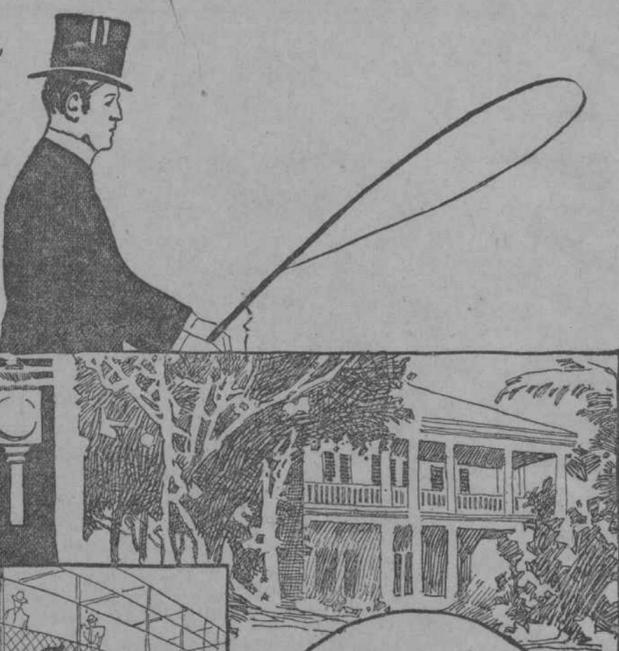


# THE QUEER HAWAIIAN VANDERBILT WE HAVE ANNEXED

## And His Bevy of Thirteen Pretty Daughters, the Belles of Honolulu's "400."



**H**onolulu's "400" the family of one Ah Fong takes high rank. It is the Astor and Vanderbilt portion of the exclusive set, with millions to back it up and thirteen pretty daughters as an attraction.

But it is a decidedly unique family, unique even from the standpoint of a Hawaiian. For there are many queer families in the Lotus Land of Hawaii, where the dusky Kanaka belle marries the blonde scion of a proud Saxon house, and where various brunette beauties can boast of a mixture of blood of a complex blending.

How the Ah Fong family grew and became society leaders and why it is unique is the story that follows:

Mr. Ah Fong, a Chinese gentleman, with the intelligent face of the higher Chinese merchant, left China and came to Honolulu in search of a fortune. Although he found himself in the tropics he eschewed hammocks and was shy of the seductive siesta. It might even be said that the seemingly impassive Mr. Ah Fong hustled.

At first he opened a small store and was an importer, in a modest way, of Chinese goods. Then he branched out and went heavily into opium, and he began to be known as a very wealthy man. Later he invested money in a sugar plantation, and this investment, too, proved a paying one.

Mr. Ah Fong was also prudent and provident, and, although hospitable, he was very different from his Hawaiian brothers who gave no thought to the morrow and sold a piece of land when he wanted to give a "luau" with attendant hula and other adjuncts of a munificence that comes high.

Mr. Ah Fong married a girl in Honolulu whose parents were of Hawaiian and Portuguese ancestry respectively, with a dash of English somewhere in the remote past, and the couple lived happily together.

Gradually the family grew until thirteen daughters and two sons clustered about the Ah Fong knee. Mr. Ah Fong built a beautiful home on Nuuanu avenue, the most picturesque portion of Honolulu, with its palm lined roads and wealth of tropical foliage. The house was large, it had rear-

son to be, for although the family was united in love, it was necessarily divided by its numbers. The house was very handsome, of the Pagoda form of architecture; there were two stories and each had a veranda running about it with pointed eaves, suggestive of China, and very different from the ordinary lanai of its neighbors.

The Ah Fongs had a carriage and a Chinese coachman. Mr. Ah Fong sat in splendor in the back seat when being driven to the wharf for a first call on a newly arrived man-of-war, or other formal function; or handed his daughters in with the utmost politeness when they went for a drive.

Mr. Ah Fong's affairs prospered. He was lucky and he was wise. He was respected among the merchants of foreign birth and looked up to by his own countrymen. He employed one of the best lawyers, and he had the caution and calm judgment of his race, joined with their indomitable energy and perseverance.

Soon he began to send money to China. He bought a Summer place for his family at Waikiki, where the surf rolled up to his door, and where could be found any attrac-

tion that might be lacking in his city house. And Mr. Ah Fong was recognized as one of the wealthy men of Honolulu and a leader in affairs.

One day he set sail from the island and returned for a long visit to his native country. That he did not take his family with him caused much gossip. But the wily Ah Fong knew which side his bread was buttered on. He had no desire to tear his family from the land where his name was held in highest and transparent it in soil foreign to his offspring.

He left great money behind and great interests that were constantly making more money to enrich himself and his family.

Mrs. Ah Fong pursued the even tenor of her ways. She smiled placidly, brought up her daughters admirably, kept open house hospitably and spent Ah Fong's money judiciously and tellingly, every day adding to the family's social prestige.

As the girls grew up they were brought out in turn, and it was a remarkable fact never a word was said against one of them, in spite of their number, and in a place where the half whites or Hawaiians were so often open to suspicion, and often the subject of gossip. These

debutantes were the belles of many social seasons, and always held a high place.

The girls would drive to the open air band concerts Saturday afternoons, the carriage filled to overflowing, and looking like an animated, brightly colored bouquet, its load of occupants gay with their vivid pink, blue, green and yellow sashes and ribbons; for the Ah Fong girls did not care for pale colors. Their plunks were all magentas, and their reds of scarlet hue.

Then the Ah Fong name became Ah Fong. The naval officers were sure of a hearty reception and an appreciative audience in the Ah Fong mansion; in fact, the family kept open house, and the officers were welcome to breakfast, lunch or dinner—or, if between meals, in cooling drinks, cigars and always warm-hearted cordiality. There was sure to be a certain coterie of officers on each ship that were at home in the Ah Fong house, devoted themselves to the Ah Fong girls at dances and escorted them to teas, tennis or wherever it might be.

They were a nice, unaffected, jolly set of girls, admirably brought up, with well-bred manners, always ladylike and not at all boastful or hoydenish. Marie, one of the older daughters, played the ukulele and

sang fetching Hawaiian songs and she was always in demand for moonlight boating parties; the others were variously attractive by reason of youth and a warmth of bearing that plainly imbibed from the islands and alluring to the stranger.

The Ah Fong girls were petite of figure and pliant of feature. They had not the brightness and quickness of the American girl. They were just sweet, pliable, amiable, docile, well-mannered and good natured and lovable young women. They never took exception at fancied slights. Their position was assured. They went to all the large entertainments and to exclusive lunches, dinners or other smaller functions suited to their girlish hearts.

None the less, it was an eye opener to all the easy-going isles of Hawaii, to conservative naval circles when Etta, a round-faced, pink-cheeked, almond-eyed bud of seventeen, just out of school, met and conquered the able officer, gray-haired man of the world, and travelled gentleman, Captain Whiting.

Several of the Ah Fong girls had married by this time; one was the wife of J. Alfred Magoon, an auctioneer, who had settled in Honolulu; the eldest married Mr. Mc-

Stocker, a dry goods merchant, and the younger one was married to a dentist named Hutchinson, and left Honolulu with her husband for a time. This was an unhappy match, however, and Mrs. Hutchinson procured a divorce and returned to her home alone. She has since become engaged to the doctor on a man-of-war recently in Honolulu.

Marie Ah Fong, who was perhaps the brightest of all the girls, married a young lawyer named Humphries, a newcomer in Honolulu.

All fair matches, from a worldly point of view, but upon Etta's young brood rested the laurel wreath; she was to marry in the navy—and a commander, at that. Speculation was rife as to the ultimate effect of this match on Captain Whiting's position in the navy, while it was openly wondered if Mrs. Whiting's lot would be a happy one when she found herself transported to some naval station, where her ancestry was not

the accepted old story that it had become in the land of her birth.

And it was remarked that after the marriage the choice naval stations did not seem to come into Captain Whiting's way, as they had heretofore.

But they were content, for all that. Captain Whiting's devotion to his young wife was unmistakable, and she proved a nice, good little helpmate to him. Their small daughter, not yet three years old, is the pride of the captain's heart, and all went well in the Whiting family.

There are plenty of Ah Fong girls still left unmarried to gladden the hearts and homes of plenty of youth and chivalry.

In the preparations to welcome our "Boys in Blue" they have each taken a prominent part, and who knows how many more Ah Fong girls will, in the future, sail through the Golden Gate to look for the hospitality here that they have always been ready to accord a stranger in their tropical home.

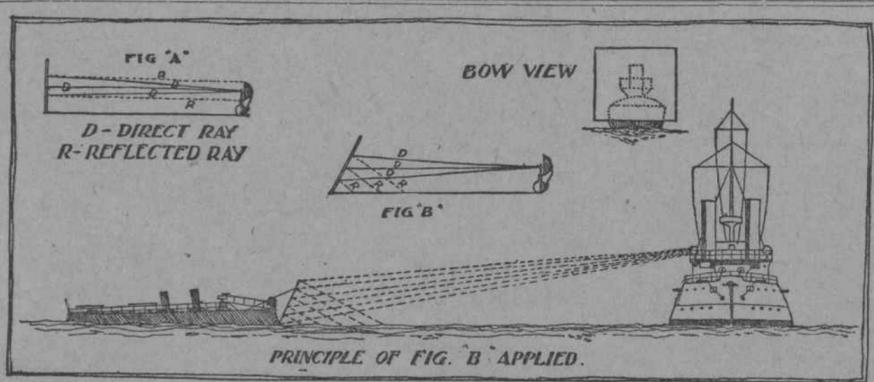
Five of the Pretty Ah Fong Girls Out for a Drive--Now American Girls by Annexation.

### TO HIDE TORPEDO BOATS

**E**XPERIMENTS have recently been made promising an added cover to the approach of torpedo boats at night, and, paradoxically, light is to be the cloak under which they are to approach within surer striking distance.

A series of crude trials were made a short while ago on the Pacific coast, and a navy steam cutter was hastily fitted up for the experiments. While the results, owing to want of time and proper facilities, were not conclusive, still they emphasized the possibilities of the plan, and but a short while now would be needed to put the scheme upon an eminently practical basis.

A large mirror of rectangular form was fashioned out of a number of pieces of looking glass. This mirror was then fastened to the stem of the cutter, and the boat sent off into the night and told to try



### WHILE MAKING AN ATTACK.

In the most elementary manner, knows that light is reflected from a reflecting surface at an angle exactly equal to the angle with which the direct rays strike the reflector. That is, if the light strike a mirror at an angle of 45 degrees the reflected ray will depart from the mirror at an angle of 90 degrees to that of the original beam.

In optics the direct ray is called the incident ray and the rule is: The angle of reflection is always equal to the angle of incidence.

Now, to apply this rule to the mirror at the bow of a torpedo boat facing an enemy's searchlight. If the mirror be placed upright, as in figure A of the little diagram, the direct rays of the light strike squarely upon the reflecting mirror, and are cast back right in the eye of the light and are seen from that station.

In figure B the mirror is tilted forward at a slight angle, and the reflected beams

## A DRAMA OF SYMPATHY AND LOVE AT THE MARINE HOSPITAL.

**Characters:** "Pardon" Wilkins, private Company B, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., wounded, but cheerful. Grace Cooper, a pretty and romantic nurse. Scene: A corner of Ward X in the Marine Hospital. "Pardon" lies in the bed next the wall, with his eyes and head bandaged. The bed to his right is empty. Grace has just drawn together the curtains that shut off this corner of the ward.

Wilkins - Who's that?  
Grace - The nurse.  
W. (with a grunt of satisfaction) - I thought it was that doctor again. What you going to do to me now?  
G. - I'm going to change the bandage.

W. - What for? How often do you have to change the time before you can see your eye, Mr. Wilkins. (Eagerly.) If you want to send a letter, I'll write it for you.  
W. - How'd you know what I want to say?  
G. (smiling) - You would tell me.  
W. (as the fresh bandages are put in place) - Those feel better, only I wish you'd a-left the good eye out. (A pause.) This ain't a letter to my mother I want to write.  
G. (who thinks she understands and doesn't wish to appear too anxious) - Would you rather dictate it to one of the house physicians?  
W. - Not on your life! I don't want to dictate it to any one.  
G. - Perhaps one of the boys in the convalescent ward would write it for you.  
W. - There ain't go-

W. (after some thought) - How long will it be before I can use my eye?  
G. - It may be a month.  
W. (with resignation) - Then I guess you can write for me.  
G. (glacially moving toward the curtains) - I'll be back with paper in just a minute. (To herself.) I guess she's gone. She's a pretty little girl. I like to look at her with my one well eye when the bandage is off. (A pause.) If I winked at her she wouldn't be knowin' it. (Chuckles softly.) She'd be likin' a little romance, that's plain. They're all alike, these women.  
(Enter Grace.)  
G. - It didn't take me long, did it?  
W. (cheerfully) - You were right quick.  
G. (drawing a chair in' to be no type-writer business about this, is there?  
G. (laughingly) - Oh, my, no, I'll use pen and ink.  
W. - Good! (Exit Grace.)  
W. (who does not know she has gone) - An' you might bring me a glass o' water, too. Huh? Will you? Huh? (To himself.) I guess she's gone. She's a pretty little girl. I like to look at her with my one well eye when the bandage is off. (A pause.) If I winked at her she wouldn't be knowin' it. (Chuckles softly.) She'd be likin' a little romance, that's plain. They're all alike, these women.  
(Enter Grace.)  
G. - It didn't take me long, did it?  
W. (cheerfully) - You were right quick.  
G. (drawing a chair to the side of the bed, and arranging her writing material) - home badly wounded, would you love him still?  
G. (leaning forward and speaking with deep feeling) - Oh, yes, indeed I should. I would love him more than ever.  
W. (his voice trembling a little) - An' if he came back with only one eye and with a bad scar on his face, would you?  
G. - Yes! It wouldn't make the slightest difference. (To herself) Poor fellow.  
W. - An' would you want to marry him?  
G. - Yes; oh, yes! It'd be better for the fellow to have some one write an' say he was dead?  
W. - That would be cruel.  
G. - Then wouldn't it be best for him to write and say she was dead?  
W. - Ignoring her would all women feel that way?  
G. - All good, true women.  
W. - Wouldn't it be just sympathy, and not love at all?  
G. (looking far away and clasping her hands in front of her) - It would be love. He ought to know her a noble, true woman, and never even think she would want to be free.  
W. (trying to turn toward her) - An' he didn't, how would he know but what she was stayin' by?

W. - Well, it'd be just sympathy, and not love at all?  
G. (looking far away and clasping her hands in front of her) - It would be love. He ought to know her a noble, true woman, and never even think she would want to be free.  
W. (trying to turn toward her) - An' he didn't, how would he know but what she was stayin' by?

W. - Well, I must get to that letter, Miss Cooper, an' not lie here dreamin'.  
G. (softly) - Yes.

W. - Sure we never calls him Richard - just always Dick.  
G. (in confusion) - Then, you're not writing—that is, you are—I thought you were going to write to— (She drops her writing materials on the floor and bursts through the curtains before her disappointment brings the tears.)  
W. (sinking back on the pillows) - That wasn't just exactly square of me. (After some thought.) I almost wish I had some girl who'd want to stick to me, just so I could a-kept that little nurse happy.