

American Steam Laundry

W. D. McINTYRE Manager

FIRST CLASS LAUNDRY WORK IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

The Cleanest and Most Sanitary Laundry

IN THE ISLANDS

CONCRETE FLOORS, ARTESIAN WATER, Entire Plant Flushed Out Daily.

You can send baby's clothes to us without fear, They are washed separately from those of adults. Flannels and delicate fabrics washed by special process of our own

City Office: Masonic Temple

Telephone 503

1382 Liliha Street

BISHOP TRUST CO. LADIES DEPT.

The Bishop Trust Company, Ltd., beg to announce that on January 1st, 1910, they will open a Ladies Department in connection with their Trust business, where ladies, desirous of saving money, or with property interests, or funds to invest may call or correspond and receive advice as to opening a bank account, putting their funds out at interest, buying real estate, stocks or bonds, or investing in any other class of security. Under the laws of the Territory a woman can hold property in her own right.

The Bishop Trust Company feel that they have been fortunate in securing for this Department the services of Miss J. T. MacIntyre, who is well known to the business community of Honolulu as the manager for eight years past of Bishop & Company's Savings Bank. Miss MacIntyre will have an office in the Bishop Trust Co's building on Bethel street, where she will be found daily from 9 to 12, after the 1st of January.

All accounts and transactions strictly confidential.

1910 EXCELSIOR DIARIES Office and Pocket.

A. B. ARLEIGH & CO., LTD. Hotel St., opp. Union.

USE Sweet Violet BUTTER C. Q. YEE HOP TEL. 251



XMAS TREES

And all that goes on them to make everybody Happy. Call and see their stock before purchasing elsewhere.

WALL NICHOLS CO., LTD. FORT STREET.

Honolulu Iron Works

STEAM ENGINES, SUGAR MILLS, BOILERS, COOLERS, IRON, BRASS AND LEAD CASTINGS.

Machinery of Every Description Made to Order. Particular Attention Paid to Ship's Blacksmithing. Job Work Executed on Short Notice.

BEAUTIFUL ROCKERS Chairs, Bureaus and Furniture of all kinds made from select Koa.

Wing Chong Co., Corner King and Bethel.

Pau ka Hana THE SOAP THAT CLEANS AT YOUR GROCERS.

JOBSON INSISTS ON COLD BATH

It was during the warmish spell early in October that Mr. Jobson announced that he was going to keep up his morning cold baths, which in former years he had abandoned with the appearance of the first signs of autumn, right through the winter.

"It's nothing but self-coddling for a fellow to quit his fine, invigorating cold baths of mornings just as soon as the weather becomes a mite chilly," he said to Mrs. Jobson. "It's a sign of weakness. It's a symptom of shirkingness. None of that for mine. Me for my cold swim every morning, right along, no matter if there's ice on the window panes an inch thick."

Mrs. Jobson may have considered that a very creditable intention; but if she did, she didn't say anything about it. She went right along with her Irish lace work.

"I've just been reading here in the Star-paper," went on Mr. Jobson "about what a swell thing the cold morning tub is to keep folks from catching colds during the cold weather. There's a heap in that theory, too. Y'ser, the cold water taken right after you get out of bed, makes you immune to the attacks of cold. It bulwarks you against the chilly thing. It hardens you against the polaric blasts of Boreas. It makes it impossible for you to promptly get the sniffles as soon as a little whiff of raw air strikes you."

Mrs. Jobson nodded, but that was about all from her. "I am fully aware, of course," went on Mr. Jobson, "that folks constituted like jelly-fish can't or won't take cold baths. They're afraid of cold water. It takes, I am willing to admit, a little nerve—more than most people possess—to hop right out of a warm bed and into a tub of excessively cold water right in the dead of winter. But folks ought to consider the compensating advantages. It's a hygienic stunt, and that's what makes it worth while. It comes easy after a while. At first you look at the tubful of cold water as people who don't like fried snails might look at them. But once in the cold tub—and out again—and rubbing yourself down with a fine, hard towel, why, you get a glorious skin glow, and you feel freshened and woke up, as it were all over, and then you could hike right smack-dab for the north pole in a linen duster, in a way of speaking, without the slightest danger of catching cold."

If Mrs. Jobson considered this good stuff, she refrained from so pronouncing. Mr. Jobson observed her neutrality on the topic and began to wriggle a bit in his chair.

"Of course," he went on, in a slightly peevish tone, "I don't expect you to donate the immense weight of your belief to any of these scientific theories. It wouldn't hurt you a little bit, when it comes to that, to take your little cold swim every morning throughout the winter yourself. It wouldn't—"

"Well, I prefer the water slightly tepid, you know," explained Mrs. Jobson.

"Of course, I know," replied Mr. Jobson, obviously glad to have finally got a rise out of her. "That's one of the surest things I know. And if you amend 'tepid' to 'hot' you'll add about 50 per cent to the veracity of your admission. I never knew a human being so enormously addicted to the habit of coddling him or herself as you are, and that's the truth."

"But," mildly ventured Mrs. Jobson, "cold baths do not agree with me. The shock of them is too great. My doctor has told me that."

"Doctor piffle!" grumped Mr. Jobson. "What does the doctor know about it? The doctor isn't you, is he? That's all imagination about cold water being shocking. There are some people to whom any kind of water is shocking.

when you sidestep cold water baths. And that's all pure tommyrot about cold baths being shocking. They might shock a salamaider born on the equator or one of those shivery Chihuahua mutts; but they're not shocking to properly constituted human beings. That's all moonshine. It's what's called the power of suggestion. Folks get to imagining that cold water is shocking, and that settles it. They flag the cold tub as they would poison ivy. There can't be any shock when, right after climbing out of the cold tub, you give yourself a fine and dandy rub-down with a hard towel. That's what makes you react from a cold bath—"

"But," again put in Mrs. Jobson, "I've tried it, and I don't react. I don't get into any glow. Instead, I go around feeling cold and blue and frozen all day after taking a cold bath."

"Tush!" said Mr. Jobson. "More of that suggestion thing. You imagine that it's the kink for you to go around feeling frozen and blue and things after a little plunge into cold water, and of course that's the way you feel. But there's one blessed thing, there isn't any law that I know of that compels me to pattern myself upon you. If you want to live in a bandbox—a superheated bandbox—and coddle and pamper and get yourself as if you were a prize beetle or butterfly from the Orinoco, why, go ahead. Keep right on snuffling and sniffing and sneezing your head off with colds all through the fall and winter. I mention a simple little recipe to you whereby you can forever eliminate colds, or the possibility of getting colds, and you sit there and intimate that I'm a candidate for the booby hatch. But never mind. I'll be taking my little old cold tub every morning right along when the sleigh bells are jingling in the streets, and I'll get some good out of life. I'll bet you thirty to one, or let you write your own ticket, that I won't have a single, solitary cold from one end of the winter until the other."

Mrs. Jobson was willing to let it go at that.

That very evening a grayish-looking storm gathered in the northeast, and the following morning was raw and cheerless.

Mr. Jobson always sleeps unusually well on raw and cheerless mornings, and Mrs. Jobson had to prod him awake when the fragrance of the coffee began to trickle up the stairs.

"It's time for you to get up and take your cold bath," said Mrs. Jobson, with, possibly, just a soupcon of malevolence.

"Huh! Take what?" said Mr. Jobson, joggling himself awake and sitting up in his nice, comfy bunk.

"Your cold bath," said Mrs. Jobson. Mr. Jobson shot her a quick, questioning look. It is a good thing that Mrs. Jobson has learned by long experience how to manage her features. If there had been any lurking smile around the corners of her mouth just then there might have been a stormy morning around the Jobson domicile. But the lurking smile was conspicuous by its absence.

"It's cold, isn't it?" said Mr. Jobson as he reluctantly crawled out of the cozy hay.

"Yes, the weather turned during the night," said Mrs. Jobson. "It is almost freezing out. I have turned on the cold water," and she went downstairs to superintend breakfast, and did her smiling only when she reached the hall.

Mr. Jobson went into the bathroom and watched the swiftly running cold water for quite a while with a dubious expression in his eye. He heard Mrs. Jobson humming downstairs, and he knew that there wasn't any way out of it. So he stepped in, very gingerly, and said "Br-r-r-r!" Then he

bled out, gasping like a stranded dog-fish.

"My, but that Potomac water is getting cold-ld!" Mrs. Jobson heard him saying to himself as he hunted around for a hard towel. Then he kept up a great muttering and "br-r-r-ring!" while he rubbed himself, but he looked very pinkie-winkle and gloatful when he came down, dressed for breakfast.

"I wouldn't give up my morning cold tub for \$9,000,000," he said to Mrs. Jobson. "It's a fine thing, if only for character building. It's a gorgeous thing for a fellow to go right ahead and do the thing that he—er—well, that he slightly recoils from. It takes nerve, and a heap of it, to jump into blithering, freezing water from a warm bed. And that's the kind of nerve a human being that's worth feeling ought to have."

Mrs. Jobson let it go at that again. It was still more raw and cheerless and rainy besides, when Mrs. Jobson had to prod Mr. Jobson awake the following morning. The first sound that greeted his awakening ears was the sound of the running cold water in the bathroom.

"Your cold tub is nearly ready," said

Mrs. Jobson. Mr. Jobson pulled the bedclothes up around his neck and blinked at Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, it is, hey?" he groused at her. "Nearly ready, is it? Well, why don't you get into it, then?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Jobson, feeling it coming, "I don't take cold baths, you know, but, you are so fond of them that—"

"No, I know blamed well you don't take 'em," cut in Mr. Jobson. "That's the reason why you are so grumpy and chessey-catty of mornings—especially raw mornings like this one is—when you come snooping up here to tell me that my cold tub is ready. What's your idea, anyway? To make me do penance for something or other?"

"Why," said Mrs. Jobson, "I thought you were so very fond of your cold baths that—"

"It's not a matter of what I'm fond of, madam," said Mr. Jobson. "It's a matter of your sticking to your agreements. We had an express stipulation between ourselves that we should take cold baths through the winter. You've reneged. You've crawled. You've laid down. You haven't kept the

pact. But, woman-like, you expect me to stick to my end of the bargain. Well, not much. NOT MUCH! That's all. No-o-t, not m-u-c-h, much, not much. You can just turn the hot water into that cold water, if you please. A man's a bonehead for making a bargain with a woman and expecting her to keep her end of it, that's all I've got to say!"—Washington Star.

DO IT NOW.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You can do so by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Nine cases out of ten are simply muscular rheumatism due to cold or chronic rheumatism, and yield to the vigorous application of this liniment. Try it. You are certain to be delighted with the quick relief which it affords. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

M. OHTA

CONTRACTOR & BUILDER Estimates given on all kinds of work. 636 South Hotel St., between Punch-bowl & Alapai.

City Mausoleum

NEW SYSTEM OF BURIAL

Sanitary, Permanent, Ideal

WE will have in a short time a fine mausoleum made of reinforced concrete, of large dimensions, two stories high. It will be handsome in appearance, a credit to the city and a fine monument to the bodies placed within. ¶ Apartments in this mausoleum will be sold in fee simple. They will be made so as to contain bodies or ash urns. ¶ This system is being adopted throughout the United States and Europe. Call and learn full particulars at

Townsend Undertaking Company, Limited.

Beretania St., near Fort

Telephone 411

W. W. HALL,

J. H. TOWNSEND

PRESIDENT

TREASURER