

THE CHINESE BASEBALL TEAM OF HONOLULU.
The Chinaman is not abused in Hawaii simply because he is a Chinaman.

ATHLETIC CHINESE.

They Are Factors in Amateur Sports in Hawaii.

Honolulu, Feb. 15.—A striking example of the adoption of American ways by the Chinese of Hawaii was given in the field meet sports of the Chinese Athletic Club of this city on the Chinese New Year. The Chinese Athletic Club itself is an example of the same thing. In fact, Chinese athletics, Chinese in athletics and Chinese athletic organizations are factors of considerable importance in amateur sports in Hawaii, and form some of the strongest bonds of mutual good will and the most active means of mutual understanding between the races.

It is a frequent, almost a universal, observation of visitors to the Hawaiian Islands that the Chinese of Hawaii seem different from those of California and other parts of the mainland of the United States. They seem less separated from the white race, and their Oriental characteristics seem less repugnant.

It is a favorite belief of those in Hawaii interested in such things that the difference is not in the Chinaman, but in his environment. Coming here, he met with no unfriendliness, no physical violence because he was a Chinaman, no discriminating laws. Though there has never been a single case of a Chinese marrying a white woman of pure blood, intermarriage with Hawaiian women has been frequent, and the results are said to be almost invariably beneficial. The children of such unions usually have the best qualities of their parents, and these intermarriages gave permanence to Chinese residence here. They gave the feeling of a common interest in the country, and no doubt did much to break down the barriers that in America have prevented the Chinese from feeling the effect of environment as other aliens have, or from adopting our customs and our life.

It first manifested itself in the schools, where Chinese youths felt the emulation which prompted competition with companions of other races. Then, as there were schools established especially for the education of the Chinese youth, these schools emulated distinction in athletics, and sought the laurel in competition. For many years Mills Institute, a school primarily for Chinese, has annually sent representatives and teams to compete with pupils of similar age from Kamehameha School, an institution for Hawaiian youths, and with St. Louis College, the High School and the Punahou Preparatory School, in which there were pupils of many races. In these contests the Chinese, while by no means the leaders, maintained a creditable record.

But these were only the beginnings. A Chinese tennis club, a Chinese athletic club, an athletic department in the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, Chinese enrolled in practically every one of the athletic organizations of the city, and a few Chinese athletes who excel in some particular branch, give an idea of the diffusion of the athletic spirit among the Chinese.

The Chinese Athletic Club is distinctly animated by race pride and an ambition to demonstrate race capabilities and to foster the athletic spirit among the Chinese and develop athletic ability among them. It was organized something over a year ago, Philip Wong, an Hawaiian born Chinese, being one of the moving spirits in its organization and its first president. It has from the first maintained an amateur baseball team, which has several times defeated the best team that could be mustered in the two companies of the 10th Infantry, United States Army, stationed at Camp McKinley. It

is expected to have a team in the football league next year, and a cricket team is in training.

The field day meet at the Chinese New Year was the most ambitious effort in athletics the Chinese have ever attempted here. There were fifteen events, including both field and track contests, and nearly one hundred different contestants. The attendance, which was about twelve hundred, was composed almost entirely of Chinese, and included many of the most substantial Chinese merchants of the city. The prizes were confined entirely to garlands of flowers, and these were presented to the victors by Mme. Chang Tso Fan, the wife of the Chinese Consul. A box had been arranged for her in front of the grandstand, and there, surrounded by a bevy of young girls, all but one of them of Chinese parentage, though all wore European dress, Mme. Chang bestowed the garlands of victory on each winner in turn.

It is believed that this field meet is the first of the kind ever held anywhere, certainly in America. It was under the auspices of a

Chinese athletic club, the contestants were all Chinese, the spectators were largely Chinese, but the games and sports were all American. It is one of the features of athletics among the Chinese of Hawaii that it is purely amateur. There has never been the suspicion of professionalism attaching to any Chinese contestant.

IN HONOR OF STEUBEN.

The German Baron Who Aided Revolutionary Patriots.

Utica, N. Y., Feb. 24.—The fact that an appropriation has been made by Congress for a monument to Baron Frederick William Steuben, to be erected at Washington, and the selection of the sculptors, Albert Jaegers, Adolph S. Weisman and Henry Herring, to compete for the honor of making the design, become of interest to German residents of this country who a few

years ago were engaged in erecting a monument over Baron Steuben's grave, in the town of Steuben, Oneida County. They finally succeeded in this object, and when the monument is completed in Washington it will be the second one to this great general, who gave so willingly of his talents and means to the struggling colonists in their war of the Revolution.

After the close of the Revolutionary War Baron Steuben spent considerable time in New-York, living on a farm that was then in what was known as Jones's Woods, near the East 57th-st. of the present day. After long delays on the part of Congress to pay him his salary, a grant was finally made to him of a tract of 16,000 acres of land that came to be known as Steuben Patent, and was situated in the northern part of this county. Here the baron built a small, plain house, furnishing it with his camp utensils and the remains of his military chest, and the closing years of his life were mostly passed in this place. He died in 1794.

He had often requested that he be buried under one of his own trees, and that his grave should be left to become overgrown with such shrubs and trees as might spring up naturally. He was buried under a fine oak, without any military display, and here his body rested for a number of years. The settlement of the tract, however, made it necessary to lay out a highway through that region, and it was decided to make a new grave, and a wood lot was chosen near by for his final resting place. The plot contains five acres, and this was set aside with the provision that it remain forever in its natural state. To a Welsh Congregational Society in the neigh-



BARON STEUBEN'S MONUMENT.
At Remsen, Oneida County, N. Y.

borhood was given the perpetual lease of fifty acres of land adjoining, on the sole condition that the woods be protected and that the plot should be kept fenced. This trust has been faithfully kept.

In 1872 several German societies in New-York City erected a monument over the grave of the dead warrior, and bears only the word "Steuben" as an inscription. The dense woods upon all sides give it a strange appearance, and the visitor is struck with the loneliness of the surroundings.

GALLEGOS AT HOME.

Unlike Other Spaniards—Legends of Their Land.

"For you must know that Galicia is so poor and mean a Country, that there's no place for bragging." That was the comment of a visitor in 1692 to the country in Northwestern Spain from which the Isthmian Canal Commission is making an effort to secure laborers for the Panama Canal. Some one has said recently of Galicia that "it possesses one-third of the harbors of Spain, and little commerce for them, the most hardy race of people in Spain, and the poorest, the remains of one of the Apostles and the worst government in the peninsula." Things have not changed greatly among the crafty but not clever Gallegos in the last two centuries.

It has been argued that the Gallegos would make especially good workmen for employment in the canal zone, because they are Spaniards, Spaniards, or persons of Spanish ancestry, have been distributed through the tropical regions of the American continent and have thrived. While living in the Iberian Peninsula, the Galicians seem more closely allied to the Portuguese than the Spaniards, racially. They are not Spanish in tongue, habits or manners. Apparently, however, they are well adapted to physical labor on the canal, for, besides being strong and able to work hard and long under a hot sun, they are accustomed to going away from home to perform manual work. In the harvest season one travelling in the Spanish stage coach often passes Galicians trudging along seeking employment in the harvest field. Being passionately fond of the damp, hilly country of Galicia, however, they gladly turn back again when the

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TYPES OF GALLEGOS WHO MAY BE BROUGHT FROM SPAIN TO WORK ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

Their ability to labor hard and continuously under a burning sun is said to be remarkable.

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UP-TO-DATE CAMPAIGNING IN ENGLAND.

A long row of striking political cartoons, printed in bright colors, with pointed explanations in bold type, like that shown in the picture, was used in many English cities during the recent election, with the result, at least, of attracting the attention of thousands of pedestrians.

FOUR NOTED MEN.

Anecdotes About Shonts, Cannon, Washington and Weaver.

It has often been said of President Shonts of the Isthmian Canal Commission that he does not wait for trouble to come to him, but meets it outside the door. It is one of the characteristics which have brought him to his present eminent position. It is well illustrated in one or two stories of his physical prowess. One who has seen his stalwart figure and firm, aggressive face can imagine how an encounter with him would result. There have been such encounters, and they have usually resulted as one thinks they would.

When Mr. Shonts was general manager of the Iowa, Illinois and Indiana Railroad, with offices at Kankakee, Ill., there was in the town a blustering coal merchant, somewhat larger even than Mr. Shonts, who did not like the way the railroad officials treated him. He would make the air blue whenever he thought of the way "them boys" who operated the railroad were "handling him." On one occasion he started for the president's office, with the intention of "cleaning up the place." The subordinates each received a lashing from his tongue before he reached Mr. Shonts's room. When he entered the office of the general manager his immense beard was bristling with rage, and a flood of profanity poured forth with a vehemence that would not be stayed. At last Mr. Shonts could stand it no longer. He seized the beard of the irate man tightly in one hand, and with the other doubled into a fist he pummelled the belligerent coal dealer until he could hardly see and cried for mercy. Then he was released and allowed to depart.

"Not a word of this to any one," said Mr. Shonts to the admiring office force.

The story got out, however, for the coal dealer told everybody he met that his condition was due to an encounter with Shonts.

Speaker Cannon also may be a surprise to a visitor. The person who has not discovered that he has overstayed his welcome may be treated to the explosion of a volcanic vocabulary that will almost literally blow him out of the presence of the famous Speaker. From his language one would not think of "Uncle Joe" as the son of Quaker parents. When Joseph married outside of the sect there was a mutual renouncement, the elders repudiating Joseph and Joseph repudiating the elders. It is said that at this time he began the study of the gentle art of swearing. It was by way of emphasizing his "don't care" position. He was informed that it would not be difficult for him to win his way back into the fold by atoning for the sin of becoming unequally yoked to a worldling. "Simply say that you are sorry you married Mary," said the fatherly elder who went to him with the proposal to return.

"But I'm blanked if I'm sorry, and I'm blanked if I'll say it," was young Cannon's reply.

Booker T. Washington would not be considered a humorist. He ordinarily is very serious. Yet he, like other men of broad horizon, can find humor in a situation. When on his way from Tuskegee to New-Haven once, to attend a Yale celebration, he spent several days in New-York. Some one asked him what his object was in going to New-Haven. In answer he said: "I was a guest at the Lotus Club last season when that body gave a dinner to a distinguished citizen. I had no idea that I would be called upon to speak, but some one did ask me to say something, and I told the president by way of introduction to my little speech that I fancied I had been asked to give color to the occasion." The man who wanted to know asked no more questions.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia has acquired a reputation as an after dinner speaker. His secretary, Bob Grier, also is ambitious in that way. It is said that they have adopted the plan of the late Dr. Talmage, who kept a book in

which he treasured up, for use in his sermons and lectures, the stories and anecdotes which he collected in his daily cruise on the sea of life. Mr. Weaver and his private secretary, being both busy men, and having little time for the preparation of after dinner speeches, pooled their stock of anecdotes and humorous stories and kept the book in which these were written up from day to day, the stories used and those still available being carefully separated. The plan worked admirably until one night, when the Mayor and his secretary were both attending the same dinner. The Mayor was "featured"

speech. What Weaver said to Grier or Grier said to Weaver when they met again is not known to the writer. It is said, however, that a new system has been adopted in the keeping of the after dinner story register in the Mayor's office.

GALLEGOS AT HOME.

Continued from second page.

work is over. Only their poverty could drive them forth. Some have ventured to South America. In Oporto they have been employed

(lie)? Yes, I know that, but what will you? People don't go to hell for a lie!"

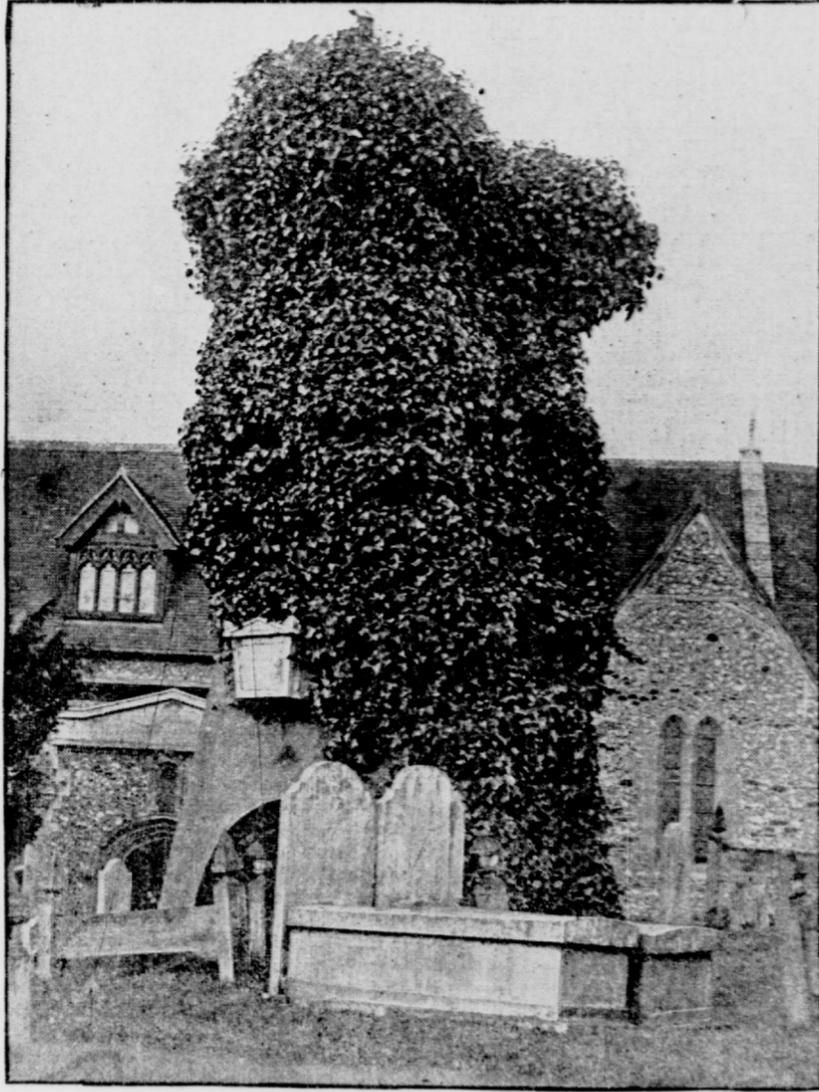
If one is to gain anything from the Gallego, whether he is a shopkeeper in the heart of the Sierras or an agent of a steamship company at Corunna, one must "go for them." Polite phrases and humble requests are misunderstood and misinterpreted as an evidence of weakness. It is essential that one assume from the beginning that it will be necessary to browbeat him. The people of Galicia have been likened to bullocks—heavy, plodding, occasionally vicious—without the charging courage of the bull. They have occupied their part of Spain so long as a people that they have many legends to tell. A large number of these cluster about St. James, the patron saint of Spain, the Apostle whose bones are said to be in the province of La Corunna, Galicia. The country is the great shrine of Spain.

It was in a doubtful battle in the tenth century that the saint ingratiated himself in the hearts of the Spaniards and was selected as the patron saint of the nation. A host of Mahometan infidels had attacked the Christians under Ramiro II, and wellnigh overwhelmed them. Night had followed the disastrous events of the day. Ramiro, discouraged, had retired. As he slept a wonderful vision appeared to him. It was St. James, in all the glory of the blessed. All would be well, the vision declared to the despondent but resourceful monarch. His arms should win. In the morning Ramiro called all of his followers together and assured them that victory should be theirs that day.

The battle began most furiously. Suddenly through the thicket of rising and falling axes and flying spears appeared a figure riding on a white horse and carrying a white banner, which glowed with a red cross. His pennon pointed toward the infidel foe. He "hurled lightning against the half-moon, and the sound of the Saracene drums was drowned by the trumpet call of the invincible name of San Tiago." It was enough. The Moorish host turned and fled, leaving more than 60,000 dead upon the field. So St. James became the protecting saint of the nation.

"BURIED" HIGH IN AIR.

In the churchyard of the little Middlesex village of Pinner, England, there stands a monument quite distinct from all those which surround it. It consists of a tall, square pyramid, overgrown with ivy, through the middle of which projects a coffin made of stone. This monument was raised by a son to his parents, William and Agnes Loudon, as the inscriptions tell. They do not, however, tell why he chose to have his parents' bones poised in midair in the stone shell, instead of being buried in the usual manner. This curious act is accounted for in a strange manner. It appears that his parents came into some money which was to be theirs "so long as their bodies were above the ground." When they died, therefore, in order that the money should not pass into other hands, their son "buried" them in this curious manner and, despite the apparent injustice, his object was attained.



"BURIED" HIGH IN AIR.

as a forensic attraction, but came in late. To fill up the time Mr. Grier was asked to make an impromptu speech. He did so with great success. He began his speech with this introduction:

"Gentlemen, I feel like the man who was to make a speech and asked his wife before he left home what he should talk about. She, knowing him better than the guests, replied, 'If I were you, John, I should talk about thirty seconds.'" Now, it doesn't much matter how old they are. It's the way you tell 'em. Bob told this very well, and it was received with applause.

A few minutes after Mr. Grier had finished his impromptu effort Mr. Weaver arrived, and was asked to unbosom himself of his oration for the benefit of the eagerly expectant guests. He struck a characteristic attitude, and began:

"Gentlemen, I feel like the man who was to make a speech and asked his wife before he left home what he should talk about. She, knowing him better than the guests, replied, 'John, if I were you I should talk about thirty seconds.'" Then, unmindful of the reproachful look of his secretary, and the ominous silence of the guests, His Honor launched into the thread of his discourse. It made a hit, but the guests had more to say about the twice told story than about the sentiments expressed in the Mayor's

so generally as butlers and general manservants that the manservant is simply spoken of as the "gallego."

As for their poverty, there is a saying in Spain that "The Galicians in Galicia, when they celebrate a wedding, feast on bread crusts." They are charged with being beggars, grumblers, lazy, stingy, contented with a crust of corn bread and no clothes to their backs, and with never eating meat or drinking a glass of wine. If the Gallego were only as clever as he is crafty he would be well to do instead of a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water." Lacking in cleverness, he is an artful dodger. It is said that even the gypsies do not venture to pass through the country of the Galicians, lest they should be cheated by them, for they are more tricky and crafty than all the gypsies put together. There is no faith to be put in the Gallegan word, and as for contracts, they be writ in water and bind with the strength of a rope of sand.

If a Gallego is caught in the act of telling a lie, he says: "I tell lies. Who does not? Mentira

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