

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

—Philippians ii:4.

A little girl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnestly at the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying: "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause I've dot some-sin' to say," was the innocent reply of the little one.

THE OPTOMIST.

There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.
He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!
Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

—S. E. Kiser.

For thirty years more or less prominently identified with one of New York's greatest retail shops, Mrs. Mary Fairbrother says it is in the power of any woman to succeed in business career and to compete with men in their own fields. Her rules are few, but she says she has never found it difficult to observe them and to them she attributed her own success. They are: Always be mindful of your employer's interests; punctuality; don't shirk your own work; aim higher; be courteous to all; make your own opportunities; be conscientious, truthful, polite.

New York, August 18.—One hundred students from the University of Vienna, in black velvet

jackets, black boots, white breeches and gayly colored caps, are being entertained by the German singing societies of the metropolis. The chief mission of the student delegation is to start a movement that will lead to an exchange of professors between Austrian and American universities such as has been in vogue for some years between this country and Germany. The visiting students are members of the Academic Singing Society of Vienna and during their stay on this side they will be heard in a number of concerts. From New York they will go to Boston and later will visit Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Washington, and Philadelphia.

London, August 26.—James Doughty, a famous clown, received a congratulatory message and a gift of money from the King on the occasion of his ninety-second birthday. Doughty is believed to be the oldest entertainer still before the public. He was a clown at Covent Garden over sixty years ago. With his troupe of performing dogs he has been a familiar figure at Brighton the past thirty years.

Spokane, Wash., August 23.—Mrs. Catherine Belknap, sole survivor of the Watts wagon train party, which crossed the plains from Iowa to Oregon in 1848, and oldest pioneer woman in the Northwest, celebrated the ninetyieth anniversary of her birth at the home of her grandson, Walter Belknap, a few days ago. She is in good health and expects to reach the century mark. She has not experienced a day's sickness in eighty-three years.

Culver, Indiana, August 23.—The cadets of the Culver summer naval school have presented a gold medal to Isabella Fuller, 12 years old, who saved F. Thompson of Atlanta, Ga., from drowning by supporting his head above water until assistance came. The presentation was made by C. C.

Marsh, a commander of the United States Navy.

San Francisco, August 23.—Governor Gillett has called a special session of the legislature to authorize bonding the State for five million dollars, to raise funds for the proposed Panama exposition in 1915. It is believed that with this sum raised by the State, Congress can be carried in favor of the claims of San Francisco as against those of New Orleans, which is making a hard fight in Washington for federal recognition as the place at which the fair should be held. San Francisco has already subscribed about seven millions, and it is thought by those in charge of the campaign that California's enormous financial offer will swing the decision.

Spokane, Wash., August 23.—The forest fires in Idaho and neighboring States are breaking all records for destruction of property and loss of life, and have reached the proportions of a national disaster. The number of lives lost is estimated to be four hundred, but in addition to these there are 900 forest rangers missing, many of whom are believed to have been cut off by advancing lines of fire, and burned to death.

The area of fire covers hundreds of thousands of acres. The whole of the Panhandle territory of Idaho is afire. It includes scores of towns, some of which were cut off by the fire before the inhabitants could escape.

The loss will amount to many millions of dollars. Troops are aiding the forest rangers and the settlers at many points, in efforts to stop the advance of the fire.

Baron Oura stated just before the ship left that he had enjoyed every minute of his stay in Hawaii, and hoped that it would not be long before he was able to come here again and stay longer. "I have seen many countries in the world, but I never realized be-

fore that such a place as grand as Hawaii existed. I was able through the kindness of the Japanese Consul-General to see a good deal of this island yesterday during my brief visit, and I can truthfully say that I was more than pleased to see a place where agriculture was one of the first things considered.

"I think that Hawaii has a great future, and my advice is to stick to the products that can be raised from the soil instead of going for stocks and bonds as they do on the mainland. I don't mean not to go in for safe and sound investments, but I do mean not to depend entirely on stocks for a means of making money.

"Regarding the question of the chances of going to war with my country, I can honestly say that Japan has nothing but the kindest and most friendly feelings toward the United States. The yellow journals in Japan and America are always trying to start a war with the United States, but as far as I know that will be something that will never happen.

"Japan has always regarded the United States as a true friend and I hope to live to see the day that we will be drawn together by a treaty such as exists between Japan and Great Britain.

"Japan's activities with her army and navy are nothing out of the ordinary as far as I can see, and the fact that we are building new ships and increasing our army is nothing significant. Japan is a true friend of the United States."

THE BOY SCOUTS.

Everybody should welcome and encourage the Boy Scouts movement in Hawaii. It has so many angles of contact with boy nature that it would be hard to imagine a properly constituted lad to which one or more of its functions should not appeal. Its code of honor will be eagerly grasped by all naturally manly little men, and will in due time grasp those who by heredity or unfavorable environment from birth may be growing up in coarse habits. The obligation to do useful things, in ways of occupation and in helpfulness to others, will tend to the building

up of solid civic virtue in the embryo citizen. Thrift will be practically taught through the rule that every scout must be a savings bank depositor. If there be a germ of scientific genius in the boy, the nature study, as well as the utilities prescribed, will tend to develop it into something of real account to the boy's life and to the world. The military features are not intended to make recruits for the army and navy, although incidentally they may result in the discovery of military genius, but to develop soldierly bearing and carriage in the future man, teach him obedience to authority and the advantages of discipline, and, in all ways, make him fit to command or qualified to serve according to circumstances in which he may be called on to do either in mature life.

Boys are bound to be active in one way or other. If their effervescent natures are not moulded into good tendencies and their energies directed into channels of usefulness and honor, they are liable to drift or be driven into courses leading away from the goal of good citizenship if not even ending in submergence among the pests of society. The Boy Scout movement is distinctly opposed to the growth of the hoodlum element. It is positively and at all points favorable to the development of manhood in the fullest and best significance of the word among the rising male generation. Therefore it should be welcomed and encouraged in Hawaii. With the picturesque mixture of races in these Islands, the outcome of the movement here will have world-wide interest. It may be hoped to become not the least potent factor in the consummation of President McKinley's desire for Hawaii—that it should be developed "along American lines."

Before he become a scout a boy must take the scout's oath, thus: I give my word of honor that I will do my best

To do my duty to God and the country.

To help other people at all times. To obey the Scout Law.

1. A Scout's Honor is to be trusted.

If a scout were to break his honor by telling a lie, or by not carrying out an order exactly

when trusted on his honor to do so, he may be directed to hand over his scout badge, and never to wear it again. He may also be directed to cease to be a scout.

2. A Scout is loyal to the President, and to his officers, and to his parents, his country, and his employers.

3. A Scout's Duty is to be useful and to help others. And he is to do his duty before anything else, even though he gives up his own pleasure, or comfort, or safety to do it. And he must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day.

4. A Scout is a Friend to all, and a Brother to Every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

5. A Scout is courteous. And he must not take any reward for being helpful or courteous.

6. A Scout is a friend to animals.

7. A Scout obeys orders of parents, patrol leader, or scoutmaster without question.

8. A Scout is thrifty—that is, he saves every penny he can, and puts it in the bank, so that he may have money to keep himself when out of work, and thus not make himself a burden to others; or that he may have money to give to others when they need it.

At a meeting of the Boys' Work Committee of the Y. M. C. A., held at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the first business-like steps were taken for the organization of the Boys' Scout movement in Honolulu. Present at the meeting were Theodore Richards, chairman; R. S. Gault, secretary; Elijah Mackenzie, Jas. A. Rath, Ed Towse, Rev. A. A. Ebersole, and Paul Super.

It was, first, definitely decided to inaugurate the Boys Scout movement in Honolulu, the membership, however, to include any boys of the city, irrespective of membership in the Y. M. C. A. The Y. M. C. A., while starting the movement and pushing it, will be the headquarters of the company, or corps, but the latter will not be a Y. M. C. A. institution, as popularly understood.

Paul Super was selected to head the committee which will be entrusted with the movement work. He will have four co-

workers on this committee, they to be appointed later on.

The boys of the city to form this organization will be formed into what are called patrols, each patrol to consist of eight boys and a leader. Several patrols will consist a troop. One of these troops will be formed in the Y. M. C. A., or of Y. M. C. A. boys; and the others will be made up in the different district of which Honolulu is composed, of boys who are not members of the Y. M. C. A.

In their work of perfecting this organization the committee feels itself very fortunate in having the assistance of several gentlemen who are familiar with the Scout movement elsewhere. Among them is a gentleman of Aberdeen, Scotland, and another of Australia. The committee invites the co-operation and assistance of any other gentlemen in the city who have experience in the work.

There should be quite a few here whose services would be very valuable, as the Boys' Scout movement in Great Britain now numbers 400,000 members, while it has spread all over the United States and Australia.

The first duty of the new committee will be to draw up details of the organization, perfect the scheme and then continue the work until their successors are chosen.

The object of the Boys' Scout movement is, in brief, to give to the youth of the land a certain kind of very valuable training which is not afforded, systematically at least, by any school or other institution. For instance, there will be practical training in tracking, camping, signaling, first-aid-to-the-injured, nature study, having birds, landshells, animals, plants, etc., as subjects; camp cooking and many other things that a boy should know.

Certain requirements are made of the members as will shape their habits rightly. For instance, each boy must have a bank account, and is taught to save. He must be courteous under all circumstances, and must respond to aid or to alleviate distress wherever necessary. He is pledged to honor God and the flag of his country; and to be honorable to his fellow man in every respect.

He must be a friend to animals, and to every useful creature.

News of the movement has already gone among the boys of the city, and they are thoroughly lavie to it. Up Manoa, in Nuuanu, out on the Plains, in Palama and elsewhere the boys are impatiently waiting to make the start, and the men at the head of affairs have been literally besieged in the past few days by and with questioners and questions in regard to it.

Two patrols will probably be organized this week, as the boys are all ready to be "mustered" in. One of them is in Manoa Valley, where Mr. Super will probably attend to starting them off. The other will be organized among Y. M. C. A. boys at the Y. M. C. A. building; those boys also being ready to make the start in advance.



"OUR DUTIES."

If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet;

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountains steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
While the multitude go by;
You can chant a happy measure
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer
They may not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where smoke and fire are thickest

There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden

May the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers
Growing rank against the wall,

For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a fickle goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.
—Ellen H. Gates.



THE EDITOR'S FEW BRIEF NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER.

Thursday, September 1.

This day came in to us and registered at once as one of the warmest, if not the very warmest, days of the season. Even the calmest and most patient man complained of the heat. And we complained.

September 2.

Today is the seventy-second birthday of Queen Liliuokalani. She sees in the Islands only peace, progress and prosperity; and she realizes that her former Kingdom of Hawaii is one of the most noted countries of the globe, not for climate and beauty only, but for the convenience of the commerce and help of the nations.

It is a port that can hardly be avoided, for the comfort and the vital interest of the traveling population.

Honolulu is the theme of every large business man whenever he starts out to see a world-tour. He must satisfy himself if there be anything in Hawaii worth his while, and here he will stop off if only for a few days.

"Did you see Honolulu?" he knows he will be asked on his return.

"Why did you miss Honolulu?"

Today is as warm as was yesterday.

We can hear the Band playing at Washington Place.

Long live Queen Liliuokalani.
Labor Day.

This is, indeed, a sultry morning and slightly overcast. We may have a downpour.

We rejoice to see the Boy Scout movement on hand and sure we are our boys will prove good scouts—every boy of them that has the healthy ambition to have and do his part. We believe it is bound to become a very

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ANNE M. PRESCOTT,
Editor and Proprietor.

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prominent movement in these Islands and to win the finest kind of a record—a truly legion of honor for the boys. It is a noble thing for a boy to do good and to be an honest-hearted boy in helping others on. A boy, or a girl for that matter, can really put new life and zest into the little circle about them, by showing self-sacrifice and real earnest sincerity.

A boy or a girl, only one, can often wield a great influence and in a quiet way, too, can fairly come to shake an entire street from its inertness by shaping in a way their daily chums or favorite school-mates. We believe the boy scouts will do a marked work for good.

It is a splendid fad. If one would be enthusiastic as to the movement here, then read what it has done in other cities.

Honolulu will be as successful in the work.

THAT PINEAPPLE PIE.

We can but think (not only on real reflection, but on eating), that the pastry cook of the Young Cafe is, in his way (first-class way), as much and as only, and, indeed, as far-reaching, a promoter of the pineapple industry as is Secretary Wood himself, a few doors below.

That cook makes the most delicious pineapple pie, and possibly pudding, too; but, we can speak for the pie and the pineapple. A tourist, for instance, calls for pie every day; and, when he goes to the Coast or wherever, he naturally tells of where he dined and his thoughts at once revert to the fresh pineapple pie, of which he (and all of us) was so fond.

He then goes on to speak, naturally, of the mammoth industry of Wahiawa, etc., and of the very superior quality of the fruit; and the circle widens and his relatives

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and friends, and, finally the entire neighborhood, village or city, learn the facts as repeated from one to another; until soon the ever-eager reporters, listen, and even hunt up the traveler and learn at first-hand of Hawaii, of Honolulu, of the pineapple, etc. And not least of the Pastry Cook of the Young Cafe in the famous Young Hotel on Bishop street.

Now pray, is not that pastry cook the best sort of a promoter? For, to the end of time, no one will decline perfect pineapple pie.

September 9.

If your watch is lame, Haffner, on Alakea, can make all straight again in a very few minutes. And yet he is moderate in manner and in price.

As Mr. Waterhouse says, we can trust John Hughes. All know him to be frank and honest. We have never heard of but one opinion as to that; and a man seldom wins a certain reputation without good foundation.

We hope he will be elected.

Why should Treasurer Trent retire? He is doing good work and is one of the best of treasurers; we can not find a sounder, more practical man, can we? Possible one as useful, but certainly no better.

This shifting, shifting, makes things often all in a snarl where all was running smoothly and evenly.

It seems a great mistake to change a certainty for an uncertainty; for, how can one learn to be even a treasurer in a minute. But, many men, think they could make of themselves a Governor or a banker or a consul or a marshal or a fire-chief—or even a carpenter if given a hammer and a few nails; and all could white-wash. But sometimes we are compelled to note the failures if not the frauds.

When we have a clever man, let us ask him politely to stay put and help us out and not fret

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at him. These politics make often a muddle (mud-puddle), turn out good servants and let in a knave. We like Governor Frear and Judge Perry, President Dole, Marshal Hendry, Consul Forster and Mr. Trent and Postmaster Pratt and Mr. Frank Damon and Theo. Richards, Rev. Westervelt, Supervisor Logan, Mr. Knott and all the rest of our friends, and why change?

Why turn the mout at the end of a year or two, even for some one equally good? Why not cultivate stability in public affairs as in private? In a certain shop for instance, we like to meet the same manager and clerks, do we not? Like to feel at home there, so to speak. The same in public affairs, not one chief or marshal or consul or doctor today and tomorrow a strange face, strange voice, strange way too often, of doing things—oh, no.

Let us all stay put and work on. English fashions are not half bad with regard to old servants and servitors. New things true are nice and new if they prove "nice"; but the old is better often and often. Is it not so?

And now we must go across to the Cafe for a cup of tea and a jug of cold water with which they supply us; for the Japanese there are very nice, indeed to us. Now we have had our tea—green tea of a delicate flavor—and something very good to eat; but we will not speak of that, as my readers may not like peppers, but we do in this climate very much; peppers and salad and baked potatoes; also baked tomatoes with crumbs and plenty of fresh but-

ter. It is a dish fit for a queen or a peasant.

We need not speak of the Manager of the Cafe, for every frequenter has not enough to say in his praise; he is so gentle and so much liked by all; the children like to gather about him because he thinks them, as well as the flowers and plants, worth his particular attention and wants them to be happy at the table. When Mr. Cohen had the little boys and girls here, they took their meals always at the Cafe, and the Manager looked specially after their likes and dislikes and called them his children. He took delight in pleasing them, for off the stage they were quite like other little children.

There are people you know that cannot seem to adapt themselves to children, and children are shy of them—well-meaning people, too. We must not complain, but is not this very warm season? And the quicksilver says that it really is.



HAWAII.

O, happy Honolulu,
Where other place like thee?
The green hills all about the town,
About thy feet, the sea.

Thy beauty and thy wonder,
Not pen of ours can tell;
For greater in this dreamland
Have said and sung it well.

It has been told in story,
And writ in song of old;
The mystery of thy glory,
Yet none did quite unfold!

Can one spell out thy rainbows?
Thy laughing showers of mist?
Or tell the valleys' story
To those who would insist?

Ah, no! The cloudland and the
color,
The hill-top, surf and sky
Are such no one can understand
Or any tell you why.



September 10.

This is a wet, dark, dreary sort of a day and no denying the same after the uncommon heat of yesterday. A southerly rain is in the way of very much traffic of any sort. But the grocers and the markets go on the same, for all must have the Sunday dinner.

The mail, too, must be delivered regularly, even if the carriers get wetted through, and the milk and the ice must not fail in any season, for then what would the isck and the children do? But taking it all and in all, the past two days have been really disreputable sort of acquaintances. We took a ride up Nuuanu and did not come across any better weather; however, Mr. Jordan was in the car and seemed very cheerful so far as we could judge, either from having had a good breakfast or the prospect of more advances in sugar or cotton on account of the flood of rain.

Yes, we are interested always in coffee, in the morning, and hope the crop will increase and multiply and that all having coffee land may prosper.

There are many dealers that have the finest Kona Coffee on hand and at very reasonable price. We wonder at the low price by the pound; for it is most excellent at Hackfeld's, May's, Day's, McChesney's, and likely at a few other stores. We never fail to find good coffee at a very fair price. To drink moderately of black coffee and to eat of curry is always healthful in a warm climate—it is said. But supposing one likes neither coffee nor curry, what then? One fancies only crisp toast in the early morning; another only porridge, and so it is, that one cannot exactly prescribe his friend's diet, however good or valuable his intentions.

Personally, we trust that Trent, Logan and Hughes, at least, will be elected to office, as they are honest, good men. We may think up a few others in a few days that deserve honorable mention in the Times.

There was a very talkative meeting here at the Elite late yesterday afternoon, in the fine rooms formerly occupied for some years by the Christian Scientists; but we did not learn what it was all about, as we were not present.

As there was no space given in this morning's paper, we have concluded it must have been likely of a Democratic flavor.

We do not understand the term politics or very much at all about the matter, and it is often a wonder to us why there can be so much excitement and debate on the subject. To us, a good office-

holder, upright and just, one who does his work faithfully and correctly, one whose work can stand the light of day, why, what does it matter who or what elected him? We cannot comprehend why there should be any noise or debate at all. Good men are always wanted in office, and that is what the public calls for, so far as we can see.

We are contented with the Governor and Mott-Smith and the good men working under them, and we don't see any one in our travels that is not trying to do his work, and many of them like Mr. Babbitt, for instance, and Secretary Wood and Marshal Hendry and Dr. Wayson and Breckons and Henry Smith, Assessor Wilder, all working whenever we look in at them; they are working, working. We never find these Judges, Cooper or Robinson or Perry, etc., these heads of departments or their clerks, idle. Wilson, the roadman, and Gere and all of them seem to be driving at their work, as busy as the Governor himself.

Look how the Consuls have to work, Mr. Schaefer, Pfotenhauer, Forster, and the rest. Why, it would surprise, we dare say, many of our readers to see how these gentleman of many affairs toil steadily on for many hours in every day, looking after vital points of State or Territory or individual concerns, matters that often call for great judgment and sound wisdom. There is an immense amount of hard mental work done in Honolulu—done in solid rows of figures and of names, done in correspondence and by personal contact and interviews. There are few idlers among the officials and professionals. We are not now including the mechanics and the ordinary laborer, while they, too, are often swift and willing workers.

September 13.

Today we have an overcast sky as if for rain. The Chinese Prince is here, and minute guns are firing. We would like minute guns for Prince Kuhio, we are all so glad he will return as Delegate to Washington, for he has given a right royal record of good work done for the Territory.

It is well to retain all such valuable workers; they that can ef-

fect and bring much to pass for the public good.

We wish all such might be retained and less of politics be brought to pass by any changes. It is sad and surprising that a good public servant is not without hesitation at once re-elected.

But, alas! this is not too often the case, and an untried uncertainty steps into a faithful man's place. It does really seem as if it would almost discourage one from trying his best were it not that an honest man is always impelled by his conscience to do the very best he can, whatever the results.

The schools are brim full of pupils and many are waiting, so we are told.

Punahou, St. Louis, and some of the others admit there is literally "only standing room," so to speak. It is a good sign anyway, this seeking after knowledge by the many nationalities existing in Honolulu. They look to us a happy crowd this week, eager to begin the year's work and willing to throw off the vacation. To many of the poorer classes school is a blessed place, and they start off at a very early hour, glad to be even under the shadow of the place. It is often something of a problem in country parts, where little ones will walk long distances (on short breakfast) and arrive at the school, morning after morning, by seven o'clock. By one in the afternoon those little ones are sleepy and faint, and it is hard to interest them in any sort of work. Many of them are up and out by five, or earlier, in the morning, and their thoughts are schoolward. We are thinking of the natives who often walk miles and sometimes swim any stream on the way, putting their clothing on the head, so we have been told.

Nor do they all have poi in the morning, possibly infrequently.

One of the Brothers at St. Louis College, where there are 650 pupils, told us that the discipline was very simple, a system of merits and the Roll of Honor, which is worked for anxiously by the boys the entire year. These are for good conduct and for excellence in work.

In case a boy is indifferent, he can be sent home, and he knows there are others waiting to take

his place. So it all lies with the boy to go or stay; but if he does stay, he must strive for the merits and be a credit to himself in so far as he can by diligence and good deportment.

Nearing noontime, and the sun is out and the day sultry, as usual every day just at present—it is indeed a very warm September—write that down for a certainty. Today at the Royal (one of the seven wonders of Honolulu), we were confronted in the fine grounds at recess by eighteen classes, or one thousand children. Here, then, was a moving picture worth one's while. There was no friction, no discord nor jar of any sort. When the drums beat for lines again, that school formed as by magic into lines, each child found his mate quietly, and they moved on into the building with perfect step, and yet fearless and happy. The School City took the entire charge of the school at once on Monday by mere force of habit without the help of the Principal, and on this second day, Tuesday, we could not discover any pilikia at all.

The school seemed as orderly as on the day of closing last year, as if might have been in session right along.

Vacation seemed to make no difference with the perfect system of the School City, which is now a confirmed and settled power for good. The Mayor and Aldermen are chosen by the Faculty and the Supervisors are elected by vote of the pupils, if we are right. The school is, indeed, a harmonious whole and something of the nature of a miracle. A visit is worth one's while.

At recess one little Hawaiian had retired from the crowd in the grounds, and, coming up the steps, seated herself flatly on the stone behind one of the pillars, and quietly munched a big hunch of bread and jam, for she was very hungry; and the play of 1000 children could not molest her past or keep her from her crying need. Neither did she heed our looking down at her; she was the hungry child with no tongue, but good teeth.

It greatly amused us in the midst of all the din to see her perfect composure. If she applies herself as well to her lessons, her mind will be well fed.

We always like to see a hungry child eat; it seems to be so thankful, often, and so pleased with just plain food, and to eat with a wholesome relish (without "relishes"). We came away from the Royal School, where many are being turned away, with a very delightful opinion as to the work—well confirmed by this second visit. The grounds are high and well drained.

We would like to visit many of at least the larger schools, but it takes much time if one would go the rounds. And then there are the institutions and private schools which always well repay a visit. We desire much to see Mills Institute and all in Manoa Valley, but to find the day and the opportune time often bothers us. We know there is most superb work going on, on those high lands, and we want much to have a little time to see it in its beauty.

When it grows cooler, we will make the effort; but these are very hot days.

We have seen the Chinese Prince, and it did not disturb our lunch, later. It is fine that Honolulu can stop and turn aside to entertain peer or peasant—and do them honor, thereby certainly honoring itself, as a city of hospitality, as well as beauty.

We are all glad that our Governor is bent upon being kind and courteous to the stranger. It is well, and sounds a true note for the Territory that reaches around the civilized world.

Mr. Atkinson as Chairman is the right man in the right place for we are sure he understands all the parliamentary rules, while never obstinate or arbitrary. His supreme good nature wins him friends where another would fail. It is the same with Mr. Davis at the Royal; all the children count him their ready friend, one that never nags them or rubs them the wrong way, and yet he is serious and observing.

These folk that have the trick of keeping their heavy artillery in the rear, so to speak, can rule (as a rule) grown-ups or children.

They rule themselves, first, eh?

We gain most wisdom by refusing to listen to others; self-study gives us the largest measure of mind.

September 15.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS'
HOME.

We would put in a word for this newly-started Home and well begun, in the very best way, in a roomy and comfortable cottage. But, what is really needed for continuance of the good work, as all will, we believe, agree with us, is a very much larger place, even ten times as large likely (where all can be income) to accommodate, not the aged only, but any that are really today needing a home, a home table, home comforts, hemmed in by the love and sympathy of true Christian women—where, workers that can pay only a moderate sum, can find a large equivalent for the outlay and be happy and content—a place of refreshment and true rest—a home, then, of steady and kindly welcome at all times, in smooth and in rough weather.

In order to carry out the hopes and plans of the founders of this Home, a place of many acres likely will be needed, where there will be no outlay of rent, etc., and where can be realized a feeling of permanence and perfect security from any removals or changes—(a real Homestead—land and buildings owned for all time—a firm basis and sure, well-anchored, so to speak). There must, too, be an endowment in time to meet all expenses necessary.

Now, we will say, a large kitchen garden, for instance, would be an income; enough land for fruit trees (even flowers to sell), one or more good cows (milk to sell), a horse and carriage, cart; then there would be fowls, doves, honey bees; all these as time went on would be a constant, steady revenue; and all living in the Home would take a vital interest—even the very aged. There might come to be a monthly illustrated publication connected with such a Home and keeping the entire Territory in touch with the same.

We are certain a large and beautiful building will be needed for this most unique work that has been begun, in so quiet and modest a way.

Always a Home and never an Institution.

So may prosperity attend.
Today, the middle of September, and somewhat cooler, we are glad to note.

AFTON WATERS.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among
thy green braes;
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song
in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb
not her dream.

Thou stock dove whose echo re-sounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander, as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—Robert Burns.

PUBLICITY.

(By Supt. Thomas P. Bailey,
Memphis.)

We need to organize proper methods of securing publicity in

regard to the workings of our schools. The people are interested in them. The newspapers know it and are glad to print all pertinent news items, and, in default of such, even non-pertinent ones (not impertinent).

This interest on the part of the people and the press should please us school folks. But what school news shall we give? And when? And how? What do the people want to know about? What news items will best stimulate interest in the schools? What matters have tax-payers a right to be informed about? How can gossip and sensationalism be avoided? How can the news be saved from the appearance of exploitation by the superintendent or others connected with the department? How much time and force ought to be spent in organizing a publicity bureau? These are some of the questions to be considered by all concerned. I shall welcome suggestions and hope to be able to broach the subject in more definite fashion in a future report.—Report.

MRS. MCSHEA ON JOHN D.

So Jawn D. is sivinty-wan?
'Tis a green ould age th' lad has lived to, excipt there's nawthin' green about Jawn.

The autybiography av Jawn has been writ siv'ral toimes, an' by as minny diff'rent people. Jawn tried it wance himsilf, but th' pore bye had been on th' witness sthand so long he cud onny raymimber his name. 'Tis crool to put a young lad loike him on th' witness sthand. Since thin, th' writin' up av Jawn's loife has become th' gr-reat national game. Th' baseball grounds has become disarted excipt f'r book-kapers an' thim that has no imagination. Iv'rybody's at home writin' about Jawn. 'Tis a free-f'r-all ivint, wid no handicap. Edication an' previous knowldge bein' onnecessary, 'twas thought some juryman or an Illivated conductor wud win; but th' latest sportin' extry says thot Hogan av th' whitewashers' union will likely cross th' wire first.

As a baby, Jawn was precocious. He did not larn to talk, he talked widout larnin'. At th' tinner age av six months he looked into his fond mither's face an'

says: "Take care av th' dollars an' th' pinnies wil take care av thimsilves." An' he's been takin' care av th' dollars iver since.

Jawn's business is bein' th' boss av a Sunday School, an' f'r recreation he drives an ile-wagon. Most anny day ye can see him drivin' down Main street peddlin' a little can av ile. Whin th' Sunday School job is slow, he amuses himsilf hilpin' out th' pore an' strugglin' colleges.

"Lowle," says Jawn, takin' down th' 'phone, "d'ye need anny money over there to Harvard?"

"Oi do," says Lowle. "Me rint's due, an' Oi'm behind on me coal bill."

"All right," says Jawn, "Oi'll sind ye over foive."

Thin he hangs up th' 'phone, an' calls down th' dumb-waiter to Archy to chalk up th' price av ile. 'Tis a foin scheme, an' thankful Oi am to Jawn f'r lettin' me hilp Lowle wid his rint. Lowle wud n't iver come to Mrs. Mulligan an' me f'r a foive, he's too bashful.

Whiniver Oi think av Jawn D., Oi'm minded av anither Jawn, Jawn Milton; him that sold Paradise Lost for twenty dollars an' a pound of tay. Jawn D. wud n't niver have slipped up olike that; he'd have organized a comp'ny wid Satan f'r chairman, an' Adam an' Eve f'r directors; an' we'd all be rushin' down State street to buy th' stock on th' advice av Tommy Lawson. But will they be cilibratin' Jawn D.'s birthday three hundred years fr'm now Oi wonder?



It is fabled that Jove at one time called men to Olympus, offering the crown of immortality to the most worthy. One after another gave account of herioc deeds, till at last, noticing an old man, on the outskirts of the throng, with bowed head and humble mien, the god inquired: "And what have you to offer?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," was the answer, "but all these were once my pupils."

Then the voice of the great Thunderer rang out: "Crown him! Crown him! Crown the faithful teacher with immortality, and make room for him at my right hand."

GOING DOWN TO KILAUEA

(Robert J. Burdette in Los Angeles Times.)

Some people say "going up to Kilauea," because you go up against the wind from Honolulu to Hilo. But the "big island," Hawaii, of which Ever Growing Hilo is the capital, is south of Honolulu, and everybody everywhere on all this earth knows that south is always down. At least they taught it "down" in Peoria, where I was brought up, so it must be correct. For we lived on the Illinois River, which always ran down. Except in the spring freshets, when it simply spread over, from old Cap. Hull's springs clean over to Col. Ballance's elk park, and a steamboat wandering up from St. Louis was just as liable to go up Spoon River or Kickapoo Creek as it was to come on to the levee where Nick Bergen's drays waited for the cargo, and Rock Champion, the mate of all mates, came ashore to stand the town on edge and push it over into the lake, as his custom was when the kindly feelings of his rugged nature swayed his actions. Those were the days when Sam Crouse was Town Marshal and Joe Thomas was Fire Chief, and "Peoria No. 1" and "Neptune No. 2" fought at the fires until a large clear area was burned over and made fit for the erection of nice new buildings. The days when Dodge City, which did not then exist: Peoria: a Sunday-school convention: a socialist picnic. Dear me; we learned a heap of things in old Peoria, in those imperial days that the faculty not only didn't teach, but didn't even know, in college. And which were easier to learn than they were to forget. Which is not impossible, although it is absurd.

Must be the volcano that set me to thinking about old Peoria in the old days, all of which were divided into three conditions—when she was heating up; when she was red hot and in active eruption, and when she was cooling off. There are other towns not so much unlike it, as similar.

An excellent steamship of the Inter-Island Navigation Company's fleet carries you safely and pleasantly down—for it is down to Hilo, the landing and the start-

ing point for the big volcano. There is a fine wharf at Honolulu, and a good one at Hilo. But at all intervening ports focall—all the vowel combinations save a few good strong Scotch names when you get into the jurisdiction of "iLittle Scotland," which begins I think at MacGregor's, on the Island of Maui, and runs out to sea south of Hawaii, freight and livestock, cattle, sheep, poultry and humans, are landed and embarked in boats. This process greatly interests the passengers, especially those who are landing or embarking, and particularly in rough weather, when the waves run high and the spray dashes higher.

There is no danger, when the boats can go at all. For the kanakas are among the best boatmen in the world. You have seen the boat drill on the Atlantic liners. The blast of the whistle after the word has been passed around among the passengers, who "oh" and "ah" and admire, while the crew, to whom the performance is somewhat of a bore, amble to their stations and then loaf back again. But those amphibians on the Inter-Island steamships practise "boat-drill" at every landing. No fuss, no noise, no exhibition postures. Five men to a boat. Everything is orderly as a woman's handkerchief box. A word from an officer and the boat descends from the davits, a volley of vowels from the steersman, the long oars sweep into place, and with short, easy strokes the boat dances over any kind of a sea as though it were a pleasure trip. The freight packages and baggages are caught up by two stout fellows and lightly tossed up on the little landing wharf. The passengers are caught up and handled in much the same way, just as promptly, only far more gently, for those kanaka boatmen aer as tender hearted as women. When the scene is at the ship it is more interesting. For the jolly boat rocks, dips, swings and pitches to its own rag-time, and the big ship does a two-step and shuffle after its own manner. Not a package is ever dropped. Every piece of baggage goes aboard in good shape. There is no noise, no gesticulation, no excitement. By and by it comes your turn. If the sea is too rough to lower the

grand staircase, two pair of brawny brown arms lift you into easy balance on their big broad palms. If you are a man, you gasp; if you are a woman, you start a shriek. But before the scream can phrase itself, you are shot through the air and are standing on the main deck, where a Chinese steward is waiting with your handbag, and just as you are wondering what it was all about, the polite purser is saying—"your room is number three." It is all over, but you don't know when it happened.

Hilo is a very pretty city with one of the nicest hotels anywhere, an arrangement in cottages, all connected with the hotel by covered lanais—they're just porches, but they sound different when you call them lanais. And when you reach the Volcano House, after a thirty-mile drive, unless you prefer to combine rail and stage, you will find yourself in a hotel that stands inside of the walls of one of the older craters, close to the edge of a later one; little jets of steam from the numerous solfataras here and there, which are natural steam pipes reaching down into some vast subterranean kettle underneath you, and a Greek—a thoroughbred, of Homeric ancestry, in charge of your safety and your comfort. His very face is a care-dispeller, his voice a reservoir of assurance, and his laugh a joy to be treasured. The traveler may forget the volcano, but so long as he lives he will gratefully remember Demosthenes Lycurgus, and kind of hope to get the next lot to him in glory.

A good horse or a better mule—a mule on a trail of any kind is a descendant of Balaam's ass, which knew a heap sight more than the man who rode him, carries you over the three-mile trail, after a descent of 60 feet into the great crater, across the lava bed, a black sea that cooled off in the midst of a storm, to the active pit. This great crater has a circumference of about eight miles. Near the center of this billowy lake of lava—pahoehoe—make the "hoes" rhyme with "boy," and you talk like a Hawaiian—which means "satin like appearance," satin finish, if you will, you come to the pit of Kilauea. It is several hundred feet below the rim where you stand, at the rest house, to

another crater, to which you may descend with perfect safety, and almost no trouble at all, if you don't mind scrambling a little. Then, in the center of that, the pit of Kilauea, red hot and a 1000 feet in diameter, three acres of fire. And you may approach the rim of that as close as your nerve will carry you. If you wish you may sit on the black rim and let your feet hang over.

It is forbidden to fall in.

Occasionally a portion of the rim breaks off and falls into the pit. This fact deters any one, save the most hardened liars, from sitting on the edge and dangling their legs over the pit. And they always go alone. Even liars do nothunt in couples, when they seek adventures.

You can see all there is to be seen by walking around the higher rim, upon which stands the rest house. It is the thing to go over in mid afternoon, and get the daylight views from different points. Then your coffee is heated hot and sizzling at "Pele's Teakettle," or some other natural range. Pele is the Hawaiian goddess of fire and Kilauea was her last home on these Islands. There you remain till 9 or 10 o'clock for the splendor of the night scene. Then you walk or ride home as easily and safely as though you had been spending the evening with friends. You do not talk much on the way home. You have been awed into silence that makes you most delightfully refreshing company for many hours. Even the most bro-midic intelligence hesitates to ask "wasn't it grand?" or to offer the suggestion, now some 20,000 years old, for the lumps of lava just thrown out, used to say it to each other that it is 'like the orthodox hell."

A lake of fire. Not of leaping tongues of flame, but of molten fierceness, slumbering fury. Great black cakes of lava break from the edges of the pit and float sluggishly out toward the center. There is a sudden ebullition—a geyser of furious incandescence that engulfs the black masses as the day swallows the night. Across the black areas dart zigzag lines of molten lightning. Tremulous lace work of all shades of incandescence—dull red glowing, yellows of molten gold, a quiver of whiteness like silver in a refining

pot; a fringe of blood-red and a flame of ruby, then a fierce glare that closes the half-blinded eyes. The tone of the great crucible is yellows and reds. Splendor, magnificence, awe-inspiring.

Not terrifying. Close as you may stand beside this lake of fire, there is always a sense of safety. It is the brute that slinks away in terror at the sight of fire. Fire is the servant of man. It seems to me he can never feel his mastery over all the earth, and all that on it and in it so triumphantly as when he stands close to the seething crater, unique and solitary among all the volcanoes in the world, and looks down at the surface indication of unmeasured heat and power and terrific force. What are the hidden causes of it all, lying underneath, he does not know. There are a hundred conjectures. There is no absolute knowledge. He can toss a pebble into the lake at his feet. He cannot probe into its secret.

It is a good thing to remember, man. Keep the fires of life glowing in your soul, deep hidden sources of mighty power and live forever. When you let them roar and leap and rave in the surface of your temper and your animal passions, the fires cool and blacken into brittle, lifeless and useless lava, a thing of contempt, to be trodden under foot.



It is not true that a man can dispose of his money as he chooses. The purposes for which it can be used are strictly bounded. There are many things that he cannot buy with it; for example, health, long life, wisdom, a cheerful spirit, a clear conscience, peace of mind, a contented heart. You never see the stock called Happiness quoted on the exchange. How high would it range, think you—a hundred shares of Happiness Preferred, guaranteed 7 per cent., seller 30? Henry Van Dyke, D. D.



Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

—Father Tabb.

THE WHISTLING BOY.

(By Celia S. Berkstresser)

Is there a sound in the world so sweet, on a dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom without meets the gloom within till we wish we'd not been born,
As the sound of a little barefoot boy gayly whistling in the rain,
While he drives the cows to pastures green, down the path in the muddy lane?

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rain;
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place that he means some day to explore;
If there's time to play and plenty to eat who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips and clears the soul of the gloom that brooded there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along through rivers or rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would rainbow the sky in a flood.

A writer tells of a boy who was sunny and brave. He met the ills of life, which too many people regard as almost tragedies, with courage. Nothing ever daunted him. Where most boys are afraid or break into tears, he was undismayed and untroubled. But one day something serious happened. He and a playmate climbed a tree. Just when our little philosopher had reached the top, his foot slipped and he fell to the ground. He lay there, evidently hurt, but uttered no cry. It was the playmate that screamed. The doctor found the leg badly broken. The boy bore the setting patiently without a whimper. The mother slipped out of the room to hide her own tears—she couldn't stand it as well as her boy did. Outside the door she heard a faint

sound and hurried back, almost hoping to find him crying.

"My boy!" she said, "do you want something? I thought I heard you call."

"Oh, no, mother," he said, "I didn't call. I just thought I'd try singing a bit." And he went on with the song.

When you have pain, or struggle, or a heavy load, or a great anguish, don't complain, don't cry out, don't sink down in despair, don't be afraid—try singing a bit. Trust God and praise!—J. R. Miller, D. D.

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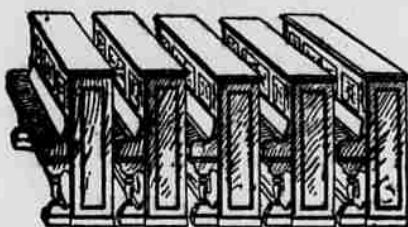
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