

AROUND THE WORLD

The Hula in Honolulu

By Our Special Correspondent
EDGAR ALLEN FORBES

A WEEK out from Yokohama and on the way to Honolulu, the big Cleveland was being shoved steadily through a choppy sea that would have made an ordinary ship hop about like an "Old Hickory" farm-wagon bumping over a road of loose cobblestones. From some cavern of the winds off the port side came an infant gale, testing its strength against the steel plates and making the promenade deck creak at times to such an extent that pedestrians making a turn across a ship had all the sensations of running down hill. The Lady Chaser (so named because of his principal occupation as a stevedore) was promading with the P. C. Lounger, a wealthy lady of the party.

At one of the turns, both came down the hill like Jack and Jill and brought up sharply against the rail.

"What a perfectly jolly roll!" exclaimed the Lounger, gasping for breath.

"There seems to be a list to starboard," said the Lady Chaser, who had

the close of the ball last night—three days out from Honolulu?"

"No, what were they?"

"Wireless from the H. P. C.—Welcome to Honolulu! Another wireless from 'Promotion'—Eike of Honolulu preparing a great feast for the antiletted herd on the Cleveland. Another wireless—Shriners on the Cleveland requested to wire number will accept hospitality of Honolulu shrine. Another—How many tickets at the opera house shall we reserve for Cleveland party? All this three days out at sea, mind you!"

But let us drop the rest of the conversation into the Pacific and skip along to the story. As soon as the Cleveland had been sighted off Diamond Head, the members of the H. P. C. pulled one another out of bed and climbed into the fastest steam launch in the harbor. Without waiting for the health officer, a man named Wood and another named Jordan climbed over the ship's side like South Sea buccaniers and began to pin badges and buttons upon every passenger caught standing still, at the same time stuffing his pockets with literature about the "Paradise of the Pacific."

of the Cleveland's passengers would care to see it. They also figured it out that our sociological education (begun at Cairo) would have a yawning gap in it without an advanced course in "Hula." And then the spinal column of the H. P. C. became ankle-locked and the dance remained on the program.

And it wasn't so wicked after all! In fact, it was not wicked enough to please the men down front, but it had the genuine Hawaiian atmosphere about it. A troop of about a dozen girls could be dimly seen upon the darkened stage as the curtain went up, swaying and chanting to the music of a couple of tom-toms. Little by little the light was turned on as the gentlemen in the front seats made signs of impatience, and then it could be seen that the girls were young, dusky, good-looking, and mischievous.

The dance was directed by Madame Hawaii, who was one of the retainers of the court in the old Hawaiian days. The years have left their impress upon her hands and intelligent features, but life is still in her blood and the light in her eyes. She had her heart in her work, and so did the girls—but



been impressed with that nautical phrase in one of the magazines.

"Surely you do not mean that my weight caused it?"

"By no means," said the Chaser. "It may be due to that coal that we took on at Nagasaki."

"Wrong again!" called out the Nye Humorist, who often said near-funny things after carefully working them out in his stateroom.

"Then what?" demanded the Chaser.

"The list is due to the weight of the come-on literature piled up in the Chief Steward's warehouse."

"Where'd he get it?"

"Hawaii Promotion Committee."

"What is that—an examining board?" asked the Lounger.

"Not exactly," explained the Nye Humorist. "It's a crowd of Honolulu gentlemen selected because they have strong lungs; and it is their job to yell about the glories of Hawaii, to yell so loudly that everybody afloat on the Pacific shall hear, and then to keep on yelling. In reality, the name ought to be 'Hawaii Com-mo-tion Committee.'"

"I think I have heard of it before," said the Chaser.

"Both before and behind," said the N. H. "If you haven't, you better see an ear-doctor. They began the joyful chorus when we were at Singapore and the only intermissions since have been for the purpose of refilling the lungs. Didn't you hear the announcements at

Then came another launch with a cargo of Hawaiian girls, each dusky beauty loaded down to the gunwales with flowers. In an incredibly short time these (the flowers) were hanging about the necks of the passengers. Then the Royal Hawaiian Band broke loose—but why go on? We all know the symptoms of a dynamo in action. Suffice it to say that, among a lot of other diversions and advertisements, the H. P. C. engineered a Hawaiian musical at the opera house, with reserved seats down front for gentlemen passengers traveling alone. A gleeful crowd of young men sang Hawaiian songs for an hour and picked sundry tuneful selections from the strings of guitars and baby guitars. Then came the real show—the "hula" dance.

To have visited Honolulu and come away without seeing the performance that has made the islands famous—that would have been a misfortune. So reasoned the passengers, and so had reasoned the H. P. C. But when the Committee of Joyful Yells let it be known in Honolulu that a "hula" was scheduled, another crowd of strong-lunged men heard from. "The 'hula' is all right in its place," said the megaphone, "but its place is in some low dive at the end of a dark alley." The H. P. C., somewhat experienced with the mental processes of the world-tourist, decided that this fact, if true, would be only another reason why some

there was a suspicion that the police were also on the job. In the phraseology of the society reporter, the dancers were simply and attractively gowned. They wore short green skirts with white overalls, festooned with wreaths of yellow flowers, and their own hair. Their feet and ankles were bare—at least, this is the substance of the report of the gentlemen who occupied the front seats.

The "hula" dance—according to Dr. Emerson, a distinguished gentleman of Honolulu who has collected all the varieties—is a religious performance with infinite variation. We saw only one variety, but could guess the rest. It is far ahead of the Cairo performances, for the Egyptian dance is a solo and has no rhythm. It is superior to the match and the Cingalese dances, because there is no listlessness in the Hawaiian movements. And, partly for the same reason, it has the genuine beat a mile. The nearest thing to it is the Cairo dance, however. But while the Egyptian stands still in her tracks, the "hula" girl is circling about the stage and swaying in perfect time—perhaps chanting at the same time.

After it was all over, the front row pronounced the dance "all right!" But no one, so far as the investigation has yet gone, agrees with Dr. Emerson that the "hula" is essentially a dance to express or to arouse religious emotions.

HEART WOUNDS NOT FATAL.

Hitherto Impossible Operations Now Quite Successful.

Dr. William B. Jones, surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital, in London, is quoted as saying that "probably the most striking of any advance in modern surgery is to be found in surgery of the heart."

"The time has not long gone by," he continued, "when it was thought that any wound of the heart must inevitably prove immediately fatal; but cases are on record in which a wound of the heart has occurred and yet death has not occurred for many minutes or even for several hours."

"One case is reported in which a man received a bullet in the neighborhood of the heart and he recovered and when he died some years later the bullet was found embedded in the substance of the heart. It was not, however, until 1896 that the first attempt was made to operate for the treatment of heart wounds."

"Every year has added to the number of cases in which such operations have been performed, and up to the present some 200 cases of operations on the heart for stab and bullet wounds have been published, and of these nearly fifty per cent. have recovered. It is obvious that in cases such as these the mortality must be very heavy. It is certain that if anything has been done almost every single case would have died, but thanks to modern surgery it has been possible to snatch from death nearly half the cases."

Farthest North Customs Port.

Ottawa, April 19.—The Pas Mission, the starting point of the Hudson Bay railway, promises to become a place of some consequence on the western map. In view of this prospect and the present importance of the place as a point of distribution for railway construction, the government, it is said, will constitute it a new "farthest north" customs port.

And many a woman has lost a good friend by leading him to the matrimonial altar.



BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Old Song Reproduced at a Reader's Request.

A few days ago an old reader of the Whig, James E. O'Rourke, Ballour, Ont., asked if we would publish the old song of "The Battle of Waterloo." We did not have the words of this song and inserted a small notice in the paper, requesting that whoever had it might send it to the office. On Tuesday, the Whig received a communication signed by "an old subscriber at Plevna, Ont.," stating:

"Dear Whig,—Here is the song 'Battle of Waterloo' requested by one of your readers. Glad to learn that there is some of the old stock left who do not forget British victories. By applying to the Whig he took the speediest method of obtaining the song."

We reprint the song herewith for the benefit of our Ballour correspondent and our many other readers. Edward Moore, Reynolds, also sent in a copy of the poem.

The ballad is supposed to have been written by a Scottish soldier, John Robertson, by name, a soldier in the 92nd Highlanders, who took part in the engagement. Except in broad sheet from the song is seldom published, though it has been included by a Scottish collector in a volume of songs of the common people.

The Plains of Waterloo.

On the sixteenth day of June, my boys,

In Flanders where we lay,
Our bugles the alarm did sound
Before the break of day;
The British, Belgians, Brunswickers,
And Hanoverians, too,
All Brussels left that morning
For the plains of Waterloo.

By a forced march we did advance,
Till three in the afternoon;
Each British heart with ardor burned
To pull the tyrant down.
At Quatre Bras we met the French—
Their form to us was new,
For in steel armor they were clad
On the plains of Waterloo.

Napoleon to his men did say,
Before the fight began:
"My heroes, if this day we lose,
Our nation is undone;
The Prussians we've already beat,
We'll beat the British, too,
And display the victorious eagles
On the field of Waterloo."

Out immortal hero, Wellington,
No speech to us did make;
We were Peninsular heroes,
And oft had made them quake.
At Vittoria and Salamanca,
At Toulouse and Burgos, too,
They beheld their former conquerors
On the plains of Waterloo.

In bright array Britannia stood
And viewed her sons that day,
Then to her much-loved hero went,
And thus to him did say:
"If from you usurper's brow,
From you usurper's brow,
Through ages all shall you be called
The Prince of Waterloo."

The bloody fight then soon began;
The cannon loud did roar;
We being short of cavalry,
They pressed on us full sore.
Three British cheers we gave them,
With volleys not a few,
Which made them wish themselves in
France,
And far from Waterloo.

For four full hours or longer,
We sustained the bloody fray,
And during a long and darksome
night,
Upon our arms we lay;
The orders of our general
Next day we did pursue,
And retired in files for near six miles
To the plains of Waterloo.

This day both armies kept their
ground,
And scarce a shot was fired;
The French did boast a victory gained
Because we had retired.
This splendid act of generalship
Then from their strongholds flew,
Then we did some of fighting
On the plains of Waterloo.

On the eighteenth, in the morning,
Both armies did advance,
On this side stood brave Albion's sons,
On that the pride of France;
The fate of Europe in his hands,
Each man his sabre drew,
And "death or victory" was the word
On the plains of Waterloo.

Upon our right they did begin,
Prince Jerome led the van;
The Imperial Guards and Cuirassiers
Thought none could then withstand;
But British steel soon made them
yield,
Though our numbers were but few,
Prisoners we made, but more lay dead
On the plains of Waterloo.

Then on our left they bent their course
In disappointed rage,
The Belgian line fought for a time,
But could not stand the charge;
Then Caledon took up her drone,
And loud her chanter blew—
Played Marchal Ney, a new strath-
pey,
To the tune of Waterloo.

Before the tune was half played o'er
The French had danced their ill;
Ten thousand of their warriors
Lay dead upon the field;
Ten thousand prisoners we took,
Imperial eagles too;
On British valor was displayed
On the plains of Waterloo.

A health to George, our royal king!
Long may he live to reign!
Likewise the Duke of Wellington,
That noble son of Erin!
Two years they added to our time,
With pay and pension too,
And now we are recorded all
As "men of Waterloo."

It doesn't cost much to tell a lie,
but hiring witnesses to back it up
may prove expensive.

CHINA'S CREDIT STILL GOOD.

Has Traditional Reputation for Commercial Integrity Among Nations.

Adapted Kinoshuke, in North America Review.

The Chinese have enjoyed during many centuries the practice of self-government and majority rule under the very eyes of the worst despots that ever sat enthroned.

In sheer self-defense against official corruption the people organized all sorts of secret unions, the most widely known of which among Americans and Europeans are the Trade guilds. These unions dispensed justice between man and man and governed the conduct of trade. Their leaders inaugurated and enforced the policy of honesty that gives Chinese financial credit to-day the highest standing in the world.

I believe that the world has never seen a more dramatic proof of this fact than the present status of the Chinese government bond.

The imperial Chinese government is now cent. Hukuang railways sinking fund gold loan bond was offered for public subscription at 97 cents and secured interest.

After more than three months of revolution, when the Peking government has lost nearly fifteen provinces out of the eighteen of China proper; when not only the Peking treasury, but also the revolutionary republicans are actually without money to pay their soldiers and administrative expenses; when the whole country is overrun with armed bandits; business strangled to death by anarchy; when there are said to be three million of people without food; when the Ts Tsing dynasty and the glories that were Kanghi and Kungling are ready to give up the imperial chair as eagerly as any sacred burglar to-day, when all these things and more are true, what is the price you will have to pay for the Chinese bond? Ninety-four—only three points off the original price!

Is it a financial miracle? * * *

The real author of the miracle is the traditional reputation of Chinese commercial integrity. Whatever happens—so the faith of the large capitalists seems to say—the Chinese know what commercial and financial obligation means; they understand the meaning of a contract as no other race of people do; our money is safe whatever happens. * * * Do not such facts promise a long and happy future for the infant Chung Hwa republic.

There's lots of difference between practicing economy and being in the sense of the word a miser.

You have no moral right to possess a reputation that your relatives have to make excuses about.

The average man is willing to spend money for any old thing—with the exception of taxes.

A man never complains of his wife's relations—if she hasn't any.

It's surprising how many grievances most worthless men have.

THE FAMOUS W. T. STEAD.

Who Met His Death in the Titanic Disaster.

William Thomas Stead was the noted British journalist. He was famed as an editor of the Review of Reviews, and was sixty-three years of age. He was a merchant's apprentice at fourteen, but at twenty-two was editor of the Northern Echo, of Darlington. In 1880 he became assistant editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, and from 1882 to 1889 was editor. In 1885 he served three years in prison for writing the so-called "Maiden Tribute." In 1890 he founded the Review of Reviews, and a year later an American edition was founded.

He was known to rulers the world over, and after visiting the czar in 1898 began a peace crusade. He strongly opposed the Boer war and became quite unpopular. As correspondent of American papers he said some remarkable things about British affairs. His writings were always characterized by their forcefulness and plain speaking.

It was at Toronto and to the late Dr. Goldwin Smith, in the course of a memorable review at the Grange, that William T. Stead decreed the manner of his death.

The conference took place on the occasion of Mr. Stead's last visit to Toronto, six years ago. Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith had invited the well-known journalist and his cousin, E. B. Duncan, of the legal firm of "Trotter, Duncan, Grant & Skeans," on a typical English afternoon tea, served in the quiet and richly stocked library at the Grange. Smith and Stead had known one another for years and in a couple of hours of animating conversation the two men—both of world-wide note—discussed world figures and world events with a rare and intimate knowledge. The veteran philosopher lost in his own hair by the cheery and typically English freemite, the younger publicist and the host with almost nervous energy as he spoke. Dr. Smith finally raised his hand in protest. The constant dynamic activity of the visitor leant forth a physician's warning.

"Have no fear, doctor," quoth Stead with characteristic directness. "There has come to me the assurance that I shall live every moment of my days. I shall be wiped out at the end—sometimes it is borne upon me that I shall be kicked and beaten to death by a mob on the streets of old London, at other times I seem to realize my end as one of the victims in a tree disaster which will wipe out hundreds."

Only one "Bromo Quinine."

That is Laxativa Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Groves. Used the world over to cure a cold in one day, 25c.

It doesn't take a very clever woman to make a man make a fool of himself.

You can sometimes do a friend a favor by refusing to give him advice.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

KEEP OUT!

"KEEP OUT!" used to hang as a sign on every factory door. The old idea of secrecy in business made it seem a crime to show outsiders processes, materials, and methods of manufacture.

Now the white light of publicity is being let in by those who depend on public favor for business profits and business growth. The "keep out" sign is disappearing from factory doors and the "welcome" sign is taking its place.

Candor and honesty form the backbone of modern Advertising. Men tell the truth, and it pays. Modern selling relies more and more on the confidence and good will of the buyer.

To-day, eyes are too sharp and intelligences too keen to make deceit possible. Absolute frankness in Advertising is the straight road to confidence. The public demands the light; it abominates and fears darkness.

To-day, many canning factories, packing houses, bakeshops, and public kitchens welcome visitors, concealing nothing.

To-day, many public service companies use the newspapers to tell the truth about themselves.

To-day, many big industrial enterprises are open without hindrance to the inspection of an interested public.

To-morrow, many more companies, depending for their success and prosperity on public confidence, will lift the curtains that veil their board and work-rooms—they, too, will come to printing candid advertisements in the newspapers.

The public may overlook, but does not forgive, a lie or an abuse of its confidence. The public regards with suspicion those who attempt to serve it in secrecy and silence. The public is repelled by juggled facts or befogging words. The public rewards with its favor and money those who tell it the truth. It walks and shops where the light shines and where the paths are straight.

Throw on the light!

Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through any recognized Canadian advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503 Lansden Bldg., Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write, if interested.

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is good Coal and we guarantee prompt delivery.

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40 do.....	75c
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