

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS

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The decisions of the Executive on certain licenses are somewhat peculiar. A license was refused renewal at Waikiki, despite the fact that **The Executive on Licenses.** there were no reasons to show why it should be nullified and another issued that breaks the law in several specific points as regards proximity to church and school house. The Orpheum license is another case in point; virtually granted under Marshal Brown's decision and then revoked under an absurd objection, that the place would not be properly conducted. If the addition of a saloon license to a public theatre means that horrible results, derogatory to the community will follow, then every city in the United States and Europe is encouraging immorality. The guarantee of such men as M. P. Robinson, C. S. Desky, H. M. von Holt and Edgar Halstead, that the place would be properly conducted, should be enough. Putting aside the question that conflicting interests may have been brought to bear, the decision of the Cabinet will, in the eyes of most persons, assume the shape of foolish bigotry detrimental to the progressive interests of Honolulu.

The street-car system of Honolulu is probably the worst in any civilized community. The situation consists of many awkward problems which have never been grappled with, leaving, as a natural consequence, an evil that consists of many lesser ones. Aside from the cars themselves, the poor stock and the frequent waits at switches, there are annoyances of a still more disagreeable nature.

To touch at the heart of the matter is to handle an always delicate problem, the racial question, yet handled in this way it must be. Take, for example, the request, unheeded, that a special car should be run from Waikiki, and from which consumptive and dirty coolies should be excluded.

At the present rate of hack fares, when it is to be remembered a hack has to come out from town to, say the Annex, and charge accordingly, there are many good citizens of Honolulu who, taking their wives, sisters or sweethearts, to the opera cannot afford the additional onus of several dollars extra for hack-hire. Yet, taking a car, the dainty toilettes of the women must, perforce, be crushed against a greasy, hawking Asiatic, and the delicate atmosphere of flowers and perfume murdered in smoke from Oriental pipes and cigarettes, coupled with impertinence from the over-worked employees of the road. The same circumstances hold good during the day. On Sunday, for example, while a vast proportion of the population is eager for the fresh sea-breeze at Waikiki, it cannot afford to have a hack or a carriage and, at the same time, strongly objects to seeing toilettes crushed and dirtied on a car that is carrying twice its prescribed number. The law should enforce the company not to allow any more on the car than its seating capacity permits. If the company expects to hold its charter it should expect to provide for accommodation. The company should follow the example of its sister corporations and allow smoking only on the open cars and then on the two rear seats, and nowhere else. The being in a striped suit who collects fares and bosses things generally should be

severely lectured for impertinence, and paid better wages with less hours. This suggestion would hold good to all the drivers of men, mules and horses in the tramway's employ. First and second class cars should be provided. No one ever objected to sitting in a car with a native; the inbred courtesy and cleanliness of the Hawaiian prohibits discussion in that direction. There are many Japanese and Chinese who are perfect in their manners. It is the coolie pure and simple who should be eliminated from the public cars. The man that earns his living by the sweat of his brow is a noble object, particularly in the abstract, and at a distance; but, next to you or your wife in the car, minus the poetry of his toil and plus the evidences of it in dirt and perspiration, he is a nuisance. The South forced the negro to ride in another car because they had to for health and for decency's sake. It was hard on the educated negro, but in this case a distinction can be made.

A first-class car should be kept for general traffic, eliminating the coolies and the freight to another. Let the ducks and bananas, the bundles of laundry and baskets of vegetables keep in one vehicle with their owners and their producers.

Considering the unusual aptitude of the Hawaiian for mechanical pursuits, and their apparently inherent capabilities in that direction, it would seem impossible for the native institutions of learning to lay too much stress on the matter of provision for manual training. In many of the agricultural colleges of the United States, aside from acknowledged manual training schools, classes in mechanical draughtsmanship and designing, have not only the practical workshops with lathes for turning, forges for casting and brazing, but, under a capable instructor, the electric plant of the colleges themselves are turned into object lessons, and the boy whose mechanical bent turns to cabinet work, polishing iron or brass casting, the electrical world or the many paths and by-ways of mechanics finds in the college a practical lesson that is invaluable in these American latter days of short apprenticeships. Here we have a nation with more than the average percentage of born mechanics, and too great efforts cannot be made to bring out these latent possibilities. As a suggestion, this should be accounted valuable, while a stricter attention to the lack of sanitation that many whisper ascribe to the native seminary might all help the cause of the young Hawaiian.

Fortune has turned her wheel and the news from Lady-smith has dispelled the gloom that hung over England and her sympathizers. General **England and the Transvaal.** White has retrieved his blunders by a series of brilliant and successful sorties, while the Boers have none of the advantages rumored to have been obtained by them. Again, the feeling that we are ten days out of the world, comes strongly to Honolulu, when we realize that, by this time in all probability, Buller has arrived with his reinforcements on the field, and that a decisive battle has ere this been fought.

Rear Admiral Valois' book on "Sea Power" is interesting to the American nation, in that such a man as Admiral Valois, a student of the world's changes and events, a man of a race hitherto disposed to scoff at America's prestige, should turn with proffers of friendship and international alliance. Fortunately for the United States she can afford to stand alone and independent. The value of her navy was taught at Cavite and Santiago. It is gratifying to



feel that the same nation, whose representatives received so indignantly, a warning from Dewey, seeks an alliance, even though we see through the motives of the German's offer.

The Germans were none the less willing to remain neutral while Britain warred against the Boer, for the same reasons, that Valois does not urge, but diplomacy can see.

Germany fears the navy of England. Though with France and Russia she could outnumber the British fleet yet France might hesitate to unite with her old enemy even in such a cause. England's navy is superior in seamanship and gunnery. The proven prowess of American war vessels would be a substantial backing for an offensive move against Britain. America will scarcely however, form an alliance against England, but rather with her, if any is formed.

The "Argonaut" aptly remarks, "The possibility of war with England is so remote as hardly to deserve recognition. Should the future produce war, the United States could bring England to terms more quickly through starvation than by ships. Stop the wheat shipped to England from Atlantic and Pacific ports, and England would cease to eat."

So too with Valois' chief reason—English commercial aggression in China. Business judgment, aside from mere sentiment, would show more likelihood of better treatment by English interests in China, than by Germany, France or Russia, with other aims and foreign tongues. In the question of spheres of influence in the Pacific, America and England will have to stand side by side, their ends are the same, their sympathies alike. The trouble is now a brewing that will, some day, bubble over the cauldron of the Pacific and, in all likelihood, it will be the Eagle and the Bear against the Eagle and the Lion, with France and Japan the armor bearers of the fight.

The election news from the various States was seized upon with no lack of avidity by men who had nevertheless had no voting interest in their adopted country and could not get back to vote in Greater America.

#### Men Without a Country.

##### In the Philippines.

Pasig has been captured three times and abandoned twice. Guadeloupe has been captured four times and abandoned three times. Mariquina has been captured six times and abandoned six times. Canita has been captured twice and abandoned twice. Antipolo has been captured once and abandoned. Morong has been captured twice and abandoned twice. Santa Cruz has been captured once and abandoned. Pagsanjan has been captured once and abandoned. Longos has been captured once and abandoned. Paete has been captured once and abandoned. Novaliches has been captured twice and abandoned twice. San Mateo has been captured once and abandoned. San Jose has been captured once and abandoned. Norzagaray has been captured once and abandoned. Augot has been captured once and abandoned. San Miguel de Mayuma has been captured once and abandoned. Mexico has been captured twice and abandoned once. Bacolor has been captured twice and abandoned once. Macabebe, the only town friendly to the Americans, was taken and deserted and allowed to be burned by the natives. Quingua was taken twice and abandoned once. Guagua was taken once and abandoned.—*Chicago Record.*

##### Japan and Greece.

The treaty of amity, commerce and navigation between Japan and Greece, signed at Athens on May 20, 1899, and ratified at Tokyo on August 16th, was promulgated by the

*Official Gazette* of Thursday last. It has at once been put into operation and shall remain in force for twelve years. It contains seventeen articles, the purport of which is essentially the same as those of the treaties with the other European nations; but we notice that on one or two points, the provision is ampler and clearer than in the case of other treaties. For example, the stipulation respecting exemption from military service is rendered clearer by the mention of billeting in addition to compulsory service, contributions in lieu of personal service, and forced loans or military exaction.—*Japan Weekly Times.*

William Marconi has now proved his claim to stand among the rank of those inventors who have contributed to the World's progress. What the future of wireless telegraphy will be is hard to determine. The invention is yet in its infancy. One thing however is certain, as a means of communication, for short distances, that rises superior to the elements, whose wires cannot be cut by the enemy nor tapped for information, its value can not be too highly estimated. Marconi's invention will, without doubt, be in general use by the navies of the world in the near future. Hawaii should take peculiar interest in the invention, offering as it does, a cheap and certain means of inter-island communication. Japan has already signified her intention of utilizing the opportunity. As a means of signalling ships, the invention holds promises of many improvements over the old systems. Long before signals could be read or topmasts seen, the name, any possible difficulties, and all the news carried by the incoming vessel could be wired direct to port and "foreign steamer off Koko Head" would be a telephonic message of the past.



WILLIAM MARCONI.

#### An Active Volcano.

The Volcano San Martin, near the town of Catemaco, has again become active and molten lava is pouring from the crater. The Government authorities have been notified that there is danger of great destruction of growing crops in the valley at the foot of the mountain, and that the country people are fleeing from their homes. This volcano has been inactive for such a long period that the small settlements encroached on the danger line. As the present eruption is very severe much destruction may be wrought.

#### Treaty With Chili.

The treaty between Japan and Chili was signed a few days ago by Viscount Senor Vicuna (Chilian Minister to Japan). Ratifications will be shortly exchanged at Washington.—*Japan Weekly Times.*

#### Rumored Protest by Russia.

SHANGHAI, October, 25.—It is rumored that the Russian Government has lodged a protest with the Chinese Government against the latter sending students to Japan as also against its appointing Mr. Yano as adviser and the selection of Japanese officers for places in the War Department.—*Mainichi.*

### Tobogganning Down A Volcano.

**P**OPOCATAPETL, the great volcano of Mexico, which rears itself in gaunt majesty 17,816 feet above sea level, and which keeps watch and ward over Ixtaccihuatl—"The Sleeping Lady"—who lies below draped in snow from head to foot, is a unique and worthy personality in many respects. But concerning its past glory and present majesty there is nothing that more forcibly appeals alike to those who have toiled up its rugged sides, and to those who haven't, than the fact that whereas a wearisome journey of six hours is occupied in the ascent, you may toboggan sheer from top to bottom in six minutes by the watch! Six hours up—six minutes down. Six hours, which seem like six days, over steep and slippery paths, rugged rocks, broken lava, through freezing cold, blistering winds and the overpowering fumes of sulphur, causing insufferable mental oppression and nauseating physical weariness—six minutes, which seem like six seconds, of a lifetime's sensation, rushing through air with only the sky above and the snow below, and a feeling as though the greater part of your body had been left at the top of the volcano.

The volcano is the private, personal property of Senor Ochoa, a Mexican general, who gained possession by making good use of his knowledge of the curious mining laws of the country. It is a mine of wealth, in the matter of ice and its great sulphur deposits; these, by the way, were first utilized by Cortes, whose men mixed the sulphur with saltpetre and charcoal, and so made up a powder that was evidently of good effect, judging by results, as far as the Aztecs were concerned.

The ascent of Popo commences from Amecameca, the exquisite, Swiss-looking town, about four hours' ride from Mexico, where guides, horses and provisions may be found. Armed with a permit from Popo's owner, "El General," who holds the natives in immense awe, you start up an old, deep road running to the first hut through a beautiful valley, dotted with Indian hovels and gardens, and patches of grain and alfalfa. The real discomfort of the trip lies in the few hours spent at Tlamacas, the terminus of the horseback ride, and the general "all-night" place. It is miserably cold here—and the stench of sulphur is overpowering. You lie at night in a little wooden hut, before a blazing fire, with your back freezing; and gradually the cock-crowing and the howling of the pariah dogs from distant, far-down Indian villages, ceases; perfect quiet reigns, until it is time to start upward.

Straight up before you, apparently within a stone's throw, the great cone of seemingly melted snow and silver towers up majestically into the deep blackness of the sky, with stars twinkling brightly about it. The guides go before, cutting steps in the snow. Hitherto the altitude has not affected you seriously, provided that you have been careful in the matter of food—but now begins a perceptible difference in the heart's action, and every few seconds you must needs stop and rest. The air grows thinner and thinner; you can hardly breathe; and the usual singing in the ears begins. You grow drowsy, and stumble awkwardly as you lift your feet, which seem weighted with heavy iron. The guides who are extraordinarily strong men, are often forced to carry climbers, who have lost nerve and strength, bodily up the mountain.

Six hours climbing—hours which seem like months, or years, according to your condition—and then comes the joyful sound of the guide's voices, heard as in a dream, calling back encouragingly: "Hemos llegado, senores"—Here we are. There you are—and there you remain for the time being, lying flat on your back and gasping, until the guides solicitously administer cognac and biscuits—after which you feel somewhat more alive.

No mere printed words could give an adequate description of the beauties of the views you gain from old Popocatapetl's hoary top, over which you will be lost in admiration. "Ya vamos, senores, ya vamos!" The cries of the guides recall you from the trance in which you have fallen in the face of all this grandeur; and you make your preparations for a decent which will furnish you with the sensation of a lifetime.

The Indian guides look complacently round, and puff unconcernedly at their eternal cigarettes, as they begin to unroll their

"petates" on the snow. These "petates" are Indian mats of strong, tough fibre, which the guides have carried up on their backs. You realize now that there are also toboggans. Now the guides make this toboggan trip, the most remarkable one in the world, and the only one down the side of a great volcano, week in and week out whenever the sides of the volcano are not so frozen over as to prevent it. It is nothing to them. But for you it is a different matter—and the more you look at the frail "petates," and and at the long, glittering descent, the less you like the idea of tobogganning down.

Nervously, you watch the preparations—the smoothing down of the "petates," when they will persist in curling up at the corners, and the testing of the heavy "palos," or alpenstocks, of which each guide carries two, with extra ones strapped on his back, in case of loss. One of these slips from a guide's hand and goes clanging down the side of the mountain, gathering force until it whirls along at a speed which makes you dizzy to contemplate. You put your self in the place of the alpenstock, and it is not pleasant—and the complacency of the guide only adds to your irritation. You wish you had never come. Then you hear the fatal words: "Ya vamos, senores"—"We go, gentlemen"—and you have to "vamos." Quakingly, you seat yourselves at the rear end of the mats. Complacently, the guides placed themselves firmly in front of you, push the ragged old sombreros over their eyes, light fresh cigarettes for the down trip, caution you to sit still and have care, take a steady grip on the alpenstocks, which serve them as steering poles—and you are off. Perhaps, on the way up, it had your intention to race each other down—you have no jocular thoughts now, and as the mats slip over the snow, slowly at first, then faster, gathering momentum at every inch, you grab desperately at the guide's waist, and hold on for dear life. The speed quickens, until you are going faster than express train rate. Clouds of soft snow fly up, at times almost blinding you, and calling forth much Indian profanity from the guides. The sensation, when you take it quietly, with closed eyes (supposing you can bring yourself to do this), is not unpleasant—there is a sense of extraordinary exhilaration, of mad recklessness. But if you dare to look up or about, the sense of sea-sickness becomes almost overpowering; mingled with that other, indescribable feeling which you may have experienced in a miniature way before, if you have ever dropped from a fifteenth floor in a rapidly-moving elevator—about as nasty a sensation, by the way, as there is. By the time you have done half the trip the breath has completely left your body—your mouth and eyes are wide open, you can neither see nor hear. Then the end comes, with a bang and a shock, at the very edge of the snow, and you roll helter-skelter through the stiff saccation grass—bruised wrecks. People take the end differently. Some sit up, rub their heads and laugh; others relieve their overstrung nerves with copious tears—for my part I lay still and gasped.—G. C. Cunningham in *Pearson's Magazine*.

#### Yachting Song.

Yoho! for a breath of the sea,  
For a taste of the flying spray,  
As with swelling sail we flee  
O'er the foam-crests far away,  
Away o'er the foam, away!

As we dive to the depths of each emerald wave  
With a heart that is free as the wind,  
With never a thought that is sober or grave,  
All sorrow is left behind.

With a heart that is free as the wind that blows  
Sorrow or Trouble, over it goes,  
And is left to sink behind.  
As we flee on the wings of the wind.

Yoho! for a breath of the sea,  
For a taste of the flying spray,  
As with swelling sail we flee  
O'er the foam-crests far away,  
Away, o'er the foam, away!

ALLAN DUNN.



**OTHMAR WARD BARTLETT.**

THE SUNSHINE OF KING STREET.

The dawning of Saturday, November 11th, saw the taking away from that portion of King street, between Alapai and Thomas Square, one of the sweetest and cleverest children it has been the good fortune of any neighborhood to possess.

Little Othmar was known to all alike, be they neighbors or strangers, and one of the happiest and brightest of children.



There was not a stranger or tourist passing who did not have a kindly word to say for the youngster, and at the Makee Island concerts and at Waikiki Inn, he was the most petted of all the children.

In the taking away of this dear child the parents lose their boon companion and the light of their eyes.

Othmar was born at Ilaniwai, Waikiki, on August 29, 1895, thus making him 4 years, 2 months and 12 days old.

**From the Other Side of the Gates of Joy.**

DEDICATED TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

"Oh, what do you think the angels say?"  
Said the children up in Heaven!  
"There's a dear little boy coming home to-day—  
He's almost ready to fly away  
From the earth we used to live in.  
Let 's go and open the Gates of Joy,  
Open them wide for this dear little boy,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"God wanted him here, where His little ones meet,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.  
"He shall play with us in the Golden Street  
He had grown too fair—he had grown too sweet  
For the earth we used to live in.  
He needed the sunshine, this dear little boy  
That gilds this side of the Gates of Joy!"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"So the King called down from the angels' dome,"  
Said the children up in Heaven.  
"My little darling, arise and come  
To the place prepared in the Father's Home,  
The Home that my children live in."  
"Let 's go and watch at the Gates of Joy,  
Ready to welcome the dear little boy."  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Far down on the Earth, do you hear them weep?"  
Said the children up in Heaven.  
"For the dear little boy has gone to sleep,  
The shadows fall and the high clouds sweep  
Over the Earth we used to live in.  
But we'll go and open the Gates of Joy,  
O! Why do they weep for their dear little boy?"  
Said the children up in Heaven.

"Fly with him quickly, oh angels dear!"  
Said the children up in Heaven.  
"See! He is coming. Look there! Look there!  
At the jasper light on his sunny hair—  
Where the veiling clouds are riven.  
Oh! Hush, hush, hush! The swift wings fold,  
For the King himself, at the Gates of Joy,  
Is taking his hand—dear, tired, little boy!  
And leading him into Heaven "

**Old Hickory's Charge.**

[BY TAROTOP.]

"I reckon my grandfather would have lived a good deal longer than he did if I had never been born," observed Grandfather Steptoe as he sat in his accustomed chair on the verandah; "my mischievous pranks on the farm were a source of great annoyance to him. He has always saying that the vacations were too long. In vacation time he would be counting the days to the beginning of school, and in school time I would be counting the days to the beginning of vacation."

"Didn't you love to go to school?" asked little Susie.

"Not when there was any fun to be had," quickly responded the old man. "I remember 1849 was a splendid harvest year. I staid around the farm as usual during the long August vacation. My grandfather's broad acres were smiling with the ripening grain, and his orchards and vines were bending under their burden of fruit. All the farmers prospered that year. Peace and contentment were everywhere—in fact, there was such a pressure of peace and contentment that we boys couldn't stand it. Coachy Johnson was my playmate. Coachy was not his real name, but we called him that because his father drove the stage coach. Coachy said to me on one of those August afternoons: 'What do you say to hitching up Old Hickory in the farm wagon and having a ride?' Now, my grandfather kept an awful cross bull that he called Old Hickory, as he had something of the dash and spirit of Andrew Jackson. My grandfather being away that afternoon, I fell right in with Coachy's suggestion. First, we gathered a lot of sorghum and threw it into the little enclosure where Old Hickory stood. I knew he was gentle enough when eating sorghum. My, how that bull did love sorghum! While he was feeding we brought in the wagon and got the thills over his back all right, though they pinched him pretty tight. We tied him in with straps and ropes, and then fastened two long ropes to his horns for reins. Coachy took one rope and I the other, and we jumped into the wagon. Old Hickory had finished feeding by this time and, seeing the bars down, walked out into the road; then he began to paw the ground and snort, but soon

proceeded on a dog-trot towards the village. 'Hold on to your rope!' yelled Coachy. We hadn't gone more than forty rods before we saw a peddler with an immense pack on his back coming along. I thought the bull would stop and want to turn round, as some horses will do when they see a thing like that in the road. But Old Hickory was no horse; he started straight for the man. Say, I never saw anybody get over a rail fence as quick as that peddler did, pack and all. The bull was making for the fence. 'Keep him in the road!' I shouted to Coachy, and I had no sooner said it than the nigh front wheel went into the ditch and I lay sprawling on a pile of stones. Coachy was pulled from his seat to the ground, but not hurt a bit. I was all bruises. Old Hickory butted the fence once or twice and then, with head down and tail up, took a fresh start for the village. When he got there the wagon was smashed to pieces, and nothing stuck to him but the thills and the reins. One wheel got hung up on the limb of a tree somehow or other. How my grandfather's bull did tear through that village! He upset everything he went against. I reckon that community hadn't had such a shaking up since the British came over, in 1813. Everybody yelled 'stop him!' but nobody undertook the job. After terrorizing the villagers, he took to the turnpike, and not till he had passed the two-mile watering trough in a cloud of dust did they feel relieved. As my grandfather was expected back that evening I knew there would be some excitement at home, so I concluded to stay away till it subsided. I went home with Coachy and stopped at his house three days. Then I went hobbling to the farm. My grandmother took pity on me and fixed up my injuries, but my grandfather seemed to feel real sorry that I hadn't broken my neck. The next thing was to advertise for Old Hickory. First, a notice was put into the village paper, and then it was ordered to be placed in every paper in the Western Reserve. My grandfather also pasted posters on fences, pumps and barns within a radius of thirty miles. I reckon every man, woman and child in the county knew the age, size, spots, and general characteristics of my grandfather's bull by heart. The old gentleman disliked going down to the village after that because every man he met would ask him: 'Have you found your bull yet, Steptoe?' About a month after the unpleasantness he rushed into the house one day, shouting, 'Old Hickory's coming back!' He had got a letter from a man way over in Indiana, saying he had caught the bull and was going to send him back by one of his farm hands. You have heard of people weeping for joy. Well, that's the way the whole family felt then. That evening my grandfather talked very pleasantly to me. He was always a kind man when things went his way. Just a week from that time a strange man drove up to the barn with Old Hickory tied to his cart's tail. We scarcely knew him. He was as thin as one of these tramway horses here, and as meek as a sheep. 'Well, Old

Hickory,' said my grandfather, patting him on the nose, 'you've had a — something — of a time, haven't you?' Those were very nearly his words, my precious ones."

"Then he took that stranger by the hand, and I thought he would never let go of it. He led him into the house, paid him the reward, and we had a great supper. After supper my grandfather and the man that brought the bull back went to the village and, I think, they got pretty full, because along about 3 o'clock in the morning a lumber-wagon drove up to the front door and then I heard sounds as though a lot of men were packing some heavy things up stairs. That winter we had to go without apples and pumpkins to pay for the newspaper advertisements, and I reckon I was punished enough."

person on a Sunday morning. The most wealthy have abundance of necklaces, ear-rings and rings, for they have a passion for precious stones. Most of the jewelry is of Paris make. In the old time a Filipino, many of whom understood very little about banking matters, would sink all his money maybe in diamonds, rings and such like. Then he could easily carry about his person what corresponded to large sums of money without much inconvenience, and, what was of importance to him could hoodwink the Spanish authorities as to the extent of his means.

Those women who can not afford to adorn themselves with the bona fide jewelry easily content themselves with the brummagem articles and blossom forth with diamonds and sapphires as big as twenty-five cent pieces. Since the year 1884 the city and suburbs



The Filipinos have their church parade on Sunday morning. No island is so far removed from contact with the outer world that it dispenses with this all important function. Probably the native first learned this custom from the Spaniards themselves, who not only have their church parade every Sunday, but also have a daily parade in the cool of the evening, when gallant cavaliers curvet their fiery steeds for the benefit of black eyed duennas. Of course the whole thing first originated from the desire of man and woman through latent vanity to display their person to the best advantage. This, as everybody knows, is in common with all living beings.

Every bit of jewelry and finery possessed by a Filipino woman finds its way on her

of Manila have been well supplied with good drinking water, which is one of the most praiseworthy improvements undertaken by the Spanish Government within the past few years. To ensure this beneficial work being carried out, a Spanish philanthropist of the last century, named Carriedo, who was commander of an old-fashioned galleon trading between Mexico and Manila, left a sum of money in order that the capital and accumulated interest might one day defray expense. So the benevolent bequest was banked at compound interest for a hundred years. The water supply (which comes from Santolan on the Pasig river), being more than sufficient for general requirements, the city and suburbs were, little by little, adorned with fountains.

"Johnny, did you take your cough medicine regularly in school, as I told you?"

"No, 'm, Johnny Budds liked it, an' he gimme an apple fer it." *Judge.*

"Poets," said one of them, "are born, sir." "So, also," answered the editor, "are cock-roaches, flies, mosquitoes, and such." — *Indianapolis Journal.*

At the Rev. F. Hall's farewell meeting at Heckmondwike, a story was told of one of the pastors of Kipping Thornton, which was Mr. Hall's first charge. He was about to leave the place, and called upon an old body, who seemed somewhat down in the dumps. Naturally supposing she was troubled about his departure, he began to console her with the assurance that a better man would no doubt be found to fill his place.

"Nay, nay, ther nivver will," retorted the worthy soul, "for ivvery one 'at we've had as been wahr ner t' last."

The grave of Mrs. William Whitney at Douglaston is undoubtedly the best guarded grave in the world.

Under the wealth of hot-house flowers that cover her grave on a hill top overlooking the Little Neck Meadows the freshly-turned earth is sown with powerful torpedoes. The coffin is hemmed about with them, and the ghoul who undertakes to strike his spade beneath the surface would invite swift destruction. Nor is this the only precaution taken by Mr. Whitney for the purpose of guarding the resting-place of his dead. Night and day two men are posted there to watch over the grave. One is a detective and the other a partolman. The villagers of Douglaston take a keen interest in these taciturn watchmen, who smoke their pipes in the shadow of Zion Church.

Mrs. Kruger, the wife of the President, is a woman of very few words. In this she resembles the majority of her countrywomen, silence being one of the most marked characteristics of the Boer "frau." Though a devoted mother, she takes absolutely no interest in her husband's schemes or affairs of State. She has an extraordinary aversion to medical men, though she is ever in search of a patent remedy for her chronic complaint—rheumatism—and anyone who succeeds in recommending even a temporary cure earns her most profound regard. She drinks an inordinate amount of coffee, a custom that amongst some of her country people commences at dawn and ends only with daylight.

President Kruger is said to be able to write as well with the left hand as with the right, but detests pens and ink so much that he uses indelible lead pencils whenever possible.

A manufacturing firm of Ohio shipped the equipment of one of the finest paper mills in the world. It was sent to Yokohama for the Japanese government, and was loaded on 25 cars. Japan has decided to make its own paper, as some of her state documents have deteriorated with age.



## Echoes of Religious Thought.

BY W. K. AZBILL.

### "The Important Matter."

At the opening of the Anglican Church Synod last Monday night, Bishop Willis in his address introduced the subject of transference of the Church in Hawaii to the jurisdiction of the Episcopal Church of the United States as "the important matter." Space does not permit us to give the full text of his resolution and address, but the resolution approves of the transfer "whenever an invitation to the effect proceeds from the authorities of that Church to the Diocese of Honolulu, it being made clear at the same time that the interests of the Church in Hawaii shall be duly and sufficiently safeguarded and its integrity maintained, and that the support the Bishop and Clergy now receive from England will be continued by the Church in the United States until the Diocese or Missionary Jurisdiction of Honolulu becomes financially independent."

It is given out that Bishop Potter when here approved of these conditions, and it is practically certain that the change will ultimately be made.

In his comments on the position in which the Anglican Church in Hawaii is placed, Bishop Willis gives utterance to a fundamental truth of vast importance. He says:

In our own case, if we are of opinion that this Diocese should now become a diocese or missionary jurisdiction of the American Church, it is well to be sure that we stand on solid ground in holding that opinion. On what basis does such an opinion rest? It is well to ask that question because some seem to think that the annexation of the Islands by the Government at Washington has already brought these Islands under the jurisdiction of the Church in the United States. To hold this would be to regard the Kingdom of Christ to be subordinate to earthly kingdoms and dependent on moves made by players on earth's political chessboard. Not directly the annexation of the Islands does not effect our position in the least. But it does so indirectly. It brings us into a new relation to the American branch of the Anglican communion, &c.

The Bishop, then, does not hold that Queen Victoria is the head of the Church in any proper sense. He does not think that bishops of churches of Christ are really entitled, by their rank as ministers of churches, to any place of authority or of power, or of distinction in the State. It is gratifying to note that his ideas are in such perfect accord with the prevailing notions of what he calls "the American Branch of the Anglican Church."

And by the way, if the Church is a divine institution, emanating from Heaven, why this persistent insistence that it is "of England?" We have "the Church of England in Jamaica," and "the Church of England in Honduras," and "the Anglican Church in Hawaii." Would it not be just as correct to say "the Church of Rome in Great Britain," when we mean "the Anglican Church?" While at it, the Bishop would render a great service by going on to point out the weaknesses and evils of the alliance of Church

and State, and the false notions of rank, authority, dominion and dignity that have come of this source.

### Destructive Criticism Destroyed.

The destructive critics say that the book of Deuteronomy was written in the days of King Josiah, and they give the book this date because they say its professed predictions must have been written after the historical events which the author pretends to foretell. Indeed, this method of disposing of questions of date and authorship, is uniformly pursued by a class of the so-called higher critics. Accepting this date for the moment, Prof. J. W. McGarvey of the Bible College in Kentucky University, knocks the critics out on two scores. First, he says:

There is at least one which would be a clear case of inspired prediction, even had the book been written in the days of Josiah.

Among the calamities to Israel which, in a long and awe-inspiring series, are predicted in this chapter as consequences of disobedience, the Babylonian captivity is clearly indicated in verses 36 and 37: "Jehovah shall bring thee, and thy king which thou shalt set over thee, unto a nation which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers; and there shalt thou serve other gods, wood and stone. And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all the peoples whither Jehovah shall lead thee away." That this was the Babylonian captivity is evident from the two considerations that they were to be taken away with their king, which was only true of this captivity, and that this was to be done by a nation which neither they nor their fathers had known. This last could be said of the Babylonians, who had but recently come into power, but not of the Assyrians, who had been Israel's oppressors for several generations, and who had carried into captivity the ten northern tribes. Even this prediction could not have been uttered in the eighteenth year of Josiah, or at any previous date without miraculous foresight; for, first, the Assyrian Empire, to which Josiah rendered allegiance had not yet been overthrown by the Babylonians, and no human being could foresee that it ever would be. Second, no human foresight could reveal the future conquest of Judah by the Babylonians; and, third, it was impossible to know beforehand that the Jews would be transported to another land, and that their king should go into captivity with them.

But going still further with the *ad hominem*, the Professor shows in the second place that the destruction of Jerusalem, which was effected by the Romans in 70 A. D., is clearly predicted in the book. Here are his citation from the prophecy and his remarks upon it:

"Jehovah shall bring against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as the eagle flieth, a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand, a nation of fierce countenance, who shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favor to the young; and he shall eat the fruit of thy castle and the fruit of thy ground until thou be destroyed; which also shall not leave thee corn, wine or oil, the increase of thy kine, or the young of thy flock, until he have caused thee to perish. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down wherein thou trustedst throughout all thy land; and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates throughout thy land which Jehovah thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thy own body, the flesh of thy sons and thy daughters which Jehovah thy God hath given thee, in the siege

and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall straiten thee. . . . And Jehovah shall scatter thee among all peoples, from the one end of the earth to the other end of the earth, and there shalt thou serve other gods which thou hast not known, nor thy father's, even wood and stone."

This captivity is clearly the one effected by the Romans; for among the nations that carried Israel, or any large portion of them, into captivity, the Romans alone were a nation "from afar, from the end of the earth;" and a nation whose tongue was utterly strange to Israel. Moreover, it was only in the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans that the besieged actually devoured some of their own children, as is here predicted, and as is asserted by Josephus, who was present when the ghastly remains of the children thus devoured were found by the Roman soldiers on searching the houses of the captured city. And, finally, it was the Romans alone who scattered Israel "among all peoples from one end of the earth even to the other end of the earth."

Thus the destructive critics, by bringing out the book of Deuteronomy, B. C. 621, unwittingly leave it open to the same objection which caused them to surrender the accepted date and authorship. Of course, however, the date they have fixed (?) is the correct one, and now they may set themselves to the task of explaining how the author foresaw an event which was 691 years in the future when he wrote.

### A Misrepresentation.

Dr. Bishop, in his paper, *The Friend*, set forth the following proposition:

"That a personal devil is actually stimulating the depravity of men, and organizing the forces of crime and wickedness, is a working hypothesis of no small utility."

The Editor of the *Advertiser* in the issue of the 11th inst., quoted this sentence, then related a story in which an insane Minister said that "the Devil is more useful than many of the Deacons," and then indicted the following diabolical misrepresentation:

This divine agreed with Dr. Bishop that the Devil was "a working hypothesis of no small utility," and as a useful member of society, had a most important part to play.

It is perfectly clear that Dr. Bishop speaks of the utility of the hypothesis, and not of the usefulness of Satan. Certainly he did not call the Devil "a working hypothesis." That this is a misrepresentation, any body can readily see. That it is a diabolical misrepresentation is a useful hypothesis; for, in the first place, this view of it accounts for the singular conduct of the Editor of the *Advertiser* in attempting to make Dr. Bishop appear ridiculous in the eyes of his readers, and in the second place, it illustrates the truth of what Dr. Bishop said.

If there is a personal devil who stimulates the depravity of men, then we are able on rational grounds to account for this misrepresentation on the part of the Editor of the morning paper; but if there is no such "spirit working in the children of disobedience," his conduct remains an enigma which baffles all efforts to understand.

Dean Swift is credited with "Bread is the staff of life."

It was Keats who said: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

## Music and Drama

### The Opera Season.

"Martha," while admittedly grand opera, is not of the highest, and the actual grand opera season commences with "Il Trovatore."

Still "Martha" gave pleasing promise of what will come. The performance went off smoothly, and Miss Andrews enraptured all of us with the "Last Rose of Summer." The theme of Martha, the frivolous escapade of a lady of fashion, gives few opportunities to the singers. Miss Leekly was excellent; she sang well and acted well. Mr. Parmlee's clear tenor showed to advantage. Mr. Parmlee has a voice of good quality which should, when he has acquired the finished dramatic art of Mr. Hallam, for instance, bring him to the front ranks of lyric tenors.

Mr. Kunkel has given a series of excellent character studies not only in Martha, but as the old sea dog in Olivette, the policeman in the Pirates, and particularly, perhaps, as the Mikado. Henderson retains his funniness. In Olivette he was more than clever, and, as the Lord High Executioner, he held up his end, which was no easy matter, against the Katisha of Miss MacNeill. Miss MacNeill made the most of her really first opportunity, and gave a delightful characterization to the part of the elderly maid of Japan. Miss Stanton and Mr. Hallam are, as ever, excellent. There is a peculiarly pathetic timbre about Miss Stanton's voice at times that is most effective, and to the charms of her singing she, like Mr. Hallam, adds unusual capabilities in dramatic work. In Olivette the song "I'll be good Papa, I will obey" was delightfully rendered, and in Yum Yum the charming "Moon Song" was the singing hit of the opera. Mr. Rogers' basso completes most satisfactorily the harmonic round of the cast. The company, by the way, are producing singers from the chorus that are a pleasant revelation from acting and singing standpoints. The costuming is still all that was said beforehand for it, and the chorus keeps its reputation for thorough training. "La Belle Helene," with its marches and costumes, should attract a large house this evening.

### The Orpheum.

On the evening that I visited this cosy little playhouse, there was a fair audience to witness the really excellent program, but I hear that other evenings have not been so productive of the crowd. This is to be lamented, though possibly explained in some measure by the counter attractions at the Opera House. At the same time it is much to be regretted that the Honolulu public cannot make an effort to show their appreciation of the efforts made by the Orpheum management. Every possible inducement has been

offered to patrons at considerable expense. Comfortable chairs, a cosy little theatre and programs far and away ahead of any hitherto presented. And still they do not come; of course the upshot is plain if things do not mend. The stockholders will get tired of losing money to suit the whims of Honolulu, and presently the Boston Lyrics will have left us and those turning to the Orpheum for entertainment, will find upon the door this legend—"House closed from lack of patronage and appreciation." But to the players. There is really not a weak turn on the bill. The opening act, The Village School, is quite funny; Bogg's characterization being very clever. Hearde's new act with Miss Haeward assisting, is good, while the Rand's continue to keep the audience in a roar. Winton of course is excellent. Miss Dreyfuss is unfortunately quite under the weather this week with malaria, but her cleverness hides the fact from the audience. Mrs. Winton, the wife of the clever ventriloquist, is expected shortly.

### Winton and Oom Paul.

Mr. Winton, now on his second engagement at the Orpheum, has travelled in many odd nooks and corners of the globe and has had many curious experiences.

Not the least of these latter, especially at the present time, was Mr. Winton's interview with Oom Paul and his tilt with the Boer Government.

Winton was quite a political celebrity at the Cape whither he went twice under management to Mr. Luscombe Searelle, and played another 160 nights in Johannesburg. He happened to be there at the time of the "commandeering" affair, when Kruger, the



Boer President, locally known as Oom Paul, tried to press the English and other foreign residents into service against the Kaffirs. Sir Henry Loch, as it may be remembered, returned from London post haste, and stopped that. Meantime, Mr. Winton, giving an entertainment in which one of his figures,

called McGinty, cuts queer capers, seized on this and other topics as they fled, and used them to such purpose that the Boer Parliament talked of deporting McGinty in the belief that he was some sort of devil. The President, "whom you have to call on at half-past five in the morning," Mr. Winton explains, refused to see the private seance prepared for him by the ventriloquist, and the Boer police, about whom something had been sung, waited outside the theatre with a view to dealing with him, while police protection was withdrawn from the theatre entirely. However, Mr. Winton came out of it all alive, and is here to assert himself as the only whistling ventriloquist of the age.

### SPORTING.

#### Jeffries-Sharkey Fight.

The somewhat musty details of the Portland papers renders it rather hard to see exactly why the decision was given Jeffries if he only held up his end for five out of the twenty rounds. The 'Frisco papers will probably show that Sharkey was a gone coon in the twenty-fifth round, and that Jeffries would have, in all likelihood, finished the fight in the next round.

Jeffries' lack of aggression for so many rounds may have been simply astute generalship, based on the knowledge of self-capacity for punishment, his start at forcing matters in the fifteenth and relinquishing the attack on finding the sailor yet strong helps this view. Not being able to finish his man right away and marveling at his recuperation after the knock-down in the second, it is quite likely that Jeffries played a waiting game with wisdom until the twenty-third. At all events Sharkey made a gallant fight, and both he and the public will probably be discontented until another fight is arranged.

#### A Peculiar Race.

A race between an elephant and a camel took place lately at Ridgewood Park, New York. It was organized by a New York amusement syndicate. The starters were "Sid," the largest elephant in captivity, ridden by his keeper, William Green; a bicycle, an automobile, and "Australian Ben," a horse. After a preliminary canter it was arranged that the elephant and camel should start together, and that the automobile should pursue them after they had covered two laps, the horse and the bicycle to follow at shorter intervals. This arrangement was found necessary because, when in line, the camel was scared by the motor-car, and the horse also became very restive, while the elephant threatened to squash the cyclist with one of his fore feet. The race finished thus: Elephant, "Sid," twenty-one years old, 4 tons (Dooley), 1; bicycle, "Darby," 20lb. (Schinner), 2; automobile, no name, 1,000lb. (Honck), 3; camel, "Ben Ali," and horse, "Australian Ben," also ran.



## Local \* and \* General.

The Kilauea Hou is laid up for repairs.

Liliuokalani is the name of the new Wilder steamship.

There is one of two things needed at Luakaha—rain or a new reservoir.

August and Isidore Issabel are on the reef for a short period, for assaulting a woman.

Mr. N. E. Gedge has commenced the erection of a residence opposite to his present home.

Kiliona met his death the other day while blasting coral. The fuse was short and the discharge came unexpectedly.

The Supreme Court has put a tighter cinch on the meaning of the "opinion in possession" clause of the law.

Smith and Johnstone were the team that started the Star in the Austin Publishing Co.'s building, nearly seven years ago.

In the year 1898 the port of Apia imported \$285 worth of Hawaiian products and exported to these Islands \$509 worth.

A way to rejuvenate the artesian wells when their production falls off is to lower a 40 quart nitro-glycerine torpedo.

B. O. Clark is going to experiment with the culture of the vanilla bean, an aromatic plant that thrives in a purely tropical climate.

A Tivoli, with beer on the side, is one of the up-to-date ventures broached by some of Honolulu's enterprising young men.

John A. Cummins held one of his sumptuous luaus last Sunday. To the kamaainas present it brought back memories of the good old times.

The "Honolulu Boy" was the choice among the betters this week, and came so near winning that he will be a prime favorite in the next mill he enters.

Honolulu has had famines in coal, hay, flour, gasoline, kerosene, beer and many other articles of merchandise, but a famine in opium—never.

Wednesday was a good day for fires. Two extinguishers of different patents and the government chemical engine failed to put out a pre-arranged fire on mud-flats.

Eleven Asiatics were hauled in by the police last Sunday for disobeying the Sunday law, which apparently was created more for correcting the heathen than the Christian.

Minister Young knows a good man when he sees his work. His recent appointment of John Ouderkirk as Road Supervisor gives general satisfaction. The public will look for improvements in road work all along the line.

"Don't sit up on top of that rail, young feller," said a tramway-driver to a passenger, "first thing you know you'll be falling off and breaking your neck, and then people will say the Tramways killed you."

A resident of Punahou suggests that a bright boy can earn many an honest dollar by impounding numerous horses and cows that roam in the grass-grown streets in that locality.

Attorney Geo. A. Davis has fitted skywards, having taken an office on the top floor of the Judd building. Litigants with woes and troubles have the option of free excursions on the elevator.

Sergeant Jones, of a colored regiment, was shot by a guard in the Cape Horn district last Wednesday night for disobeying orders. The Krag bullet passed through the body just below the collar-bone, but the man will probably survive.

Na Ping Kock's, on King street, was raided by the police on Wednesday evening and 16 Chinamen, with their opium outfits, taken to jail. Officer Chillingworth is very keen-scented, when a Pake within half a mile of him is smoking opium.

The Lovell family of Kauai have petitioned the court to remove W. H. Rice as trustee of the Lovell estate and appoint another person. They claim that he sold a piece of their property to the Kauai Industrial School at a price less than its value.

Mrs. S. N. Castle has had erected on the premises of the old homestead, King street, a building for a free kindergarten. It is a beautiful little edifice and is a memorial to Henry Castle and his daughter Dorothy, who were drowned in the Baltic Sea nearly five years ago.

The jurors in the murder trial this week were put through the long catechism usual in such cases by the learned counsel on both sides, the conventional, final question being, "Do you know any reason why you should not sit on this case?" To this query one juror replied, "Yes, I was up late last night and I feel tired."

The picks that delved the sewer trench in Bethel street last week invaded graves of the old Bethel Church burying ground and ruthlessly crushed the bones of the long-forgotten dead. Pieces of skulls and arm and leg bones were thrown out by the shovels and passersby picked up the fragments and made the usual comments on the mutability of human affairs.

The chef of the Great Admiral and one of the crew were arrested for mutual assault and battery and disturbing the Sabbath calm of the waterfront. Considering the pugnacity of all sea cooks, it would not be an unwise regulation to compel every foreign captain to prepay a certain sum for the cook's fines when he reports the arrival of his vessel.

### Waikiki Licenses.

The three light wine and beer licenses in the Waikiki district give authority to the holders to sell wine and beer within 600 feet of both a school-house and church. Up to the 2nd inst. there was another, the original, license at Waikiki, held by W. C. J. Ottman, but on the date of expiration, Nov. 2, Mr. Ottman was told that his license would not be renewed, as there were already too many saloons in his district. The last license granted was three weeks ago, or a week before Nov. 2. As Mr. Ottman had the original license and, as Marshall Brown states, always complied with the law, never giving occasion for a visit from the police, he hardly sees the justice of the treatment that has been accorded him. If the Government is to restrict the number of Waikiki licenses to three he naturally has good reason to ask why a fourth license was granted before his expired? The three last licenses issued are a flagrant violation of the law, as they permit the sale of intoxicating drinks within 600 feet of a school-house as well as a church.

### Ocean Depths.

Sir John Murray has, in a recent paper (Royal Geographical Society's Journal, October), published his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association at Dover, and even to the ordinary non-scientific reader his wonderful resume of what has been done in the way of exploring the ocean's depth must be as entrancing as a fairy tale. The mere mention of such a chasm as that existing in the south Pacific, between the Kermadecs and the Friendly Islands, where a depth of 5155 fathoms, or 530 feet more than five geographical miles, has been found, strikes the lay mind with awe. Mount Everest, that stupendous Himalayan peak whose summit soars far above the utmost efforts of even the most devoted moutaineers, a virgin fastness mocking man's soaring ambition, if sunk in the ocean at the spot just mentioned, would disappear until its highest point was 2000 feet below the surface. Yet out of that abyss rises the volcano mass of Sunday Island in the Kermadecs, whose crater is probably 2000 feet above the sea level. But in no less than 43 areas visited by the Challenger depths of over 3000 fathoms have been found, and their total area is estimated at 7,152,000 square miles, or about 7 per cent. of the total water-surface of the globe. Within these depths are found many lower deeps, strangely enough generally in comparatively-close proximity to land, such as the Tuscarora deep, near Japan, one in the Banda sea, that is to say, in the heart of the East India archipelago, etc. Down, down into these mysterious waters the ingenious sounding machine runs, taking out its four miles and upward of pianoforte wire until the sudden stoppage of the swift descent marks the dial on deck with the exact number of fathoms reached. And yet so vast is the ocean-bed that none can say with any certainty that far greater depths may not yet be found than any that have hitherto been recorded, amazing as they are.



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HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

## Announcement.

The Christmas Holiday Number.

Cash Prizes For Original Stories.

THE WEEKLY intends making a strenuous effort to produce, in its Christmas Edition, a publication beyond anything yet attempted in Honolulu. The Christmas Edition will be especially adaptable, not only for home reading, but to send abroad to give an Xmas "aloha" to friends and relatives, and show them the Christmas of the Southern Seas. A special cover in colors will be a feature; the size of the paper will be enlarged and will team with original illustrations from wash drawing, pen etchings and photographs. Tales of Hawaiian folk lore and articles of literary interest will fill the pages. A feature will be the offer of the following prizes for Original Stories to be of a "spooky" and generally Christmas-like flavor:

First Prize.....\$20.00 in Gold.  
 Second Prize..... 10.00 in Gold.  
 Third Prize..... 5.00 in Gold.

**CONDITIONS:** *The Stories must be original and hitherto unpublished, not to exceed at most 2000 words; not necessarily of Hawaiian character, though other things being equal, these will be esteemed preferable. The Stories will be adjudged by a competent critic, not a member of the Weekly's staff. The tales will be fully illustrated by the Weekly's artists and the rights of future publication reserved by the Weekly. The Weekly also reserves the right to retain for its use any Stories sent in and not winning a prize; the same to be paid for at regular rates. Address all manuscripts care of*

THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR,  
 Austin's Hawaiian Weekly.

*All Stories should be typewritten and submitted not later than November 30.*

Stories may be sent in under an assumed *nom-de-plume* for publication purposes.

Mr. Lansing's appointment as Minister seems to meet with universal approbation. He is an excellent man for the position, and will without doubt prove the wisdom of his selection.

ONE IS APT to feel that after all the Leonids don't amount to so much when we reflect that it takes another third of a century before the phenomenon is again ripe for viewing from the earth,

It is to be hoped that the projected Baseball Game for Thanksgiving, can be brought off. Football, cold weather, glowing cheeks, ulsters and circulations arrested by spectatorship and restored by much clapping of hands—tooting of horns and shouts of victory are the usual American prelude to the Turkey. Football would seem out of season in our sunny clime as perhaps is Roast Turkey, but still the game is imperative. The teams selected can give us a good exhibition game

of Baseball. Let us swell the gate receipts and keep up Thanksgiving Traditions by spending the afternoon on the Grand Stand and the Bleachers.

THE opportunities of setting up to watch the stars, were probably however improved upon in many cases, though Davey with his brother photographers keep weary and useless vigil after much building of cameras.

IT SEEMS as if there was a possibility of roses coming again to Honolulu. On the mauka side of Beretania, close in to town, is a gorgeous bush apparently healthy and covered with crimson, scented flowers. One or two other gardens can also boast their blooms. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

The action of Marshal Brown in arresting on a charge of lottery the proprietor of a weekly paper, because he ran a missing word competition, will seem heartily ridiculous to the eyes of the outside world. There was at one time hardly a magazine or weekly paper of importance in any of the larger cities that did not hold similar contests. But Honolulu must stand unique in the matter of lotteries, licenses, and prize fight frauds. In no city in the states would the charge of fraud against Denny and Armstrong have come to jury, and the holding over of the latter unfortunate helps to keep up the idea that in many respects this government is a play-house government. To thoroughly complete the charge of lottery, the Marshal should have, as paralleled in the Chee Fah case, arrested every purchaser of the paper for buying a lottery ticket.

THE WEEKLY in commo with the rest of Hawaii's newspaperdom extends greeting to Walter G. Smith, the incoming Editor of the *Advertiser*. Mr. Smith is not unknown to Honolulu as an able writer, though his pen has been plied in wider fields of late. The editorials of the *Advertiser* will undoubtedly show the influence of Mr. Smith's individuality and his thorough training in the schools of journalism.

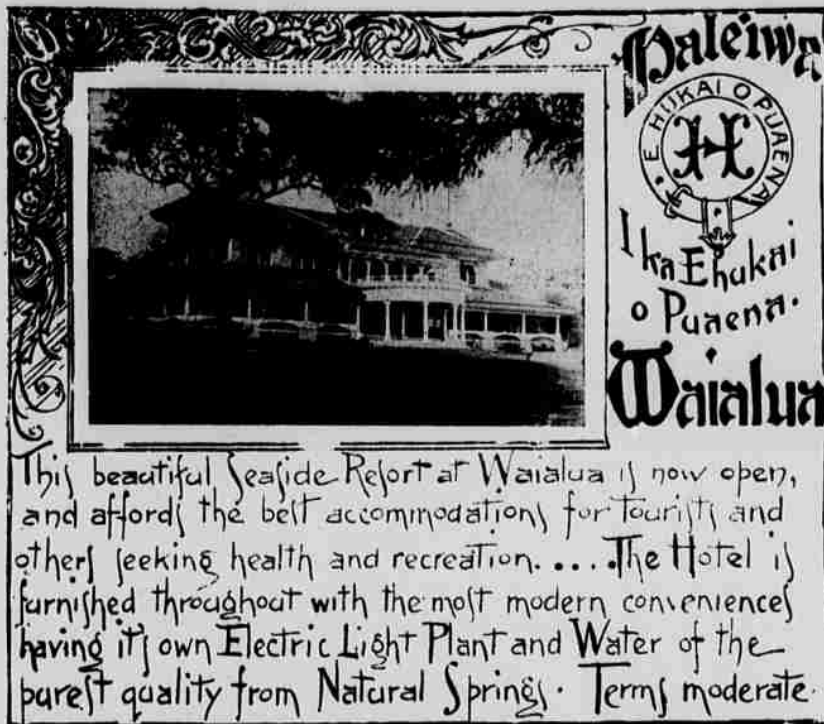
To Mr. Armstrong, who goes back to domesticity the WEEKLY, also offers cordial farewells, and wishes for future health and prosperity.

DR. POSEY.

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**Waialua**  
 LEHIKAI O PUAENA  
 Ika Ehukai  
 o Puana.  
**Waialua**

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**Round About Honolulu.**

Hamilton Hill told a good anecdote of stage life in Australia that will bear repeating. "There was in the company at the time," said the popular baritone, "an actor who was a good deal of a *posseur*, in fact he made the rest of the company very weary with his antics. Aside from this, he had an unhappy faculty of losing his lines. His name was Diver. I came into the dressing room rather late one afternoon and wondering how soon my turn came on, I asked Howard the stage-manager, who was "on" at the time. "Oh," said Howard, "only that deep-sea actor."

"Mosquitoes in Honolulu!" remarked a recent arrival in San Francisco. "Great Scott, I should think so. I was in at Wall, Nichols one day getting Sharp, the manager of the musical department, to get phonograph records of my own voice, and when we were through and started the record on the graphophone, you could hardly hear my voice for the hum of the mosquitoes. Its impossible to take record in the islands of any description."

There is in Honolulu a store that sells stockings, and has for its ticket-writer a Japanese. The sign-artist produced a card the other day that read:

LADIES  
 BLACK  
 HOSE  
 25c

The manager, however, not wishing that any of the beauties of his wares should be lost to the public, evidently ordered the word "fast" to be added, not thinking it necessary to state the position of the word. This was the result:

FAST  
 LADIES  
 BLACK  
 HOSE  
 25c

There was once a musician, now a resident of Honolulu, who, when in California, sometimes engaged in a little game of poker. Upon one occasion the musician had a plentiful supply of cigars, and the stock of another falling low, the latter requested a cigar. The musician was smoking ten-cent cigars, and, bringing two or three from his pocket, replied: "I will sell you two for a quarter."

They had a ladder that shaded the side-walk at Nott's store on King street. Two localites stood on the corner as a dainty miss tripped down the street. "That is one of the Lyrics, I think," quoth one. "I am sure of it" replied the other as the damsel, with one glance at the ladder, unhesitatingly stepped off the curb into debris of bricks and mortar rather than face the bad luck.

A Scotch Highlander, old, worn and poor, was in the habit of going every morning a little distance from his cottage and standing there, unbonneted, for a few moments. When asked one day by a friend, who came upon him and waited until he had covered his head and turned his eyes away from the hills, if he was saying his prayers, he replied with a rare smile: "I have come here every morning for years, and taken off my bonnet to the beauty of the world." It was an untaught man's expression of that deep poetry which runs through the Celtic race like a vein of gold; and it was also a primitive act of worship.

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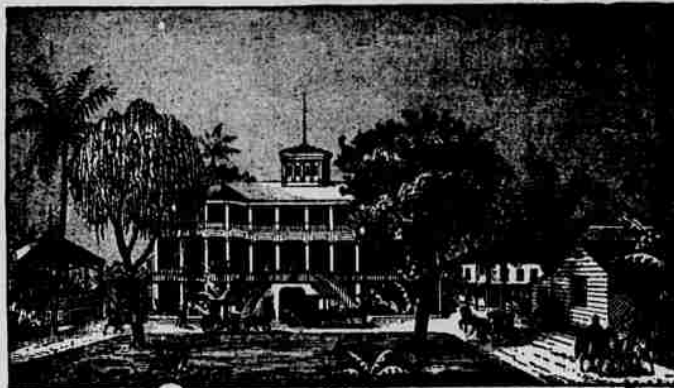
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**The Filipino's Resources.**

Concerning the question where the Filipinos get their arms, a Hong Kong correspondent of the Philadelphia Times makes some statements in a recent letter to that journal. "The head of the movement here for the purchase of arms for export to the Philippines," he says, "is F. W. Sylvester, associated with whom is Louis Spitzel.

Both are Americans. Sylvester will be remembered by citizens of Philadelphia as F. W. Sutterle, president of Keen, Sutterle, & Co., of that city, who failed in 1895. Sutterle is at present a member of the firm of Louis Spitzel & Co., of Shanghai.

Louis Spitzel, the head of the firm, is unfavourably known on this coast. Their agents at New York are Abestein & Co., who went into bankruptcy in 1895. Howard W. Bray, who is the head of the insurgent department of publicity, is an Englishman. He went to Manila some years ago, and while there got possession of an estate of a wealthy Filipino, deceased. He tried to get recognition before the British consul, but failed, as he could show no consideration given for the estate, which ran up into the millions. He came to Hong Kong early in the year, and lives in a hotel under an assumed name. It was through his instrumentality that the United States Consul-general at Singapore, E. Spencer Pratt, was brought into such notoriety in connection with Aguinardo, and through which he lost his position. He has carried on all the correspondence with the anti expansion United States Senators. A third member of the gang, who is also an American of the name of Cruikshank, is at present in jail at Manila."

Apia has now a town band, and a very good one at that for a start. During the week we have been shown a list which has been going round soliciting funds for the purpose of getting money and new instruments. This has been numerously signed, one gentleman, Mr. H. J. Moore, having offered to fit the band out with uniforms, to consist of coats, boots, trousers, shirts, caps and socks, at his own expense.

Colored men from Jamaica desiring to land in Cuba have now to produce certificates showing that they have had yellow fever. This practically amounts to their exclusion and is causing considerable excitement, because yellow fever among the blacks is unknown at Kingston, Jamaica.

Japanese police in Formosa are accused of maltreating native Christians, including five women and a blind man. Last month while the Christians were holding service at Auland, a house near by took fire. The preacher sent five Christians to help extinguish the blaze. When they returned the entire congregation engaged in prayer. Three Japanese policemen then suddenly entered the building, snatched the Bible from the preacher's hands and threw it on the floor. With bamboo canes they commenced beating about right and left, hitting the kneeling Christians and upsetting the preacher's desk.



**Joseph Chamberlain.**

Joseph Chamberlain watches over the English issues in the Anglo-African controversy.

He is sixty three years old, but looks much younger.

He began life as a merchant and manufacturer.

He has been Mayor of Birmingham three times.

He has been married three times, the present Mrs. Chamberlain being our fellow-country woman, the daughter of ex-Secretary Endicott.

He was first a Gladstone supporter, then Imperialist and then a Unionist.

He is famous for his coolness and cutting sarcasm, and in debate these two attributes have made him, possibly, the man most feared in the House of Commons.

**Oom Paul.**

For the other side Oom Paul, or Stephanus Johannes Paul Kruger, to give him all his names, has been called the "slumbering lion."

Oom means chief, president, or one in authority.

He is six feet tall and with abnormally long legs, huge hands, feet and ears, fast mouth and chin. In manner he is very stolid.

He once outran a horse for a hundred yards. In his youth he was a wonderful horseman, his feats of equestrianism almost equaled those of a circus rider.

It is said of him that when young he could stand on his head on a galloping horse, holding on by the stirrup straps.

He is intensely religious, and curious as it may be seen, an American missionary confirmed him.

He knows the Bible from cover to cover, and has a text for every day and any occasion.

He is a constant and excessive smoker.

Oom Paul left Cape Town as a boy with the Great Trek of 1863, and his whole life since—a brave one it has been, too—has been a struggle for independence.

Fifteen Japanese physicians have been engaged through the Japanese Government by the Taotai of Newchwang in order that they may adopt effective and vigorous means for the annihilation of the plague in that port. The party left Shimbashi on the morning of the 17th inst. for Kobe, intending to thence embark for China. Their term of engagement extends over six months, and their monthly remuneration is 200 taels. The chief of the medical staff is Mr. Shorei Murata, who served as assistant in Dr. Kitazato's Bacteriological Laboratory.

The letter of Mataafa to President McKinley which he sent with the watch that belonged to Lieutenant Lansdale, shows that one may be catalogued as a savage, yet may be, in fact, the gentlest of gentlemen.—"Brooklin Eagle."

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BROUGHT in Pa's Prayer.—Once upon a time sickness came to the family of a poorly paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was open a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably. "What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy. "Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?" "Yep, brought pa's prayers; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me, an' we'll get 'em in." Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

Mr. F. M. Holland, in his pamphlet on "Atheists and Agnostics," relates a story of a sexton who, when the rector asked why a rich parishioner had stopped coming to church and whether the trouble was Latitudinarianism, answered:

"No, sir! It's wusser nor that!"  
 "Than it must be Unitarianism?"  
 "No sir, wusser nor that!"  
 "But it can't be Atheism?"  
 "No sir! It's wusser nor that."  
 "But there can't be anything worse than Atheism."  
 "Oh, yes sir. Its rheumatism."—  
*Christian Register.*

A cave has lately been discovered in New Zealand which is believed to be larger even than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.

Careful observations have been made in order to find out which colors for uniforms presents the best marks for the enemy's shot; and it has been found that the most fatal color is red, rifle green coming next, brown third, while Austrian bluish-gray is the least fatal.

A woman aged eighty four years, living at Balasheve, in Russia, is said to have just given birth to twin girls.

There is no real courage unless there is real perception of danger. The man who does not comprehend the perils which surround him, and is therefore calm and collected, is not courageous; he is simply ignorant. And, in like manner, the unimaginative man, who has no consciousness of danger until he looks straight into its eyes, is not courageous; he is dull and sluggish. The highest courage is manifested only by the man who knows what he faces and fully realizes it.



### Oriental Echoes.

India is a country where the gross superstitions prevailing among the natives frequently produce the most horrible and inconceivable tragedies. Many of these are done in secret, but now and then they come to light, and give a startling reminder to the Englishmen in India that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." In the up country town of Hingoli, in the Deccan, is a cotton grinding mill owned by natives. One of the proprietors, a Parsee named Nowrojee, looks after the engines and machinery of the mill. Lately the machinery has not been working well, and the engine in particular has given considerable trouble. The native engineers seem to have got it into their heads that the engines were really driven by a god which took the form of steam. When it went wrong they thought the god was angry and needed propitiating by the sacrifice of a human being. One night a Hindoo laborer named Govindah was passing the mill. Some workmen, sitting in the yard smoking, called out to him to join them. The gang had just been discussing the vagaries of the engine and the necessity for offering a sacrifice to it. The whole party walked toward the boiler, and some of the men seized Govindah. Others swung open the furnace door and the unfortunate man was crammed inside, head first. They had to loose their hold of his body in order to shut the furnace door, whereupon Govindah, who was a very powerful man, managed to get out and free himself. He was frenzied with pain and fear, and had sustained ghastly injuries. The engineers did not make a second attempt to thrust him in the furnace, and he crawled away to his hut.

A Calcutta paper contains an account of the workhouse or asylum for infirm beasts that was established some thirteen years ago by a society of influential Hindus. It is near Sodepur station, about ten miles from Calcutta, and is under the control of a manager, with a staff of eighty servants, and an experienced veterinary surgeon. In the place at present there are 973 paupers—129 bulls, 307 cows, 171 calves, 72 horses, 13 water buffaloes, 69 sheep, 15 goats, 141 pigeons, 44 cocks and hens, 4 cats, 3 monkeys, and 5 dogs. This remarkable asylum is described as being most systematically and mercifully managed. The cow paupers have especially a good time of it, inasmuch as, on the occasion of the "mela," natives go from far and near to decorate and worship them.

The clergyman was nailing a refractory creeper to a piece of trellis work near his front gate, when he noticed that a small boy had stopped and was watching him with great attention.

"Well my young friend," he said, pleased to see the interest he excited, "are you looking out for a hint or two, on gardening?"

"No," said the youth, "I'm waiting to hear what a parson says when he hammers his thumb."—Pearsons.

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