

# THE HAWAIIAN STAR

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WALTER G. SMITH, EDITOR

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### GOOD BYE!

In leaving the editorship of the Hawaiian Star to undertake another kind of work, the undersigned does so with natural regret at severing old ties with readers and co-workers, yet with the hope that Hawaii may be better served by the change which unites the Star and Bulletin in one sphere of loyal and helpful service.

Whether this is a final good-bye to journalism it is too soon to say; but at least it may prove to be a long absence. And so, to readers who have been friendly and forbearing, to colleagues who have been loyal and faithful, to a successor who lacks no qualification for his duties, to an ownership and management that have been staunch in their co-operation, to the old paper itself, herewith is greeting and farewell.

WALTER G. SMITH.

## The Wood-Ainsworth Feud

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: There is one phase of the bitter feud existing between Doctor General Wood and Doctor General Ainsworth that the press and public have seemingly lost sight of: that is, the victim, or rather the martyr, in this case is the regular army. No matter which side wins in the ultimate controversy, the officers and enlisted men of the regular service will have suffered from the combat between these two "militant medics."

It has already resulted in great injury to the service from the mass of ill advised and radical measures tacked onto the Army appropriation bill, all of which are the direct offspring of the enmity between these two men. Their careers and characters are very similar. General Wood owes his advancement in the first instance to the "Rough Rider conspiracy," which has contributed another notable disturber to the political and military affairs of our country. Backed by powerful friends and with an efficient "press bureau," General Wood, it is said, has "made good."

General Ainsworth's rapid rise in military life is largely due to no less daring exploit than the introduction of the "card index" system in the adjutant general's office. He has also rendered valuable service in private pension claims which won him the good will of Senators and Congressmen.

Both men have had a common goal in mind, to become the supreme power in our military service. To attain this end they have ridden roughshod over all opposition. Some of the ablest and most experienced officers in the army have been sacrificed or humiliated by the one or the other in this contest for supremacy. The struggle between them became crucial when General Wood was detailed as Chief of Staff; one of the other had to yield, and for a time the ex-Rough Rider held the whip hand and succeeded at last in bringing about the retirement of his adversary. Now it seems that General Ainsworth is having his innings and has dislodged his medical brother from the exalted position of Chief of Staff.

In the meantime, who has borne the brunt of the quarrel between these two parvenus. The regular army and the organized militia of the country. In the pursuit of their personal fight if one advocated a measure the other opposed it as a matter of policy. In consequence there has not been one sensible measure proposed during the present Congress to increase the efficiency of the army. It is a well known dictum among medical men that to effect a cure you must remove the cause. It would well apply in this case. Let these two bellicose gentlemen fight it out to a finish on the retired list and give the army a chance to recuperate.

New York, June 15.

## Pajamas

"An Economical Man" from Montclair, N. J., complains in the Sun that he wears out the "trousers" of his pajamas before he does the "coats," and therefore he accumulates a lot of "coats" with no corresponding "trousers." Further, when he wishes "more pajamas" he has to buy complete "suits." He suggests as a remedy that some manufacturer put forth suits of pajamas including two pairs of trousers with one coat.

There is a much happier remedy. Our Montclair correspondent's complaint connotes, presupposes, suggests as a matter of course pajamas. But why pajamas? Is there any law compelling pajamas? Is there any statute requiring members of the body politic to go to bed wearing "trousers" and a "coat"—in other words, a "suit"? Is not a suit bad enough, clumsy enough, uncomfortable enough when worn throughout the day? Even to a casual philosopher it would seem so. Then why continue the discomfort by "turning in" with another suit on, the trousers of which may bag at the knees or elsewhere suffer disrepair?

Pajamas are a fad, unmanly, un-American, unconstitutional. No great man ever wore pajamas. The concept is as infinitely remote as that of a great man wearing flannel, luxurious, trimmed, pruned and gardenized whiskers. Pajamas are not only uncomfortable; they are unhygienic. On a stout man the trousers compel a palpably distressing and harmful constriction about the vanished waistline. On a thin man they are kept in proper place with annoying difficulty. There is no health in them.

Let our economical correspondent from Montclair abandon his shredded trousers, and in the place of his pajamas lay in a stock of fresh, wholesome, inviting night shirts. Then there will be no further lamentation as to wearing out one part before another. A nightshirt is a unit, a perfection, complete, total. And more than this, it is healthy, comfortable and convenient. Clad in a nightshirt neither the fat man nor the lean man has ought to fear. The nightshirt is natural, soothing, soporific. The economical man robed in one of these will sleep deep, without sonority, his soul untrammelled by insistent suggestions of "trousers" grown old and frayed before their time.

New York Sun.

## The Innocent

He got his name on the payroll in 1881 and has kept it there ever since. He has been a delegate to State and National conventions, a candidate for all sorts of offices, appointive and elective. He has been a United States Civil Service Commissioner, a New York Police Commissioner, Governor of New York, and seven years he was the President of the United States.

Tender in his inexperience, he set out to get another nomination for President, only to find himself surrounded by wicked and designing men, who meanly took advantage of his innocence and sordidly traded on his lack of knowledge. Sinful veterans in the base usages of politics came to him and filled his mind with falsehoods, which he, unhappy child, was not able to detect. Guileless, he believed all that was told to him, being unguided by the light of personal knowledge.

So Ormsby McHarg imposed on him and led him astray, and filled him with misunderstandings and misconceptions and falsehoods.—N. Y. Sun.

## Luncheons for Automobile Parties

N. Y. Sun—The put-up luncheon has been improved lately, and automobile is largely responsible for it. To meet this demand New York hotels, restaurants and tearooms have been devising new dishes. The luncheons supplied depend in great measure upon the equipment of the automobile, and especially on whether an ice box is carried.

Some of the most elaborate of the cold dishes for which New York hotels are famous figure in these put-up luncheons. Cold broiled squab, portions of chicken a la Maryland, fried soft shell crabs and highly sea-

## GRATITUDE

By WALT MASON.

I'm glad the people don't insist that I should for an office run; they've tumbled to the fact, I wist, that I don't like that sort of fun. No delegations seek my door to tell me that the state demands my presence on the House's floor, the service of my brain and hands. No patriots come round to say that all is lost if I don't rise and knock the welkin loose today with facts, statistics, pipedreams, lies. I do not list to Tom's or Dick's unwind their campaign rignarole; the stale old game of politics imparts the willies to my soul. I've seen the firesome game so long! I've seen the roorback pounded flat; I've seen the same old shrieking throng demanding this, rebuking that! And always when the noise is done, expired the music and the thrills, the chronic statesmen get the men, the voters have to foot the bills. The statesmen know I do not care who wins or loses in the fight; they know I will not paw the air, or ling transparency by night; they know I will not toot a horn or waddle with the other geese, and so they pass me up with scorn, and I enjoy a splendid peace.

Copyright, 1912, by George Matthew Adams. WALT MASON.

somed minces of meat or fish, packed in individual cases, are all favorites. One hotel makes a specialty of cold deviled crabs which have the advantage of being eaten out of the shell and therefore doing away with unnecessary dishes.

The serving of salad is always more or less of a problem with this sort of luncheon. One tearoom solves it by removing the crumb portion of flaky biscuits and filling the cavity with lobster, crab meat or chicken salad. Long finger rolls may also be filled in the same way. These have the advantage that they are easily handled.

Cold eggs are capable of so much variety that they are always in demand. The hard cooked yolks mixed with sardine or anchovy paste or with caviare are delicious. One restaurant makes a specialty of dipping the highly seasoned stuffed eggs in batter. They are then fried to a golden brown. It takes a good guesser to discover at first just what he's eating. He knows it's good, but further than that he is undecided.

Highly seasoned sandwich butters are responsible for the subtle flavor of many sandwiches. These are made by creaming ordinary butter and mixing it with finely chopped peppers, onions, parsley or cucumbers. Horse radish is a good addition to the sandwich butter, and so is cheese.

The use of nuts and cheese in sandwich making is on the increase, as such combinations are nourishing as well as palatable. Many cereal breads are used for sandwiches, and some have chopped nuts kneaded into the dough before it has been put to rise for the second time. Oatmeal bread with peanuts is a specialty of one tearoom. It is used in thin slices spread with pimento cheese. A favorite sandwich at another establishment is filled with finely minced cold lamb, moistened with mint sauce.

A novel addition to the cold luncheon is offered by one tearoom kept by a Southern woman. These are cinnamon waffles. While still hot they are covered with a glaze in which cinnamon and sugar figure in just the right proportions. So protected, the waffles keep their freshness as they would not otherwise do.

## LITTLE INTERVIEWS

MAYOR FERN—I understand the new party is to be called Pau Ka Iana (no more work).

BLISS K. KNAPP, C. S. B., left in the Nile this morning to continue his lecture tour around the world.

WALTER THURTELL—I am tired of proofreading, but my hat is in the ring for the position of manager of the new evening paper that is coming.

JOHN O'ROURKE—we expect to entertain a crowd of over 3000 at Hoolulu Park on the Fourth of July. And we can do it too. The more the merrier; let them all come.

JOHN MARTIN—I'm sorry to lose the Star. It would've its little joke at my expense but, all the same, it 'as afforded me many an 'earty lart. I forgive it with a tear in my heye.

H. B. WELLER—The Japanese on Maui would like to see Yamogata box and work that he could draw a big house at Pala theater provided he were matched with a suitable opponent.

B. G. RIVENBURGH—If some of the men on the Democratic central committee are also on the county committee, as is reported, it is contrary to the rules adopted by the convention.

BOARDING OFFICER TAYLOR—This politics subject is beginning to get just a little bit wearing. I would

much rather wait and see what is going to happen instead of chewing the subject over every hour day after day.

CAPTAIN LAPRAK (Nile)—It was a little bit rough the first day out of 'Prisco but on the whole we had an ideal voyage. Every time I stop in Honolulu the better I like it and I think that when I retire I shall make my home here.

JOSHUA TUCKER—Some of the buyers of the Kullouou lists have neglected to come through as required and I have sent them notification that unless they do so within a reasonable time their purchases will be declared null and void.

CAPTAIN CHASE (schooner Prosper)—We carried a large load of lumber to Africa from the Sound this trip and are returning under ballast. It has taken us just ninety-two days to reach here from Durbar and we shall get away as soon as the work of restocking the old girl is completed.

INTERVIEWS  
DANIEL LOGAN—The Punchbowl eruption for the Fourth is not altogether a new idea. On the stroke of twelve midnight of November 15, 1888, a huge bonfire on the summit of Punchbowl blazed up, while cannon on the same elevation roared, ushering in the jubilee birthday anniversary of King Kalakaua.

## "Under The Coconut Tree"

By H. M. AYRES.

And Taft left!

The revised version is "Colburn Square That Tree."

Why did the mango? Because it saw the fruitfully.

The police reserves may now be called in; the chess tournament at the Y. M. C. A. is over.

Emily Ho was recently married to Alexander Y. Yee. Yee-Ho, my lads, Yee-Ho!

The local paper which said that the new Progressive party had adopted bananas as battle-flags, was sadly misinformed.

The Moores' favorite fruit: The P. A. P. ain't, of course.

There must be something radically wrong with that Halemauama Java, sinking just before the Fourth of July. No self-respecting American voteano ought to behave like that.

A big drop is reported in bubach sales but the demand for insect powder continues unabated.

The open season for Blue Birds started this week.

Living up to zoological tradition the porcupine fish at the Aquarium fretted itself to death.

What did Jim Quinn say when the bull-dog bit his tire? He was chauf-furious.

How doth the little busy fly Employ each shining hour By in the mangoes planting worms Which we eftsoons devour.

The cheerleaders seem to be doing the bulk of the work at the Baltimore convention.

Cigars are not generally given credit for being musical but it is a fact, nathless, that many of them carry their own band.

Some of the bad breaks that Champ Clark has made quality him for the appellation of "Chump" Clark.

Through the winter the inhabitants of the Magdalep Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence are entirely cut off from communication with the outside

world. To keep them in touch the Postmaster-General of Canada has a weekly news letter sent them by wireless. The letter is sent to the clergy who read it at the close of the Sunday services.

This is certainly a novel device for getting people to go to church.

So there's a possibility that the musicmakers of the County may strike. That's the devil of a note!

According to the gentlemen of the Army, Uncle Sam is running the greatest hold-up game of them all.

I am informed by the city editor that a special delivery letter from San Francisco, in the Ventura mail, was delivered at the Star office only between three and four hours after the ordinary postage letter mail began to come in. This is remarkably quick work. The Honolulu postoffice ought to be reported to Washington for special consideration.

The present weather is warm enough to boil even the political pot.

A boxer who wins a contest by a shade may have had a hot time just the same.

Heard on the Rialto: "You are a mutt!" "Yes, the lim-mutt!"

Every aviator dates his flights from last fall.

Goodbye o'd Star, we're packing up our chateaus,

Scissors and paste and other kindred tools, Tearing from walls the old familiar legends, Plucking the gum from 'neath the office stools.

Cigars and pipes and ancient umbrellas, Atlas and record we take home today;

The Star has set and all its merry fellows From this time on will draw an alien pay.

No more will they, that you may shine the brighter, Scour the town for all that smells like news, Nor will they more at strawless brick-work labor When "Den" demands some "Little Interviews."

Shipping and sport scribe lay their pens down sadly, Court man and sob miss quit you with a sigh;

It's true there's lots of other papers running, Still they won't be just quite the same—good-bye!

Goodbye, old Star, the boys away are drifting, Some 'cross the way and others o'er the sea;

"The Onlooker" with fitting rites lies buried Beneath the shadow of the "Coco Tree."

GOLF, TENNIS, BATHING. Nothing is more invigorating than a game of tennis or golf and nothing more refreshing at the close than a dip in the ocean where the beach is free from coral like that at Haleiwa. Visitors pronounce it the best in the islands and the management of the Haleiwa Hotel are confident that the judgment passed by tourists is correct. At a cost of six dollars and fifty cents one may journey to Haleiwa on the limited Saturday afternoon and return by the same fast train Sunday night and that covers all expenses at the hotel and for transportation. It is a cheap trip and many persons are taking advantage of the low rate.

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