

THE WRECK OF THE VALENCIA.

Is the story of the wreck of the steamer Valencia on the rocky coast of Vancouver Island told in this statement from the mainland newspapers: "Not one woman or child is among those who were saved from death?"

When the French liner, La Bourgogne, was lost in the Atlantic ocean a few years ago, the world was thrilled with horror at the recital of the fiendish brutality with which the men of the crew of her trampled upon shrieking women and children to save their own coward lives. So, too, when women and children were trampled to death by men—men of the so-called better class, these—in the awful fire that swept the Charity Bazaar in Paris, the horror was deepened, and the world's verdict upon the men of the nation that had done these things was not a verdict that could have been pleasing to hear.

The Valencia was an American vessel, and the accounts of the wreck recite that the conditions were different, somewhat. There does not seem to have been, on the Valencia, any trampling down of the helpless in a wild, mad rush for the boats. The captain of the ship, as the stories go, kept his head—and his revolver in hand—and perished with her. Some of the women and children are said to have been in the boats that were swamped when they were launched, and possibly on the life rafts that were not picked up.

The fact remains that there were women and children, by all accounts, on the Valencia when she broke up, women and children who went down shrieking to death in the sea; and that there "was not one woman or child among those who were saved from death." Women and children, on a wild and rocky coast, naturally would not live in the sea that was running when the Valencia struck. The seas swept over the vessel, and must have roared upon the rocks with force appalling to the contemplation of a man, essaying to venture his body against them.

But there were boats and rafts picked up from the Valencia, and these carried neither woman nor child. There is a great and not reassuring significance in this fact. It may be expected that boats and rafts will be swamped in trying to leave a ship cast away as the Valencia was. Men must be at a disadvantage in any fight with the forces of nature. But why should only those boats and rafts that carried neither woman nor child be the only ones to get safe away? The conclusion, inevitably, is that the men made their own escape good, caring little in their panic fear for the helpless ones who should have been a man's first consideration at a time like that. Where are women and children to look for care in a time when God's face seems turned away, if not to the men in whose charge their helplessness puts them?

And, for the honor of American manhood, it is to be hoped that later advices will remove the cloud that the wreck of the Valencia has placed upon it—"Not one woman nor child saved from death." There is need for some explanation here. Let us hope that there will not also be need for exculpation.

ROSE EYTINGE'S MEMORIES.

In an unpretentious little volume, Rose Eytinge, actress and old favorite of San Francisco, has written down some of the interesting things of her life in a cordial, frank style. In no way can her memories be taken as autobiographically complete. They are not very pretentious, any more than their dress, and fit from Egypt to California at the writer's own sweet will.

But the charm is there, spite of the lack of finish—maybe because of it? Rose Eytinge has a sharp eye, plenty of humor, and a neat turn of phrase. Naturally, a great part of her book is taken up with recollections of the stage. She played with most of the great men, and she gives glimpses of them "off the stage." Here is one of Edwin Booth:

Mr. Booth was about to produce, at that theater Tom Taylor's "A Fool's Revenge," and he offered me the part of Fioridisa. I do not know if the book was then printed. At all events, I did not see a printed book, but studied my lines from a written part; and either there was nothing in the lines that indicated the obscurity and poverty of Bertuccio, or I overlooked them. So, in dressing Fioridisa, I let my love for the beautiful and the picturesque run riot. I designed a costume for her which was strictly correct, in that it was mediæval Italian. But it was composed of satin and rare silver embroidery and diaphanous draperies. Being dressed (and, truth to tell, feeling very well satisfied with my appearance), I went to the greenroom. Thither, shortly after, came Mr. Booth. When he saw me he fell back aghast. In great surprise I inquired the cause of his amazement. He told me I was far too richly dressed for the daughter of a man of his rank, and he explained to me that my dress should have been quiet and unobtrusive and of cheap material. I was overwhelmed with shame—in fact, was on the verge of tears—when the dear, gracious fellow took me by both hands and turned me round about, and, with an amused glint in his eye, said: "Well, by jingo, the result of our blunder is so fine I think we'll have to let it stand!" And it "stood" during the run of the piece.

A lively impression of the acting of J. W. Wallack is given in this story: "It was here, too (at the Boston Theater), that I first played Hortense in 'The Man in the Iron Mask.'" Mr. Wallack, who played The Man, was most explicit and emphatic in his instructions as to my work in Hortense, particularly concerning the fourth act, in which I was to get my first glimpse of the unfortunate prisoner. He told me to make my entrance from the left, looking off left, as if continuing my farewell to some unseen person, and carefully to avoid seeing him—The Man in the Iron Mask—until I reached the center of the stage and actually bumped against him. I was then to turn, see him, throw my hands up, and, with a wild shriek of terror, fly from him down to the extreme left corner. At night I carefully obeyed these instructions. When I turned and saw before me a ghastly figure, clad from throat to feet in dull rusty, close-fitting black; his hands, bloodless and fleshless, hanging supinely at his sides; his head and neck and shoulders completely covered by an iron casque, I for the first, and I believe the only time in my life, gave way to terror. I forgot that it was Mr. Wallack, forgot where I was, forgot everything. Uttering a shriek, I fled, I know not where, anywhere to escape that dreadful thing! I was stopped in my wild progress only by bringing up against the stage box, and then I was recalled to a realization of the situation by the applause. Never, either before or since, have I received such recognition, and its long continuance saved me. It gave me time to recover myself, to take up the scene, and to play it to an end. Again and again the curtain was taken up that we might acknowledge the applause which was showered upon Mr. Wallack and myself; and after the curtain fell I was overwhelmed by praise from Wallack, Davenport—everybody.

For me, I just held my tongue. It was during these days that she saw and heard Charles Dickens. Her account is amusing, if a little sharp: Dickens came upon the platform, and my first feelings were those of disappointment. Dickens was a dandy—decidedly a dandy—and a rather mean-looking dandy at that. Certainly he stood upon as mean a pair of legs as I ever saw. He was dressed in a pair of light-colored trousers; a rather flashy waistcoat, across which stretched a very self-assertive watch-chain, balanced in the middle with a fat pocket; and a brown surcoat with collars and cuffs of velvet, and very much drawn in at the waist. But my deepest disappointment came when he began to read. His pathos—to my mind—was so thin, so flippant, and strained, that my impulse was to say to him: "Do not read that chapter; you do not know your characters; you can not do justice to their author." His comedy was as delightful as his pathos was unsatisfying, and he suited his manner so accurately to his characters that, as he read, the little, over-dressed man with the shadowy legs and pink face disappeared.

When is a thin woman popular? When her friends call her "fragile" instead of "skinny."—Ex. Mrs. Economy—"How much are the spectacles?" Oculist—"Two dollars." Mrs. Economy—"Can't you knock off one dollar? I'm blind in one eye."—New York Mail.

A man lost a leg in a railway accident, and when they picked him up the first word he said was: "Thank the Lord, it was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"I hear that the new stars acting brought down the house." "Yes, it did. In one week it brought down the house from eight hundred to ten people and the ushers."—Cleveland Leader.

THE BYSTANDER



New Blood Needed. The Malted Milk Major. Volcano's New Light. Small Farming Will Win. Safe Place to Testify. Only Small Deductions.

Prof. Elkin wants Hawaiians to become superior lawyers, doctors and journalists. He is not the first friend of the Polynesians to advise them that way, for the idea was cherished by the early missionaries as well. The result is before us. Some of the finest sailors in the world have been turned into briefless barristers and spendthrift financiers and some fair mechanics and artisans and alert, courageous cowboys, into mindless ministers or shady politicians. The missionary idea was theoretically perfect but it didn't work and the chances of its working now that the race is moribund seem small indeed.

The very best thing that could happen to Hawaiians would be to cross with the Chinese and thus get into their blood the quality of work. Also the quality of thrift. The first thing for any race to do is to learn to work and save—after that slowly arises the intellectual class. Left to themselves the Hawaiians will neither labor with industry nor accumulate with system; but crossed with the Chinese they would make, in many respects, the finest brown race in the civilization of the earth.

Nature used to take care of the racial crosses by process of war and invasion. When a given race began to decay a stronger one descended upon it, killed the men and boys and wedded the women, often establishing a better race than either, as the Visigoths did when they invaded Spain, long before the Moors came and spoiled it all. But nature is not always permitted to take her own courses now. She is held in check by iron conventions. When she mingles alien races it is by gentler methods. If she could, she would make every Hawaiian bachelor yearn for a Chinese bride and every Chinese bachelor yearn for a Hawaiian bride; and, as I say, the future Hawaiian, the product of the resulting union of congenial strains, would hold his own against all comers.

It is an Asiatic matrimonial bureau, not a Territorial University, which would fit the Hawaiians to enter the higher life and make things hum.

The "Major" is around selling malted milk and putting on the usual frills about representing Horlick personally, a man who is said to have gone out of the management of the milk plant long ago. Over at Tommy Hoborn's he posed as a great yachtsman, a member of the Corinthian Club and all that. The Bulletin last night certified to the story that he got his title from the volunteer army; but the Camp McKinley officers find that he was mustered out as a second lieutenant in an Ohio infantry regiment. A warm article is the "Major," who quite discounts Joe Mulhatten and E. Lie Perkins. An effort will be made to get him to stay here and write for the Bulletin.

The way Volcano Marshall changed his opinion of the Chinese between the first of his articles about them and his latest one on the Boycott was really gymnastic. Volcano was intensely pro-Chinese when he went to Shanghai and he nearly got into jail for the way he took up the cause of some imprisoned Chinese editors. But all that is beside the mark now. He was out in a rickshaw during the holidays and was suddenly overridden by a Chinese mob. "I was torn from my rickshaw," writes Marshall, "tramped on, disfigured, the vehicle being demolished. It flashed to my mind that the valediction of life had come. But this mob of thieves, cutthroats and murderers passed over my prostrate body to burn the police station, attack the city hall and gut the Hotel Annex. Oh, how every one of those infamous creatures, conceived in iniquity, born in sin, fostered in crime, deserved killing! Bitter, say you? Not at all. I can not say anything more flattering in merciful kindness." It didn't take long to curdle the milk of human kindness in Volcano's breast. If it did I am a goat-discoursing-on-the-Whattness-of-the-Is-and-the-Whereness-of-the-At—as Marshall himself would say.

F. G. Krauss believes in small farming in Hawaii because he has tried it scientifically. So does everybody else who has tried it scientifically. Those who don't believe in small farming either tried it crudely or they took the word of big landowners who were fearful that, if lots of small farmers came here, they would compete for labor and leases.

People who want to testify about local gambling need have no fear of going before the grand jury. There will be no Vida there to smash them in the jaw and no Brown to Bob-Levi them afterward. And now that interpreters have been changed there is no one to tip the station off as to what they have to say. So the chance is wide open for anybody to tell what he knows about gambling and at the same time to keep his health from breaking down suddenly under a club.

Mr. Atwater, who managed the Murphy collections, sends me word that Mr. Murphy got all that was coming to him less the money for expenses, such as lights, etc. Perhaps my venerable friend thought the expenses were too great or perhaps he was misinformed about the size of the collection. At any rate Mr. Murphy felt exceedingly sore. The word of Mr. Atwater, however, goes with me and I cheerfully accede to the wish that I should set him right. The four or five Murphy meetings here netted the aged reformer about \$400 and the deductions from the gross amount were small.

THE CASH VALUE OF CLIMATE.

It does seem rather odd to give shining twenty-dollar gold pieces (just from the mint and wanted by everybody) for dry air, warmed by a genial sun to the right temperature. Air is supposed to be one of the few things that anybody may have for the asking—a commodity entirely outside of the dominion of the trusts; which cannot be bottled up and sold over the counter. Yet many wise financiers are willing and glad to pay one dollar for the soil and three dollars for the azure blue above it, out in California.

Let us try to find the reason for this strange reversal of the usual values. Why did you come to California? Why did your next-door neighbor come, and the pleasant friends across the street, and the acquaintances in the adjoining block?

In the last analysis, it was because of a more perfect climate. Note the use of the comparative. There is no flawless climate anywhere. But in California, where every month is June, the weather conditions are more nearly ideal than in any other of Uncle Sam's United States of America. The scientists who manage the weather bureau can glibly tell just why mountains and desert and tradewinds have here combined to produce a climate which is nearly 100 per cent pure. They can explain why this same section is both warm in winter and cool in summer. What you and I are more interested in is the unusual fact itself, not the why and wherefore.

For every person who came to California because of gold discoveries, or sordidly to make money, or as a restless adventurer, ten persons came because they were in love with the weather. And this is not said in disparagement of the marvelous material resources of the state.

—William H. Simpson, in The Pacific Monthly for January.

Pleasant old gentleman—"Have you lived here all your life, my little man?" Arthur (aged six)—"Not yet."—Illustrated Bits.

COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

With the exception of one slight rise in beets a succession of drops occurred daily in the sugar market between Monday and Saturday. The fall in cane sugar has been from \$70 to \$69.50, and in beet from \$74.50 to \$74 a ton. Until the present excess of nearly 700,000 tons in the world's supply, as compared with the same time last year, be reduced much improvement in prices is not to be expected.

For the week ending January 27 the U. S. local weather bureau reported: "The stormy conditions which reached a climax on the 19th instant have been followed by generally fair weather in all portions of the Group. During the past week, the days have been rather warm and sunny, but very cool nights have continued. 1906 cane has ripened well, conditions have been quite favorable for field operations, and harvesting has proceeded rapidly. Young cane, however, has made very little growth. Winter pineapples have ripened freely, and young plants are generally reported as in good condition. Coffee in the upper levels of windward Hawaii is ripening slowly."

The falling sugar market has not materially affected sugar stocks. There are inquiries in San Francisco for Ewa and Pioneer, but at slightly below current market prices here. Hawaiian Sugar (Makaweli) is strong at \$32.50, large sales at that figure having been made the past week.

SALES AND DIVIDENDS.

Transactions listed by the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange for the week have been as follows: Kihai (\$50) 20, 10, 10, 10 at \$9.25; Ewa (\$20), 26, 22 at \$24.25, 16 at \$24.37½; Oahu Sugar Co. (\$100), 7 at \$88, 100 at \$85; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 10, 50, 6, 20 at \$89.50; McBryde (\$20), 125, 5 at \$5.75, 65, 25, 25 at \$5.50; Pioneer (\$100), 5, 20 at \$127.50; Telephone (\$10), 50 at \$9; Onomea (\$20), 250 at \$28.75; Hawaiian Sugar (\$20), 450, 85, 15 at \$32.50; I. I. S. N. Co. (\$100), 20 at \$120.

January Sales—1375 Ewa, 23.50 to 27; 32 Haw. Agr. Co., 110 to 115; 306 Haw. Com. & Sug. Co., 82 to 85.50; 285 Haw. Sug. Co., 32 to 32.50; 450 Honokaa, 11.50 to 12.75; 5 Haiku, 170; 70 Kahuku, 27; 2124 Kihai, 8 to 9.50; 477 McBryde, 5.50 to 6; 187 Oahu, 88 to 95; 267 Ookala, 5.25; 92 Oloa, 4; 228 Pioneer, 127.50 to 132.50; 86 Waiialua, 67.50 to 70.75; S. I. S. N. Co., 125; 27 H. R. T. & L. Co., pfd., 101.50 to 102; 36 H. R. T. & L. Co., com., 67.50; 50 Mutual Tel. Co., 9; 380 O. R. & L. Co., 89.50; 220 Hon. Brew. & Malt. Co., 23; \$4000 Cal. Beet Sug. & Ref. Co. 6s, 103; \$2000 Haw. Sug. Co. 6s, 102.75; \$1000 Hilo R. R. Co., com., 6s, 65; \$1500 O. R. & L. Co. 6s, 105; \$9000 Pioneer Mill Co. 6s, 105.75 to 106; \$10,000 Waiialua Agr. Co. 6s, 100 to 100.25; \$2000 McBryde Sug. Co., 100.

Dividends—C. Brewer & Co., 2 per cent.; Ewa, ½ per cent.; Honomu, 1 per cent.; Waimanalo, 1½ per cent.; Wailuku, 1½ per cent.; Haw. Electric, 1 per cent.; Olowalu, 1 per cent.; Hon. B. & M. Co., 1 per cent.; Haiku, 2 per cent.; Paia, 1½ per cent.; Pioneer, 1 per cent.; Honokaa, ½ per cent.; Haw. Com. & Sugar Co., 65c. share; Onomea (S. F.), 1½ per cent.; Paauhau (S. F.), 1 per cent.

PHILIPPINE PLANTERS FACING RUIN.

The following article from the Manila Times indicates that the Philippine sugar industry is in a bad way:

"The sugar planters of Pampanga and doubtless of other provinces where that staple is grown are believed to be facing ruin.

"At present, owing to the low selling of sugar in the markets of the world it seems that it costs so much to harvest it in these islands that there is no prospect of profit.

"The market price on sugar on the ground in Pampanga is P2.60 a hundred, which makes it impossible for the farmer to realize anything on his product.

(Continued on Page 9.)

LITTLE TALKS

J. W. PRATT—Everything is booming down in Southern California.

JARED G. SMITH—I think there is a fair chance to get a tariff on coffee.

JAS. E. THOMPSON—I think that things will steadily improve in Honolulu. I'm not kicking; what's the use?

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BRECKONS—The secret of the service may have been the amount of water put in the malted milk, you know.

THE "MAJOR"—Yes, I am also a yachtsman. Member of the Corinthian and Chicago Yacht Clubs. Come in and have some malted milk.

A. GARTLEY—If a light could be thrown on the bougainvillea blossoms to the Hawaiian Hotel grounds at night it would be a beautiful sight.

CHIEF CLERK BUCKLAND—It is not true that I have been holding down the lid—but I'll be pretty glad to get safely under it when Jack gets back.

ALBERT JUDD—There are lots of good men to be sent to the Azores to get settlers, and it is not necessary that I should be mentioned for the place, either.

SUPERVISOR MOORE—Of course it is good politics to keep the natives at work on the roads. And they never did have such a harvest. Supervisor Lucas is dead right.

F. B. M'STOCKER—I should be glad to see the Honolulu Improvement Committee take up the proposition of extending Allen street along the harbor front to Queen street.

DR. JUDD—I am getting ready for the tussle I expect to have to keep the Governor in bed. It will be harder work than making him well, too, but some other people can be strenuous.

A. GARTLEY—By the looks of things the Hawaii Promotion Committee's work is having big results. A town full of tourists is what we have been working for, and we've got them here.

FOREMAN HUTCHINS, OF THE GRAND JURY—I intend to do my duty to society, nothing more than that. A man owes that much to his family and to the community he lives in.

KAPPELLMEISTER BERGER—Yes, the boys played for the Chinamen at Konohi to make a little money for themselves. No, I was not there. I don't go round with the hat already yet.

JOHN EFFINGER—One thing the Manoa Heights Improvement Club will work for is a shelter for Rapid Transit passengers at the Kamehameha avenue corner. We also want more lights.

SUPERINTENDENT BABBITT (warm from the waltz at the University Club Assembly)—This is a mighty sight harder than getting the teachers of Honolulu to take up manual training.

COUNTY TREASURER TRENT—I haven't seen the other two, but you can say for me that the Island Democracy was greatly grieved to hear that Colonel Laukea was beaten in his contest.

C. T. WILDER—Co-operation on the part of the hotel men would be the means of evolving much in the way of entertainment for the tourists. However, they're doing a whole lot of it now.

MISS WHITLOCK OF LOS ANGELES—Major Pratt was greatly interested when in Los Angeles in our Hawaiian transparency and he gave me valuable advice about the government lands in Hawaii.

DR. E. N. WOOLSEY—You have the finest climate, and the finest country and the finest people in the world, sir. You have warm weather, and good water and good society. A man could gain no more by dying.

JOHN HUGHES—I hope most sincerely that there is nothing in this talk about the resignation of Governor Carter. I have the greatest aloha for the Governor, even if I did favor the reappointment of Judge Robinson.

C. F. CHILLINGWORTH—I hope they won't over-improve the town. Tourists want to see a little natural scenery. Kalakaua avenue, to my mind, isn't nearly as pleasant drive today as winding, old Waikiki Road used to be.

M. C. PACHECO—While the Territory is rejoicing and congratulating itself on the Molokan settlement, would it not be well for those interested in plantation labor to look into the contemplated exodus of Portuguese families to California this spring?

MARSTON CAMPBELL—Now is just the time for Hawaii to co-operate with the commercial organizations and delegations on the Coast. By working together Hawaii will come out way ahead. Whatever is done at Washington for the Coast will have some effect on the Islands.

LAND COMMISSIONER PRATT—We give all kinds of information to people who want to come here and settle—all kinds of people. Sometimes we wish they would all ask the same questions, but they never do. It is the personal equation, I suppose, and an essential thing, but it makes us work.