THE OLD HAWAII.

It Was Primitive and Unenterprising, and Is Rapidly Passing Away.

PRIMITIVE GRASS HOUSE.

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EACH time I pack my belongings to go to some new place in my pilgrimage about these islands I am shocked to realize how little use against bringing too much warm clothing. To wear it discomforts you; to carry it around bespeaks and vexes you. It is almost impossible for a resident of the southern states especially, to realize that a spot exists where there is no cold weather in the winter months. Consequently we will pack up in spite of ourselves a lot of heavy woolen garments under the general impression that they are good for us.

That is what I did, and I wish now I had not. For the first three days after leaving a perk on the Pacific coast of the states the traveler will need light winter clothing, such as he would wear at home. After that he begins to throw off his clothing by night and assume after article of heavy clothing by day. If he has not retained among his stateroom baggage cotton and linen things to put on in place of them, then that unhappy person will get a touch of purgatory before his time. Hardly any physical sensation, even back pain, is so unbearable as being too warm when you have to clatter to cool yourself. The clothing wanted for Hawaii at all seasons is such as would be worn in the heat of summer in the middle and southern belts of the Union.

Of course every intelligent American will wish to visit Hawaii as a part of our education as citizens and patriots to see every section of our own great, big country, which is a world in itself. If we cannot tour both Europe and Hawaii, come to Hawaii and let Europe go.

Honolulu itself is a world in miniature. Here are Europe, Asia and Africa, blended kaleidoscopically. To know what the common life of China and Japan is like, you need not visit those countries. Come to Honolulu.

I look from the hotel veranda into the street and behold a moving panorama of representatives of city life of different nations. A big, overbound American rides a bicycle beside the procession. Nobody could mistake him, the way he sprawls all over himself. Then suddenly a flash of Hawaiians on horseback! It is a picturesque flash. From the time when people horseback in Europe and America, they have taken to horses into the tropics the natives took eagerly to these animals. Horseback locomotion suited their natural disposition. They are a carefree, careless, good natured, and lack the coldness. Through the streets of Honolulu day and night you hear the hoof beats of their sturdy, shaggy horses, fleet as spirit, taping and thundering along as though action has after them. You think they are galloping to war, to a fire alarm or to hold the throne in a case of life and death. Oh! no, it is just a way they have. That is all. It is a heaven's mercy that horses should be small. Kanakas and Indo, all part Japanese and Chinese young men are not the very best horsemen in the universe, at least, not they are more so in Honolulu. Probably they know how to drive in instincts.

Not only native men, but women ride astride in the saddle, and I must say it is a most sensible fashion. Native women used to cover their lower extremities with a long, narrow divided skirt of the most brilliant color they could find. Times are changed and they extended far down their feet, and strewed out behind them in brilliant banners as they rode. Then a Kanaka woman of the old time on horseback is even more picturesque looking than a man. Buffalo Bill ought to secure them for his show. They ride like centaurs. The ordinary Mother Hubbard garment of the native women is called a "holoku." Her riding habit is a "pareo," pronounced in two syllables.

While people in Honolulu have caught from the natives the habit of riding and driving at great speed, I never saw back or hired carriage horses anywhere dash through the streets as fast as they do here. White gentlemen and ladies who ride and drive for pleasure seem to be always in the greatest hurry. How the horses like it is one cannot say. They have not been asked. But they are nearly always in a lather of sweat.

White people as a body and fashionably dressed as if they were on parade in New York fly past my veranda in carriages. The carriages, too, are as handsome as those in any American city. There is much wealth in Honolulu.

Dainty, tiny Japanese women in their national costume—a long robe scarcely a little step short of it, a broad folded sash around the waist, a bag like a scholarship sacket hitched on somewhere in their backs, a fan or umbrella in their hands and an overcoat alone their body except the heavy knob of jet that a fair robed one so too shuffle along in their ridiculous little "slipper shoes" about with the wooden heels, looking for all the world as though they had just stepped down from one of the big pieces in an opera. The comedy little creatures! Hitch, make them walk as awkwardly as brought their feet a yard out around the knee, showing the knee and so on, or perhaps a bit of style in a fan, talk to tell their lovers, swaying graceful top of the fan, which, forsooth!

I live a Chinese Sunday in these cosmopolitan cities two months. The theory of the party is simply looking for the man who is the Japanese woman. Some Japanese Sunday. Some if not behind have much along honeys on occasion the mother, the wife, the daughter and little. Mechanically, I am compelled to wish to look about at each of them. I wonder if the white women look as comfortable in Chinese women as Chinese women do in us.

Some of such men, with their hearty rude fellowship on each side, come with such as one has seen such three in Spanish pictures. They are strung together one after another by the neck and a white man rides on horseback at their back. Then fall a dozen soldiers in Uncle Sam's good true blue strike past. They are enjoying hotel on Out but look very bad.

But to what have we here? It is a Chinese cigarette parlor and he man. Three coats the best coats of the season procession. We another coat and carry the wares carried in boxes on a hook and wagon like a Chinaman. Hi! here a pole carried his chickens and hangs by cords a fat hidden tray at each end of it and then piled like a load of bricks he carries by thick all over creaking from door to door. That is the way his ancestors did in China. The trays are suspended about the height of his knees. Two ropes are looped across the pole for each tray, and the trays are tied in four places each rope and forming a knot.

Suddenly the small man is not incarnating the business. He pops his hat on and mounts a straw hat. The son has no hat at all, and his black hair falls in fine tresses about his face and neck. He is about 1 years old. Both fatted and son are barefoot. The papa wears silver brown cotton trousers reaching half way down between the knees and ankles. Each trousers leg is as large as a pillowcase. What they lack in length they make up in width. The little fan's trousers, however, are but subject as to either length or width. They flap upon the ground like a lady's train. And such trousers leg shades of jute! In my eyes discovered that the little Chinaman's cigarette is made of about a 25 pound hole sack. There they are, the hidden hole sack and cigarette. Brand of the maker still upon them. Double "Mill Flour—X." The tail pulls one hand upon the letters that he fastens kimono and trousers. Two tail pulls at each pay. Verily the white man cannot hope to compete with the Chinaman. Love to woman, here is other saving. Behind hole are concealed and concealed. Hole of the white mother would evil herself of such another advantage!

If you want to see all the world come to Honolulu. The tail end of it which does not live here is found among the imperial scum of tourists, that go and come, as ever floating wave on the human sea. But there are many behind the British matron of thousands and Thackeray, the whole summer and autumn she lived at Nice and others. She is passed in the contemplation of other people during. Particularly is she fond of her wife was, and would if she could read her, her bottles of memory and mentally mentioned down the throats of all unmarried. Two heaven, she is a collective sample of humanity living. Lalal hour in Nice being not in my view!

In the lane of temperate, Austrian and political refugeeness Hawaii for those for the United States. It is going to our country that is any other large world of land. It is few miles from San Francisco to the mouth. The voyage requires about 4 days and 18 hours. A twenty mile million cross conventions can go from an Atlantic coast city to Honolulu in 11 days.

The Yankee consumers, Dole to hold, came in 1893. Overturned the land and made it land for the white man to live in. The Yankee missionary's descendants still keeping the Bible inside their not sending also an eye on the main chance. Found material profit where their ancestors had harvested rich spiritual wealth. Then, will one use the Bible in one hand and an eye on the main chance they brought the islands, with all the brother and sisters, and laid them in our hands, a free gift. No date history of island and continents is written in the treasury of Hawaii in the white man. The native were not enslaved or stamped or shooed. They are nearly disappearing before the white—living out, leaving the strongest to survive.

It could not have been otherwise. If we had not accepted the islands, some other nation, a European power, in the nature of things hostile to republics would have seized them. This is as certain as the sun shines, and those who offered the country to the United States knew it well. The natives are all that a kindly and good tempered and are not lacking in intellectual and artistic gifts, but they are entirely wanting in that dominating force, whatever it is, that makes a nation how its own in separate existence.

The native Hawaiians generally prefer a monarchy. I suppose there is no doubt of that. I talked to an old native Hawaiian the other day. He took off his hat and showed me his white head—a handsome old head it was too—while he raised his eyes to heaven and affirmed on his love for the queen.

"Liliuokalani! My queen, my queen!" he exclaimed.

From a dramatic point of view it was splendidly done, all the more so as the old chap had just been taking a drink of wine that had hindered up his emotions. He pointed heavenward and called God to witness that Hawaiians wanted their queen. I asked him how many Hawaiians there were in Honolulu. He replied, "Oh, many, many." But I was unfeeling enough to wait and figure and asked him again.

"Tell me how many thousands."

He pointed to heaven again and in the most solemn and dramatic manner answered, "Ask Jesus Christ."

Now, I submit it is very unsatisfactory whether people so indorsed that they have divine power to take their name for them have any of the qualifications of a self sustaining nation.

Nothing shows the inherent superiority of the white race more than the fact that in a land where everything having life seemed to date and be idle the race has maintained its energy and hustled as in cold and temperate lands. Americans tell me that when they first come here they feel a disposition to sleep deep and be as lazy as the idiot brown heathen. But you need not give up to this impulse, they say. If you brace yourself against it and go on and make yourself work as you did at home, then you can accomplish your task—but, too, with comparatively slight exertion.

The white race has been accused of causing the decline in numbers of the Hawaiians. This is a mistake. Long before the coming of Captain Cook in 1778 the population of the islands was dwindling. It was partly attributable to the bloody wars among the native tribes themselves. Of course when Europeans and Americans came the decline went on faster, but it would have done its work anyhow. The native Hawaiian would have become a mere tangled remnant of his former self. His time had come. That is all there is to be said about it.

The native Hawaiians look as if they might be a mixture of Japanese, Chinese, Indian and, except for their pure brown skin and straight hair, of African were also. Their features are more like those of the African than of any other race. If they had the clear cut profile of the Caucasian and were taller and slenderer, they would be the handsomest people in existence. Among them you see now and then a head as noble as that of a blue blooded Indian. They are an obliging set, adapting themselves to everybody and every situation. They celebrate their pure courtesy and love of diversion the national holidays of every European. You wake up in the morning and hear an unholy din of drum and Fourth of July firecrackers. "What holiday is it today?" you ask. You find it is a national fete day of somebody's from somewhere—Portuguese, British or American, all alike. It is celebrated anyhow.

In this manner, probably from their obliging disposition, the native intermarry with all the foreign peoples settling here. Indo-Saxon is common. It is rather a surprise to find that the cross between Hawaiian and Chinese is attended with the best results. It is a union of race not so recently opposite as the white and the Hawaiian. The Chinaman's mental qualities too are those conspicuously lacking in the native, therefore are being the power of steady and long continued application to work.

The half blood children of Hawaiian and Chinese parents are said to be notoriously the brightest and most promising of all the footing mixed up taken on these blessed islands. There is a young reporter on a local paper here who is the son of a wealthy Chinese father and a mother half Hawaiian, half white. He carries himself like a young prince of some ancient royal line and has an intellect at once polished, brilliant and capable of steady exertion. But he was educated in Europe and has had exceptional advantages.

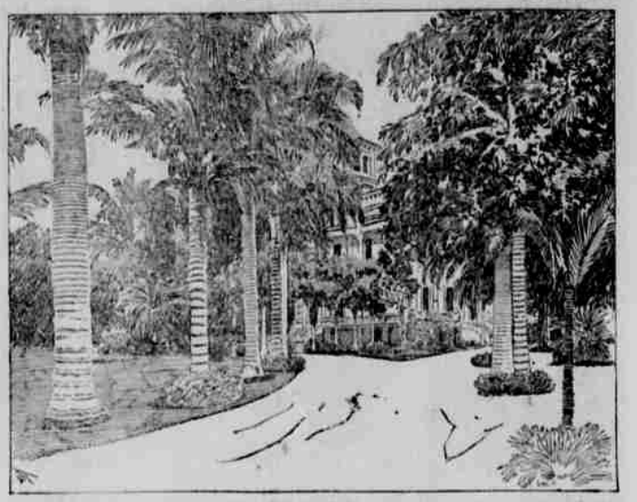
Old Hawaii is disappearing fast and forever. New Hawaii is taking its place. But new Hawaii is distinctively American. Americans have been the architects and leaders of the changes that have been wrought, sentiment, political and social. The handsome residences in the private, representing the new Hawaii, is the home of an American citizen of German ancestry. Mr. Claus Spreckels. Old Hawaiians of the pure blood are becoming scarcer every year. Young men of mixed blood are, on the other hand, on the increase. They are undergoing a process which is here called "bleaching out." That means the infusion of white and foreign blood is becoming entirely stronger. The prediction is that in a few generations more the native Kanakas as a distinct race will be absorbed by white foreign.

ELIZABETH ALCHARD.

Honolulu.

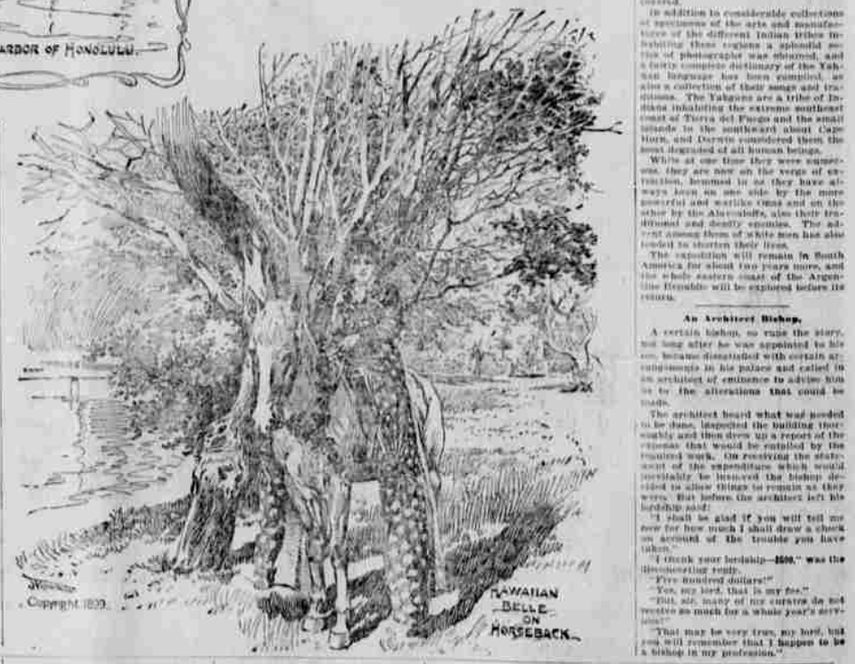
THE NEW HAWAII.

It Is Enterprising and Cosmopolitan, and Thoroughly and Distinctively American.



RESIDENCE OF CLAUS SPRECKELS.

HARBOR OF HONOLULU.



RANDOM FACTS.

A new Robinson Crusoe has been found. The man, according to a Peruvian telegram, was found on one of the desert islands off the Chilean coast. He had not spoken to or even seen a human being for 11 years, and his body is covered with thick hair. He has lived on wild birds, shellfish and water. The man must have a sensational story to unfold.

The king of Siam has an original idea in the way of a sitting bath. He has the drinks of iron hollowed out, filled with gold and silver, and flung into his bath. Thus, when a large number of consulted wand and intimates.

In the middle art of changing clothes the French Venus is scarcely without a peer. Among other things her robe stitched in two pieces, two dukes, two lady's coronets, an orb, a baron, eight knights, a duke's coronet, a grand vizier, a consul of guards, of horse, of foot and of artillery, an admiral, a highlander, a Trinity brother, a barrister, a teacher and an English statesman. And he wears the costume and the orders of them all.

Most people will be surprised to learn that the majority of flowers have no perfume whatever. An Austrian chemist who has been making researches into the subject declared that out of 4,000 varieties known and cultivated in Europe scarcely 400 have any odor, and of these nearly 30 have an odor which is, if anything, disagreeable.

At the launching of J. Pierpont Morgan's new yacht, the Corsair, in New York, 11 of the classic represented a total amount of wealth in excess of $100,000,000.

The centenary fund for next March is already attracting attention, because the pope, according to accepted Vatican circles, intends to nominate six Italian cardinals in camp, and the successor to Ambrose will be either Archbishop Ireland or Archbishop Keane.

Two remarkable surgical operations for the purpose of stopping internal hemorrhage have been performed by Dr. Hubert of Vienna. In the case of a young man who had fired four slugs into himself the surgeon cut into the thoracic cavity, removing one of the ribs, and stuffed a yard and a half of iodoform gauze between the heart and the lungs. The other case, that of a man stabbed through the armpit, was treated in the same way. Both patients recovered and are now perfectly well.

An authority says that a ton of diamonds is worth $3,000,000.

Lake Princeton.

Princeton university's department of paleontology and geology has just received a report announcing the discovery of a lake by the second Patagonian expedition, which, under Professor E. D. Hubner and A. E. Swift, has been making scientific investigations in the southern part of South America for the last 11 months.

In the face of countless difficulties the expedition explored the country inland and northward for a distance of 800 miles from Tierra del Fuego and the strait of Magellan, in latitude 42.30 south and longitude 72.35 west, at the base of the Andes, a beautiful lake 30 miles in length was discovered. This body of water has been named Lake Princeton.

In the region of the new found lake and about midway between Lake Huenes Ayres and the headwaters of the river Chico a new and exceedingly rich locality for vertebrate fossils was discovered.

In addition to considerable collections of specimens of the arts and manufactures of the different Indian tribes inhabiting these regions a splendid series of photographs was obtained, and a fairly complete dictionary of the Yahuna language has been compiled, as also a collection of their songs and traditions. The Yahgans are a tribe of Indians inhabiting the extreme southeast coast of Tierra del Fuego and the small islands to the southward about Cape Horn, and Darwin considered them the most degraded of all human beings.

While at one time they were numerous, they are now on the verge of extinction, hemmed in as they have always been on one side by the more powerful and warlike Onas and on the other by the Alacaloffs, also their traditional and deadly enemies. The advent among them of white men has also tended to shorten their lives.

The expedition will remain in South America for about two years more, and the whole eastern coast of the Argentine Republic will be explored before its return.

An Architect Bishop.

A certain bishop, so runs the story, not long after he was appointed to his see, became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace and called in an architect of eminence to advise him as to the alterations that could be made.

The architect heard what was needed to be done, inspected the building thoroughly and then drew up a report of the cheapest that would be entailed by the required work. On receiving the statement of the expenditure which would inevitably be incurred the bishop decided to let new things be as they were. But before the architect left his lordship said:

"I shall be glad if you will tell me now for how much I shall draw a check on account of the trouble you have taken.

"I think your lordship—$500," was the disconcerting reply.

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Yes, my lord, that is my fee."

"But, sir, many of our curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service!"

"That may be very true, my lord, but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession."