

Men, Books, People & Things by

The many-sided Roosevelt whom personally we love with a tender fondness is becoming each day better understood and appreciated by us all.

His statesmanship as evidenced by his public life from early days in the New York legislature on up, step by step, of solid footing, through strenuous municipal reforms and honorable defeats which were no less victories, to war-secretaryship, heroism at the front and the presidency.

It is the record of long, arduous endeavor and wonderful results; the course of an American man with ideals and the ability to make them practical by the use of inherent powers and the skill of other men.

Yet—all through the marvelous career of vigilant, untiring industry; of reticent, careful, conservative, far-reaching official capacity, we had the impulsive, warm-hearted, ready-handed social man, private citizen, democrat of democrats, husband, father, friend.

Now come his interludes: Rancher, cowboy out West, observer of men and things, naturalist, lover of nature.

Here he is among the red woods of California with his friend John Muir, or there in New York comparing notes with old John Burroughs.

And abroad and expert as those men were, they wondered at the correctness of Mr. Roosevelt's observations.

Roosevelt knew flora and fauna at first hand, too! He had read and studied, but most he had seen with his own eyes the ways of the wild.

"Theodore Roosevelt," said John Muir to me some months before he died, "is one of the most wonderful men I ever met."

He is as present and enthusiastic as a boy, but he sees with the eyes of an expert, and draws his inferences to

and conclusions like the keen philosopher he is.

Most versatile men are lopsided. They don't cover their surfaces. But Roosevelt—well, I felt with him much as I do in the presence of my big trees—awed and attentive.

"Personally, he is much as Lincoln was, a pure growth out of our American soil."

In the last few months I have read several books by and about Mr. Roosevelt.

"Fear God and Take Your Own Part," which I have reviewed elsewhere and frequently used in quote; Ugo; Mr. Washburn's unusual book, and Julian Street's monograph are three.

A later work, "Holidays in the Open," published by Scribner, is another eye opener, refreshing and stimulating without unpleasant reaction.

It explains the admiration of men like Muir, Burroughs and the kaiser for this man.

For, this summer book hasn't a dull line on its pages from cover to cover. It is instructive, suggestive and full of charm.

It is literature, and some of the descriptions are wrought with poetical inspiration and expression.

No one will accuse Mr. Roosevelt of posing for any effect whatsoever, or of being an insincere self-deprecator, yet he has said that he expects no laurels as an author; that he writes only to say things.

While he always says something and never indulges in mere phrasemaking, his style is idiomatic and pleasing. In other words, he has the literary touch.

Nature observes the equivalences. There is never one atom too many or perfect the molecule.

HILO BOARD MEMBERS TAKE "PATHFINDER" TRIP IN PUNA DISTRICT



This photo, taken by a staff representative of the Star-Bulletin on a recent trip through Puna, shows the vine-covered entrance to the Lyman home at Kapoho. Those in the group, from left to right, are Henry J. Lyman, chairman committee on Puna trip; E. F. Nichols, member of committee; William McKay, president Hilo Board of Trade.

The courses of the spheres are measured and certain, and physical entities fall according to their volume.

In men, however, there is a strange unevenness of quality which grades them as great, ordinary, mediocre, incompetent, useless.

Mr. Bryan, who has character, talks fluently and can do several things very well indeed, always fails to be sound on all questions. Sometimes he

strikes a false chord somewhere. He shrieks for the wrong issue.

One of the reasons Mr. Roosevelt stands where he does, is that he always lands on both feet.

He swings to the center of gravitation and strikes an even balance.

Take him on any question whatever and you may sure he is right; that you may depend upon him to act in a given crisis with soundness and safety.

He would never espouse a foolish silver theory.

He couldn't be made to sign silly treaties.

He wouldn't write more than one note of protest without showing a closed fist back of it.

Upon woman suffrage, marriage and social relations generally he speaks with no certain sound, but always with delicacy and a sense of reserve.

And one of the good papers he has

recently written is "The Parasitic Woman," in which he says:

"There are professional females and so-called woman's rights women, who, curiously enough, seem to accept so much of this male attitude as implies that the partner who earns the money is the superior partner and that therefore the woman, who is physically weaker than the man, should accept as her primary duty the rivaling of him in money-making business, and they stigmatize as parasites the women who do the one great and all essential work, without which no other activity by either sex amounts to anything."

"Apply common sense and common decency to both attitudes. It is entirely right that any woman should be allowed to make any career for herself of which she is capable, whether or not it is a career followed by a man. She has the same right to be a lawyer, a doctor, a farmer or a storekeeper that the man has to be a poet, an explorer, a politician or a painter. There are women whose peculiar circumstances or whose peculiar attributes render it desirable that they should follow one of the professions named. Just as there are men who can do most good to their fellows by following one of the careers above indicated for men. More than this, it is indispensable that such careers shall be open to women and that certain women shall follow them, if the women of a country, and therefore if the country itself, expect any development. In just the same way, it is indispensable that some men shall be explorers, artists, sculptors, literary men, politicians, if the country is to have its full life. Some of the best farmers are women just as some of the best exploring work and scientific work has been done by women. There is a real need for a certain number of women doctors and women lawyers. Whether a writer or a painter or a singer is a man or a woman makes not the slightest difference, provided that the work he or she does is good.

All this I not merely admit; I insist upon it. But surely it is a mere statement of fact to add that the primary work of the average man and the average woman—and of all exceptional men and women whose lives are to be really full and happy—must be the great primal work of home-

making and home-keeping, for themselves and their children."

Though a man of action, Mr. Roosevelt is a great reader. He reads largely though with discrimination. He knows the best books whether history, science, travel, fiction or poetry.

I do not know that he cares particularly for verse, but I infer from his temperament and sincere love of nature, as well as from the quality of his prose writings, that he has a keen appreciation of real poetry.

That Mr. Roosevelt lives so vigorously and accomplishes so much, makes it a marvel to many how he finds time to read so many books.

I imagine he has learned how to economize time—how to utilize spare moments, as well as how to read; for there is an art in both.

We are familiar with a picture of Mr. Roosevelt sitting in a railroad car reading "Paradise."

The famous Dr. Pepper read most of his medical books as he rode to and from his lecture room.

Henry Ward Beecher read all his "light books" in odd moments waiting for meals, boats and trains.

Probably, as with most busy men who read much, the Colonel gets his reading out of the time that others waste.

Saving time is like saving money; interest accrues, and when the habit is once formed you find yourself with both time and money.

This is a marvelous world of men, books, people and things, but it isn't often the Lord endows a man who is so constantly alive to this responsibility as Mr. Roosevelt is. If he lives I feel sure that the world is yet to have the benefit of his best service.

1,800 MILES COVERED WITH GEARS SEALED

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Again an eight cylinder King adds another high gear record to its already large score of motor victories. The latest is a trip from Providence, R. I., to Detroit, Mich., and return with the shifting lever removed and the gears sealed in high, the distance covered being more than 1,800 miles.

This performance made by A. F. Justin and a party of five in a seven-passenger King was achieved in the same car that made the 544 mile high gear run from Providence to Providence via Albany and New York city.

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