Nuuanu Dam; and, like to that reservoir never likely to be filled!

"We shall not look upon his like again." He was one real krackkerjack. [Ed.]

TANGLE OF WOOD AND HIS SAW.

Esau Wood sawed wood.

Esau Wood would saw wood.

All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh, the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood.

One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood, Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now, Wood saws wood with

the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Oh, the wood that wood-saw Wood saw saw would saw!

Oh, the wood Wood's woodshed would shed when Wood would saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood!

Finally, no man may ever know how much wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw, if the wood-saw Wood saw would saw all the wood the wood-saw Wood saw would saw.—Tit-Bits.)

(This Woods had lived always in the back woods; he never saw a saw like they use at E. O. Hall's to saw wood with.) (Tel. 769.)

Ex-Governor Carter, at the Y. M. C. A. banquet a week ago, applied to General Secretary Paul Super the nickname "live wire," a name which has stuck. In introducing Mr. Super at the banquet, the ex-Governor, who is head of the executive committee for the building fund, passed to Super the credit for the campaign so successfully organized. "I am being given a lot of credit by some for the work done, because I happen to be chairman," said Carter. "But it all belongs to a certain Live Wire that arrived here a couple of years or so ago. He came here and found the Y. M. C. A. about as dead as anything in the islands. It was ready for the undertaker. He took hold as general secretary, and you see the result. In conception, planning and carrying out this 'United Honolulu' banquet is all his work." Carter concluded by introducing Super as "the live wire."

(I intended to thank you for sending the "Paradise of the Pacific." I always read it from beginning to end. The "table of distances" has given me many new ideas of the country, and "the federal directory" is full of information and interest, because it

gives a clear idea of the country in many ways. I read all of those tables for that purpose.

S.)

THE CASE.

(By Anne M. Prescott.)

That's an editor (protem.), sitting there

In his sanctum mean and bare,
Dust and litter everywhere,
everywhere,

On the floor and in the air—
Underneath the great man's chair.

He's the wise man of this town,
And can write you up, or down,
In that sanctum of renown, of
renown;

He can write you up or down,
That one wise man of our town,
And you'll never earn a crown,
Not one crown, from that great
man of the town.

You may write a good thing every
day, every day;

But, he'll stop it on its way
And hide it in his musty lair,
In that dusty sanctum bare;
For he runs his paper cheap,
cheap!

And not a typo would dare
"peep," dare to "peep,"
Author dear, author dear.

Oh, this big man of the town
With his seven-storied frown,
He can write you up, or down,
up or down;

So, go slow, author dear, author
dear

When he's near, when he's near,
This sage critic of our town, of
renown, of renown.

Pray take heed, author dear,
author dear,

Of that wise man's awful sneer;
He can write you up, or down,
up or down,

In that sanctum of renown,
And you'll fail to earn your
crown, win a crown,

From that wise man of our
town—Honolulu.

Y. M. C. A.

As goes the boy so goes the entire civilized world; and that covers over and over again, the Christian world; from north to south, from the Occident to the Orient, on that sort of boy we must depend—to him we must look and

pre-eminently pin our faith; the boy rightly trained, the boy aiming for the truth, the right, for righteousness, in the little concerns of daily life no less than in the larger.

With a Y. M. C. A. enough large and fully and properly equipped, what a blessing, what a ready help it will prove at every turn in our city's progress.

"I can't stop any longer now (nearly seven o'clock). I must go and open the store. Tonight I'll talk." Oh, that's the boy for us we said as we passed by.

I must be punctual, I must look after my employer's interest, my time is bought and paid for.

We want our boys to act from principle to need no watching.

We want our boys to be interested only in the best, (in what tends to broaden, to strengthen to deepen), strong for good health, sound and sweet, a health that involves a clear intellect and a pure spirit, involves it as readily as the blessed sun involves and destroys all that is noxious or deadly in the atmosphere.

As goes the boy so goes the world, physically, mentally and spiritually.

So let us have a royal building, to which we can point with gratitude.

(II.)

As goes the boy so goes the entire civilized and not only that but enlightened Christian world, be it said. The boy is then the whole thing; he is pre-eminently, It!

Let us then hold on to the boy, with a mighty grip; let us look to it that he be, physically, strong as possible—sweet and sound.

This good health involves much; it involves, as a rule, or ought to, a sound intellect, calm and alert, ready; it involves to a pure order of mind, "good intention."

As the blessed sun absorbs and defies all noxious vapors in the atmosphere, making them harmless, so a strong, healthy mind and spirit (soul), makes invalid all evil insinuations of whatever class or kind.

Let us have a splendid building for this boy of ours, who will dominate the world, in just a few years, (figuratively speaking); let it be most perfectly equipped for his special training, let him

feel at home there at any time when he shall happen to call in, and make him so happy and comfortable that he will be sure to call, often.

For, of one thing we may be certain sure, a boy knows to a certainty what he **does** like—what he **will like**, as sure as "shortcake-and-raspberry-jam-for-lunch."

As the boy is (nearly always) transparent, it is not a too hard problem (so it seems to us) to adapt the means to the end and sow complete, the peace of the scientific world, by just properly training, that Boy.

Given the correct housing and the boy will (must) grow!

Anne M. Prescott.

Oct. 16, 1909.

COUNT OTANI.

"You can hope to attain true, and therefore great, success, when you have learned to love Hawaii for Hawaii's sake; when you love the land, its nature and its scenery; when you love your work, and when you have developed within yourself the desire to give your life and your life's work for the land in which you live and in which you earn your bread.

"If, each day, you put this spirit into your labors, there should be no race prejudice to hamper you and your fellow countrymen. This so-called anti-Japanese sentiment appears only when our countrymen adhere to their old ideas and customs and refuse to adopt those of their adopted land. My belief is that those in a foreign land should be careful, even in the most trifling matters, and that when in Rome they should do as the Romans do. In this manner you will gain and maintain the friendship of the people among whom you have elected to live.

"This will lead to your success as success should come and will place you among the ranks of the good citizens of any country."

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

"Extravagance is the meat that invites the wolf to the door."



THE CORNSTALK FIDDLE.

The cornstalk fiddle makes the music of the day,
And the old land smiles 'neath a thousand stacks of hay;
The sweet potato's smiling and the watermelons shine,
Oh, lead your little lady to the center of the line:

The cornstalk fiddle, let it swing, swing, swing,
The music of the harvest is so sweet;

The hardest work is over and the bees are in the clover,
And there's such a Juba feeling in the feet!

Every pickaninny in the country for a mile

Wears a possum visage and a sweet potato smile,
And along the lovely orchards and beside the bank-barn hill

They're grinding cider apples in the creaking cider mill:

The cornstalk fiddle, let it buzz, buzz, buzz,

The laughter of the morning is a goldenness of bliss;

The harvest toil is ended and the loving hearts have wended

To the shadows of the valley for a kiss!

A rabbit in the warren shakes his little cotton tail,

The covert leans to listen to the drumming of the quail,

The dogwood turns to crimson and the maples are on fire,

Oh, life is summer dreaming of the April's lost desire:

The cornstalk fiddle, let it talk, talk, talk,

The barn is full of dancers, and I know

Its whistle and its toot and its chassez and salute,

And then it's all together in the old heel and toe!

The cornstalk fiddle makes a music all its own,

A music of the mornings that have blossomed and have flown,

A music of the misty and the magic and the fine,

Oh, lead your little ladies to the center of the line:

The cornstalk fiddle, let it play, play, play,

The night is drifting music merry-sweet;

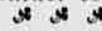
The hardest work is over and the bees are in the clover,
And there's such a Juba feeling in the feet!



That Kohala Midget is indeed a clever mite of a midget, and talks almost like grown-ups.



Mr. Waldron says that in each instance the heavier the interest of a man in commercial affairs, the stronger and more unreserved was his endorsement of the Y. M. C. A. as an institution. "They declared," remarked Mr. Waldron this morning, "that the Y. M. C. A. simply made good, that it was to the fore in every step for the advancement of the interests of the people generally, and it was a harmonizer and that it was so manifold and so dependable and so versatile that its members could be called upon and could be relied upon at any time to put an effective shoulder to the wheel."



GREAT PROSPERITY.

L. B. Kerr: "I returned a few days ago from New York, Boston and other eastern centers, completing a business tour which I have made many times. Never before, in my many trips, have I found the country in such a prosperous condition. East, west, north and south—it is hurry, bustle, business and money. Established enterprises are going ahead by leaps and bounds, and new ones were springing up like mushrooms all over the country. It is almost inconceivable—this enormous prosperity wave which has struck the States. It was big enough and potent enough before the adjournment of Congress, but the new tariff law seems to have been the means of letting all the steam on at once.

"I do not know, but I am inclined to think that the unprecedented prosperity over there will be felt to the good here. There is bound to be an overflow of the good times. Even great America is too small to hold it all, and we will get our share out here."



TO END WITH.

The undersigned concludes, with this issue, his editorship of the Advertiser, which began ten

years ago this fall. The decade has been a formative one in Hawaiian journalism and politics and interesting throughout, and it is a pleasure to the retiring editor to feel that the Advertiser has always done its part for good government in urging the causes to which the best citizenship of the Territory has been devoted during that long and at times strenuous period.

How greatly the undersigned is indebted to the owner of this paper for encouragement and cooperation in carrying on the work cut out for the Advertiser and to the writing staff for their loyal assistance, he can not find words to express.

The new editor, Mr. R. O. Matheson, has been with the Advertiser several years and is one of the best equipped newspaper men this office has ever employed. Lately, as chief clerk of the Governor, he has proved his aptitude in other directions. Under his management the Advertiser is certain to lose nothing and to gain much; and in his work no one can wish him a more agreeable employment, a more appreciative public and a greater professional success than does the one who now makes room for him.

Walter G. Smith.

Sept. 25.



WALTER GIFFORD SMITH.

A little less than ten years ago Walter Gifford Smith accepted the editorship of the Pacific Commercial Advertiser. Not quite seven years ago, upon the establishment of cable communication between San Francisco and Honolulu, the publication of the Sunday Advertiser was begun, also under the editorial guidance of "Walter G.," as he has become familiarly known throughout Hawaii nei.

That Walter G. Smith has "made good" in Hawaii during the past ten years, needs no reminder from me, to the people of this Territory.

The newspapers of Honolulu suffer through having a reading constituency with an appetite for a metropolitan journal, while possessing but a country village circulation—a parallel to the man with a champagne appetite and a beer purse.

THE
HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 8.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

NOVEMBER 1909

The heavy cost of the Associated Press service, combined with the cable toll, reduces the daily telegraphic news to a minimum. Local news has to form the bulk of the reading matter of the Honolulu daily papers, for the general world news coming by mail arrives by wads, at intervals of from three to ten days. It takes more than ordinary journalistic brains and wits to make a readable newspaper in a small community under these circumstances.

It is no slur upon the other Honolulu editors or belittling of the many able men who have filled positions upon the staff of the Advertiser, to say that Walter G. Smith is the best equipped and ablest all-round newspaper man who has ever wielded a pen in Honolulu. He has dominated the paper with his indefatigable industry; put spirit into lifeless subjects; made the Territory smile with the lightness of touch of "The Bystander"; read copy, written headlines, doctored police court reports, constructed local brevities, condensed foreign newspaper files arriving after most of his readers were in bed; written sledge-hammer political editorials; conducted the household page of the Sunday paper; even written "society flubdub"; with the result that it is no idle boast that the Advertiser is a power in the land. While carrying on this work of multitudinous branches, he has been an active member of the University Club, a working Regent of the College of Hawaii, and has ever been ready to lend his voice to any good cause. The scholarly addresses, which he has delivered from time to time, will long be remembered as models of English and clear-cut logic.

He has made enemies—he would not be worth much if he had not. As the keenness of the animosities engendered by the

constant presence of the Advertiser in the thick of current political differences is dulled by time, it has been realized—and it will be realized still further as time goes by—that his scorn and denunciation has been for those who were, or whom he believed to be, using public office for personal ends, and never in the aid of the "grafter" in politics; that his sympathies have been for the small farmer rather than the rich corporation, and that honesty and efficiency, regardless of party or nationality, has had his support. He is a man of high ideals and unflinching courage in standing for them.

If Hawaii is finally "Americanized by Americans along traditional American lines," and becomes more a country of homes and less one of plantations, it will be largely because Walter G. Smith has so continually dinned the doctrine into sometimes unwilling ears, that common consensus of opinion, national as well as territorial, has come to accept it as fundamental.

The political standards in Hawaii are higher; life here is better, and the future of the Territory is brighter because Walter G. Smith has lived among us. That his strenuous life may have only temporarily impaired his vitality and that rest and change may speedily restore him to health is the earnest wish of his many friends in Hawaii.

As one who has had more opportunity than most to know his objects and intentions, I am glad to personally make this brief acknowledgment of my obligations to him, and, as a member of the community, to express my appreciation of what he has done and hoped to do for Hawaii.

Here's to you, Walter G. May you live long and prosper.

Lorrin A. Thurston.

Sept. 27.

Prior to his departure for the Coast Mr. Smith was banquetted by his Japanese friends at their Waikiki Club; and, by English-speaking friends at the University Club, at which time a loving cup was presented to him.

And there were other feasts of reason and flow of good spirits, by members of the Advertiser

staff (including the one of Mr. Matheson succeeding Mr. Smith as editor-in-chief).

"TO END WITH."

Walter G. Smith left for the Mainland by the Alameda of Sept. 29th.

Who hath a good trade through all waters may wade.—German.

HONEY-COMB.

To Mister Bombus said poor little bee:—

"Don't tread on me, you're too heavy you see

And my back now is not very strong

From lifting heavy burdens so long;

I too am small and frail as can be—

Only a bit of a working-bee,
Please, Mister Big Bug, not tread on me."

"Get out of my way, poor little fool,

Toiling early and late in an honey-school;

Why don't you do like my lady-bird there

Sitting all day in a rose-bud chair?—

Instead of going to the buckwheat fields

To steal the rich sweets the blossom yields;

I'll kill you, one of these times, you'll see

For I am a great noisy bumble-bee."

"Likely you will," quoth meek little bee,

"But if so it is, so it must be;

You are big and strong enough no doubt,

Still the world craves honey in spite of louts;

A skilful bee is envious bait,—
Others before me have met a like fate—

Yet the bees make honey early and late!

A rivederci.

Anne M. Prescott.

"It has been most eventful, interesting, wonderful," exclaimed Mr. Knudsen in his leave-taking of his associates and the exposition officials. "I lack adjectives to

express my satisfaction. Everything was so well managed that what started out to be a small affair has proved one of the greatest and most delightful surprises in the history of all such undertakings.

"The people of Hawaii are exceedingly grateful to the people of Seattle for helping boost their country. It has served to introduce more than 400 Hawaiians to people of this country, it has emphasized the fact that we are an American colony. It has helped us to advertise the fact that we need men more than money to develop our country.

"The native Legislature appropriated \$25,000 for our exhibit and the federal government contributed a like amount and our building. We are grateful to everybody for helping us to make such a great success of it. I want to go away now when everything is so beautiful. I do not care to stay and see the fair torn down. I want to remember it always as it is now."

The best work for men is through men.

Newton, Oct. 3.—The Hon. Gorham David Gilman, ex-consul of Hawaii in New England, master Mason and for many years a well-known druggist of Boston, died at his home, 39 Baldwin street, today of heart failure, in his 88th year.

JUDGE WOODRUFF.

We were told yesterday by one on the inside, that his Honour had made himself "very popular indeed," in and about the famous Judiciary Building. Well! if the gentleman can compass all that, where are so many judges, lawyers and "hard cases" meandering about, we feel sure he can steer straight in any sort of trial. At-all-rates we, personally, are happy in winning one more name to our subscription list, making Judge Woodruff a friend of the little monthly.

Sept. 2, 1909.

Rev. Mother Judith, in the world, Marie Brasier, died last night at 10:20 at the Convent of the Sacred Hearts in this city.

Rev. Mother Judith was born in Du Puy de Dome, France, on

Aug. 14, 1834, and came to this city on May 4th, 1859. She was one of the pioneers of the community and succeeded the First Superior some 35 years ago as head of the Convent.

A few months ago, on account of old age and ill health, she resigned, and her death came not unexpected.

She was universally known for her sweet character and has been the heart and soul in the progress and development of the Catholic education in these islands.

The interment takes place this afternoon at 4 o'clock from the Catholic Cathedral to the church cemetery on King street. Tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock a solemn Requiem mass will be celebrated for the repose of her soul. All friends are respectfully requested to attend.

F. H. V.

There was a large crowd of local Japanese at the Hackfeld wharf yesterday morning when the T. K. K. S. S. Tenyo Maru left for Yokohama. The occasion was the departure of Prince and Princess Kuni and their party. Consul-General Uyeno was there to pay his farewell respects to the prince, and many other prominent Japanese were with him also to do honor to royalty.

Chicago, Oct. 19.—This city's tribute to the splendid courage of San Francisco was unique and attracted wide-spread interest.

Promptly at the hour of twelve noon, every child in the schools of the city united in giving three cheers for San Francisco, the demonstration having been preceded by remarks from the teachers, setting forth the wonderful work done by the people of the western city following the great fire. It is estimated that more than three hundred thousand children united their voices in the cheers.

"I is"—began Tommy, when his teacher interrupted him. "That is wrong: you should say, I am." "All right," said Tommy. "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

AH!

The appellation "The Seven Wonders of the New World" is

sometimes conferred upon the following group of natural objects in the United States of America: 1. Niagara Falls. 2. Yellowstone Park. 3. Garden of the Gods (Colorado). 4. Mammoth Cave (Kentucky). 5. Yosemite Valley (California). 6. Giant Trees (California). 7. Natural Bridge (Virginia).

(And The Honolulu Times.)

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

The passenger congestion is so great on the Honolulu bound boats from San Francisco that all accommodations are practically sold out for the next few months. A Honolulu cabled from Honolulu before leaving for Seattle via Vancouver early in September to made reservation for him on the Korea leaving San Francisco October 20 or the Alameda leaving October 30. At Seattle he received a reply that both steamers were sold out and that unless there were any cancellations he would have to wait for a later steamer. The Korea had then a waiting list of over 40 and the Alameda too was turning intending visitors away.

Emil A. Berndt.

"BACK TO THE LAND."

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

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

"the simple life"; keep away from the crowds.

"Well, you see," he said, "there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not become any of us to speak ill of the rest of us."

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning he announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken-house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of his fowls had disappeared.

"I doan' want ter be pussonal, bredren," he added, "but I hab my suspicions as to who stole dem chickens. I also had reason foh believin' dat if I am right in dose suspicions dat pusson won't put any money in de plate which will now be passed around."

The result was a fine collection, not a single member of the congregation feigning sleep. After it was counted the old parson came forward.

"Now, bredren," he said, "I doan' want your dinners to be spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder lives who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable, gotten up foh purpose of finances."

THE PASSING OF A FRIEND.

The passing of Hon. Gorham D. Gilman of Newton, perhaps Hawaii's firmest and most valuable friend in New England, has called forth more than passing comment from the Boston press. Every paper published a long obituary and the tributes paid to his memory were of the highest character.

Last Monday was the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Mary S. Rice, affectionately known as "Mother Rice" by the multitude of her friends on this island and in the Territory; and the residence of Reverend Hans Isenberg, where she resides, was the center of attraction for the large number of her relatives and acquaintances of this neighborhood who called to pay their respects and present their good

wishes, says the Garden Island of October 16.

PAGANINI.

He shambled awkward on the stage, the while
Across the waiting audience swept a smile.

With clumsy touch, when first he drew the bow,
He snapped a string. The audience tittered low.

Another stroke! Off flies another string!
With laughter now the circling galleries ring.

Once more! The third string breaks its quivering strands,
And hisses greet the player as he stands.

He stands—awhile his genius unbereft
Is calm—one string and Paganini left.

He plays. The one string's daring notes uprise
Against that storm as if they sought the skies.

A silence falls; then awe; the people bow,
And they who erst had hissed are weeping now.

And when the last note, trembling died away,
Some shouted "Bravo!" some had learned to pray.

REVEILLE.

Quoting from a great writer: "The state is God's state just as much as the church is God's church." We cannot neglect the one and expect the other to have true life and earnestness.

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

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are thine." "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou so regardest him?" Oh, let us all try

to make things lovely in Hawaii and not 'orrid. Smooth out (gently) all the rinkles and rongs. But don't go at it (please) hammer and tongs. We have no fancy for Rough and Gruff or any such stuff. If you swing a tomahawk people will turn up a by street to escape your circle (circus) cuss.

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

A. M. P.

PUBLIC SCHOOL.

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

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

CITIZENS!

Thrum's Annual. Miss Power's for hats. Queen Hotel for rooms. Manufacturers for baby shoes. Metropolitan Meat Market for beef. Gehring, King street, for plumbing. Quinn, Beretania street, ditto. Mrs. Kearns' jam forever. McInerny for overcoats. Oat & Mossman, finest stationery. Costly champagne at Lovejoy's. Painkiller at Benson, Smith & Co. Bread at May's. Butter at Day's. Honey at Lewis's. Flatirons at Diamond's. Bergstrom's for music. Beakbane's always. Miss Johnson's there.



The wife of an Archbishop said that when she heard any one arguing with her husband on Atheism she quietly left the room and repeated the Apostle's Creed and then returned.

And the other night we were thinking how comforting it all is as we said: "I believe in the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen."

The Blessed Saviour said: "After three days I shall rise again." How can any one, with mind in his body, and brains in his head, not believe in the "resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," (eternal) after reading in the last chapter of St. Luke these words, and we quote them, as possible you may not have your Bible near you, at the place and time when you shall have (should have) the Times, in your hand: "Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have."

"And when he had thus spoken he shewed them his hands and his feet."

"And while they yet believed not for joy, and wondered, he said unto them, Have ye here any meat?"

"And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb."

"And he took it, and did eat before them. "And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. "And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven."

ALOHA.

By Anne M. Prescott.

Lovest thou me, lovest thou me?
Come in and sup with me;
I'll break the bread and pour the wine.
Come in, to sup with me.

Lovest thou me, lovest thou me?
Come in to strengthen'd be;
Life's battle may be fierce and long,
Come in and sup with me.

Dost hear how lovingly I call?
Thou wilt not say me nay—
No money nor no price I ask,
Come in—come in, today.

I am the door—come in, come in,
There is no other way;
If thou wouldst share my royal feast,
Come in—do not delay.

The faithful Shepherd's calling thee,
Come in—come in, I pray;
'Twill be too late—'twill be too late,
If still thou turn'st away.

It is the Saviour's voice, my child,
That's pleading now with thee;
Come in—come in and bide the feast
And eat and drink with me.



HUGHES' ADDRESS AT DEDICATION.

Glowing Tribute is Paid to the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts.

The Oration.

Monseigneur, Rev. Fathers, Sisters of the Sacred Hearts and Friends: We are assembled here today to assist at the opening ceremony of this beautiful school to wish it success in the great work for God and country for which it is intended and to participate in the rejoicing that must fill the hearts of its builders, the Noble Sisterhood of the Sacred Hearts.

Fifty years ago the pioneers of this great Order severed all earthly ties, and parting from France and all that life holds dear they embarked for these far off isles to labor among the children of the poor. Their arrival on our shores was marked by neither pomp nor

ceremony. They were poor, there were few to greet them, and the task that lay before them was freighted with doubts and fears, but with a courage born of hope and a confidence strengthened by faith, they entered upon their arduous duties.

Fifty years have passed away, years of unremitting toil and unselfish sacrifice but withal years pregnant with victory and progress, progress almost unparalleled and seldom experienced.

Fifty years ago their pupils were few and those few were gathered in a hut, often beneath the canopy of the sky. Today their pupils are counted in the hundreds, and their schools lacking in none of the essentials are equal to the best in this Territory.

Fifty years ago their friends were few and their presence engendered suspicion. Today they have many friends for their kindly influence has touched many hearts, and where they are not loved they are respected. Of this wonderful change, a change as it were from a mountain stream to a mighty river, it can be said that never acorn grew into a nobler oak than we have here, here in this great school, the outgrowth of such inauspicious beginnings.

The inauguration of Catholicism in these islands was an event of great importance to Catholics, it was one of the most important in their history. Since then our church has made many notable movements, each of them standing out like milestones to mark our progress. There was the coming of the Brothers of St. Louis College and opening of their school, the arrival of the Sisters of St. Francis to devote their lives to the afflicted ones at Molokai and their children; the building of schools, churches and orphanage, all meeting the demands of the time and bearing willing testimony to what our church can accomplish in a land where men are free and despotism is unknown. And yet giving due credit for all the good that has been done, and to those that have done it I submit that the opening of this school, whilst not the most important, is the most progressive step Catholicism has yet taken in this Territory — progressive because schools are primarily the hope of our country's life, the beacon light

of a nation's progress. The opening of this school marks a new era along lines of noblest endeavor, for here, irrespective of creed, is imparted to all who desire, an education embracing the highest ideals, an education that not only fits our children for the duties and responsibilities of this life but also for that greater life that lies beyond the tomb.

Education is one of the most important, vital and far-reaching questions that can absorb the public mind. It is especially so in this great land where freedom is the birthright of all, where every avenue of advancement is open to those who try, and where every citizen is bound to do his part in the duties and responsibilities of government. If we are to survive as a great republic and to keep our place as a leader amongst the nations, then our people must be educated, educated along patriotic and moral lines, and when I speak of education, I include both men and women. To the latter it is perhaps of greater importance, for the woman of character and education is the strongest power for good we have, and her influence is supreme in every Christian land.

My friends, at this time I wish to call your attention to an opinion prevalent among some few in this Territory as regards our church, the sisters and their schools. It is claimed that the church is wealthy in money and in lands, and consequently the sisters must be wealthy, too. It is also said that their system of teaching is not abreast of the times.

Those charges from whatever source they have emanated, or for whatever reason they are made, I have no hesitation in branding as false and libelous.

The church here is poor, I speak of what I know, for I am conversant with its affairs, have traveled round the islands, shared the Fathers' humble fare and partaken of their poor but friendly hospitality. The church, I repeat it, is poor—so poor that it can not in comfort feed and clothe its ministers, in the country districts. The priest acts as his own clerk, cook and sexton, and I have seen the birds of the air build their nests above his humble cot. The sisters are poorer still. They have

neither dower nor income, nothing but what they earn by head and hands. Theirs is a long and burdensome day, which starts at daylight and ends only when the time comes for repose. This school, with the exception of a donation made by the late August Dreier and one by Mrs. Allen, represents the savings of fifty years, and when we contemplate the great work that has been done here, the obstacles that had to be surmounted and the humble instruments by which it has been accomplished, we are filled with admiration and under God must accord the Sisters the highest meed of praise. To the charge that the Sisters' methods of teaching are not up to the times we would answer that this is one of those vague generalities whose reiteration may impress fools but can have no weight with thinking men. The Sisters are not only highly educated, but are eminently fitted for the training of children. They come from refined and cultured homes, and their system of teaching is the product of centuries, improved as the years roll by. It has stood the test of time, and the best evidence of its worth is found in their schools, their graduates and number of their pupils. In the erection of schools, the number of pupils attending and the good deeds they have done, the Sisters deserve well of the people of this Territory. Their school not only relieves the taxpayer of a heavy burden but they are also an abiding element for good in the community.

The residents of Kaimuki are to be congratulated in having this school in their midst. As a chaste and stately piece of architecture it is a notable addition to the district. It brings school facilities close to their very doors and its refining influence must work for the social, moral and intellectual welfare of the people.

In the ceremonies here today we in a measure reap where others have sown and so it is meet that we for a few moments dwell reverently on the names and memories of those noble workers who have gone before. The name and memory of Bishop Hermann and of the saintly Gulstan should be ever green in Catholic hearts, and Fathers Damien and Clement

have left to their successors a legacy of good deeds, whose memories cannot be dimmed by time's corrosive hand. To the noble men and women, whose names are legion, members of religious orders who have passed away, we tender today a sincere aloha. Each and all of them have added their contribution to our success here.

On coming into this school you will note that the only banner that flies to the breeze is our country's flag, the Stars and Stripes, and it is right that it should be so, for in all earthly affairs there is no dual allegiance here. This is an American school, whose watchwords will be Faith and Fatherland—a faith whose fundamentals teach us to love our neighbors and our God, a patriotism that teaches us to love our country, to preserve its institutions, to keep our leaders honest, virtuous and true.

To the church all over the islands the opening of this school is an auspicious occasion, to those gathered here it is a time for great rejoicing. To the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts it is something more, more than word can tell or heart conceive. To them it is a victory over adverse circumstances, it is a reward of years of toil, sacrifice and untiring labor, and well may their hearts rejoice and we with them, for here on the heights above the sea another cross has been raised, the symbol of man's redemption, the only sign whereby man can be saved, that all may see and know that within these walls Christian truths and virtues will ever endure.



Dingwall, Scotland, Sept. 15.—Another American heiress joined the ranks of the European nobility at noon today, when Miss Anita Stewart of New York, daughter of Mrs. James Henry Smith, was married to the Prince de Braganza, son of the pretender to the Portuguese throne. It was the first "royal wedding" celebrated in Scotland since the days of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the little St. Lawrence Roman Catholic church, where the nuptials were celebrated, was the scene of its most historic function.

Sixty Seaforth Highlanders piped the music for the wedding.

For the prince, the Austrian anthem was played, and when the bride entered the shrill notes of the Star Spangled Banner greeted the audience. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Aberdeen and the chapel was crowded by a distinguished group of friends and relatives from the United States, Austria, Spain and Portugal. Among the notables present were the Duke and Duchess of Braganza, the prince's father and stepmother, Archduchess Maria Theresa, of Austria, Count Czeckonics, the Austrian ambassador in London, who especially represented Emperor Franz Joseph and princes and princesses, aunts, stepsisters and brothers of the bridegroom; Mrs. Bradley Martin and Mrs. Anthony Drexel, aunt of the bride.

The Highlanders also played the Mendelssohn wedding march as the bride, on the arm of her brother, Wm. Rhinelander Stewart, walked to the bridal altar. The prince looked imposing in a maltese uniform of brilliant scarlet, heavily decorated with gold. The bride wore an underdress of embroidered mousseline de soie with a court train of embroidered satin. Her only ornament was the gift of the bridegroom, a family heirloom in the shape of a jewel of two diamond and sapphire feathers, which, for 200 years, was among the crown jewels of Portugal.

The wedding party motored from Tulloch Castle, the temporary home of Mrs. Smith, to the church. The service was brief, and within 15 minutes from the time Miss Stewart entered the chapel she emerged the Princess de Braganza, a title that may be later dropped for that of the Duchess of Vitzeu. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at Tulloch Castle, after which the couple departed for the continent on a honeymoon.

Among the wedding presents, the total value of which was several hundred thousand dollars, was the patent from Emperor Franz Josef, creating the bride a princess in her own right. This was not intended by the emperor as a wedding present, but the bride so characterized it. There were half a dozen chests of silver gifts, many of the pieces hundreds of years old. The most

elaborate of the presents, however, were those of the American friends of the bride.

Let no faith in the past make you untrue to the present.

There is a vital difference between cheerfulness and frivolity.

The progress of prohibition is rather favorable to unseen spirits!

Get the church-going habit; it is worth more than an annual contribution.

The beliefs which churches maintain, the people should translate into life.

Don't discharge your duty to your fellow man as if it were a double-barrelled shot-gun!

The sense of both beauty and wisdom is often destroyed by not keeping the mouth shut.

Most people need to take a theological bath and change their theological clothes once in a while.

How often it is that those who become suddenly rich without having learned the wise use of money, prove a calamity instead of a blessing to the community.

Miss Fitz Henry will resume teaching first of November, having had a most charming vacation in Japan, etc.

OLIVER WENDELL
HOLMES'S BEST POEM.

The Last Leaf.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again

The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,

That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

(Whenever the Planters need laborers they will not have to go very far down the Alphabet to find them.)

THOMAS KINSLEA, A VET-
ERAN PRESSMAN, DEAD.

Thomas Kinslea of this city, an employe of the Hawaiian Gazette Company, died at his home yesterday after a lingering illness. The deceased leaves a widow and two children, William R. and Herbert L. Kinslea. A sister, Mrs. Peter Cook of Oakland, California, also is left. The late Mr. Kinslea was fifty-eight years old. He was a native of New York.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon, after which the remains will be cremated.

Obituary, By A Comrade.

In the early hours of yesterday morning he Reaper gathered into his harvest Thomas Kinslea, for many years a pressman in the employ of the Hawaiian Gazette Company. When the news of the

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death was brought to this office yesterday forenoon by a heart-broken son of the deceased pressman, a hush of awe spread throughout the industrial beehive.

"Tom" dead? How could that be? To be sure he had broken down several months ago to such an extent that a trip to the Coast was decided to be best. The trip did little or no good; but didn't he come smiling into the office only a couple of weeks ago, and to hearty greetings say, "I'm feeling more like myself again!" Then there was much friendly joshing, with thankfulness back of it that "Tom"—he was "Tom" to everyone—would soon be at his post again in the company's pressroom.

"You're a sly one; you've been pretending sick, so your good wife would baby you, and feed you on rich chicken broth and such like delicacies!" And "Tom" smiled bravely in reply. He was making a brave fight against the inevitable—braver than all his friends realized—but he was conquered—or has he conquered? And now we wonder in awe at the slenderness of the thread of life.

By what can a man's worth be judged? By many things, of course. "Tom" was everyone's

friend in the office—and if he had not been a good man—sympathetic, kind, true—that could not be said of him. When it was suggested that his fellow-workers send a floral piece to the funeral, as a token of love for "Tom" and respect for his sorrowing family, there was not one but contributed his or her mite, according to their circumstances. And their love is registered somewhere in letters as big as if their little offerings had been princely sums.

Many years ago, in old San Francisco—not the risen city of today—"Tom" was a pressman in Bacon's printery. One of the apprentice boys who washed rollers and did other "devil" work for "Tom," was the present foreman of the Gazette company's pressroom, Mr. Boisse. In 1896 "Tom" came to Honolulu and was given the position his former apprentice boy now holds. After a time "Tom" quit his work and returned to San Francisco, but not to remain long away from the Islands, he being sent to Honolulu by the Pacific States Type Foundry to set up a printing press purchased by the Bulletin. He was a skillful pressman, and in 1902 reentered the employ of the Gazette company, working harmoniously as first assistant under his former "devil." He was faithful and true in his work, cheerfully assuming any extra burdens that came to him in rush times. And we believe he was just as true and kind in his home and civic life as he was in his business life. It is of our knowledge that he worked hard and denied himself many things in order to give his two boys—William R. and Herbert L.—each a good education, that they might be better equipped than he had been for life's struggles.

Thomas Kinslea was born in New York City, October 16, 1851, and was just past his fifty-eighth birthday. He was married in Oakland, California, September 7, 1880, to Miss Ella Williams, who,

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with their two grown-up sons, William and Herbert, survives him.

The funeral services will be held at the Christian church, of which Mr. Kinslea was a member, at three o'clock this afternoon. At the request of the family, three of "Tom's" friends in the employ of the Gazette company will act with three others from the church as pall-bearers.

Leverett H. Mesick.

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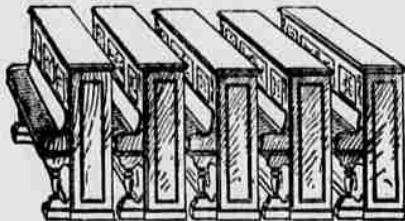
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