

AFTERMATH OF THE BOOM IN HAWAII

ISLANDERS HAVE BEEN SUGAR MAD, FINE HOTELS SOLD AT SHERIFF'S SALE



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HONOLULU, May 3.—(Special Correspondence.)—The Hawaiian Islands are just getting over a bad case of black eye. After annexation they had a real Western boom over here. They tried, in true city-made-white-you-wait style, to make a Chicago out of Honolulu, and, as is usual in such cases, strained themselves in the attempt. It is the same old story of riding the wave too high, with the usual long wait for the falls to fill. Many of the disconsolate ones are still walling and waiting for wind, but the plucky ones have got out their oars and are using their muscle.

It seems a pity that people will never learn the way of the boom and the lesson of the busted bubble. It is too bad that the fair face of development should so frequently be disfigured by the ugly scars that result from these disruptions of over-confidence. There is really nothing unusual about the situation here. It is easily diagnosed as a commercial convulsion of the regulation order. Our Western towns have had them, one after the other, just like children take the measles or the whooping cough.

Sugar the Patron Saint.

It seems that the root of all the evil has been too much sugar. The sweet staple is to Hawaii what coal is to Pennsylvania or lumber is to Washington. After annexation, prices were good and the islanders went sugar mad. Inside of 18 months they raised \$40,000,000 for plantation investment—\$10,000,000 from a community where there are less than 8000 white people.

There is the town in the United States, or in the world over that matter, that can equal such a record. Men, women and children took stock to the limit of their means and credit. The game was played by all hands to a standstill. Sugar was the patron saint of the whole population. Then prices fell and Honolulu went into mourning. If there is anything which is morally certain, it is that the price of sugar will fluctuate. Its rise and fall is as sure as the coming of winter and dry seasons, but for all this the speculators went at it blind, and the limb broke under hundreds of them. Six of the big companies failed and their stocks went by the board with a crash. The rest have weathered the storm and the tardy advance in prices is bringing them slowly back to the dividend-paying basis. Although Honolulu has been hard hit I do not know of another place in the world that, under similar circumstances, would have met the decline so bravely, or got off so easily.

Hotels at Sheriff's Sale.

In addition to the low price of sugar several other things have occurred to make the situation worse. The tourist trade was just arriving at good proportions when the plague broke out, and the easy-going, free-spending American rover checked his baggage through and took his coveted dollars elsewhere. For a time the through liners to the Orient would not even send a small boat ashore in Honolulu. This, of course, deprived the place of much revenue. The beautiful Moana Hotel, where Mrs. Stanford died recently, was opened in the face of all this, and it had to run with empty rooms so long that it is now in the hands of a receiver. The rare old Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which was so prosperous in the days of the monarchy, has just been sold at Sheriff's sale for the same reason. The Alexander Young Hotel, which is doubtless the most remarkable structure ever built in an out-of-the-way locality like this, is having a lively tussle with the inevitable.

Mr. Alexander Young is one of the island's richest sugar planters. At a cost of over \$1,000,000 he has constructed in the heart of Honolulu a modern, six-story, fire-proof hotel. Between the two-story ends of this splendid building is a roof-garden capable of seating 2000 people. The floor space of this garden is one-third of an acre in extent. It has banquet halls, ballrooms, and all the furnishings and equipment of our most modern American establishments. He even has his own farm in the suburbs to provide provisions for the hotel. This enterprise is certainly a monument to Mr. Young's faith in the future of his



HIGH SCHOOL IN HONOLULU



A NATIVE CHURCH IN HONOLULU.

island home, but in all likelihood he will have to wait a long time before he realizes upon his unusual investment.

Ideal Resort for Tourists.

In this connection it is only fair to say that the Hawaiian Islands are an ideal resort for tourists. If the hotels do not prosper eventually it won't be because they are not deserving. An outbreak of the plague which occurred years ago should not scare the wits out of the people for a generation. Havana was a pest-hole of yellow fever for centuries, but people can go there now with perfect safety. And Hawaii is safer than Cuba, Jamaica, or any of the West Indian Islands. The steamers running to it are as large as those in any tourist service in the world. The hotel accommodations are certainly not surpassed anywhere.

There are no fogs or hurricanes or malaria. The forests have no wild beasts and there are no snakes or poisonous insects in the jungles. There is a real live volcano with a sort of natural safety valve arrangement so that it can't blow up. All the earmarks of the old monarchy remain, such as the homes of the kings, the hula-bula dancing girls, and the picturesque flower maidens who put garlands of posies around the neck of the stranger. That the climate is delightful may be known by the mere statement that sea bathing is comfortable one day after another, and that one may have strawberries for breakfast the entire year.

This is said purely from an appreciation of the situation. It is not written as a return for passes or any sort of favors. Too many newspaper correspondents travel around in a complimentary capacity and work their way by exploiting the interests of those who entertain them. I pay my way and say whatever I like, aiming always to tell the truth and do the square thing. I am glad of an opportunity to say this so that my readers may know my policy in this respect. The Hawaiian Islands are a part of the American Union and it pleases me to pay a good word in their behalf, especially when they are so deserving of it.

"We Are Civilized."

Hawaii is not generally appreciated in other respects. Few visitors are prepared to find such an advanced civilization. It is a great mistake to suppose that we have here merely a lot of naked kanakas, the remnant of a monarchy, a volcano, and a few sugar plantations. Honolulu has a gentleman's club which has had its doors open for more than 20 years; it has a college which recently held its 50th anniversary; in its public schools there are more than 600 teachers, and the foundation of the system dates back to 1841. It is a fact not generally known that in the early days of the Pacific Coast children were sent from California to Honolulu to be educated. This is quite in contrast to the situation

in Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines at the beginning of Yankee rule. There, the public school was unknown until we introduced it, and we took over a population the bulk of which was as dirty as it was ignorant. American influence predominated in the Hawaiian group for so many years that it was in reality a ready-made colony when the time came to annex it. The fine residences, modern score buildings, splendid roads and clean, well-mannered people will prove a revelation to all who visit the islands for the first time.

Statistics Worth Knowing.

Some vital statistics may not be out of place here. The distance between San Francisco and Honolulu is 2369 miles. From Honolulu to Yokohama it is 2445 miles, from Manila to Honolulu it is 4700 miles. The total area of the seven principal islands of the Hawaiian group is 6419 miles, and their total population is 254,000. The names of the islands given in the order of their size are: Hawaii, Maui, Oahu, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai and Niihau. Honolulu has about 40,000 inhabitants. It is located on the Island of Oahu. The returns of the last census show that of the entire population 62,221 were native born and 90,780 foreign born. There were 34,141 Hawaiians, a third of whom were of mixed blood; 12,749 white people, 25,767 Chinese, 6,111 Japanese and 233 negroes. It is estimated that since the census the arrivals and departures of Japanese have about balanced, and that the number of Chinese has decreased on account of the Federal exclusion law. Several thousands of Porto Ricans have arrived in the meantime, and the number of Americans has increased somewhat. The number of white people in Honolulu is large, as shown by comparison with those residing in the City of Mexico. The latter named has a population of over 200,000, including 300,000 Americans, while Honolulu, with its 80,000 residents, claims 5000 whites.

School Children Are Mixed.

An examination of the school report of our island territory discloses some interesting figures. Schools taught in Hawaiian have long been abolished, all instruction now being in the English language. The nationalities of all pupils in the schools are as follows: Hawaiian, 698; part Hawaiian, 298; American, 532; British, 249; German, 27; Portuguese, 415; Scandinavian, 28; Japanese, 192; Chinese, 128; Porto Rican, 59; other foreigners, 151; total, 17,313. The national classification of teachers necessary to instruct such a motley crowd of youngsters is as follows: Hawaiian, 79; part Hawaiian, 70; American, 22; British, 56; German, 11; Portuguese, 22; French, 30; Scandinavian, 15; Belgian, 2; Japanese, 5; Chinese, 4; other foreigners, 2; total, 183. The main dependence of the Hawaiian Islands is sugar. Nearly all of the existing wealth came from this source, and it is about the only hope of the immediate

future. Out of the total value of export shipments for the last fiscal year, amounting to \$26,225,304, the item of sugar alone was \$23,310,755. Thus it will be seen that there was less than \$3,000,000 worth of all other domestic merchandise exported to the United States and foreign countries. There are about 120,000 acres planted in sugar on the islands today. There are 71 plantations in all, which are scattered over the four islands of Hawaii, Maui, Oahu and Kauai. These plantations produced last year 47,591 tons of raw sugar, an output 186,432 tons ten years ago—a gain of 271,539 tons since the fall of the monarchy. It is said that the cane grown in Hawaii

is much richer than the product of Cuba and the United States. It takes about ten tons of Cuban cane to produce a ton of sugar, while eight tons of the Hawaiian stalks will easily yield that amount. If the price remains fair, it is expected that the total yield of these islands will eventually reach 600,000 tons annually. Hon. Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, in a report on Hawaii, declared that it ought to afford homes for half a million people. However, if sugar remains the one staple, the island will have no great stability, but will suffer numerous ups and downs according to the variations of the market. What is needed is a diversification of

crops. Successful experiments have been made with the Yucatan fiber plant, a variety of cactus called sisal, which can be grown on semi-arid land. This fiber is used in making ropes and binder twine, as well as several kinds of brushes. Over 100,000 pounds of this fiber has already been produced in a year. It sold in San Francisco for about 5 cents per pound, netting the growers about 75 per acre.

The Spell of the Tropics.

The people of Hawaii have their problems to solve, but they will doubtless be able to work them out. It is a place where a home is worth striving for. He who sojourns here a while is ever loth-

to leave. The fair skies and bright flowers and brilliant shrubs offer a charm that grows the while, and makes other less-favored climes dull in comparison. Only those who know the spell of the drowsy tropics can understand the hold they have upon the fancy. No pictured palm can wave and drone its evening anthem like the one that has its roots in the sand and its crest in the wind; no painter's brush can catch the majesty of the mountain peak at the sunset hour; and no jigger of words can impart the zest that rides with the spray of the Southern sea. To know it for a day is to know it forever. Its pleasing memory never fades. FREDERIC J. HASKIN.



THE PRINCE OF THE TROPICS



Opinions of John L. Sullivan

Ex-Champion Says Things Uncomplimentary About James J. Jeffries.

JEM MACE, champion of England, wanted to fight me four rounds. "If I fight with John L. and he knocks me 'bout it would break me 'art." The rest of Jim's offer was that if I would agree to make it a four-round draw he'd announce from the ring that I was the best man he ever met. Smith proposed that he make the match on the level, that it could be pulled off in Madison Square Garden, New York, and there would surely be a \$20,000 house, and divide the receipts equally. "For that price, you can afford to get knocked out," Smith argued. "But Mace insisted that it must be his way. To humor Mace, Smith came to me, told the story and asked me, 'What do you say?' My answer was this: 'If I tackle Mace I'll do my best, and let him do the same. All the fighting I have ever done has been on the level, and I won't quit to oblige Mace or anybody else.' At we went back, told Mace what I said and pressed him to fight me under those conditions. Jim's reply was cute and to the point. It was, 'Not for the bloody Bank of England.' "Mace fired a number of challenges at me from long range afterward, but he sent this message to my manager: 'Don't mind what I say, I have to make some money, and this way is the best way to do it. It benefits me and it doesn't do you any harm.' "When I was at the height of my career the story was told in all the papers that I was to retire from the ring, and, as a wind-up I would give an exhibition in a theater in Boston, during which I was to knock down an ox with my naked fist. Nothing of the kind was planned, for it would have been brutal to use an ox that way, and I never was brutal. I never knocked down an ox, but I did

do up a calf on two legs. Once in Mount Clemens a fellow who had made himself a terror, looking for fight all the time, attempted to jostle me off the sidewalk. He didn't know who I was, and when I started to give him some advice he called me a name that meant fight, and he made a lunge at me. I put him down and out in about two minutes, and for once he had his fill of fight, and enough to last him till the cows come home. When the people in the place found that his job lots had got the walloping he had been working for so long, they got together a purse of \$500 and presented it to me in a corner drug store. I didn't take the money, but it was explained that I'd done the town a great service, and they'd feel mean if they didn't show their appreciation in some solid manner. I hope the bully behaved himself afterward, for although I refused the money the action of the citizens in raising the present showed that they were ready to pay high for peace so far as that particular bully was concerned.

Why Jeffries Is Retiring.

In the article printed by me in a number of papers on April 20, I gave the tip that I'd make Jeffries meet me before many months or I'd drive him from the ring. A couple of days after this was printed Jeffries came out with the proclamation that he was going to retire from the ring right away, because "fighting don't pay." But what I said and what Jeffries has done together and what do you make of it? Don't it mean that he had a particular reason for suddenly getting wise to the news that fighting don't pay. He could easily put some thousands in his jeans by fighting me, but he passes them up and ducks. And so Jeffries, who began his career by fighting a negro, closes it by sidestepping a better white man than he ever proved himself.

Ballplayers as Scrappers.

I just missed being a baseball star. My stumping ground in Boston produced more good ballplayers to the square foot of mud than any place in the country, unless it's the little town of Avoca, Pa., which I guess has the record. When I first got the fever it was some time before I was good enough to play on even one of our scrub teams, but I came along fast. Lew Brown was a great pal of mine and he showed me a few, and I was offered \$1000 a year for 1893-94 by the Cincinnati club. In those days a ballplayer was expected to know something about scrapping, so as to be able to stand off a crowd of rooters in an emergency. I would have been handy on and off the field, but I didn't consent. A ballplayer today is better equipped for the game if he can handle his fists, as for instance the mix-up Jimmy Collins, captain of the Boston Ameri-

can actor, not a fighter, and a bad actor at that. It's the bad acting that didn't pay.

I am not anxious to pluck any medals from Jeff. Wear them early and often, say I. Of course I am sure that he put me aside and made a sure thing of it by hopping out of the game. But no man who ever saw me fight will say he was ever in my class. I always put my body where an opponent could reach it, if he got that far, and I never invented any serpentine dances and couchee housewife crouches to make it so the other fellow couldn't get a run for the money. Every man I ever fought found me erect in front of him, man fashion, and I've met men who could make a monkey of Jeff the best day he ever saw. Jake Kilrain, Charley Mitchell and a dozen others I could name were better boxers and better fighters than Jeffries.

It happened well for Jeff that he came at a time when there were only selling players claiming to be able to stand the gaff in the heavyweight class. Fitz, who didn't belong in the heavyweight division, had done up everybody there was, which shows how shy the country was of the real thing in the fighting line. Those who remember the times when there was fighting that was fighting will not go daffy over the record of Jeff from the time he fought with a coon to the time he refused to meet a white man, able and willing. It's pretty tough that a country as big and sporty as ours can't at this stage produce a champion with sipp enough to give all white claimants a chance at him. That is where I think a champion should be at, and I proved it for 12 years to the world, and as Jeff takes his place as a has-been he is welcome to my opinion of his performances. Yours truly, JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Not Bothered for a Rhyme.

Japan Mail. Your true poet is never bothered for a rhyme. Addressing a stanza to his innumerate, a young writer was for a moment puzzled about a rhyme for "nightingale," but got out of it thus: "My love is a chrysanthemum And I am like the nightingale. I sing her verses all the night, Unmindful of the biting gale."