Never are there such departures as from the dock at Honolulu. The great transport lay with steam up, ready to pull out. A thousand persons were on her decks; five thousand stood on the wharf. Up and down the long gangway passed native princess and princesses, sugar kings and high officials of the territory. Beyond, in long lines, kept in order by the native police, were the carriages and motor-cars of the Honolulu aristocracy. On the wharf the Royal Hawaiian Band played “Aloha Oe,” and when it finished, a stringed orchestra of native musicians on board the transport took up the same sobbing strains, the native woman singer’s voice rising birdlike above the instruments and the hubbub of departure. It was a silver reed, sounding its clear, unmistakable note in the great diapason of farewell.

Forwads, on the lower deck, the rail was lined six deep with khaki- clad young boys, whose bronzed faces told of three years’ campaigning under sthe sun. But the farewell was not for them. Nor was it for white-clas captain on the lofty bridge, remote as stars, gazing down upon the tumult beneath him. Nor was the farewell for the young officers tafther aft, returning from the Philippines, nor the white-faced, climate-ravaged women by their sides. Just aft the gangway, on the promenade deck, stood a score of United States Senators with their wives and daughters--