

BY AUTHORITY. A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the Congress of the United States has declared that a state of war exists, and
 WHEREAS, the desire of the War Department is to recruit the National Guard of the United States of America and the various states and territories up to full war strength, and
 WHEREAS, all men existing since war was declared will be discharged immediately upon the termination of the existing emergency and not compelled to serve a full term of enlistment, and
 WHEREAS, the Hawaiian National Guard has proved itself a leader among all of the National Guards of the various states and territories.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LUCIUS E. PINKHAM, Governor of the Territory of Hawaii and Commander in Chief of the Hawaiian National Guard do hereby certify that every man physically fit and not otherwise exempted from duty do immediately volunteer his services to the United States of America and the Territory of Hawaii and enlist forthwith in the National Guard of Hawaii for the period of the war's duration.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory of Hawaii to be affixed.

Done at the Capitol, in Honolulu, this fourteenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(SEAL) LUCIUS E. PINKHAM,
 Governor of the Territory of Hawaii.

BY THE GOVERNOR:
 WADE WARREN THAYER,
 Secretary of Hawaii.

"PRAIRIE MAN" GIVES MAINLANDERS HIS IMPRESSIONS OF ALOHA LAND

Kos Harris, Here Recently, Is Converted From Opposition to Hawaii's Annexation to United States and Becomes Enthusiastic Booster.

Kos Harris, who was in Honolulu a few months since and was at the time a guest and speaker at one of the Ad Club luncheons, after a return to the mainland gave to the *Wichita* (Kas) Eagle his impressions of Hawaii. These the Eagle published in full in one of its Sunday editions giving almost a page to the article under the heading of "Hawaii—The Land of Aloha." In this article Harris said in part:

"ALOHA" falls in soft, liquid accents on the traveler's ear, as he emerges from the boat on the "Rainbow" Islands.

The Hawaiian language has twelve letters; syllables end in a vowel. The vowels do not work on any "Union Labor Scale," but work at least sixteen hours a day all the year around. Hence, no matter how long a word is, when you hear a native roll it off in his soft voice, it falls as soft on the ears as a maiden's kiss on the lips of her lover, or the "spank" of a grandmother on her first grand child. (We old folks all understand this.)

"ALOHA" is a welcome, a greeting, a goodbye, a farewell, a parting. You hear it on the boat, on the highway, on the streets, at the beach, at the hotel, at sunrise, noon and twilight. It is adopted by all residents of the islands, including Chinese, Portuguese and Nipponese. The bands play "Aloha," the children sing it and the old people hum it. It is the word "Universal," just as the gold dollar is the universal passport in society on the "mainland."

The hearty greetings of the islands to the stranger appears to be natural, not put on like the "handshake" of a politician, running for a two or four year "bread-ticket" at the yearly elections, and then relapsing into the regular "pump-handle handshake" when the ballots are counted.

After Mark Twain paid his eloquent tribute to Honolulu and after Jack London wrote upon the islands and the Ah-Pong family, it is with a great deal of timidity (actual or assumed) that the writer takes his pen in hand (or rather dictates to his stenographer) and gives his impressions of the Pacific sea islands, annexed to the United States, which annexation was equally opposed and condemned, but has now been condoned by the people of the United States.

Individuals, the writer was opposed to the scheme of annexation, but after he reached Honolulu he was vaccinated and it "took" and he is now ready, able and willing, as Artemus Ward was during the rebellion, when he said to President Lincoln that he was ready to sacrifice all of the bodily relations of his wife to put down the rebellion, even so I am ready to make the same sacrifice, before I will consent to have the Stars and Stripes, which I saw waving over the Capitol building, hauled down.

Victor Hugo once said, "Copies never succeed." Therefore, I will saddle my pony, loosen the rein, give him his head and let him wander, browsing grass, while I give my own prairie impressions of Honolulu, as a little child tells a story, without regard to chronology of events or things, as they happened, but just as the memory of things appears on the "photo-plate" of my mind.

About 8 o'clock on the night before we reached Honolulu some one discerned in the distance the light-house, far away in the west, on one of the islands. This light, which appeared like a star, was not land, but like faith, it was the evidence of things unseen and the substance of the things hoped for. Land would not have created any more interest or enthusiasm than that dim light, like a star blazing low upon the waters, that proclaimed the end of a journey over indigo-blue waters, smooth as ice and as tranquil as an inland lake.

At five o'clock the next morning, everybody was up, watching for the lithe gasoline launch to come to us and take on the United States inspectors and the passengers were all ranged up in a row on the deck, like criminals, to be inspected for certain well-known noxious, contagious and "catchable" disease, of which the human body is susceptible, the possession of any one or more of which are known as made an undesirable citizen in the land of Kamehameha I, the Alexander the Great of Hawaii.

"The Rainbow Land"

We know that the rainbow is the token of the covenant that there is never to be any more forty day and forty night downpour of water, overwhelming the earth. See Gen. 9:13-6. No man, woman or child, who has ever read about the rainbow, ever forgot the covenant, when he, she or it beheld the rainbow and the seven original colors. By the way, the said number seven has a good deal of attention paid to it in the Bible. (Seven has a good deal of dignity to it, relating the holy things; for example without taking up seven from A to Z, the following items are mentioned: The world has made, fully completed and dedicated in seven days; there are seven graces, seven divisions in the Lord's Prayer; seven ages in the life of man, the just man falls seven times a day (the numerous falls of the unjust man are not mentioned); the moon has seven phases; the Sabbath year was every seven years; the jubilee was seven times seven years; there were seven horns and seven trumpets and old Pharaoh saw seven kine and seven ears of corn.) This, however, is not an article on seven, but on the seven colors of the rainbow and we therefore pass along.

A writer, who visited the islands some years ago, named the islands "RAINBOW LAND." And as the writer one afternoon beheld the "arch of the Pacific Heights of Honolulu, with its seven stripes, more vivid in color

than mortal painter can paint on his canvas with a brush, his mind was carried back almost two generations to a little old Sunday School, where one Sunday afternoon an old "Mother in Israel" took the infant class to the door and pointed out to them the rainbow and told them the story of the flood and the covenant of the Almighty that this was to be a sign that there never was to be any more flood. (As to the location of the balance of that infant class, the writer has no knowledge, but there is one member of that class who still remembers that lesson.)

And the rainbow caused the writer to go to the attic of his memory and dig among the old memories there and fish out the Sunday school lesson of the rainbow.

Liquid Sunshine

There is on the Islands what is called "liquid sunshine," a mist that is too fine to be seen and with only one-tenth of one per cent of wetness in it, but there is enough to keep the token of the COVENANT of the Almighty in view. Morning after morning, at the writer's window the rainbow spanned the earth from Pacific Heights on the North to the harbor on the South. One afternoon, coming from Haleiwa, the driver called attention to Pacific Heights and there was a rainbow on the mountains, four or five miles away, and apparently two or three hundred feet down from the summit and some distance up from the base, which rainbow was apparently one hundred feet or more wide and three-quarters of a mile in length, with the seven stripes, as deep, bright and separate as it was possible to create them. It looked as if a huge flag of seven colors was laid on the side of the mountain to bring to the minds of the Islanders that there was never to be another flood. And that covenant of the Almighty was still in full force at Hawaii.

The Prairie Man

To a man of the prairie, whose knowledge of water is a spring freshet, a mud dam for a pond, a bathtub or a well, the ways of the Hawaiian Islanders, reaching farther than from Wichita to Kansas City, Missouri, where every visit is a boat and hours or days are consumed in the trip, would weary the prairie man.

It is also some perplexing for the "bred-in-the-bone" land man, who can hardly keep his feet on a decent, well-behaved safe boat to behold a "surfer" on a board, two feet wide and

seven feet long, standing up and riding the waves as they come in and go out. These Islanders are human ducks; presumably they like water and all things pertaining to water, and naturally they should be Prohibitionists by birth, location, education and environs, and by the same token, the entire outfit should be Baptists, though I met a Presbyterian or two on the islands, who had a satisfied or comfortable look, just as though they believed it was predestined and fore-ordained that they were to die and be taken directly from Honolulu to the "bosom of Abraham."

Oleanders and Other Flowers

When the writer was a "kid" (a real sweet curly headed boy) his "mamma" was the owner in fee simple of three certain flowers, yeclet, Oleander, Hibiscus and another plant of the Cati family. These three plants were of the "hot-house" or "tub variety." They jointly and severally took as much care as a teething infant in the fall of the year, and when the frost was on the pumpkin, and the fodder in the shock" they were in more danger of taking a death of cold than any mamma's "Little Willie."

Harsh, rude, insulting and sometimes coarse words and language was made use of in the fall or spring by the man-folks as these tender plants were put down into the cellar and taken up in the spring. These things, in their hot-house clothing and surroundings, were said to be "prize-winners." When, however, they were all demised, discarded, or dead and were put in the "discard," scrapheap and the ash pile, there was only one sincere mourner and that was Mother. The balance of the family all joined hands and sang "Ring around a rosy, goodby, posy."

When I reached the Hotel Pleasonton at Honolulu about the first thing that struck my vision was a fence or hedge, about ten or twelve feet high and half a mile long, of the Cati order, and I was informed that it was a Night Blooming Cereus and that it bloomed some thousands nightly during the season. Subsequently, in walking around, I saw a nice hedge, about three feet wide and four feet high, neatly trimmed, full of green leaves and red flowers. Upon inquiry, this was found to be a Hibiscus.

Shades of United States Horticulturists

Further inquiry and eye-sight disclosed that at least miles and miles of Night Blooming Cereus and Hibiscus grow on the islands, in all the radience of sunflowers on the sun-browned plains of my own beloved Kansas, in the early days.

One day I chanced upon a tree, full of beautiful red, blooms. This tree was thirty feet high, with a top about twenty-four feet across and this was an Oleander.

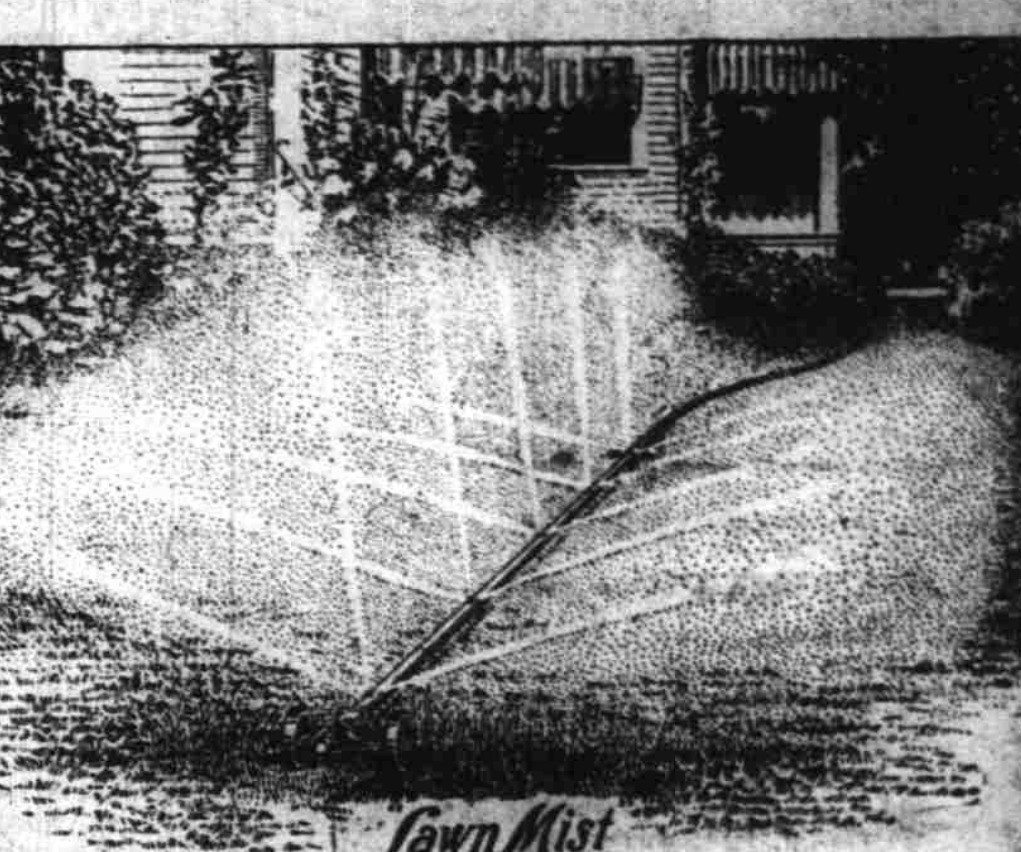
More shades of U. S. Horticulturists who reared, and brought to bloom a sickly thing they called an Oleander, and here there were hundreds of them in various sizes and colors.

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