

THE HAWAIIAN STAR

Published every afternoon (except Sunday) by The Hawaiian Star Newspaper Association, Ltd., McCandless Building, Bethel Street, Honolulu.

WALTER G. SMITH, EDITOR

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1911

THOROUGH SANITARY WORK.

However far the feeling may have spread that a minor evil, if an evil at all, has had to bear the brunt of sanitary attack, the public cannot but be glad that the general health work is going to be thorough. That is what we have all longed and waited for and have expected of the re-enforced sanitary power. We now have the assurance that the moist places are to be drained and filled; the swamps reclaimed as far as possible extirpated and the town made wholly inhospitable to mosquito-borne diseases. If this is true, we can forget the eccentricities of the crusade in its practical benefits; overlook individual hardships in a sense of the general good.

Dr. Blue, who comes in place of Dr. Carter, as adviser to the Board of Health, has a high reputation for sanitary work—a fact which appeals to us the more because his hesitancy about the need of cutting the bananas, as he indicates, when the use of spray might have saved them. Finding the work proceeding he has not interfered, but we may fairly believe, from his interview in the Bulletin, that if he had been here from the start, no such wholesale destruction would have been attempted.

It is with faith in him and in the patriotic sensibility of the Board of Health and the Citizens' Committee that we look to sanitary courses, along broad lines. Honolulu is a pretty healthy place now, but if the full program, which Dr. Blue agrees to, is carried out it ought to be made immune from any and all diseases of an epidemic nature.

Alcohol and Civilization

Totally abstinent races and peoples do not seem to get ahead. For instance, the strip of northern Africa extending from Egypt to the Atlantic Ocean and from the Sahara to the Mediterranean was in the days of Carthage the garden spot of the world. In those days, when its inhabitants drank—some too much, others not as much as they would like, and others not at all—the country was lively and prosperous. Now for over a thousand years its people have been total abstainers and they have proven themselves incapable of self-government.

Persia in the days of her later greatness construed the Koran very liberally, and old Omar himself is indicative of their habits. They were doubtless very bad in regard to alcohol.

Then came a revival, and with it a stricter construction of the holy book; the sinfulness as well as the evil of wine-bibbing was impressed upon the people, abstinence was enforced, and concurrently with this came the decay of Persian art. The wonderful pottery, the embroideries, the tapestries, the rugs, with their sense of joyous life, everything giving the impression that the artist who created it must have sung as he worked, are from the golden days before the people of Persia went to sleep. There is no evidence that the artists who made these things of such surpassing beauty were drinking men. They surely could not have done such work had they drunk too much. We only know as a fact that concurrent with this marvelous development of Persian art the Persians drank, and that Persian art withered and died concurrently with the introduction with what amounted to prohibition.—Elwood Hendrick, in Harper's Weekly.

What Ails China

Newspapers are the most symptomatic evidence of the change in China's sentiments. They have sprung up like mushrooms, to the number of more than two thousand, and practically all advocate the most advanced reform measures. Their cartoons have had a great influence in fostering the anti-dynastic and anti-foreign feeling. As is well known, the Chinese are governed by the Manchus, who came into control in 1644, and who have since occupied the high offices, and who have maintained Manchu banner corps, and pensioned all members of the clan. Every Manchu has been either a soldier or an official, and in receipt of a pension from birth. To be a Manchu in Peking was more of a sinecure than to be the son or nephew of an Ohio statesman in Washington. The common cry—indeed, it was made a veritable battle cry—was that the Manchus were betraying the nation to the foreigners. The newspapers and their most avid readers, who are the students, took up the slogan of "rights recovery," for they point out that the government has lost great stretches of territory to the foreigners and has given them valuable mining and railway concessions.

Now the storm has broken. The people, sober for centuries, and now suddenly drunk with new wine, have gone upon a grand spree. But they will probably sober up. The proved strong men are on the side of the government. If the troops can be paid promptly and well they will remain loyal; for the Chinese soldier's version of the proverb, "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing," is "Whose bread I eat, his foes I fight." Not only is the real leadership with the government (Kwang Yu Wei and Sun, Yat Sen being mercenaries), but the suzerain program of reform has been adopted by it. Soon the revolutionists will learn, what Peking already knows, that the neighboring Power which they most dread has been making a cat's-paw out of the Young China movement. It is not unlikely that at any day now the designs of this hostile nation upon China will openly appear; and in the face of this common danger the revolutionists and the government will get together to save China's national integrity.—William T. Ellis, in Harper's Weekly.

For Associate Justice

While deploring precipitancy in the performance of public duties, especially at a time when conciliation of dissatisfied voters is considered a more pressing necessity, we feel bound, nevertheless, to direct attention to the vacancy on the Supreme Court bench. Some day or other it will have to be filled, and it may not be too early even now to weigh the qualifications of eminent barristers whose fitness and availability seem obvious. Acting upon this theory and in a spirit of somewhat eager helpfulness, we respectfully submit the following names:

1. Theodore Roosevelt, LL.D., of New York.
2. William Jennings Bryan, LL.D., of Nebraska.
3. Robert M. La Follette, LL.D., of Wisconsin.

Of the three, we should say that Mr. Roosevelt has the more quasi-judicial mind. It came to him as a child and has been sedulously cultivated. Our recollection is that he was not actually admitted to the bar, but was on his way to court for examination when Fate reached out a kindly hand and yanked him up to Albany to begin a career from which he has derived no little personal satisfaction. Although he has never engaged in criminal practice, his intimate association in times of need with undesirable citizens, whose proper place he subsequently discovered was in the dock, has proven of inestimable value in forming a conception of the true functions of jurisprudence. It is, however, as a profound student of international law that Justice Roosevelt would rank most high. His keen analysis of the unbinding force of treaties, as exemplified particularly in the case of Colombia vs. U.S.A. (Outlook reports, vol. XXI, pp. 4-11-44), is universally regarded as a combination of expansive logic and circumscribed exegesis such as the world has never beheld.—Harper's Weekly.

The "Odes of Solomon"

How the lost "Odes of Solomon"—which were not written by Solomon but by some one of the earliest Christians—were found by Dr. Rendel Harris in the form of a Syriac manuscript, after having been lost for fifteen centuries, is told by their discoverer in the current issue of Harper's Weekly. Who was their author? That he was a member of one of the first bodies of Christians seems evident, for "most of the creed seems to be involved, but with with extraordinary reticence; the name of Jesus is not mentioned, nor

Uncle Walt

The Poet Philosopher

Metinks that wrestling might be made our finest sport, already, still, if athletes working at the trade relied alone on strength and skill.

There's nothing finer than to see two mighty men in stern embrace, each striving for the victory, their movements fraught with tiger's grace. There's nothing finer than this game when it is played by sportsmen true, when neither tries his foe to lame, or push a fist his features through. I watched two gladiators sweat, upon the mat, while sportsmen raved; alas, my friends, I shudder yet, when thinking how those men behaved! One gave the other's leg a twist until it like a corkscrew seemed; the latter bent the first one's wrist until he threw a fit and screamed. Each tried to gouge the other's eyes and jolt him rudely in the neck; each seemed to think it good and wise to make the other man a wreck. The game would certainly be grand, a game for heroes brave and bold, if all the butcher plays were gained, and wrestlers wrestled as of old.

Copyright, 1910, by Geo. Marlow Adams.

WALT MASON.

the Church; there are no gospel quotations that can be definitely recognized, unless it should be the highly probable case of a reference to an apocryphal gospel. * * * It will easily be seen what a disturbing and difficult factor has been introduced into the region of Biblical and historical criticism.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

E. FAXON BISHOP—The government needs the revenue from the sugar tariff.

ADMIRAL COWLES—I don't believe the Pacific fleet will go over to the Orient.

ADJUTANT KLUGE—I will be returning to my regular position at the investigating station soon.

C. E. CHILLINGWORTH—I had some fine banana trees of different varieties, and I was sorry to have to cut them down.

J. F. C. ROCK—I am of the opinion that the larvae of the daylight mosquito will never be found breeding in banana plants.

GEORGE R. CARTER—We must give more support and power to our board of health if we are to have health conditions as they should be.

M. H. SANDERS—What does the five-mile limit mean? Is it five miles from the nearest wharf by the road or by the air line? This is important to a large number of people.

A. F. COOKE—Up our way the banana stalks are cut off, leaving stumps that will form receptacles for water and produce more wrigglers than they ever did when alive.

W. T. POPE—The plans for the new Lahaina school have been sent to the loan fund commissioners on Maui. The proposed building is a good type of structure, and the plans will probably be accepted.

CHARLES A. SEVILLE—In 1899 I was in Port Au Prince when Uncle Sam was cleaning up the place after

an epidemic of yellow fever. The matter of destroying bananas was left to the discretion of the inspectors and few if any were destroyed.

RALPH TURNER—On the Tantalus slope within fifteen minutes' walk from the rear of Punchbowl are bushes upon bushes of rotting guavas on the ground breeding countless myriads of the fruit fly. It is but little use for a fruit grower to trim back his trees when such conditions prevail owing to the "masterly inactivity" of those in power.

W. H. M. AYRES—The anatomical construction of the wriggler shows that, like the larva of the dragon-fly, it hunts for its living in the water. It is one of the most ravenous and predatory of the minor organisms. It will never be found in the sheathing of the trunk of a banana palm for the reason that, on account of the latter being a repellent habitat, it would starve there.

C. J. HUMMELL—I live on the Kapahulu road, where I have a new house on which I had an eaves trough built, 7x12, L-shape, by the plumber. It had perfect drainage. In my absence Thursday the inspectors came and told folks present that the trough was perfectly dry, with no water in it, but they tore it down all the same. I am in favor of suppressing the mosquito, but when it comes to destroying property in that reckless manner it is time the property owners took a hand.

"Under The Coconut Tree"

By H. M. Ayres.

It's not the yellow fever that the Advertiser has. It is only jaundice.

Look out for the excretingly funny short story entitled "The Town That Lost Its Bananas." It will surely be written.

The Board of Health certainly takes the palm.

Who will the joke be on a year from now?

Go to the wriggler, thou sluggard. By his incessant wriggling he has provoked enough trouble to patcheliam.

No child, the yell you hear beginning "Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe," doesn't come from an adjacent football. It is the slogan of a Hessian horde of banana-slathers operating in the neighborhood.

"Enough of this stalk," remarked an inspector when he ordered the pruning-knife applied to a banana plant over which the owner had raised a discussion.

The banana is a white elephant the trunk of which is causing a whole lot of bother.

Professor Fullatax, brother of Miss Buttina Fullatax, whose contributions to this column are so much appreciated, reports that up to date he has not succeeded in finding the larvae of either night or day mosquitoes in the palm which casts its grateful shelter over this column.

What haven't we got in this neck o' woods, anyway?

The Advertiser is the briskest little sheet in Honolulu these days.

It is reported that Dr. Brigham has applied to the Board of Health for a banana plant which he intends to have preserved and placed in the Bishop Museum for the enlightenment of generations to come. The Board of Health is rumored to have replied that it could make no exception in

the matter and therefore regretted having to refuse the eminent scientist's request.

Why fritter away time on bananas?

The apple banana appears to be doomed but the Blue-field variety is conceded to have a chance.

John Stillman was presented yesterday with twins.—Exchange. Doubtless John acknowledged the presentation with a few well-chosen words.

Where sandal-wood used to grow round Honolulu sandal-wood now flourishes.

Mountain apples: Ice-cream on trees.

The height of aggravation: Small boy to chauffeur, whose ancient car has broken down on a hill. "Will you please sew a button on my pants, mister?"

Since hips that once did plainly show No longer greet the eye, Men wonder if it's really so That figures do not lie.

The story is being revived of the lady who arrived from the Coast and stepped from the steamer with a bunch of everlasting flowers in her hand.

The official bug, insect and parasite sleuth who watches incoming steamers, stopped the lady and stated that he would have to examine the flowers for noxious insects.

"You are perfectly welcome to examine the flowers," exclaimed the lady, "but I don't think that you will find anything on them for they have been dried for over two years."

Whereupon the inspector grimaced a sickly grin and handed the lady back her bouquet of immortelles.

A new pest has arrived in our midst. It is the verisiler who essays to rhyme banana with manana.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE PASSING FRIEND.

Beloved banana, bounteous tree, What have you done that you should be Condemned to die—condemned to death Like some foul weed with poisonous breath?

We can't permit a friend like you Without a word to pass from view— A friend like you—the very crown, The joy and pride of this fair town!

For rich and poor alike your screen Has kept at bay the foe unseen— The germ, the dust, the noontide glare While hungry ones have known your care.

No home so lowly but you kept Your watch and ward—the inmates slept Guarded by you and we surmised You were a blessing undisguised!

But now we hear you're leagued with one Whose very name we've learned to shun— That fruitless plants, swamps not a few Are innocent compared with you.

And yet we're told, Banana Tree, In other lands, the powers that be Disturb you not, but wish you well— What does it mean—ah, who can tell?

Not common minds—only the wise Can understand—if our dull eyes Should open wide, the hidden springs Might be revealed of many things.

But this we know, Banana Tree, Doctors do sometimes disagree And boards of health do sometimes err—

This quite sub rosa we aver.

And quite sub rosa one word more, For science's sake if from the poor We take their best and feel no shame, Let's call it by a proper name!

The old year wanes—the coming year Is full of hope—Banana dear, You may return, may live again, In the meantime "Auf Wiedersehen." ANNA M. PARIS.

FACTS ABOUT MOSQUITOES.

Editor Star: In 1878-79 \$0 the writer was in California and frequently acted as amanuensis for a Sacramento official in his correspondence with Washington concerning sanitary conditions in the Western city. If memory serves me, Colonel Waring was then the officer in control of federal sanitary matters.

At any rate, in the rehabilitation of Memphis, Tenn., where epidemic yellow fever claimed 487 victims out of 1137 cases when that dreadful scourge swept over the extreme Southern states in 1878, one of the preventive measures adopted was the tearing up of the wooden block pavements, with which the streets of the city were constructed.

The doctors then (ignorant of the germ-carrying power of the stegomyia calopus) were just as confident that the source of infection was in that particular kind of pavement as our local sanitarians are that the banana is the principal breeding place for our dangerous pest. Sacramento followed the example of Memphis and tore up such of her streets as were paved with wooden blocks, although they were in perfect condition. I stood on Fourth street, between J and K streets, when the portion in front of the postoffice was ripped up. There was a substratum of tarred gravel, then a course of 1x1 1/2 inch redwood boards, also tarred, and then the interstices between them filled with crushed gravel, tarred and rolled in. A more durable, impervious and sani-

tary roadway could not be constructed. I remember that a rancher a short distance down the river bought the redwood boards and used them to fence in several acres of alfalfa. They were in as perfect a state of preservation as when first laid down.

As to the guilt or innocence of the banana as a habitat or breeding place for mosquitoes, I am only able to judge from my own experience while cultivating that plant for the past fifteen years on my own place, which is a sun-baked slope of black sand, volcanic ash and tufa.

I have grown the Brazilian variety mostly (often erroneously referred to as the "apple banana"), but have also grown varieties known as the pineapple, the red banana of Mauritius, ice cream bananas, apple, many rare Hawaiian bananas, and one foreign plantain, with unusually large fruit, for cooking. As I looked after them personally, employing no help, they were necessarily under my constant supervision.

In not one instance have I found mosquitoes or their larvae in any of the bananas mentioned when stripping their stalks or felling them to get the bunches. For the major part of the year, however, they were literally alive with ants and I have occasionally found the mealy bug breeding under stalks and numerous small ash-colored moths ensconced under the laminations of the stalks. On several occasions I have found a peculiar snail, ranging in length from three to nearly seven inches in length and approximately three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, rolled up in a tangled ball within the stalk. One of these I once sent to the experiment station, but did not learn how to class it. The little lizards, to which Professor Brigham has called attention in his able and fearless defense of the banana, were always numerous among my trees, and as day closed it was interesting to watch them run along the leaves and to note the precision with which they secured the moths and other flying insects. A few weeks ago I secured one with twin tails when cutting down a splendid Brazilian and sent the queer little thing to Horticulturalist Higgins.

I have no intention in writing the above to reflect upon the veracity of those citizens who have claimed that they have found mosquitoes and wrigglers in their trees. But, if the banana is such a criminal in this particular, why did his pernicious activity so suddenly cease during the effective Larnach crusade under Dr. Cooper's administration? At that time I often slept without a net, yet my home was close to a banana grove of over one hundred plants.

It has been stated locally that the mosquito makes but a short flight, yet the Star, as reference to its files will show, reprinted an article by a mainland physician, engaged in mosquito warfare on the Atlantic coast, declaring most positively that it had been proved that mosquitoes traveled over a distance of forty miles. As nearly as I can remember, the article appeared about a year ago.

About the same time the Saturday Evening Post published an excellent paper on mosquito warfare, in the course of which was related the attempt of certain sanitarians to drain and abolish a mill-pond, owing to complaints that were made about its being a favorite breeding place for mosquitoes. The owner denied this and resisted. By a lucky accident the real source of the pest was discovered and the mill owner saved from ruin.

Another statement made on the authority of local mosquito experts is that mosquitoes do not propagate in blackish water.

A few years ago a manufacturing



Comedians and leading man of the Hughes Musical Comedy Company, who will appear at the Bijou Monday night.

firm on the esplanade determined to use oil for fuel and excavated a cistern to hold the oil. At the depth of a few feet sea water percolated in and a gasoline pump was installed to keep down the water until the cistern could be lined with concrete. This was done, but the water still seeped through, and it was abandoned. This cistern was under a shed and its only source of water was from the harbor, and although it naturally lost much saline matter through the process of filtration through the earth and the bottom and sides of the concrete cistern, it was still very brackish. In this water mosquitoes bred by thousands and workmen who were employed there were driven nearly frantic by the pest. The basin was finally filled in and the mosquitoes practi-

(Continued on page five.)

HOUSES FOR RENT.

Furnished.	
Hobron Avenue, 2 B R.	\$25.00
Tantalus, 3 B R.	40.00
Kaimuki, 8th av., 3 B R.	40.00
Beretania street, 4 B R.	65.00
Waikiki, 2-BR	25.00
Waikiki, 2-BR	30.00
Waikiki, 2-BR	25.00
Unfurnished.	
Waipio, 2-BR	\$12.00
Karratti Lane 3 B R.	35.00
Wilder Avenue, 6 B R.	50.00
Wilder Ave., 4 B R.	25.00
Lunalilo St., 3-BR.	40.00
Kaimuki, 8th ave., 3-BR.	30.00
Kaimuki 13th ave., 2 B R.	25.00
Lunalilo and Kapitolani	
St. 3 B R.	45.00
Judd St., 3-BR	25.00
Kalihi ave., 2-BR	18.00
Punchbowl St., 6-BR.	40.00
Kaimuki, 8th ave., 2-BR.	25.00
Young St., 2-BR	18.00

TRENT TRUST CO. LTD.

FOR RENT

AT KAIMUKI, A 9-ROOM COTTAGE, BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED, COMMANDING A VIEW OF THE HARBOR. ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES. \$35 PER MONTH.

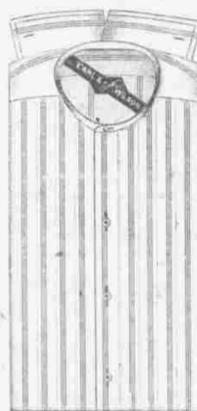
OFFICES

IN THE JUDD BUILDING, JANITOR, ELEVATOR SERVICE AND ELECTRIC LIGHTS INCLUDED.



Hawaiian Trust Company Limited

923 FORT STREET.



E. & W. Negligee Shirts

If you are the least bit fastidious about your dress, you will be delighted with the beautiful new patterns.

\$1.50 \$2.00 \$2.50 and \$3.50.

Silva's Toggery, Limited

KING, NEAR FORT ST.