

# WORKS HARM TO HAWAII

## Some Knocking Newspaper Faker Fools the New York Herald.

For some little time past the New York Herald has been galled systematically by some weird fakir in Honolulu, who has been piling up a pretty big space bill by making a monkey of the great American newspaper. So long, however, as this was confined to silly rot like the red shrimp rain story from Hilo or the tale of the shark that towed the steamer, or even that romance of the flying fishes that soared up from the vasty deep and milked the cows along the Kona coast there was no particular harm done.

Of course, nobody cared how much of a pale gray ass the news editor of the New York Herald was—and certainly here was no objection to a needy newspaper faker eking out his salary by ingenious lying. There have been men who have even gained a kind of fame that way, their lies acquiring a savor of respectability from their improbability. A pretty lie may be a work of art and admirable because of that. So long, of course, as everybody recognizes that it is a lie.

When this newspaper faker becomes malicious, however, and lies to the hurt of the community that helps the Herald to give him board and clothes then it comes time to call a halt. It is such publications as the following in the New York Herald, allowed to go without censure, that hurt not only those people at whom they are clearly aimed but likewise those people whom the wretch who writes this kind of drivel pretends to be desirous of helping. How much is the respect in which the native Hawaiian is held on the mainland elevated by means of such publications as this? Here, that the measure of the offending may be judged, is the malicious effusion of the Honolulu correspondent of the Herald.

HONOLULU, T. H., Nov. 15.—The election in the Hawaiian Islands last week was attended by precisely the same result that marked the election on the mainland. A complete landslide swept the republican party into control, and made that organization absolute master of these islands for the next two years.

The victory was the most complete, as it was the most surprising, that has ever been known since the islands became American territory. In its general aspects the local campaign was analogous to the larger battle on the mainland, but there were details of the local fight that differed materially from the causes that led to the national republican victory.

Three tickets—the republican, democratic and home rule—were in the field. The republicans were in complete control of the government machinery, and had, in consequence, a strong organization. The democratic party, for the first time in four years had a ticket in the field, and the fight was clearly between those parties. In the opinion of many well informed politicians, and, in fact, the community generally, the home rule party had been induced by republicans to enter as a stalking horse in the hopes that it would keep votes from the democratic party.

The issue of the campaign were upon the methods pursued by George R. Carter as Governor. The issue was keenly appreciated by the natives and white people as well. The chances of democratic success grew stronger as the election approached. The few who did not concede probable democratic victory were some republican leaders. The work of winning the election began the night before November 8, although the democrats did not learn of the danger until the following day.

On Monday night word was passed out that it would be useless for any native to scratch the republican ticket, as the republican managers had arranged a scheme whereby they would know exactly how every man had voted. Such knowledge was precisely what the natives did not care to have divulged, and the fear that it would be caused the utmost consternation among them. The precise manner in which this information was to be gained and the supposed secrecy of the Australian ballot system in vogue in this Territory to be violated were not explained, but the method became apparent the minute the polls opened on the following day.

For months, largely in anticipation of the approaching election, the republican managers and administration had been employing voters on various public works. Times have been very hard with the natives, and the prospect of gaining republican disfavor by voting another ticket, and in consequence losing employment, caused hundreds of natives to think twice and finally submit to the threatened coercion. They realized that discovery meant dismissal.

When the ballots were opened for the voting on Tuesday morning the explanation for the confidence on the part of some leaders of the republican party became apparent. The stubs to which the ballots were originally attached were numbered consecutively, and in addition to this number, on the upper right hand corner of every ballot was a corresponding number. Naturally, as the ballots were handed out to the various persons in the booths, records in rotation were kept. The voters noticed the unusual numbers on the ballots, and when it was seen in many precincts that these numbers were not being torn off, but the ballots, numbers and all, were being deposited in the boxes, the scheme became apparent. The means of keeping

track of every ballot and ascertaining exactly how every man voted was clear.

The instant that the democratic leaders saw the work that was being done they realized that deposit stubs in the boxes, but in hopes of saving the day protests against the ballots being deposited in the boxes with the numbers on them were made. But the protests were ignored.

The "mistake," as it has been called, was not persisted in by the inspectors at polling places where the white vote predominated, and there was little danger of votes being cast against the administration. At some of the voting places a few ballots with the numbers were deposited in the boxes, but protests by the democrats generally resulted in the numbers being removed. But not so in the outer districts, where the native vote was the heaviest and the republican ticket was beyond any question the weakest. Protests in those precincts were of no avail, and the ballots were deposited in the boxes, numbers attached. In the strongest democratic precinct no less than 210 of these ballots were put into the box before orders to stop the work were received, and in another precinct eighty-two were deposited, while in the precinct where the strongest native on the ticket resided no less than sixty-two ballots with the numbers attached got into the ballot box.

Another means of forcing the natives to vote the republican ticket was to give each man a sample ballot and have him put this ballot under the regular one so that the impression of the marks he had put upon the official ballot would show on the sample and prove to the republican "heeler" outside of the booth that "the goods" had been delivered.

Nobody has as yet been found to publicly admit responsibility for the way in which the number on the ballot was used as a means of getting votes for republican candidates.

This publication, in an obscure mainland newspaper might work great harm to the Territory and its people, to say nothing of Governor Carter. Printed in a paper so widely read and copied as the New York Herald its power for evil is simply incalculable. And it is so utterly and palpably false in all its statements. Everybody, even the fatuous idiot who wrote it for the few dollars he was paid by the Herald, knows that. The idiot who wrote it must have known it was false when he was writing it.

It is clearly another case of an enemy to the community cherished in its midst. Honolulu has suffered from this kind of thing before.

## COMPROMISING WITH THE WAIALUA STRIKERS

The strike of Japanese at Waialua plantation has not yet been settled, but the manager of the plantation is in conference with a committee of thirty-four delegates from the striking body and it looks as though a settlement would be reached some time today, or by Monday at the latest.

There are one thousand of the Japs on strike, and they have gone into camp on the beach in front of the plantation. They are not inclined to be at all warlike, since the trouble of Thursday night at the pumping station. These strikers have appointed a committee of thirty-four to handle their side of the strike, and this committee on Friday night presented Manager Goodale with a schedule of grievances containing thirty-two specifications. Of these twenty-four have already been adjusted satisfactorily to all parties.

The remaining eight points are still under discussion, and it is expected that an amicable agreement will be reached. The plantation management is inclined to treat the Japanese as fairly as is consistent with the preservation of the interests of the stockholders in the corporation.

L. L. McCandless states that stockholders of Waialua Plantation since 1899 have put in \$4,500,000 and their investment to-day is worth only about 60 per cent. They have never received a cent of dividends, but in spite of this the Japanese laborers there are demanding higher wages because the price of sugar has gone up. They claim they are not paid enough and the plantation is making too much money and should pass it out among the laborers. Mr. McCandless believes the only reasonable thing that should be done is to turn the whole plantation over to the Japanese. The stockholders are not to be considered.

**Postal Accounts.**  
The annual report of the auditor for the postal department shows that the fiscal business transacted through the postal and money order branches of the department during the last year were: Revenues of the postal service, \$143,582,624; expenditures, \$152,352,116. Total amount of money orders issued: Domestic, \$383,452,373; foreign, \$37,676,265. Total amount of money orders paid: Domestic, \$385,100,920; foreign, \$6,714,816.

The deficit in the postal revenues, therefore, was \$8,579,492. Among the items of expenditure during the year were the following: Wagon service, \$1,070,674; inland mail transportation, \$38,595,427; railway postoffice car service, \$5,261,948; railway mail service, \$12,106,130; transportation of foreign mails, \$2,574,540.

**Grimwood to Coast.**  
F. W. Grimwood, for many years the local representative of the branch office of the Rindon Iron Works of San Francisco, departed yesterday for the Mongolia for San Francisco where he will remain permanently. The branch office in Honolulu has been closed and hereafter there will be only an agency here. Mr. Grimwood will handle the Honolulu business in San Francisco.

# STREETS SEE DESERT TRIBE ON PILGRIMAGE

## Novices Dragged Over the Hot Sands and Afterward Fed at the Oasis By Their Captors.

(From Sunday's Advertiser)

Fox wearers owned the town yesterday afternoon and night and for the time being the scimitar and crescent held sway over all other emblems, and the spectacle both on the streets and at the banquet was truly Oriental in the retinue and the costumes of the illustrious Potentate and his brilliant retinue and guards.

Sandwiched in between what the public saw was the initiation of the novices who were told to "Hold on to the Rope," which they did until in sheer exhaustion they were compelled to drop it. All that took place in the temple of mysteries, where the torturers and inquisitors were supreme may never be told. What can be said, however, is that the novices had the time of their lives.

**THE AFTERNOON PARADE.**

A big policeman stood on guard at the foot of the stairway leading to the Holy of Holies in the Progress Block. The officer was there to keep Klauura from gaining access to the mysterious realm of the Shriner Potentate and his brilliant retinue, and incidentally to prevent the "Hold on to the Rope" victims from peeping in on the instruments of torture.

In a large room near the torture-chamber was a huge Manila cable—the "rope," symbol of what is to come at a Shriner initiation. The first of the nineteen novices to show up looked surprised when he saw the empty room and for a moment hesitated whether to beat a retreat or not, but gave up the project when his way to freedom was barred by Brother Bath in his flowing Arabian robes. Then another came and peeked around the door, and gave a hysterical greeting to his fellow victim. When the nineteen were brought together they held a high jinks of their own. Frank Thompson danced a hoo-down, Richardson played fireman with the cable, Dr. Hodgins snuggled between McStocker and Holloway to escape observation and jokes flew thick and fast. Anybody with half an eye could see it was artificial fun, and that all were trembling in their shoes. And by the way, "Post-office" Brown had two pair of socks on with an asbestos lining between. McStocker and Holloway, being the biggest men, made a secret compact to stand together through thick and thin. Senator Woods of Hawaii knew that things were coming to him for having the audacity to stay in the legislature as the one lone Democrat.

High Sheriff William Henry was given a surprise. While inspecting a pair of handcuffs which a Shriner was exhibiting they were clapped suddenly about his wrists and in this wise he marched through the streets.

The crowd on the streets had plenty of amusement before the procession was formed. The camel imported for this occasion only, loomed majestically at the rear of the band in caparisons of green. It was a mule—and her name was Maud!—and the biggest mule in the stables of Lord & Belsler. A Chinese hat covered the beast's head and it certainly made a remarkable appearance. A donkey, gaily caparisoned, and a wee goat made up the menagerie.

With two mounted patrolmen at the head, the procession went through the principal streets of the city, the sidewalks lined with hundreds of curious spectators. The march was from the Progress Block down Fort to King, along King to the Capitol Building where photographs of the paraders were taken, thence down Hotel street to the Masonic Temple on Alakea street, up Alakea to Heretania and thence to the Progress Block, where soon the shrieks of the tortured were heard on the streets.

Following the patrolmen came the Hawaiian Government band under Captain Berger; Illustrious Potentate, Dr. M. E. Grossman, in the beautiful robes of his office, a shimmering mass of silks and various hues, liberally besprinkled with jewels; all the officers of the divan, following, were in their unique robes of office and made a gaudy spectacle. Behind Dr. Grossman came C. L. Crabbs, Chief Rabban; C. B. Cooper, Assistant Rabban; M. Phillips, High Priest; E. C. Brown, Oriental Guide; H. E. Webster, Treasurer; H. C. Morton, Recorder; C. S. Hall, First Ceremonial Master; E. R. Bath, Second Ceremonial Master; B. Griggs, Holt, Director; J. W. Bergstrom, Marshal; E. O. White, Captain of Guard; C. G. Boekus, H. C. Puffer, Alchemists; W. E. Taylor, M. D.; C. R. Wood, M. D., Medical Directors; W. G. Ashley, Musical Director; R. W. Breckons, Orator and Inquisitor.

The Arab Patrol in desert costume, each man carrying a spear, came next under E. O. White, captain of the guard. The Shriners came next, each man in full evening dress and a red fez on his head.

Thompson, on his back a giant fire-cracker and the following sign: "Where do I get off at when this rocket goes off?" E. I. Spalding, J. S. McCandless, H. Wingate Lake, Mark Robinson, D. L. Austin, J. A. Wilson and Alexander Garvie. There were four more but they were assigned to a different task. Frank Richardson was compelled to mount the mule-camel and E. I. Spalding was given the halter to lead the beast; C. G. Bartlett rode the donkey, and Arthur Mackintosh was given the goat to lead. He carried the animal most of the way.

**THE TORTURE CHAMBER.**

When the initiation was begun there was a silence deep as the graye fell over the assemblage. Lights were turned low, incense burned and a dirge was played and the fun began. The toboggan had been well oiled and the novices were given a bump.

The planks studded with sharp nails were tried on candidates' feet and a red trail was left on the floor when their owners walked off. The electrically-heated irons proved warm enough even for asbestos-lined socks. The man who plunged into a big tub when requested, and did so because he believed there was no water in it, was dragged out half dead. Then there was the trolley where many candidates gave an exhibition of the famous "Slide for Life" hanging on by their teeth to a strap suspended from a pulley. After the goat had fallen in a heap after having butted nineteen green novices, it was thought that plates at the banquet for the victims would have to be placed on mantels. The torture chamber was alive with noise for four hours.

Afterwards every man of the nineteen went to the Young Hotel and hired a room. Each man did this on the spot. The clerk was asked if anybody else had taken a room, and finally every man knew his fellow victim was lodged in the big hostelry, where he could retire to peaceful slumber after the banquet and trying events of the day.

**THE ORIENTAL BANQUET.**

At 9:30 last night the Shriners, old and new, were marshalled before the zoom-zem board where the daintiest of foods from desert and sea were placed before the tired and thirsty members of the caravan. The banquet was spread in the Alexander Young Hotel under the direction of novice H. Wingate Lake, the manager. The tables were arranged in the form of a T. Along the centers of each were rows of red carnations garnished with maiden hair ferns. Red lilies and red shaded candelabra completed the color scheme. Pestooned through the chandeliers was a long henip rope, the ends caught with red ribbons, and from the chandeliers to the walls were hung ropes of malle. Before the seat of the illustrious Potentate was a space of sand on which was a grass hut surmounted by the Shriner flag, with two camels tethered nearby. Around each plate was a piece of rope with the ends tied in red ribbons, each Shriner wearing the piece about his neck during the feast. The banquet hall was shut off from general view by a painted scene representing an Egyptian Temple. On the walls inside were colored cartoons of various novices, among whom were Richardson seated on a cake of ice; McStocker stooping to catch the impact of a brickbat labelled "Olau"; Supt. Holloway barefooted stepping over broken bottles, cactus plants and malls in Honolulu's streets; High Sheriff Henry waking up in bed "the next morning" with a big head and finding all cafes, closed on Sunday; Thompson hitting the toboggan, and a handsome picture of Dr. Grossman with diamond rings on his toes.

Noble R. W. Breckons, the toastmaster, occupied a seat of honor next the illustrious Potentate. His introductions of the speakers were marvels of rhetoric. He also presented on behalf of Aloha Temple, a beautiful jewel to Dr. Grossman. The following toasts were responded to: "The Imperial Council," Illustrious Potentate M. E. Grossman; "Visiting Members," Hon. C. A. Galbraith, India Temple, Oklahoma City; "Our Officers Elect," Noble C. B. Cooper, Chief Rabban; "Soll vs. Sand," Past Illustrious Potentate B. Griggs Holt; "The Traditional Banquet," Past Illustrious Potentate C. B. Wood; "The Novice," (One of them) F. E. Thompson.

Over the entrance to the Young blazed all evening in colored electric globes a scimitar and crescent. Ellis quinet sang throughout the evening. This is what they ate:

- Poncin Cocktails
- California Oyster Cocktails
- Consomme a la Royal
- Salted Almonds
- Celery sticks
- Ripe Olives
- Riesling
- Fried Fillet of Mullet, Tartar Sauce
- Pommes Julienne
- Sweetbreads a la Poulette
- Cheese Straws
- A. Y. H. Claret
- Fillet of Beef a la Columbus
- Punch Creme d' Menthe
- Mumm Champagne
- Squab Chicken Casserole
- Pommes Duchesse
- Waldorf Salad
- Tutti Fruitti Ice Cream
- Roquefort Cheese
- Chartreuse Yellow
- Banquet Rolls

# HATTER HAS GONE HOME

## He Will Come Back Again After Xmas Holidays.

Hatter has gone. But stay! Hush! Hatter will come back again.

Charles Hatter, Pinkerton detective, first dawned upon the town of Honolulu when it became noised about the streets on the 21st day of October last that High Sheriff Brown had resigned his office as a result of the investigation into police affairs conducted by a Pinkerton detective imported by Governor Carter, and that Deputy High Sheriff Chillingworth had followed in the steps of his superior in office. It was stated at the time, most distinctly, that there were no charges of wrongdoing against Brown. Hatter's investigation had shown that the affairs of the police department were "loosely conducted," and the High Sheriff stepped out.

The sun of Hatter has been sailing pretty high in the blue sky ever since. No charges have developed against Brown, but Chillingworth has been indicted three times by the Territorial grand jury, and there are three indictments against ex-detective McDuffie, also of the old regime, as well as some against the Chinese detective, Ah On. But Hatter! There are various tales told about Hatter. It has been said that he was a good fellow with the good fellows of the old police, that he drank with the drinkers, Sunday or high day or holiday, gambled with the gamblers, and did all the things that a good fellow does. He was reputed to have as many disguises as Old Sleuth himself, and you had but to mention his name in any company, of policemen, to bring a deep hush that would make itself heard, almost.

Nobody spoke, for fear of Hatter—and Hatter spoke less than anybody. He would not even tell his birthplace, nor where he came from, nor where he had worked before, and you could not tell his age from his teeth. They were gold, and might have been any age.

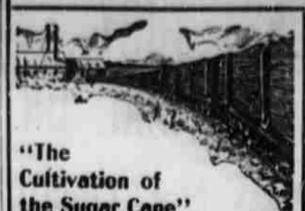
Now, he is gone—but he will return. He sailed away on the Monsoia. It is said that he has detected that he is the possessor of certain family affections, and that he goes to spend Christmas with his own people. Fancy a family of Hatters! But Hatter doesn't say what he is going for. Hatter doesn't say anything.

And he will come back. He didn't say that either, but all the same, he will. When? Ah, that is the point. When will Hatter come back? The man who can answer that question will relieve a great and devouring suspense sitting now in the breasts of several people. He will come back. That is all anybody knows—but Hatter. But any passenger bound this way, with gold teeth, will be subject to grave suspicion from this time forward. It may be Hatter in a new disguise, whatever the improbabilities. Let the quarantine officers look to it.

**CONFIDENCE**

said Lord Chatham, "is a plant of slow growth." People believe in things that they see, and in a broad sense they are right. What is sometimes called blind faith is not faith at all. There must be reason and fact to form a foundation for trust. In regard to a medicine or remedy, for example, people ask, "Has it cured others? Have cases like mine been relieved by it? Is it in harmony with the truths of modern science, and has it a record above suspicion? If so, it is worthy of confidence; and if I am ever attacked by any of the maladies for which it is commended I shall resort to it in full belief in its power to help me." On these lines

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