

# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—S. Matthew xxiv:44.

## JUST A LITTLE NERVOUS.

Disguise it as the majority tried, there was considerable apprehension among the citizens yesterday over the approaching transit of the comet and the sun. Just what was to have been expected, few knew and although there were very few who actually gave up and acknowledged that they were "scared to death," there were very many who heaved a sigh of relief when six o'clock came and the world was the same old green spot, with Diamond Head where it ought to be.

Schaefer & Co. withdrew from the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association last March. The firm was a member nomially only, as it was never represented at the meetings of the association, nor ever took any active part in the work.

## GETTING OUT THE NEWS.

Queen Victoria died on January 23, 1901. A day later the steamship Sonoma sailed with the news from San Francisco for Honolulu, arriving here on January 30. A week thus passed before the people in this city knew of the death of the British Sovereign.

Yesterday, at midnight in London, King Edward breathed his last. At the corresponding time the hands of the Honolulu clocks pointed to thirty-three minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon. Before half-past two o'clock, within sixty minutes after the death in London, the news was on a bulletin board and posted in The Advertiser window.

## KING EDWARD.

Britain's sons, wherever they may be, grieve today for the death of their sovereign, King Edward VII., who answered the call yesterday

which all must hear, be he crowned head or peasant.

With their grief the sons of Columbia can sympathize and in their sorrow we can join. In the death of Edward the loss is to the world; Great Britain sorrows for the passing of a wise and potent ruler; America grieves for the death of a nation's friend; the world feels the taking away of one who had for his aim during the past several years the preservation of the world's peace.

Queen Alexandra, who will have an annual allowance of \$350,000, will adopt the title of the Queen Mother.

In 1901, when the venerable and venerated Queen Victoria breathed her last, Edward quietly stepped into her place. He was devoted to his mother and her death cut him to the heart, but he knew that he owed a service to his country and he took up his new duties with a willing, albeit a heavy, heart. And from the first he showed himself to be of a caliber ample to fill his mother's place. Many difficult problems came to him to solve but his judgment was ever clear. He showed himself to be as good a judge of counselors as king as he had been a judge of friends while prince, and Britain under his rule continued to flourish as she had during the reign of Victoria.

But nine years Edward sat upon the throne of Britain, but during those nine years he showed himself to be a fit successor to his illustrious namesake, the Confessor. Edward Wettin, descendant of a long line of German princes, was Briton to the backbone—not English, not Scotch, not Irish, not Welsh—but clean, loyal Briton.

## KING GEORGE V.

"No less confident am I in the universal and loving sympathy which is assured to my dearest mother in her overwhelming grief. Standing here little more than nine

years ago, our beloved King declared that so long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his subjects. I am sure that the opinion of the whole nation will be that this declaration has been fully carried out."

King George delivered a brief, but earnest address. He exhibited deep emotion as he announced his determination to endeavor under the guidance of God to maintain the high traditions of the British court and to fulfill to the best of his ability the great trust reposed in him.

## KALIKO.

By Anne M. Prescott.

Here's my "sweet-pretty" Kaliko,  
With her round face so smooth and brown,  
The sparkling black eyes all aglow—  
I'd risk to match her 'gainst the town—  
She cannot boast a single curl,  
But in her mouth two rows of pearl,  
Ah, she is native true as true—  
The taro-patch and holoku—  
My little Kaliko.

She knows this earth a fairy-land,  
In which to sing and sail and swim  
And run about to hear the band,  
All full of mirth up to the brim;  
(Now, shuffling small feet through  
the sand,—)  
Ah, she is native true as true,  
The taro-patch and holoku,  
That little Kaliko.

In her guileless honest heart,  
Envy or malice own no part;  
She's a brownie and all is said—  
Poi for her and never bread—  
Ah, she's a native through and through,  
The taro-patch and holoku,  
My little Kaliko.

## MESSAGE OF QUEEN MOTHER.

"From the depth of my poor broken heart I wish to express to the whole nation and our kind peo-

ple we love so well my deepfelt thanks for all their touching sympathy in my overwhelming sorrow and unspeakable anguish.

"Not alone have I lost everything in him, my beloved husband, but the nation, too, has suffered an irreparable loss when their best friend, father and sovereign thus suddenly was called away. May God give us all His divine help to bear this heaviest of crosses which he has seen fit to lay upon us. 'His will be done.'

"Give to me a thought in your prayers which will comfort and sustain me in all that I have to go through. Let me take this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks for all the touching letters and tokens of sympathy I have received from all classes, high and low, rich and poor, which are so numerous that I fear it would be impossible for me to ever thank everybody individually.

"I confide my dear son into your care, who, I know, will follow in his dear father's footsteps, begging you to show him the same loyalty and devotion you showed his dear father. I know both my dear son and daughter-in-law will do their utmost to merit and keep it."

#### THE ROYAL CHAIR.

The chair in which all the English sovereigns for the past 500 years have sat to be crowned is a rough wooden affair, with a Gothic back. It stands on the backs of four wooden lions and has underneath the seat the famous "Stone of Scone," on which the Scottish sovereigns, down to the time when there was none, knelt to be crowned. The stone is said to be the same which Jacob used for a pillow when he had his well known ladder dream, but this part of the story need not necessarily be believed. The throne in the House of Lords is modeled after the famous old chair, which latter is kept just behind the reredos in Westminster Abbey.

Honolulu will not be the same to old residents now that David Dayton has passed away. He was a gentleman of the old-fashioned type respected by everyone, and people returning to the city after an absence of some years were accustomed to find most everything changed except good old Uncle

David. Mr. Dayton did a tremendous amount of good work as a member and officer of many fraternal organizations in which he was a pioneer. This was done without ostentation and with an extreme deliberation that occasioned good-natured comment. He had the kind heart and bounteous good will that gave him a special place in the affections of the younger generation, who were pleased to honor a member of the old guard.

According to reports where they are at work, the good Russian is a pretty good fellow.

The true Russian workingman is stolid, strong, stubborn, slow, strange, honest, truthful, incomprehensible (in toto), to the American mind. Fact.

Editor.

ALOHA.

"The welcome extended to the San Gabriel is not extended alone by Portuguese to Portuguese, but by the people of Hawaii to the representatives of a good people."

May 10.—Well, we must call today "King Manuel's weather"; and finer never blew out of the sky, so say we all of us. It is indeed a perfect day. We do hope the cruiser San Gabriel will be happy in our port and wish to come again and often.

It is for principles not politics, the Times, my good friend. See?

Oh, we like Mrs. Taylor, the florist, first rate.

"Now please go back there and take any flower you like; yes, go and help yourself."

The butcher never says: "Take any roast you like best." Not he.

And that gas man would like to credit us with a big stove and not even give to us an inch ad.

Aole maikai.

We like the Hawaiian Electric Co. light all right. They have helped us through the dark days. With all our might we sing, "electric light every night." And their ice is nice, too!

We like Hall's corner. It is a delightful corner for the public; and, a cheap place to buy and most reliable in every possible way. It is

a grand store for the farmer to look over.

The eatables are at May's and at Day's. What a mixed multitude of food to look at! It is something amazing, from every part of the civilized world it hails—that produce.

It does indeed make one take off his hat, to see the industry, ingenuity and device put forth, in preserving food for consumers displayed in these big stores. It is a marvel.

We like to reflect on these talents of mankind, of the many avenues of farm, factory and skill.

At Lewers & Cooke again. Just look at the locks, bolts, knobs, nails, etc., and many of them are things of beauty, exquisite mechanism, done in steel, brass, copper—beautiful metal work. To create and to work out a design in something useful!

But the cook at Nolte's designs a good lunch (that is, something) for one quarter every day.

The San Gabriel knows now what Honolulu days are like!

And they know now, why we boast of our climate!

May 14.—They can see the comet, too, every morning. It is all in view from the back of the Elite.

The Planters say they will dispense with Russia hereafter—required rather too much dispensing. It must be granted that if they came from a cold region they kept us all in hot water, pretty well and often.

They may pan out as citizens after all and the children will get on, we believe.

These people all work out a heap of patience in the Planter, after all; for it is brought home to him in many ways how often totally blind and uninformed they really are. It is sometimes truly pitiful, their obtuse, dense mentality and lack of comprehension of what is about them. But when one thinks of the peasant of Russia for centuries! It is not hard to fathom these people. We believe they will work, once at it. The climate ought to make them peaceful, after one year.

The Elite is certainly a fine place with the Young Hotel in front and

the Comet at the back; and we write that with a big C.

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

We looked over Aliiolani College, Palolo.

And we could not fancy any building for school purposes, of its size, more to our mind. It seems precisely adapted to this climate.

Mr. L. G. Blackman, the principal, planned the same and overlooked it in its construction; so, as he said, "it suits him."

It would suit anyone so far as coolness, open doors and windows, wide lanais and staircases and finest views on every side and from every lookout, are concerned. It is, too, homelike; a cosy, come-in-and-rest air about it, upstairs and down.

There is no vacant look in any part on account of the brown color of the wood throughout and the construction, likely.

It is a harmonious whole and a very pleasing.

There are about five acres of ground and good vegetable beds in plenty.

Were we to build a house, large or small, we would certainly ask Mr. Blackman to lend us his wise and artistic head in the matter.

Senator Dickey, who has but just completed a tour of the world said, this morning, (being of sound mind and in good health generally). "There is no place, no place in all the world, like Honolulu."

And then, as if to ratify and confirm the same, he rapped his umbrella impressively upon the car floor, looking reflectively meanwhile at the sky and the hill-tops that he had missed for so many long months.

Steiner-st. forever — Elite, on the side.

Beakbane's artistic engraving. Mr. Du Roi is a ready helper in times of despair.

To give quickly, for relief, is twice given!—"Honolulu for me."

Valdemar Knudsen. And that's the little citizen of Kauai. Do you know the tiny knight?

Do not forget Miss Jonson's

place on Fort-st. Help a woman every time.

There was an old man lived in a wood,

As you can plainly see,  
Who said he could do more work  
in a day

Than his wife could do in three.

"If that be so," the old woman said,

"Why this you must allow,  
That you shall do my work for  
one day

While I go drive the plough.

"But you must milk the Tiny cow  
For fear she should go dry;

And you must feed the little pigs  
That are within the sty.

"And you must watch the bracket  
hen

Lest she should go astray;  
And you must wind the reel of  
yarn

That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took the staff in  
her hand

And went to drive the plough;  
The old man took the pail in his  
hand

And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny hunched, and Tiny  
flinched,

And Tiny cocked her nose;  
And Tiny hit the old man such a  
kick

That the blood ran down to his  
hose.

'Twas "Hey, my good cow!" and  
"Ho, my good cow!"

And "Now, my good cow stand  
still,

If ever I milk this cow again  
'Twill be against my will."

But Tiny hunched, and Tiny  
flinched,

And Tiny cocked her nose;  
And Tiny hit the old man such a  
kick

That the blood ran down to his  
hose.

And when he'd milked the Tiny  
cow

For fear she should go dry,  
Why then he fed the little pigs  
That were within the sty.

And then he watched the bracket  
hen

Lest she should go astray;  
But he forgot the reel of yarn  
His wife spun yesterday.

He swore by all the stars in  
heaven

And all the leaves on the tree  
That his wife could do more work  
in a day

Than he could do in three.

He swore by all the leaves on the  
tree,

And all the stars in heaven  
That his wife could do more work  
in a day

Than he could do in seven.

If the rest of the world has been so well favored with things comet as has Hawaii, they are lucky. The comet has been quite plainly in sight for over a week during the early morning hours; in fact, so early that quite a number still scoff at statements made by those who have seen the beautiful sight in the eastern sky.

Very few are now living who recall seeing Halley's comet in 1835, the date of the last visit of this flaming sword. It is reported that there are a few old Hawaiians here in the islands who claim that they can faintly remember the last visit of the comet, and they state that there was a small shower of stones on one of the days that the comet was in the heavens.—Evening Bulletin.

Washington, April 8.—President Taft has appointed Rev. Father Charles Warren Currier Ph. D., of the bureau of Catholic Indian missions, to represent the Smithsonian Institution and Catholic University of America at the International Congress of Americanists, which will be held May 16 at Buenos Ayres in connection with the hundredth anniversary celebration of the Argentine Republic.

#### DIED.

FERN—In this city, April 28, 1910, Sheba Alapai, beloved wife of Mayor J. J. Fern, a native of Honolulu.

CLUNEY—In Honolulu, April 28, 1910, Captain John C. Clune, a native of Fall River, Mass., aged 71 years.

Word has been received of the death of Robert K. Krout, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, on April 25. He was the father of Miss

**THE  
HONOLULU TIMES**

Elite Building, Room 2.

**ANNE M. PRESCOTT,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

JUNE, . . . . . 1910

Mary H. Krout, the well-known newspaper woman, once on the staff of The Advertiser. Her many friends in the Islands will regret to hear of her sorrow.

Capt. J. H. Black, an old kamaaina, died May 19, in Philadelphia. Capt. Black recently suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, according to a letter received some days ago from his sister by James McLean, and his death was not unexpected.

**KNELL OF ROYALTY.**

The great bell of St. Paul's was not tolled for Prince Henry of Battenberg, because he was not in the line of descent from any English sovereign, says the Westminster Gazette. This honor is paid only to a member of the royal family who could under any conceivable circumstance succeed to the throne; though it may be doubted whether the bell would toll for a royal infant not in the direct line of succession. This rule does not apply to the consort of the sovereign, or the heir apparent or of a Prince or Princess on the steps of the throne. The booming of the great bell of St. Paul's was the first intimation which the citizens of London received of the death of the Prince Consort, which occurred at 11 o'clock on the night of Saturday December 14, 1861.

Outside the royal family the only persons for whom the bell tolls are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of St Paul's, and the Lord Mayor of London dying in his year of office. The bell tolled is not "Great Paul," but the old great bell on which the hours are struck. On the occurrence of a death in the royal family the Home Secretary at once communicates with the Lord Mayor, desiring him to convey the news to the Dean of St. Paul's, with a request that the great bell may be

tolled. The bell is then tolled at intervals of a minute for an hour. The last occasion was on the death of the Duke of Clarence, on January 14, 1892. The Duke died at 9:15 a. m., and the bell was tolled from 11 till 12. At the funeral of Canon Liddon, in September, 1890, "Great Paul," which is much the deeper and more sonorous bell of the two was made available, as by the rules the old great bell could not be used.

**KING EDWARD VII.**

The greatest, the best-loved King is dead.

The Peace-maker and Peace-lover is dead.

"Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God"

Capt. J. H. Black, kamaaina, veteran of the Civil War, forty-niner, adventurer and one of the best-known and most respected men who ever lived in Honolulu, is dead, death having found the old man in his boyhood home near Philadelphia.

Captain Black was a resident of Honolulu from 1865 until a few months ago. He held several positions of trust in the Hawaiian government at different times, and for ten years was an owner and a part-owner of The Advertiser, having purchased this paper from H. M. Whitney, the founder, in 1870, being for a short time the editor. The Hawaiian Gazette was published by the deceased, as well as the Kuokoa.

**FROM SENATOR GORDON'S  
SPEECH ON RETIRING  
FROM THE SENATE.**

Now gentlemen, I did not get up here just to make you laugh. I want to tell you something that will not make you laugh. Down in Mississippi where I live, when I go home and go to my bed to sleep and dream sweet dreams of the hours I have spent here in the Senate, I sleep with the sword of Damocles hanging over my head. We have a problem to settle there that I want you to help me settle. I do not ask you to agree with me, but I ask you to talk with me and listen to what I have to say, and, in kindness and friendship, I want to see Mason and Dixon's line obliterated from the map of the United States and on it

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the words written "Our country." (Applause on the floor and in the galleries.)

I am now going to say something that is unpopular in my section of the country. If I were an office seeker I might be tempted to do wrong, but I always did say before my people what I thought was right. I think that Mr. Rockefeller is a good man, and am going to think so until some one shows me that he has done wrong. I see his employes very often and I never saw one of them who did not speak well of him. I am told that he never had a strike among his employes. I am told another thing—that he has given more millions—I do not think much of him for that, because he had more than he had any use for, but he has given more of them—to the poor, to charity, to the churches, to education, and to build hospitals all over the country where they are needed for his employes, where they can go when they are sick and be cared for, than any other man. If anybody in the United States does not like that let them put it in their pipes and smoke it. (Laughter.) I have said it.

Coster—'Ere, wot abaht it?

Hawker—Wot abaht wot?

Coster—Wot abaht wot yer said abaht me?

Hawker—Well, wot abaht it?—Punch.

The great Duke of Wellington when taunted with being an Irishman, is said to have observed that a man is not a horse because he had been born in a stable, and William Thompson might equally exclaim that one is not a fish if he happened to be born at sea. It

is true Thompson first beheld the light of day in the Emerald Isle, but he was of Scotch parentage and passed practically the whole of his long life in Scotland, while, when he was raised to the peerage it was not to Ireland he went for a title, as assuredly he would have done had he considered himself to be an Irishman, the Kelvin being a small stream which runs through the City of Glasgow. It is quite proper, of course, to speak of Lord Kelvin as a Britisher, as here one is an American whether his birthplace be in Massachusetts, California, or Ohio.

WILLIAM AULD.

Brooklyn, April 11.

When Charlotte Bronte went up to London to confer with her publishers, after the phenomenal success of her first novel "Jane Eyre," the literary world, and, to some extent, the fashionable world also, endeavored to do her honor, but found this hospitable intention balked by the invincible timidity of the "shy little brown bird," as Thackeray called her. Thackeray was the first literary personage to recognize the young author, sending, care of her publishers, a copy of his "Vanity Fair," marked "With the grateful regards of W. M. Thackeray," before he knew he was addressing a comparatively young girl. Thackeray, if anybody, could have overcome the diffidence of the retiring rustic maid; but even that genial host found himself defeated in his kindly attempt to afford her a little experience of London lionizing. This disposition to shrink from notice followed Charlotte Bronte throughout her life, and, undoubtedly, curtailed very sharply the circle of her friendships, which might have been wide and interesting.

"ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS."

"First William, the Norman, then  
William, his son,  
Henry, Stephen and Henry, then  
Richard and John,  
Then Henry the third, Edward  
One, two, three  
And again after Richard,  
Three Henrys we see.

Two Edwards, third  
Richard, if rightly I guess,  
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,  
Queen Mary, Queen Bess;

Then James, the Scotchman,  
And Charles, whom them slew.

Yet received after Cromwell,  
Another Charles, too  
Then James, the second, ascended  
the throne,  
And good William and Mary together  
came on;  
Till Anne, George four and fourth  
William all passed,  
God sent us Victoria—may she  
long be the last."

#### THE AUTOMOBILE OUT- RAGE.

How long—how much longer—will the sovereign people of Honolulu tamely submit to the outrage of speeding, dare-devil-driven, automobiles on the city streets? Do the streets belong to the people, or are they simply race-courses for the few who, by "hook or by crook," get control of the driving and steering mechanism of these modern and well-named devil wagons?

Late on the evening of May 15 Joao Mello Barboza, a worthy Portuguese citizen of Honolulu, was almost instantly killed by an automobile in front of the Kamehameha Schools in Kalihi. I can not believe that he was not needlessly killed. For years Mr. Barboza had been caretaker of the campus of the Kamehameha Schools. I have known him for years, living near his home for a long time, and knew him to be an industrious, hard-working, honest man, toiling early and late that his family of wife and several little children might have self-respecting sustenance. I have not heard the details of the accident, further than those published in The Advertiser of this morning, but it is likely the poor man had just come upon the street weary from a long day's toil, when he was struck and hurled into eternity by the too-fastly-driven automobile.

I don't know that Kalihi fares worse than some other sections of the city, but it is certainly a favorite section for speeding, and many accidents have happened there in the past few months. Not so many weeks ago another man was killed by an automobile two or three blocks from where Barboza met his death yesterday. Many accidents are hushed up and never get into the newspapers. I barely es-

aped an accident myself at the Beckley switch recently; as I alighted from a street car, with other passengers, an automobile dashed by quite close to the car; I had to jump back against the car or take the consequences of daring to be upon the street! Reckless automobile driving is so common in our section of the city—Kalihi—that my wife and I have frequently warned our children not to venture upon the street except in case of necessity, and then to keep a sharp lookout for automobiles. We pay our share of taxes, and try to obey the laws in all particulars, and yet we must venture upon the public streets at peril of the mighty modern Juggernauts whose drivers often seem to think they, and they only, own them.

Some time ago, with hundreds of others, I signed a petition praying the honorable board of supervisors to include Kalihi in the speed limits. I have no knowledge that any action was ever taken in the matter; perhaps the harvest of death has not been great enough?

Automobiles are quite as much a menace to life and property as railroad trains—perhaps more, because they may go hither or yon at the driver's or the machine's sweet will, and are not confined to a fixed track. Then why not require the drivers to show a reasonable knowledge of machinery and regard for the rights of others before granting them licenses as chauffeurs? We might put up with the dust and stink of rapidly moving automobiles if we were assured a right reasonably to use the public streets in safety.

LEVERETT H. MESICK.

MARYLAND MUSINGS.

(By the Bentztown Bard)

#### Passing Through the Woods.

If I should be predestined not to  
get there with the goods,  
Oh, let me help to whistle while  
the boys pass through the  
woods!

The man that does the whistling  
By the waysides of the world—  
It makes him feel he's helping  
When the flags go by unfurled.

If I should not be slated for a soft  
and easy berth,  
Oh, let me help to whistle while  
the toilers till the earth!  
Sometimes a humble music  
O'er the anvils brings again  
A braver, nobler spirit  
To the toiling hearts of men.

If I should be appointed to the list  
of those that fail  
Oh, let me pray for sunshine when  
the other fellows sail!  
Beside the little harbors  
Of the ports of dare and do  
A whistled note of morning  
Keeps the soul from turning  
blue.

If I should be selected for the goat  
most every time,  
Oh, let me serve my brothers with  
the honey of the rhyme!  
At least an open doorway  
By the wide and starry road  
Will help them bear the burden,  
And a song will lift the load.

Ah, though the dreams should  
vanish and the bubbles burst  
for me,  
I'd like to be the wedges when the  
fellows chop the tree!  
I'd like to do the whistling,  
Though I never get the goods,  
When the boy's in need of courage  
As he passes through the woods.

MARK TWAIN.

There is genuine grief in Europe and America because of the death of Samuel L. Clemens, who passed away on April 21. He was a great American man of letters, the greatest humorist America has known, a man whose geniality never forsook him, and he was uniformly "a friend to man." His books have had a larger sale in the last ten years than those of any other man, living or dead. His royalties have exceeded those of any other American writer. He received a larger price per word for his articles in the last ten years than any other American. At sixty years of age he lost every dollar he had and went into bankruptcy under most depressing circumstances. At that time he was in sore financial straits in London and some American friends sent him \$3,000 which, much as he needed it, he courteously returned to the donors. In the fifteen years since then his income has been so great that it is estimated that his

estate reached a million dollars at the time of his death. This estimate may be too large, but he was certainly worth several hundred thousand dollars. This is a noteworthy fact, since it was all accumulated in the fifteen years after Oslerization. The true story of his life is as entrancing as that of any other man of letters which the new world has known. There is no occasion for us now and here to try to tell that story.

NEW YORK.

In the Hester-street district there are 23,000 pupils in the schools, and several of these need specific help at all the points here mentioned. To meet the needs of those specially liable to be helpless and tempted the book work is reduced to essentials, and limited to about three hours a day at twelve years of age and upwards, and two hours a day are devoted to preparation for service in some occupation possible for them in that neighborhood.

Cane seating of chairs, use of wood-working tools, and preparation for office boy life are among the developments for boys, while the girls are taught to use the typewriter and the sewing machine, and to do various kinds of seamstress work open to girls in that neighborhood.

Then there is a woman employed all the time for the placing of boys and girls in factories, shops, and stores. The compulsory age limit expires for some pupils almost every day. This woman knows for a month in advance when a boy or girl is to be legally available. She studies each to know what work is desired and for what the boy or girl is fitted, and if the child can not get his own job, which he often can, she gets one for him. After a boy or girl is placed they look after him. Is he doing as well as he can? Is he given a square deal? Is he adapted to this job? What is he doing at night? Would a night school help him? Has he wrong companions.

In short, this woman looks after each boy or girl as though he was her own. There are various influences at work with her. For instance, one of the leading daily papers in the city allows this woman to advertise without cost in the interest of any boy or girl.

Beneath all this and back of it is the district superintendent, Julia Richman, who has more initiative for preparation for crises than any person I have ever known.

HAWAII.

Sing to all now of "Old Glory,"  
God's banner of Freedom and  
Light;  
It tells a marvelous story,  
That will wear from morning  
till night.

Speak to all, then, of "Old Glory,"  
God's banner of Freedom and  
Light;  
For, wonderful is that story,  
Held in fast colors strong and  
bright.

God bless Hawaii forever,  
And bless our President, true;  
We pray, God bless forever  
Our Flag—the red, white and  
blue.  
May 5, 1910.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT.

ROOSEVELT.

"In short, the good citizen in a republic must realize that he ought to possess two sets of qualities, and that neither avails without the other. He must have those qualities which make for efficiency; and he must also have those qualities which direct the efficiency into channels for the public good. He is useless if he is inefficient. There is nothing to be done with that type of citizen of whom all that can be said is that he is harmless. Virtue which is dependent upon a sluggish circulation is not impressive. There is little place in active life for the timid good man. The man who is saved by weakness from robust wickedness is likewise rendered immune from the robust virtues. The good citizen in a republic must first of all be able to hold his own. He is no good citizen unless he has the ability which will make him work hard and which at need will make him fight hard. The good citizen is not a good citizen unless he is an efficient citizen."

HAWAII.

"Personally," said Bishop Restarick, "I do not believe in prohibition. I may say that one reason for this that I have lived in

a place where prohibition was in force. I believe that there are other methods which are more effective in fighting the evils of intemperance. For instance, the Gottenberg system, which has been tried with much success in Sweden, once one of the most intemperate countries in Europe, appears to me to provide the most practical method. I have been much interested in this system.

"Of course it must be understood that this is my personal opinion. The clergy of the Episcopal Church does not take any part in the present agitation. We are working in the cause of temperance always, but we look upon the present situation as one which must be handled by the politicians, and as a thing in which we will not take part."

\*\*\*

Florence, Italy, May 2.—Miss Louise Gaylord of Chicago and Walter F. Dillingham of Honolulu were married here today.

\*\*\*

#### BRILLIANTS.

Dare to be true; no thing can  
need a lie,  
A fault which needs it most grows  
two thereby. [Herbert.

You must live each day at your  
very best;  
The work of the world is done  
by few;  
God asks that a part be done by  
you.

[Genevieve L. Newton.

I love the flowers that come about  
with spring,  
And whether they be scarlet,  
white or blue,  
It mattereth to me not anything,  
For when I see them full of sun  
and dew,  
My heart doth get so full with  
its delight,  
I know not blue from red, nor red  
from white. [Alice Carey.

Who can say  
Why today  
Tomorrow will be yesterday?  
Who can tell  
Why to smell  
The violet recalls the dewy prime  
Of youth and buried time?  
[Tennyson.

#### NICKNAMES OF STATES.

(Washington Herald.)

The nicknames of States are: Alabama, Land of Flowers; Arkansas, Bear State; California, Golden State; Colorado, Centennial State; Connecticut, Nutmeg State; Delaware, Blue Hen State; Florida, Peninsular State; Georgia, Cracker State; Illinois, Sucker State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Kansas, Sunflower State; Kentucky, Blue Grass State; Louisiana, Pelican State; Maine, Pine Tree State; Maryland, Old Line State; Massachusetts, Old Bay State; Michigan, Wolverine State; Minnesota, Gopher State; Mississippi, Bayou State; Missouri, Bullion State; Montana, Singed Cat State; Nevada, Silver State; New Hampshire, Granite State; New Jersey, Garden State; New York, Empire State; North Carolina, Tarheel State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Oregon, Webfoot State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rody; South Carolina, Palmetto State; Tennessee, Volunteer State; Texas, Lone Star State; Utah, Honey Bee State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Virginia, Old Dominion; West Virginia, Panhandle State; Wisconsin, Badger State.

Denmark — Edward's queen, Alexandra, was the oldest daughter of Christian IX, the late King of Denmark. Frederick VIII, the present king, was Edward's brother-in-law.

Germany—Kaiser Wilhelm II is the son of Edward's eldest sister, and was the dead king's nephew.

Russia — Czar Nicholas II is the son of Queen Alexandra's sister, Marie, and the husband of the daughter of Edward's sister Alice.

Spain—King Alfonso XIII is the husband of Victoria Ena, the daughter of Edward's sister, Beatrice.

Greece — King George I is a brother of Queen Alexandra.

Norway—King Haakon VII is a son of Frederick VIII of Denmark, brother of Queen Alexandra, and is married to his cousin, Maud, King Edward's daughter.

Sweden — King Oscar's son is married to Margaret of Connaught, daughter of the king's brother, the Duke of Connaught.

Belgium—King Phillip II is a nephew of the late Leopold II, who was an uncle of Victoria, King Edward's mother.

Holland—Queen Wilhelmina is related through old King George III.

Saxe-Coburg and Gotha—Duke Leopold Charles Edward is a son of Edward's brother, Duke of Albany.

Waldeck—Princess Helene, sister of Duke Frederick, is the wife of Duke Leopold of Albany and Saxe-Coburg.

Wurtemberg—King William II is related through the late Princess Mary, duchess of Teckla, cousin of Queen Victoria, and mother of the new Queen of England.

\*\*\*

I thought the sparrow's note from  
heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder  
bough;  
I brought him home, in his nest,  
at even;  
He sings the song, but it cheers  
not now,  
For I did not bring home the river  
and sky—  
He sang to my ear—they sang  
to my eye.

—Emerson.

\*\*\*

"I have no hesitation in saying that the greater part of misery and illness among the Hawaiians is due to the abuse of liquor and that the decrease of the Hawaiian race is traceable to that source alone."

This verdict on the effect of liquor among the Hawaiians was rendered the other day by Dr. A. Mouritz, qualified to speak by twenty-five years of medical experience among the Hawaiians in these Islands.

"The easier the facilities for drinking the more drunkenness there will be," said Doctor Mouritz. "I may not believe in prohibition but there should be a five times stricter regulation of the liquor traffic in the Islands and lacking that I can only hope that prohibition will be passed.

"The saloon men say that if we take the liquor from the Hawaiians, they will manufacture their own okolehao and swipes. Well, let them. It is not as bad as the majority of the cheap liquors that are sold daily in our stores and at least does not cost them anything—does not rob the women and children of their food."

The Young Cafe is a beautiful, cool, restful retreat; and the serving and attention could not be excelled. Every want is anticipated by the manager there.

#### A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES

Dr. Robert J. Burdette, in Los Angeles Times.

We Hawaiians—and when you speak of this island Territory will you kindly say it "Ha-vy-ee" and not offend our rather fastidious ears, and at the same time will you try to remember to pronounce Honolulu with two long "o's," so that we may not think you an ignorant race of mainlanders with slovenly pronunciation? We Hawaiians are not at all worried over any lack of Chinese or Japanese or Hindu or Filipino or Egyptian or Korean laborers and servitors and arts and craftsmen.

Well, some of them are artisans, and some of them are laborers, and some are near-laborers, and others again are not-anywhere-near-laborers. But whatever they are, they are here under the Stars and Stripes and our territorial flag, making a living for themselves and doing their best to make living pleasant and easy for us Hawaiian-Americans. Our territorial flag has a very English appearance at first sight, but, all the same, it's as Yankee as "Dixie." It has eight stripes, one for each of our islands, beginning with a white stripe at the top and alternating white, red and blue down to the lowest, which is red; and they read if they begin with the largest island Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai, Niihau, Kahoolawe, which, being the smallest island, has of course the biggest name. The list sounds like a college yell, but it's a territorial shout. There are a few other islands, with an aggregate area of six square miles, but they are not big enough to be on the flag. They are not stripes; only streaks. The field of our flag is the union jack, a memory of the time when these islands were called the Sandwich Islands in honor of His Lordship, the Earl of Sandwich. But that sounded too much like a short order for a "ham and" to please people with such musical taste and such a musical language, so it was changed as soon as we assumed the authority to name ourselves. Moreover, the name un-

pleasantly suggested a degree of depravity falsely attributed by Christendom to all islands. Our islands never were cannibalistic in all our history. The very thought was regarded by our heathen ancestors with horror and disgust.

The staff of our flag is surmounted by a crown and a cross. The crown, like the union jack, is a reminiscence. The cross belongs there. Certainly it is as appropriate at the top of a standard of a peace-loving and peace-keeping nation as a Roman spear head. And flying from the staff and draping it with grace and beauty of color are three leis, red and yellow and green.

This is pure Hawaiian—this decoration is "our very own." With these floral emblems we garland the coming visitor with welcome, and speed the departing guest with love and prayers. When we are admitted to Statehood we will add a beautiful flag to the glittering constellation of standards that shine around "Old Glory," as significant in its historic colors and emblems as "the Lone Star flag" of Texas.

And, speaking of Statehood, we are beginning to think already that we are rich enough to sit in the United States Senate and that we have sugar enough to entitle us to a chairmanship of a mighty good committee. What's the matter with us? Isn't sugar as patriotic and as "good politics" as copper? Or have you got sugar enough in the senate already? All right, then; put another diminuendo stop on the New York scales and it won't seem so much.

We have a population of about 220,000. Honolulu, the capital of the Territory, has a population of, say, 45,000.

About ten thousand of us are Caucasians. The other 35,000 are what Mr. Venus used to call "human various." Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Hindus—the dirtiest and nastiest of the lot—Egyptians, "Parthians and Medes, Elamites and dwellers of Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, sojourners from Rome, Cretes and Arabians." Besides which there are a few unassorted blends that challenge classification. When San Dirisco is ready for the launching of the great Panama Canal expedition we can furnish the Midway Pleasance, the Pike, the Trail and

the Pay Streak with all necessary variety of population and entertainment right from Hawaiian ports without going outside of this United States for human curios.

It's just wonderful what a clutch American industries are making upon all the world. We are grabbing up the peoples of the earth as our English cousins collar islands. Speaking of which, we have a couple of archipelagoes on our own hands, with another apparently drifting toward an opening in the reef buoyed "American Protectorate." And the difference between a "protectorate" and "annexation" is—Well, we Hawaiians anchored to a U. S. protectorate in 1851. Then in 1892 the Advisory Council of the provisional government wrote "finis" to Queen Liliuokalani's rather stormy reign and raised the Stars and Stripes over the government buildings. Promptly upon his inauguration the Queen's "good and great friend," President Cleveland, sent "Paramount Ploumt" of Georgia to the islands, who hauled down the United States flag. A few months later came United States Minister Willis and demanded that the provisional government should go out of business, dismiss the boy, and put up the shutters, on the 19th of December, 1893, or—

President Sanford B. Dole replied to the United States minister, declining his proposition without thanks, and continued to be his'n with renewed assurances of his most distinguished consideration. The republic of Hawaii was proclaimed on the 4th of July—a great birthday for republics—1894, with Sanford B. Dole as the first and only President, and the treaty of annexation to the United States was signed by President McKinley July 7, 1898. Once more we raised "Old Glory" at the masthead, this time to stay, with our territorial flag a-peak, on the 12th of August, 1898.

And we are the Americanest Americans ever. True our population is emphatically polyglot, but the is emphatically polyglot, but the men who are leading the human elements into the melting pot, and the men who are keeping up the fire under it, and the men who are skimming off the scum as it rises to the surface—these are Americans. And when we pour the refined product into the crucible of the na-

tion it will be clear and clean and adds its wisdom and strength to the amalgam which is America.

The United States will never be ashamed of the island flag and will always be glad that it opened the door for us when it looked over the transom and saw what nice people were knocking.

By the way, speaking of Statehood—but this is the end of the column.

\*\*\*  
(May 20.)

Early yesterday afternoon, Judge Charles F. Hart, merchant, planter and jurist, died at his beautiful home at Waikiki. Judge Hart suffered for several months from grippe, complications finally setting in that caused his death. Death came to the aged kamaaina at one o'clock, his wife and his two daughters being at the bedside in his last moments.

He was seventy-six years old at the time of his death and had been a resident of the Islands since he was a boy of sixteen. In 1850 he arrived in Honolulu from England, after rounding the Horn, and from this island went to Kauai, where he spent some years.

From Kauai he returned to Oahu and established himself in the wine and liquor business. His firm was known as Richardson & Hart, but after several years of success he abandoned it and went to Hawaii.

It was on Hawaii that the greater part of his active life was spent. After quitting his business on Oahu, he established himself as a planter on the Big Island, foreseeing the future of sugar, the planting of which was even then assuming great proportions. He first settled in Kona, where he started a plantation, but afterwards moved to Kohala and established the Niulii plantation, of which he was the owner to the day of his death. He married in 1869.

The latter part of his life has been spent on his splendid place in Kapiolani Park. For twenty-six years he was circuit judge on Hawaii under the old regime, and a long and varied life made the quietude of his last years the more appreciable.

Judge Hart was a brilliant scholar and writer. For many years his contributions to The Advertiser, under the nom de plume of Civis Secundus, were master-

pieces of English and displayed erudition and controversial ability of a very high order. He held very emphatic views against the use of alcoholic liquors, and backed them up with a wealth of scientific and sociological authority. He had similarly strong views against vaccination, and his last writings for the local press were on this subject.

Judge Hart leaves a wife and two daughters, the daughters being Mrs. Francis Gay and Mrs. Charles S. Elston. Mr. Elston is at present on the Coast, having gone away for his health. The others of the family are here.

The funeral services will take place at St. Andrew's Cathedral.

\*\*\*

"I think I have done my duty." Men knew that what he thought was true. They knew also that he did his duty wisely, tactfully and kindly, winning men rather than repelling them, as he did it.

It is this sense of duty in people and ruler which has contributed most largely to England's greatness. It has not been glory which has been the animating spirit of her great men, it has been duty. Duty to fellow men led her to emancipate the West Indian slaves at a cost of one hundred million dollars. Duty to brother men led her to give to conquered Boers the privileges of free men. And duty has led her again to consider right rather than gain.

If the sense of duty is deep in the heart of a people there will be no grafting gain and patriotism will not be a mere profession of the lips but a reality of the heart. We need as men, we need as citizens of various countries to learn the lesson of duty as people, as officials, as men having a part in the great world's life.

The second lesson is peace among the nations. Jesus Christ planted the seed of peace which shall one day bear prevailing fruitage. The Fatherland of God and the Brotherhood of man made real in Him is the leavening truth which is permeating social order and which is making for peace. King Edward used his relationship with Kings, his knowledge of men, his grasp of affairs, his kindly disposition, all to bring the powers to a better understanding. By personal visits he strove to show friendship and to promote it. It was far more

comfort, to him, you may be sure; as he lay dying, to think of what he had done in the interests of peace, than to have looked back upon conquered hosts and fields of agony and blood.

God grant that the spirit which he strove to arouse and maintain may live and grow until the Council Chamber and not the battle field shall be the theater of arbitration for all disputes among the nations.

In speaking of the late King shall we forget the woman who is most loved in England today? The gentle, wise, and good woman who has been King Edward's queen? I may be pardoned for giving expression of a memory which comes to me of standing with my father long years ago to see the fair Princess from Denmark enter London as a bride. She won that day the hearts of a people who have always loved her.

Happy and twice blessed nation to have had two women with so potent an influence for good as King Edward's mother and King Edward's wife.

And now we go our way and may the memory of this service do its part in cementing the friendship of nations and making a living fact of the brotherhood of man.

\*\*\*

The late Judge Hart was a very uncommon man and in many ways, a great jurist, a far-sighted business man and one of the most elegant and powerful writers these Islands have ever known. He was a refined, noble, Christian gentleman, a true prince among men and he won the esteem and love of this community and will not soon be forgotten.

\*\*\*

#### HAWAII.

O land of beauty,  
Land of charm divine!  
O land of flashing surf and flying  
foam,  
Of mountain heights sublime,  
Of valleys filled with amethyst,  
Where the rainbows make their  
home!  
Hast thou no charm to sooth life's  
fearful ills,  
No balm for aches unending,  
Or even a heartsease for the grief  
that kills?  
Only the wind's low murmur makes  
reply—  
Only the sea's vast sigh—

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O soul,—poor soul!—this land is  
not thy home.  
A land far off—divine—  
Of beauty beyond thought—  
Of charm thou knowest not—  
Is thine.

ANNA C. DOLE.

Mr. Emmeluth came to Honolulu from Atchison, Kansas, thirty-one years ago. He was born in Cincinnati, and had passed his fifty-seventh birthday on May 6 of this year. He leaves surviving him a son, who is in San Francisco, and who was apprised of his father's death by cable; a sister in Cincinnati, and another sister, Miss Molly Emmeluth, in Honolulu.

\*\*\*

(May 23, 1910).

W. W. Hall, one of the best known men in the city, died at his home in Nuuanu avenue yesterday afternoon at a quarter to two o'clock, after a short illness. His death was not unexpected,

his condition since Saturday having been such that the end was looked for at any time.

**An Active Life.**

W. W. Hall was born in Honolulu on June 1, 1841. He was a son of E. O. Hall, from whom the firm of which he was the head took its name. W. W. Hall entered the employ of the firm June 1, 1860, and continued in his work, with some interruptions, up to the time of his death. In 1865 he was admitted as a partner in the business, and the company name of E. O. Hall & Son was then adopted.

The concern was incorporated in 1883, and in the same year E. O. Hall died and W. W. Hall took the management, which he has held ever since. During his long term as president the business has greatly extended, and the present large building occupied by the company has been erected, taking the place of a less pretentious structure which was burned some years ago.

Mr. Hall was active in many other affairs besides those of his business. He was a prominent member of Central Union Church, of which he was clerk for some time. He took an active interest in the affairs of the church up to the last, and he was ever active in religious and charitable work. He was a member of the Hawaiian Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, a charter member of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A., and a member of the Hawaiian Historical Society.

Mr. Hall would have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his service with the firm of which he was the head on the first of next month. At his last meeting with his business associates the matter was referred to, and he spoke of his expecting to observe the occasion.

He leaves surviving him a widow and four children, who are Miss Charlotte Hall, Mrs Malcolm

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Macintyre, Philip and Seymour Hall, all of whom reside here. Mrs. Hall is a daughter of Gen. Van Cleave, United States Army, who was conspicuous in the opening up of the then frontier country of Illinois and Michigan. Her mother was one of the most famous women in the Northwest during the early settler days, and accompanied her soldier husband on many of his campaigns.

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