

# The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

Vol. IX. No. 2.

HONOLULU, NOVEMBER, 1910.

(Price \$3.00 per annum  
Single copies 25 cents)

"Keep thy tongue from evil,  
and thy lips from speaking guile."  
—Psalms XXX. iv:13.

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Mr. Frank Cooke is not one to offer "self-praise," but he can be depended upon to do a good deed and to help a man in need. (Cunha.)

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HEINRICH W. SCHMIDT.

Death has made many a gap in the ranks of the kamaainas during the past few months, lately removing another of the well-known residents of this city in the person of Heinrich Wilhelm Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt was one of the pioneers of the German colony here and took a leading place among those others of his countrymen who have been a great part in the upbuilding of this city. Owing to his age, he was not well known to the newcomers of Honolulu, but among the many older residents, his fame and his name are familiar, and his death leaves a place in this community that will be hard to fill.

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(Can't some one dig up a few dollars for the Methodist church?)  
"Oh, yes."

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This makes four big excursions with an aggregate of nearly 700 tourists for Honolulu!

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Forty thousand trees are being propagated in the nursery on King street for Arbor Day planting.

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NEW YORK, October 9.—William Randolph Hearst, owner of a string of newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has offered a \$50,000 prize for a flight in an airship from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast of the United States, by way of Chicago, the flight to be made within the month.

GIVE US MEN!

Men from every rank,  
Fresh and free and frank;  
Men of thought and reading,  
Men of light and leading,  
Men of loyal breeding,  
The Nation's welfare speeding;  
Men of faith and not of fiction,  
Men of lofty aim and action;  
Give us men—I say again,  
Give us Men!

Give us Men!

Strong and stalwart ones;  
Men whom highest hope inspires,  
Men whom purest honor fires,  
Men who trample Self beneath them,  
Men who make their country  
wreath them  
As her noble sons,  
Worthy of their sires!  
Men who never shame their  
mothers,  
Men who never fail their brothers,  
True, however false are others;  
Give us Men!—I say again,  
Give us Men!

Give us Men!

Men who, when the tempest  
gathers,  
Grasp the standard of their  
fathers  
In the thickest fight.  
Men who strike for home and  
altar,  
Let the coward cringe and falter,  
God defend the right!  
True as truth, though lorn and  
lonely,  
Tender, as the brave are only;  
Men who tread where saints have  
trod,  
Men for Country—Home—and  
God;  
Give us Men! I say again—  
again—  
Give us such men!  
—Bishop of Exeter.

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Pasted on the window of the book publisher's store was the sign, "Porter wanted," and in the window itself on a pile of books the placard, "Dickens' Works All This Week for \$4." The able-

looking Irishman read first the sign and then the placard. He scratched his head and blurted out: "Dickens may take the job! Dickens can wur-rk ahl the week fer foor dollars if he wants to, but I'm a union man. I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."

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It is to be hoped that the news from Lisbon that the consular representatives of the Republic of Portugal are to be new men, with the representatives of the kingdom recalled, does not mean that Consul Canavarro is to leave Honolulu. Mr. Canavarro is now one of the kamaainas, universally respected, diligent in his duties, and honored as dean of the local consular corps. Whatever the status of his government, may he be permitted to remain with us.

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"Do you realize that there are nearly 90,000 Japanese in this country and only 30,000 Hawaiians? That in the last ten years the Japanese have increased by 19,000 and the Hawaiians have decreased by 5,000? That there are more Japanese children in the schools than there are Hawaiian children? There are only 6,200 Hawaiian and over 7,000 Japanese children in the schools today. Do you realize that the Japanese in Hawaii have increased since 1900 on an average of over a hundred per cent. every two years? Another fact is that the Secretary's office has registered as Hawaiian-born Japanese in one year 3,202 male children."—A. L. C. Atkinson.

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Senator La Follette is credited with this regarding a notorious financier: "He got rather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of his auditors. 'Money?' he said. 'Bah! There are thousands of ways of making money.' 'Yes, but only one honest way,' our man remarked. 'What way's that?' 'I thought you wouldn't know it,' was the reply."

### BATH FOR THE FEVERISH.

An alcohol bath is restful and soothing to the feverish person. Use alcohol in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a cup of cold water, and apply with a sponge.



Sixty drops make a tablespoon. Three teaspoons equal one tablespoon.

Eight rounded tablespoons of dry material equal one cupful.

Sixteen tablespoons of liquid equal one cupful.

One cup of liquid is half a pint.

One heaping tablespoon sugar is one ounce.

One heaping tablespoon butter is two ounces.

One cup butter or sugar is half a pound.

Two cups of flour is a pound.

One cup of rice is half a pound.

One cup of Indian meal is six ounces.

One cup bread crumbs is two ounces.

One pint of ordinary liquid is one pound.



San Francisco has proved once again the old truth that encouragement of vice cannot promote a city's prosperity. Those who talk at times of the great things that would happen should Honolulu be made a second Monte Carlo, should look at what has happened to the Paris of America.



The entire estate of the late Sarah Gilman is left to her children, James A. Gilman and Carrie A. Gilman. The will was made in June, 1903, and provides that the children named shall be executor and executrix. To the daughter is left \$10,000 and all household and personal effects. To the son are left stocks and bonds.



### THE GASKELL CENTENARY

The centenary of the birth of Mrs. Gaskell, whose Cranford has become a classic, occurred on September 29, and was duly observed in Chelsea, England, where she was born, and in Knutsford, a little town near Manchester, which was the original Cranford. Here Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell spent much of her girlhood.

Washington, September 9.—

This season will go down in medical history as "the black summer of 1910," according to a statistician who has been studying the summers infantile death record. In New York City alone, in one week this summer, 875 infants died in spite of the efforts in their behalf which were made by charitable and other organizations.

The conditions in New York and elsewhere are to be considered at a Conference on Prevention of Infantile Mortality which is to be held in Baltimore in November. Such subjects as milk dispensaries, classes for mothers and the activities of visiting nurses, will also be discussed. There will also be a report on the work of the League of Little Mothers, an organization of little foster mothers of Gotham which physicians and philanthropists say bids fair ultimately to revolutionize conditions in the poor districts of the metropolis. The tiny members of this league have been instructed by physicians and trained nurses regarding the best ways to feed, bathe and care for little charges. The children have been warned regarding the germs that lurk in cheap ice cream and the danger of feeding watermelons or other fruits to the baby.



### WE UNDERSTAND.

The Government will give the Industrial School for Girls all the land needed for agricultural and stock purposes, for wood and for farm purposes, but what will be needed to add to all this generous help will be an appropriation from the next Legislature for the buildings—cottages a number, a neat administrative building, cookhouse, laundry and perhaps a small chapel.

We feel quite sure the gentlemen of the Legislature will see the expediency and excellence of all this plan for the poor girls, and who would like, and who would thrive on, this semi-out-of-door life. It is a pity to keep them cooped up, so to speak, little and big, at Palama very much longer.

We all know how the Hawaiian revels in being free to wander by wood and stream—to be out in the sunshine and the air (or even rain). These girls need the same

and long for it. They are willing to work and to learn, willing to dig, spade, hoe and plant, willing even to chop their own firewood, to make their own butter, to milk cows, look after bees and pigeons and to feed fowls.

But all this sort of work cannot be done without a large farm to live on and farm products to watch and look after. All this would keep them healthy and happy. In the numerous plain, neat cottages they would come, with time, to learn the true home life and how to make a few dollars go a long way, by thrift and industry. They would learn how to make a home sweet and comfortable in these little cottages, so that in the future they could make for themselves.

We do hope these many girls will have the true picnic farm life, with woods and water, trees and flowers, and will be taken away and off from Palama to a more out-reaching life and manner of living. We earnestly believe that, with the right environment, this large colony of Hawaiian girls could manage a large ranch and come to have a good revenue from the same, outside of the needs of their own table. It could be made as successful, financially, as any farm of its size in the Territory. The girls would be happy, industrious and ambitious for the success of their farm. Without an aim, youth, as well as adult, becomes listless and despondent. This we all know.



"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired. "'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."—Success Magazine.



### PINEAPPLE PUDDING.

One cup water, one cup pineapple juice, one-fourth cup corn starch, one-half teaspoon salt, whites of 3 eggs, sugar to taste. Boil the water and the pineapple juice together. Moisten the corn starch with a little cold water and stir it into the boiling syrup,

cook for about 20 minutes, remove from the fire, and when it is slightly cool add the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. Serve cold with a rich cream.

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Little Girl — "Mother, that's such a horrid little boy: whenever he passes me he makes a face." Mother—"Very rude of him. I hope you don't do it back." Little Girl—"Oh, dear, no! I simply turn up my nose and treat him with despisery."—Punch.

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#### LET US SMILE.

The thing that goes the furthest toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow-men Will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent, It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile; It always has the same good look; it's never out of style; It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue; The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you. It pays the highest interest—for it is merely lent— It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up with cheer A hundred times before you can squeeze out a salty tear; It ripples out, moreover, in the heart-strings that will tug And always leaves an echo that is very like a hug So, smile away! Folks understand what by a smile is meant— It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent.

\*\*\*

Cincinnati, Ohio, October 18.—The Right Reverend Henry Bond Restarick, Bishop of Honolulu, T. H., delivered an address yesterday at the joint conference of the house of bishops and the house of deputies of the Protestant Epis-

copal church in its triennial convention in this city, reviewing the work of the church in the the Island Territory.

Bishop Restarick introduced to the convention one of his coworkers in the Hawaiian Islands, a Chinese, the Reverend Kong Yin Tet, pastor of St. Peter's chapel of that city, who also spoke of Hawaiian affairs.

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Paris, September 9.—Four years ago Santos Dumont at Bagatelle made the first aeroplane flight in Europe. Next year French aeroplane manufacturers expect to sell 11,000 machines. More than 1000 aeroplanes have been sold in France since the first of the year, and another 1000 will be turned out and delivered before the end of the year. Three hundred Bleriot monoplanes and 200 Farman biplanes have been sold this year, these two types being the most popular.

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#### A MOTHER'S CREED.

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(Mrs. Ozora S. Davis, in Zion Herald.)

I believe in the eternal importance of the home as the fundamental institution of society.

I believe in the immeasurable possibilities of every boy and girl.

I believe in the imagination, the trust, the hopes, and the ideals which dwell in the hearts of all children.

I believe in the beauty of nature, of art, of books, and of friendship.

I believe in the satisfactions of duty.

I believe in the little homely joys of every-day life.

I believe in the goodness of the great design which lies behind our complex world.

I believe in the safety and peace which surround us all through the over-brooding love of God.

\*\*\*

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't th' old cow give anything?" "Yep," replied his chore boy; "nine quarts and one kick."—Metropolitan Magazine.

#### BRILLIANTS.

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Errors like straws upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls  
must dive below.

—John Dryden.

\* \* \*

True worth is in being, not seeming;

In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good, not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by-and-by.

—Alice Carey.

\* \* \*

I sometimes feel the thread of life  
is slender,

And soon with me the labor will  
be wrought:

Then grows my heart to other  
hearts more tender.

The time is short.

—D. M. Craik.

\* \* \*

The asters in the orchard nod  
Serenely to and fro,

As does the flossy goldenrod  
Whene'er the breezes blow.

I know that where the zephyrs  
stray,

They're acting all the time

Along the dreamy meadow-way  
A fairy pantomime.

—R. K. Munkittrick.

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#### SUPPORTING HIS CHUM.

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"Your old suit is getting rather shabby, Harold," said his mother; "perhaps you had better begin to wear your new one to school." Harold hesitated. He did like to appear well dressed among a school of well dressed boys. But in a moment he replied slowly: "No, I guess I won't, thank you, mother. It might make George feel bad. You see, his dad's been wanting him to stay out of school to work, and he promised that if he could only go to school, he wouldn't ask for any new clothes this year. So he's got to wear his old ones, and I think I'll wear mine. But don't you 'peach' a word, mother." And Harold went off whistling.—Wellspring.

## THE HONOLULU TIMES

Elite Building, Room 8.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NOVEMBER, - - - 1910

### KALANIANA'OLE.

"Kuhio and Prosperity go hand-in-hand," announced a speaker at the Republican Territorial Convention, a statement that might very well be taken as the campaign slogan. Prosperity to Hawaii comes most certainly in what Kuhio stands for—protection to the main industry, encouragement to the smaller industries, stability in the protective system, encouragement to homesteaders and permanent settlers, protection to citizen laborers and continuance of immigration along proven and beneficial lines. In these things rest the prosperity of Hawaii and for these things Prince Cupid stands.

Hawaii is in the formative period, just coming into her own. Towards these Islands, if the present condition of affairs politically continues, a steady stream of gold is coming, millions for works connected with the national defense, millions for the products of our soil, and millions for the development of the resources of the Territory through the investments of outsiders satisfied with the outlook. Under the circumstances it would be folly for this country to break the chain of prosperity by discontinuing the services of Kuhio at Washington. He has not been the sole factor in securing all that we have had and all that has been promised, but he has been a very large part in it.

The Delegate returned from Washington this year with a record that was not surpassed by any man in either branch of Congress. He got everything he was asked to get, he got some things that those here did not dare to ask for, he got everything he went after and in every respect he represented the people of Hawaii.

The Republicans could, in justice to the party, name no one to

take his place; the Territory, in justice to itself, cannot afford to elect anyone to replace him at Washington.

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### A PRISON FUND.

It has come home to us with great force the past week, the real, vital and most urgent need for what we will term a "prison fund;" so that when the culprit shall have served his term in prison, for any crime committed, and is again at liberty, the shackles fallen off and he free to begin a new life and an honest one, he may find someone to give him a little help, a helping hand to encourage him to keep forevermore in a straight path.

It is very hard, it is a fearful thing we can but fancy, this coming out, after years, it often is, of the life of captivity; it is almost as terrible, indeed, as the going in!

The man stands free, on the road, we will say; he is told in the early morning he can go, and soon he hears the prison doors shut and clang behind him. It is a common occurrence at the prison for a man's time to be "up," and likely no one watches, and few care, where he goes when once out of sight. He wanders, it may be, aimlessly into the town where, when it is known that he is a released convict, no one cares to house or entertain him.

He has no money, only a few poor clothes, no home, no shelter, no work, no chance to live or to begin life anew, however much he may desire, or however firmly he may have resolved, to live an honest life, once again his own master.

It seems to him, as he goes from one place to another and finds no cheering word, no help, that every man's hand is against him. But this is not so; it is only that what is everyone's concern is no one's concern. The crowd on the street, what do they know of him, the prisoner released that morning, or the day before, or the day or the week before that? In the stores, on the wharf, what can they know of that poor human drifting by, downcast and downhearted, desolate and forlorn?

Now, let us imagine one of the good people that has talked to

him all the Sundays, of all the years of his prison life, that has sung with him, prayed and read to him, exhorting him and all his prison companions to turn all their thought toward the All-loving Father for guiding, protection and help in all their future stay on earth; that He can never forsake them, or fail to come to their assistance, if they are loyal and true. Now, here is this man, also testing all that teaching, and he thinks over and over, "Oh, if I could but meet one of those men today or one of those women, and he or she would tell me what to do, would give or lend me a little money (and prisoners have been known to return borrowed money), that I might go here or there and get a start, either in a strange place or among good old friends. Oh, if I only could!"

We are telling conditions as they really often exist here, at our own Oahu prison, and we are pleading for a prison fund, that one be started, and any disposed to give to this work, much or little—adding to the same at any time. This fund could be kept in the bank, any one of the banks, on interest, perhaps, and one of the regular visitors at the prison (say Miss Yarrow) could take charge of the same, and could lend or give, as she faced the need. Many a man would be saved in this way from a downward course, as we all must believe.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, not only in prison, but when he has paid, so far as he can, the price of his misdoing.

It will not take much, my dear reader, to start this "fund," and shall we not have one?

It is true that prisoners are often helped, we must hope and believe, helped in various ways when a case is known; but we all know there is no way quite so good a way as a thoroughly systematic way, and always more brought to pass in that way! If there could be "a way" found to shadow, so to speak, every man when he first leaves the prison premises, and while good resolutions and aims are in his mind.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least—"

A. M. P.

October 3, 1910.

## FIVE SEATTLE BOYS.

"A few days ago," said the postmaster, "three badly frightened and exceedingly nervous boys were ushered into my office. They had informed the clerk in the outer office that the matter in hand was for my personal ear.

"We done it, and we'll take what's coming to us," said the smallest of the trio.

"Done what?" I asked.

"Him and him and me and Beany and Scotty were playing 'follow the leader,' and Beany jumped over a mail box, and then I jumped, and the box tipped over and hit a rock and broke the lock off, and the letters all flew out on the ground," said the spokesman.

"Where is the box?" I asked.

"It's the box on the corner of Thirteenth and Union," answered the boy, "and Beany and Scotty is guardin' it with clubs. We knew we done something awful, and we was goin' to run away. Then we decided to put our names and addresses in the box, and let you find us if you could. Then we decided to come and tell, and we're here."

"I'm not strong on the sermonette," said the postmaster, "but I will assure you that I did my best to show those boys that they had done a very brave and manly thing, and that such a principle, if followed through life, could not lead them far astray. I assured the boys that their honorable conduct in not only confessing, but in leaving some of their number to guard the government's property entitled them to absolute forgiveness.

"Three very happy youngsters left the office to convey the tidings to the guard at the mail-box. As they left, one boy said, 'I knew they wouldn't hang us.'

"I sent a man for the broken box. When it came in, we opened it, and there was the letter the boys had written before they had decided to face the music:—

"Mister Postmaster: We done it, but we didn't go to.

Yours truly,

"Henry—, "Louis—,  
"Beany—, "George—"  
"Scotty."

—Post Intelligencer.

"There are wonderful things we are going to do

Some other day;

And harbors we hope to drift into  
Some other day.

With folded hands and oars that  
trail,

We wait and watch for a favor-  
ing gale

To fill the folds of an idle sail,  
Some other day.

"We know we must toil if ever  
we win

Some other day;

But we say to ourselves, there's  
time to begin

Some other day.

And so, deferring, we loiter on,  
Until at last we find withdrawn  
The strength and hope we leaned  
upon

Some other day."

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"I BELIEVE"—  
AN EVERYDAY CREED

I believe in my job. It may not be a very important job, but it is mine. Furthermore, it is God's job for me. He has a purpose in my life with reference to His plan for the world's progress. No other fellow can take my place. It is not a big place, to be sure, but for years I have been molded in a peculiar way to fill a peculiar niche in the world's work. I could take no other man's place. He has the same claim as specialist that I make for myself. In the end the man whose name was never heard beyond the house in which he lived, or the shop in which he worked, may have a larger place than the chap whose name has been a household word in two continents. Yes, I believe in my job. May I be kept true to the task which lies before me—true to myself and to God who intrusted me with it.

I believe in my fellow man. He may not always agree with me. I'd feel sorry for him if he did, because I myself do not believe some of the things that were absolutely sure in my own mind a dozen years ago. May he never lose faith in himself, because, if he does, he may lose faith in me, and that would hurt him more than the former, and it would really hurt him more than it would hurt me.

I believe in my country. I be-

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lieve in it because it is made up of my fellow men—and myself. I can't go back on either of us and be true to my creed. If it isn't the best country in the world it is partly because I am not the kind of a man that I should be.

I believe in my home. It isn't a rich home. It wouldn't satisfy some folks, but it contains jewels which cannot be purchased in the markets of the world. When I enter its secret chambers and shut out the world with its care, I am a lord. Its motto is service, its reward is love. There is no other place in all the world which fills its place, and heaven can be only a larger home, with a Father who is all wise and patient and tender.

I believe in today. It is all that I possess. The past is of value only as it can make the life of today fuller and freer. There is no assurance of tomorrow. I want to make good today.—Rev. Charles Stelzle.

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HOW TIDES COME TO BE.

The tide visits us practically twice a day, rising to a height that can be measured by so many feet. In many places it comes only once, and is measured by inches. The tide-producing agents are

sun, and moon, and the law by which they act is the law of gravitation. This law declares that there is a force of attraction between two bodies, or, to put it differently, that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, the attraction depending on their mutual distances and their mass. Taking the moon's attraction first, it is assumed that the whole of the earth is covered by the ocean. The moon attracts the waters, and that layer of water immediately under the moon gets heaped up on the side nearest the moon. High tide will be there.

The waters on the distant side are heaped up also, and this is a little detail that puzzles most people, because here one would naturally expect low water. The reason of the seeming paradox is that the waters on the distant side are thousands of miles further away from the moon than is the earth's center. The earth thus gets more of the moon's pull than the distant waters. These waters heap themselves up away from the earth and moon, and high tide will be there also. The observed tide is the effect of both lunar and solar pull. Of the two, the sun's pull is the weaker, because of its greater distance from the earth. At new moon the height of the tides is increased. Sun and moon then pull in the same direction. At full moon there is also an increased height. Sun and moon then reinforce each other, though they are on opposite sides of the earth.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

William Williamson, president of the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange since March of last year, is a candidate for the House of Representatives on the Republican ticket. He has a host of friends throughout the Islands, friends made largely during the years he taught school in this Territory and toured the Islands as a salesman.

William Williamson is a young man of great energy, undoubted integrity, quick initiative, vigorous application, clear-headedness and clean ambitions. He was born in Manchester, Ohio, thirty-six years ago, and was educated at the Manchester High School and Williams College.

He taught one year in Williams

College, from which he graduated in 1896. For two years he taught in the Kenyon College and Military Academy, Danville, Ohio, then coming to Hawaii in 1899 and teaching for two years at Oahu College, Punahou.

During the troublous plague times here, in the latter part of 1899 and the first few months of 1900, Mr. Williamson was in charge of the Moanalua and Pali camps, assisting materially in the disciplining of those who had to be segregated on account of quarantine. His work was effective and sincere.

#### A REAL BOY.

There's a joy that is a joy  
In a boy that is a boy—  
Just a romping, reckless tyke  
That the whole round world must  
like;

Freckled, awkward, lank and  
slim,  
Hat that's minus bank and brim,  
With a trailing dog, or pup,  
That betimes will trip him up.

In the morning out and gone  
At the bugles of the dawn,  
Finding wondrous games to play  
In each nook along the way,  
Wading brooks and climbing  
trees,

Pestering the honey bees  
Till they sting him in despair—  
But what does a real boy care?

In at noon to bolt his lunch,  
Then to run to join the "bunch";  
Shouts and yells and battle-call  
Over strife with bat and ball,  
Or a make-believe affray  
With the pirates in his play.  
Blisters, stone-bruise on his heels,  
Scratches that his bath reveals.

Crooning in a sing-song twang,  
Horri-fying by his slang,  
Giving everyone the shakes  
By his clumsiness with snakes,  
Naming with a careless shrug  
Every beetle, bird and bug,  
Ruminant upon the grass  
Watching all the clouds that pass.

Coming home at fall of night,  
Grimed and marred from play  
and fight,

Braggadocio, weary—Yes,  
With a wondrous weariness,  
Dreaming on with smiles and  
sighs

After sleep has closed his eyes—  
There's a joy that is a joy  
In a boy that is a boy.

#### THE EDITOR'S BRIEF NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

October is here and in fine shape, cooler and not so aggressive (aggravating) (not so much of a burr), not sticky, like as was September. We have the promise now and the look in the sky of real fall weather. The rainbows presage the coming on of the rainy season that we all enjoy.

October 4.

Secretary Wood says we shall have our sidewalks thronged with tourists and not enough hotels or lodgings for them all. Very well, then, tents can (camps) be put up in our squares and on our hill-slopes; for everyone is now in favor of out-door berths. Are we not right?

In fact, we would like never to go inside, but cook, eat and sleep in the open. In the Adirondacks this mode of living has been enjoyed for many, many years. And they go afishing for their breakfast and then broil and boil (coffee), bake hoe-cake, give thanks (many), and eat with their invited welcome guest, Good Appetite.

It is a tasty meal of Dame Nature's best. "And tell us about the lunch."

Oh, that's another story. Wait a bit (bite). There are nuts to crack in October and pippins and pumpkins and all the merry harvest to lug in, to cover. But this is Hawaii, that knows no heat or cold!

(The green hills all about the town,

About thy feet, the sea.)

Sister Beatrice of the Priory is making some of the most exquisite lace we have ever examined in Honolulu, fine as a fairy's fabric. Go to see her Pandora's box of handiwork.

October 10.

To hear the exclamations of delight from tourists as they ride up into Manoa Valley is very pleasant and sometimes ludicrous. As the car turns from one point to another they often seem amazed.

On returning, they take transfers for the Aquarium to have a look at the marvelous fishes and think the morning's trip is a great deal for the few dimes expended!

We agree with them on every point and urge them to keep on with the sight-seeing.

The weather is now ideal, and when a steamer arrives from the Colonies, as today, the passengers many of them betake themselves to the cars and ask the conductors to give them transfers and through King street runs often the first ride, or Punahou and up Manoa. In fact, King street seems to please them not a little, and they are constantly pointing at trees and gardens and never grow impatient if the car waits for a few minutes. It is all one to them—they are out for pleasure.

Many of them look to be well-to-do people, and often very gentle in their manner in addressing the conductors or any other one on the car. They are often of the sort, collected and courteous, and it is pleasant to see them in our midst.

We like to see the throng at the postoffice on steamer days, and to hear the good-natured remarks and comments. Our postoffice seems to them a very small affair, as they jostle against each other with their multitude of letters and cards, but with, as a rule, the utmost good nature and forbearance, pleasant travelers that they are.

It is so nice, you know, to be on land again, if only for a few hours—a deep sense of thankfulness!

Some of them seem like children out for a holiday.

We all look to Mr. Kruger, Fort street, to keep the right time for our time-keepers.  
October 14.

It is a wonder that the Mc-Inerny's stock of footwear and all sorts of haberdashery never seems for a day to give out or to be sold out—windows always being refilled and replenished with the most attractive importations, and then we step in at May's and can get any quantity of just what we are wanting; one would think the clerk mutter one day: "It is all gone, gone and I'm sorry, but that perhaps he might overhear butter or cheese; in fact, we're running low on nearly all table supplies. Try Day's; he may help you out."

But it is not so. At May's they can feed the Army and any stray Navy we can but believe; it is a

marvel, this grocery business.

Then there is Ehler's; they never say: "No more gingham or lawns this week." But they will point to pile after pile of all grades and make and price; all the colors, tints and hues, and shade after shade, one must be suited. It really seems that some one is piling in bales of goods at the back door, while the women with bundles are going out the front doors. And then look on the opposite side of the street, always busy measuring off ribbons and lace, opening glove boxes and taking in the dollars. The storekeepers seem about the happiest folk if we except the brokers and the bankers and the plantation people; of course, they are full up in piles of material called coin, all of yellow tint—gold that is.

But then, the blacksmith keeps his fire agoing, and the carpenter nails and whistles, the ships load and unload, and Honolulu is one big workshop, upstairs and downstairs, from morning, when the boys unlock and open, until the doors shut at night.  
October 18.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., are the publishers of "Webster's College Dictionary," which is a most comfortable size for the student to handle.

We take great pleasure in commending the same to our readers. It is a finished work. It seems to us about all that is needed in that line.

The annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held yesterday in the Punahou home of Dr. and Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. W. has been the president of this association for (only) twenty-six years. We were deeply interested in the mission work of Kakaako as presented in the paper read by Mrs. Rider. It was all most ably set forth—the troubles and the triumphs.

(But the lady read that they have one bitter and sore grievance in the district—a hog ranch, covering, so it would seem, a large area; and they all most earnestly desire its removal, by the powers that be!)

Rev. and Mrs. Price, missionaries returning to South Chihli Mission of North China, by the Asia, spent half an hour at the meeting.

Mr. P. spoke in the most elo-

quent terms, moving us by his sincerity and earnestness. Both know the language and are now intending to spend the remainder of their lives in the work—"a strenuous work and a life of simplicity and economy."

A brother of Mr. Price, his wife and daughter, were among the martyrs in the Boxer uprising.

Think of that, we of comfortable lives! Who will help that "independent" mission of Chih-li, North China? It has already a splendid start in the way of farm, and schools for boys and girls. But there are millions all about them in darkness—darkness that can be felt!

October 21.

There was a large gathering at St. Clements last evening. The school-room was transformed and fashioned into a spacious and beautiful drawing-room and presented a scene of tropical beauty to one on entering. But we all know the Usbornes are nothing if not artists, and this is fain to crop out and come to the front, what time they would give their friends an evening of delightful hospitality.

There was choice music, vocal and instrumental, the singing and playing of Mrs. Norton Bobo and Reynolds being very heartily appreciated.

There were splendid views of Honolulu, twenty years ago, presented by Canon Osborne, and not a few of them caused great merriment and some very humorous comment—one of "the rapid transit" in particular on Nuuanu avenue. Every view found lively interest—one of the old Priory in particular, and many others were quite familiar.

We hope the Canon will show them again, for it is something of which one does not tire. They were most beautiful and interesting.

Delicious refreshments were served by the "little men and little women," and with willing feet did they run to their happy polite part, doing the role (cake) with perfect grace and gentle manner.

About ten o'clock the guests reluctantly bade their kind host and hostess good-night. The moon was up for the happy home-going.

Mrs. Emerson said they had found no place in all their wanderings like to Honolulu. We

were glad, too, to meet Miss Newcomb, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Peacock, Mrs. English, and many others. It seemed like a large family gathering met for mutual enjoyment and not of the nature of a formal reception, as must be the case where many are unknown and strangers.

But kamaainas are always easy folk to meet and make quite at home.

It is the intention of the Vestry to hold these sociables once a month for the present.



#### A FARM FOR THE GIRLS.

There is no reason why the girls that are mothered by the government should not have a farm—at the very least a garden—home as well as the boys so well fixed and doing so well at Waialea. Although the Boys' Industrial School has outgrown its accommodations in the way of buildings, the change from town to farm life has been a great success both for the boys and the government. A like change for the girls ought to bring equally good results, and the government has a wide range of choice of site without having to buy land.

As well known, the Girls' Industrial School occupies the buildings of the former reformatory school for boys, but one-half of the grounds was taken some years ago as the site for one of the big public schools now adorning the city. That portion had been under cultivation in bananas and vegetables from an early period of the boys' reformatory, and had it been left for the girls' industrial school might in some measure have served the purpose now advocated. Yet the situation is not one that can be associated with the idea of country life, and the soil being a shallow layer of earth upon a coral outcrop is not easy of cultivation. The place is, moreover, too public and too close to the Asiatic quarter for its purpose, while the restricted confines of the premises are more suggestive of a common jail than an institution designed to afford friendless, neglected and wayward young girls the opportunity of becoming adapted to respectable and useful domesticity.

Next legislature is anticipated as one that will retrieve the record of last session, which was probably the worst ever made in the Hawaiian Islands, in the matter of providing for education. Whatever policy of educational progress may be submitted to the lawmakers should contain a plan, upon the basis now suggested or something like it, for the relocations' industrial school.—Daniel Logan.



#### THE SUNRISE COURT.

A number of the larger cities and some of the smaller towns, both of the United States and Canada, have adopted a new system of dealing with arrested drunks that is said to work out very satisfactorily and which, it would seem, might well be given a tryout in Honolulu.

The new plan is in effect a "sunrise court," at which men arrested the previous night for drunkenness are tried and, where the circumstances warrant it, turned loose.

As a general thing, the punishment for drunkenness, except in aggravated cases or cases of habitual drunkards, is a small fine. Usually in the Honolulu police court a fine of three dollars and costs, amounting in all to four dollars, is imposed. In perhaps the majority of cases the man arrested is able to pay the fine and is, therefore, liberated. Sometimes he is freed without being fined.

But by the time he has had his hearing before the police magistrate, it is late in the morning and he has probably lost a day's work. The "sunrise court" would obviate this, and also relieve the arrested man of the notoriety of appearing in police court during the business hours of the day. He would appear before the judge and obtain his release in time to go to work for the full day.

In Honolulu particularly the men who are most liable to be arrested for drunkenness are men whose families need all of their wages and the loss of a day's work is often a serious matter. Not infrequently, too, a man who has, through having to appear in police court, lost his day's work,

having nothing else to occupy his mind, goes out to fill up again.

It might be a little inconvenient for the judge and some of the court officers to get around for a "sunrise court," but that is hardly a weighty reason against the adoption of the system that is working out so well in other cities and which should work to even better advantage in Honolulu. The plan is at least worth trying.



"We have as chief of forestry in Hawaii Ralph S. Hosmer, who is partly paid by the Federal government and partly by the Territory. He and our Territorial veterinarian and entomologist are doing good work. The bulk of our indigenous trees are slow growers, so we are experimenting widely with trees of quicker growth from all over the world. We are trying them on all altitudes, from sea level to 10,000 feet. We hope to replant the whole of our forest area, the upper portions especially. A large area already has been condemned for this purpose and we have shut out cattle and goats from it. These have been largely responsible for the destruction of the forests by eating the undergrowth. Many old native trees are of parasitic growth, and undergrowth is necessary for their nourishment and preservation.

"Hawaii is now very prosperous, as sugar is bringing a good price. One or two cotton plantations have been started and are prosperous. There is much land not fit for sugar growing which is good for cotton or pineapples."

It will be news to many to hear that Hawaii is doing a big business in Formosa with machinery and putting up sugar factories complete, but Mr. Hedemann says that his company has already installed five such factories, and when in Japan recently he closed a contract for a sixth.

"At Honolulu," he said, "we have factories and machine shops, coppersmith and blacksmith shops and employ 600 mechanics, all Caucasians. The business has been established for fifty years, but since annexation people in the Islands have spent over \$100,000,000 in developing the industry of cane sugar, which in all the factories except one is made into what is called raw sugar to be



sent partly to San Francisco, but mostly to New York and Philadelphia, and sold under contract to the American Sugar Refining Company. The sugar industry has developed perhaps 100 per cent. in the last ten years, and its development has brought an increasing demand for the newest designed machinery, particularly that which will save labor. We have built in the last ten years nine factories in the Hawaiian Islands, the smallest with a capacity of grinding 500 tons a day and the largest 2500 tons."

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#### \$17,500,000 FOR THE PANAMA SHOW.

Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 9.—The California Legislature has passed the two constitutional amendments that provide \$10,000,000 for the proposed Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. This brings the total fund available to \$17,500,000.

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Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.  
W.

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It is often stated that there are no cases of dire poverty in Hawaii, that no matter how poor the people may be, they are always assured of a living. That this is not so appears from the report of Mrs. A. C. Jordan, manager of the Associated Charities of Hawaii.

Mrs. Jordan in her report for October 1 states that the total receipts of the society for the past month have been \$1051 and the expenditures \$862.55. Regarding the work she says:

"The manager receives much

assistance in her work from the nurses at the Palama Settlement. These devoted young women make daily visits in the tenements and poorer quarters of the city; and report any case of destitution. Slumming for mere curiosity's sake, is not to be commended, but I am sure that if some of our 'women at ease' and men, as well, were to make a round of calls with a nurse, or the manager of the Associated Charities, they would have a better understanding of the condition of their less fortunate brothers and sisters, and be ready to share their good things, as well as more contented in the 'pleasant places' in which their 'lives have been cast.'

"Many kind friends have brought clothing, so acceptable to those who only seem able to earn enough for food, to keep body and soul together. One friend donated crockery—plates are a luxury in many of the so-called homes—such homes!

"The Strangers' Friend Society's beds at the hospital have been in great demand, all of them having been occupied most of the time."

\*\*\*

#### HER WORK.

The tiny daughter of a certain household said one morning at breakfast, "After I get my work done I am going to play dolls." One wondered what "work" such a tiny miss had to do. But she had an appointed task and was expected to see that it was done each morning. The task was to merely see that the sofa pillows were straightened out and in their places, but she went about it with an air of work, and she saw that the accomplishment of her task added greatly to the tidiness of the room, so she performed it with great pride. What an excellent plan it is to give children some particular task for which they are regularly responsible. It makes them feel that they are part of the household and bear responsibility for its tidy appearance. Such children do not require mother and servants to wait on them continually and they grow up to be self-reliant, self-helpful people who never think of being a burden to others.

#### SOMEONE'S BIRTHDAY.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

Today is some one's birthday.

Whose

Is all unknown to me,  
But I beseech thee, O my Muse,  
All kindness to be.

O, make it bright, and richly lade  
With life's best blessings, pray,  
For lad or lassie, man or maid,  
Who celebrates today.

If there be tears in any eyes,  
Or griefs that stir the soul,  
Place o'er them thy most smiling  
skies,  
And ease the pangs of dole.

If there be cares that vex the  
mind,  
Or troubles in the heart,  
O day, be gloriously kind,  
And bid all woes depart.

Upon a bitter past the gates  
Of Lethe close and ope  
The golden door to the estates  
Of Peace and Rest, and Hope!  
—In Harper's Weekly.

\*\*\*

The ninety-fourth anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Mary S. Rice, familiarly known here as "Mother Rice," the venerable mother of Hon. W. H. Rice, Mrs. C. M. Cooke, and Mrs. Col. De La Vergne, was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Hans Isenberg, one of her grand-daughters, in Lihue on Tuesday, October 11, amidst a throng of her great-grandchildren and other friends and relatives.

Her natal day found Mother Rice enjoying good health although somewhat feeble, of course, as is quite natural for one of her advanced years, but still taking a lively interest in the welfare of Kauai and the activities of the multitude of her relatives and acquaintances here.

She was at home to her friends from nine to eleven in the forenoon and from one to three o'clock after lunch. Among the visitors was a delegation of her Lihue Hawaiian friends, all of whom look upon her with a great deal of love and reverence, who called soon after breakfast and greeted her with many "Alohas," and sang a number of well-known hymns for her, to which she lis-

tened with the greatest interest.

On account of her age and naturally feeble condition, she was not able to greet the large number of other friends and admirers who would have liked to have come, and many of them sent flowers to express their regard, great masses of which were outspread on the large diningroom table, sharing their beauty and fragrance with all who came.

All the members of her immediate family, and also several others of her close friends, called in the afternoon to pay their respects, and bring their gifts of flowers and other remembrances, and for several hours she was kept busy greeting them and receiving their good wishes. At an early hour she retired, as has been her custom of late, expressing great pleasure in the happy day she had spent, and seeming in the best of good spirits.—Garden Island.

\*\*\*

#### THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' HOME.

The Home has had its first real bona fide birthday dinner party, and a happy host of guests would have come at the blithe bidding of the hostess if the home had been big instead of little; there might have been dozens and dozens—all the cousins.

But it had to be a wee little we, and so it came to be.

But flowers were there and pink pinks and roses pink, on the sideboard, on the board proper, all over the cloth, under the table and most everywhere excepting in the stuffing for oysters and cream came into that, and ice cream, with cake and candles.

Mrs. A. made the cake and Chopsticks made the stew, Mrs. B. brought the candles that she blew, and Miss C. the biscuit and the butter; in fact, there was enough of dainties for many courses and plenty to give away in the end.

It was a merry gathering and all enjoyed the beautiful night that followed the repast and the walk home before midnight.

All knowing of the Home can but desire that it shall one day enlarge its boundaries; but "Patience" is its watchword, while wishing to accommodate many

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that work and know no home, other than a second-rate boarding place or a lodging with often scanty and skimpy meals outside and of poor quality at that. The Y. W. C. A. gives an excellent lunch for twenty cents it is true, but no one can thrive too well on one good meal in twenty-four hours. Tea and biscuit and eggs will not make up a healthful rest—the rest of it all say what one will, if this condition is to continue the month out and the month following! A very large Home and land in plenty would be of great use to working women in this warm climate—cool rooms—plenty of best food and refined Christian associations.

But we shall be named a dreamer it may be—only a vision, an air-castle in Spain, or rather in Honolulu. Very well. If we are too far ahead of the times, we would rather lead than follow.

How rich in gold is Honolulu this day of grace! It is a fact that cannot be disproved.

Let us have a big Home for women on a solid foundation, bought and paid for and the deed recorded.

Then will we have a Dinner for the doubtful and the Dreamer seven days in the week and fish for Friday.

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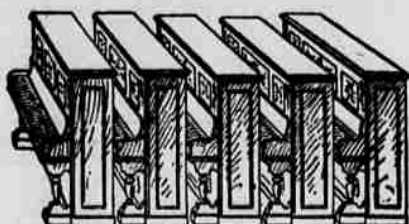
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