

"She was a schoolteacher," I admitted. "Ah! I thought so. You see, the Government will employ no one who does not swear allegiance. Even the schoolteachers—women, you know—must take the oath. Why, take a private business firm. If a native goes into a store and asks for a clerk's place, if he wants work—no matter what kind—if he will swear to be loyal to this Government (a Government which he hates, which he has had no voice in making, which he hopes to see overthrown) he can get work. If not, he must do without. He cannot get work. He cannot vote. Everything is closed against him. Think of it. Isn't it a great, a wonderful sacrifice by a whole people for the sake of principle?"

"But how long will the natives hold out? How long can they?"

"Forever. Living is easy in Hawaii. No one starves here. The natives will never change."

"How about the exceptions? Do you others resent a man's swearing allegiance?"

"No. It isn't quite the same—our feeling for him—as it was before. But they are to be pitied, these poor people, who are given such a hard choice. And besides—"

"Yes?"

Mrs. Campbell leaned forward now. She had been lying lazily back in the large cane rocking-chair.

"This. In their hearts they do not swear allegiance. In their hearts they are with us. Do you think that the present Government could rely upon the native police if it came to fighting against their own people?"

It wasn't a question. Mrs. Campbell's voice and manner had become almost energetic.

I turned back after I had gone down the stairs and over the long cobblestone walk, to look back at her. She was standing at the door in her cool, loose white gown, the orange leis on her haughty head and about her shoulders like a gorgeous string of deep flowering topaz; her large, soft brown hands were clasped, and her sleepy, dark eyes were lit up in a smiling farewell.

The Portuguese driver was waiting at the gate, and as soon as I was seated in the carriage, he turned round and said:

"Well, what Ma'am think of the country?"

Ma'am thought the country was unspicably lovely, and she proceeded to expatiate upon its beauties. The boy listened with a patience that was uncomplimentary. Evidently scenic description bored him. He shrugged his

"Judge Kaula, a Circuit Judge," Mr. Richardson said, promptly.

"Yes."

"The native Hawaiians who favor annexation are of two classes: Those who are in the Government's employ and dare not do otherwise, and those who have some personal grudge against the former Government; those who expected more than they got. I believe you Americans call them sorcerers."

We both laughed at this and then I asked him if he intended to sign the anti-annexation petition.

"Certainly," he answered.

"And how do the lower classes of the natives feel about it?"

"Oh, they're more obstinate than those who are better informed," he said smiling.

"They'll never change."

"And do you think your petition will be heeded?"

"It should be. The United States can make no pretense to friendliness for the native Hawaiian, no pretense to honesty or fairness if we are disregarded."

"Of course," I said, "legally the present Government has the right to turn over the republic—"

"The republic! A strange republic where a handful of men are absolute and the great mass of people are disfranchised; where soldiers are on guard before the executive building and the guns stand ready in the basement to be trained upon the people."

"What is the sentiment of the natives on Maui?"

"What is it all over the islands? No native not in the Government employ is reconciled to annexation. And if the United States cared enough to have a secret ballot taken to find out the sentiment of the Hawaiians, not twenty natives would vote for annexation."

At Honolulu I met Mr. James Kaula, the president of the Hawaiian League. Mr. Kaula is a thoughtful-looking man, with a brown mustache and very serious, dark eyes. During our interview on the hotel veranda he smiled only once, and that was when he spoke of a man as a "P. G."

"P. G.," I repeated, wondering what in this land of vowels the term might mean.

"Yes, P. G.—Provisional Government—you understand? We call those natives who take the oath of allegiance P. G.'s."

"And you people feel bitterly toward the P. G.'s, do you? An American told me that a Hawaiian never resents anything."

"I am sure. The feeling is the same from Kaena to Hilo."

Which translated means from the Sierras to the sea.

So here's a people pleading for grace at the hands of a great republic. Here's a tiny drop of mercury begging forbearance of the enormous globe that threatens to absorb it.

Poor Hawaii! She seems like a supplicating dusky maiden holding out beseeching hands to a great, swaggering brother nation.

"I believe I'll take your land, Hawaii," blusters the United States, like a big bully.

"I pray you, Brother Jonathan, let me keep it; it is mine."

It has been said that there is no hospitality in these degenerate modern money-making days like that of the white people on these islands. Social life, I am told, is delightful here. Business hours are short. The climate forbids the exercise of and gradually saps one's energy. Men have leisure for social intercourse, and the comparative scarcity of pleasurable occupation in this isolated place induces a readiness to make the most of society—that refuge of the unfortunate leisure class.

Everybody who is anybody in Hawaii knows everybody else. The small white population, cut off from the rest of the world, living in the midst of the most conglomerate assortment of races, controlling the wealth, all official and social positions, with a superfluity of service in the black man or the brown or the yellow (or any combination and all shades of these colors), has evolved a civilization delightfully luxurious, exquisitely refined. Many things are dear in Hawaii, but human labor is not one of them.

Some of the bungalows in and around Honolulu are models of cultured taste, almost perfect specimens of what may be accomplished in the art of living—given a tropical climate and a swarm of inferior human workers.

There are estates here, a traveler tells me, which are rivaled in beauty, luxury and completeness of appliances for bodily comfort only by the homes of the Haytian planters.

The visiting Congressmen from the United States speak delightedly of the gracious hospitality of the people of the islands. They are charmed by the bountiful provisions made for their entertainment, by the generous spirit which anticipates every desire and completes every unspoken wish.

"There isn't a man among them who doesn't consider himself responsible for the weather, for the condition of the roads, for the success of the affair—whatever it may be."

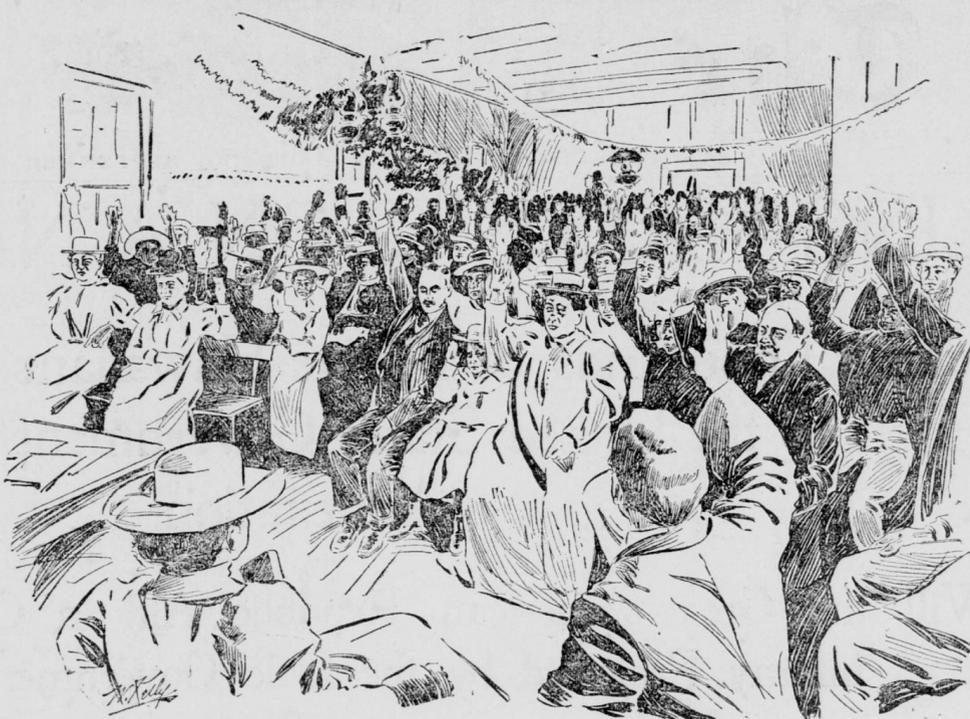
It is all very pretty. There is a charm about life here which soothes the senses and dulls the spirit. It is easy not to think, not to struggle. It must be very pleasant to drift with the tide of locomotion (especially when rowing against it is so disastrous), to become a member of this small class of cultured, wealthy men and gracious idle women.

In the South before the war, in France before the Revolution, society attained its highest development, of which this island society is an inferior copy in miniature. But this perfection of civilization is a flower—a sort of century plant—that blooms but rarely and for very brief periods. It is a brilliant, marvellously shaped parasite which twines about and kills the plant that nourishes it. It requires conditions which take years to build up, and which, in the very nature of things, cannot endure. For it means the subjugation of the many by the few; it means the enjoyment of the concentrated essence of life's pleasures by a small minority. Material enjoyment, too, is a commodity. The supply is limited. And that a hundred may live as an aristocracy, tens of thousands must be denied pleasure and profit and liberty.

One's memory of these beautiful islands depends a great deal upon what side of Hawaiian life one has seen.

"If you come to Honolulu for a short visit to a friend, say (and your friend, of course, belongs to the smart set) you will carry back with you the happiest memory, the prettiest picture of the place and the people. You will retain a series of vividly colored impressions of mountains, sea, shaded streets and cool, spacious, charmingly decorated salons. You will not soon forget how beautiful a scene is a great garden laid out in the tropics, covered with drooping sprays of crimson flowers, where the electric lights look like other flowers of diamonds. The men in white duck and the women in lace-trimmed diaphanous gowns walk about and talk and laugh and listen to the sweet strains of the native music, and the soft evening air is caressed and the plashing of the Southern Sea accompanies it all like the bass chant of a full-toned chorus.

But if you go to the islands as I did—if you see and hear what I did—behind and above this picture you will see another, as if the photogra-



Meeting of Natives at Hilo, Island of Hawaii, Thursday, September 16, 1897, to Protest Against Annexation.

"Tell me about your league."

"In every district—all over the islands—there are meetings, one a month. Once a year in November delegates from every district meet here in Honolulu."

"How many signatures have you to your petition?"

"Seven thousand."

"And how long has it been in circulation?"

"Since last Thursday, September 16."

"And are you confident that all natives feel as you do?"

"I am sure. The feeling is the same from Kaena to Hilo."

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pher had taken two impressions on one plate.

It is the face of the native Hawaiian that looks through the enchanting scene—a dark reddish, sphinx-like face. The large head is set finely upon a strong, full neck. The forehead is broad, with projecting brows. There is an oriental width across the cheek bones, a wide nostril, straight nose, a large, thick-lipped determined mouth, that is not loose, and a full, broad chin. The expression is bold, but wistful, and in the dark, somber, well-opened eyes there is a question:

"What are you going to do with me?"

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

IT MAY NOT BE JUSTICE, BUT---

Views of Members of the Congressional Party Who Favor Annexation.

Defend Their Position on the Assumption That Brute Strength Maketh All Things Right.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, Sept. 22—"It make me laugh," said one of the ladies of the Congressional party, "to see how seriously people take this Congressional outing. Why, we hadn't the vaguest idea of coming to Hawaii till we arrived in San Francisco. This is anything but official business. These men are out here to enjoy themselves; that's all."

"Well, they seem rather interested in the subject," I said.

"Oh, I've been on too many junketing trips; you can't tell me anything about Congressional excursions."

I haven't had the lady's experience, so my simplicity may have led me to judge incorrectly. At any rate, it seemed to me that wherever these four men went—and in a week they saw more of the islands than most people see in a year—they questioned closely and pertinently, and they acquired a store of information.

On the Australia coming down we had annexation and anti-annexation for breakfast, lunch and dinner. People read books on Hawaii, looked at Hawaiian views, made more or less successful attempts at Hawaiian pronunciation. While the women lying in the steamer chairs discussed the subject lazily, tentatively, indifferently, the sound of men's voices raised in excited argument came tumbling down from the hurricane deck or mounting from the saloon below.

For this question of annexation, I find, is not one which men can discuss calmly. If an annexationist suspects one of being opposed to his scheme of things, he attributes to one all the graces and charms with which an ardent secessionist endowed the abolitionist in 1861. In Hawaii the question has broken up families, estranged old friends, and given to society a peculiar tender susceptibility which makes a disagreement upon island politics the preliminary to social and business failure.

I had talked with the representatives from the United States at various stages of their Hawaiian experience. But it was principally off the coast of the island of Hawaii, the beautiful, that they spoke to what Mr. Cannon of Illinois calls "the newspaper car."

Mr. Tawny of Minnesota walked bravely up to Inquisition Point—as the little passageway in the fore part of the Claudine came to be called, from the numerous newspaper interviews held there.

By the way, I would strongly recommend this particular spot to the interviewer, for only two or three people can find room to stand here—an important fact, because Hawaiians are so deeply interested in the annexation question that to their ears the sound of a discussion on this topic is like a bugle to a warhorse.

So the Hon. Mr. Tawny, the Hon. Mr. Loudenslager of New Jersey and myself stood and gazed at the wonderful panorama, and talked politics.

"In the first place, why are you in favor of annexation, Mr. Tawny?"

"Because of the commercial and military advantages to the United States," answered handsome Mr. Tawny, pushing back his cap, an evidence of interest on his part. "We are going to be benefited immensely, for every year will add to the commercial wealth of the islands. Leaving the sugar industry out of the question, I consider that the production of coffee here ultimately is assured, and will be as profitable as is the wheat crop of Minnesota. And—"

"And I don't agree with you," interrupted Mr. Loudenslager's good-natured voice.

"Oh, you—you don't agree with anybody, Jersey," laughed the Congressman from Minnesota.

"But do you mean to say"—Mr. Loudenslager leaned over the railing and pulled his cap forward, which is his way of showing that he is interested—"do you mean to tell me—"

"I wasn't telling you anything, Loudenslager."

"That's all right, isn't it?" inquired Mr. Loudenslager, turning to me. "Very well, then. Now, Tawny, when you say that the coffee crop in Hawaii is as assured as the wheat crop in Minnesota—"

"I didn't say that." Mr. Tawny's very dark face would have looked pugnacious if it hadn't been for his smiling dark eyes. "I didn't say

that," he repeated. "I said—now listen, Loudenslager, and you may just chance to get a thing straight for once—I said that there is no question in my mind that ultimately coffee will be raised as successfully on these islands as wheat is now in Minnesota. If you're not sure that you quite understand, Harry, I'll go over it again."

But the Congressman from New Jersey, with an opera bouffe gesture, referred Mr. Tawny to me.

"Now, then," continued the Minnesotan, "there are other products, many others. This

"No," I repeated.

"Wait a minute; this is what I mean: Son of a nation is bound to annex the islands. They can't exist independently. They (the natives) should be permitted to say to what nation they prefer to be annexed. But I tell you they can't exist as they are."

"But you haven't answered the question—the real question," said Mr. Loudenslager with a chuckle.

"Oh, that New Jersey man," exclaimed Mr. Tawny, wistfully. "We'll have it out," he said to me as he walked away, "when you're through with him."

Mr. Loudenslager laughed like a boy; but he grew sober immediately when I turned to him and said:

"Now, Mr. Loudenslager, it's your turn."

The Congressman from New Jersey lit a cigar and pulled at it thoughtfully for a moment.

"Well, I don't know. I'm not prepared really to give my views on annexation. I will say, though, that I'm more in favor of it now than I was when I came. The people seem really American in spirit, and I'm amazed at the fertility, the productiveness of the islands. I had no idea of the extent of productive land."

"Do you think annexation will come?"

"Yes. Everything at present points that way. Of course, this point must be taken into consideration—the annexationists have been louder in their expression of sentiment than the anti-annexationists have. That gives one the impression that the party in favor of annexation is stronger than that which is against. The time will come when both sides must be heard in debate."

"How do you think the United States will be benefited by annexation?"

"There is no benefit so far as commerce is concerned. In my opinion, the only benefit will be in the possession of a strategic point—an important naval station. But even then I question whether the cost of it all will not exceed the gain to the United States. It involves a decided change in Governmental policy. If the next step is to be Cuba I should be wholly opposed."

"Do you believe with Mr. Tawny that if the United States does not annex the islands some other nation will?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, if the islands could remain as they are—"

"In that case, if the United States could be assured that things would remain as they are—that no nation likely to become inimical would have the islands—it would be better, in my judgment, not to have annexation; better for us and better for Hawaii, too. There's Berry. Do you want Berry?"

Berry was wanted. The Congressman from Kentucky, with his gray head bent to permit his 6 feet 7 inches to find standing-room between decks, approached, and Mr. Loudenslager walked off, saying:

"No, I don't."

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MISS MIRIAM MICHELSON, Special Correspondent of "The Call" at Honolulu.

Shoulders. Every nationality has the trick of some other nation in this mince-pie of peoples.

"Yes—I know," he said at last. "But what ma'am think going to come of the country? I guess they're"—he nodded toward the hotel where some United States Congressmen had been delivering speeches to all Hilo—"I guess they're going to take this country. An' ma'am the turned squarely around now while the horse plunged along through the muddy town, what ma'am think 'bout these natives? I'm sorry these poor natives. They got no money. They got no land. They can't do nothing. I like see this country belong the natives—it their country. What ma'am think?"

But ma'am had come 2000 miles to find out other people's opinions; not to express her own.

The most interesting native Hawaiian I met on the islands is John Richardson, a lawyer. He came on the Claudine at Waikuku, when the little steamer was on the return trip from Hilo, whither she had gone specially so that Uncle Sam's representatives might see the volcano, the plantations—in short, all the sights, in a short time.

Mr. Richardson is of medium height, heavily built. He is very dark, and his black side whiskers are slightly gray. His eyes meet one squarely, his chin is strong and decided, his English is excellent and his manner is serious and courteous. He is quick at getting the drift of one's questions, and my short talk with him, while we were sailing away from Maui and past Moakai, interested me more than any other interview I had (for business purposes) on the islands.

"I met a man, Mr. Richardson, a native Hawaiian, at Kalulul, I think it was. It was something beginning with a 'k,' anyway. He was in favor of annexation."

Mr. Kaula's face looked forbidding for a moment.

"I guess—I guess he don't know us. We Hawaiians hate the word was pronounced with such deliberation as to give it extraordinary emphasis), we hate the P. G.'s when they are—really in favor of the Government. But there are very few—very few, who are not really with us. Take the police now, who have sworn allegiance, of course. Some of them have signed our petition against annexation. Not the head man, you understand?"

"Isn't that rather unwise?"

"Oh, the Government will not find it out."

"But if I should publish the fact?"

"The Government will say it is not true."

"Oh!—Well, tell me, how many Hawaiians, natives, will sign your petition?"

"Thirty thousand, including boys over 15."

"There aren't many more than that in the islands."

"Not one thousand more."

"Will any white men sign?"

"Some. Yes. But of course a white man must expect to suffer in his business, and—in society, you understand what I mean—if he takes sides against the Government."

"And if the United States annexes despite your petition?"

"Then it will be a seizure. That is all. Here! There are 2800 voters registered for the next election—the end of this month. Of those 2800, 1000, according to the Government's own figures, are what we call the Citizens' Guard; 200 votes more are the soldiers' votes and 1200 more are the Government officials. That leaves only 400 outside votes. You see?"

Mr. Kaula opened his hands wide. The native Hawaiian has not a very mobile face, but his gestures are as expressive—particularly when his English is not fluent—as a Frenchman's.

MRS. KUAHELANI CAMPBELL, President Hawaiian Women's Patriotic League.

climate, this wonderfully rich soil is capable of producing unlimited quantities of widely different foodstuffs. As to the military advantages, now. If we don't take these islands Japan will within ten years. Or England may—"

"England can't and England won't," declared Mr. Loudenslager.

"Now, look here, Loudenslager, if you jump in again—"

"The gentleman from Minnesota has the floor," remarked the interviewer.

"Thank you. We need this post, in my judgment, as much to prevent other nations from forbidding our coaling here as for any other reason. In case of war all our commerce on the Pacific Coast would be at the enemy's mercy, and this commerce grows daily more valuable. These islands are of vast importance—they are the key to the commerce of the Pacific. There is no valid reason for our hesitating. Why, if we could get Cuba without war with Spain—if Cuba were to ask for annexation, I'd say yes to that, too."

"Then, if you alone had to decide this question, you would annex the islands?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And the feeling of the natives in the matter—aren't they to be considered?"

"Oh, yes, yes; but I believe the natives favor annexation."

"That hasn't been my experience," I said. "Personally I have spoken to perhaps 100 natives on the various islands. Indirectly I have ascertained the sentiment of thousands. Now suppose it were proven to you that they are strongly opposed to annexation, would that change your views?"

"No." Mr. Tawny's pleasant voice had a decided ring.

"I'll leave you alone with Berry. It's not so much fun teasing him as it is an earnest fellow like Tawny."

I asked Mr. Berry, who is on the House Committee on Foreign Relations, whether he thought the islands would be annexed.

"Yes, I believe so," he answered. "I think the administration is bent upon it. And let me tell you something: No matter what these men may say to you, you'll find every Republican of them march up like a little man and give his vote for annexation when the administration decides upon its policy. It doesn't matter what they may happen to think, of course."

The Congressman from Kentucky is the one Democrat in the party. He's a man of enormous strength, of unfailing good-nature, exceedingly kind and generous and with a youthful heart that makes his crisp white hair and beard seem out of keeping.

"Are you in favor of it?" I asked.

"That depends. If Japan were to try to take these islands I'd shout 'Hands off!' But that isn't the main point. The thing is this: I don't see how the administration can ignore the wishes of the natives. I tell you, my sympathies are with these poor people. They are such a fine race, and here they are practically dispossessed of their property and threatened with annihilation."