

WALLACH HALED BEFORE JUDGE

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

J. Lor Wallach was yesterday served with penal summons on two complaints, commanding him to appear in the District Court of Honolulu at 9 o'clock on Thursday morning to answer to charges of practicing medicine without a license. One of the complaints is sworn to by President L. E. Pinkham of the Board of Health and charges him with treating John Richardson by means of drugs and salves for paralysis. The other complaint is sworn to by Captain Parker of the police force, and charges him with having treated with drugs and medicines, one John King Cummings.

The complaint in the latter case, after charging Wallach with not having a license to practice medicine, sets out that nevertheless he "did unlawfully and knowingly practice medicine as a profession in the Territory of Hawaii for hire, and did then and there use drugs and medicines for the treatment of diseases in the human subject to wit, did then and there give and prescribe for and administered to one John King Cummings for certain sores, hurts and diseases which the said John King Cummings then and there had and suffered from, contrary to the form of the statute in such case made and provided."

The other complaint is identical in form, the only difference being the use of the name John Richardson, instead of John King Cummings.

This John Richardson is the well known Hawaiian of Lahaina, who was prominent during the latter part of Kalakaua's reign and who was one of the delegates sent to Washington on behalf of Queen Liliuokalani to protest against annexation in 1897 and 1898. He has been suffering from paralysis for some time and has been under treatment by "Dr." Wallach for several weeks. He is now at the Leahi Home.

John King Cummings is also from Maui, and is a child, whom Wallach declares is afflicted with leprosy, but which he says has been declared by Dr. Atchley as "incapable of spreading contagion. The child with its mother has been for several weeks in Honolulu living at the home of Captain Parker, and Wallach has been treating it. At first he gave assurance that he would cure the sores with which the child was afflicted, in ten days; then he asked for another nine days, according to Captain Parker, and in the end the child was worse than when treatment was begun, though according to Wallach another short period of treatment would have effected a cure.

The complaints were prepared in the Attorney General's office and were served by Officer Manase. Wallach was found just coming out of his office. He did not seem to understand the explanation of the officer that the summons was not a warrant of arrest, but a notice to him to appear in court on Thursday morning to answer the charge, and he refused to receive into his hands the copies of the complaint and summons the officer had to leave with him. He decided to accompany the officer to the police station. But on the way they met Deputy Sheriff Jarrett, who explained the matter more fully to him. Later Wallach appeared at the police station to secure subpoenas for witnesses who are on Maui, among them the wife of John Richardson, and the child John King Cummings and the child's mother and grandmother.

"Well, I am glad they have brought this proceeding," said Wallach. "I have been treating these people, that is sure. Have I cured them? Not yet, but if they had continued the treatment I would. Have I benefited them? Wait till you see them and hear the testimony. If I am to be prosecuted for treating these people, very well."

"I wish I had taken your advice, Mr. Pinkham, for you told me that in trying to be a doctor I was spoiling a good mechanic, and I think you were right," said J. Lor Wallach to President Pinkham of the Board of Health on Monday. Wallach then appeared quite contrite and expressed the wish to be back once again in the machine shops of the Union Iron Works at San Francisco. That was before he dreamed of earning world renown as the dispenser of "female rocks and worms" to the inmates of the Moikoi settlement.

PNEUMONIA.

Old people and those who have weak lungs cannot be too careful in guarding against this disease. Pneumonia always results from a cold or an attack of influenza, and can be prevented by the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have as yet to hear of an attack of pneumonia where Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was taken. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., agents for Hawaii.

LAWSON ABANDONS FIGHT AND DESPISES THE PEOPLE

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Thomas Lawson of Boston, whose frenzied fight against the "system" for the benefit of the "people" has become historic, in a letter to E. J. Ridgway of Everybody's Magazine, explaining why he abandoned the fight, gives voice, in somewhat different words, to the famous old Vanderbilt motto, "The public be damned!" Lawson announced that he expected to be made president of Amalgamated and would let the public do its own reforming hereafter. Ridgway wrote him that he hoped there was some mistake.

Following are a number of quotations from Lawson's reply:

"You talk of what I owe the people. What do I owe to the gelatine-spined shrimps? What have the saffron-blooded apes done that I should halt any decisions to match their lightning change, chameleon-hued loyalty?"

PEOPLE A JOKE, SAYS LAWSON.

"The people, forgive me, my dear Ridgway, but the people, particularly the American people, are a joke—a system joke.

"When in all history have the people done aught but rail, or stand shivering by, while their enemies crucified those who battled for their benefit?"

Lawson tells of his fight and declares

the people would give him no help, although he was fighting for them. They "simply stood by and grinned." He continues:

"Then came the overturn of all my insurance work by the best lieutenant the system has ever had, honest Hughes, and the turning back for all time into the system's maw of the great insurance companies. What did the people do then? They hurrahd for—Hughes—and grinned."

WHAT FIGHT COST HIM.

Telling of what the fight had cost him, Lawson says:

"I cut off my friends and the friends I directed upon myself and those dearest to me the cursed machinations of the most vicious of human wolves.

"I spent an enormous fortune, so that today the remnant makes the cavity appear an abyss.

"I replaced a big, broad love for and faith in the people with contempt so great as to make me wonder how both could be bred in the same human soul.

"And even this awful price I would have willingly paid if I could have gained the end I started for. Yes, even now I would continue paying the same price on and on to the end if—and there's the rub—if it had done good. But it has done no good."

ARMY OFFICERS LEAVE BY KINAU FOR HILO

Colonel Biddle, Major Dunning and Captain Otwell left yesterday by the Kinau for Hilo.

"We go primarily," said Biddle, "to inspect the Hilo breakwater. But Captain Otwell wants me to inspect the lighthouses of that island, and the projected lighthouse sites, and as all the recommendations for appropriations and improvements for these islands pass through my hands, I want to familiarize myself as far as possible with topography and conditions here so that I can better understand and judge of recommendations coming to me.

"On our way back from Hawaii I want to stop at Kahului long enough to examine the harbor there and the breakwater that has been built. The breakwater built there by private enterprise is quite a piece of work. But sooner or later there will be a request for the United States Government to do something additional there."

Captain Otwell took his automobile along with him in the hope that weather conditions and roads would be good on Hawaii, and if they are, the party will be able to see much more than they would be able to do if they had to depend on ordinary conveyances.

PHOTOGRAPH PROVED UNDOING OF KALUA

The theory that photographs are no longer considered the best evidence to track criminals, favor being given to the finger-print method, was given a test in Honolulu yesterday, whereby a young Hawaiian contributed to his undoing by having his photograph taken at a Japanese gallery after purloining about \$15 from another Japanese photographer. The negative was developed late in the afternoon, and curiously enough, by the photographer who had been robbed, and he recognized the likeness in the proof. Chief Taylor and Detective Reeves located the young fellow last night in Kakaako and secured an admission from him that he had stolen the money.

About 9 o'clock in the forenoon the young man, dressed fashionably, and wearing a fine Panama hat, visited the photograph gallery at the corner of Nuuanu and Hotel streets. He was alone in the parlor for some time, after which he saw the proprietor and talked over prices of photographs. He then promised to return at 10 o'clock. After his departure the picture-taker discovered the loss of money from a drawer. He immediately notified the police, giving a good description of the visitor.

The police learned later that the fellow had visited a second gallery and had his picture taken. The photographer was too busy to develop the plate, and therefore turned it over to the victimized photographer, and he and he police anxiously awaited the outcome. It turned out splendidly and the police recognized an old offender. The young man gave his name as J. Kalua.

KAPAA APPRAISERS GO.

Messrs. Benton, Hopper and Moragne, commissioned to appraise the Kapaa lands, left for Kauai last night accompanied by C. H. McBride, the Governor's private secretary, as their stenographer. Governor Frazar expects that the work will take one or two weeks. "They are taking maps specially prepared for their use," the Governor said yesterday, "together with various other data, and will acquire further information of themselves and from others on the ground."

WAS WIDOW OF AN EMINENT HAWAIIAN

With utmost brevity the death was announced in the Sunday Advertiser of a lady resident of considerable note. This was Mrs. Anna Green, relict of the late Hon. W. Lothian Green, one of the most eminent men of the Hawaiian Islands in the reign of King Kalakaua. Mrs. Green was reputed to be one of the largest stockholders in the Honolulu Iron Works Co., Ltd. She was connected with some of the oldest and most prominent local families.

Her husband died a good many years ago. During the agitation for better government in the eighties W. Lothian Green, who conducted a financial and investment agency here, took the side of reform. On the dismissal of the Gibson Ministry and the promulgation of a new constitution in 1887, Mr. Green was appointed Minister of finance in the first Reform cabinet. He was a man of scientific bent and the author of a book, "Vestiges of the Molten Globe," published shortly before his death, which attracted world-wide interest among scientists.

The funeral of Mrs. Green took place from St. Andrew's cathedral to Nuuanu cemetery on Monday afternoon. Rev. John Osborne conducted the services, being assisted by Bishop Restarick. The regular choir of the cathedral, assisted by the choir from the Priory, sang several hymns during the service, among them being "Peace, Perfect Peace." The church was filled with a large number of friends of the deceased and there were many and handsome floral offerings. The pallbearers were Hon. A. S. Cleghorn, F. A. Schaefer, Alexander Young, S. M. Damon, B. F. Dillingham, W. H. Baird, H. R. Macfarlane and H. M. von Holt. Mrs. J. N. S. Williams of Maui is a daughter of the deceased.

SAM JOHNSON HELD FOR THE GRAND JURY

LAHAINA, Feb. 11.—Poor Sam Johnson is in jail waiting for the grand jury to say whether he is guilty, or not, of causing the death of the Japanese whom, it is said, he shoved between the plantation cars a few days ago.

Mrs. T. J. Hayselden, mother of Lahaina's popular senator, has returned from Honolulu and is spending a few days with Mrs. Dickenson. She will leave on Tuesday for her home in Walluku.

Letters have been received from Dr. and Mrs. Molony, who are in San Francisco. The doctor will open an office there.

Lahaina enjoyed a fine rain on Sunday night and Monday forenoon, the first rain of the season.

The Lahaina Improvement Association met on Saturday evening. The prominent citizens who form this association want a building for the Lahaina school, at least equal to that of Walluku, as Lahaina has at present the largest school in Maui. They also wish to have the Kamehameha III. monument erected near the lighthouse.

THE VETERINARY ACT.

John H. Pottie, who was summoned before the district court on a charge of violating the veterinary practice act, Act 40, Session Laws of 1905, secured a continuance of his case until February 19. The matter is being brought to the attention of the courts by the Board of Agriculture and Forestry.

CAME BACK MANY TIMES TO WHIP HIS TEACHER

Twenty-seven years ago, on April 18, Chauncey Watson, then 14 years old, took a vow that he would thrash Prof. Mont Cryder. A fortnight ago he made good.

For 27 years Watson has waited his chance. Five times opportunity had been given him, and the fifth time he accomplished his purpose.

The fact that the two men fought a desperate battle to settle an old grudge is but an incident to the story. The remarkable part of it is that Watson, perhaps, is the only man who ever made good his threat to whip his teacher.

Watson was the son of a well-to-do farmer residing in Highland County, Ohio. He attended school at a little red brick schoolhouse which had been derisively named "Swamp College." It happened that the school at that time had a hard name for its treatment of teachers. Two or three had been forced to jump through windows, one had been snowballed out of the district, one jumped under the pump and one smoked out when he barricaded himself in the schoolroom against the assaults of the bigger boys. The parents were in despair. The boys were handed together to compel the teacher to yield. The Trustees tried "moral suasion" by sending them a girl teacher. She lasted only a few days. Half the time the school was closed for want of a teacher.

Affairs reached such a condition that the trustees determined on vengeance. They hunted up the County Examiners, and Al Shannon, who realized what was wanted, discovered Prof. Mont Cryder.

Cryder was young—just out of college. He was deceiving. Slender, pale, he gave no outward indications of strength. He said he was willing to tackle the school for the spring term to earn money to finish a law course. He was warned that the boys were hard to handle. Cryder merely remarked that he would try it.

That spring the boys came grinning with anticipation. All the plots were laid, but no one moved until the noon recess was over. Then they started. That was all they ever did. Cryder suddenly became transformed. He called out the biggest boy to whip him. The others rallied to his assistance. The next 10 minutes were minutes of action. The air was filled with howls of pain, cries for mercy and flying feet. Desks broke with a crash, the stove overturned, boys suddenly were jerked off their feet and cracked like whips. The girls huddled in the corner and squealed.

By and by Cryder, breathing a little heavier, stepped back, lifted a switch out of the trough by the blackboard, rapped sharply and called, "Order, please." The bruised and battered boys crept back to their desks.

"I forgot to say," remarked Cryder, dryly, "that I played football at college."

Then, one by one, he called out the big boys and thrashed them soundly, and sent them blubbering back to their desks. That ended the trouble at Swamp College. But it did not end entirely, for among those whipped was "Chance" Watson. Watson's father was against the actions of the boys. He had told "Chance" his views and ordered him to treat the teacher well. He added a codicil to his lecture, in which he said, "If you get licked at school or play any tricks on the teacher you get licked at home."

The boy had decided in his own mind that it was wrong. When the boys plotted against Cryder young Watson had urged them to leave the teacher alone, braving their charge of cowardice for the sake of his principles. He had taken no part in the demonstration or the attack on the teacher. Yet he was whipped. He tried to explain to his father, who admitted that it seemed unjust, but proceeded to keep his own word and lick "Chance" again with the buggy whip in the barn.

The injustice of it all rankled in the boy. He vowed that he would lick Cryder if it took the rest of his life. Cryder completed the spring term and departed to study law. He came no more. After graduating he hung out his shingle in Omaha.

Eight years later—in September, 1888—Chauncey Watson, then traveling salesman for a Cincinnati shoe house, met his old teacher on the street in Omaha. Cryder did not recognize the boy he had thrashed. Watson knew him. He advanced, introduced himself, and Cryder greeted him cordially. Watson was a bit ill at ease. Finally he remarked:

"Mr. Cryder, some years ago, when I was a boy, you unjustly punished me."

"I'm sorry for that," said Cryder, earnestly. "I remember I whipped every boy I could lay hands on."

"I vowed then," said Watson, "that I would thrash you to even up the score."

"Boys all do that," laughed Cryder. "But I'm going to make good," said Watson. "I made a solemn vow, and I intend to keep it." Cryder tried to persuade him that it

was foolishness, but the Watson penchant for keeping their given word was too strong.

"Well," said Cryder, finally, "We can't fight here. Come up to my house, and we'll get it over."

It was a grand fight. At the end of about eight minutes Cryder landed a right on Watson's jaw and put him down and out.

He helped his old scholar into the house; they washed up, had supper together, and Cryder was Watson's guest at the theater that evening. They parted the best of friends, and, as they separated, Watson remarked:

"I'll come back and whip you when I think I can."

"Better come every time you get in town. Don't wait until you can lick me—just drop in any time."

Watson took boxing lessons, prepared himself, and exercised. The following year he made Omaha, but Cryder was out of town, and it was not until 1893 that they met again. That time they met in Chicago during the World's Fair. Both were prospering. They frankly were glad to see each other.

"Still want to lick me?" asked Cryder.

"Yes," replied Watson. "I hate to do it, but I gave my word that I would and I must."

"Well, let's put it off until the end of the week," said Cryder. "We'll have a jolly week, and then settle it."

"No," remarked Watson. "I'm married now, and I don't want to take any black eyes home—let's fight Wednesday."

So it was agreed. They ran around the Fair and the city for three days, and Wednesday afternoon adjourned to a vacant lot near Sixty-second street and Ellis avenue and fought. Cryder beat Watson up so badly that he forced him to quit. They then went together to a drugstore and patched up their wounds and bruises, and finished the week in perfect friendship.

"I'll get you the next time," said Watson.

"All right," remarked Cryder. "I'm still in Omaha. Telegraph me when you're coming and I'll be on hand."

In 1896 Watson, then at the head of the company he had started to work for as a boy, was going West when he decided to get off at Omaha and whip Cryder. He wired from Kansas City. Cryder met him at the station in a carriage, took him home, and the following afternoon they fought in the backyard.

Cryder won, but it took him six rounds, and both men were badly beaten up.

"Whew," said Cryder when Watson recovered from the knockout blow. "You ought to give me time to train. I'm getting fat."

"Maybe then I'll be able to lick you," said Watson.

Watson visited Cryder for several days and persuaded him to go with him into the Yellowstone, where they had a week of sightseeing.

That was the last they saw of each other until recently. Ten years had passed—and it seemed as if Watson never would get the chance to keep his word. Cryder had rented a cottage at Long Beach, Cal., for the winter, and was staying there with his family. He was walking up the beach when he saw a familiar figure on the board walk. He advanced and greeted the man—who was Watson.

"Just out for a few weeks," said Watson. "You're looking well, Cryder."

"In perfect condition, old man. And you?"

"Never better. Think I'll whip you this time."

"Not yet," laughed Cryder. "I'm just getting good. This sea air has made me 10 years younger."

Watson stopped at the Cryder cottage for several days. For obvious reasons neither mentioned to Mrs. Cryder that they were going to fight to settle their old grudge. They waited one morning until Mrs. Cryder walked downtown to do the shopping, taking little Harlan, the baby, with her; then they went into the back yard, stripped for battle.

The yard is of sand, deep and loose, and it is fenced in with a high redwood fence, but the fence did not prevent those who rushed from neighboring cottages from seeing one of the grandest fights in history. The two men, both getting plump and prosperous looking, but each still athletic, fought until they tore the sand into great hollows, until their blood sprinkled it. At intervals one would cry out, "Time," and they would rest for a moment, and go at it again, with bare knuckles.

For 15 rounds they fought—rounds of varying lengths, as they were forced to guess at the length of time elapsed. Finally in the fifteenth Cryder caught a stiff left-hand blow on the jaw. It staggered him, and he clinched. Watson threw him off and swung his right. Cryder, weak and dizzy, parried, and swung desperately. The blow lifted Watson from his feet and dropped him in the sand.

CASE OF GOLD FEET OR CRAFTINESS

(From Thursday's Advertiser.)

Not a word of the Fern resolution to oust Road Supervisor Johnson from the head of the garbage department was slipped at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors last night. Not a whisper of any trouble was uttered. The word garbage was not in the bright lexicons of any of the members of the Board and all attempts to carry out the Aehl scheme were dropped. Dropped for the time being at any rate.

"There is plenty of time," stated Fern after the meeting, thinking evidently that some sort of an explanation was due. "The matter did not necessarily have to come up for settlement tonight; besides Cox wasn't here."

As a matter of fact it was well known to both the mover and the second-order of the resolution that enough of the members had had the good sense to see that any such a change as proposed in the resolution would be directly opposed to the best interests of the taxpayers. That Archer was now decidedly opposed to the change and that Cox stayed away rather than to vote for it put an entirely different face on the situation, accounting for the great silence which came over everyone when Chairman Hustace, after the routine business had been cleared off, looked around with a bland smile and wanted to know if anyone had anything else to bring up. Not an eyelid flickered.

Hustace looked inquiringly at Fern, who shook his head as slightly as possible. Harvey moved the adjournment, Dwight seconded it and the curtain dropped. It was a tame fizzling out of what had started out with a roar—provided it has fizzled out and not been merely corked up to acquire a new head.

ROUTINE ACCOUNTS.

Everyone but Cox was present when the roll was called and the long minutes read. A subdued feeling was in the air and lasted out the meeting.

JANUARY FIRES.

Chief Thurston reported having turned out with his department to six alarms of fire during the month of January, the property loss being estimated at \$28,000. The property at risk was covered by insurance for \$51,900.

ENGINES FOR FLORAL PARADE.

A request from A. J. Campbell, chairman of the carriage committee of the Floral parade, for two engines and two horse carts to take part in the Washington birthday event was granted.

OTHER COMMUNICATIONS.

The Hawaiian Pineapple Co. complained of the roughness of Iwilei road and Jose J. Dias complained of the delay in putting electric lights on upper Liliha and also asked for a macadamized road.

Residents of Kapahulu and Kapiolani park addition petitioned for a road. E. H. F. Wolters spoke in support of the petition, stating that since 1878 not a glue bush had been cut or a stone moved. Another Kapahulu resident complained that W. Wolters had blocked one of the roads, making a balloon trip necessary to get home.

Then, after the spectators settled back for the fun of the evening, came the whispered motion to adjourn and the hurried get-away of the chastened members.

THE ISLAND SUGAR FLEET.

The Inter-Island steamer Nihau sailed Tuesday afternoon for Anahola, where she will load Makee Sugar Co. sugar. She is expected back this morning. The Helene sailed at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon for windward Hawaii ports, loaded down with freight of all kinds. The Noeua being late, much of the freight she would ordinarily have taken went by the Helene. The Mikahala arrived yesterday from Kauai on her regular run, and goes out again today. The Noeua is expected to arrive from Hamakua ports this morning. The Mauna Loa will sail on her regular run at noon tomorrow. The American-Hawaiian steamer Despatch is making considerable repairs here and did not get out yesterday, as she was expected to do. She is now scheduled to sail this afternoon for Eleale and Makaweli.

In an instant he was up and rushed. Cryder, still dizzy, covered his jaw with one shoulder and hung on. His straight left failed to drop Watson, who kept driving in blow after blow, but failing to land on the vital spot. Slowly Cryder was forced into the angle of the fence. He tried to escape, his foot slipped in the sand, his arms spread a bit to prevent a fall, and, like a flash, Watson shot his right to the jaw, and Cryder went down like a log.

Mrs. Cryder, returning at that instant, saw the blow and screamed. She stood as if petrified watching Watson working over her husband. Then she ran in. What she said to Watson was sufficient, but suddenly he looked up and she saw tears in his eyes. Just then Cryder's eyes opened. He sat up in the sand, spat out some blood, and said, dizzily: "Well, Watson, old boy, you did it at last, and I'm glad it's over."