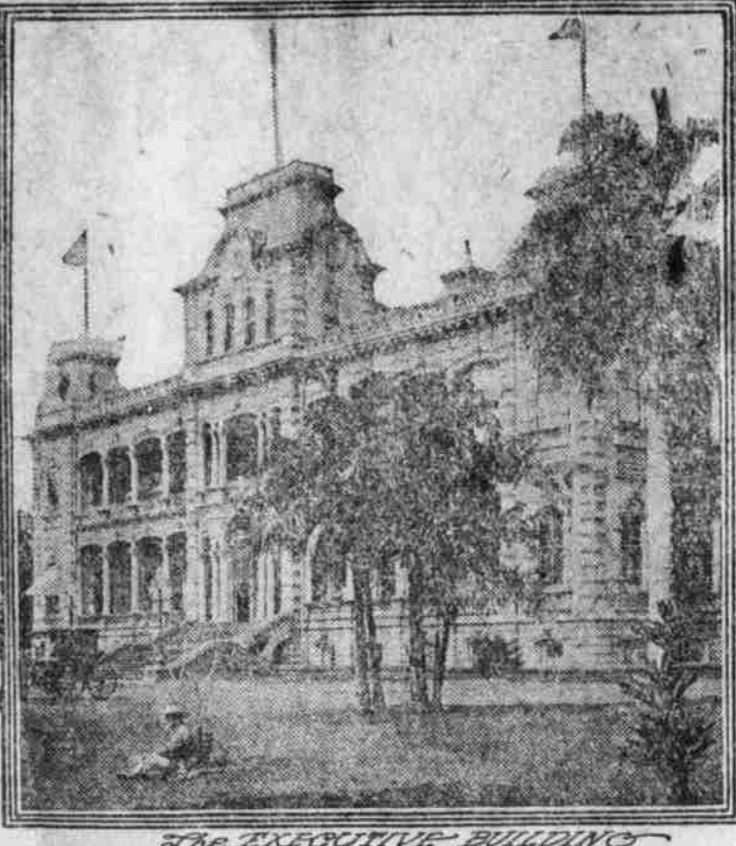


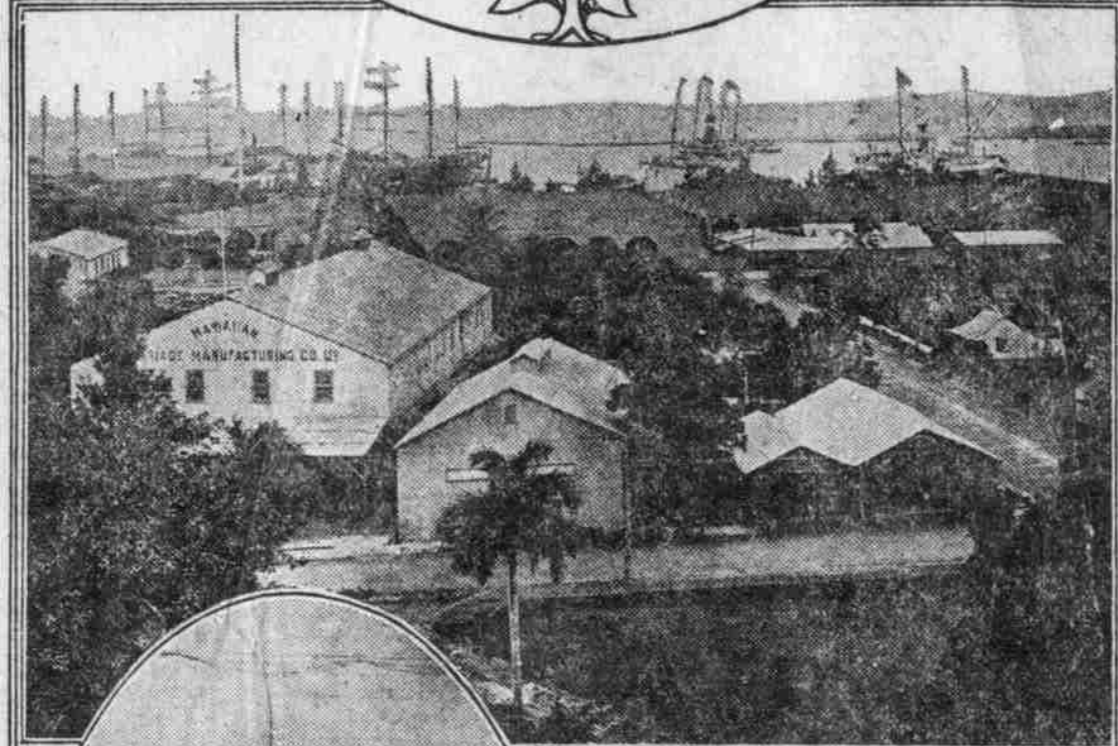
GENERAL VIEW OF HONOLULU

Features of Honolulu

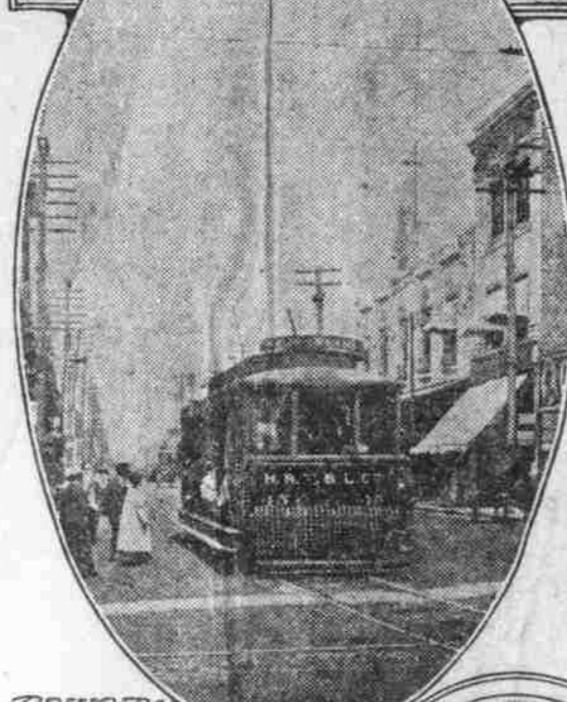
By KATHERINE POPE



THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING



HONOLULU HARBOR



PRINCEPAI STREET



A YOUNG HAWAIIAN STREET SWEEPER

FEATURES of Honolulu? They crowd to mind fast. Rain on one side of the street, sunshine on the other. Daily rainbows, and occasional night rainbows. Blazing sun but fresh breezes and often wild gales. Sea and mast and husky stevedores. Green trees and lawns down to the ocean's edge, on the brilliant water outrigger canoes bobbing about, and surf-riders dashing shoreward. An Arabian Night's wonder of an aquarium exhibiting great ugly shark and hideous squid that offer strongest contrast to graceful small fishes tinted like unto the rainbow arch before the Koolau mountains. Valley after valley cutting the range that walls Honolulu along the side opposite the sea. Cloud draped mountain peaks towering above the town, ever inviting and challenging the beholder. Flowers abloom on numberless hedges and various tall blossoming trees. Brown-skinned men wearing hats wreathed with fresh posies and ferns. Old Hawaiian crones and young Hawaiian women sitting on shaded sidewalks weaving wreaths and exchanging badinage with tourists and Jackies. "Military," enlisted and commissioned. Representatives of races ranging from subjects of the czar, from the land of the Great Bear, all the way to folk from lower Polynesia. Between these extremes the jostling of European and Korean, New Englander and Filipino, Porto Rican and Chinese, with now and then a tall, white robed Hindoo, and swarming everywhere Japanese men, women and babies.

Children, children, children certainly are a feature. The streets abound with them, the tenements overflow, automobiles are crowded to capacity with the rising generation. The world hears repeated reference to the Hawaiians as a dying race, but the part-Hawaiians are unquestionably doing their duty toward populating "The Islands"; large families are the rule with the half-white Hawaiians, and the Chinese-Hawaiians, all about the town, big-eyed, shy native kiddies add to the tropic tinge. In the so-called Oriental quarter—although now the Japanese are so numerous they pop up in all portions of Honolulu—the newcomer is struck by the army of fond fathers, the dotting male parent, Chinese or Japanese, tenderly toting offspring up and down in hours of leisure, the hunched-up Oriental live doll very fat and impassive and philosophical. Jap women pass along continually with anywhere from two to four chubby babies clinging to the mother—mayhap one tied to her back, one carried before, two toddlers trying locomotion for themselves.

The other day I heard a newcomer remark as she surveyed a street in Chinatown: "I never in my life have seen so many men nurses, and how fond the Chinese seem of their babies." It is all very different from the Sunday school tales we used to read about the cruelty of the Chinese fathers, who were as ogres forever devouring unwelcome children—perhaps because so many of them were kept by the laws of Uncle Sam in their wives and families join in the occasional Chinese to be household idols, objects of adoration. From the tenements idols emerge decked out in gowns and embroideries, borne in daddy's arms, they look upon and hauteur upon the

after day offer some. Of continued ingri standing with new and the old. and class, long ers—a distinctly hair with the knob at the complexion of gold bespeak arances. ve and ot, the n a ed and

start most zealous in the revolutionary movement in the Flowery Kingdom; hundreds of thousands of dollars have been contributed, and the women have worked away earnestly for the cause. It was of interest to see the quiet little things modestly making their way in and out of the Chinese business houses on the mission of gathering funds and supplies for the Red Cross relief work in their disturbed land. All classes were represented in this woman's effort, from the wife of the lowly duck-farm man to the silk-robed mate of the prosperous merchant. Side by side they labored for their country; rolled bandages, made garments, and made plans at their central club house on King street. As one saw them hastening hither with the red-cross badge on the arm, one turned smilingly to contemplate the Chinese woman of today.

Everywhere about the center of Honolulu now waves the flag of the anti-Manchus; every day the town wears a festive air with these flaunting banners so numerous and so gay. Turning from China and her revolution to shoes, I would speak of footwear as a feature of the Hawaiian capital. One is early impressed by the Cinderella nature of the footwear worn by femininity in Honolulu. Such ridiculous feet were not intended—as a matter of fact are little used—for walking. They seem to be designed chiefly for display, wherefore are shod in silks and satins, in beads and bronze, in suede and embroideries, in delicate tints, extreme soles and heels. No matter how many stone the white woman may weigh, no matter how exuberant the avardpous of the native girl, the feet that peep beneath the gown are, as a rule, small, and elaborately shod. The average woman from "The States," shod. The athletic girl used to shoes for service, finds it almost impossible here to renew her stock footwear by anything that promises utility. Velvet or white satin may be had, but that is less frivolous. The new- fashions whether in time she herself pretty, idle pedal extremities and weight, or send for sensible wearers of the Cinderellas and their futuristic footwear on the that holds attention. amish keep their ate by wearing the ground, has admirably on our "rub- ter of these e wearers of

straw sandals. The boat-shaped slippers of silk worn by the Chinese are very coquettish, though even the betrousered ladies are beginning to show preference for American shoes.

Jumping to another subject as unrelated to shoes as shoes to a revolution, let us speak of the novel feature of an agricultural city. A goodly portion of Honolulu, in expanses scattered far and wide, is given over to wet farming, and some parts to dry farming. Those wide fields that look like lakes choked with calla lilies, are really taro patches, taro being the vegetable that provides the native food, poi. Duck ponds line the way to the seaside playground, Waikiki, and neighboring these are broad acres of bananas. Residents climb the moist breezy valleys for the sake of verdure and freshness, and compete for possession of a district with Oriental truck farmers who keep to their unspeakable Oriental ideas of farm fertilization. But the commercial flower fields of the Orientals one does not quarrel with; they add color and fragrance here and you—one field in a resident district is given over entirely to red carnations, another flaunts asters month after month, another big, yellow chrysanthemums.

Steamer day is surely a feature of Hawaii's chief port. Yesterday Honolulu may have been as lethargic, lifeless, as the poor jaded horses of the Chinese hackman waiting there disconsolately for the fare that never comes. But today all is different, for today is Steamer day in the marini! Behold a town alive to its farthest outpost. Automobiles dashing everywhere, every seat full. Business houses hustling, clerks counting seconds before the mail departs. At the postoffice frenzy running high; congestion within and without, incoming foreign mail to be distributed, outgoing foreign mail to be delivered at the wharves, island mail transhipped, and addresses in so many languages, such a Babel outside the windows, the wonder is anything goes right. Gold clinking at the banks, the impassive gentlemen in the cages handling in one day wealth which would make the outside world, if it knew, sit up and take notice. Tourists from Australia and India, officers from the Philippines, Chinese and Japanese, tables, fresh-checked folk fresh from "The States" and Canada, ny here and there, bringing in life not insular,

livening things up at a great rate. From these the flower venders reap their harvest, share with the chauffeurs in a renewed prosperity. Of course the "touriser" desires to wear leis (garlands), of course the traveler wants all the local color possible. He puts a wreath of carnations about his hat, a long garland of malle over his shoulder, and starts forth on the mission of "seeing Honolulu." The Hawaiian band plays for him, the water heroes do their best stunts out in the surf, the very waves glitter and roll high in his honor, the curio shops present all of the primitive things he possesses to tempt him, downtown cafe and seaside hotel have an added sparkle, townfolk are out in careful costumes. Everyone is in a hurry, but everyone seems in holiday humor, hastening because there is something worth while to hasten for. The street urchins are especially alert, and most alert of these are the eager elfin newsboys, the olive-skinned urchins whose shrill cry of "Daily Tar, Plenty News!" is now full of meaning, for is not this Steamer Day and Foreign Mail?

The street car service in Honolulu is noted for the courtesy of its employees; an outsider used to the rudeness that is the rule in cities at home, rubs his eyes, thinks these polite servants of the public must be the figment of a dream. The idea of a street car conductor listening attentively, answering politely, putting himself to trouble smilingly, seems too good to be true.

Conductor and motorman in Honolulu are under one great strain that interferes with their equanimity and reveals that they are mere men after all, that they occasionally indulge in violence of language and act. Japs newly arrived from Nippon, or just in from a sugar-mill village, are blandly, crassly ignorant about street car customs and restrictions. Individually and in groups you see them do this incomprehensible thing—touch the bell, then immediately and confidently step off. Often they are killed; always they are hurt. For the street cars not only go buzzing along at a good pace, but because of the slope of the streets they have their steps very high from the ground, and a fall from one of these rapidly moving cars is anything but a joke. The number of accidents, one would think, would have been noised about among the Orientals so that by this time they would have learned their lesson, but even today the closest watch has to be kept on the Japanese passengers—some conductors put on a worried look the moment a Jap enters the car, and are on the qui vive to clutch his shoulder the second he fingers the bell. I have seen a pretty little doll of a Jap woman board a car daintily costumed, daintily coiffed, fresh and colorful as the flower in her hair, her face alert and intelligent, appearing as though she could very well take care of herself, as though very modern, decidedly of the new Japan. And I have seen this little goose touch the bell and skip lightly forth, see her come down with great heaviness and force, her poor little rose crushed in the dirt, her wonderful obi deep in the mire, and heard her scream of amazement and terror. Another time the case was worse, now a mother, father and babe the victims. The father had stepped on the car with the proud air of owner of the infant he held so tenderly in his arms, after him had stepped the little mother. The elders seemed devotedly attached to the wee morsel with them, but what did they do the moment the woman rang the bell but alight in a bunch on top of the morsel! It was dreadful, and proved too much for the nerves of the much-tried conductor. All white and trembling he bent over this species of "Japanese tumblers" that is part of the white man's burden in Honolulu, and picking them up with more emphasis than gentleness, he proceeded to give them a very frank opinion of themselves and the place he considered they rightfully belonged. We passengers expected the three to swoon in our arms and perhaps die there; but no, the baby but gently whimpered, Mr. and Mrs. Kimono gently brushed off the dust and smiled apologetically and conciliatingly upon the angry street car man.

Autos might be called a feature of Honolulu were it not that they have ceased to be looked upon as needing much comment nowadays. It is the occasional carriage and pair one turns to look at twice, and a certain carriage and pair of Honolulu attracts the passing glance. "The Queen" drives out of afternoons sometimes to take the air and perhaps mark some new change that is helping transform the capital of what was once her realm. Honolulu is fond of outdoor life, has the Outrigger club down by the beach and aquatic sports, the Country club and golf; various athletic fields, and a fine polo field just beyond the town, on a private estate called Moanalua. Men from other islands bring their polo ponies to Honolulu during the season. This year the island of Oahu played the island of Kauai only, but generally Maui sends men and ponies. The United States cavalry have their own polo grounds about thirty miles from Honolulu, and send to Moanalua players and ponies of excellent mettle. There are no more interesting events in Honolulu than the polo matches, the game, the plucky horses, the field in the mountain valley all making a splendid, beautiful spectacle.

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