



The EXECUTIVE BUILDING

EATURES of Honolulu? They crowd to mind fast. Rain on 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 rainhow arch before the Koolau mountains. Valbey after valley cutting the range that walls Biopolulu zlong the side opposite the sea. Cloud draped mountain peaks towering above the town, ever inviting and challenging the beholder. Flowers abloom on numberless bedges and various tail blossoming trees. Brownskinned men wearing hats wreathed with fresh posies and ferns. Old Hawalian crones and young Hawaiinn women sitting on shaded sidewalks weaving wreaths and exchanging badinage with tourists and Jackies. "Milingtary," enlisted and commissioned. Representagives of races ranging from subjects of the sexar, 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 ifindoo, 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 Hawullians as a dying race, but the part-Hawaiians are unquestionably doing their duty toward copulating "The Islands"; large families are the rule with the balf-white Hawaiians, and the Chinese-Hawsiians, all about the town, bigeyed, shy native kiddles 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 of leasure, 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

The other day I heard a newcomer remark as she surveyed a street in Chinatown: "I never is my life have seen so many men surses, and how fond the Chinese seem of their bables." It is all very different from the Sunday school tales we used to read about the cruelty of the Chinese fathers, who were eminted 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 bables 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 sloft 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 besitant 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 mape of the neck, her delicate complexion enbanced by a bit of rouge, the bracelet of gold and jade, the slim beringed fingers, all bespeak care with the tollet, care of appearances. About these girls there is an air of reserve and self-respect; they do not suggest, are not, the "neinted indies" of civilization.

Occasionally on the street may be seen a little-footed woman, not long ago I noticed one that was bastening 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 umber one and that the plainly-dressed women 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 smishly on this occasion, appeared to be enjoying their outing with zest. It is only of inte 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 nomeland, a freedom that has spread to the

The Chinese in Hawati have been from the

HONOLULU HARBOR

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 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.

Everywhere about the center of Honolulu now waves the flag of the anti-Manchus; every day the town wears a festal air with these fiaunting 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 illies, are really taro patches, taro being the vegetable that provides the native food, 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 backman waiting there disconsolately for the fare that never comes. But today all is different, for today is Steamer day in the marain'! 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, (garlands), of course the traveler wants all the local color possible. He puts a wreath of carnations about his hat, a long garland of think Miss Anne's lover died." maile over his shoulder, and starts forth on the mission of "seeing Honolulu." The Ha- after their lovers have gone," said walian 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 than have a cemetery full after I am in gray with soft silver fox under her curio shops present all of the primitive they dead." possess to tempt him, downtown cafe and seaside hotel have an added sparkle, townsfolk are out in careful costumes. Everyone is in a you'd carry this little basket of hickhurry, but everyone seems in holiday humor, ory nuts. Miss Anne wants them for hastening because there is something worth a cake." while to hasten for. The street urchins are especially alert, and most alert of these are the eager elfin newsboys, the olive-skinned hysterical woman who builds shrines 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

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

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 burt, 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 passengerssome 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, daintly 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 She's going to stay here all winter. crushed in the dirt, her wonderful obl deep in Mother's very glad, for it's company the mire, and heard her scream of amazement for us, you know. My father sells and terror. Another time the case was worse. now a mother, father and babe the victims, in the mountains this winter so as not shrine to the memory of some The father had stepped on the car with the to leave him alone so much." 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 road calmly announced: "You go on Lord Dunsford. You believed andthe bell but alight in a bunch on top of the to Miss Anne's cottage you get to it and-" morsel! It was dreadful, and proved too much before you do to the hotel where we for the nerves of the much-tried conductor, stay-and tell her to send somebody All white and trembling he bent over this after me, I'm too tired to move." 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 asked suddenly looking at the game ed on the mountain. She turned back considered they rightfully belonged. We pas sack over his shoulder. sengers expected the three to swoon in our

getically 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 is no place for stray babies." 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 cap-

arms and perhaps die there; but no, the baby

but gently whimpered, Mr. and Mrs. Kimono

gently brushed off the dust and smiled apolo-

ital 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 goif; 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 portland cement plant, California, by 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.

the question was she wanted him to ask, and this was her gentle reply: "Just ask me if I am firmly determined not a marry you in any circumstances."

Phrase Resented.

"You regard yourself as a servant

phrase has been overworked. wer," was her reply. "I will answer many people are beginning to confuse a servant of the people with a walter who is always expecting time."

## Laurie's Unexpected Game

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

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deer, and shot you?" The small figure of the child on the

ed her blue cap from her eyes.

you couldn't," apologized Kitty, puz- dy sells logs, he said." zled by the man's sudden laughter.

"That's all right. You didn't hurt been in these mountains before, and bright crimson in the early twilight. you don't know a thing about me. you are doing?"

"I'm getting galax leaves for Miss Anne's shrine."

here?

"I don't know 'bout her being a Cath'lic," answered Kitty. "These are traps," for a love shrine. It's all like the most beautiful story, mother says. We

"Yes, women usually erect shrines Laurie Thorne bitterly, "I'd rather get a few flowers while I am living

"Are you going up the mountain?" asked Kitty. "If you are, I wish

"I'll carry them for you," answered the hunter gallantly, "but not for a to dead men."

"Well, I don't care who you think you're doing it for," said Kitty stub-



They Had Come in Sight of the Cot-

bornly, "just so Miss Anne gets them. lumber, and mother and I are staying child out there said that you kept a

The child trudged bravely along be mean?" side the big six-foot man for a long distance up the rocky road, then she stumbled and sitting down in the fortune, together with her godson,

"Get up off that cold ground," demanded Laurie. "I'll carry you." basket and-what is in that sack?" she with the fresh ones Kitty had gather-

"Two or three wild turkeys. more bird won't make any difference," he laughed, "so come along!" He swung her up on his shoulder and she sighed contentedly.

ed too far. Mother'll scold if she finds out I went so far alone."

you, too, young lady. This mountain | Anne?"

"I'm not a baby any more. I'm nearly seven. Any way I had to get those leaves. The old ones in the bowl right by his picture have turned nearly yellow. Miss Anne loves him dreadfully." women, a memory is a thing to cher- and candle light."

"Well, hello!" said the big hunter ish. It's a romance. I bet a dolclad in brown corduroy. "What if I lar, girlie, that Miss Anne is a sour had mistaken you for a rabbit or a old maid, who never had a beau in her life. "She's just bluffing you."

"No, sir-ee," said Kitty, promptly. ground straightened up and she push- 'There's been about a hundred men to see her since she came last summer. "You might have missed me. There | She's young and too beautiful to be are lots of folks that carry a gun that real. She looks like a fairy princess. can't shoot and hit a thing. Maybe A sure enough duke came to see her you can, though. I don't mean that last, but she shipped him, easy as dad-

"Is that the place?" "They had come in sight of a gray my feelings. Your remark couldn't stone cottage and the glow from the have been personal, for I have never log fires within made the windows

"Yes. I'm going to halloo like Fritz Aren't you cold out here? What's that does when he brings eggs to the hotel to sell. I want Miss Anne to see my

new horse," laughed Kitty. "No, you don't. If Miss Anne is such "Oh, is there a Catholic about a desirable beauty, I'll just wait until I clean up before I meet her. My valet and guide have gone on ahead with my

> "Oh, yes, they came in an automobile this morning and took awful 'spensive rooms, mother said. I guess you're rich." Turning a curve in the road, the

young hunter and his charge came to the entrance of the cottage. A woman throat, stood on the top step The man stopped suddenly.

"Miss Anne," called Kitty, "here's the man that's going to stop at the hotel."

Anne turned slowly, and the quiet look of peace in her face gave place to astonishment

"Is it really you, Laurie?" she asked wonderingly.

"Yes," said the man, putting Kitty down and handing the nuts to her, 'yes, it's I. Of course you understand this is an accident. I supposed you were abroad."

Anne came down the steps holding out her hand. "Won't you say that you are glad to see me, anyway?" she asked, tremulously.

"No," said Laurie, "for the sight of you has opened the old wound."

"Here's your leaves for the love shrine, Miss Anne, and the hickory nuts for the cake. I'll have to run on now. Mother'll be looking for me. Much obliged to you for carrying me. It was most polite of you," added Kitty, with all the grown-up dignity she could summon to her service.

"Come in, Laurie, for a minute," urged the girl hospitably. "I have wanted to see you again."

He held open the door for her with his old time deference and charm, then went in after her, leaving his game sack and gun on the porch.

"Won't you sit down, Laurie?" Anne's voice was low and musical and played on the man's heart strings like magic. "No. Anne." The quietness of hi

own voice startled him. "I came here on a hunting trip. I'll move on in the morning. The game is prety well killed out.' He was trying to talk of common-

place things, and keep his eyes from seeing the picture of the man Anne loved.

"Yes, the natives hunt a great deal."

She lighted a tall standing lamp and Laurie watched the flame flicker and then burn steadily. He looked again toward the shrine. The picture in the silver frame was his own.

"Anne, what does that mean? The man you loved. Anne, what does it

"You left me because somebody told you that Aunt Patricia had left me her

"Your cousin Tom, your own lawyer, told me. I thought you didn't care, Anne, whom do you love?"

Anne threw the yellowed galax leaves into the fire where they burn-"Can you do it with that gun and ed sputteringly, then replaced them then to the figure in brown corduroy. "Did you think I-I could forget you for all the money and lords in the world?" she sobbed.

"I came looking for game," he said, his arms about her, "and I have "I'm awfully tired. I guess I walk- found the most desirable game in the world, and yet, I don't want to shoot it. Will you let me put this game "Right she'll be to scold and spank in captivity-in my heart-for always,

"For always," said Anne, softly. "No matters what comes, will you love me on and on, dear?" Then came her answer that sent hot

blood racing in his veins. "I will love you to the level of "I expect so. If she is like most every day's most quiet need, by sun

## Explore Cave in California

length has been discovered in the they picked out a crystal from the mountains north of the Santa Cruz floor. workmen of the quarry. They came upon the open cavity while tunneling under some loose rock which pre- a bit of auntie's wedding cake, nicely viously had been blasted. No par wrapped in white tissue paper, by ticular attention was paid to the cave | their romantic mother. The cake was until a timekeeper at the quarry, to be placed under each pillow for the with a companion, explored it. Using | wee boys to "dream on." a stout cord as a guide, the two men traversed the cave for 700 feet, but nights" had been duly said the mother nade no attempt to feel their way retired to the sitting room. through other passages from the main entrance. They went through the announcement in a clear, boylsh opening cut made by the tunnelmen treble: and ventured into the first chamber of the cave. Passing through rough passages with the aid of a dim torch they entered a chamber in which there was four tons of stalactites hanging from the roof in the form of a waterfall, some of them 20 to 30 long and fully a foot through.

walls were described as snow

A cave of rare beauty and unknown white. Before emerging from the cave

Couldn't Resist. Willie and Tommy were each given

After the prayers and the "good

Shortly afterward she heard the

"Mother, Willie's eaten his dream!". Some Teacher, Probably. "Daubsley says he is wedded to his

"Hum!" "What do you think?" "He ought to shoot the man who performed the ceremony."

## Prince in Cupids' Toils

mplated tour of America has been son from his enchantress. ed. The kniser is said to be stion with an actress named Paula

rieden, and to be ably seconding the playing a small part at an obscure was carried to Berlin.

The object of Prince Adelbert's con- emperor's attempt to separate their

Paula Frieden is a very pretty and of cooling his son's infatu- fascinating woman of twenty-five years. Her father was a postman in Berlin for a quarter af a century; then he retired on a pension of \$2 a wives at the great naval station gos- "You need not take 'no' for an anred to be shocked and grieved by week. Fraulein Paula went on the siped about the prince's adoration of swer," was her reply. "I will answer ibert's affair with Fraulein stage when she was fifteen, and was the charming actress and the tattle 'yes' on one condition only."

theater where Prince Adelbert

According to general report, Prince tain-commander of a torpedo-boat which was snatched by an unin squadron, he has been stationed for tentional listener a few nights ago.

several years. Naturally the officers and their I will not take 'no' for an answer."

Shook Him. A youth, who thought that he had become pretty intimate with a cer-Adelbert easily persuaded her to tain maiden, persistently begged her leave the footlights and installed her to accept his hand in marriage. Here in a villa at Kiel, where, being a cap- is a bit of conversation between them

"I assure you," he commenced, "that