

THE DUTY OF THE TIMES.

The Currency Bill has been passed and signed. This is in accordance with the will of the majority of the business people of this community. Without going into the intricacies of the finance question, which has been talked threadbare, we may now hope for a restoration of business activity. Though there should be a period of dullness before us, it is nothing more than every business center is visited with from time to time. They had their trials on the Coast when money was terribly scarce, and interest was consequently very high. Then people talked of ruin, and protested that the country was bankrupt. But the storm passed over, debts were paid, money again became easy and the march of progress was resumed. Half the battle lies in keeping a bold front to the breeze, and not giving up the fight at the blast of the first trumpet. When the glass falls, and the clouds gather in the sky, the careful mariner takes in his light canvas, makes everything snug for the gale, and then gallantly opposes human skill and intelligence to the fury of the tempest. The crew work together, every man lends a hand, no skulkers are permitted to hamper the efforts of the seamen, and no growlers to preface certain disaster. So should it be with us. We should furl our light canvas in the shape of the remarkable extravagance which characterizes these islands, put the growlers under hatches, set our sails, and keep the good ship's head to the gale. We cannot expect smooth seas all the time, and there is no reason why every craft in this business fleet should not weather the storm, nor have one missing when the skies clear off and the muster roll is called. Stout hearts, harmony, union, and above all, grit and determination not to throw up the sponge while that wily old pugilist "Hard Times" is sparring for an opening, will bring us through the mill without a scratch. We might make the illustration more Christian-like, but the meaning would be all the same, and it is that if the business men of Honolulu pull together, the clouds will have passed away even before we have had time to miss the sunshine.

AN URGENT NECESSITY.

One of the first things that strikes a new-comer in Honolulu, after his eyes have become accustomed to the glamor of the sunshine and the tropical flowers and foliage, is the ill-conditioned ways which he has to tread when he takes his daily walks in the city. The roadways are bad enough in spite of the labors of the Supervisor's gangs, in parti-colored dress, and his huge steam roller. But their condition is tolerable when put in comparison with the majority of the sidewalks. Taking them as a whole, they are a disgrace to the city. We can only suppose that the long-suffering way in which their condition is put up with arises from the fact that no one in Honolulu walks if he or she can ride. The more influential class of people who might be supposed to have some care for the appearance of the town never use the sidewalks if such a thing can be avoided, except in that circumscribed area where Mr. Bampbell, Bishop & Co. and Mr. Grieves have given us a little specimen of what can be done in the way of making foot-paths fit for use. So probably these people who ought to be the first to promote a reform are insensible of the fact that reform is needed, and their humbler fellow-citizens do not like to take the initiative in calling for a change. However this may be, it is a fact that even in our most frequented streets the sidewalks are in a distressing condition in fine weather and absolutely intolerable when it rains. More especially is this felt if one should take a walk abroad at night. Unless the glorious tropical moonlight is on hand to help him see the way, we defy the most nimble-footed individual to go far without suffering from the jar of a sudden and unexpected drop or kicking his toes against some sudden step in the causeway. The streets are supposed to be lighted, but the number of lamps is so small and these are spread over such a wide area that the lighting only makes a "darkness visible." In point of fact, the city is uncared for—it has no head, no government, and like an un-

careed for child, it is rough, unkempt and dirty.

The proper remedy for this state of things is the establishment of some sort of separate government for the city. That is the cure adopted everywhere else, and that is what we shall have to come to here. The streets, like the rest of the highways of the Kingdom, are under the charge of the Minister of the Interior, and, by a curious anomaly, the lighting, so we learn, is the task of the Attorney-General. As if anything in the way of light could come out of the dark ways of the law. Neither of these functionaries has time to attend to such things. If anyone doubts this we will ask him to explain on any other grounds the actual condition of things in the city. Meanwhile, Ministers are fighting to keep their seats, and the Opposition are intent on driving them out, and "there is no help for Israel." Another session will go by, and nothing will be done. The Assembly has strictly kept to itself the right of creating municipal corporations—at least such we are informed is the interpretation put upon the law by those who are supposed to be learned therein. It would be greatly to his credit if any influential man in the Assembly would abstain from spending his energies fighting for or against Gibson, Spreckels, or the King for just so long as it will take him to frame and push through the House a simple Act giving a city government to Honolulu. We do not suppose he would find it difficult to get his bill passed if he were but sufficiently conservative in his propositions, and let the business men and property-owners have a good say in the management of things.

MR. SMITH'S DISCLAIMER.

We print in another column a communication from Hon. W. O. Smith. Mr. Smith claims that we have done him an injustice, denies the *Bulletin* miracle, indignantly disavows our assertion that he is one of the editors of that charming and entertaining sheet, and humbly falls back into the ranks of those who only occasionally write for the newspapers. He has, he allows, contributed to the *Bulletin*, and is ready to be responsible for all his utterances in that journal. Alas! how shall we pick Mr. Smith's editorials, locals, poems, or communications from those of the other fourteen editorial writers and contributors to our chaste little evening contemporary. They are not signed with the name of Mr. Smith, and thus we are cast on a vast sea of conjecture to discover where Mr. Smith's hand appears, where the deacons sub-deacons, laymen, lawyers, ex-office holders, hot-livered office seekers, pure-minded patriots and all the *omnium gatherum* upon whom the *Bulletin* relies for its mental fodder.

Frankly, we are glad that Mr. Smith's feelings were irritated because we set him down as a *Bulletin* editor. It shows manliness against unmerited reproach, a determination to set himself all right with this community, an earnest protest against the grievous sin of which we unwittingly accused that honorable gentleman. It is human to err. All the sons of men have their weaknesses and follies. The stain of original sin clings to us all, and the trail of the serpent is visible in the fairest gardens of life. But few men, no matter how open their natures, or how candidly they might plead guilty to sin and error, would willingly acknowledge that they had fallen to the level of editorial writing for the *Bulletin*. Mr. Smith does not, and we rejoice in the fact, and most gladly do we tender him our apology for the error he has most courteously explained. We doubt even if some of those darksome deacons, to whom we have lightly referred, would confess to being *Bulletin* editors, no matter how grievously, in the retirement of their closets, they might sob out their repentance to their Maker for having so ruthlessly stained their immortal souls. As we have stated above, Mr. Smith's explanation appears in another column.

The *Pull Moll Gazette* has been putting impertinent questions to the play writers, and naturally it has received impertinent answers. It wants the gentlemen who write plays

to tell how they do it. In reply Mr. Gilbert says that he always begins by getting something to exploit—either an actor or an idea, and then he sets to work simply to exploit that; but he always begins at the end and creates his denouement first. Mr. Pinero's first concern is to escape the condemnation of the censor. That accomplished, he designs his scenes, his personages and his exits and entrances. Then he writes his dialogue. Mr. Albany begins with a contract. He gets some manager to sign his name to an agreement which binds him to produce the play when written, and having secured that much of success he writes whatever comes into his head. This plan is specially commended to beginners. It is pretty sure to prevent them from beginning, and there is great pain in that. But all these replies are mere make shifts and concealments. The real process of making a play is simple and perfectly well known. A clever Frenchman cribs a good plot and dialogue from some one of the older English dramatists, whose works are not regarded as "proper" in modern England. He tricks it out in French clothes, and makes a "great Parisian success" of it. Then the English dramatist replevies the piece, translates it, fumigates it, steals a new title for it from some novelist, and the play is written. It is all as simple as Blaine booming.

The unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, who fell a victim in Mexico to the ambition of Napoleon III, whose schemes were thwarted at last by the success of our own war for the integrity of the Union, has, till recently, had no substantial memorial in the country in which he perished. The Government of the Province of Ontario has now erected a large monument of red sandstone upon the spot where he was shot in 1867. The place was marked by a pyramid of stones, which were disappearing under a demand for souvenirs by his old soldiers. The coffin is in the Government House, but tourists have chipped a good many pieces of wood from it. The monastery of Santa Cruz, where Maximilian was confined before his execution, is falling into decay, and the rooms he occupied can be with difficulty reached. Two months ago, Monseigneur Soria, who received the last confession of the unfortunate Emperor, followed him to the grave.

The *Bulletin* pleasantly attributes the ownership of this paper to Claus Spreckels. The *Bulletin* knows it does not speak the truth; but it does know that the ADVERTISER is the property of Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, and that Mr. Spreckels has no interest in it whatever. Mr. Spreckels does not believe in newspaper ownership, is quite indifferent to newspaper attacks, and wants no stock in newspapers. Indeed we know of one of our contemporaries holding forth the most brilliant inducements to Mr. Spreckels to come into the fold and take some scrip, but that gentleman preferred remaining outside. The *Bulletin* is well aware that Mr. E. C. Macfarlane purchased the ADVERTISER from its former proprietors—that it is leased to nobody, owes allegiance to nobody, is nobody's organ; but is simply an independent journal whose policy is to advance the interests of these Islands, and to promote the prosperity of this community.

The *Hawaiian* takes us to task for giving some useful household recipes. Our contemporary is justly indignant, because we neglected to suggest how rice should be boiled, so it might copy the article for the benefit of its Chinese stockholders. We are not in that line. It is only fair that the *Hawaiian* should look after the Chinese culinary interests itself. By the way, some of those same *Hawaiian* shareholders made night hideous last evening by serenading a moon-eyed belle on Nuuanu street with their abominable fiddles. Our contemporary should give them a hint to shut down on those serenades.

The *Mariposa* took away a number of passengers yesterday to the Coast. The sojourner in these Islands quickly enters into the Arcadian mood of the *Hawaiian*. He bedecks himself with flowers about his neck and his hat, and bubbles over with sentiment. In the case of some hard-shelled old Yankee whose sensibilities never soared beyond sanding the sugar of

an unsuspecting customer, this display is amusing. The grim, nutmeg-grater face of the commercial American peering from a *lei* frame is a curious mixture of the hard, practical North and the pretty poesy of the tropics.

The *Glasgow Herald* thus diagnoses the present condition and outlook of the markets of the world: "It may to some extent be true that the united production of beet and cane sugar has for the time got beyond the world's demands, but even this statement requires modification, for a large proportion of the increase in the available stock is due to the fact that many of the crops this season have been forwarded by steamer instead of sailing vessel as formerly, bringing the sugar much earlier into consuming markets. The manufacture of the beet crop has also been compressed into a shorter time. It is therefore probable that the visible supply, which used to be the largest in July and August, has already reached its maximum in March and April. The production of beet sugar has increased very rapidly, but it is worth noting that both France and Austria, after having the industries fostered by bounties, which, to a large extent, are withdrawn, have receded rather than increased. In Germany the tax on the roots is to be increased and the drawback on exported sugars reduced, so that the fabricants will not, in the season of 1884-85, have the bounty referred to. The crops of 1882-83 and 1883-84 have been also unprecedentedly large.

We notice with pleasure an improvement in the tone of the Opposition journals. We hope this healthy change will extend to every member of that party, and that now having laid their case before the King, they will proceed as rapidly as possible with the legislation of the country, and trust the rest to His Majesty. If at the end of the session, he may choose to make some changes in the Cabinet, we are sure that they will be judicious and necessary ones. There may be room for improvements, as indeed there is in all government machinery, but this is not the time to enter into the distractions that the consideration of these charges would involve. The minority can certainly commit no error now while the Legislature is in session, and the Opposition has done all it is possible to do in making out the case for the prosecution. The King is the arbiter, the documents are in his hands, and therefore let us abide by his judgment. We see no necessity in re-opening the matter, but there is urgent need that the business which has accumulated on the House, should be handled with intelligence and dispatch.

While Mr. Dole was in the middle of a profound argument in the House yesterday, the clock showed symptoms of weakness. When Mr. W. O. Smith rose to the discussion of the Subsidy Bill, it stopped altogether. It is due to Mr. Smith to state that he paid no attention to the clock's remonstrance, but went right on to the bitter end. The works of this sensitive time keeper will be oiled up this morning to brace it against the wear and tear of this eloquence.

AMIDST the curlish ponderosity of the *Press* is one gleam of humor, and that is its thrust at the *Hawaiian* for its claims to have defeated the Bank Charter Bill. The bill was defeated by the good sense of the people who could not submit to such a sweeping document. And, so far as newspaper help went, the ADVERTISER's analysis and censure of the bill went further than any of the attacks of its contemporaries.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Hawaiian*, keeps steadily on saying severe things about this journal:

"We would suggest, however, to our contemporary that, not having anything to write about, it should take up the Portuguese interests here."

Now this is a nice trap to lay for us. Having entered into bonds to stand by the Chinese in consideration of a certain amount of stock, part paid up, the *Hawaiian* is anxious to dump us into a similar mud-hole. But we refuse to be dumped. We can not only exist, but prosper without Chinese or Portuguese. And

then, if we were supported by those people, we could never talk about the workingmen's interests with a stiff upper lip. If our stock were in the hands of the Chinese and Portuguese, we might be suspected of sinister motives should we speak of the rights of laborers and mechanics on these Islands. And whenever the *Hawaiian* blows the workingman's horn it sounds in our ears shockingly like the Chinese clarinet.

We really fail to see why the newspapers of this city do not cease warring one with the other, and devote themselves to discussing the important issues of the day. The weeklies are even more given to this sort of levity than the evening journals, and gabble about each other's affairs with disgusting flippancy. The *Hawaiian* sits back and combs its Chinese queue with a pitiful complacency, and congratulates itself on having beaten the Bank Charter Bill, while the *Saturday Press* steals, from an attention divided between the Bible and the bottle, time enough to call the ADVERTISER hard names. All this should cease. It is not right to occupy the subscribers' leisure with this vain abuse. Newspaper quarrelling, and newspaper personalities, should be avoided. The afternoon and weekly Press of this city should assume a more dignified tone, and if they cannot be altogether respectable, be as respectable as they can.

THE ADVERTISER was discussed at a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association last Thursday and there appeared to be a disposition on the part of some to regard this newspaper as a profane journal. This is a mistake. We do not believe in speaking disrespectfully of any thing of a religious nature, and have no sympathy with those jests which are based upon the religious convictions of any sect or creed. Nor has there ever appeared in the columns of this journal a line which might be so construed, no matter what our enemies may say to the contrary. In this some gentlemen present at that meeting did us an injustice. Any association which has for its object the improvement of morals, and the observance of the social and religious laws, has our hearty support and co-operation.

THE fund for the purchase of an organ for the Sisters at the Leper Hospital has now swelled to \$109, leaving \$291 to be subscribed before the instrument can be purchased. The figure heretofore on the lists at the *Hawaiian* and ADVERTISER offices has been limited to \$1; but now, in order to hurry the matter up, we will take anything the subscribers are willing to give. We hope that before the departure of the next steamer for the Coast we shall have a \$300 draft to send for the organ. We have already spoken of the great pleasure these unfortunates would reap from this gift, and the *Hawaiian*, which has been most energetic in this worthy project, has the contract to do all the tearful gushing necessary to move the charitable.

THE *Bulletin* calls Colonel Spreckels a Philistine. And it is red-hot after the Colonel with that weapon which proved so formidable to Philistines in biblical days—the jawbone of an ass.

UP to the hour of going to press, we have anxiously awaited a communication from Mr. W. O. Smith. We read in the *Bulletin*, last Friday a pretty little brochure in which the name of the editor of this paper was profanely threatened, and we marvelled much if it came from the pen of W. O. Smith. We recognize in Mr. W. O. Smith much of that material which goes to make a great statesman, and we admire his knowledge of banana culture, and the delightful harmony existing between our statesman's ideas on this subject, and the ideas expressed in the *Bulletin*. Sometimes we are vain enough to think that if Mr. W. O. Smith could take some strong purgatives, and then train with a different crowd, there are in him the materials of a good fellow which might be nourished into glorious fruition. We entertain the sunniest hopes for the future of Mr. W. O. Smith.