GENERAL VIEW of HONOLULU

Features of Honolulu

By KATHERINE POPE

The EXECUTIVE BUILDING

FEATURES of Honolulu? They crowd to mind fast. Rain on one side of the street, sunshine on the other. Daily rainbows, and occasional night rainbows. Blazing sun but fresh breezes and often wild gales. Sea and mast and husky stevedores. Green trees and lawns down to the ocean's edge, on the brilliant water outrigger canoes bobbing about, and surf-riders dashing shoreward. An Arabian Night's wonder of an aquarium exhibiting great ugly shark and hideous squid that offer strongest contrast to graceful small fishes tinted like unto the rainbow arch before the Kooiau mountains. Valley after valley cutting the range that walls Honolulu along the side opposite the sea. Cloud draped mountain peaks towering above the town, ever inviting and challenging the beholder. Flowers abloom on numberless hedges and various tall blossoming trees. Brown-skinned men wearing hats wreathed with fresh posies and ferns. Old Hawaiian crones and young Hawaiian women sitting on shaded sidewalks weaving wreaths and exchanging badinage with tourists and Jackies. "Milingtary," enlisted and commissioned. Representatives of races ranging from subjects of the czar, from the land of the Great Bear, all the way to folk from lower Polynesia. Between these extremes the jostling of European and Korean, New Englander and Filipino, Porto Rican and Chinese, with now and then a tall, white robed Hindoo, and swarming everywhere Japanese men, women and babies.

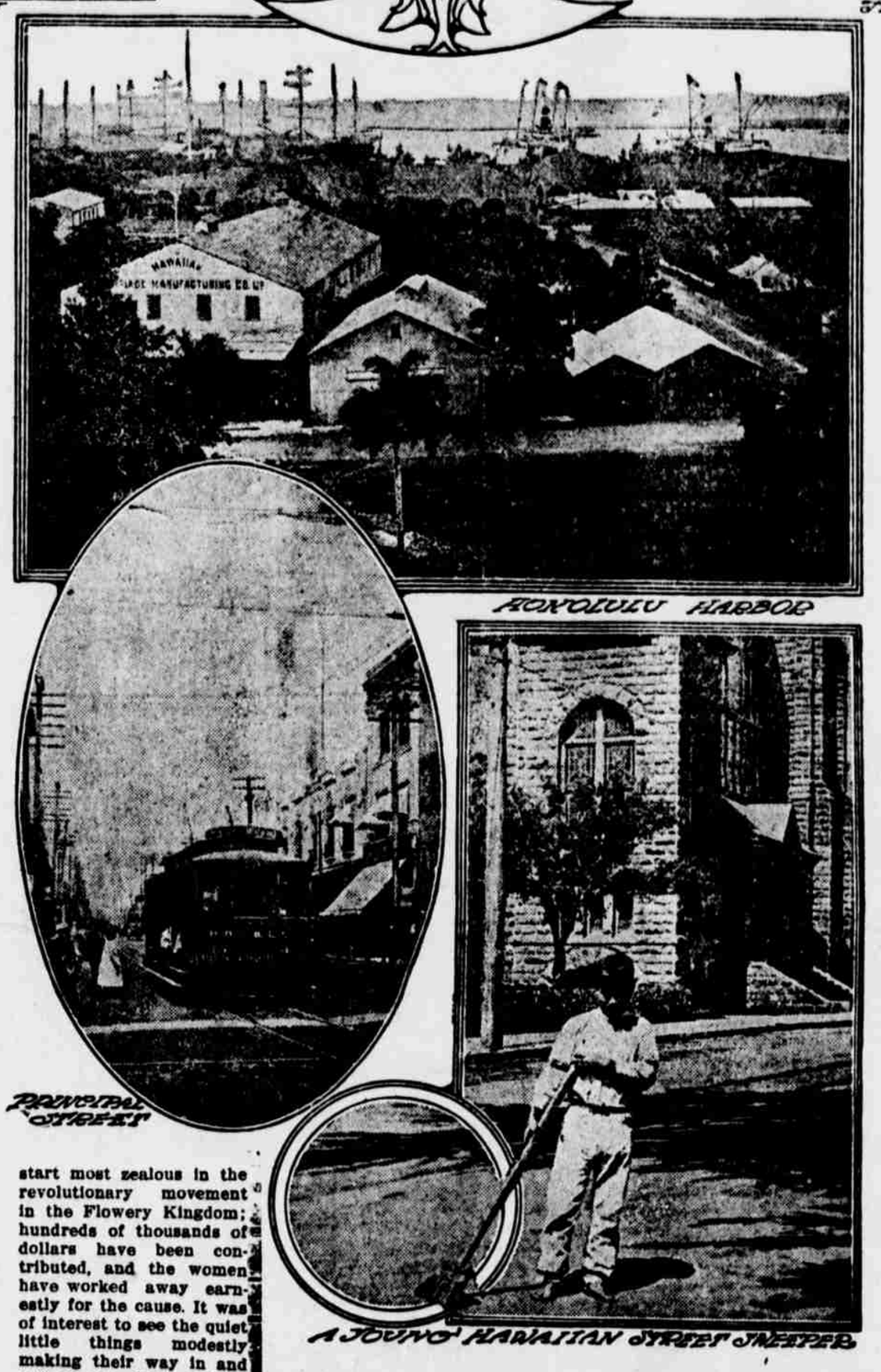
Children, children, children certainly are a feature. The streets abound with them, the tenements overflow, automobiles are crowded to capacity with the rising generation. The world hears repeated reference to the Hawaiians as a dying race, but the part-Hawaiians are unquestionably doing their duty toward populating "The Islands"; large families are the rule with the half-white Hawaiians, and the Chinese-Hawaiians, all about the town, big-eyed, shy native kiddies add to the tropic picture. In the so-called Oriental quarter—although now the Japanese are so numerous they pop up in all portions of Honolulu—the newcomer is struck by the army of fond fathers, the doting male parent, Chinese or Japanese, tenderly toting offspring up and down in hours of leisure, the hunched-up Oriental live doll very fat and impassive and philosophical. Jap women pass along continually with anywhere from two to four chubby babies clinging to the mother—mayhap one tied to her back, one carried before, two toddlers trying locomotion for themselves.

The other day I heard a newcomer remark as she surveyed a street in Chinatown: "I never in my life have seen so many men nurses, and how fond the Chinese seem of their babies." It is all very different from the Sunday school tales we used to read about the cruelty of the Chinese fathers, who were painted as ogres forever devouring unwelcome infants. Here—perhaps because so many of the men are kept by the laws of Uncle Sam from having their wives and families join them—the babies in the occasional Chinese families appear to be household idols, objects of worship and adoration. From the tenements and hovels these idols emerge decked out in most remarkable hues and embroideries, borne aloft in the proud daddy's arms, they look down with condescension and hauteur upon the world at large.

The street cars day after day offer something novel and interesting. Of continued interest is the young Chinese girl standing with hesitant feet between the new and the old. Her dress is that of her people and class, long loose jacket and wide trousers—a distinctly feminine costume in spite of the bi-furcated garment. Her smooth-plastered hair with the pure gold band in the flattened knob at the nape of the neck, her delicate complexion enhanced by a bit of rouge, the bracelet of gold and jade, the slim beringed fingers, all bespeak care with the toilet, care of appearances. About these girls there is an air of reserve and self-respect; they do not suggest, are not, the "painted ladies" of civilization.

Occasionally on the street may be seen a little-footed woman. not long ago I noticed one that was hastening to catch our car, and as the conductor and motorman made unusually long halt for her accommodation, they indulged in appraisal of her appearance, concluded that she was "real cute." She certainly was gotten up regardless, bright blue silk, richly embroidered, and pearls for her jewels. A passenger said that probably she was wife number one and that the plainly-dressed woman with her, attired in what looked like cheap black silesia, probably was wife number two, a sort of hand-maid for the former. Whatever their relations, they consorted together very amiably on this occasion, appeared to be enjoying their outing with zest. It is only of late Chinese women have begun to appear on the streets of Honolulu with anything like the frequency of women of other races. And this, I am told, is significant of the increase of freedom Chinese women are enjoying in the homeland, a freedom that has spread to the colonists.

The Chinese in Hawaii have been from the start most zealous in the revolutionary movement in the Flowery Kingdom; hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed, and the women have worked away earnestly for the cause. It was of interest to see the quiet little things modestly making their way in and out of the Chinese business houses on the mission of gathering funds and supplies for the Red Cross relief work in their disturbed land. All classes were represented in this woman's effort, from the wife of the lowly duck-farm man to the silk-robed mate of the prosperous merchant. Side by side they labored for their country; rolled bandages, made garments, and made plans at their central club house on King street. As one saw them hastening hither with the red-cross badge on the arm, one turned smilingly to contemplate the Chinese woman of today.



HONOLULU HARBOR

PRINCIPAL STREET

A YOUNG HAWAIIAN STREET SWEEPER

Everywhere about the center of Honolulu now waves the flag of the anti-Manchus; every day the town wears a festal air with these flaunting banners so numerous and so gay.

Turning from China and her revolution to shoes, I would speak of footgear as a feature of the Hawaiian capital. One is early impressed by the Cinderella nature of the footwear worn by femininity in Honolulu. Such ridiculous feet were not intended—as a matter of fact are little used—for walking. They seem to be designed chiefly for display, wherefore are shod in silks and satins, in beads and bronze, in suede and embroideries, in delicate tints, extreme soles and heels. No matter how many stone the white woman may weigh, no matter how exuberant the avordupois of the native girl, the feet that peep beneath the gown are, as a rule, small, and elaborately shod. The average woman from "The States," the athletic girl used to shoes for service, finds it almost impossible here to renew her stock of footgear by anything that promises utility. Black velvet or white satin may be had, but not much that is less frivolous. The newcomer wonders whether in time she herself will go in for pretty, idle pedal extremities and increasing bodily weight, or send for sensible shoes and strive for slimness.

In addition to the Cinderellas and their futile finery, there is other footwear on the streets and in the shops that holds attention. In muddy weather the Jap women keep their snow-white stockings immaculate by wearing a wooden sandal raised high from the ground, which protects the kimono ladies admirably and is a decided improvement on our "rubbers." Contrasting with the clatter of these is the soft footfall made by the wearers of straw sandals. The boat-shaped slippers of silk worn by the Chinese are very coquettish, though even the betrousered ladies are beginning to show preference for American shoes.

Jumping to another subject as unrelated to shoes as shoes to a revolution, let us speak of the novel feature of an agricultural city. A goodly portion of Honolulu, in expanses scattered far and wide, is given over to wet farming, and some parts to dry farming. Those wide fields that look like lakes choked with calla lilies, are really taro patches, taro being the vegetable that provides the native food, poi. Duck ponds line the way to the seaside playground, Waikiki, and neighboring these are broad acres of bananas. Residents climb the moist breezy valleys for the sake of verdure and freshness, and compete for possession of a district with Oriental truck farmers who keep to their unspeakable Oriental ideas of farm fertilization. But the commercial flower fields of the Orientals one does not quarrel with; they add color and fragrance here and yon—one field in a resident district is given over entirely to red carnations, another flaunts asters month after month, another big, yellow chrysanthemums.

Steamer day is surely a feature of Hawaii's chief port. Yesterday Honolulu may have been as lethargic, lifeless, as the poor jaded horses of the Chinese hackman waiting there disconsolately for the fare that never comes. But today all is different, for today is Steamer day in the marnin'! Behold a town alive to its farthest outpost. Automobiles dashing everywhere, every seat full. Business houses hustling, clerks counting seconds before the mail departs. At the postoffice frenzy running high; congestion within and without, incoming foreign mail to be distributed, outgoing foreign mail to be delivered at the wharves, island mail transhipped, and addresses in so many languages, such a Babel outside the windows, the wonder is anything goes right. Gold clinking at the banks, the impassive gentlemen in the cages handling in one day wealth which would make the outside world, if it knew, sit up and take notice. Tourists from Australia and India, officers from the Philippines, Chinese and Japanese notables, fresh-cheeked folk fresh from "The States" and Canada, fly here and there, bringing in life not insular, livening things up at a great rate. From these the flower venders reap their harvest, share with the chauffeurs in a renewed prosperity. Of course the "touriser" desires to wear leis (garlands), of course the traveler wants all the local color possible. He puts a wreath of carnations about his hat, a long garland of maile over his shoulder, and starts forth on the mission of "seeing Honolulu." The Hawaiian band plays for him, the water heroes do their best stunts out in the surf, the very waves glitter and roll high in his honor, the curio shops present all of the primitive they possess to tempt him, downtown cafe and seaside hotel have an added sparkle, townsfolk are out in careful costumes. Everyone is in a hurry, but everyone seems in holiday humor, hastening because there is something worth while to hasten for. The street urchins are especially alert, and most alert of these are the eager elfin newsboys, the olive-skinned urchins whose shrill cry of "Daily 'Tar, Plenty News!" is now full of meaning, for is not this Steamer Day and Foreign Mail?

The street car service in Honolulu is noted for the courtesy of its employes; an outsider used to the rudeness that is the rule in cities at home, rubs his eyes, thinks these polite servants of the public must be the figment of a dream. The idea of a street car conductor listening attentively, answering politely, putting himself to trouble smilingly, seems too good to be true.

Conductor and motorman in Honolulu are under one great strain that interferes with their equanimity and reveals that they are mere men after all, that they occasionally indulge in violence of language and act. Japs newly arrived from Nippon, or just in from a sugar-mill village, are blandly, crassly ignorant about street car customs and restrictions. Individually and in groups you see them do this incomprehensible thing—touch the bell, then immediately and confidently step off. Often they are killed; always they are hurt, for the street cars not only go buzzing along at a good pace, but because of the slope of the streets they have their steps very high from the ground, and a fall from one of these rapidly moving cars is anything but a joke. The number of accidents, one would think, would have been noised about among the Orientals so that by this time they would have learned their lesson, but even today the closest watch has to be kept on the Japanese passengers—some conductors put on a worried look the moment a Jap enters the car, and are on the qui vive to clutch his shoulder the second he fingers the bell. I have seen a pretty little doll of a Jap woman board a car daintily costumed, daintily coiffed, fresh and colorful as the flower in her hair, her face alert and intelligent, appearing as though she could very well take care of herself, as though very modern, decidedly of the new Japan. And I have seen this little goose touch the bell and skip lightly forth, seen her come down with great heaviness and force, her poor little rose crushed in the dirt, her wonderful obi deep in the mire, and heard her scream of amazement and terror. Another time the case was worse, now a mother, father and babe the victims. The father had stepped on the car with the proud air of owner of the infant he held so tenderly in his arms, after him had stepped the little mother. The elders seemed devotedly attached to the wee morsel with them, but what did they do the moment the woman rang the bell but alight in a bunch on top of the morsel! It was dreadful, and proved too much for the nerves of the much-tried conductor. All white and trembling he bent over this species of "Japanese tumblers" that is part of the white man's burden in Honolulu, and picking them up with more emphasis than gentleness, he proceeded to give them a very frank opinion of themselves and the place he considered they rightfully belonged. We passengers expected the three to swoon in our arms and perhaps die there; but no, the baby but gently whimpered, Mr. and Mrs. Kimono gently brushed off the dust and smiled apologetically and conciliatingly upon the angry street car man.

Autos might be called a feature of Honolulu were it not that they have ceased to be looked upon as needing much comment nowadays. It is the occasional carriage and pair one turns to look at twice, and a certain carriage and pair of Honolulu attracts the passing glance. "The Queen" drives out of afternoons sometimes to take the air and perhaps mark some new change that is helping transform the capital of what was once her realm.

Honolulu is fond of outdoor life, has the Outrigger club down by the beach and aquatic sports, the Country club and golf; various athletic fields, and a fine polo field just beyond the town, on a private estate called Moanaloa. Men from other islands bring their polo ponies to Honolulu during the season. This year the island of Oahu played the island of Kauai only, but generally Maui sends men and ponies. The United States cavalry have their own polo grounds about thirty miles from Honolulu, and send to Moanaloa players and ponies of excellent mettle. There are no more interesting events in Honolulu than the polo matches, the game, the plucky horses, the field in the mountain valley all making a spirited, beautiful spectacle.

CAMP FIRE STORIES

WITH SHERMAN TO THE SEA

One of Most Exciting Features of March Through Georgia Was Seeking for Buried Treasures.

A story of General Sherman's march through Georgia, told by George Ward Nichols, American author, who was a member of Sherman's staff. Nichols tells of the efforts of the Union soldiers to obtain food, described as treasure.

As the rumors of the advance of our army through Georgia reached the frightened inhabitants, frantic efforts were made to conceal not only their personal effects—plate, jewelry and other rich goods—but also food, such as hams, sugar, flour, and so on.

A large part of these supplies were carried to neighboring swamps, but the favorite method of concealment was the burial of the treasure in the pathways and gardens adjoining the dwelling house. Sometimes also the graveyards were selected as the best places of security.

Unfortunately for these people, the negroes betrayed them, and in the early part of the march the soldiers learned the secret. It is possible that

The Soldiers Hunted for Supplies.

supplies thus hidden may have escaped the search of our men, but if so, it was not for the want of diligent exploration.

With untiring zeal the soldiers hunted for supplies. Whenever the army halted, almost every inch of ground in the vicinity was poked by ramrods, pierced with sabers and upturned with spades. The universal digging was good for garden land.

But it was distressing to owners of the exhumed property, who saw it rapidly and irretrievably confiscated. It was comical to see a group of these red-bearded, barefoot, ragged veterans punching the unoffending earth in an apparently aimless, but certainly in a most energetic way.

If they struck a vein, a spade was instantly placed into execution and the coveted wealth speedily unearthed. Nothing escaped the observation of these sharp witted soldiers. A woman standing upon the porch of the house, apparently watching their proceedings, instantly became an object of suspicion, and she was watched until some movement betrayed the place of concealment.

The fresh earth recently thrown up, a bed of flowers just set out, the slightest change of appearance or position, all attracted the gaze of these military agriculturists; it was all fair spoils of war, and the search made one of the greatest excitements of the march.

HE ILLUSTRATED HIS POINT

Sheep Would Have But Four Legs Even If Animal's Tail Was Called Another, Says Lincoln.

Some time before the issuance of the Emancipation proclamation a self-appointed delegation of preachers from New England called upon President Lincoln. Their speaker announced that they were the delegates of the Almighty, and with many flourishes about Moses and the prophets, demanded in the name of the Lord that the president issue the proclamation freeing the slaves, says the National Tribune.

When he had finished Mr. Lincoln quietly said to him:

"Your reverence, if you call a sheep's tail a leg how many legs would he have?"

The speaker, as well as the whole delegation, showed signs of utter disgust, but his curiosity got the better of him, and he answered: "Why, five, Mr. President."

"You all agree to this," asked Mr. Lincoln.

They nodded assent.

"Well," said the president, "you are wrong. A sheep has only four legs, and calling his tail a leg does not make it so."

The application was apparent. Issuing a proclamation of freedom without the ability to enforce it would be ridiculous.