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STRANGLING HANDS UPON A NATION'S THROAT

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP AUSTRALIA, Sept. 22.

Now that the Australia has sailed away out of the harbor of Honolulu, that wonderfully deep rainbow-colored curve of sea and shore and sky—and all that one can see on the horizon is a dim, low cloud, which grows dimmer and dimmer—the memory of the islands is like a dream.

Those great mountains, veiled in tenderest green from cloud-tipped summit to the ocean's emerald edge below, the silver waterfalls tumbling from on high down into the dark blue of the deeper sea, that extravagance of foliage and of flowers, the glory of sunshine on the lava-created hills and the benediction of shade in the dusky, wide ravines, beyond which rises mountain after mountain—it is all like a wonderful transformation scene, where splendor follows splendor till one is satiated with loveliness.

Where every prospect pleases And only man is vile, Quoted the distinguished Congressman who stood beside me on the Australia's deck.

I don't know that the honorable gentleman alluded particularly to the Hawaiian Islander, or that mentally he made any distinction between white man and brown. But his quotation is particularly apt in the present instance. For here in Hawaii, the best beloved, the most richly endowed of all Mother Nature's beautiful family, the old, old struggle for Anglo-Saxon supremacy is going on.

The centuries-old tragedy is being repeated upon a stage small comparatively, but with a perfection of gorgeous setting and characters whose classical simplicity gives strength to the impersonation. The only new phase in the old drama is that this time a republic is masquerading in the despot's role. The United States, founded upon the belief that a just government can exist only by the consent of the governed, is calmly making up for the bloody fifth act—preparing to take a nation's life with all the complacent assurance of an old-time stage villain.

For Hawaii has not asked for annexation. There are 100,000 people on the islands. Of these not 3 per cent have declared for annexation. To the natives the loss of nationality is hateful, abhorrent.

It is the old battle—the white man against the brown; might against right; strength against weakness; power and intellect and art against docility, inertia and simplicity.

And the result? "I tell the natives that work for me," said a man suffering from an acute attack of annexation mania to me, "you might as well walk out into the sea and attempt to push back the oncoming waves with your two uplifted hands as to try to prevent what's coming."

"It's a question of conquest, I admit," he went on. "We are stronger and we'll win. It's a survival of the fittest."

The strongest memory I have of the islands is connected with the hall of the Salvation Army at Hilo, on the island of Hawaii. It's a crude little place, which holds about 300 people, I should think. The rough, uncovered rafters show above, and the bare walls are relieved only by Scriptural admonitions in English and Hawaiian:

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

"Without Christ there is no salvation."

As I entered, the bell on the foreign church, up on one of the beautiful Hilo hills, was striking ten. The place was packed with natives, and outside stood a patient crowd unable to enter. It was a women's meeting, but there were many men present. The women were dressed in Mother Hubbards of calico or cloth and wore sailor hats—white or black. The men were in coats and trousers of American make.

Presently the crowd parted and two women walked in, both very tall, dressed in handsome free-flowing train-d gowns of black crepe, braided in black. They wore black kid gloves and large hats of black straw with black feathers. The taller of the two—a very queen in dignity and repose—wore nodding red roses in her hat, and about her neck and falling to the waist a long, thick necklace of closely strung, deep-red, coral-like flowers, with delicate fern interspersed.

This was Mrs. Kuaiahelani Campbell, the president of the Women's Hawaiian Patriotic League. Her companion was the secretary of the branch at Hilo.

It was almost pitiful to note the reception of these two leaders—the dumb, almost adoring fondness in the women's eyes; the absorbed, close interest in the men's dark heavy faces.

After the enthusiasm had subsided the minister of the Hawaiian church arose. He is tall, blonde, fair faced, three-quarters white, as they say here. Clapping his hands in front and looking down over the bowed dark heads before him he made the short opening prayer. He held himself well, his sentences were short and his manner was simple.

There is something wonderfully effective in earnest prayer delivered in an ancient language with which one is unfamiliar. One hears not words, but tones. His feelings, not his reason, are appealed to. Freed of the limiting effects of stereotyped phrases the imagination supplies the sense. Like the Hebrew and the Latin the Hawaiian tongue seems to touch the primitive sources of one's nature, to strip away the complicated armor with which civilization and worldliness have clothed us and to leave the emotions bare for that wonderful instrument, a man's deep voice, to play upon.

The minister closed and a deep murmuring "Amen" from the people followed.

I watched Mrs. Emma Nawahi curiously as she rose to address the people. I have never heard two women talk in public in quite the same way. Would this Hawaiian woman be embarrassed or timid, or self-conscious or assertive?

No; any of these. Her manner had the simple directness that made Charlotte Perkins Stetson, two years ago, the most interesting speaker of the Woman's Congress. But Mrs. Stetson's pose is the most artistic of poses—a pretense of simplicity. This Hawaiian woman's thoughts were of her subject, not of herself. There was an interesting impersonality about her delivery that kept my eyes fastened upon her while the interpreter at my side whispered

Many Thousands of Native Hawaiians Sign a Protest to the United States Government Against Annexation.

Will the Great American Republic Aid in Consummating the Infamy Projected by the Dole Government?—Miriam Michelson Pens a Stirring Appeal on Behalf of the Islanders.

his translation in short, detached phrases, hesitating now and then for a word, sometimes completing the thought with a gesture.

"We are weak people, we Hawaiians, and have no power unless we stand together," read Mrs. Nawahi, frequently raising her eyes from her paper and at times altogether forgetting it.

"The United States is just—a land of liberty. The people there are the friends, the great friends of the weak. Let us tell them—let us show them that as they love their country and would suffer much before giving it up, so do we love our country, our Hawaii, and pray that they do not take it from us."

"Our one hope is in standing firm—shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart. The voice of the people is the voice of God. Surely that great country across the ocean must hear our cry. By uniting our voices the sound will be carried on so they must hear us."

"In this petition, which we offer for your signature to-day, you, women of Hawaii, have a chance to speak your mind. The men's petition will be sent on by the men's club as soon as the loyal men of Honolulu have signed it.

patience. Our time will come. Sign this petition—those of you who love Hawaii. How many—how many will sign?"

She held up a gloved hand as she spoke, and in a moment the palms of hundreds of hands were turned toward her.

They were eloquent, those deep lined, broad, dark hands, with their short fingers and worn nails. They told of poverty, of work, of contact with the soil they claim. The woman who presided had said a few words to the people, when all at once I saw a thousand curious eyes turned upon me.

"What is it?" I asked the interpreter. He laughed. "A reporter is here," she says. She says to the people, 'Tell how you feel. Then the Americans will know. Then they may listen.'"

A remarkable scene followed. One by one men and women rose and in a sentence or two in the rolling, broad-voiced Hawaiian made a fervent profession of faith.

"My feeling," declared a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose dark eyes were alight with

"If the great nations would be fair they would not take away our country. Never will I consent to annexation!"

"Tell America I don't want annexation. I want my Queen," said the gentle voice of a woman.

"That speaker is such a good woman," murmured the interpreter. "A good Christian, honest, kind and charitable."

"I am against annexation—myself and all my family."

"I speak for those behind me," shouted a voice from far in the rear. "They cannot come in—they cannot speak. They tell me to say, 'No annexation. Never.'"

"I am Kauihi of Kalaoa. We call it Middle Hilo. Our club has 300 members. They have sent me here. We are all opposed to annexation—all—all!"

He was a young man. His open coat showed his loose dark shirt; his muscular body swayed with excitement. He wore boots that came above his knees. There was a large white handkerchief knotted about his brown

sober, brown faces were all aglow with excited interest.

I sat and watched and listened. At Honolulu I had asked a prominent white man to give me some idea of the native Hawaiian's character.

"They won't resent anything," he said, contemptuously. "They haven't a grain of ambition. They can't feel even envy. They care for nothing but easy and extremely simple living. They have no perseverance, no backbone. They're unfit."

Yet surely here was no evidence of apathy, of stupid forbearance, of characterless cringing. These men and women rose quickly one after another, one interrupting the other at times, and then standing expectantly waiting his turn—too simple, too sincere, it seemed to me, to feel self-conscious or to study for a moment about the manner of his speech, so vital was the matter to be delivered.

They stood as all other Hawaiians stand—with straight shoulders splendidly thrown back and head proudly poised. Some held their

A girl stood beside my chair, her gentle face with its dark liquid eyes smiling down upon me. She had slipped a rope—a lei, she called it—of gorgeous red and yellow flowers, strung thick and close, over my head.

"But," I protested, "I don't see why. I can't do anything, you know, except repeat what you say."

"It—it is that." She hesitated, and then plunged bravely on with her broken English, she continued: "No one comes to—ask us. No one listens. No one cares. Your paper will speak for us—us Hawaiians. Our voice will be heard, too. We are poor—you 'unstan? And we cannot talk your language ver' well. The white men have ever'thing on their side. Eut we are right and they are wrong."

"They are not heathens—not cannibals, you see," said a voice behind me as I stepped out upon the veranda of the pretty new hotel at Hilo.

It was Henry West, a half-white, whom I had seen at the meeting.

"Of course not," I answered. "Who said they were?"

"Why, a Boston paper—just lately said so. Have you met Mr. Keakolo?"

David Keakolo and I exchanged bows. He is very dark and his hair and mustache are gray. He has a prominent nose and large, dark, expressive eyes. I had noted him particularly at the meeting, for he was the one man present in a dress suit and he spoke often and animatedly. He smiled now, and said, with a profusion of gestures:

"I—am so sorry. I—cannot speak Ingli'li. I can 'unstan'."

"Yes," went on Mr. West. "They call us savages—all kinds of names. We are not. We read and write. Yes, more of us—comparing, you know—read and write than in Senator Morgan's own birth State—Alabama, is it? I am so sorry Senator Morgan did not come to Hilo with your party. If he would come here as a judge—if he would hear both sides—we would benefit from it. Your country has wronged us cruelly. Cleveland himself said so. What could we do when the United States soldiers were landed in our streets four years ago? Let the United States right the wrong now—let her not do more wrong."

"Would you prefer the present government to annexation?" I asked.

"The present government cannot last. They know that themselves."

"But in time, supposing the islands are not annexed, don't you think that the natives will become reconciled and—and take the oath of—"

"Never."

And a quick-spoken Hawaiian word and a glance from Keakolo's black eyes emphasized the negative. They turned to leave.

"We are sorry that you are going back so soon," Mr. West said with pathetic courtesy. "We should like to show you the country."

I looked after the two men as they walked down the tree-bordered path with an aching sort of sympathy. They are so weak; their opponents are so strong.

I had to wait a short time in Mrs. Nawahi's little drawing-room, where I had gone to see Mrs. Campbell. The president of the Women's League, by the way, is the wife of that James Campbell, the wealthy Honolulu planter, who was kidnaped by Oliver Winthrop (now in San Quentin) and held for ransom in San Francisco last year.

Every door and window of the room where I sat was curtained freshly in white. The matting floor was brightened by a large square of a checkered pattern, with broad shining plaits. And this is really all I noticed, for Mrs. Campbell entered, and I cared to look at nothing else.

Imagine a very tall woman, a full commanding figure dressed in the sheerest of lace-trimmed white lawn. The wreath of orange-flowers on her black hair and the orange lei about her neck were exquisitely becoming, and the loose gown's graceful flow and full train gave a charming feminine touch to this woman whose sympathies have placed her in so unconventional a position. But Mrs. Campbell is anything but a new woman.

"Do you women expect," I asked her, "to be rewarded for all your work? Do you look forward to being permitted to vote?"

The president of the Women's Patriotic League laughed outright.

"Why, we never thought of that. I am working for my people. That is all. When they are righted, when they are content, I shall be satisfied. You were at the meeting to-day. Did it not interest you? There are such meetings all over the islands. The natives are far apart. It is hard for them to get together. But they all think alike."

Her voice is exquisitely low and full and lazily deep. She speaks slowly, but without a trace of accent. Her manner is gracious and her face is soft, creamy, brown-tinted, with proud lips and languid eyes. She looks Hawaiian, but hers is an idealized type.

"Tell me, does your husband approve of your work?"

"Oh," she answered, smiling, "I could—I would do nothing without his approval."

"Are all families—native families—united on this annexation question?"

"Yes; I think so. Nearly all."

"Suppose a Hawaiian woman's husband in favor of annexation—"

"It is unlikely."

"Well, if it were so, would she continue to work in your league? Could she oppose annexation openly and actively?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Campbell leaned her head upon her large, shapely hand, upon which the diamonds glistened. "Oh, that would be very hard. But—if I were the woman—yes, I should work for my people anyway," said Mrs. Campbell, decidedly and with pretty inconsistency.

"You see, they are so poor, so helpless. They need help so badly."

"And are there no native Hawaiians in favor of annexation?"

She shook her head slowly. "I met a woman at Hana, on the island of Maui. She was."

"Wasn't she in the Government's employ?" Mrs. Campbell spoke quickly for the first time.



The Voice of the Native—What are you going to do with ME?

There is nothing underhand, nothing deceitful in our way—our only way—of fighting. Everybody may see and may know of our petition. We have nothing to conceal. We have right on our side. This land is ours—our Hawaii. Say, shall we lose our nationality? Shall we be annexed to the United States?

"Aole loa. Aole loa."

It didn't require the interpreter's word to make me understand the response. One could read negation, determination in every intent, dark face.

"Never!" they say, "the man beside me muttered. 'Never!' they say. 'No! No! They say—'"

But the presiding officer, a woman, was introducing Mrs. Campbell to the people. Her large mouth parted in a pleased smile as the men and women stamped and shouted. She spoke only a few words, good-naturedly, hopefully. Once it seemed as though she were taking them all in her confidence, so sincere and soft was her voice as she leaned forward.

"Stand firm, my friends. Love of country means more to you and to me than anything else. Be brave; be strong. Have courage and

enthusiasm. "This is my feeling: I love my country and I want to be independent—now and forever."

"And my feeling is the same," cried a stout, bold-faced woman, rising in the middle of the hall. "I love this land. I don't want to be annexed."

"This birthplace of mine I love as the American loves his. Would he wish to be annexed to another, great or land?"

"I am strongly opposed to annexation. How dare the people of the United States rob a people of their independence?"

"I want the American Government to do justice. America helped to dethrone Liliuokalani. She must be restored. Never shall we consent to annexation!"

"My father is American; my mother is pure Hawaiian. It is my mother's land I love. The American nation has been unjust. How could we ever love America?"

"Let them see their injustice and restore the monarchy!" cried an old, old woman, whose dark face framed in its white hair was working pathetically.

throat, and his fine head, with its intelligent eyes, rose from his shoulders with a grace that would have been deerlike were it not for its splendid strength.

"I love my country and oppose annexation," said a heavy-set, gray-haired man with a good, clear profile. "We look to America as our friend. Let her not be our enemy!"

"Hekipi, a delegate from Molokai to the league, writes: 'I honestly assert that the great majority of Hawaiians on Molokai are opposed to annexation. They fear that if they become annexed to the United States they will lose their lands. The foreigners will reap all the benefit and the Hawaiians will be placed in a worse position than they are to-day.'"

"I am a mail-carrier. Come with me to my district." A man who was sitting in the first row rose and stretched out an appealing hand. "Come to my district. I will show you 2000 Hawaiians against annexation."

"I stand—we all stand to testify to our love of our country. No flag but the Hawaiian flag. Never the American!"

There was cheering at this, and the heavy,

roughened, patient hands clasped, some bent and looked toward me, as though I were a sort of magical human telephone and phonograph combined.

I might misunderstand a word or two of the interpreted message, but there was no mistaking those earnest, brown faces and beseeching dark eyes, which seemed to try to bridge the distance my ignorance of their language and their slight acquaintance with mine created between us.

I verily believe that even the most virulent of annexationists would have thought these Hawaiians human; almost worthy of consideration.

The people rose now and sang the majestic Hawaiian National Hymn. It was sung fervently, a full, deep chorus of hundreds of voices. The music is beautifully characteristic, with its strong, deep bass chords to which the women's plaintive, uncultivated voices answer. Then there was a benediction, and the people passed out into the muddy street.

As I sat watching them, suddenly I heard a timid voice murmur:

"You will tek this from me?"

"Are you opposed to any further annexation of territory?"

"No. Now, I'd fight for Cuba. She's near to us for one thing. Besides we wouldn't be wounding a lot of people, intelligent native."

"If the natives position, as they say they intend to almost unanimously, will the administration ignore it?"

"Oh, a Republican will do anything!"

I looked up—one has to look far up to meet Mr. Berry's eye—and reminded the Kentucky giant that this was Inquisition Point.

"I don't care," he said, "Our Government is to blame for Liliuokalani's dethronement—no question about it. The least we can do is indemnify her; pension her and the next one in line of succession."

"For annexation will come sure. A man of Senator Morgan's character, with the reputation he has for sincerity, will have a mighty influence in determining things. And Morgan's as devoted to annexation as—as a Kentuckian is to—that which Kentuckians are said to be fond of."

I have not been able to decide whether the Hon. J. G. Cannon of Illinois looks more like the older, more respectable prints of Uncle Sam or like the poet Whittier. His face shined but kindly. He speaks deliberately—very deliberately—but gracefully, and he made by far the best speeches on the trip. He is an amiable Congressman, with the immaterial things left out and the material ones brightened and made human by his quarter century of Washington public life and by his philosophical, kindly temperament.

Mr. Cannon talked to me about annexation, and he is one of the few men I have met whose judgment in the matter is unbiased, original and far-seeing.

When Mr. Cannon and I met at Inquisition Point I asked him, in a purely formal spirit, whether he was in favor of or opposed to annexation. Of course, I knew, but I didn't know officially.

Mr. Cannon looked thoughtful. "It's a serious question," he began. "It involves an entire change of the policy of our Government."

"Yes, I know. But are you in favor of or opposed to such a change?"

Mr. Cannon's rosy face, framed in his white, short beard, became quizzical.

"This is just the opportunity," he said with sudden gaiety, "for me to tell that I promised to tell you about the Edmunds bill. You must know that Cannon of Utah—my namesake but no relative—"

I wasn't annexation, but it was interesting, and I listened till a boat put off from the Claudine, and we all went ashore to look at plantations.

Mr. Cannon and I met at Inquisition Point, and he there told me a delightful little romance of his boyhood among the Quakers. When the story was finished he noted regretfully that the dinner-gong had sounded. Another time we would talk further.

We did. We met again, and I heard about the exciting scene in the House (Mr. Cannon talks learnedly of the "forty-ninth" or the "fifty-third," and all one can do is to look wise,) when Speaker Reed, who was not then Speaker, came so near being taken into custody by the Sergeant-at-Arms for resisting authoritatively declining to resume his seat at the Speaker's command.

I must have heard all the gems in the repertoire of the chairman of the Appropriation Committee before I realized that crafty Mr. Cannon was not going to talk for publication, for very good reasons, which he explained to me, also not for publication.

"But, you know, Mr. Cannon," I protested at last, "when you were delivering that speech in the Australia's saloon that last night at sea before we reached Honolulu, Senator Morgan smiled grimly as he listened, watching you closely, and he said, 'These go Cannon committing himself to annexation.'"

I never should have told Mr. Cannon this had I anticipated the result; for it shattered all my lofty, patriotic ideals, it shocked my sense of the Congressional fitness of things, and it ap-



Mrs. Emma Nawahi, Secretary of Hilo Branch, Hawaiian Women's League.

The gentleman from Illinois said not a word in reply. He winked. MARIAM MICHESON.

LISTENED TO BUT A SINGLE FACTION

How the Visiting Congressmen Conducted Their Hawaiian Investigation.

Provisional Government Officials Gave Them no Opportunity to Feel the Popular Pulse.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, Sept. 28.—All is quiet in Honolulu. There are no exciting elements in politics or diplomacy to disturb the calm leisure of our lives. We have quite a number of the United States steamships Bennington and Philadelphia, H. M. S. Comas and the French cruiser Du Guey Troun—but they take more interest in regattas and pleasure than in politics. So far the honors stand easy between the Bennington and the

Comas and to-day the Philadelphia and Bennington try conclusions in a cutter race.

It was intended to have had an international mass-meeting last evening in opposition to annexation for the benefit of the visiting Congressmen, but it was wisely decided to postpone it on account of the numerous engagements these gentlemen had to fulfill. Senator Morgan and they have had no leisure moments since their arrival. It has been one succession of hasty inspections of everything in sight from sugar and rice plantations to public buildings, schools, churches and museum. They have seen everything there is to admire and everything that shows up Hawaii's progress in its brightest phases. But they have not seen the people nor have they had the opportunities of ascertaining the undecurrent of opposition. It has throughout been a one-sided inspection controlled by Government officials and the moneyed leaders of the annexation party.

The most memorable events during their sojourn here have been the handsome reception tendered to them by the ever-hospitable United States Minister, and their visit yesterday to Pearl Harbor and its neighborhood. The reception was not as lavishly attended as was anticipated, and even the efforts of the Chief Justice and Government officials failed to induce the Hawaiians to attend in any number. It was not even spontaneous on the part of the annexationists, but it was undeniably a very pleasant affair for our visitors, who, after discharging their social duties adjourned to a famous watering place to continue their evening's enjoyment.

It is unnecessary to say that the visitors enjoyed themselves immensely, and while they were loud in their praises of the country and all that pertained to it, and extremely affable in corroboration, they were discreetly reticent in regard to their personal convictions and future action on the most interesting points at issue.

On their return in the evening from sundry inspections and receptions a band concert and dance were tendered to them at the Hawaiian Hotel, but they were tempted from those honors to the more congenial delights of a genuine Hawaiian luan and a well-regulated hula kit at the handsome residence of Hon. John A. Cummings, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs under the monarchy, and an Hawaiian gentleman famed for his princely hospitality in the good old days when dollars ebbed away as rapidly as the ripts of the sighing Pacific sip from the coral sands at Waikiki.

Senator Morgan and Congressman Berry have established themselves as favorites in many ways. The Senator carries his years becomingly and pleasantly, even to those who disagree with his outspoken advocacy of a closer union. It was amusing, however, to note his zeal on Sunday last, when in conjunction with some "missionary" annexationists he visited the Sunday-school children of Kawahalo Church, the oldest and principal church of the Hawaiians. He earnestly poured forth to the wondering ears of the little dots of Hawaii the sterling advantages of annexation to the United States. They gazed open-eyed at him, but failed to appreciate the value of this Sunday-school lesson. Their parents were dumfounded and astonished at the political effusion on a Sabbath day, and unfavorably compared the political Senator with their ancient teachers who had taught them to honor and reverence the Lord's day and keep it holy to him. They at once summed up the Senator as an insincere Christian, and one, who like a lawyer, is more interested in his special case in hand than the very strict rules of law and equity.

Congressman Berry has gained the hearts of the Hawaiians, not merely on account of his handsome and manly stature alone, but principally because he openly admitted to the Hawaiians at Hilo that he was a personal friend and warm political admirer of President Cleveland and a sterling Democrat. Now, it is peculiarly unfortunate that an impartial judgment has been prevented in regard to the annexation of Hawaii through the misstatements of the newspapers and correspondents personally interested in annexation. By belounging facts and harping on the great gain the union of Hawaii will be to the United States they have practically ignored the true sentiments of the Hawaiian



Mrs. Nailima, President Hilo Branch of Hawaiian Women's League.

annexation he would return the compliment by voting aye if he could be clearly convinced that he would be regarded, as he was formerly and is to an extent now, as the equal of the white man socially and politically.

Congressman Cannon has also won the respect of the Hawaiians for they have an idea that whatever may be his personal convictions he will act impartially and straightforwardly for the best interests of both countries.

HORACE WRIGHT.

DOLE IS LOSING HIS FOLLOWING

Gradual Falling-Off in the Number of Voters Who Take the Oath of Allegiance.

Proof That the Masses Will Never Become Reconciled to the Present Conditions.

HONOLULU, HAWAII, Sept. 28.—It is very unfortunate that an impartial judgment has been prevented in regard to the annexation of Hawaii through the misstatements of the newspapers and correspondents personally interested in annexation. By belounging facts and harping on the great gain the union of Hawaii will be to the United States they have practically ignored the true sentiments of the Hawaiian

people, the majority of the foreign element, as well as the authorities. It is not exactly just that because Hawaii is an exceedingly tempting morsel to be gobbled up by a superior power it should be taken surreptitiously and without due consideration of the rights, interests and sentiments of its legitimate owners. Even an unfortunate mortgagee has an equity of redemption of his fee-simple.

It is as unjust, as it will prove to be unwise in future considerations of the Hawaiian question, to accept as true the statements made by the annexationists and their press that all Americans in Hawaii, the majority of foreigners and a very large proportion of Hawaiians are incorruptible and stalwart annexationists at heart and that the only anti-annexationists are a few foreigners hungry for lost offices, influence and patronage and an unimportant number of ignorant and misguided natives misled by mischief-makers and misinformation.

It is incorrect also to allege that all anti-annexationists are royalists scheming for the restoration of the monarchy, for quite a number of them are in favor of an independent republic on the basis of the American republic until such times as the people have been educated up to the value of a closer association with the great republic.

Then, again, it must not be assumed by those who desire to judge impartially, that the fiat of the Government of Hawaii, as to-day constituted, represents anything approaching the will of the English-speaking cosmopolitan population of Hawaii, in which is included the Hawaiians themselves, as well as the larger proportion of the Portuguese.

It must also be remembered by the impartial that as this is a one-sided fight of the enormously wealthy against the comparatively powerless and poor, it is very unwise to accept the capital of Honolulu, with its centralization of influence of Government patronage, its political press leagues and clubs, as the mirror of the sentiment of the nation.

By the census of 1890, taken in the late King Kalakaua's reign, the population of the Hawaiian Islands was 59,990 and the registered voters 13,593. In 1894, with an increased population and under the Provisional Government, at the election for delegates to the constitutional convention the registered voters had decreased by two-thirds, amounting in the aggregate to only 4477, and why? Simply because only that number of men qualified to vote would take the oath to openly support the Government of the day, it being regarded by the other 9000 voters as being a government based on fraud and established in power by the illegitimate acts of an American diplomat and the power of naval forces of the United States.

Then came the greater test vote in 1896 for the general election and with a largely increased population. One would naturally suppose that a government, under a republican form of constitution, modeled expressly for themselves and the people of the country by men most intimately acquainted with the requirements of the people, would have a still stronger support than before, more especially as the constitution had created a special class of voters who were practically the gun-carriers of the infant republic, being specifically termed "special service" men. But the result that a still further decrease of supporters instead of an increase, for upon this occasion only 3196 registered, and of these only 2017 were eligible to vote for Senators; or, in other words, were possessed of unincumbered property of the value of not less than \$2000, or in receipt of a money income of not less than \$1200 a year. And this election, too, it must be borne in mind, was for the express purpose of consummating annexation, and the Legislature elected thereat passed resolutions in favor of annexation and paved the way for the reappearance of the treaty of annexation, and it was the Senate then elected that the other day ratified it.

But what shall be said of the last registration for the election for representatives, which will take place on the 29th inst? This property qualification for a voter for a representative is only unincumbered property of the value of \$1000 or a money income of \$600 a year, i. e., \$30 a month, less than the pay of an average white laborer. With a population of 109,000, and with



Mr. John Richardson, Maui, H. I.

special efforts made, only 2887 votes were registered throughout the width and length of the seven islands. So that it is perfectly legitimate to assume that during the two years of the administration of the Government by President Dole and his Cabinet, with the fight in favor of annexation waxing hotter and hotter each day and apparently more nearly reaching its end, the Government and the cause of annexation had lost 500 supporters, or about one-sixth, from their immediately previous registration, and 1790 votes, or about one-third, from the Provisional Government registration of 1894.

But perhaps these figures, showing the diminution of the support of the Government as a Government, and more especially as the "people's" champion for annexation, become more remarkable and forceful in their suggestion when it is stated that an official of the Annexation Club informed me the other day that there are upward of 6000 names on the rolls of the Annexation Club, and yet scarcely one-third of that number found it sufficiently interesting or patriotic enough to register. A fair analysis of the 2887 voters would be: Government officials, taking the oath of allegiance and registering as in duty bound, 1490; the Government army, 300; Annexation Club men, non-officials, 800, and the average voter desirous of keeping his name on the register and careless whether he votes or not, the other 397. The island of Oahu, including Honolulu, could only raise 816 votes, so that a large number of Government employes, military men and Annexation Club members must have been derelict to their duty.

HORACE WRIGHT

SPANISH CABINET RESIGNS

Azcarraga Requested to Temporarily Hold His Post.

SUMMONS TO SENOR SAGASTA.

Believed the Liberal Leader Will Be Asked to Solve the Crisis.

CONFERENCE TO BE HELD TO-DAY.

Weyler's Recall and Cuban Autonomy Talked Of—Woodford and Tetuan.

MADRID, SPAIN, Sept. 29.—The Spanish Ministry to-day tendered its resignation which was accepted by the Queen, but her Majesty asked General Azcarraga to continue in office until a solution of the crisis is found.

Her Majesty will summon the leaders of the various parties and the presidents of the chambers to-morrow to consult as to the situation. Senor Sagasta has been telegraphed for, and it is believed that the Liberal leader will be asked to form a Cabinet.

The Ministry, whose resignation has just been announced, was constituted as follows:

- Prime Minister and Minister for War, General Marcello de Azcarraga.
Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke of Tetuan.
Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Don Jose M. Zerafaga.
Minister of Finance, J. Y. Don Juan Navarro Revorator.
Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, Don Aureliano Linares Rives.
Minister of the Colonies, Don Tomas Castellani.
Minister for the Home Department, Don Fernando Cosgayan.

United States Minister Woodford, the Duke of Tetuan and the President of the Senate, the Marquis Paso de Lamarzedez, held a long conference to-day and General Woodford presented to General Azcar-

raza the members of the United States legation.

Owing to the Cabinet crisis the Cuban pour parties have been postponed.

It is said that Senor Sagasta is in favor of superseding Captain-General Weyler and of granting autonomy to Cuba immediately.

Senor Gamazo will probably be Minister of Foreign Affairs in the new Cabinet.

SOLUTION OF THE CRISIS.

Depends Upon the Policy Toward the United States.

LONDON, Eng., Sept. 30.—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Madrid says: The solution of the crisis depends upon the policy toward the United States. Liberal politicians declare that they will stoutly resist America's pretensions.

General Azcarraga, in a long interview with the Queen Regent to-day, explained the situation. It is believed that he asked her Majesty if she was ready to confirm the Government in necessary powers in view of the attitude of the United States? In the interview he summoned the Cabinet. The meeting was attended by Senor Revorator, the excommunicated Minister of Finance, and Senor Coscovan, Minister of the Interior, both of whom tendered their resignations. Shortly after the Premier tendered the resignation of the entire Cabinet.

NO SURPRISE IN WASHINGTON.

The Important Incident Discussed in Its Hearings.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 29.—The news of the Spanish Cabinet crisis was first brought to the attention of the officials of the State Department and diplomatic officials through the Associated Press bulletin from Madrid, and up to a late hour to-night from no other source was any information on the subject forthcoming.

It is surmised that Minister Woodford's failure to cable the department was attributable to the fact that it was after nightfall in Madrid before the news became known.

It cannot be said that the event caused surprise among the officials of the State Department, or among the members of the diplomatic corps in Washington.

A careful inspection of the cable news for the past few weeks had left the general impression that the Cabinet erected in haste after the assassination of Premier Canovas could not be expected to survive long.

There were several reasons for this expectation, but perhaps the principal one was the belief that the dissensions among the supporters of the Government caused by the personal encounter between the Duke of Tetuan, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one of the leaders of the dissident Conservatives, had not been healed, but had been bridged over only temporarily.

The dissident Conservatives at the time insisted upon the resignation of the Duke as a condition of their further support of the Government.

As the Government depended not upon a homogenous party, but rather upon a union of various elements generally opposed to liberal ideas for its existence, this was a threatening condition, and a crisis was averted only through the strenuous efforts of the Conservative leaders.

As to what is to follow the resignation

of the Cabinet officials here are completely in the dark. Secretary Sherman does not believe that it will materially affect the relations of Spain either toward the United States or to Cuba, which seems to indicate an expectation on his part that when the Cabinet is reorganized it will be found to be still of a Conservative tendency.

On the other hand, high officials in the administration expect that the Liberal Cabinet, under the leadership of the veteran Sagasta, will be erected on the ruins of the Azcarraga Cabinet. If this should be the case, the future is held to be full of promise for Cuba, for it is recalled that the Liberals have not hesitated to express their opposition to the great expenditure of human life and vast treasure in the effort to carry out the conservative programme for the conduct of the war.

It is not believed that the Liberals are prepared to go to the length of promising Cuba freedom, but from the expressions of the leaders of the party it is hoped that they are willing to grant so liberal a measure of home rule and autonomy to the island that of Spanish sovereignty nothing would remain save a shred in the way of a few preferential duties and, perhaps, the power of appointing some officials corresponding to the Governor-General of Canada, named by the British crown.

CUBAN FILIBUSTERS CAPTURED.

Twenty-Eight of the Party Said to Have Been Executed.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 29.—A special from Havana, via Key West, says: Captain Jose Monasterio and a company of marine artillery embarked secretly in the gunboat Nueva Espana some days ago and left Havana in the night.

It was rumored that the authorities had heard of the destination of a filibustering expedition and was quietly preparing to seize it. The greatest secrecy was observed. The sunboat waited quietly in the Bay of Corrientes, Pinar del Rio.

It is impossible to ascertain how the expedition was captured or the name of the filibuster, but the Nueva Espana returned to port last night, bringing in one Hotchkiss gun, 190 shells and cartridges, twelve cases of Mauser rifles, six cases of ammunition for the Zolenski gun, 808 cases of cartridges for Remington and Mauser rifles and four boats.

The officials assert that the expedition was only intended to capture the cargo and landed and that the men escaped. Owing, however, to the evident knowledge of the authorities some days before the gunboat was dispatched and the unusual official reference concerning so great a Spanish coup it is feared the whole expedition was massacréd.

From reliable authority it was learned last night that twenty-eight of the party, including several American artillerymen, were sent down with their hands and feet tied and summarily executed. It is impossible to verify the latter statement, though many things combine to show grounds for believing the story.

Want a Receiver for a Town.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Sept. 29.—A number of residents and property-owners made application in Chancery Court here to-day for a receiver for the town of Lookout Mountain. The applicants in a sensational bill charge insolvency and mismanagement and fraud on the part of the officials. No election for town officers has been held in eight years.

EXPERTS IN A BATTLE ROYAL

Fighting Over the Bone Found in the Luetgert Vat.

One Declares It Is That of a Hog, Another That of a Human.

Prosecuting Attorney Says He Will Settle the Issue to the Jury's Satisfaction.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 29.—Hog or human?

That is the issue in the Luetgert case at present, and according to the view of the case adopted by the jury is the fate of defendant like to be. If hog, he will, in all probability, go free; if human, there is no telling what will happen to him, or rather what may not happen to him. The defense proved to-day that the bone which Dr. Dorsey, the osteologist of the Columbian Museum, declared was the femur of a human being, of a woman and of a woman of delicate physical structure, as was Mrs. Luetgert, is nothing but a hog of delicate organization, so said the expert for the defense, but it was nothing but a hog for all that. The femur was rather small for the usual run of hogs, but this was a small-boned hog, and there was no doubt of the origin of the bone.

The witness who declared all this for the defense was Dr. W. H. Allport, professor of descriptive and comparative anatomy in the Northwestern University. He declared in the most positive manner that the femur was that of a hog and that there was no chance of his being mistaken in the matter.

Dr. Dorsey, who proved for the State that the femur was that of a woman, was in the courtroom when Dr. Allport was on the stand, and his face flushed when the expert for the defense declared that the bone came from a hog.

The declaration of Dr. Allport clearly defines an issue between himself and Professor Dorsey. They are the respective leading experts of the defense and the prosecution. Both pride themselves on their reputations, and a battle royal will be the result.

Dr. Allport drew pictures of what he said represented a human femur and a hog's femur, and explained to the jury the difference between them. The difference was principally in the socket of the hip joint, according to the witness. He declared that the knob or joint end of the femur in evidence was much smaller than that of the average person, and that undoubtedly the bone was the femur of a small-boned hog.

To-morrow Dr. Allport will be cross-examined after he has testified further con-

cerning metacarpal, sesamoid and temporal bones.

Previous to Dr. Allport's testimony Professor J. A. Weisner gave evidence in support of Dr. Riese's testimony in connection with the experiments with human bodies made in the vat in the Luetgert factory early in the present month. His testimony was of a corroborative character.

State's Attorney Deenen smilingly declared to-night that Professor Dorsey would settle the question as to the identity of the bones beyond a question when next he appears on the witness-stand.

Luetgert and his lawyers were well satisfied with the showing made, and ex-Judge Vincent said he could not see the necessity of Luetgert's going on the witness-stand.

BAY STATE REPUBLICANS.

Meet in Convention and Renominate Their Old State Ticket by Acclamation.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 29.—The Republican State Convention of Massachusetts nominated candidates for State offices to-day. There was a large attendance of delegates, and the plans of the State Committee for the conduct of the session as perfected at previous meetings were carried out.

The following nominations were made by acclamation: Governor—Roger Wolcott. Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Crane. Secretary—William Olin. Treasurer—E. P. Snow. Auditor—John W. Kimball. Attorney-General—Hosias M. Knowlton.

The foregoing are all renominations. Colonel A. H. Goetting of Springfield was the temporary chairman. In the permanent organization H. B. Hopkins of Worcester was made chairman. Colonel Melvin O. Adams, chairman of the committee on resolutions, presented the committee's report, which was adopted.

The platform stands for a firm but moderate foreign policy, an extension of the merit system of civil service and more stringent immigration and naturalization laws. The declaration of the financial plank is by inference in favor of the gold standard and consists of a rhetorical arraignment of Bryan, Debs and Altgeld as "exponents of free silver."

Fire in Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 30.—Fire robbed Sacramento of two of its big buildings and about \$17,000 worth of property early this morning.

The fire started in Adam Bergman's pickle factory on L street, near Seventh, and within a few minutes the whole building, a two-story frame structure, was in flames. So rapidly did it burn that Bergman and his wife and child barely escaped with their lives.

Then it spread to M. E. Smith's brick stable, and that was soon in ruins, with 150 tons of hay but recently stored there. One hundred and fifty vehicles, all the horses and all the harness were saved, however.

Bergman's loss will reach \$7000, all of which is covered by two recently issued policies. Smith lost nearly \$10,000 and had no insurance.

The building was destroyed and the flames licked up the factory stable in the rear, with all the horses, two wagons and a lot of harness and hay.

The loss of the property drove Smith out of his mind, and he was taken to a saloon near by where he had to be put under restraint.

The fire started a few minutes after 1 o'clock. No one knows the cause. At 2 o'clock it was under control.

NO GOLD WAITING AT ST. MICHAEL

Tug Holyoke Arrives at Port Townsend From the Yukon.

Brings Denial of the Report That Much Bullion Came Down the River.

Grave Fears for the Schooner W. J. Bryant, Lost by the Tug During a Storm.

PORT TOWNSEND, WASH., Sept. 29.—

The tug Holyoke arrived to-night from St. Michaels, having left there on September 11 with the schooner W. J. Bryant in tow.

On the 21st of the month, while off Kodiak Island, a heavy storm prevailed and the tug was forced to heave to for a period of twenty-eight hours.

During the storm the hawsers which connected the schooner to the tug parted and the schooner went adrift, nor could those on the tug afterward see her.

While it is not thought the Bryant has been lost, grave fears for her safety are entertained. She carried a crew of seven men and two passengers, the latter two being Engineer Turner and wife of the Eliza Anderson.

The reason given for the probable safety of the Bryant is that she was known as one of the best sea boats of her tonnage in the North Pacific waters.

She is of fifty-five tons measurement and for many years was used as a pilot-boat off Cape Flattery and the Columbia River bar.

Captain Clinger of the Holyoke says the Bryant may be expected to sail up the straits at any time.

Captain Thomas Powers of the Eliza Anderson returned from Dutch Harbor on the Holyoke. He indignantly denies the report that the Eliza Anderson will leave her bones where she now lies, but says the old craft will be on the Sound and a Aska run next season, and that a scarcity of fuel is all that prevented him bringing her back to the Sound now.

He says the Anderson never leaked enough water to drown a rat, and that all the passengers who went north in her will verify his story.

The Holyoke people say that the report that there are three tons of gold at St. Michael awaiting shipment to the Sound in the steamer Portland is untrue; that unless the gold arrives

from Dawson after the tug sailed very little will be brought down before the river opens and the boats get down next June.

Travel from St. Michael up the Yukon was still going on when the Holyoke left, but the river was not expected to remain open longer than between the 1st and 10th of October.

People at St. Michael are well provided with the necessities of life for winter and many of them are engaged in building boats which will be operated on the river next season.

NEW TO-DAY.

Advertisement for 25¢ shirts, featuring a large '25' graphic.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, SPECIAL HOSIERY SALE

Full finished and fast colors in natural wool, Camel's-hair, Vicuna, Merino and Cashmere, reduced from 35 and 50 cents to 25 CENTS.

NIGHT SHIRTS

Reduced from 75c and \$1 to 50 CENTS, made of Utica Muslin—fancy trimmed.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

S. N. WOOD & CO. (Columbian Woolen Mills), 718 and 722 MARKET ST.

Most Complexion Powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

"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."

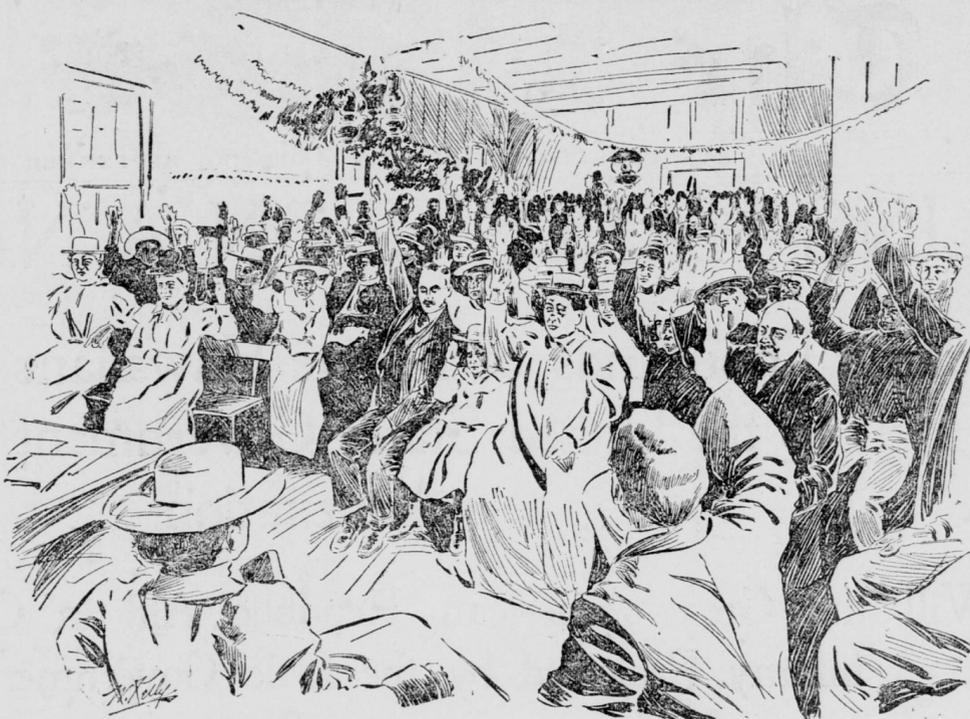
It is all very pretty. There is a charm about life here which soothes the senses and dulls the spirit. It is easy not to think, not to struggle. It must be very pleasant to drift with the tide of locomotion (especially when rowing against it is so disastrous), to become a member of this small class of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

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, would you 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.

"No," I repeated.

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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 Kalului, 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?"