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A MODERN MONARCHY

THE LATE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM AS A SUBJECT FOR SATIRE.

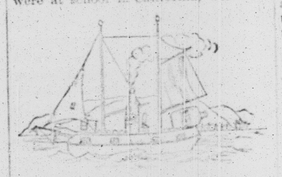
The Extravagances and Scandals of the Sandwich Islands Monarchy—The Poet's Theme and the Artist's Inspiration—A Great Field For Wit.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 26.—Ex-Queen Liliuokalani's off-shoots with regard sentiments, as expressed to Minister Willis, give but a partial idea of this just now famous deposed monarch and her reign. The extravagances and scandals of the monarchy under her late husband, Kalakaua, have been aptly described in verse by Hawaiian poets and portrayed by her artists. A few extracts from the "Greyberg Ballads" are just now of particular interest. Kalakaua and his satellites were known throughout the world for their daily debauches, which led to a take-off upon the mania for creating orders and giving decorations in the imaginary creation of the "Order of the Bar."

All members who are called to "head bar"
May wear a white and green five pointed star
Of good shoe leather—pendent from the same
A nigger roasting in eternal flame
What is yclept "insignia" shall be
The same for each, whatever his degree,
For when all hands have drunk till all is blue,
What matter then a collar, spur or shoe?

After Queen Victoria had celebrated her jubilee, it dawned upon King Kalakaua that his fiftieth birthday should also be fittingly celebrated by a jubilee, so that he should not appear to be behind other civilized nations. He was encouraged in this idea by his premier and his court, who scented a royal good time at the public expense. Invitations were accordingly sent to all the crowned potentates of the world, but, none accepting, three Hawaiian princes, who were at school in California, were im-



THE HAWAIIAN NAVY.

ported for the occasion. Of this celebration, one of the principal features, of which was the historical procession, the poet said:

[illegible]
And all the dignitaries of state down to seals
The royal in
We'll follow right on the royal train. The
drinks for thirsty souls.
And many times thereof [illegible]
the crown.

Probably the greatest and most useless of the extravagances of the late court was the purchase of a frontlet and its elaborate equipment as a man-of-war manned by men from the [illegible] school. The navy had a speed of five knots an hour and made an excursion to Samoa. This was the end of the Hawaiian navy, her admiral and officers. The [illegible] went back into the fruit trade. Here the poet had a great field for his wit, as the two following stanzas show:

A crew for reform, hey! ho! ho! ha! ha!
To train for the navy, ho! ho!
Then, when war is declared, we are fully prepared
For all hostile maneuvers at sea.

Put the grand duke on board, he! he! ho! ho!
His brummers and friends, ho! ha!
Make poker the game and modify the same
With oceans of lagerbaugh.

Another little luxury deemed necessary for a modern monarch was a hunting cart. The artist has lost nothing of the idea, but the utility of the new equipment was thus questioned:

Your grace and peers, I truly trust and hope
with all my heart
His grace may soon be driving in a brand new
"hunting cart."
Just let me ask one question (you'll excuse my
being blunt),
But when he gets the "hunting cart" what is
he going to hunt?

It cannot be for "Honesty"—he's gone away
for good.
It cannot be for "Truthfulness"—he isn't understood.
It cannot be for "Dignity"—we lost him long
ago.
It cannot be for "Modesty"—she isn't in the
show.

Naturally the people who furnished the supplies for all the Hawaiian debaucheries and extravagances were anxious to get some money, but money was always scarce. So persistent did the creditors become that it was found necessary to raise a government loan, and this was accomplished after nearly two years through money lenders in London and at a cost of 25 per cent, as was discovered when the expenses of floating the loan were made public. The loan was procured through Abraham Hoffnung. All debts due to spreckels were paid off,

THE OPIUM BRIBE.

but the people were doubtful whether they had made a change for the better. Hoffnung got his reward as minister to the court of St. James:

Habrahm Offnung, chargé d'affaire,
Residence, 36 Radcliffe square,
Chosen by Gynberger, duke, I ween,
To represent him near England's queen.

Growled we and grumbled at Herr von
Boss,
Threw up our hat when he got the toss.
Freely his tongue wagged—he talked quite
tall,
Trying to "Hector" us, one and all.

The opium license was the most dishonest steal ever perpetrated by Kalakaua. The two Chinese factions in Honolulu each wanted the privilege of selling opium, and the king sold it twice over. He was sued by the Chinese party that got nothing for their money and was compelled to compromise out of his income on the instalment plan.

The first executing of the Hawaiian people in [illegible] time was chiefly directed against his premier and minister of foreign affairs, who was arrested, but finally permitted to escape the country on a sailing vessel. Of him the poet had this to say:

You, rascal, if e'er I meet you with your
fraud!
You pandered to city taste, while "home"
and "[illegible]" applauded!
Already you have lost your hold. Fast waning
is your star.
Go—[illegible] in jaggs's meanest garb—a human "pariah!"

It is hardly surprising that the better element has revolted against the perpetuation of such a condition in Honolulu, the cost of which they have had to bear for years and years.

C. R. DONNOMORE.

THE FREE PASS MANIA.

What It Cost a Newspaper Man to Oblige a Friend.

[Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—"The free pass habit," said a bright young newspaper man to a friend here today, "is one of the most extraordinary mental afflictions I have run up against. Its ravages do not seem to be confined to any one class of persons. The possession of money is no bar to it, and under its potent influence the timidest person will seem to be possessed of a face that is entirely metallic.

"You understand that in speaking of victims of this habit I do not refer to newspaper men, who are entitled to go to theaters and ride on railroad trains and steamboats free if any one is, but who as often pay their way as otherwise. I assure you, nor of members of legislatures or other official boards, nor of railroad officials. Neither do I consider a person a victim of the habit who is not overburdened with money and occasionally gets a railroad or theater pass through friendship and thereby saves cash hardly earned. I think I can explain my meaning best by telling of a recent experience of my own.

"I received a note the other morning from a friend who had come to Chicago on a business errand that would keep him here some days. Besides being a friend of mine, he is what the newspaper crew nickname a 'source'—that is, he often furnishes a piece of information and incidentally lots of news, as time goes. I read in his note that he thought I might have some theater tickets being about unused, and that in exchange for them he would be in a position to give me a piece of information worth the price of admission, if not more, on the first change I got. Now, I happen to be a man who likes to go to the theater, but I hate to go alone. Before I did this, however, I had to make sure that I could get a pair of tickets, so I suggested to my friend that I would take him out and show him the town if he would get the tickets. He accepted the invitation, and I proceeded to make sure of the tickets. I found no difficulty in getting them, and so I suggested to my friend that I would take him to dinner and asked the favor of his company at a well known restaurant. We sat too long at dinner and I barely got to the theater with my note by 8 o'clock. The box office was besieged by a line of 75 buyers by actual count, and I fell into the seventy-second place. Before I had got to the box office my friend rushed in, forced his way to the office and had a lively confab with the man before I saw him. Finally at 8:29 I got the tickets, gave them to him and rushed away to get the 9:30 train to my suburban home. I missed it by half a minute and had to wait till 9:15. I got home at 10:15, a whole evening gone.

"The next day I met my friend, the 'source,' and he insisted upon setting up a small bottle. Now, let me give you some figures of the cost of those free passes procured for a man who has plenty of money and is not unwilling to spend it, but is simply a victim of the 'free pass habit:'

"Telegram to him	$ 25
Telegram to my wife	25
Dinner for self and critic	2 00
Street fare to theater and return	10
	$2 60

"I might have bought the best seats in the house for $2 and saved my evening, which was worth at least $10 to me, for I happen just now to be very busy. But the $2.60 I spent is not all. The small bottle bought by the 'source' cost $1.75, so that the total cost of these tickets was $6.35.

"I know of worse cases by far than this one. A business man of my acquaintance tells me that his young wife, of whom he is very fond, so much prefers to ride on railroad passes when going on a journey that he buys them for her. He is not personally a victim of the habit—in fact, he doesn't get passes for himself when he goes on the road, which he often does—but he knows most of the railroad officials and has arranged that when he wants a pass for his wife he shall send for it, get it and be charged the price of a ticket to the same place as the pass furnishes transportation to.

"They used to tell a story of a Chicago millionaire who would sometimes spend a dollar in messenger fees to get a pass between points when the regular fare might be only 75 cents. I like something for nothing as well as any one and believe railroad companies and theatrical people often make more than they give in issuing passes, but I'm happy to say I haven't got the pass habit as some of those I have mentioned have it. Next time I'm asked for theater tickets by some one I can't refuse I'm going to buy them outright." J. M. DONNELLY.

Drop a Penny For a Fire.

A Liverpool hotel has put in some penny-in-the-slot gas fires. The system is applied to the gas supply so that a fire in the grate can be turned on when needed. The experiment has been tried in one bedroom for 12 months, and the machines are now to be put in every bedroom in the hotel.

LIVELY AND POPULAR

WASHINGTON CROWDS VISIT THE HOUSE AND NOT THE SENATE.

The Newspaper Men as Rulers—The Speech Takers and the Specials—Men of Influence—Bourke Cockran as an Oratorical Gladiator—His Star of Destiny.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—There are always interesting scenes about the hall of the house. For some reason of other it is to the house, and not to the senate, that the crowds go. There is for the average capitol visitor much more fascination in the house, with its great floor filled with men, its noise, clatter and confusion, than in the smaller, more sedate and orderly senate. One suspects that this is so largely because of that well nigh universal love of a fight, com-

HIS CONSTITUENT.

pled with the fact that in the popular branch of congress the debate is nearly always livelier than it is in the American house of lords, is much more frequently embellished with epithets or seasoned with the spice of bad temper.

When the Surface Is Ruffled.

When the house [illegible] visitors are not numerous [illegible] surface becomes ruffled, [illegible] of debate lags, and the [illegible] comes with amazing quickness. Apart from it is as difficult to guess who they are. But in some unknown manner the word is passed round, and from some unknown spots the listeners hasten and the galleries are soon filled. So it was last week, when a fierce battle was waged over the tariff. It had not been expected. No one had foreseen the rattling fire of battle and [illegible] filled the hall of the house with smoke and also left a number of wounded lying on the field. When the new [illegible] began there were only a few scattered in the galleries. By half [illegible] an hour they were filled to overflowing, and men and women, both white and black, were to long lines awaiting admittance. [illegible] all the while [illegible] far more than half of these curious persons were black. The capital of the nation of the Capital City for tariff debate is widely known [illegible] and all sorts of debates, for the matter of that. Day in and day out they constitute a majority of the congressional audiences. True, some of them go to sleep, and now and then an oratorical congressman on the floor below has his periods punctuated by the snores of an entranced occupant of the galleries.

The Newspaper Men.

Possibly the crowd learns of scenes of interest in the house by watching the newspaper men. The correspondents of the Capital City are a thermometer worth watching. At 1 o'clock of an afternoon there may not be a half dozen newspaper men in the house gallery. They are at luncheon in the restaurant down stairs, in the committee rooms talking to members or lounging in their own spacious and comfortable lobby, where they have cheerful open fires, paid attendants and all the conveniences of a private office. It would be difficult to say where the country is ruled—on the floor below or up here in this meeting place of the Washington correspondents. Of one thing you may be sure—when the press men leave their easy chairs, drop their story telling and joking and rush into the gallery something really interesting is going on.

The average correspondent is a great cynic. More than cynical, he is blase as to speeches, debates and incidents. He is so hardened to all these things that it takes something extraordinary to rouse his interest, but if there is to be some real fighting he wants to be in at the death. Thus it often happens that where 10 minutes before the press was wholly unrepresented in the house gallery fully a hundred men suddenly appear. They flock from all parts of the capitol, and even come hurrying up from their offices down town.

Potent Factors.

Visitors to Washington are surprised that the newspaper correspondents spend so little time in the galleries of the house and senate. They wonder how the press men are able to report the debates without hearing them. But as a general thing the special correspondents have little to do with the debates on the floors of the two houses. They are covered by the reporters of the two press associations, men who sit at little tables in front of the desks of the vice president and the speaker, who write shorthand and have nothing else to do day after day but make up accounts of what is said by senators and representatives. It is only on extraordinary occasions that the special correspondents "handle" the debates—such occasions as that fierce hand to hand fight in the house over the tariff a few days ago. Then the brightest and keenest of the "specials" go in for stories that are worthy the incident and suited to the tastes of their journals.

The newspaper men are an important feature of life at the capitol. They are everywhere. Their influence is almost unlimited. They and not the lobbyists constitute the "third house," and it is still an open question which is the most powerful—senate, house or press gallery. If the first two make laws, the third makes or molds public opinion. If the members of the bodies exercise great influence upon the correspondents, so do the correspondents exert great influence upon senators and representatives.

There are many members of the lower house and a few of the upper who habitually seek counsel of their newspaper friends before deciding upon any important line of action, these newspaper writers often being men of longer experience and better judgment than the statesmen themselves. Besides there are the newspaper men who write speeches for congressmen. Not as much of this is done as one would think from the talk about it, but it does nevertheless happen now and then that a statesman induces one of his newspaper friends to put a speech together for him.

A New Gladiator.

The tariff battle of last week brought to the front a new gladiator in the arena of debate. Nothing finer than the performance of Bourke Cockran in that bout has ever been seen here. Mr. Cockran's reputation as an orator was fixed long ago. On many notable occasions he has earned the right to rank among the first orators of the world. But there was some doubt as to how he would handle himself in the heat of debate—whether he was ready enough with retort, whether he could think fast enough to keep pace with the rattling fire of a hand to hand encounter on the floor.

There are many men who make magnificent set speeches, but who go to pieces when the pressure of cavalry raids from the other side of the hall comes upon them. Mr. Cockran did not turn out to be that kind of a man. Payne of New York, who wants to be governor of that state and president of the United States, rode at Cockran full tilt and was unhorsed. Then Boutelle, always impetuous and forcible, took the place of his friend Payne, only to go down with him in the dust. Finally Reed the Terrible came to the rescue and narrowly escaped a similar fate. He was not routed, but he limped a little as he sidled off the field.

Cockran was equal to all comers. He proved himself worthy to race in the same class with Thomas B. Reed, and that means he is among the foremost debaters of the world. It is a pity that a man so brilliant as to be able to excel both as orator and debater should find his public career drawing to a close on account of his inability to live in peace and harmony with the chief of the organization on which he has reflected so much luster. Yet the truth is that after this congress Mr. Cockran's eloquent voice is not likely to be heard in the halls of the big national statehouse on Capitoline hill.

In the Corridors.

Though the incidents on the floor of the house are frequently of surpassing interest, those in the corridors and rooms round about are not less so. It is worth going miles to see a Virginia congressman entertaining a rural constituent. The Virginia and Maryland members are more troubled by visitors of this sort than any other on account of the proximity of their districts to the capital. With campaign promises ringing in their ears, the old farmers come to town, hunt up their members and calmly intimate their desire to be entertained. Though they wear coonskin caps or old wool hats that have been handed down from generation to gene-

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

tion; though the red mud of the Old Dominion clings to their antiquated garments; though they are the sort of people at whom the actors and paragraphers and the cartoonists level their wits, there is nothing for the statesman to do but to take his visitor down to luncheon, show him every courtesy and thus establish at home a reputation for being "a good fellow" that is sure to send a horde of similar visitors down upon him in the near future. Happy the congressman whose district is 500 or 1,000 miles from Washington! For in addition to comparative immunity from such visitations he draws mileage on all his [illegible] journeys to and from the capital at the rate of 10 cents a mile, even though he travels on a pass.

The Congressional Bugbear.

The workers in the cause of charity are numerous in all parts of this country, thank heaven, and the Capital City is no exception to the rule. Almost any day one may witness in the corridors of the house or senate as pretty a scene as the eye could wish. It is that of a party of handsome girls or young matrons "holding up" a statesman for a contribution to some worthy charity. They know their business, because they have been there before. They call him out with a card, which gives no hint of the business to follow. Then they elbow him into one of the window recesses, with which the corridor is studded, surround him and stand their ground with eager eyes, winning smiles and entreating tones till he surrenders. He is a hard hearted or parsimonious congressman who will not capitulate before such an assault. But, would you believe it, there are statesmen so inured to saying no, to denying the plaints of office hunters, beggars, deadbeats and lobbyists, that they are able to resist even these fair workers in the holy cause of charity? It takes all kinds of men to make up a legislative body, just as it takes all sorts of people to make up this queer world of ours.

WALTER WELLMAN.