

The Bystander



The Centipede That Wasn't. Joe as a Mummer. Same Old Story. That Twenty-five Dollars. A Plea for Law. On Car Schedules.

Secretary Mott-Smith is not strong on the social stunt. He has never yet been known to don a silk hat and a long-tailed coat in the afternoon, and if he had occasion to enter the senate or the house of representatives while the honorable body was in session, it is doubtful if he would even put on a coat.

But there are some occasions when even an unassuming and unconventional man as E. A. Mott-Smith must put on a little dog. Mr. Mott-Smith ran into such an occasion a few weeks ago, and thereby hangs a tale.

The secretary telephoned home one day that some old friends of his had just arrived on the steamer that day and he was going to bring them home to Wai'alae to dinner.

"But," came the protest over the phone, "you can't do that, you know. You have no clothes out here."

"Why, yes, I have," replied the secretary. "My dress suit is out there."

"Yes, but you have no shirt."

"That's all right; I'll buy a new one and bring it out with me."

And he did and put it on and the party sat down to dinner. Everything was lovely for a while, but finally Mr. Mott-Smith began to squirm. Then he turned red. A blush actually overspread the secretarial countenance. Heidgeted and got redder. Finally he got up and left the room, whispering to the hostess as he went, "I'll have to be excused. There's a centipede down my back."

The honorable secretary went upstairs and took off the brand new shirt—and found that a tag he had forgotten to remove was scratching the secretarial skin.

To hear him talk, one would think Joel Cohen knew something about playing-acting and actors. He is going to be given a chance to make good as to what he knows, and for one night only will hold sway at the specially constructed fireproof theater building to be erected for the Elks' Carnival. Assisting him in the ingenue parts will be Sonny Cunha, who will do some of the stunts for which he is celebrated. The debut of Joel is being looked forward to by a host of admirers and friends, the latter having serious doubts as to the real ability of the impresario as a mummer.

He is really in earnest as to the part he is to assume, and to let everyone have a square deal and a chance to see him he will close the Orpheum on the night of the carnival and, it is said, has put in a reservation for the first three rows clear across the new theater to accommodate the people from the popular Fort street playhouse who nightly entertain the public. They will have a vacation, and Joe with your kind attention will endeavor to please.

The waterwagon which started on its career on the first day of the year, a brand new wagon, well braced with its runninggear in fine shape, and drawn by as fine a span as ever trotted in the traces, has had the usual heartrending halt, just as an automobile breaks down when you're miles from town. The wagon started off with a big crowd aboard the big barrel, and even clinging room was at a premium. It was a jovial crowd, a crowd that insisted on the gaping public that it had "sworn off." And now the gear is bursted, and what a tumble there was of the clingers-on! They fell off in several thudfals, looked at the wreck, exclaiming that the wagon was a poor kind anyhow, when one can climb into an automobile any time and whiz away on a joy ride, passing any old waterwagon at a 2:40 gait.

Judge Hart says he paid the Star for publishing a letter of his, which The Advertiser had declined. The Advertiser said the same thing, only it said it first. The Star acknowledges that Judge Hart tells the truth, but that The Advertiser does not, concluding by remarking that it is now a question of veracity between Judge Hart and The Advertiser.

To me this seems somewhat involved, considering that The Advertiser and Judge Hart agreed from the start on the matter. If I were to guess, I would say that the near approach of Halley's comet confused the editor of the Bulletin, who dropped into the Star office by mistake and wrote one of the editorials for which he is famous.

In no other way does it seem possible to account for the remark in the Star that there can be a difference of opinion between two persons who agree. When the editor of that paper discovers the mistake that has been made, he will, of course, withdraw his charge of untruthfulness. He is that sort of fellow.

The Bystander is heartily glad of the success which has followed Chief McDuffie's search for the cowardly chauffeur who left A. H. Smith lying unconscious on the street after having knocked him down and run his machine over him. I am heartily glad that the occupants of the machine have been discovered and named. I will be more glad when the chauffeur goes to jail. A creature as cowardly and despicable as this man Sam Kanela confesses himself to be has no place among free men until he has served a term and had the consequences of his carelessness and subsequent contemptible behavior so drilled into him on the reekpile that he will, on his part, remember it for the rest of his days and be for other chauffeurs an object lesson and an example.

I hear that the three passengers in the car with him state that they did not know that any accident had occurred. If they did not, they must have been pretty drunk. They were not asleep, because one of the women tells how she had her attention distracted by someone in the auto, Willie Hall, perhaps, just when the accident occurred. This distraction was kept up, evidently, while the chauffeur stopped, turned the unconscious body of Mr. Smith over, saw whom he had struck, and fled like a coward, leaving his victim lying where he fell.

Now, I don't believe that Hall or the women failed to see what they had done. I think they should be arrested and held as partners in the whole affair. Certainly their action after the accident was quite as despicable as Kanela's.

I wish the Rapid Transit Company would go back to the old Nan of starting the noon car on the Punahou route from the foot of the Fort street line by the whistle. There used to be a time when I could hear the whistle, drop my shears, grab my coat, and just catch the car for home and lunch. Now, when the cars start on their own schedule time, I miss the noon car about as often as I catch it, and, besides having to lose that ten minutes in waiting, hungry, on the street, I get home late and am regularly called down by my suffragette half. There are scores more like me who want to work until the whistle blows and then for the car.

A THOUGHTFUL MAID.

"Good-by forever!" said the young man coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."

"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlor scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning over so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."—Chicago News.

POOR SANTA CLAUS.

Tobias—Santa Claus must have a hard time to get all the presents he gives. Papa—He has a harder time paying for them.—Judge.

Rapleigh—The doctor says there's something the matter with my head. Sharp—You surely didn't pay a doctor to tell you that!—Boston Transcript.

SIDELIGHTS

ORIENTAL FOLKLORE.

Would that I were learned in the oriental languages, and possessed of literary ability. For should such be the case, then would I gain fame—and more important still, wealth—by writing and securing the publication of many and many a queer legend. It is true that the Chinaman is stolid, and changes not countenance e'en though he jumps off a car in the wrong direction, or listens intently, if not intelligently, to the exhortations and eloquence and songs—not music—of the Salvation Army. No less is it true that the Japanese readily and conveniently switches expression, and you may never be able to tell what the change means. As to the Korean, it is axiomatic that he has neither expression nor countenance from which inferences may be drawn.

Think not, however, that any of the trio lack imagination, or traditions, or fairy tales. Their folklore is certainly more ancient, and at least as reliable and profuse as is ours, or as is that of the Northland. The curious figures embroidered on the lavender-colored, loose-flowing "shirtwaist" of the Chinese madam, have a significance which can be traced to some old tradition, which was told to her by a fond mother when she was a mere child. And the screens with odd characters emblazoned on them, which turn up on the walls of the Chinese stores on the Koni-hi celebration, all mean something which is legendary. And the storks on the kimonos of the Japs, and the habit of taking off the shoes before crossing a threshold, likewise may be attributed to some myth which they, old and young alike, understand. Even down to their cuss words do our little brown brothers carry this trait, for all of them appear to be associated with some tale antedating by several centuries Commodore Perry's visit—notice of which is never omitted in exchange of expressions of good feeling between the orators of the two nations.

As for the Korean, while it is hard to believe, yet do I understand that should he be deprived of the pleasures of imagination he would pine away and die.

One of these days, when the increased rates for advertising, and a dearth of mainland news, and a lull in local politics and squalls, puts the editorial blue pencil out of commission, and even mediocre contributions may be welcomed, I am going to give one or two of the stories. They will not be well written, nor will they be exactly along our lines and ideas, but the reading of them will at least pass away an idle few moments.

CRAPS VS. BRIDGE.

Odd things are seen and heard at times in Honolulu. The other morning, fulfilling the duty I owe to it, I read even more than the headlines of The Advertiser, and gathered in the fact that some dozen or more stevedores had been incarcerated for the time being for "shooting craps." Inquiry from the head of the house elicited the information that this was a game, not played with firearms, as its name might imply, but with dice and expression: such as "seven-come-eleven." It seems that the husky Hawaiians, while waiting for their work to begin, had taken their recreation on some wharf by indulging in the awful crime of gambling for nickels and dimes, and were bravely raided by the police. I believe they later forfeited their bail, and the county was ahead to the tune of five dollars per gambler.

Later in the morning, while on the way to market on the street car, I, in the exercise of my prerogative, listened to a conversation between two other women sitting immediately in front of me. And it seems that on the evening before there had been what was called a "bridge party" at the house of a prominent social leader, and that one of the twain had gathered in \$30.75. By resorting to my never-failing fountain of knowledge that evening did I ascertain that "bridge" had not the slightest reference to streams or roads, save as a resemblance might be traced between their respective capacity for the expenditure and accumulation of this world's wealth. It seems that it is a game played with the "devils' pasteboards," where "declarations," and "slams," both great and small, and "heart conventions"—whatever they may be—abound.

In vain did I scan my newspapers for additional accounts of the bravery of the police, or sleuth work on the part of the detectives. There seemed to have been nothing doing. Deacon and County Treasurer Trent, insofar as the society recreation was concerned, was hard up as ever, for no contribution had been levied.

I suppose the proposition is all right. The Hawaiian should be judicially saved from the grave evils attendant upon the gambling habit, and the higher-ups permitted, being more intelligent, to travel the broad path which leads to eternal damnation and other exciting things, without admonition or molestation. And then, too, is there a well-defined, recognized, distinction between a wharf and a handsomely-furnished residence, as likewise between nickels and dollars. So I trust the deeds of valor in case of crap games, and the exercise of a wise discretion as to bridge, on the part of the police, will continue. But it would require more than the philosophy possessed by Ben Franklin to convince me, were I one of the "pulled," who forfeited the \$5 bail, that as to this, "whatever is, is right." I would surely claim Missouri as the place of my nativity and education.

FASHIONS IN MEN'S CLOTHING.

For more years than I care to admit have I heard ridiculed and scorned and scoffed at, the turns which fashion dictates woman's dress shall take. But last week I witnessed that the men lived in exceedingly fragile residences concerning this particular subject, and must not gather together many pieces of coral and lava for muscular use.

Availing myself of one of Governor Frear's invitations, did I attend the reception of the Chinese Consul a week yesterday. His name I do not remember, but the blow-out I always shall. The wine was of the best, and the salad would tempt the palate of any epicure. Everything was lovely. The Consul, no matter what or how unpronounceable his name may be, is a good fellow, and did the honors with grace and tact and credit. But I certainly would like to supplement my enjoyment of the function with an X-ray picture of his impressions of the clothes worn by the men. The coats ranged in length from waist to ankle, and in quality from cheap serge to expensive broadcloth. With reference to color, the rainbow was not in it. The pantaloons sometimes matched in quality and color with the coats—oftentimes they did not. Some of the collars were high and some were low. Shirts of all descriptions were there, some quiet in shade, some exceedingly brilliant. Shoes, tan, and white, and patent leather, and plain every-day black, were in evidence; and each possessor of the distinctive kind and shape showed clearly by his expression that he recognized his pair as being the only fashionable one.

Neckties of all descriptions did I see, varying from the two-bit, made-up type to the four-dollar variety which would make even Bert Peterson envious. And as for hats, my pen fails me; and I must simply quit. Suffice it to say that not in one instance did I see a match with the balance of the outfit as outlined by the fashion plates; and in several instances did I see some which should be garnered by Lydecker, superintendent of the archives department.

But the men enjoyed the wine and the salad and the raiment; and, inasmuch as their enjoyment is our only object in life, there can be no kick coming.

THE BENEFITS OF ORGANIZATION.

Did it ever occur to you that Honolulu is, if not the best, certainly the most governed and organized city in the world? If you go astray morally, or get wrong on some of the great civic questions of the day, or are suffering from having no books to read or food to eat, it is your own fault, because a search will reveal the existence of some organization formed to supply your every need. Even a partial list is eloquent. The chamber of commerce and the merchants' association are always on tap, with bylaws permitting lunches to, and speeches by, distinguished visitors, and the voting of resolutions giving congress tips on the course that august body should pursue, and endorsing candidates for office and in a general way supervising the proper conduct of the universe. And there is a Y. M. C. A., duly and regularly organized, with a long list of officers and boards, a well-equipped gymnasium, and a "visitors welcome" sign always hung out. Many improvement clubs, with geographical names, are there, with ample power and admittedly more than ample ability to determine where tenements, and parks, and schoolhouses shall or shall not be located, and how the city beautiful shall finally be laid out. And there is a promotion committee, charged with the duty of seeing that all tourists may intelligently ascertain the proper method of enjoying the many advertised attractions—natural, governmental, and historical—of our islands, as likewise the wisest manner in which to cash in and dispose of their letters of credit. An association—I believe called Evangelical—is ever ready and willing, indeed anxious, to secure for you an insalubrious title to a mansion in the skies. Clubs, aristocratic and plebeian, exclusive and liberal, religious and sacrilegious, city and country, wet and dry, exist without number. Fraternal societies, to be recognized by buttons, and compass and square, and other strange and incomprehensible signs, may be found to have their headquarters on almost every street in the town. Indeed, few things are accomplished in Honolulu indi-

LONE OBSERVER AROUND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

"What are you hanging around here for?" demanded the Sky Pilot, suspiciously.

The Lone Observer started guiltily and sidled up behind a column on the terrace of the Judiciary building. "Where am I at?" he whispered.

"In the courthouse," whispered back the Sky Pilot, looking around to see if they were observed. "You'd better get out before anybody sees you. There's Judge Whitney coming in now, and there's Judge Robinson talking to a reporter."

The Lone Observer heaved a sigh of relief after he had been smuggled into the law library. "This is an awful place," he exclaimed, mopping his brow.

"What are you here for?" grumbled the Pilot, who had grown cold toward the Lone Observer ever since he had persisted in wandering off the beaten tracks.

"I heard about the antituberculosis campaign starting, and I was so pleased to think that there were intellectuals in existence at present which could conceive such an idea that I thought I'd come up and see what the surrounding circumstances are. Isn't this place awful? Are those books all full of laws?"

"You bet they are," said the Sky Pilot. "That's the Constitution—of the United States right there alongside of the Revised Laws of Hawaii."

"Tee hee," giggled the little man.

"What did you say?" demanded the Sky Pilot.

"I said that there was quite a lull in the noise. What's the matter?"

"Half holiday," explained the Pilot. "The building will be clear in a minute and I'll get you out."

"No," said the Lone Observer, "you won't. I'm going to look for those surrounding circumstances."

"All right," said the S. P., wearily. "I'll go with you."

"See here," said the Sky Pilot, proudly. "The campaign, as you see, started at home," and he pointed to a tattered, dirty, brown sign that requested the general public not to expectorate on the floor.

"It says, 'do not spit on the floor,'" read the Lone Observer in mild surprise. "That's funny."

"What's funny?" asked the Sky Pilot, who was getting very suspicious.

"How everybody has been observing it. Look at all the spots on the wall. Everybody's been spitting on the walls and the ceilings and not one has done so on the floor. There isn't anything to spit in."

The Sky Pilot gave three wiggles and two squirms and directed the Lone Observer carefully around the building, although the latter broke loose three or four times with the result that when he had passed through the building on both sides of the street he sat on the grass and wrote the following in his notebook. The Sky Pilot watched the pencil anxiously and later read this:

"Would a gift the giftie gie us
"To see ourselves as others see us."

"I don't know if Burns said it just like that, but that's what I mean.

"I have been through the houses where the laws are made, and I have seen the laws forming, and I have seen many people carrying out the laws, and I have seen more people kicking about the laws, and altogether I never saw anything like the laws."

"You saw more than I showed you," said the Sky Pilot.

"There is so much importance in the air that it is not healthy. This man has that power and that man has this power and all men have some power, and their perspective is spoiled by the sense of their own power. When they put their thoughts into words and send them forth for the consideration of an admiring world, they wing their way heavily over the landscape because they are loaded down with official dignity. Anybody in the city could say the same thing, but it would not mean anything, because the speaker is not initiated into the mysteries of government. To be initiated into the mysteries of government means to be placed where you can only see the tops of other people's hats.

"Some people wear their importance like a halo, some wear it like a pair of shoes, and other people get inside of it like an overcoat. Everybody wears it somehow, and some smoke it, eat it, and drink it. They must pick their words very carefully, because they are official and mean so much more than those of other people. To call a spade a spade places the spade in a very compromising position.

"That is the way with the antituberculosis campaign. It has become invested with the sense of power and official propulsion and may become ponderous. If it is ponderous, it will doubtless smash through all obstructions, but it will not insinuate itself into the crevices underfoot, and has already missed the first part of its journey, for the government buildings are as unsanitary as the tenements. If a bacteriologist could be imported, you could see him chasing through the halls to get a sample of every troublesome bug in existence.

"To be a great man is to be able to do little things. Napoleon, at the critical moment of his reign, stopped his work to arrange the details of a puppet show, but the government officials of the Territory of Hawaii are so busy they 'don't know where they're at.' I don't believe they're worse than other officials. It's a disease that has got into the twentieth century, arising from the action of the bugs dining on the great men, who have all died out. Nobody will believe these notes."

"I don't," said the Sky Pilot. "Everybody is busy, and you know it. We have the best officials in the Union."

"I know we have," said the Lone Observer; "but why don't they have spittoons in the Judiciary building?"

Small Talks

JOHN WILSON—Forget it.

JIM QUINN—No, I am not prepared to say that I would refuse to run for mayor.

JOHN C. LANE—I called on the Governor today to boost Lorin Andrews for the attorney-generalship.

DOCTOR BURDETTE—I would rather be bitten by a Pasadena rattlesnake than a Honolulu mosquito.

LEOLA HARVEY-ELDER—It rained continually during the several days I spent in Hilo, and yet I did not see one street crossing which required a path of cinders.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—It seems rather contradictory to consult about fighting tuberculosis and then be oblivious to the very conditions that create and foster the same—viz, the "tenement house shacks."

GOVERNOR FREAR—I am getting in now records of all the public lands in the Territory that have ever been homesteaded. When the list is completed, I shall have a complete history of every piece of land in Hawaii that has ever been opened to homesteading. A tabulation of the statistics will tell some interesting stories.

W. WILLIAMSON—This will be the best sugar year we have ever had. Stocks are high, but strong, now. In 1905 they were high, but not strong, as everyone knows, and the present prices are only the natural result of a good market. Money is easy nowadays, and the banks are not asking high rates of interest. Estates, with plenty of income, can not invest in stocks, but can take bonds. The estates have invested in bonds, and bonds are up at a high figure.

vidually and without organization. Even the charities, productive of so much good, have prefixed to them the term "associated."

It is too bad that the laws of New Jersey relative to corporations and joint-stock associations and other similar contrivances are not in force in Hawaii, for then would there be a large reduction in the taxes of individuals by reason of revenues received from such organizations. Perhaps the next legislature may get busy and adopt the ideas in this regard of the Mosquito State.

And it might be added in passing that we have an association in Honolulu, which meets at the Central Union church, and determines, after vigorous and exhaustive debate and research, a great many important questions. I have been unable to learn its name, but the character of the aforesaid debates, researches, and determinations may be guessed at when it is mentioned that the last meeting of the club, or association, or corporation, or whatever it calls itself, determined by a tie vote that government by commission would not be detrimental to the interests of Hawaii.

As all of these organizations are eminently successful in carrying out their ideas, may I repeat a former suggestion, that there be one called the Malihini Christmas tree club.