

HONOLULU, HAWAII, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1910.

Town Talk

BY THE MAN AROUND TOWN

If you happen at Pawa junction when the Waialae car comes down from Kaimuki, you will see it wait at the switch entrance—the place where unsophisticated Asiatics and others jump off prematurely—while the conductor goes ahead to where he can look up the Punahou line, and then if there is no car approaching on that line wave his arm like a semaphore to his motorman. Then the car swings around to stop at the waiting station. Before it proceeds the conductor must go back and close the switch to let the next King street car from Waikiki go along upon its route. What with the scouting and the semaphoring and the extra stepping to and from the switch by the conductor, the car loses one to three minutes, which make a considerable notch in a close-fitting schedule. Why is it all? Because one wet day a Punahou car slid into the junction with too much momentum, and falling sand on the rails or muscle on the brake handle bumped a Waialae car moseying around the corner. It chanced that argus-eyed Pratt, the traffic boss, was on a King street car at the junction when the near smash-up occurred. The scouting and semaphoring rule followed. So, on a small scale, that Punahou motorman did for all the Waialae conductors what Adam did for the human race—namely, brought them a heap of trouble.

No doubt men are prone to blame others for their troubles, yet still it remains true as scripture that the man who has never been a scapegoat does not belong to this world.

Much of Beretania avenue—the newest tentacle of Chinatown, or rather Nipponville—has been made a better roadway than ever before. This has been done merely through scarifying the old surface and giving it a veneer of oiled macadam. It is a decided improvement upon the former method of repairing a worn-down street, which was to dig it up to the foundations and then rebuild it entirely of new material. That, in most cases, meant an early breaking up of the structure through settling and the necessity of repeating the rebuilding within quarter the due lifetime of a properly constructed road. Yet in this instance the repairers have not made the best kind of a job of it. Here and there in the renewed surface hollows have appeared, evidencing scamped work by some of the citizen labor that is expected to return votes for leave to toil. It is not to denounce the laborers, however, that these remarks are submitted, but to plant a suggestion to the road supervisor in the hollows just mentioned. They will become worse before they improve if left alone and be quick in the process too. Now, it will require a minute inspection of every yard of the avenue to find all of the holes in dry weather, but if the supervisor conduct the scrutiny just after a rain every individual cavity will appeal to him with glowing eyes, like spangles upon the skirts of a vaudeville cantatrice. Then let him note the places upon a diagram

of the thoroughfare, and send the repairing gang out to fill them up to grade with oiled quarry stuff. Streets that do not need a general resurfacing there are which are dotted with holes, and the method of finding and fixing them just described is the proper caper. A hundred dollars expended in intelligent road maintenance will save thousands in reconstruction.

Treat ruts in life's highway like you would those along the automobile boulevard. Fill them up before they grow big enough to swallow you up.

That Carnegie library edifice for Honolulu gives me a pain. To think that, with the rank crop of easy-come wealth that this mid-ocean metropolis has brought forth in these latter days, such a self-pauperizing attitude as procured the gift about being received should have been assumed by Honolulu is incredible but for the evidence materializing. What would the little band of now long departed horny-handed mechanics who founded the Honolulu Library and Reading Room Association have thought if some prophet had told them that the monument to Honolulu's poor but proud intelligence of their day, of which they well and truly erected the pedestal, were thus soon to be razed and a structure reared in its stead to the glory of an outsider with no better motive than to have his name graven upon the structure. For it cannot be viewed otherwise. If Carnegie had investigated the conditions of the request for his bounty in this quarter, he would have ascertained that Honolulu was not in need of a library building at his hands. It is long since almost other than ecclesiastical have come to Hawaii, and the soliciting even of such abroad at this day is hardly creditable to its people's self-respect. A country having the largest per capita of commerce in the world in mendicant posture is truly a humiliating sight. It will come high in price of honor, but presumably Honolulu must have its Carnegie library. Yet let boasting of the city's institutions of civilization, self-conferred, forever cease.

Of material possessions there is that makes its recipient poorer. Happy the man who can say that all he owns he fairly earned.

CLAIMS SHE WAS PAID TO KEEP FROM TRIAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 24.—Luetta Smith reached this city yesterday on the steamer Chiyu Maru from Yokohama after a chase extending several times across the Pacific. She voluntarily surrendered herself to the police and was taken to Santa Rosa where she is the chief witness against Dr. Burke of the Burke Sanitarium. In a statement made to the police she claims she was given money to keep away from Burke's trial.

CHAMP CLARK EXPECTS TO WIN

ST. LOUIS, September 24.—"Every prospect is bright for a sweeping victory for the Democratic party in 1912," said Champ Clark yesterday in a speech made before the assembled Democratic editors of the State. The flowery congressman, who has been leader of the minority in the house for two sessions of congress, reviewed the political situation from his own standpoint and analyzed the portents which he saw in it and which he believes to point to a signal victory for the Democratic forces.

His speech opened the Missouri campaign and will result in an undivided Democratic press working along preconcerted lines and for a unity of objects. Clark stated that he believed success assured in the State. He did not dwell on the possible Democratic candidate for president, but intimated, as usual, that he believed the party able to present a better national ticket than ever before.

GIRL'S BODY IS FOUND BURIED BEHIND HOUSE.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24.—Another mystery was yesterday unearthed by the police when they found the body of a girl buried in the rear of a vacant house in the southern portion of the city.

The body was identified as that of Eva Swan, a stenographer who has been missing since the 20th of April. No motive for the crime, if it is a crime, has been discovered, but suspicion points at present to Doctor James Grant and Mary Messersmith, a nurse.

Both of these are held for investigation pending the investigation by the police of the cause of death.

EARTHQUAKE SHAKES TWO ARIZONA TOWNS.

WINSLOW, Arizona, Sept. 24.—A severe earthquake shook the district last night, causing a large amount of damage, but injuring no one. The shock was also felt at Williams.

Pressed Chicken.

Perhaps you may prefer pressed chicken to the salad or fried chicken. To prepare it, singe, clean and disjoint a good-sized fowl. Wash thoroughly, cover with cold water and simmer gently until the flesh is ready to drop from the bones. When half done, season highly with salt, pepper, celery, salt and one small onion stuck with two or three cloves. When the chicken is perfectly tender remove all the skin and bone and shred the meat in good-sized pieces. Boil two or three eggs hard, cool and cut in thin slices. Remove all fat from the chicken gravy, then boil down to about a cupful. Moisten the meat with this, then pack in layers in a well buttered mold, arranging slices of eggs over each layer. Cover with a plate and set a weight on it. Stand in a cool place until the next day. Lettuce sandwiches are especially good served with the pressed chicken.

IS IT THE PRESIDENCY?

"I will make the corporations come to time, and I will make the mob come to time. I shall insist on honesty if it breaks up the best business of the land, and I shall insist upon order under all circumstances."

"The moment a question of honesty is involved, I recognize no party distinctions—or, if I do make any, it is that it is a little more my business to put the grafter and crook out of public life if he belongs to my party than if to another."

Why? How?

These are the questions which naturally spring to the lips after the second reading of these first person pronouns with the accompanying words and phrases from one of the scintillating addresses by Theodore Roosevelt, tossed off the rear platform of the Outlook's advertising car. Many persons are asking them and not a few newspapers are printing them.

Why does Theodore Roosevelt assume, as he surely does assume if his language means anything, that it is his particular personal affair to look after the behavior of the corporations and the mob, and to insist on honesty and order?

And how does he propose to go about these tasks to which he has committed himself?

These are not merely interesting questions. In view of the glamor which surrounds the Colonel in the eyes of a large share of his fellow citizens, and in consideration of the unquestioning acceptance of his deliverances which is manifested in so many quarters, they are important questions. Are we to understand that, like the Emperor of Germany, Mr. Roosevelt is proclaiming himself a monarch by Divine Commission, and are we to expect his going forth, with the assent of large numbers of the people, personally conquering and to conquer all those whom in his supreme judgment he has classified as malefactors? Because, if this is to be the case, there are good reasons why the country should understand definitely. Admitting that the rule of Theodore Roosevelt must perforce be wiser and more efficient than the rule of the people, still it is not asking too much that the nation should have a little notice of the change.

Regarding Mr. Roosevelt's deliverances just quoted as anything more serious than somewhat ponderous persiflage, it can hardly be considered unfair to interpret them, as many commentators are interpreting them, as intimations of his intent not alone to be a candidate for the Presidency in 1912, but to be President the four years next succeeding. In truth, what other meaning can be attached to his "I-will-make"? No private citizen, no slayer of lions, no Contributing Editor, no adviser to all mankind, not even a Colonel, has any power to "make" wickedness flee its tents. Presidents have not infrequently had some difficulty with small attempts in this direction; but nothing less than a President is sufficient to make even a stab at the job. "I will make the corporations come to time, and I will make the mob come to time." And when somebody in the crowd—not the mob—announced that he would be the next President, he "only smiled."—New Bedford Standard.

CONSERVE COMMON SENSE

Shortly before he died Professor Sumner, the famous educator and great philosopher of Yale, predicted the downfall of the Republic before the year 1950. Such a prophecy from such a source cannot pass unheeded. But it is not new. Macaulay and Carlyle had similar visions. Theirs, moreover, beheld at a time when the nation seemed likely to break in twain, possessed a semblance of reality springing from accurate perception. Can we say the like of Sumner's? Is not the present, as we have seen, exceptionally secure? What, then, of preparations for the future? Patriotism is the basis of our institutions. And patriotism in the minds of our youth is no longer linked solely with fireworks and deeds of daring. It is taught in our schools. A new course has been added—a course in loyalty. Methodically, our children learn how to vote, how to conduct primaries, conventions and elections, how to discriminate between qualifications of candidates, and, finally, how to govern as well as serve. They are taught to despise bribery and all forms of corruption and fraud as treason. Their creed, which they are made to know by heart, is not complex. It is simple, but comprehensive, no less beautiful in diction than lofty in aspiration. These are pledges which are graven upon their memories:

"As it is cowardly for a soldier to run away from the battle, so it is cowardly for any citizen not to contribute his share to the well-being of his country. America is my own dear land; she nourishes me, and I will love her and do my duty to her, whose child, servant and civil soldier I am.

"As the health and happiness of my body depend upon each muscle and nerve and drop of blood doing its work in its place, so the health and happiness of my country depend upon each citizen doing his work in his place."

These young citizens are our hostages to fortune. Can we not safely assume that the principles animating their lives augur well for the permanency of the Republic? When before have the foundation stones of continuance been laid with such care and promise of durability?

The future, then, is bright. And the present? But one thing is needful. No present movement is more laudable than that which looks to conservation of natural resources. But let us never forget that the greatest inherent resource of the American people is common sense. Let that be conserved and applied without cessation, and soon it will be found that all the ills of which we complain but know not of are only such as attend upon the growing pains of a great and blessed country!—George Harvey, in the North American Review for September.

Not so long ago a veritable obsession for segregation and centralization of political authority took possession of many minds. The attack was poignant, but not perennial. No longer is heard a single complaint of encroachment by one branch of the government upon the prerogatives of another. The machinery of state, so delicately and so sagaciously adjusted under the Constitution, runs without friction, wholly at all times within the control of the people if they but exercise their franchise. And is it not a circumstance most fortuitous, a veritable blessing from Heaven, that at this time when our court of last resort, the final arbiter of all vital disputes, is being virtually reconstituted, we have in the appointive seat a great and sober judge, jealous of the honor of his profession, keen in discriminating between intellectual, judicial and individual capacities and consecrated to the fundamental truth that this is and must continue to be a Government of laws and not of men?—George Harvey, in The North American Review for September.

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