

THE BYSTANDER



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Mr. Achi admits softly that he is behind the garbage statesmen—all of which one might have known by the smell of punk—and indulges in the covert threat to form a new party if the Republicans keep throwing bricks at him. I am surprised at this threat, because it conveys the first intimation I have had that the new party Achi started a couple of years ago had petered out. That was the Labor party, composed exclusively of men who never work for anything but office, and only a few of them. People say that if Achi had recruited nine men more for that party he would have had eleven; but perhaps he has gained in popular strength since and would man still another new party with an ultimate fifteen.

I will bet fifteen cents against odds that Judge Willey won't be disturbed a hairbreadth. He has the warm support of the Protestant Missions in China and the hostility of the Catholic Missions; and if anybody thinks that the President will fire him on the eve of a Presidential campaign and offend the Protestants, who are mostly Republicans, to please the Catholics, who are mostly Democrats, he does injustice to the adroit politics of the White House. Besides, Taft vouches for Willey and the President vouches for Taft. This looks like a cinch for the Judge.

I hear this tale of misdirected strategy: Along about Christmas time, Chevalier, the Young's effervescent chief, got an idea that he wasn't really appreciated by the powers that control the big hostelry, so he went about righting himself. Chevalier is a cockswain thinker, with acumen that dances to rag time, so he concluded that he would make some little gifts among the men higher up and get solid. Would you, believe it, the first man he fixed upon was the hard-headed Scot whose sole business is to detect leaks, if there are any, and make the inventories agree with the requisitions! Approaching this discerning financier Chevalier informed him that, as a mark of personal esteem, he would present him with a Christmas turkey for his home dinner. A similar proffer was made to two other hotel officials and, in due time, the turkeys were delivered. They were lovely birds, fat, stuffed and decorated. The Scot enjoyed his, but when the end of the month came around he was surprised to find the icebox account three turkeys shy. Chevalier was called and he exploded like an overcharged egg: "Sac-r-r," he said, "you nozzin' pay for de turkey? Why, not pay, dam! Ze next time you charge yourself wit it." But the bluff didn't work and now the icebox that knew Chevalier knows him no more forever.

I have read a good deal in the papers and magazines lately about the wave of temperance and the tidal wave of prohibition which have been sweeping over the United States. But I didn't really appreciate the height and depth and the thorough-going character of it all, till I got a letter the other day from an old college chum. He is the advance agent for Richard Carle in his musical comedy, "The Spring Chicken," and the letter was written from Springfield, Missouri, early in the morning, where my friend had just arrived on a Pullman, and was waiting for the rest of the town to wake up. This is what he says on this subject: "It is queer how the morality wave has hit this country. Practically, the whole South is prohibition. No gambling anywhere. Even Hot Springs, Arkansas, where I spent two days this week is closed tight. There is an anti-cigarette law in Arkansas, and it's hard to get anyone to sell you the coffee mills down there. This city (Springfield, Missouri) has a local anti-cigarette law. You can't get a drink on Sunday in towns like St. Louis and Kansas City. And Texas! Why, Texas is the most law-abiding community you ever heard of. I have just been in Beaumont, Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Waco, Ft. Worth, and Dallas. There is a law forbidding drinking on trains, and even card games are forbidden on trains. Anyone caught carrying a pistol is soaked good and plenty by the justice. I tell you we are a Godly sort of people."

The Bulletin thinks that the garbage supervisors are a net result of the split-ticket campaign, which supposition, if true, proves much for the activity of its third page Democratic editorial columns in the County canvass. The Bulletin was for the straight ticket on the other, the arrangement being that it should not try to undo the specific arguments of the split-ticket editor. As the Democratic writer was a crackerjack and the machine writer another kind of a jack, the Bulletin contributed much to the independent campaign. As for the theory that this Board is as bad as a number of the nominees it defeated, that is blue bladders with green intestines.

The smart society of the annexation period was out in force at the University Club ball, there being but few of the old court circle present. This was not discrimination in a racial or political sense; it simply grew out of the fact that nearly all the University men are hoaks, many of them new comers, and that their visiting lists are likewise particularized. Birds of a feather flock together. Personally, I should like to see the old society reconverts, as it did at the famous Campbell-Parker ball a few years ago. No more picturesque and graceful assemblage could be found, than one, for instance that the Queen or either of the Princesses or Mrs. Campbell-Parker could summon if she would. There is still a third section of society—or shall we call it first—which was not much in evidence at the University Club ball, and which laps over from the monarchical to the annexationist era, embracing both. This is the conservative missionary society. I saw it gather at a golden wedding years ago and the scene carried me back to old New England days. This society dressed soberly, the women bringing out a little old lace, perhaps, heirloom brooches with white cut cameo on yellow ground and the like, and showing a penchant for layer cake, tea and tattling. It was a society without veneer, with an interest in serious things, with a Puritan dislike of frills and furbelows and without much fun. That petrified intolerance known as the New England conscience, ran through it all; and it seemed to me, as I mingled with the grave assemblage, that it always kept the end of the passage in view. The feast and the skeleton were never separated.

Some of the foreign society is dandish, particularly the German. The English go out more with the Americans than they used to do, though they are apt to make groups of their own and talk of the things that pertain to "Home"—all of which is very natural indeed.

Apart from these distinctive elements is a society of detached fragments, which, if brought together by some centripetal force, would be an ornament to Honolulu. It is composed of fine people who, for lack of acquaintance through introduction, because of domestic cares, moderate means or the obligation of work, are outside the magic circle. This kind of society rarely gets together; if it does, the cause is some public calamity which effaces all conventional rules. If Honolulu had to stand a six months' siege, for instance, what we know of as society would be much larger and more homogeneous at its close, providing too many people didn't get killed. And a great many of the hitherto detached people would be in the swim.

The County Beacon has gone out. It was a good political journal but not a newspaper; and the place is too small to support a mere gazette of opinion. The United States itself never made a weekly organ of comment and criticism rich, even The Nation, the ablest journal of the kind published in America,

having to attack itself to the New York Evening Post to get on safe ground. If the local Democrats ever found a permanent press in Honolulu it will have to appeal with fresh and well-written news along with thoughtful leaders and pungent paragraphs. Probably, they will have to lay hold of one of the local papers, as it would be suicidal, even in the event of Democratic success in the national field, to start another daily. Things are overdue now. An English-reading community as small as this one would, in the East, have to be content with one small six-day-a-week afternoon issue.

If I should overcome my timidity and have the temerity to present myself to Ella Wheeler Wilcox as a worshipper of lionesses—literary, philosophical, metaphysical, intellectual and so forth—I think I would subscribe to my card something like this: "I have never read any of your writings, but would like to meet you just the same." Such a sentiment would be perfectly truthful so far as I am concerned; and think how refreshing it would be for the much besieged author to meet with one person—only one—in this whole, wide world who hadn't read everything she ever wrote and thought them all "perfectly lovely."

Several of the leading legal lights of the city, including Judge Kingsbury and A. F. Judd, have dropped darkly mysterious hints concerning the validity of the Municipal Act, under which Achi dreams dreams and hatches plots in his mare's nest and sundry other politico-free lanes have vain imaginings. So fraught with hidden significance have these hints been that I have been trying to find out the peg upon which the hopes of retaining fees hang, but not until last week did I discover a clue.

"The Municipal Act is unconstitutional because the wishes of the electors of the County of Oahu were not directly consulted in the framing of it. The Legislature of the Territory has not the power to pass any act relating exclusively to the County of Oahu without first consulting the people of Oahu. The wishes of the people may be granted, but the wishes of the Legislature can not be foisted on the people."

So saith the authority I consulted, the only one willing to give me an opinion without a fee. It sounded more like good sense to me than good law, however, and I questioned again, asking if the law would stand the test of the courts.

"That," repeated the oracle, "is known only to the Almighty and the Supreme Court, and it is likely that even those authorities would disagree."

Small Talks

JOHN SMITH—If there were a vacuum cleaning company here it could do an immense janitor business in stores and offices.

SUPERINTENDENT BABBITT—I am just building two or three school-houses while waiting for the Korea to be signaled.

HIGH SHERIFF HENRY—That garbage business is the rawest thing I have ever heard of. Charles Hustace deserves credit for the way he held out against it.

EBEN LOW—Angus McPhee has formed a strong attachment for the islands, and will probably stay here. He has one or two propositions under consideration.

CAPTAIN LAERSEN—You can usually give a sailor who goes to farming a year to back at sea again. Nevertheless I intend to go to farming; I shall raise chickens.

CLERK JOB BATCHELOR—Here was a case that took two days to try and then proved to have nothing in it, but it cost the Territory \$62 in jurors' fees and expenses.

JUDGE EDINGS—It is rather tough, when the Advertiser had caught its small farmer after a fifteen-year hunt, that a Land office clerk should have chased him away again.

B. W. ROBINSON—In getting data for the Polk-Husted Directory, I found one man whose address was a drygoods box and another, a white man, once well-to-do, who lived in a back yard.

SAMUEL B. ROSE—Why can the Beretania street cars not be run down Fort street and clear round to the Iron Works? Then let the Punahou cars take Hotel street into town as they did at first.

BISHOP DA SILVA—I have received the greatest hospitality here in Honolulu, and I wish that I could remain longer. I had hoped to visit pretty thoroughly through the islands, but I was unable to do this.

W. A. KINNEY—Our (the Democratic party's) alliance with the Home Rule party on the whole, I believe, has been a mistake and it is to be hoped that in the future the Democratic party will stand upon its own feet.

CHARLES FRAZIER—Why not send a Hawaiian cowboy to Cheyenne on Frontier day? Angus McPhee says the Hawaiians are better ropers on the average than the plainsmen. All they need is practice in throwing and tying the steer.

BERNARD KELEKOLIO—If the sorehead supervisors try to oust Johnson and unseat Hustace, the people of this county will have something to say, and if that time comes, I care not when it may, then and there the majority will set as dictators and as Francos. Then there will be revolution and the only remedy they deserve from the people is the crushing of their heads at the polls.

EVERYMAN—What an improvement at the Isenberg place, now the Pleasanton, since the hedge has been cut. What an object lesson to others who have high hedges. Will not the owners of fine grounds, if not willing to go to the extent of taking down enclosures altogether, at least reduce the height of hedges so that residents and transients can have the pleasure of seeing the beauties of the place?

The Japanese Budget

The Nation.

The Japanese budget, which was submitted to the two houses at Tokio last week, bears internal evidence of the financial strain under which the government is laboring. Taxes are to be raised on such necessities as sugar and kerosene, as well as on sake, beer, and alcohol. The item of "finance," which includes the interest on the national debt, is considerably more than half the total estimated expenditures. These Japanese are certainly making sacrifices for the sake of their military and naval prestige. Yet we will ask those of our readers who lie awake nights in fear of the aggressions of the little brown men, to compare the military and naval outlay, made at such cost of privation and burdensome taxation, with the corresponding items for this country. One yen is a minute fraction less than half a dollar, and we compare the figures at the ratio of 2 to 1:

JAPANESE BUDGET.

Army ordinary	\$ 35,104,889
Army extraordinary	18,603,497
Navy ordinary	17,465,368
Navy extraordinary	23,069,062
	\$ 94,242,816

CONGRESSIONAL APPROPRIATIONS, 1907-1908.

Army	\$ 78,535,282
Navy	98,958,097
Military Academy	1,929,703
Fortifications	6,898,011
	\$186,321,093

Supine as we Americans doubtless are, criminally neglectful of our duty, indifferent to the yellow peril at our very doors, we are nevertheless spending nearly two dollars on martial preparations where the alert and aggressive Yankees of the Orient spend one.

The Official Announcement

London Times.

Negotiations are in progress whereby it is contemplated that the Times newspaper shall be formed into a limited liability company, under the proposed chairmanship of Mr. Walter. The newspaper, as heretofore, will be published at Printing House Square.

The business management will be reorganized by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the proposed managing director.

The editorial character of the paper will remain unchanged, and it will be conducted, as in the past, on lines independent of party politics.

The contemplated arrangements will in all probability require the sanction of the court before they become definitive.

NATIONAL GUARDSMEN TURN OUT FOR PARADE IN THE MUD AND RAIN

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

Three hundred men, ninety per cent. of the full strength of the First Regiment, N. G. H., turned out in the rain yesterday for regimental drill in Kapiolani park, despite the unfavorable weather remaining hard at work there at practise evolutions for five hours. The drill was in preparation for the regular annual inspection, which, according to the new militia regulations, is to be carried out along the same lines as the inspection of the regular troops, being in all respects a stricter ordeal for the volunteers to go through than has been the case heretofore. From the appearance of the men yesterday and the manner in which they executed the various evolutions ordered, it would seem that the Hawaiian National Guard would be able to stand the ordeal.

Six companies fell into line at the armory promptly at eight o'clock yesterday morning, no company being short more than five men of its full strength. These were Companies B, E, F, G, the Signal Corps and the Hospital Corps. It was raining outside, but neither Colonel Johnson nor his men are sunshine soldiers and the order to march was given, the men tramping out through the mud and taking their places in special Rapid Transit cars, arriving at the parade ground in time to pitch tents and be regularly inspected before half past nine. Colonel Johnson then drilled the regiment in close formation, the men going through their evolutions most satisfactorily to the officers in command.

Battalion drill was then taken up by Major Riley, who commanded the First Battalion, and Captain Gorman, who in the absence of Major Rose commanded the Second Battalion, each battalion consisting of four companies. These were drilled separately in open formation and attack.

After a half hour for lunch—army grub of beef, crackers and coffee, without any officers' mess—the companies were drilled each by its own captain and under supervision of the regimental officers. Colonel Johnson watched the work of Co. B, Colonel Ziegler that of Co. F, Lieutenant-Colonel Coyne that of Co. E, and Major Riley that of Co. G. The Signal Corps was drilled at the same time by Lieutenant Angus, and the Hospital Corps by Dr. Moore and Sergeant Barry. The individual companies were put through the complete company movements, platoon movements, extended order, advance and rear guard and normal attack, the drill keeping up without a stop until two o'clock, when the camp for town were taken.

The drill proved to be of great benefit both to the men and the officers, among both of whom enthusiasm prevails over the success achieved. So much good has been realized, indeed, that the drill will be repeated next Sunday at Kapiolani park, which is the only available parade ground, Aala park, although more convenient, being much too small for the evolutions attempted.

During the day the transportation of tents and other impedimenta was looked after by Captain M. M. Johnson, who had also the commissariat work in his charge.

THE NEW COMPANIES.

The necessity of working in readiness for the inspection has taken up a good deal of the time of the regimental officers and so far nothing definite has been attempted in the way of organizing the three new companies desired, the orders for which have been issued. By permission of the War department, also, the time for the organization of the regiment up to full strength has been extended. Immediately after the inspection, however, the work will be taken up.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT PREACHES TO PREACHERS

R. W. ROBINSON—In getting data for the Polk-Husted Directory, I found one man whose address was a drygoods box and another, a white man, once well-to-do, who lived in a back yard.—Sunday Advertiser.

CHYLE.

The longer we travel these streets and by-ways, the more we watch out, not for evil but for its antidote, the more we are, reluctantly, impressed with the idea (which we wish may be a fallacy on our part; for, we like to think that each is doing his best in his or her "high calling"), that the ministers of the gospel in this Territory, not Honolulu alone, (and now comes the climax) of all the races and beliefs, in specially organized gospel work, we do not mark out any particular ones, rush about too much; hither and yon, on junkets, jaunts and pleasure trips, picnics so to speak—and circus (circuit); and, do not watch out (watch meetings) for the individual, the unit, (as did the Blessed One) in need, often bitter need, of some spiritual help or words, "the one stone on the solid ground," as an old divine has put it. He may be poor or wretched, may be neglected and despised—may be all that misery can be and yet need discerning eyes of love and pity, to see!

Neither and now, we declare to you, reader, does the settlement work or its worker cover the points, completely, to which we now allude. Now and again something crops out, comes to the surface, and goes to prove, we regret to say to prove, our impressions; and, a newspaper man or woman should be frank and sincere would he fulfil his high calling.

We believe, then, that it would be a good thing for every minister to take a turn often, at "slumming," to go personally, not by deputy, for there is nothing like ocular demonstration, nothing even half so good as this method, of knowing and being known.

The blessing of the needy, "the poor in spirit," means abundant wealth and health to the receiver, believe us.

Too much of raiment—remember the lilies of the field!—too many drives, too fine society!

We are all, likely, too much for enjoyment, too much seeking the top rung of the church ladder. All the universe, feverish seeking of Christian workers, is as contagious as any other sickly condition of a county or of a town, and needs constant vigilance to guard against.

All best work for the needy is done simply, and quietly, and with the sweet-scented herb of humility. We can recall, at this minute, men and women, of the laity, so to speak, that we are led to believe do more secret, loving charitable work—more that tells to uplift and make Christian love in the hearts of poor people, sailors and landsmen, the sick and the lonely, than many of "the cloth" and settlement workers. "Let your light so shine before men and women, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter." "Work for the night is coming" when your work will have finished, my friend.

They take upon themselves virtually, every minister of the gospel of Christ, the vow of poverty, of self-denial; and, no one compelled them to enter the "high calling" and to be set apart for specially holy work. If it be that any man has been, we care not what his sect, he can no more be of the world, excepting in the sense that benefits his sacred profession. He must not waste his means for fine attire and attend receptions, balls and parties, keeping late hours, when in ten-minute's time he could find in lane or mart, a poor one craving, even, a pleasant "good evening my brother" from his lips, and perhaps a cup of coffee from his bounty.

It is all wrong—all crooked.

EDITOR TIMES.

SUGAR ON HAWAII.

The following sugar was reported as being ready for shipment on Hawaii last Saturday: Oiaa, 11,400 bags; Onomua, 7500; Hakalau, 5503; Kukalau, 3500; Honokaa, 6000; Waiakaa, 3000; Pepee-keo, 6000; Laupahoehoe, 3000; Hamakua, 5450; Honoupo, 1752; Waiakaa, 12,500; Honoumu, 5500; Ooakala, 2200; Paunahau, 3,000.

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

This is done with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of the bottle according to directions, return what is left and your money will be refunded. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

A youth supposed to be mixed up in some recent cases of bicycle thefts will be brought into town today from Kaneohe, where he was arrested on information from Honolulu by Deputy Sheriff Pahia.