

# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Vol. VIII. No. 3.

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Happy is the man that findeth  
wisdom and the man that getteth  
understanding.—Bible.

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First worship God: he that for-  
gets to pray  
Bids not himself good-morrow  
nor good-day.

Thos. Randolph.

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That we are to love our ene-  
mies and not to revenge injuries;  
that we are not to set our hearts  
upon riches and make them a pur-  
pose in life; that we are to have  
no anxiety about food or raiment  
or other needs, but to trust God  
in everything; that we are not to  
judge our fellowmen; that we are  
to believe that God hears and an-  
swers prayer; that every one of  
us is to be compared to a tree that  
bears either good or corrupt fruit,  
that we cannot have two masters  
and must either serve God or  
Mammon."

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O yet we trust that somehow  
good

Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of  
blood;

That nothing walks with aimless  
feet;

That not one life shall be  
destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile  
complete;

That not a worm is cloven in  
vain;

That not a moth with vain  
desire  
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall  
fall

At last—far off—at last, to all  
And every winter change to  
spring.

—Alfred Tennyson.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.  
—Irish.

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King Edward is reported to be  
actively exerting his influence to  
avert the consequences of a dis-  
astrous contest over the constitu-  
tional powers of the House of  
Lords. He is conferring with the  
leaders of both parties with the  
apparent object of securing a  
compromise which will put the is-  
sues between the Commons and  
the Lords into a less dangerous  
shape. This is practically the  
first time that the King has  
thought it wise to bring to bear  
upon domestic questions the di-  
plomacy and persuasion which  
have served him so well in inter-  
national arrangements.

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Good ware makes quick sale.—  
Dutch.

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"I had heard a good deal about  
the American reporter," said Ad-  
miral von Koester, "and felt a cer-  
tain shyness as to how I should  
get along with him. My first ex-  
perience was to have five cam-  
eras leveled at me in different  
angles.

"Daily thereafter I talked with  
many reporters. Not one got me  
wrong; not once was I misrep-  
resented. Often I mentioned  
things in confidence and in no in-  
stance was that confidence be-  
trayed. The reporters whom I  
met in the United States treated  
me with delicacy and afforded me  
a feeling or sense of fairplay  
which I admire and appreciate."

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(We all knew that Judge Dole  
would be reappointed, so that is  
nothing new.)

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The stars and all the plan-its  
foretell, that the saloon must go.

(It has ever been our belief that  
possibly all the crime of the city  
(and the poverty) is the outcome  
of evil spirits, (conspirators).)

## NEW YORK.

The brilliancy of everything  
here passes description. I have  
just witnessed the Hudson-Ful-  
ton celebration. The finest thing  
about it was the illumination of  
the long line of ships of various  
nations at night. At eight o'clock  
there was a "Let there be light,"  
and out of the sombre darkness  
they sprang into the light and sug-  
gested a living, sentient existence.

Grant's Tomb in all its marble  
splendor and imposing architec-  
ture was thrown up by means of  
searchlights on both sides, above  
and below, on Riverside Drive  
and gave additional grandeur to  
the scene.

No city could have quite such  
a fit adaptation to the occasion.  
The broad sweep of the Hudson,  
the bold boulevard that borders  
the river following its sinuosi-  
ties and some hundred feet  
above, widening and bending into  
plateaus that gave points of van-  
tage to the thousands upon thou-  
sands of sightseers. Then Fifth  
avenue for five miles with solid  
lines of electric lights on either  
side, the new Public Library with  
its Court of Honor in front and  
building after building illuminat-  
ed—all made a picture never be-  
fore duplicated in this country  
and not likely soon to be again.

Our folks are all well, the Boy  
is more interesting than ever.  
They are building a subway from  
Cambridge to Boston and its be-  
ginnings never fail to hold his  
attention. That and the switches  
for the trolley cars make it diffi-  
cult to get him along the street!

Answering your question about  
the trees, I do not think the Euro-  
peans are quite so badly troubled.  
They have experts and they have  
autocratic authority to look after  
such matters.

Opposite my hotel is the tower  
of the Metropolitan Life Building.  
It is a huge square tower of white  
marble beautifully built and nearly  
700 feet high. It runs up 45

stories and has been illuminated by inside electric lights all the way up and was a brilliant sight.

W. Prescott Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Schaefer announce the engagement of their daughter Else to Mr. J. W. Waldron of this city.

Treasurer D. L. Conkling, who left for the Coast a few weeks ago en route to New York to attend to business connected with the printing of a \$200,000 bond issue, was in San Francisco recently, for the first time in nine years, and the San Francisco Chronicle has the following from and about him:

"D. L. Conkling, treasurer of the Territory of Hawaii, arrived in the city on Friday, coming from the Islands by way of Vancouver. He is en route to New York, whither he is bound upon official business connected with the printing of a \$200,000 bond issue recently authorized by the Hawaiian legislature.

"I came by the northern route in order to get here in time for the festival," said Mr. Conkling. "I wouldn't miss it for anything, as I am an old San Franciscan, although I must confess, not having been here for nine years, that the city looks strange to me. I had not realized how completely the business section of the city had been changed by the fire. I expect to remain here a few days before starting eastward.

"Everything in the Islands just now is in a very flourishing condition. It has been a prosperous crop year, business is excellent and the banks are overflowing with money. We are enjoying an era of progress, with gratifying prospects of large expansion of trade and the completion of many needed insular improvements.

"The Legislature has been very active in fostering improvements by liberal measures involving the raising of necessary funds. The bonds, the printing of which I am to look after, are in two sets. One issue of \$100,000 is for the improvement of Honolulu harbor, and the other of like amount is for the establishment of a water system on the island of Maui. There will be no trouble in floating the bonds right in the Islands.

"The immigration question is

a live one at present. The last legislature added a tax on all incomes over \$4000 for the conservation of the resources of the Islands and for bringing white settlers into our midst—settlers who will make homes and stay. Before the end of the year there will arrive between 400 and 500 Portuguese families; then A. L. C. Atkinson, former secretary of the Territory, who is now in Siberia, is sending over 250 Russian families. The Japanese are in the majority right now as to labor, but with the coming of the new settlers things will be changed."

"The visiting treasurer said that great progress was being made in the production of cotton, tobacco and pineapples, and that sugar was no longer the sole staple of production that it has been. The tobacco now raised on two plantations was pronounced by experts to be of first class quality; the cotton was long in fiber and of great commercial value, said Conkling, and the pineapple industry, both with the fresh and canned fruit, was simply booming."

#### A CHALLENGE.

"Come, Worry, let us walk abroad today;  
Let's take a little run along the way;  
I know a sunny path that leads from Fear  
Up to the lovely fields of Wholesome Cheer.  
I'll race you there—I'm feeling fit and strong.  
So Worry, come along!"

We started on our way, I and my Care.  
I set the pace on through the springtime air,  
But ere we'd gone a mile poor Worry stopped,  
Tried hard to catch his breath, and then he dropped,  
Whilst I went on—  
An easy winner of that Marathon.  
And since that day when vexed by any fear,  
When Worry's come again with visage drear,  
I've challenged him to join me in that race,  
And found each time he could not stand the pace.  
—John Kendrick Bangs in Ainslie's.

There should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these things.

Shakespeare.

#### AN EDITOR'S FEW NOTES.

Nov. 1 (All Saints').—Eggs six and quarter cents for one!! (Now, what will they cost at Easter?) Miss our chicken ranch.

Bought 2 good-looking apples, bound to be not so very good on the inside. Bought 2 lemons, also fine-looking but very little juice—mostly thick skin and dry pulp. All seemed high and dry except potatoes; and they, high and watery.

Nov. 2 (All Souls').—Attended annual meeting of Red Cross. Hon. W. O. Smith, the paper says, does not approve of Mr. Woolley's work, as to Prohibition for Hawaii, while he admires the man's zeal and earnestness as a whole.

A sort of storm for many days, but no great rainfall.

The Legislature is now sitting in special session. The Governor's Message is an all round square meal and fine for digestion.

We must go to see what that unco' wise conclave will be hammering out. We must make a time for that religious duty.

Nov. 3 (Rainbow this morning).—One of the grandest (true nobility) men of this Territory subscribed for the Times today. The friend hailed us on the street.

(It is not money that can make us feel joyful; but, kind, helpful words make me feel almost to bump against the sky and knock down a cloud; the effect is thoroughly exhilarating, as all can testify.)

Thursday, Nov. 4. (Rainbow this morning).—Went across to Young Cafe for hot coffee at 6:15 a. m. Little later rode up Nuuanu; we confess to not a little amazement at the finery and tinsel, etc., of not a few of our girls of different nationalities as they wend their way school ward; how they can meet their laundry bill not to speak of lace and ribbon, is a conundrum—the daily wear and tear of it all! We are often led to ask ourself: "Where are the par-

ents, what work do they do? and how are they clad?" But then, we are an advocate of the simple life. Wealth can buy and buy and not miss the money; but, the poor girls of small means must not try to follow on that road!

We really think the clergy ought to advocate a pretty neat inexpensive gown for young women.

It is astonishing to note the hats and gewgaws often of many (not of all). Youth is sweet and lovely of itself and needs only a plain quiet setting. To our eyes cheap jewelry, cotton lace, ruffles, and a mass of artificial roses over red and yellow, etc., is, to say the least, confounded!

Cards are in for the Salvation Army of seventh and ninth inst.

Talked with one of the officers of the Board of Health about rigid sanitation in kitchen, restaurants of whatever grade; and, few other questions for the welfare of everybody that we could think of just at that minute, not forgetting school children. There is quiet but earnest work constantly on the carpet. President Mott-Smith does not favor clamor or bitter controversy.

Animosity goes for nothing in any work. It is better to lead gently. The Arab whispers in the ear of his steed. But dwellers in the desert and the wilderness are sometimes given heavenly wisdom of which the world wots not!

Visited the Legislature for a short while.

Apropos of church going on Sunday we believe that if a man, any man a non-church goer, would, could, should decide to attend some form of church service in the forenoon and again in the evening, he would declare at the end of it all that he had been truly rested and refreshed mind and body; that he had heard only good words, listened to good music, and had had a time for entire repose and uninterrupted quiet. His conscience would tell him that he had gained in vigor and was more ready to combat the working days and their trials.

On the other hand, not going to church but starting off to have an idle day, riding perchance in crowded cars, going from one point to another, taking part in some play, talking on this theme and on that,

eating a little here and there and, at late evening, admitting the day had been tiresome, even perhaps irksome and a bore, and feeling really weary as after a hard day's work—no ease or comfort—no cessation or calm, for mind or body.

How really pathetic and hard, that men will seek to be amused on Sunday instead of resting. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all that thou hast to do," etc.

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We went to the Industrial Home for Girls, adjoining Kaiulani School this P. M. And we were pleased to feel an air of home there and to miss the stiff, rigid, inflexible lines and rules of such institutions in general and that always makes us to shiver and shudder and in fact grow morose for the time—impatient and severe. We believe in firmness and will-power to the last letter; but, tempered with true love, in dealing with youth; and, also there needs to be a transparent honesty of purpose, that the dullest will not be able to misconstrue or resist.

We believe we realize and comprehend, that a real prison must be a real prison; but, no industrial school for wayward youth—boys or girls—should be conducted on lines that savour of the prison in the least degree.

"Now what shall the harvest be?"

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We walked quickly through into the kitchen of a Chinese restaurant, and found the same clean and in order. When we considered that this place finds a lunch for likely not fewer than a hundred hungry men every day, not to speak of other meals, the ingenuity and industry are deserving of our earnest commendation.

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Nov. 5—But, as we were saying yesterday, to mould or to remould the mind and character of the young is no easy job—no sinecure—and they who engage in the work must themselves be sure that they know the task—are in a way experts, not bunglers. Then will order emerge from chaos.

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There are 40 girls in that Home at present, the youngest 7 and the oldest about 18.

A number of these are orphans, little ones with no one to care for them and put there as an expediency, out of pure Christian charity. (Rainbow tonight.)

Nov. 5—Our "notes" are growing and will be many if we keep on. There seems to be much on hand that cannot be passed by. The transports seem to be often in port—"Dix," "Logan," etc. They keep us all from too much dullness, and are a pleasant lot to meet at all hours.

The transport people make themselves happy and welcome on our streets, often bringing out their little ones to let them see all the pretty things Honolulu has to show.

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We must always take a deep interest in reading over the plain, unadorned story of the very poor, that are pensioners of the Asso. Charities, as set forth, bi-monthly, by Mrs. Jordan.

"Recurrent (chronic) cases; then, 20 families supplied with (good) milk; a few sent away to the Coast, etc.; a few children put in school; clothing, meal tickets, etc., etc. There cannot much be said of the poor that is new; it all has about the same old color, (gray).

If the Blessed One when He was on earth, simply stated the proposition: "The poor ye have with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good," without suggesting a remedy for the condition, poor humans may not dare to judge, far less—condemn.

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Nov. 6—This is to be a thoroughly busy day for all; the Alameda with a lively load, the bazaars of the C. U. Church are always great affairs to a great crowd; and the day in itself, is a royal blue one, not too warm, not a drop of rain, clear and magnificent. Oh, dear me, what a superlatively lovely day this is! It is a queen of days—and "Saturday" too, what everybody likes to have and to go out in, to buy, to look, to have, to see! The poor workingman is buying his Sunday dinner and feels so happy to have his arms full of bundles; the rich are ordering for their dinner parties; and the newsboys are working off the Coast papers, lingering over them to look at the colored pictures!

Mr. Cohen passes intent on his mail—and the next (passing) paying show!

This is ladies' night at the Commercial Club and the scientific violinist, Mr. Buchly, has waved his magic wand and called out, for fine fiddling, etc. Young Ables is able to please for he has industry and

THE  
HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 8.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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patience with the bow; and the violin, the hardest of all instruments, means a steady job and a long one, to excel, so we must believe. Keep on Abel! And the bells will ring for you.

We were speaking the day a minute with Mr. A— who rushed in those Russians from Harbin, no sooner said than done; and all the planters will need to do in the future is simply to shout through the telephone, in a simple way: "Friend A—, please to hurry us up a few thousand more Harbins, eh?"

("How much will you pay? says A—. When I work its no play, eh? How much pay for each day, I'm away?")

UNRESTRAINED DELIGHT.

We are glad to see that the Industrial for Girls is to have fine treats. We wish that might prove epidemic, and that treats and good times will be the fashion. And in order, for all our Institutions. No play (pleasure) makes not only Jack a dull boy, but really makes either old or young, even middle life, very "dull" (despondent).

Despondency, low spirits, leads to hopelessness and often, suicide.

Give them all a day's outing, to swim and fish, to cook on the beach, make coffee and chowder—and eat and laugh in earnest—dead earnest!

Let us have a heart big with loving sympathy for the unfortunate, even those who have really brought about their own unfortunate condition.

Never did our Blessed Lord say: "Why are you poor or sick or a maniac or blind or lame or?"— He healed them all. Be ye merciful even as—

We all know, that life at the best is hard, to the majority; the preacher, every preacher or priest knows that all too well. Only the few are rich; thousands are very poor—"not knowing which way to turn" indeed, and even willing to work, to one that is rich.

Thousands are very poor the world over to one that is rich. Now don't forget that simple axiom.

If there be "work for everyone," then many work at cross purposes in striving to get at it. That we know, also. To come down to bed-rock, all life is a mystery that the wisest man has failed to solve.

But we can be charitable and merciful.

Well, to-morrow is Sunday, Nov. 7.

("How pleasant is Saturday night when I've tried all the week, etc.)

Nov. 8. The paper says that Mr. A. will again leave for Harbin on the Siberia.

The mosquito is getting to be quite obstreperous, vociferous and entirely at home to all comers, night or day. It is time for a thorough mosquito hunt we should say.

"William Robinson, editor of a local newspaper, to be governor of New Mexico." (Nothing strange about that; strange if he couldn't be governor or even president; or any other editor, as to that.)

When women can vote, why we may be asked to become some officer with very large income. It will be fine times then.—)

Nov. 9. King Edward's birthday. His majesty was born 1841, ascended throne Jan. 22, 1901.

A lover and maker of peace. What greater praise could be given to the King! Respected and beloved the entire globe. And that is the man, King Edward VII.

Artist Wilder has a fine airy studio and we fancy we could paint there, too, if anywhere. But, that is only our fancy; and likely our fancies no one would fancy.

Such a day as this is at Waikiki! We desire to paint the hills, the sea and sky.

We are of the mind that Prince Kuhio is wise in turning again to Washington.

Postmaster Pratt may live to grow old in the same office. That is one charm of Great Britain; they retain a good servant to the end if can, and then provide for them when too infirm. But in America they seem to prefer 'prentice hands and to keep teaching beginners, in every office nearly.

A man however efficient can hardly look to be kept in for any

number of years. Green always stands a chance if he has political influence.

"The Salvation Army Rescue Home." That is a good name and gives great promise.

The cow and hens will all be there.

Arbor Day. If four trees are planted for every one cut down, we shall prosper.

Card for the marriage of Violet Hopper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Willam Damon, to Doctor Frank Lawrence Putnam on 23rd of November, at 8 o'clock in the evening, Central Union Church.

Friday, Nov. 12.—

The Advertiser was rather uncommonly readable this morning; but, we shall look for slim diet to-morrow.

Even in Mr. Smith's time we turned the Saturday over with a groan, he likely thought too much about Sunday outfit; and so, he often fell down on the last day of the week. (It was a tiresome ending.)

Monday issue however generally was readable (the shipping news) because the editor Mister Pro Tem had a slap at it on no other day and so naturally he tried to leave his mark. We don't quite know the rules that abound just at present.

Nov. 15. The Siberia brings very few tourists today but takes away one of our most famous—a citizen of credit and renown—to meet only a cold reception in the Czar's land.

We spend a few minutes of our precious time every single day looking in at Coyne's fine chairs and writing desks, that we know well we cannot buy; and Mrs. Taylor's flower window takes our mind far afield from this otherwise sordid, money-getting-grabbing-ungrateful world, where so many seem to forget God in their quest for Gold.

And that calls to mind again, how few men go to church! We did not count but it verily seemed to us yesterday that there were in this Honolulu 200 women to one man in the places of worship. Look at them as they pour out.

(It left a startling effect: "I have never seen this man in church," said a clergyman quietly, looking down on the casket in the

The staff to a man is composed of cultivated, experienced, expert journalists. And, in the printing office are journalists competent for any staff.

Indeed quite a few of them could give a mainland editor away; and then have considerable left over (for an evening paper!).

It would amaze my readers to see some of the work that the printers turn out on those machines, often it may be from poor illegible "copy"—yes.

Oh, "the black art!"

February 16.—"It takes a strong hand, to hold a full cup steady."

While he is not even as yet an elderly man he is a gentleman of the old school if you please, (that editor,) with the tact of a good woman and the head of a good man; he has *finesse*, he has a splendid calm nature, an astute solid dogged mentality that not too many have in Hawaii today; he has a make-up and a mould all his own. (The paper may be proud and grateful for its editor this year of our Lord.) There is nothing of the narrow petty egotist in him, nothing of the selfish over-mastering brutality that cares not who goes under, no nothing of the sly money-making journalist, envious and watchful of others. No, he is a man, fully ready, not a one-sided creation; willing to serve others, to help generously, to suggest, to build up a town or a man's welfare if may hap it comes to his lot—willing to work with and for a unit or in the lump sum—willing to begin with one stone only on the solid ground or to capsize a cart of rubbish.

February 16.—An exceedingly fine photo of the Rev. Dr. Scudder—a welcome valentine to all his friends; we are mailing home to Cambridge and all over the lot.

February 17.—Compelled to stop for a few days many years since in a very meagre hamlet on Hawaii, we stood up in a chair to pull over a dusty little hoard of cheap publications—paper covers—and on manifesting great surprise at finding one or more of Stevenson's in that out-of-the-way corner of the world, the native woman glanced at the volume in our hand and remarked: "Oh yes, that man stayed around here a short time and left them; he made them himself." We then questioned the good woman, but cannot recall our conversation.

However, we know it seemed a Godsend to us—those few books for the time, the days seemed weeks to us until we sighted a sail.

Judge Robinson has new quarters and two windows, a fine apartment, says he like plenty of light. We like to see hundreds of candles all burning as we don't have to pay for them—a subdued religious light. Then we stepped into a court-room and oh, my, can't that legal light talk a mile a minute and talked to the point, too, about losing piece of land on Alakea perhaps; we lingered there for an inch of time (millions of money for an inch of time said the dying great Queen Bess), and felt as we had been a long distance at great speed.

#### HAWAII.

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!"—James Russell Lowell.

Our days are all as a fairy tale,  
Braided of sunshine and showers,  
Mists from the sea, the mermaids'  
veil,  
A sprinkle of rain for the flowers.  
And ev'ry day is a "rare day,"  
Every month of the year is June!

To span the sky, hilltop and sea,  
A rainbow hastens with delight;  
Shoving the clouds along, in glee,  
Wrapping the valleys in colors  
bright.  
And ev'ry day is a rare day,  
Ev'ry month of the twelve is  
June!

When all so lovely is our own,  
We may not dream of other  
lands;  
We cannot covet other seas,  
If ours are fringed with golden  
sands!  
And ev'ry day is a rare day,  
Ev'ry month of Hawaii is June.  
—Anne M. Prescott.

Put on a combing sacque and  
brush, and comb out the hair; the  
teeth too must always be looked to  
before bed-time.

The nails of the feet must have  
as exact care as those of the hands.  
—Even where one works all the  
day there is always time that can be  
utilized for these vitally important  
matters.

To turn to different occupation is  
not apt to be tiring; on the con-  
trary, change of work is restful and  
gives one ease to know that the

hair, teeth and nails are in proper  
order.

At-all-rates one must learn not  
to be a sloven. (And, too, should  
be taught that code, in youth: self-  
respect.)

(Note the "advertising rates,"  
please that canny, financial sheet,  
ah!)

Self-defense demands that we  
point to that with the index finger.

In looking over the advertising  
rates of the "Service," we see that  
the charge is: "One inch \$2.50, two  
inches \$5.00, four inches, \$8.00,"  
etc., etc.

Why, in all the seven years and  
more of The Times, we have never  
had the face to ask the richest bank  
\$2.50 an inch! But that is just  
what the "Service" extorts, and we  
presume some of the other inferior  
publications as much. Their  
columns are crowded with ads; and  
what are we to infer except that  
the firms say: "Oh, yes, we don't  
mind, you can print our ad. at any  
price." It is no wonder that new  
papers spring up like mushrooms,  
in order to live on the income of  
the ads. If they do not materialize  
of course the paper soon expires,  
not having a literary base at all.  
Such publications are base metal  
and in the main, frauds, neither  
edifying nor instructive.

We savor of his Majesty King  
Manuel in one thing; we never car-  
ed too much, for "figgers."

We favor exactly an old-time  
family domestic "Peggy;" she could  
not count money; but, would (in  
spite of that,) she would always go  
ashopping alone, dear Peggy; and,  
after selecting quite ten dollars'  
worth, say, of goods, that pleased  
her fancy, she would put down a  
five-dollar piece, to the amazement  
of the clerk, and tell him, "to take  
his pay out of that."

"Never you mind, Peggy; we'll  
go to see that sassy clerk." And  
so, by a bit of tact (tax), we  
smoothed out always, the trifling  
pilikia. (One ought surely to know  
(ken) the value of koin.)

If we are sum wise and know the  
value of a dollar at all times and  
seasons, we save others from often  
financial ruin and despair and our-  
selves from the reputation of dis-  
honest dealing.

We are then not a clog, but help  
to oil the business wheels of life and  
true prosperity. We may, as one,  
count for only very little compara-  
tively, but we all know to what an  
enormous colossal aggregate, little

sums, one day, arrive! We need not quote in your ear:  
 "Little drops of water, little grains of sand,  
 Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land."

"GLADSTONE."

"Each of the three editions is constantly selling, but let us just figure out the achieved sales and see what they represent as an overturn in hard cash, thus:

	Copies Sold.	
I. Two Guinea Edition...	40,000	£ 84,000
II. Ten Shilling Edition...	50,000	25,000
III. Five Shilling Edition...	40,000	10,000
	130,000	£119,000

What book, within memory, has a record with the public of the world like that? None in England, anyhow. And what more impressive tribute than this one of a book could there be to Gladstone's place in the interest and regard of mankind? None."

#### THE CHURCH ON THE BOWERY.

By Rev. Luke J. Evers, Rector of St. Andrews, New York.

Reverend Father Elliott has asked me to come to the congress of priests, to say a few words to you upon the subject of "Wreckage and Salvage." Perhaps my position as a priest is the most peculiar of any priest in the United States, because people call me the "Printer's priest," the "Prisoner's priest," and the "Priest of the Bowery."

Some nine or ten years ago when I came to St. Andrew's Church in New York City, many of the printers would come to St. Andrew's to take the pledge because "the Father Abbott would not allow them to enter the chapel when the least sign of liquor was on them."

(You will notice that the terms they used were peculiar. This comes down from the time of the first ages of printing, when the printing press was in the monastery. Their printing room is still called the chapel.) When these printers came to take the pledge, I would often ask them, "Do you come to Mass?" and "Have you made your Easter Duty?" and they would say,

"Father, it is impossible for us to go to Mass because we work fourteen hours on Saturday, and finish our work about two o'clock, Sunday morning, and by the time we reach home, and go to bed, we are in the midst of our sound sleep, only two or three hours then, and it is impossible to rise and go to the parochial Masses."

I say the Mass every morning myself, and Reverend Fathers, it would inspire the heart and soul of any man who is a priest of God, to see that noble band of seven hundred to eight hundred printers kneeling like little children before the Altar of God at two o'clock every Sunday morning, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and offering up to Almighty God, a prayer of love and aboration which is due from every man to his God and his Maker.

When this Mass first started, many stated that it would not continue, for no priest would be able to stand such a strain, but Reverend Fathers, if you look at me you can judge, for yourselves the truth of old saying, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy."

I don't know Reverend Fathers, if the inspired writer thought of the Printer's Mass when he said there was nothing new under the sun, but that I should think there would be something new under the sun, if we could find that stone of a priest whereon was written that he had "died for want of sleep." No, Reverend Fathers, if we are inspired with zeal for the glory of God, and salvation of souls, and the extension of God's kingdom on earth, if we have the spirit, Almighty God will give us the grace to perform the work, which we are allotted to do, but Reverend Fathers, we priests, I fear, are not quite zealous enough.

#### L'ENVOI.

When Earth's last picture is painted  
 And the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colors have faded,  
 And the youngest critic has died,  
 We shall rest—and, faith, we shall need it—

Lie down for an aeon or two,  
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen  
 Shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy;

They shall sit in a golden chair:  
 They shall splash at a ten-league canvas

With brushes of comet's hair;  
 They shall find real saints to draw from—

Magdalene, Peter and Paul;  
 They shall work for an age at a sitting

And never get tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us,  
 And only the Master shall blame;  
 And no one shall work for money,  
 And no one shall work for fame;  
 But each for the joy of the working,  
 And each in his separate star,  
 Shall draw the Thing as he sees It  
 For the God of Things as They Are.

—Rudyard Kipling.

The honey, said the farmer, came out of an old hollow tree. For 10 years the tree had been occupied by a swarm of bees. The farmer had never bothered the little insects, for the very good reason that he did not care to destroy the tree and he knew of no other method of getting the honey. In consequence the bees worked away in peace. Year after year they stored up their crop, until the tree had literally been saturated with honey. Several times the farmer considered the advisability of cutting the tree down, but each time he decided that he needed it more than he needed the money. This, of course, goes to show that he was a very sweet old farmer. However, one morning not long ago he was very much surprised to discover that the bees were deserting their old home. He watched them and discovered that they were migrating to another hollow tree in the neighborhood. The farmer called his wife and they buzzed over the situation for half an hour, finally reaching the conclusion that a new swarm was being driven out by older bees because the quarters were becoming too crowded or perhaps because of domestic difficulties. As the farmer figured it out, nothing short of a big fight could cause the bees to desert their hive in the winter. Two or three days elapsed without a more satisfactory reason for the migration having been offered, and the farmer had reaffirmed his original verdict in the matter several times when, one night, he was awakened by a tremendous crash. The noise seemed to

come from the side of a big hill that was located in one corner of the farm. The farmer jumped out of bed, jumped into his clothes and hastened on the jump to ascertain what the trouble was. But before he reached the yard the noise had ceased and he was unable to determine what had caused it. The next morning, however, he found that a big 10-ton boulder had rolled down from the top of the hill and had smashed everything in its path. At the end of its route lay the old bee tree. At last it dawned on the farmer why the bees had moved, but he is still seeking an answer to one point: How did the bees know that the 10-ton boulder was going to fall and, if they did know about it, how did they know that it would destroy their tree?

("Instinct," stronger than human reasoning.)

January 31.—The funeral of the late Captain John Ross, one of Admiral Farragut's heroes, took place from Kawaiahao church to the G. A. R. plot in Nuuanu cemetery yesterday afternoon. Rev. H. H. Parker conducted the services. The pall-bearers were Cecil Brown, E. M. Marshall, William Woon, William Henry, Carl Widemann and H. F. Bertelmann. Captain Ross was one of a boat crew detail that cut the wires connecting the first submarine mines used in modern warfare. This was done under a hot fire from the rebel forts.

#### "ACTS OF GOD."

A man started from Quincy, Mass., for Boston, on January 2, 1904. Instead of reaching the Boston terminal in fifteen minutes he got in at six o'clock the next morning. He sued the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad here, in the City Court, for two thousand dollars for the failure of the railroad company to deliver him promptly. The company, in defense, said that the train was held up by the worst snowstorm Boston had ever had, and that during all the time it was held up it was in the yard seven hundred feet from the Boston station. He got a verdict for fifty dollars, which was affirmed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. The Court of Appeals has now reversed the judgment. The opinion says: "The only question is whether the blizzard in Boston was 'an act of God.'

If it was it would absolve the railroad company from risk." The court decided that it was, and names as other "acts of God" unusual and extraordinary freshets, windstorms, floods and earthquakes. The opinion says that all the defense the company should have put in was proof of the occurrence of the blizzard.

"Acts of God" is an ancient law phrase found especially in old fire insurance policies.

Addressing students of the English department of the University of Missouri, Dr. E. A. Allen declared Shakespeare would have been greatly pleased with the picturesque American slang of today. "Hamlet, a university student, talked slang," he said. Dr. Allen cited the passage where Rosencrantz says to Hamlet, "My lord, you once did love me," and Hamlet replies, "So do I still, by these pickers and stealers." "Pickers and stealers for hands," said Dr. Allen, "reminds one of the expression in use today, 'lunch hooks.' Slang is a part of our language."

Oglesby came to Bloomington to lecture on the Pyramids.

"None of us," says Mr. Stevenson, "had ever before seen or heard a man who had actually, with his own eyes, beheld these wonders of the ages. Near the close of the lecture, and just after he had suggested the probability of Abraham and Sarah having taken in the Pyramids on their wedding trip, some one in the audience asked:

"Who built the Pyramids?"

"Oh, damn it," quickly replied the orator, "I don't know who built them; I asked everybody I saw in Egypt and none of them knew."

But it is well worth while to linger over Mrs. Wright's book, even without any practical outcome in mind, for the sake of the pictures it conjures up of that older day and the women who looked well to the ways of their households. She has brought together a great quantity of these old recipes—blackberry and elder and juniper berry and currant and cherry wine, koumiss and metheglin, ratafia and usquebaugh, elephant's milk, eau de vie, maraschino, fruit brandies, cordials by the dozens whose very names—rose cordial, lovage cordial, clove cordial—are as fragrant of the long ago as old letters that have been

laid away in lavender. (In an age of machinery and factory-made pickles and tinned fruits and baker's bread and cake made by wholesale, Mrs. Wright's quaint book is like a whiff out of a dear, ancient land, where there were rose gardens and leisure and sprigged muslin dresses and the sweet aroma of such skilled concoctions as are set forth in these pages.) The housewife who has the leisure and the inclination to do little unusual things now and then will find here ample directions for the making of almost any sort of potable that was known to our grandmothers.

(Most perfect.—Ed.)

#### THE VALLEY ROAD.

At eventide I shade my eyes  
And peer into the West,  
Where, winding down the shining plain,  
And round each wooded crest,  
The highroad goes the sunset way,  
Upon the endless quest.

Full many a traveler I have seen  
(And one was passing fair)  
Go down the valley from my door,  
And swiftly vanish there.  
Some I have sped upon their path,  
And lightened some of care.

One day I too shall take my staff  
And down the valley go,  
For one who went was passing fair,  
And waits for me, I know.  
And I shall find her—O my Soul!--  
Beyond the sunset glow!  
—James Owen Tryon.

Miss Johnson's fine curio place is near Beakbane's, the exquisite engraver; and he is close by the Convent and Miss Woodward's variety shop; opposite are Hugo Herzer, the Club Stables, etc.

#### THE CARS.

As we are, even today, an earnest and constant patron of the cars, we trust we may be permitted to make a passing remark! Were we a man, it seems to us today, not the offer of the riches of Golonda could tempt us to undertake certain cares and duties, involving often severe and undeserved criticism, as a sure reward for the management, for instance, of any car road, the world over; for, indeed "the world over" there must and will be accidents, various and of divers sorts, big and little. All this, then, a manager

must promise to endure and to undertake. An accident, true, is a fearful and a fearsome thing, even if one secures as a result, only a hard shaking up. To be "shook up" thoroughly, like to medicine in a bottle, is not to be desired often, or even at long intervals.

But to come nearer home (Punahou), if we are to be suspicious of evil, in every car on the road, we may as well one and all become monks and nuns and not venture outside the garden walls. We should rather fancy, that the Rapid Transit concern will be as actively concerned and vigilant as practicable, to conserve and preserve its own interests and well-being. No company, however, is superhuman, and accidents will happen, in the best of business affairs, and have to work ever on the base of profit and loss. Not even Manager Ballentyne himself can go down inside an iron bar or even be able to determine, with any degree of accuracy, when the same may or will be "played out."

It really looks as if we shall, one and all, have to trust in that, as in other mundane affairs, to a merciful Providence to carry us through in safety. (We can all stand a trifle more in the way of faith.) But certainly every human precaution should be taken, both early and late, for it is a terrible calamity to be maimed, bruised and shocked. (No chances should be taken in trying to serve a community!) The motormen are, as a rule, picked men, able and faithful, patient, strong and willing. In passing we will say, that the rule of not talking with the motorman should be willingly heeded, and not ignored.

P. S.—Mr. Ballentyne, be it said, and the fact is known to all interested, has rare acumen in road affairs: rare tact, courage, perseverance, and often under difficulties. He is kind, courteous, accessible to poor and rich alike, willing to make amends, and to mend all pilikia as far as is reasonable. We recall this moment where an elderly person was only slightly hurt by the car starting too soon, and Mr. B. was more than kind, ordered to have a daily doctor and a nurse, every nourishment called for, at his expense. This we know personally.

We bought (for 30 cents) a most dainty pattern of English ware at

E. O. Hall's. And a stew-pan (fine) for less at Lewis & Co.

We have been told, that there is not a drop of juice of the grape in some of the "wine" so-called. What is it made of? But, all of the "spirits" sold in the Territory, in the "criminal places," for the poor laboring classes, sailors, etc., is "mixed" with something chemical to cheapen the same for the seller, and to create a feverish thirst.

Firms, in the class with Hackfeld & Co. know the evil; but they do not make or enforce laws, legislate or deal out licenses.

(However, we have not talked with anyone on these vital, prison points, for a year.)

Why, if you forget to say your prayers in the morning everybody in the town will know it long before supper-time.

The kneeling position is one of the easiest if one kneels up straight and tends to strengthen the spine. Fact. That may be one prime reason why the *religieuses* live often to great age.—(Ed.)

#### A PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower;  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let Life lightly wear her crown,  
Like the poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew,  
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree;  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under shady oak at noon;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarry in that cooling tent;  
Let me, also, cheer a spot,  
Hidden field or garden grot—  
Place where passing souls can rest  
On the way and be their best.  
—Edwin Markham.

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#### IMMIGRATION AND CONSIDERATION.

People of the peasant class, suddenly transported from familiar

surroundings to a foreign land, with none to speak their language and none to understand or sympathize with the troubles they must find in adapting themselves to altered circumstances, require special and considerate treatment. Otherwise small troubles will become aggravated into large ones; dissatisfaction will become enrooted, and there will be mutual disappointment—on the part of the newcomers with the Islands, and on the part of their employers with the immigrants.

The present experiment with Russian laborers appears to be in a fair way to failure through what is probably a series of misunderstandings, fomented into grievances through ignorance on one side and fatuous folly on the other, and magnified through the mischievous work of those who do not wish to see the experiment succeed. Just what particular ground for complaint the Russians who have left the plantations may have, we do not know. Complaints, supposed to be from them, have appeared in the Manchurian newspapers, but the natural inference to be drawn from a reading of these complaints is that some more skilled pen than that of a peasant wrote them.

The fact remains, however, that there is complaint and that, in the minds of some, the complaints justify charges of injustice and of misrepresentation on the part of the agents who brought the Russians here. Before the matter goes any further, an investigation should be made by the board of immigration, through capable interpreters. If there be ground for legitimate complaint on the part of the immigrants, such should be learned and the cause removed; if the ground upon which complaint has been made is found to be one of misunderstanding only, proper explanation can be made to those interested and a better understanding arrived at.

The Russian experiment looks so promising as one means of settling the labor difficulties this Territory experiences that no misunderstandings capable of being explained away and smoothed out should be allowed to make it abortive. The Russians who have so far landed here are apparently of that class which will make desirable settlers; the reports from Manchuria are to the effect that a practically inexhaustible supply of labor is avail-

scientifically. Compare, for instance, St. Ignatius and Harriman. It's a fascinating parallel. You may have the idea, Park Row."

I am thinking over the idea. It has possibilities.

Andrew Prout.

In the November Friend, Rev. Dr. Scudder, in his tribute to the late Gorham Dummer Gilman, closes with this remarkable paragraph: "The record of this long life tells the story of 'well done, good and faithful servant.' Mr. Gilman lived widely, tried to do his whole duty, achieved a splendid record, kept at work under a full head of steam until he reached the fine age of 87 years, and has gone to the larger life, a noble alumnus of Mother Earth, well fitted for the career upon which he is now entering."

The autos are of use, in that they move every one to greater mental and physical activity when around (round the corners). And, that is a boon. Rich and poor are all on the same level in those hasty moments and there can be little loitering or logic if one would keep his standing, in the community!

The Sisters Beatrice and Albertina have been having fine Birthdays; but Thrum has too an "Annual" that all may rely upon, while McNerny's shoes are walking off at a bargain rate.

It is a famous town for remnants, and odds and ends; and certainly the crowning charm of Ehlers' is its ceaseless variety of charming small goods, its pins and purses, combs and chains, buttons and bags, rugs, cushions, etc. But May and Day care for none of these goods; with them is the cry: "Do you buy our pudding and for pie, if not, oh why?"

Try 'em, now you try, don't let the day go by!

And do you reply: "We don't care for sweets."

Try our sour then—pickles and olives, vinegar and lime, pepper sauce and old cider, sauerkraut and pickled fish all in a pickle.

Whitney and Marsh have most beautiful shows, and Sachs lights up his end of the town with finest linen and dolls, forever.

(Kerr will sell a ship load of toys we must believe and no mistake.)

Christmas must have old and young on the street to look and laugh, to make merry (and make friends of the very poor). Give and be happy, keep and be miserly (miserable).

Honolulu is a great town—will be "greater." Don't you fret, my friends, it is all coming. Christmas is no more certain. (Need not to worry about the Doctors or the Shriners; they'll always have good times).

The new Davies' building is beautiful—in perfect accord with the opposite side of the street. A harmonious whole. It is fine to our eyes; for, we never can tire of arches.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* November 23d, A. D. 1909. \*  
 \* No fairy godmother could \*  
 \* have wished, with all her best \*  
 \* wishes, for a better day than \*  
 \* is this, for little white Violet's \*  
 \* wedding. Central Union \*  
 \* Church, 8 o'clock P. M. \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

("Only you look at the pictures, in the Advertiser advertisements—worth all of five cents.") Oh.

JUDGE DOLE.

Judge Dole was yesterday, for the second time, sworn in as the first judge of the federal court, Judge Woodruff administering the oath. He was sworn in under the recently issued recess commission signed by the President and will undoubtedly again take the oath when Congress recognizes his many years of splendid service to the Territory by ratifying his appointment for another six years.

The \$3,500 indebtedness on St. Clement's chapel is to be cleared off through the generosity of one of the founders of the little church, Thomas May, who has volunteered to pay off the debt on the simple condition that the church incorporate.

The chapel, at the corner of Wilder avenue and Makiki street, was founded twelve years ago, Thomas May being one of the communicants at the time. He has kept up his interest in the church, and now manifests it by his offer to clear off the remaining indebtedness.

The value of the church property proper is \$15,000, but other prop-

erty owned by St. Clement's, including the vicarage, brings the total assets up to \$100,000, which is the amount specified in the articles of incorporation.

"Her pumpkins are the biggest ones  
 That ever graced a field,  
 Her wheat and corn and orchard  
 trees

Enormous in their yield;  
 Her vineyards in the autumn suns  
 Have never failed to thrive,  
 And there's a turkey in the coop  
 For every soul alive!"

PRINCE KUHIO.

"But I distinctly am not in favor of prohibition by act of Congress and I will do all I can to defeat the passage of any such law.

"Governor Frear, I understand, agrees with me on that. We had a talk on the subject before he left for Washington and he asked me what was my position on the subject. I stated it as I have told you, and he told me he thought that I was right. He said he thought the people of this Territory are entirely able to handle the problem themselves without any action by Congress."

"Old Turkey Gobbler sat on the  
 fence  
 Reading the proclamation;  
 And Mrs. Gobbler craned her neck,  
 As she viewed the situation.

" 'Tis very nice, oh, Gobbler, dear,  
 That we such pleasure render;  
 I'm sure, sir, you're a kindly bird,  
 And I know that you are tender!"

"Why waste your time in loud lament,  
 As though you were a sinner?  
 You'll think I'm "saucy," but I say:  
 Go get you dressed for dinner."

DAMON-PUTNAM WEDDING.

In the midst of a garden setting of palms and white flowers, with a quaint oriental touch to the scene, Miss Violet Damon and Dr. Frank Lawrence Putnam were married last evening at eight o'clock in Central Union Church, Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, the pastor, officiating. The pretty ceremony was witnessed by friends who occupied the entire auditorium, for the bride comes of a family whose lives have been linked with the development of the Ha-

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waiian Islands from their earliest days of civilization.

Seldom has a ceremony been so beautifully aided by the touch of decorative originality. The altar section was a modified Chinese and Japanese garden scene, where palms and ferns banked upon the platform steps and to the choir rail gave an effect of a cool mountain glen. At opposite ends of the rail were two floral lanterns of white asters, fragrant replicas of the quaint stone lanterns seen in oriental gardens, in each a candle burning. The two side aisles, where they opened into the space immediately before the platform, were guarded by beautiful Japanese torii gates worked out with flowers and vines. The posts and lower crosspieces were formed of white chrysanthemums and white asters, the top part of maile. Swinging gates of gilded bamboo, covered with a fretwork of asters and maile, gave an unusually picturesque effect. The aisles were also flanked with pillars wound with maile and topped with ferns and the feathery plumes of sugar cane, satin ribbons confining the pillars to the pews.

When the Mendelssohn wedding march was played, a quartet of children, two boys and two girls, walked down the main aisle, and, separating before the chancel, went two by two to the torii gates. Fol-

lowing came a bevy of beautiful bridesmaids, two by two, who marched slowly and in stately manner down the Waikiki aisle. As they neared the floral gates they swung inward, and the bridesmaids passed into the garden, forming a lane through which the dainty maids of honor, Miss Vera Damon, sister of the bride, and Miss Beatrice Castle, passed. The bridesmaids and maids of honor formed an extremely pretty group of dainty maidenhood, each gowned in Nile green liberty satin gown, en traine, with silver trimmings. The maids of honor carried bouquets of purple and white violets.

The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Hedemann, Miss Nora Sturgeon, Miss Else Schaefer, Miss Alice Roth, Miss Perrin; and the ushers were Messrs. Harold Castle, Doctor Hedemann, J. McKinnon, Sherwood Lowrey, George Brown.

The bride entered the church leaning upon the arm of her father, Frank W. Damon. She was remarkably self-possessed as she passed through the lane of maile pillars, and was very beautiful in her gown of white satin with lace overdress, the train garnished with orange blossoms. Upon her tulle veil headdress was an empire wreath of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of the fragrant blossoms. The sleeves of the gown were trimmed with pearl passementerie. The ushers entered the garden by the Ewa torii gates, after which both gates were closed until the ceremony was concluded.

At the chancel, the bride was met by her future husband, who was supported by his best man, Mr. Charles Rice of Kauai. Assisting Dr. Scudder was Rev. John P. Erdman. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Scudder, Mr. Damon giving his daughter away. Rev. Mr. Erdman offered prayer and Dr. Scudder the benediction.

It was a short, simple ceremony, and then to the gay strains of the wedding march from Tannhauser the bride and groom passed out of

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the church by the central aisle, followed by the maid of honor, bridesmaids and ushers. The bridal party and intimate friends motored at once to Moanalua where a reception was held.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Damon, both of whom descend from famous families. The bride's grandfather was Rev. Samuel Damon, who was known to sailors from all the Four Seas as Father Damon, pastor of the Seaman's Bethel of Honolulu. The wife of Father Damon was the daughter of Samuel Mills of "Haystack Meeting" fame, one of the five young men who met and decided that they should go out into the world to advance the cause of Christianity among heathen people. The bride's mother is the daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Hopper, one of the early and well-known American missionaries to China. Mr. and Mrs. Damon spent much time in China and it was due to their religious associations with the Chinese that decorations were given an oriental tone.

Doctor Putnam, the groom, is a well-known resident of the Island of Kauai, a rising young practicing physician, who is also a member of the Hawaiian Territorial Medical Association.

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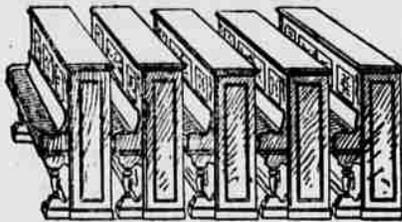
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