



FEAR THE PRICE.

Unregistered Chinese Say Pictures Too Costly.

WHY THEY ARE HOLDING ALOOF

Counsel General, Yang Wei Pin, Issues a Reassuring Proclamation to His People.

About 1,000 out of 15,000 Chinese on Oahu have not registered, as required to do under the Exclusion Act, and the time will expire early in June. If by that time registration is not complete the laws of the United States will have to be enforced by the usual methods, whereupon there will be wild music in the air.

The trouble seems to be over the price of photographs. Each registered Chinese must have two pictures taken, one full-faced and the other in profile, and attach to his certificate. But photographs cost money and the picture-makers are unwilling to make two only. They want an order for three and then a dollar on the nail. Three pictures for a dollar strike the average Chinese as a burden, says the St. Louis Star. The wise guest in any household, modest or pretentious, will see to it that she fits into the established routine in a pleasant, unobtrusive manner. The hours of rising and retiring should coincide with those of the family and promptness at the scheduled meal time should be the invariable rule.

Naturally, Consul Yang Wei Pin is anxious to have his countrymen keep out of trouble with the authorities. When a representative of the Advertiser called upon him yesterday the Consul said, through his interpreter: "I have sent a proclamation to the printer and it will be out in a day or two. I regret that I have no English translation, but"—and here he produced a square, red-edged, official-looking book—"I will give you as good an idea as I can of its contents."

This is what the interpreter brought forth:

To the Chinese People: Many of you have told me by letter that the price of photographs required by the United States Government to be attached to certificates of registration is more than poor people can afford, and have asked me to inquire whether or not the Government will help such people to bear the expense.

I have written a letter to Mr. Chamberlain, Registrar of Chinese, and he replies that the law does not confer upon him the authority to bear any part of the expense of photographing under the terms of the Exclusion Act. Touching the protest against having to pay for children's pictures, which would make a serious burden to large families, Mr. Chamberlain says that the law does not require that children must register—only laborers.

Though children need not be registered, it is better that they should do so, that they may have no trouble, in future years, about proving their right to be here or to go and come.

Regarding the complaint that women, who never leave their homes, would be compelled to go to the photographer, I would say that Mr. Chamberlain informs me that where there are women and children together, a registration clerk will call at their home to take down their names and arrange about the pictures.

The persons required to register under the Act are laborers, which means all persons, including clerks, journeymen, and the like, who receive wages from a master. All other persons, such as owners of stores and rent-producing property, in the income of which they live, are classified as merchants. The registration is for laborers only.

"I hope," said the Consul, "to overcome the objections of our people, which seems to be almost wholly those suggested by their poverty and not by desire to combat the laws of the United States. It seems to me, in view of the great number of Chinese to be registered, that the price of photographs might be lower. In case it is brought down registration will go on at a more rapid pace. The objection of some of our women, especially those of small feet, to go to a strange place has been overcome by the kindness of Mr. Chamberlain. Everything ought to go smoothly now."

Go Kim Fui, who was seen, talked the same strain. He said all Chinese ought to register, whether compelled to do so or not, for future protection. He had registered all his children, he said, in spite of the fact that they are not-Hawaiians. He thought, as did the Consul, that by cheapening the price of photographs the great majority of Chinese would be brought in.

There is a chance, then, for the picture-makers. Fourteen thousand Chinese at 50 cents apiece means \$7,000, with a chance to pick up extra trade from Chinamen who want photographs to send home.

Coming to Honolulu
Mr. L. Tenney Peck of Kenova, W. Va., a nephew of Mrs. S. N. Castle, is expected here shortly to take

up his permanent residence. Mr. Peck is a man of experience in real estate and corporation affairs and will take the place of James B. Castle as treasurer and business manager of the S. N. Castle Est., Ltd. Mr. Peck will be a welcome addition to the business community and as he brings his bride with him they will be an acquisition to society circles as well.

A LOST NICKEL.

Why the Tramway Manager Went on the War Path in a Car.

"Here, driver, what do you mean? What did you let that man off without paying, for?" shouted Tramway Pain to one of his new muleteers on a Beretania street car, yesterday. "Till fix you! You'll pay that nickel to the company, you will!"

"Please tell me," said a lady passenger to the driver, "if this car goes to the stables?"

"Keep your seat; keep your seat!" said Pain, turning savagely, as he went on abusing the driver.

"I didn't ask your permission to keep my seat," responded the lady plaintively. "I only wanted to know if this car went to the stables."

A glare from Pain was the only reply, and the lady got off the car during another eruption from Pain about the lost nickel.

GUESTS AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

At "smart" houses absolute freedom is the watchword. This also is an English custom. The hostess is not expected to entertain her guests. Her part is to provide everything in her power to further their enjoyment. Guests are made to feel entirely at home and entertainment does not become a burden, says the St. Louis Star. The wise guest in any household, modest or pretentious, will see to it that she fits into the established routine in a pleasant, unobtrusive manner. The hours of rising and retiring should coincide with those of the family and promptness at the scheduled meal time should be the invariable rule.

YANG WEI TALKS.

Important Edict of the Emperor of China.

ISSUES DECREE OF TOLERATION

Leung Chi-tso now an Outlawed Boxer in the South of China.

"What is the latest news you have from China?" asked an Advertiser man of Consul General Yang Wei Pin yesterday.

"There is some," he replied, "which is quite interesting. In January of this year the Emperor sent a dispatch to all Viceroys and Envoys saying that he was going to change the old order in China and adopt the best laws of Western countries. He intended, he said, to have the great officials of the Empire meet with him to decide upon the mode of procedure. Later he sent out an edict of toleration, the text of which has reached the Ministers and consular representatives of China the world over. In this edict His Majesty declared that all foreigners, including missionaries, should be treated throughout the Empire on an exact equality with the native inhabitants. The fact that white

men are as curious about our customs as we are about theirs, said the Emperor, does not make them enemies. When they come among the Chinese people let them always be treated as friends and neighbors. A further edict says that the Emperor will soon go back to his palace.

"I wish," added the Consul General, "to say that this change in the imperial policy is not at all due to the so-called reformers. Leung Chi-tso, who was here collecting money, is now one of the Boxers and is largely accountable for the harm that has fallen upon Chinese and missionaries alike. He is a disturber of the peace and is now trying to repeat, in South China, the injuries he and his have done in North China. Lately the Governor of Hunan, Chang-Che-Tung, who knows Leung Chi-tso well, has reported his operations to the Government and an account of them has reached our Minister at Washington and through him has come to me. The Governor will see to the so-called 'reformer' and will not permit him to devastate the region where he is trying to organize his bandits. As to 'reformers' abroad they will be looked after also.

"The name is a misnomer. These reformers cannot reform anything. The Chinese people are so many that they cannot get a hearing; but all Chinese listen to the sovereign and his advisers and when they declare for reform, as they are doing now, reform must come."

AN APT PUPIL.

Benny was a new boy at school and as the teacher enrolled his name in her book she asked:

"Where do you live, Benny?"

"On Blinker street," he answered.

"You should say 'in Blinker street.' That is considered the proper form now."

"Yes'm."

"You have lately come to town, have you not?"

"Yes'm."

"Where was your home before?"

"Boonville."

"Where is Boonville?"

"In the Eric canal, ma'am," said Benny.—Boston Herald.

GRINDING LAWS.

One More Busy Day for Hawaiian Solons.

SOME HOME RULE STATESMANSHIP

Important Bills Banded About Among Ludicrous Debaters Who Talk Against Time.

The members of the Senate are now satisfied, for they are ensconced in their new quarters in the bungalow. Three small ante-rooms opening off the main chamber give the members ample opportunity to confer in that privacy and seclusion so necessary to their dignity. Laws can now be made and schemes concocted in perfect security, and the public will not be any the wiser.

A few bills were up before the Senate during the day and passed their second reading, being referred to various committees.

The morning session started out with the now usual exchange of words between the chair and one of the Senators. After the interpretation of the minutes Carter called the attention of

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A. J. CAMPBELL.—Office Queen St., opposite Union Feed Co.

WANTED HER PULLED THROUGH.

The glib falsifier of a north Missouri paper pretends to have heard of the following call for professional services sent by a local resident to a doctor in a neighboring town:

"Dear Doctor—My wife's mother is at death's door. Please come at once and if you can't pull her through."—Kansas City Journal.

Grand display of spring goods; newest importations; direct from the factory, are now shown at the Pacific Import Co., on Fort street. Read their ad and learn what they have to say.

WEARY WILLIE AND DUSTY RHODES IN TOWN



THE TRAMP has arrived; the woolly Willie of the comic papers is with us at last. Just how he got here hasn't been satisfactorily cleared up, but the fact remains that he is here with his boisterously tinted nose, his lightsome digits and his whiskers of the orthodox chaste rural descent.

He is just the same old tramp, sleeping in coachloads, and public parks, a connoisseur in family linen and displaying a wonderful intuition in the habits of roosting chickens. He has not changed a particle since that day when the sun last thawed his chilled and weary anatomy when he reclined on a bench in Central Park, New York; Lincoln Park, Chicago; or Union Square, in San Francisco.

Many of the "proffesh" have probably stowed away down here on the transports; they can't have ridden the brake-beam down, that's sure, and that they didn't patronize the "blind baggage" is equally positive. They came like the birds in the spring or like the first crocus—entirely unannounced. To Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth belongs the distinction of discovering the presence within these hospitable shores of Dusty Rhodes and Weary Waggles. It happened thusly: One night while passing through Thomas Square, Chillingworth heard a strange snore

and after a little clever sleuth work succeeded in tracing it to the owner, who slept peacefully in the center of the band-stand. Remembering what is done in civilized countries under similar circumstances, the Deputy Sheriff did the "hot-foot" specialty with his club, whereupon the somnolent one awoke, yawned and asked if he could borrow a chew of tobacco.

The next night Chillingworth organized a properly equipped tramp-discovery expedition and took along with him three strong men who needed exercise, to do the foot-warming stunt. As a result no less than eight of the genus were corralled in the big cage on Merchant street, where they slept for hours at a stretch until Warden Henry of Oahu jail yearned for their company and they had to go.

Poor tramps! Theirs is a sad, sad lot! They probably heard that over here coconuts peeled themselves; that beer was dally rattoned out by the Government and that to work was to court social ostracism. Their awakening to the realities of the situation must have been a terrible blow to their susceptible natures. A motley crowd were the ones gathered up; candidates, most of them, for the pound rather than the police. They are here, however, and the inhabitants of the Territory must take them as they find them, even as the subject of the cartoonist takes as he finds and never falls.