

### Oahu Railway TIME TABLE.

**OUTWARD.**  
 For Waianae, Waiialua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., \*3:20 p. m.  
 For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—11:30 a. m., \*9:15 a. m., \*11:05 a. m., \*2:15 p. m., \*3:20 p. m., \*5:15 p. m., \*9:30 p. m., \*11 p. m.  
 For Wahiawa—9:15 a. m. and \*5:15 p. m.

**INWARD.**  
 Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waiialua and Waianae—8:36 a. m., 5:31 p. m.  
 Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—17:46 a. m., \*8:36 a. m., \*10:38 a. m., \*1:40 p. m., \*4:31 p. m., \*6:31 p. m., \*7:30 p. m.  
 Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:36 a. m. and \*5:31 p. m.  
 \*Daily. †Ex. Sunday. ‡Sunday Only.  
 The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train (only first-class tickets honored), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:22 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waiialua.  
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### As Others See Us

Letters of E. G. Lowrey, Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, who accompanied the Congressional Party.

HONOLULU, May 12.—In some of its aspects Honolulu is almost as much of an anachronism as would be a Roman Senator carrying a Waterbury watch in his toga. To the impressionable stranger entering her gates today she somehow suggests the half-fledged state of a man wearing evening clothes with tan shoes at an eleven o'clock breakfast. If you know a nice, prime, tidy, old New England town—Kennebunk, Me., for instance—I can make a picture of Honolulu for you by merely splashing in a little tropical scenery for a background.

Instead of the white picket fence of the New England town, put in a tall hibiscus hedge covered with heavy, brilliant crimson blossoms the size of a cocoon. In place of the oaks or elms growing in the front yard substitute slender twisted cocoon palm leaning perilously before the steady northeast trades. For the modest shrubs growing in tubs, scatter about groups of luxuriant banyans. Where the fragrant unobtrusive beds of pansies, sweet Williams, and violets grow along the edge of the piazza and about the steps, conceive great, brilliantly hued, flowering plants of the tropics, whose names I am not enough of a botanist to know.

Now, imagine, if you can, a severely plain New England house, but ornamented with the architectural gingerbread horrors of the late '80's, set in this lush magnificence of sub-tropical vegetation. The house of the banker and the county judge would have an avenue of royal palms instead of the more common cocoon. That is one impression of Honolulu. As one might say, a Salvation Army girl with her cheeks painted and her eyebrows penciled.

This is the one bill of complaint that the visiting stranger with a passion for the fitness of things can bring against the citizens of Honolulu; that when they came to build their homes they did not take advantage of their scenic environment and the rich, gay, tropical background. The omission is easily accounted for. The first white settlers who came here were missionaries from New England, and they have made a deep impress on the islands. When they came to build their homes they built the only sort of houses they knew anything about. The only concession made was in adding deep, cool, shady lanais (porches) and in subdividing the interior of the house into a few rooms as possible.

The late comers followed the example of their predecessors, and did not strike out along new lines. Unlike the gay and artistic home-builders of Victoria, B. C., they did not build for themselves rambling bungalows and bowser them with creeping roses and flowering vines. This isn't to say that Honolulu isn't a delight to the eye, for it is. But the people have not lived up to the stage setting provided by a bountiful nature. One peers about eagerly and in vain for the grass huts and semi-nude natives of the picture postcards. It is in the people, their mode of life, and the customs of their hospitality that one finds the typical island life, rather than in the houses, whose architecture has been drawn from the old "missionary spirit."

**ASIATIC PREPONDERANCE.**  
 Looked down upon from a balloon Honolulu might be any New England seaport town of 50,000 people, were it not for the background of volcanic hills and mountains and the frond, of the cocoon palm silhouetted against the blue color of the sky. The church spires of every American town rise from the greenery. In the business section of the town there are modern shops and office buildings of the same type to be seen in every American city. The streets are macadamized and traversed by an excellent system of trolley cars. It is only in the picturesque street life and the preponderance of Asiatics that one first sees difference from things as they are at home. Delicate little adventures embroider the routine of the day.

One day an automobile taking us out to Waikiki and around Diamond Head suffered a mishap to its interior economy opposite the aquarium. I went in to see the preposterous fishes, leaving the chauffeur to dree his weird alone. The aquarium building is simply two bisecting corridors with a rough-hewn stone basin full of goldfish set into the ground in the center of the building.

Seated on the low stone coping of this basin was a captivating little

family party; a Chinese mother wearing brightly embroidered silk trousers and a dull green brocaded coat made after the simple fashion of the jacket of a pair of pajamas. She had jade pieces set in gold about her neck. With her were two of the tiniest, cleanest, most gayly bedecked little Chinese babies ever seen off the sides of a tea jar. Each of them held a huge ship's biscuit in his chubby fist, feeding crumbs to the goldfish. The woman knew a few words of English and I invited myself to the party. The little ones shared their provender with me, and cackled softly when the voracious fish would rise almost out of the water to snap at the falling crumbs. No one ever thinks of a Chinaman as laughing in enjoyment of such simple scenes, yet three who came in were reduced to audible chuckling over the play of the children and my effort to establish lingual communication with the "mother."

Honolulu has about 50,000 inhabitants, of whom about only 7000 are white. The others are Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians, Portuguese, Koreans, Porto Ricans, and various permutations and combinations thereof. There are a few negroes in the city, but I did not see one of them. Local and long-distance telephone wires are strung all about the city; there is wireless communication with the other islands of the group and cable connection with the United States.

**HONOLULU NEWSPAPERS.**  
 Three excellent daily newspapers are printed in English. They receive a cable report of one hundred words daily from the mainland; fifty words in the morning and fifty words in the afternoon. One day the principal item in this daily news report was this striking piece of intelligence: Madrid, May 11.—The young Prince of Asturias is a blonde.

**A CLEAN CITY.**  
 Honolulu is a clean city. The surgeon-general of the United States army has declared it the second healthiest post at which regular troops are stationed. The city has learned by experience the high cost it must pay in lives for uncleanness. Diseases of the torrid zone are swift and terrible in their ravages and easily communicated. All of the ports of these islands have suffered from infections brought by ships. They have dearly purchased the knowledge of the value and necessity of sanitation.

Life is not the searing competition here that it is at home. The stream of affairs moves drowsily between pleasant banks. No one lets business interfere with pleasure. The people take plenty of time to divert themselves as one golden sunlit day and soft silvery night succeeds another. Out at Waikiki they have a wonderful curved crescent of hard white beach with blue seas booming in ceaselessly. Every day in the year the surf is full of bathers. The little children living in the cottages along the beach front spend their entire days in the milk-warm water, instead of on their green lawns. By the time they are six they move about in the water with the unconscious skill of fishes.

**SURF RIDING.**  
 At Waikiki there is practised a sport which can be found only in the southern Pacific. This is surf riding. This may be done in an outrigger canoe or on a surf board. One paddles far out beyond the line of breakers to where the great combers begin to form and unpeel their crested heads. Then seizing the right moment the canoe is driven furiously towards the shore until it is caught up on the crest of a wave and driven shoreward with a dizzying velocity. It is a ride that makes a toboggan slide seem almost tame. With the surf boards the Kanaka boys spring upright as soon as they are caught up by the waves, and come sliding inshore apparently standing on the crest of the wave, like some young water god, their olive-hued bodies glistening with spray and shining in the sun.

**GAY, BUT NOT "FAST."**  
 Honolulu has the reputation of being a gay place. It is, but without being "fast." In the old days it welcomed every newcomer warmly and did not inquire too closely about his or her credentials. Steamer days are still marked with a red ring on the calendar. All the tide of travel between the Pacific Coast and the Far East and Australia halts for a day and a night at Honolulu, both going out and coming back again. There is always dancing at the hotels in the evening when a steamer comes in. There are lights and music, soft laughter and bright eyes to entertain the visitor, even though he come for but a day, for these are a pleasure loving people, and much given to a generous hospitality.

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### NOTED INDIAN AUTHOR TALKS OF ROOSEVELT

SIoux CITY, Iowa, Oct. 19.—"President Roosevelt will never be a candidate again for President of the United States," said Dr. Charles A. Eastman, noted Indian author, Yale and Harvard lecturer and close personal friend of Mr. Roosevelt, while stopping in Sioux City a few hours on his way to his old home in Minneapolis.

The famous Indian graduate and government official has just completed a revision of Indian names on the Sioux allotment roll and has given new surnames to 23,200 Indians in the Sioux nation after four years of continuous labor.

"The last time I saw the President," he said, "we had a long talk about running for office. He was in a hurry when I was ushered into his waiting room and as I was leaving he called: 'Wait, Doc, I want to talk with you a while.' Then I told the big chief he rushed too much and that it was all wrong for him to be President any more. Then he told me:

"Doc, I shall never aim to be President again. I have other ambitions which I am aching to fulfill.' Then we shook hands and parted. Four Presidents have I worked under, but none of them is like Roosevelt."

The work that Dr. Eastman, who is a graduate of Dartmouth College and the Boston University and School of Medicine, is doing is far reaching and of vast importance to the Indian tribes of the northwest. The doctor came here from Pine Ridge, S. D., where he has been working all summer checking up the largest number of Indians—7,000—on any one reservation. The object is to give them family names to protect both their land titles and the government's.

An Indian named Rotten Pumpkin is given the title of Robert Pamplon. He-Could-Not-See-Out-of-His-Eyes is changed to John Blind, and the brave who has the proud handle of He-Chases-His-Enemy-By-The-Lodge, must be content in future with Chase Lodge.

"The President does not wish me to lose the characteristic of the Indian," went on Dr. Eastman. "Instead I am to keep to the old names as nearly as possible and only cut down where I can and eliminate the silly parts. I have finished my labors on the Sioux reservations in the Dakotas, nine in all, and these are: Sisseton-Whapton agency, S. D.; Yankton, S. D.; Santee agency in Nebraska, Rosebud, S. D.; Crow Creek, S. D.; Devil's Lake, N. D.; Cheyenne, S. D.; Pine Ridge, S. D."

Dr. Eastman is also a government physician and has been practicing at Pine Ridge for some time. He is the author of a number of books on the Indian in olden days, among them being: "Indian Boy," "Red Hunters and Animal People" and "The Old Indian Days." McClure's and Harpers' are anxious bidders for all the stories he cares to write.

Dr. Eastman is a regular lecturer at the Harvard Union and at Yale and is now on his way back to Boston to spend the winter. His idea of the white man he graphically tells as follows:

"The white man may have his hell on earth; he may have his heaven here, too, but though he have both his hell and his heaven he cannot take away the birthright of blood in the American. Human nature is in few of the rich men of to-day. They put on a white collar and throw their heads to the air—and bah! Blood will tell. And the only one with human nature is Andrew Carnegie. Rogers—he is too feeble; Rockefeller—he is a good man, but his mind is always on his dollars. "But Roosevelt! None are like him. He is sure he is right first and then he never changes. But he goes like the wind, always in a hurry, always trying to do more than any one else. The President is a great man, and a greater President. He is just, and, like me, always demands justice, no matter whom it hits or who is in the way."

"And society! The ladies are half-dressed, always. The Indian sees the President wrapped in his blanket, too modest to show his body; but the society woman—she cares not how much she shows. The lion in the jungle and the eagle in the air, all have their fur and their plumage covering their nakedness and showing their magnificence. Give me nature, let me go back to my forests and the woods with my dogs and the birds of the air, and I will be happy. But civilization—that is nothing but savagery. Ugh!"

#### CURBING THE BILLBOARD.

Progress toward abating or mitigating the billboard nuisance is reported from Cincinnati. In that city three hundred billboard advertisers have agreed to cooperate with the municipal art committee of the Business Men's Club and will lend themselves to the effort that is making for the beautification of the city, and will henceforth abstain from billboard advertising. This is progress!

It does not follow that the billboard needs to be banished. It is a time-honored institution, but in late years it has had too rank a growth. It has grown very rank. But the billboard needs rigid regulation. In Paris, what passes for the billboard is not offensive from the standpoint of good looks, and it is made to swell the revenues of the city. Regularly established billboards are taxed according to their size, and no poster may be displayed on them without having been used by the proper authorities and having paid a stamp tax. Every poster that is pasted on the advertising kiosks in the streets must bear a canceled stamp showing that the poster tax has been paid.

There is a possibility that as the billboard and the advertising poster came to be a public nuisance in the United States the electric sign may eventually come into too great and offensive prominence. In France the electric sign is taxed in accordance with its size and character.—Washington Star.

When a man moves to a strange town, how do the people there know he is to be called "Judge," or "Colonel?"

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"Don't be afraid," said the woman on the front step, "that dog likes strangers."

"Yes, madam," answered Meandering Mike, "I do not question your assurance that he would like me. But do you refer to him as a seeker for companionship or as an epicure?"—Washington Star

#### A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.

"Alcohol will furnish the power of the future," said the engineer. "Well," replied the motorist, "I hope it won't affect the running gear of a machine like it does a man's legs."—Washington Star.