

tific principles of ventilation and sanitation. In no tropical country have I seen buildings so admirably adapted to the heat and climatic changes and at the same time more in keeping with the surrounding scenery. They are handsome, cool-looking, white and clean, with broad verandas, high walls, and false roofs under which currents of air are lured in spite of themselves. The residences are set back along the high bank which faces the bay. In front of them is a public promenade, newly planted shade-trees arch over it, and royal palms reach up to it from the very waters of the harbor. At one end of this semicircle are the barracks of the Soudanese soldiers, and at the other is the official palace of the governor. Everything in the settlement is new, and everything is built on the scale of a city, and with the idea of accommodating a great number of people. Hotels and cafes, better than anyone finds in the older settlements along the coast, are arranged on the water-front, and there is a church capable of seating the entire white population at one time. If the place is to grow, it can do so only through trade, and when trade really comes all these palaces and cafes and barracks which occupy the entire water-front will have to be pushed back to make way for warehouses and custom-house sheds. At present it is populated only by officials, and, I believe, 12 white women.

THE FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE OF HAWAII.

A letter from Charles L. Rhodes, special correspondent of the Chicago Record, dated Honolulu, March 1, and published in the Record of March 20.

The opening of the first territorial legislature of Hawaii was the first public event connected with the annexation of Hawaii in which the native Hawaiians as a body have been able cordially and heartily to take part.

The fact that it was the first legislature elected since the overthrow and the beginning of what to them was a dark period in Hawaiian history, chosen at an election in which Hawaiians could fully participate, was to them like a return to the time when native Hawaiians were the people of the land and all others were strangers, admitted to rights by their good will. It was like a return to the house of their fathers.

The fact that the legislature was very largely composed of members of

their own race, just as it was in the old times, doubtless added very much to this sentiment. This feeling was displayed in the crowds that thronged the grounds of the capitol building on the morning the session began, and which filled the visitors' galleries in both houses.

At the time of the flag raising, and again at the inauguration of the territorial government, there were comparatively few Hawaiians in the crowds. But on this opening morning of the legislature there were comparatively few but Hawaiians. They began coming early in the morning, and by ten o'clock, when the two houses assembled, the capitol grounds were filled with Hawaiians in holiday attire, and of those in the visitors' galleries fully three-fourths were the native children of these sunny isles.

To the native members of the legislature it was a serious and important occasion. They all came to the capitol in carriages, and every one of them was dressed in a black frock coat, with black trousers, and wore a high silk hat and white gloves. It was the old court costume of the monarchy for daylight ceremonies, and, indeed, many of the coats and trousers worn this day, to say nothing of the silk hats, dated from the days of the monarchy. Many of them doubtless were in fact the largesse of the throne for in the olden days it was the custom when there was a royal funeral for the king's chamberlain to distribute several hundred suits of black clothes and an equal number of black holo-kus for the women, in order that the funeral cortege should be imposing and becoming. These "blacks" were preserved by the recipients, and they come out only on state occasions. An old resident, with a discriminating eye as to cut and fashion, could probably call off the particular royal funeral for which this or that frock coat was given out.

The house of representatives met in what was the old throneroom of the palace before the building erected as Iolani palace was given the more republican and American name of capitol. It is the room in which all public court functions under the monarchy took place. It is a splendid room. The ceiling is lofty, the windows are large, the window and door frames massive, and of the polished koa wood of the islands, as handsome and now much more expensive than mahogany. On the walls are the por-

traits, in oil, many of them by masters, of all the monarchs who have ruled this island kingdom since Kamehameha I., including his portrait, the gift of France, from a smaller portrait by one of those romantic adventurers who came to this remote part of the world while the great Polynesian conqueror was still in the midst of his triumphs.

The members took their seats without any particular selection, and by ten o'clock, the hour set for the session to begin, all the members but two were in their places. These two were delayed in their arrival from one of the other islands by a storm, which had disarranged the sailing schedule of the island steamers.

The house was called to order by Representative Beckley, a young half-white, who claims descent on his mother's, or "the calabash," side, as they say here, instead of the "distaff" side, from one of the greatest chiefs of Hawaii island. On his motion, Representative Akina was made speaker. His father was an adventurous Chinaman who came here many years ago, prospered as a rice planter, and married a native woman. Then there was a long and sonorous prayer in Hawaiian by a native minister, dressed like the members in black, though his clothes probably originated with the Hawaiian board of missions, which has been almost as lavish in its gifts of clerical wardrobe to the native clergy as the monarchs were in funeral wardrobe for their retainers. After that the organization of the house proceeded very much as such things do in other legislative assemblies, there being as active a scramble for the clerical and other salaried positions from clerk to janitor as there is where politics are supposed to be less simple and naive than they are here.

The opening session of the senate did not attract as much popular attention as did that of the house. The senate is a smaller body, and there is a less proportion of native members in it. The chamber in which it meets is less commodious and well fitted. It is, in fact, nothing but the upper hall of the old palace, shut off from the stairway that leads from the main floor to it by movable screens. . . .

Perhaps it would be unjust to criticize too severely the volubility and triviality of the debate in both houses on mere matters of procedure and organization, but the fact remains that it was not until the third

day of the session that either house was ready to notify the governor that it was organized and ready to receive any communication he had to send.

Such was the beginning of American territorial legislation in Hawaii. It is a legislature composed of strange elements. In the house there are the son of a Chinese coolie, the son of a chief justice of the supreme court of Illinois, and one of Lincoln's closest friends, the son of one of the early New England missionaries to Hawaii, native members who are descendants of old chiefs and others who were of the commonalty, and half-whites in whose veins runs the blood of runaway sailors who deserted the hard service of the whale fleet in arctic rigors for the freer and more genial life of the tropics. In the senate is a Russian, educated, polished, but too liberal in his views to suit the czar, or at least the secret service of his native land; the son of a missionary who is known as the richest, as well as one of the most liberal, men in the islands; members of old island families, as well as men who are reckoned as malihinis, or strangers. Here, too, as in the house, there is a man whose father came here as a contract Chinese laborer.

But mixed as it is in its elements, there is probably as much solid sentiment of honesty and desire to do well by the country as is to be found in any legislature. The house has proved itself jealous of its rights and liberties by ejecting from its chamber the secretary of the territory, of whom it thought he intended coercion or intimidation of the liberties of the house. Both houses adjourned for Washington's birthday, and each house gave up the afternoon session of the day before listening to the reading of the declaration of independence and hearing it translated into Hawaiian.

WHO SIXTO LOPEZ IS.

Sixto Lopez, a native Filipino, has been since 1879 actively interested in the independence of the Philippine islands. He belonged to the early secret league whose object was ostensibly reform, but really independence, of which Jose Rizal was also a member. When Jose Rizal was arrested by the Spanish government in 1893, Lopez also fell under suspicion and was obliged to flee from the country. Since that time he has been working industriously for the Filipino cause, keeping in close touch with his own people by constant correspondence.

His letters, which have been published in various papers, are of great interest.

THE TREE GOD PLANTS.

The wind that blows can never kill
The tree God plants;

It bloweth east, it bloweth west,
The tender leaves have little rest,
But any wind that blows is best;

The tree God plants
Strikes deeper root, grows higher still,
Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will
Meets all its warts.

There is no frost hath power to blight
The tree God shields;

The roots are warm beneath soft snows,
And when Spring comes it surely knows,
And every bud to blossom grows.

The tree God shields
Grows on apace by day and night,
Till, sweet to taste and fair to sight,
Its fruit it yields.

There is no storm has power to blast
The tree God knows;

No thunderbolt, nor beating rain,
Nor lightning flash, nor hurricane,
When they are spent it doth remain.

The tree God knows
Through every tempest standeth fast,
And from its first day to its last
Still fairer grows.

If in the soul's still garden-place
A seed God sows—

A little seed—it soon will grow
And far and near all men will know,
For heavenly lands He bids it blow,

A seed God sows,
And up it springs by day and night;
Through life, through death it groweth
right,
Forever grows.

—Observer.

Begging letters by the hundreds are addressed to Andrew Carnegie daily. A few days ago the iron king received this original missive: "My Dear Carnegie—I see by the papers that you are prosperous. I want to get a hymn book; it costs \$1.50. If you will send me this hymn book I will bless you, God will bless you and it will do a great deal of good. Yours truly,

"Mark Twain."

"P. S.—Don't send the hymn book, send me \$1.50."—The Chicago Chronicle.

Racial prejudice and religious intolerance are twin ministers of barbarism.—Wu Ting Fang.

The Assistant Librarian—But why don't you think the book is an authentic history of China?

The Librarian—Because it was written since the allied armies occupied the country, and it speaks of China as being "densely populated."

G. T. E.

Friend—Got a lawyer?

Prisoner—One.

Friend—Why don't yer git two?

Prisoner—I ain't guilty 'nough fer thet.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Teacher—I surely spoke plainly when I asked you what the Declaration of Independence means!

The Pupil—But you did not say whether you wanted the answer to be in an American or a Cuban sense!

G. T. E.

Ward—Come, now, do you think it possible for a politician to be honest?

Statesman—Oh, yes, I suppose it is possible; but why the necessity?—Boston Transcript.

BOOK NOTICES.

Socialism and the Labor Problem, a plea for social democracy (Terre Haute, Ind.: Debs Publishing Co. Price, 10 cents), by Father T. McGrady, is a stirring bit of pamphleteering, in which the author mixes up a good many wholesome truths with a good deal of loose thinking. The pamphlet would be called "radical," because to conservative minds it suggests recklessness, but in the true sense of "radical," which denotes the idea of fundamental, Father McGrady is anything but a radical. He does make some radical propositions, as that the product of one's toil is one's wages, and that division of labor does not alter this simple principle; but his powers of analysis fail him when he tries to follow that principle into the complexities of capitalism, from which he emerges with the astounding conclusion regarding labor and capital that "the existence of one depends on the destruction of the other." Of some things colloquially called capital, that is true; but of other things colloquially called capital it is not true. Father McGrady slips up in failing to analyze with care and to distinguish with precision when dealing with totally different things which happen to have the same name colloquially. The instance is typical.

MARCH MAGAZINES.

—The National Single Taxer devotes this, its final number, to a detailed report of the dinner given at Boston by the Massachusetts Single Tax league to the Catholic clergy of Boston.

—The Journal of the Knights of Labor (43 B street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) reviews the passage of the Spooner amendment giving the president despotic power in the Philippines, scoring democratic senators for refusing to filibuster against its passage.

APRIL MAGAZINES.

—The North American Review (Franklin square, New York) leads with a message from Tolstol to the American people, as a supplement to an appropriate paper on the root of society evils. It also lets Mark Twain loose upon his missionary critics. Twain leaves none of his humor out, but in a controversial article marked with extraordinary closeness of reasoning and soundness of moral principle, he pounds his critics to a jelly.

—The Atlantic Monthly (Boston) gives place to a thoughtful paper by Edwin Burritt Smith, of Chicago, on municipal questions. One of his points is radical and vital, namely, that "the power of any legislative body to limit the legislative discretion of its successors ought not to be tolerated by a self-governing people." If this wholesome distinction between the legislative and the contracting functions of government were kept alive, it would destroy all that is bad and preserve all that is good in the now vicious doctrine of "vested rights."