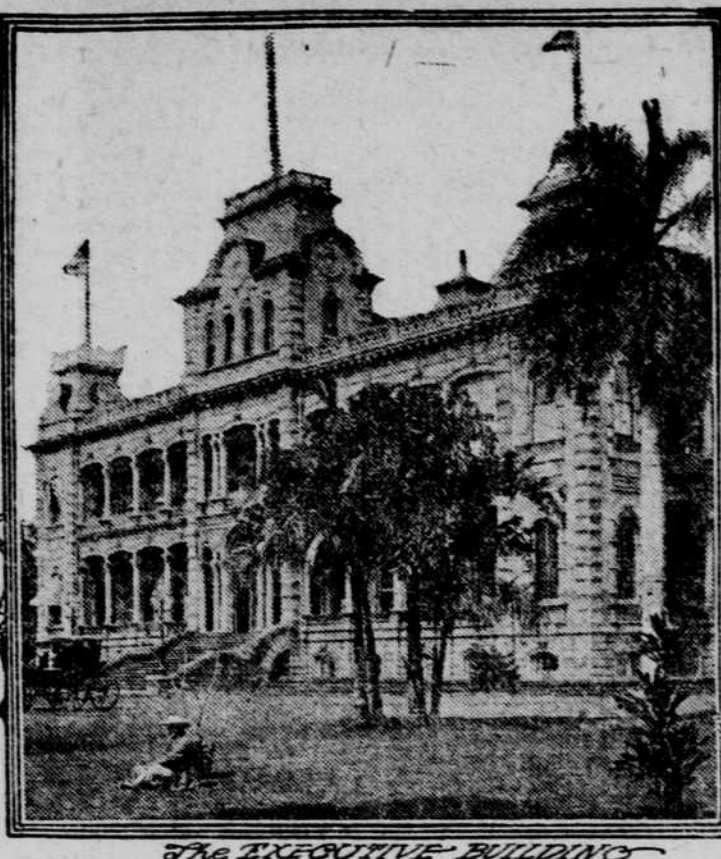


GENERAL VIEW OF HONOLULU

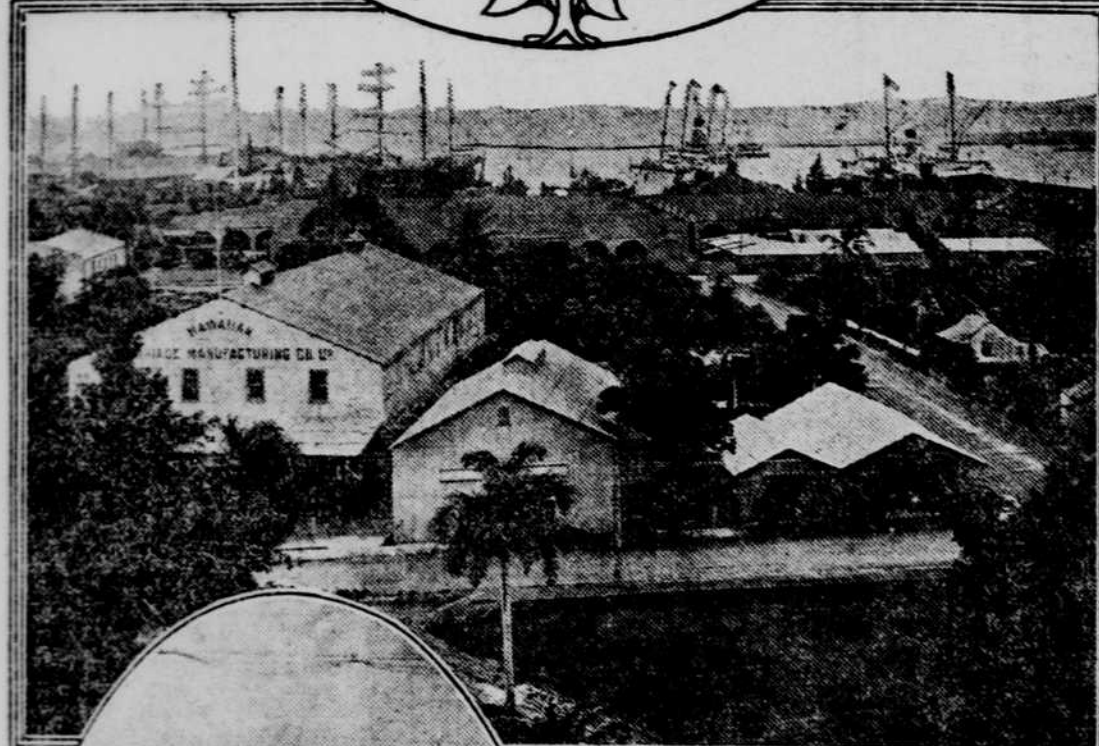
Features of Honolulu

By KATHERINE POPE



THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING

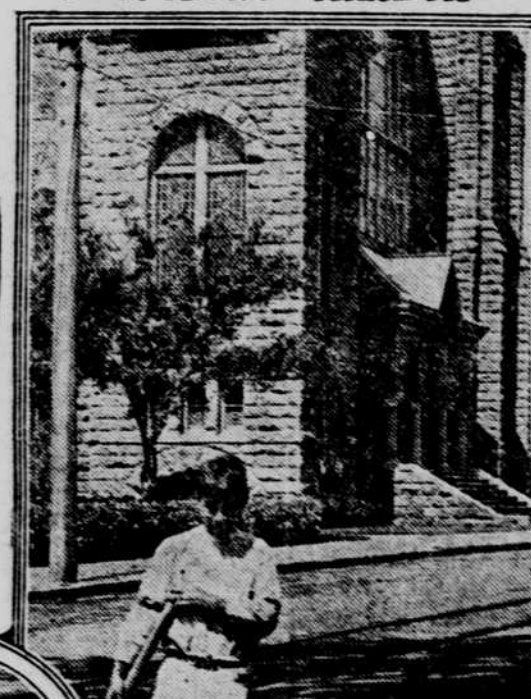
FEATURES of Honolulu? They crowd to mind fast. Rain on one side of the street, sunshine on the other. Daily rainbows, and occasional night rainbows. Blazing sun but fresh breezes and often wild gales. Sea and mast and husky swordsmen. Green trees and lawns down to the ocean's edge, on the brilliant water ostrich 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 Koolau 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 bloom on numberless ledges 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 sidewalk weaving wreaths and exchanging badinage with tourists and Jackies. "Military" enlisted and commissioned. Representatives of races ranging from subjects of the sea, 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 teemings overflow, automobiles are crowded to capacity with the rising generation. The world bears repeated reference to the Hawaiian 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 totting offspring up and down in hours of leisure, the hunched-up Oriental live doll very fat and impressive and philosophical. Jap women pass along continually with anywhere from two to four chubby babies clinging to the mother—maybe one tied to her back, one carried before, two toddlers trying locomotion for themselves.



HONOLULU HARBOR



PRINCE STREET



A JAPANESE HAWAIIAN STREET SWEEPER

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 lither 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 festive air with these fluttering 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, where they 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 avoroups 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 slenderness. 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 those 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 betrothed 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 you—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 marlin! Behold a town alive to its farthest outpost. Automobiles dashing everywhere, every seat full. Business houses bustling, 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.

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 survey, 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 pointed as aghast forever disavowing 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 bifurcated 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 her 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 alpaca, 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

Laurie's Unexpected Game

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD

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"Well, hello!" said the big hunter clad in brown corduroy. "What if I had mistaken you for a rabbit or a deer, and shot you?"
The small figure of the child on the ground straightened up and she pushed her blue cap from her eyes.
"You might have missed me. There are lots of folks that carry a gun that can't shoot and hit a thing. Maybe you can, though. I don't mean that you couldn't," apologized Kitty, puzzled by the man's sudden laughter.
"That's all right. You didn't hurt my feelings. Your remark couldn't have been personal, for I have never been in these mountains before, and you don't know a thing about me. Aren't you cold out here? What's that you are doing?"
"I'm getting galax leaves for Miss Anne's shrine."
"Oh, is there a Catholic about here?"
"I don't know 'bout her being a Catholic," answered Kitty. "These are for a love shrine. It's all like the most beautiful story, mother says. We think Miss Anne's lover died."
"Yes, women usually erect shrines after their lovers have gone," said Laurie Thorne bitterly. "I'd rather get a few flowers while I am living than have a cemetery full after I am dead."
"Are you going up the mountain?" asked Kitty. "If you are, I wish you'd carry this little basket of hickory nuts. Miss Anne wants them for a cake."
"I'll carry them for you," answered the hunter gallantly, "but not for a hysterical woman who builds shrines to dead men."
"Well, I don't care who you think you're doing it for," said Kitty stubbornly.

ish. It's a romance. I bet a dollar, girlie, that Miss Anne is a sour old maid, who never had a bean in her life. "She's just bluffing you."
"No, sir-ee," said Kitty, promptly. "There's been about a hundred men to see her since she came last summer. She's young and too beautiful to be real. She looks like a fairy princess. A sure enough duke came to see her last, but she shipped him, easy as daddy sells logs, he said."
"Is that the place?"
"They had come in sight of a gray stone cottage and the glow from the log fires within made the windows bright crimson in the early twilight."
"Yes. I'm going to halloo like Fritz 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 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 traps."
"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 in gray with soft silver fox under her 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 his own voice startled him. "I came here on a hunting trip. I'll move on in the morning. The game is pretty well killed out."
He was trying to talk of commonplace 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 child out there said that you kept a shrine to the memory of some man you loved. Anne, what does it mean?"
"You left me because somebody told you that Aunt Patricia had left me her fortune, together with her godson, Lord Dunsford. You believed and—"
"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 burned sputtering, then replaced them with the fresh ones Kitty had gathered on the mountain. She turned back 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 found the most desirable game in the world, and yet, I don't want to shoot it. Will you let me put this game in captivity—in my heart—for always, Anne?"
"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 every day's most quiet need, by sun and candle light."



They Had Come in Sight of the Cottage.

bornly. "Just so Miss Anne gets them. She's going to stay here all winter. Mother's very glad, for it's company for us, you know. My father sells lumber, and mother and I are staying in the mountains this winter so as not to leave him alone so much."
The child trudged bravely along beside the big six-foot man for a long distance up the rocky road, then she stumbled and sitting down in the road calmly announced: "You go on to Miss Anne's cottage—you get to it before you do to the hotel where we stay—and tell her to send somebody after me, I'm too tired to move."
"Get up off that cold ground," demanded Laurie. "I'll carry you."
"Can you do it with that gun and basket and—what is in that sack?" she asked suddenly looking at the game sack over his shoulder.
"Two or three wild turkeys. One more bird won't make any difference," he laughed, "so come along!"
He swung her up on his shoulder and she sighed contentedly.
"I'm awfully tired. I guess I walked too far. Mother'll scold if she finds out I went so far alone."
"Right she'll be to scold and spank you, too, young lady. This mountain is no place for stray babies."
"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."
"I expect so. If she is like most women, a memory is a thing to cherish."

Explore Cave in California

A cave of rare beauty and unknown length has been discovered in the mountains north of the Santa Cruz portland cement plant, California, by workmen of the quarry. They came upon the open cavity while tunneling under some loose rock which previously had been blasted. No particular attention was paid to the cave until a timekeeper at the quarry, with a companion, explored it. Using a stout cord as a guide, the two men traversed the cave for 700 feet, but made no attempt to feel their way through other passages from the main entrance. They went through the opening cut made by the tunnelmen 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 feet long and fully a foot through. The walls were described as snow

white. Before emerging from the cave they picked out a crystal from the floor.
Couldn't Resist.
Willie and Tommy were each given a bit of auntie's wedding cake, nicely wrapped in white tissue paper, by their romantic mother. The cake was to be placed under each pillow for the wee boys to "dream on."
After the benediction and the "good nights" had been said the mother retired to the sitting room.
Shortly afterward she heard announcement in a clear, boyish treble:
"Mother, Willie's eaten his dream!"
Some Teacher, Probably.
"Daubsley says he is wedded to his art."
"Hum!"
"What do you think?"
"He ought to shoot the man who performed the ceremony."

Prince in Cupids' Toils

The object of Prince Adelbert's contemplated tour of America has been revealed. The Kaiser is said to be desirous of cooling his son's infatuation with an actress named Paula Frieden.

emperor's attempt to separate their son from his enchantress. Paula Frieden is a very pretty and fascinating woman of twenty-five years. Her father was a postman in Berlin for a quarter of a century; then he retired on a pension of \$2 a week. Frau Paula went on the stage when she was fifteen, and was playing a small part at an obscure

theater where Prince Adelbert chanced to see her. According to general report, Prince Adelbert easily persuaded her to leave the footlights and installed her in a villa at Kiel, where, being a captain-commander of a torpedo-boat squadron, he has been stationed for several years. Naturally the officers and their wives at the great naval station gossiped about the prince's adoration of the charming actress and the tattling was carried to Berlin.

Shook Him.
A youth, who thought that he had become pretty intimate with a certain maiden, persistently begged her to accept his hand in marriage. Here is a bit of conversation between them which was snatched by an unintentional listener a few nights ago.
"I assure you," he commenced, "that I will not take 'no' for an answer."
"You need not take 'no' for an answer," was her reply. "I will answer 'yes' on one condition only."
He was all impatience to hear what

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 Reverted.
"You regard yourself as a servant of the people, of course?"
"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "the phrase has been overworked. Too many people are beginning to confuse a servant of the people with a waiter who is always expecting tips."