

# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."—S. Matthew II:9.

LAST LINES.

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler is the world's storm-  
troubled sphere;  
I see heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming  
me from fear.

O God, within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life, that in me has rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power  
in thee!  
—Emily Bronte.

During the past six months the King's Daughters and their friends have been busily engaged in making garments for Christmas for the poor. Last Tuesday evening the articles of clothing were sent to Mrs. H. H. Williams, where the Circle met to look over their handiwork. It was a most interesting and wonderful exhibit. By actual count there were three hundred new garments of all shapes and sizes and the Circle were indeed well satisfied at their effort.

Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, of New York, who died in California last April, after making bequests of more than \$100,000 to charitable institutions, and moderate legacies to her relatives leaves the residue of her estate estimated at from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 for the erection of modern tenements, the education of negroes in Africa and the United States, of North American Indians and needy deserving white students.

M. Vallon of the French Academy of Medicine, has made a detailed study of one hundred and fifty-one persons charged with murder or attempted murder.

Forty-nine cases were directly traceable to alcoholism in some one of its various forms recognized by the profession. His studies, which have extended over a period of twenty years, warrant him in asserting that the greatest factor in criminality is alcoholism.

An Irish evangelist always addressed his hearers as "dear souls," but he came to grief when, addressing an audience in Ireland, he called them "dear Cork souls."

A SONG IN EXILE.

The rustling palms bend readily  
Between the sun and me;  
The trades blow warm and steadily  
Across the turquoise sea;  
But I'd rather feel the March wind  
bite  
In the country of the free.

Hibiscus and camelias  
Bloom here abundantly,  
And roses and gardenias—  
The sweetest flowers there be—  
But I'd rather see through the bare  
north woods  
One bridal dogwood tree.

The tropic light is mellow  
As a lamp in a lighted room;  
The sun shines high and yellow  
In the quivering, cloudless dome;  
But, oh, for the snow and the cruel  
cold  
And the rigors of my home!  
—Alice Duer Miller.

Canon Mackintosh, formerly, for many years, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Honolulu, has been appointed to the Vicarage of Holme-next-the-Sea, King's Lynn.

When the presidential party reached New Orleans, behind schedule time, October 31, the public procession was countermanded to allow the President to keep an appointment he had made previously to lunch with Archbishop Blenk. The other guests included Messrs. Dickinson, Hitchcock and Nagel of

the cabinet; Governor Sanders, of Louisiana; Mayor Behrman, of New Orleans; Father Reaney, Chaplain of the Mississippi; Mr. Randsdell, the district congressman; General Behan, Postmaster, and Captain Butt, the President's aide. The archbishop in an informal talk paid tribute to the President's devotion to justice in handling difficult problems in Porto Rico and elsewhere. The party, accompanied by Rev. P. J. Kennedy, S. J., motored to the Jesuit College, where they were received by the Rector, Rev. E. Mattern, S. J., and faculty, and for each Mr. Taft had a word of greeting. Over 1,000 students and alumni, assembled in the college court, greeted the President with the college yell when he appeared. He said: "My boys, I am very glad to greet you. I have visited institutions of learning conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in other cities, and one while I was acting in a governmental capacity 10,000 miles from here. If the educational training is as thorough here, which I doubt not, as it was in the others, I am sure you are in the right place." Having attended the Waterways Convention and several public functions, Mr. Taft left the following farewell message: "Tell the good people of your delightful city that I carry away with me the memory of the most pleasant, instructive and noteworthy trip since I have been President, and I look forward to a return to New Orleans in the future and then I shall have Mrs. Taft to share your hospitality with me." Speaking of his entire trip through the South, Mr. Taft said he had been "charmed with the friendliness and hospitality of the people," but made special mention of the "heartfelt greetings of New Orleans," and "the tolerant and broad freedom of Louisiana which might well be imitated by other States."

A small boy makes his way to the counter behind which the grocer is rushing back and forth. "Ma wants

two pounds of butter," he says, "and she wants it exactly like that last you sent us. If it ain't just like that, she don't want it." The grocer became interested at once. He repeated the order in a loud tone of voice so that everyone in the store might hear. "So your mother wants two pounds of that same butter we sent her last time, does she? Well, young man, she'll get it. There are some grocers who always growl whenever a customer is particular. I'm not that sort. I cater to particular trade. I like folks who like nice things and I try to please them. You know," he rattled on as he wrapped up a loaf of bread, "the folks who are particular about their table are usually the ones that's the most profitable to deal with in the long run. People who buy one egg and one potato at a time usually want 90 days' credit. Your mother's the kind of customer I like to have, sonny; I'll wait on you in a moment." Having thus improved to the utmost his opportunity to advertise himself, the grocer snapped the cord on the bread package and made for the refrigerator, where the butter was kept. "Be sure to get the same kind," the boy called after him. "A lot of pa's relatives is visiting at our house and ma says she don't want 'em to come no more."

\* \* \*

#### FELLOWSHIP.

When a man ain't got a cent and  
he's feeling kind of blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy,  
an' won't let the sunshine thru;  
It's a great thing, O my brethren,  
for a feller just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder in a  
friendly sort of way!

It makes a man feel queerish, it  
makes the tear-drops start,  
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the  
region of your heart;  
You can't look up and meet his  
eyes; you don't know what to  
say,

When his hand is on your shoulder  
in a friendly sort of way!

O, the world's a curious compound,  
with its honey and its gall,  
With its care and bitter crosses, but  
a good worl' after all;  
An' a good God must have made  
it—leastways that is what I say  
When a hand is on my shoulder in  
a friendly sort of way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian held its twenty-seventh annual meeting toward the end of October. There was a good deal of discursive talk upon what ought to be done for the Indian and how to improve the Department that has charge of him, and Commissioner Valentine had some suggestions more or less practical. He held that the salaries of agents ought to be raised, judging it criminal negligence to pay the one on the Osage Reservation only \$2,000 a year. He thought that the Indians ought to learn to speak, read and write English, to do arithmetic, to say "good morning" and "good afternoon," and to look people squarely between the eyes. He did not explain the special efficacy of "good morning" and "good afternoon" in promoting the comfort of the Indians, nor why they could not be just as happy saying: "Klahowya tilikum" as they do on the Northwest Coast, and he has not, apparently, enquired why it is that the Indian does not look people squarely between the eyes. There are many highly cultured nations amongst whom such looking is considered most disrespectful. If one thinks over it he finds the idea quite natural, and therefore not beyond the Indian's notions of propriety. If such be his opinion, what is to be gained by bringing him to our irreverence? Mr. Valentine has a plan for dealing with Indian lands. There are 300,000 Indians to be cared for; the lands are worth hundreds of millions if properly developed according to economic principles. But perhaps the Indian does not want his lands developed. His experience has taught him what Mr. Valentine ignores, that lands which in their natural condition tempt the avarice of what this real friend of his race rightly calls "the bad white man," would if improved and exploited be an irresistible bait.

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#### AN EDITOR'S BRIEF NOTES.

December 4.

Liliuokalani goes to Washington today.

We shall none of us die any sooner for wishing the Orphans had a truly home of their own.

As there seems no time like the present, we can but heartily wish that Her Majesty had begun, at least one, of the Orphan Homes and

then she would have had the delight and joy of seeing the same a real charity and growing in help and comfort under her royal commands. We know there are a few little orphans having shelter at the Industrial Home for lack of any other.

We must believe with Longfellow that there is no time like the present (times). "Trust no future howe'er pleasant, etc." These wills "gang aft agley." (And if the patient reader will pardon our many quotations, all so familiar.) And "a bird in the hand is worth two— (in the will often). So there it is "An' pity 'tis 'tis true." Adieu and good luck to your Majesty.

Her Majesty's will is doubtless good as to the "orphans;" but, personally, we wish she had made provision to house them in Washington Place the coming year; that would have been something dead sure and tangible to see, with her own eyes.

As it is we can but hope some Great heart will start even a small home for the little ones; for, a gift of five thousand and an endowment of five more would shelter and feed a baker's dozen. The Associated Charities would donate the rich children's clothing, a little at a time, as it came in. It all seems so feasible to us and simple (not foolish) the simple life an' its easy plans.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home. And no concrete walls are requisite we aver and declare.

We are thankful, while not a planter, for this glorious rain as we live and thrive by the cane of the land; and so thrives the entire Territory or thrive not at all!

When Sugar suffers hardship, we all must bear a part, down to the last pansy. Think thereupon.

Don't be as narrow as baby ribbon (and as blue) but wide, oh so wide like the wonderful sash ribbons full of roses shiny soft pliable length after length, (and at very reasonable prices, we must write.) Many went out yesterday in the downpour to make perfectly sure that pure water was ours and plentiful. "It is so fine this rain this wet, you bet!" We don't endorse, be it said, one word of slang—even of one syllable.

It is not nice to be personal and no one has spoken to us about the orphans, one word.

We are glad to see that Doctor S—— approves of early rising, for he "takes something" every

morning at 6 promptly at Nolte's; and there are others at the Cafe and all about. The town is not asleep then if a few are sleeping it is all right (all wrong).

The milk men and the ice men and the newspaper folk are watching out for the wet and dry goods; and also there's peace at the post-office to mail without any shoving. (Oh it's a foine time o' the day!)

Dr. Sc—— came in all the heaviest rain (up two long flights) to hand us a cheque for the Times for 1910.

Long may he reign over his work of pouring down bread and cheese. He laughed and didn't mind it a little bit even, for like all he was happy about the storm; and he had such a lot of places to go, too, with his hands full. (Look at the sunshine.)

Heyday! What a beautiful world is this Honolulu, and its rainbows (in the morning) while these rains were gathering, backing and filling—backing and filling, the army of the sky!

We believe His Majesty King Edward can take care of England and Parliament, easy!

Minister Forster is now at home at the British Consulate and that gentleman, too, renewed his subscription. So it all points to a year of plenty for dis velly pore "devil."

(Who goes for copy and sweeps out, now? Well.) Dess we no who duz.

Gee up thar, go 'long!

Indeed Christmas is coming to this earth soon, now. Tell all the birds to sing, tell all the bells to ring that Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Even did we have no almanac, we should ken by the windows that some wonderful season, very close upon us for they all take on a most exquisite holiday attire and shine and glitter with loveliness.

It is noon now and the sun is shining, so we shall have a fair Sunday for everybody to go to church and no excuses.

Liliuokalani must have expended a goodly sum of gold in Washington the past years of her sojourn there and many have been benefited from her bounty. Washington is a costly city for residence in winter time.

We can but heartily wish that Congress will kindly consider her wishes and the object of her visit at this time.

The tiny son and heir, at St.

Elizabeth's parsonage, is "Edward Edgerton."

Dec. 7. It might clear off today. December 6, Monday.

We made a great blunder about the "fair Sunday!" Neither did we go to church. But it was a fine day for gentlemen to go, nevertheless.

The ministers were all there—the priests and the parson.

It is now 12 m. and the sky is dark.

December 10, Friday.

The Arcona (cruiser) will always find a good long pull in this port of Honolulu and we will all watch out for her lovely neighborly face. What a friend in bitter distress she proved!

We must never neglect the sailor after this.

The French as well as the English suffragettes seem to be equal to the need:

"They point out how, through the influence of the women voters, the drink curse has been diminished in the above-named countries, and all but extirpated in some of them, and hygienic improvements introduced into factories and workshops and wages raised, and overwork prevented, and protection secured for children."

(All this is certainly a strong and mighty argument.) Well, what is to be, will be.

#### Japan.

The diplomatic party was met at the wharf by several automobiles and a representation of prominent local Japanese. Baron and Baroness Uchida went with Consul-General Uyeno to his home and were his guests at dinner, later attending a reception given by the consul-general.

The Japanese all seemed as merry as if they had, every one, been present at that reception and eaten of that fine feast. In imagination likely they did.

Dr. Mitamura is a great favorite in the medical profession and socially—a plain, honest-hearted practical man. We could wish that all of the Japanese would try to be a good deal like to the doctor.

We are having finest days at this date and the stores are beautiful in their new holiday attire, for us all to stand about and admire, and the streets are pretty well filled in the early morning and late afternoon. Then, there are fine "sales" on—sort of side shows with fine work to show and to sell. All of these keep

the ball arolling and add to the zest of December.

(We are sorry to miss Judge Woodruff, indeed.) Not quite perfectly sure, in this fleeting world, even of a Federal judge. Liable to flit, even where one may look upon the same as not probable at all.

On the whole, we would not seek or desire, the office of judge.

"Personally the unusual opportunities for lay-missionary work here, the character of the active citizens who are plunging into that work heart and soul, and the great results they are accomplishing, causes one of my deepest regrets for leaving. I have never seen a community where such a large proportion of the active business citizens were not only decent, honorable men, but also broad-minded, great-hearted, and willing to expend time, energy, and money for the uplift of the community. I have been welcomed as a recruit in this corps of fighters, and feel a heart tug at stepping out of their ranks.—Judge Woodruff.

December 18.

Now, honest John Hughes is amongst us once again (back from the land of the potato and the poverty, the brogue and the blarney stone), the dear Territory ought to rest secure and safe.

But Hughes loves his native land and never will slight her. And no one can deny a good potato; we see very few of the fine Irish potato in Honolulu. We formerly had a good kind from New Zealand and also onions.

The shops make a beautiful picture of the city at this time of the year and Merry Christmas is on every wall and window-pane in works of art and skill.

No where, in the world, can tradesmen display finer wares or better taste. Now look in at May's and you'll be dazed to know what you can swallow—so many bottles and jugs and boxes and bags—kegs and barrels even! But oh my! the babies' shoes, the dolls and tin trumpet, and moving toys from Germany delight our eyes and excite our wonder. Do you ever think of the ingenuity and patience of those toy-makers, contriving toys for all the children of the civilized world, so to speak. For the best toys, often tiny mimic affairs, come from the Faderland. Many, of course, too, from Switzerland, etc., made in the little poor homes of the poor, in the long evenings. If the

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ANNE M. PRESCOTT,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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toy making, the clock and watch making, the lace making, were taken from those artisans of continental Europe north, it would be almost famine to them, likely.

They are cunning workmen indeed—men, women and even the children learn very young.

We must now wish all our readers the happiest of holidays—an overflow—to last the twelve months out of 1910—a little toy of happiness for every day of the New Year.

This Saturday, one week to Christmas, is made up of brightest sunshine and sharpest showers, almost as cool and keen as hail. But a few minutes and all is pau as to the rain, mud remains and sticks, however. The wide sidewalk of Bishop street is a great comfort, like everything else about the Young Cafe as you can see and taste and know.

If you cross over, there is the great curio emporium of Steiner, with its native tapa and weaving yards in length, its multitude of stamps and endless device of ivory, metal, etc., invented and made in the dim and misty past—a variety to suit any and every purse.

It is a museum indeed.

We need not go farther and we should not fare worse if our public officials were all gentlemen of our own dear Honolulu.

We have plenty at home, thick as kiawe trees, for finest judges; and a number that would make most excellent, as head over the schools Mr. Babbitt has done a giant's work, faithful to the letter and persistent for the right. He is not a mint and could not coin coin, even in an emergency; but he is true metal, square as a die.

He is ever courteous and amiable—has self-command.

We should not like as we say to be judge even in Honolulu, but of the two we would choose the judgeship rather than "Supt. of Common Schools."

So there it is, and, we must con-

fess, to being a little "shy" of the woman ballot; and yet, we would not like to seem to heave even half a curb-stone at Progress.

If ever anyone liked good sweet fun, we believe that especial one to be. Artist Wilder; and, wherever any fun is to, ought to, go on, he will try to help it to go on and to make a success and an excess of itself.

When Christmas time comes, then be around, look round for A. W.

It has occurred to us also, at odd times, that we might like to saunter, go jogging about Makiki and Manoa, in one of those Post-office easy carts with a well-fed steed (attached to £20 or one hundred dollars per month say, or so). Just to pick up a bit of mail on those lovely hills. That work, or the water-cart, appeals to us as not exacting too much mental activity; but neither a judge's bench nor a school bench can we covet.

Prof. Wood is a wise man to prefer to stay put; he is doing handsome work inside, even if the factory itself is not a born beauty; and, if climbers and trees will be kind and grow fast and grow in profusion, as at the Royal, it will very soon conceal, in a way, the blank bare-faced front of the building.

The Normal at all rates has a fine site, better even than the High; for we like the upland always, where pupils are to stop all day.

The air is better and the street noise and traffic are below.

The Industrial School is now a beauty spot; and Kaiulani will help, by taking down the ugly fence between and planting hollyhocks corn and cornflowers, as is seen in lieu of fences in New England. Rock and fern might do.

December 19.

This time, I am writing for a few minutes, is Sunday night. "The greatest of the sons of men have been sometimes found in the lowliest walks of life."

The late Mine horror gives full proof of this assertion!

December 20.

My pen stumbles, and goes a halting uneven pace, when called upon to record the sorrowful and mournful paragraphs that tell only of grief, and the examples of the uncertainty of human life—here today and gone tomorrow. The entire community comments in hushed and mournful tones, with words of

loving sympathy and pity on every side, at every corner, and in every place of meeting, for the dead and the dear ones left behind to carry the burden of their loss from day to day.

We speak of Mr. Wilmott L. Vredenburg and of Miss Harriet Smith, both meeting death from accident. May the souls of the departed rest in peace.

(End of our December "notes.")



We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home, It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome.

It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town.

And when 'twas dedicated, why we planked ten thousand down;

That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best—

And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church—very finest in the land,

It's got a thousand pipes or more, its melody is grand.

And when we sit in cushioned pews, and hear the master play,

It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away.

It cost a cool three thousand, and it's stood the hardest test;

We'll pay a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas;

They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze.

They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more,

And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet on the floor.

No; it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest,

When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says, "We'll pay the rest."

Of course, we're proud of our big church, from pulpit up to spire;

It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire.

But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks,

I somehow feel the church is built on women's tired backs,

And sometimes I can't help thinking when we reach the regions blest,

That men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid—the rest.

—From The Presbyterian.

storms, and then the calm. Someone has said that "the greatest pleasure is the sudden relief from pain." And you will likely say that you know something of that "pleasure" if you ever take a trip from Honolulu to Hawaii and succeed in getting your feet safe on shore, and that part of it is pretty tolerably certain, for there is rarely an accident of any sort in this inter-island travel.

\* \* \*

JESUS ONLY.

I

Jesus only, Redeemer and King,  
To ends of the earth let the words ring;  
Jesus only, Redeemer and King,  
Set them to music—ev'ry one sing;  
Cradled in manger, died on the Cross,  
Other than that this whole world were lost;  
Set them to music—ev'ry one sing,  
Jesus only, Redeemer and King.

II.

Jesus only, Creator and King,  
To Triune God all praise we must bring;  
Out with it boldly, let the words ring,  
Jesus only, Creator and King;  
Cradle, a manger—death on the Cross,  
Other than that, this whole world were lost;  
Set them to music, ev'ry one sing,  
Jesus only, our Saviour and King.  
October, 1897.

—Anne M. Prescott.

\* \* \*

LAST TRIBUTES TO MISS SMITH.

"She is not dead—she is just away," was the pretty sentiment uttered by Dr. Doremus Scudder, pastor of Central Union church, during the services held yesterday afternoon over the remains of the late Miss Harriet D. Smith, the young woman who lost her life in Wednesday night's auto accident. It was a line taken from the beautiful verses of James Whitcomb Riley, with the gender of the personal pronoun changed. Dr. Scudder read the verses through and not only to the bereaved girl companions of the deceased, but to the company of friends gathered to pay a last tribute of affection did the verses seem singularly appropriate:

I can not say, and I will not say  
That she is dead—she is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of  
the hand,  
She has wandered into an unknown  
land,

And she left us dreaming how very  
fair  
It needs must be, since she lingers  
there.

And you—O you, who the wildest  
yearn  
For the oldtime step and the glad  
return,—

Think of her faring on, as dear  
In the love of There as the love of  
Here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Think of her as the same, I say;  
She is not dead—she is just away!

The services were held at four o'clock at the Kimball cottage on Lunalilo street where the deceased with her companions, Miss Hege-mann, Miss Lucy Hegemann and Miss Nason, have made their home since their arrival a few weeks ago on the steamship Mongolia. The beautiful casket rested in the little dining-room surrounded and laden with beautiful floral offerings. Pillows of fragrant Tantalus violets and wreaths of roses with clusters of waxen lilies were tenderly laid upon the casket.

The services, conducted by Doctor Scudder, were simple. The regular funeral service was read, and an appropriate portion of the Scriptures, while James Whitcomb Rileys verses were interpolated. There was no singing and after the brief ceremony all but intimate friends retired from the cottage, and the casket was then opened again for the dead girl's companions to gaze once more upon the face of their friend. For a few moments only these four were alone, and for the last time, and the casket was then closed and borne to the undertaking parlors of H. H. Williams, where it will remain until this afternoon when it will be taken aboard the S. S. Korea.

\* \* \*

Vancouver, British Columbia, Dec. 11.—"There has been much said in different papers about Halley's comet," says Mrs. Margaret Jaggy, a correspondent of a Canadian paper, "but I have never yet

seen in print that anyone had seen the comet on its last appearance, seventy-five years ago.

"I have seen it! I saw it in its awful splendor! If I live until next January I shall be eighty-four years old. Shall I be permitted to see it again? I was born in Mollis, the town which d'Aubigne in his 'History of the Reformation,' calls the beautiful town of Mollis, which in in the canton of Glarns, Switzerland, and I saw the light of this world on the 30th day of January, 1826, and consequently was about nine years old when the great comet appeared.

"I was a little school girl when the whole town was startled by the wonderful sight, which spanned the heavens as far as the eye could reach. Evening after evening the people gathered on the streets to behold with fear and trembling the awe-inspiring, glorious sight, and wondered what would befall the earth in consequence of it. Some said pestilence, some said war, but most of them talked about the great Judgment Day and the end of the world.

"I shall never forget my childish wonderment as to how that great thing could hang up there without falling down on us, and when I told my grandmother that I feared the end of the world she used to say that I need not fear the Lord, for when He came He would bring the millennium with Him, when everybody would be good, and even the wild animals would lie down and eat hay with our goats.

"And I presume on account of the beautiful story of the millennium in connection with the great, dreadful comet, the impression on my memory was so vivid that it has never faded, neither the comet nor the story of the millennium, and up to this day I love to read the millennium and to remember the time when in my childish heart the comet ceased to scare me.

"I look back seventy-five years and I see it again—that great and awful, mysterious something hanging up there, with its head toward the east and the measureless tail reaching as far as the eye could see until it went behind the mountains, for we have mountains all around us in Mollis. After it was all gone again I really wondered what other place was going to be scared by it. Where did it go?

"I have told my children and

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their children often about the comet, so they are not surprised to read of it in papers and are looking toward its appearing with due appreciation of coming wonders."

IN MEMORY OF MRS.  
BISHOP.

(Kamehameha Schools.)

THE WORK OF THE FOUNDER.

"It was to further the enlightenment, education and character of the people that she established these schools and made such ample provision for them, and it is in her memory that we are holding these services today. Her knowledge of the history of the rise and fall of nations and the principles upon which true progress is made, moved her to undertake this work.

"The main point which I wish to present to you is the thoughtfulness which Pauahi had for others. Few can be kings or queens or attain wealth or a high position, but all, even the youngest, can follow her example in being thoughtful of others.

LEST WE FORGET.

"We forget too easily and too much and it is well to observe anniversaries like this and be reminded of things which are helpful. Let us remember the words of Kipling: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

MRS. W. W. HALL'S TEA.

Mrs. W. W. Hall's tea was the most important, and largest function of the week. The hours were from 4 to 6 and the affair was given in honor of Mrs. Seymour Hall, the daughter-in-law of the hostess. It is no wonder that the California papers spoke in such glowing terms about this young matron, before her wedding, and at the time of that important event, which took place this autumn, for Mrs. Seymour Hall is a very pretty blonde, possesses great charm of manner and vivacity. Thursday was an ideal day, although the forepart of the afternoon was cloudy. The original intention was to have received the guests on the beautiful lawn of the Halls, but it was decided that an indoor affair would be safer. The beautiful home of the hostess—which by the way is the oldest on Nuuanu avenue, having been brought around the Horn from England in the early missionary day—was artistically decorated. Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Seymour Hall and Mrs. Stanley Roberts received in the drawing room, which had been converted into a bower with the means of pink cut flowers and maidenhair. The hostess was clad in a beautiful grey Canton crepe with touches of real lace. Mrs. Seymour Hall wore a frock of chiffon, embossed with garlands of pink rosebuds, the toilette was a French creation made in the latest mode with the puffed skirt effect and French flounce, which is finding so much favor with Dame Fashion. Mrs. Stanley Robertson, who is an old friend of the family, wore a gown of foulard in Persian elect. Mrs. A. Lewis, who was becomingly clad in a blue rajah; Miss May Damon, who wore a New York creation of cerisse chiffon-cloth, that suited her to perfection; Mrs. Malcolm MacIntyre, a daughter of the house, wore a pink figured slip crepe, a la princess, and Mrs. Edward Hall, another daughter, wore white and black. This

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coterie of charming women folk helped assist in the entertainment of the guests. The punch table was placed in the reception room. This room was decorated in roses and handsome palms, between the archway of the drawing-room and reception-room large baskets of maidenhair were suspended, the long fronds making a bower of green. The table from which the punch was served was decorated in delicate pink begonias. This pretty flower, combined with maidenhair, was scattered over the cloth, giving a much-desired effect. Miss Nora Sturgeon, in white silk crepe, and Miss Lily Paty, who was clad in a beautiful white lingerie frock, were in charge of this cooling beverage. Tea and coffee were served in the beautiful dining room, which was decorated in red carnations with a background of towering palms and maidenhair. Mrs. Andrew Fuller, who was dressed in black net with touches of black jet, and Mrs. Hobdy, who looked handsome in a pink lingerie gown, poured the coffee, while Mrs. Henry Waterhouse, who was gowned in a black crepe de chine, and Mrs. Alonzo Gartley, whose white lingerie costume was very becoming, poured the tea.

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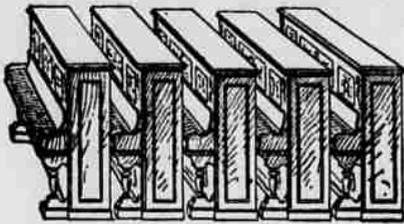
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