

SIDELIGHTS

VISIT THE PALACE.

Never miss an opportunity of wandering through the palace grounds when in the vicinity. And by the use of the word "wandering" is meant exactly what is said. Don't be in a hurry, and don't go straight through. And above all, let not preoccupation with the cares and problems of life,—the butcher bill, and spring clothes, and church politics, and servants, and the best method of dodging an automobile, and like grave questions,—cause you to forget to notice what you see.

Perhaps in the halcyon days of King Kalakaua the trip might have been more interesting, for I have heard my friends, claiming to be acquainted with the facts, say that during that period the grounds in some respects resembled the famous grove of Daphne, where Ben Hur's scheme for getting even was hatched. I am told that there was a hedge around the place then which shut out the vulgar gaze. My informants further go on to say that there were times when the luxuriant foliage then growing within the sacred precincts would yield an occasional hula girl, wearing a conventional costume.

But the modern trip is by no means dreary, and, even though grass skirts in the locality have gone out of fashion, other things, equally instructive and educational, may be observed. Groups of Hawaiians may be seen, enjoying life in an idle, easy fashion which should be envied by politicians, the owners of other kinds of machines, and those leading strenuous lives. Were I a Teddy, or a John D., or an Uncle Joe, most willingly would I welcome the advent of a wizard's wand whose waving would enable me to join in their negative joys. Brain fag from the study of the proper methods of making an economical income tax return never results from their discussions. The muckraker is not feared in the least and indeed, I believe is never mentioned in the conversations which occur beneath the shades of Landscape Gardener Green's magnificent trees. School may keep or let out, but the Hawaiian habitue you will meet on your trip doesn't care much which. Could he be induced to construct a motto for his resort, it certainly would read "Pau Piliikia."

Often you will meet tourists and perhaps be afforded the ever welcome opportunity of explaining to them when the edifice was constructed and the grass planted, and by whom, and the exact location of the chamber from which emanate orders and wisdom, and the utility of Lydecker's preserve, and the age of the banyan tree, and the use and abuse of the mangoes which abound, and similar stock subjects upon which we can all safely converse with a visitor, no matter how little we may know. As to the bungalow, you may make anything you want out of it, from a native house of worship to a chamber of horrors, and the money-spending recipient of your knowledge, plainly showing surprise at the fact that you speak English and wear clothes, will swallow all of the secrets divulged by you in your hospitable burst of confidence.

What one does not see is often interesting and significant. In my many trips through the yard I have encountered few orientals. They appear to either fear or shun the immediate locality, and do their loafing elsewhere. I take it that through generation after generation has been planted and grown into maturity the idea that the grounds of officials are holy, and must be approached gingerly, if at all, perhaps without shoes. Search for them, if you will—you will find few.

Neither the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and library nor the Kakaako, Palama and River street joints lures all of the soldiers of our nation, resident or visiting, while off duty. Many of them can be seen seated on the unupholstered benches once painted green in honor of the superintendent. Indeed the grounds appear to be a favorite resting place of the enlisted man. The scenery, or a desire to protect Mottly Smith or Walter Drake, or the shade, or the physical training afforded by sitting on the seats referred to, may be the cause or the attraction, but he is certainly on hand.

And on Tuesday of this week did I see the Russians gather on the premises in great numbers. I don't know whether Jack promised them rubles or dollars, or brown stone fronts, or immunity from sweat of the brow methods of acquiring black bread, or linguistic experts, or a great variety of other luxuries of life. But some one had certainly taken pains to impress upon them that the royal demesne surrounding the "palace" was to be theirs, and possession of it they had taken. And I will venture to assert, having some slight knowledge of the Hawaiian language, that not since the trees had been planted, and the queer-looking mirrors on the porticos placed, and the throne chamber furnished, had so many consonants put in a conversational appearance as on that occasion. Perhaps the Russian may finally be pacified, and consent to become an acquisition to the Territory, and discard his whiskers and his boots and his ideas relative to financial matters,—but if he ever learns to utilize the vowels of which the Hawaiians have a monopoly, I shall consider the millennium in hand. The only Hawaiian word I know of which sounds like it had two vowels in a total of six letters was the only one adopted by the bunch I heard on the day in question. It signified a desire to be fed, and phonetically spelled, contained two "ks." and an equal number of "ws." and "os."

And my same Tuesday trip saved me the price of a subscription to Butterick's nonunion fashion publication, for I was enabled to see all of the latest styles of Russian blouses which are the 1910 rage. They didn't exactly harmonize with the iron fence and the bandstand, but like the governor's attractive whiskers, Russian they were, and fashionable they were. Their wearers—I mean of the blouses—were husky and looked like they might make good cane cultivators. And the blouses were fairly clean and reasonably recent in style.

And so have I gained, without cost, education along many lines.

RICHARDS VS. WATKINS.

Far be it from me to criticize the views expressed by the federal grand jury which has just been discharged with thanks and the bold signature of Marshal Hendry to a pay check, after a most strenuous and indictment productive session.

I know the checks will ere this have resulted in cash, and hope the indictments will in convictions. But I need make no claim to be the seventh daughter of a seventh son, and so forth, to indulge in the prediction that one of its recommendations will call down upon its head the denunciation of every advocate of temperance and prohibition in existence. And my prediction might go farther, and include in the outfit whose criticism will have to be faced by License Commissioner Norman Watkins and his fellow conspirators on the grand jury, the retail liquor dealers' association. And when Theodore Richards and Charlie McCarthy join forces in a warfare you may anticipate that fur will fly.

For the establishment of a club to which our enlisted protectors may resort for the purpose of helping out breweries and quenching thirst is hostile alike to the ideas of the saloon and the antisaloon leagues. Profits and beer will vanish through its maintenance.

It is possible that the partnership mentioned will include some keepers of blind pigs and drivers of automobiles. It certainly, in its crusade against Watkins' ideas, will have the moral backing of the gentlemen in question. And The Friend and the Honolulu Times and The Advertiser will go after Norman's scalp, and a merry time will there be. Of course, Colonel Schuyler doesn't need to care much, and wont, for he has the courage of his convictions and has been an Indian fighter, and can't be deprived of his scalp or fired from office by the petition method.

But discussions on certain other matters, formerly of public interest, have commenced to grow somewhat monotonous, and the unholy ideas of the fifty-sevens day, eighty-five indictment crowd will come as a welcome relief.

They do say that a search of the court records will show the sheets of the report to have been tied together, in order to withstand attacks and the savages of time, with pretty red, white and blue ribbon. That, of course, is a mere incident; but we may all rest assured that such a degradation of the national colors will not be overlooked during the argument. Of course, the foreman's ready answer will be that the ribbons were not intended for the club proposition, but were voted for on account of the number of bouquets handed out. That commendations of Stackable, and Hendry, and Brown, and Brockman must contain adornments other than literary will be the excuse.

But it is to be hoped that the valiant struggle will give the enlisted man his beer, if liquor is allowed to remain in Hawaii. He can not afford champagne, or seventy-five-cent whisky at three dollars per bottle. And should the day come when we need protection at his hands, I don't imagine that he will fight any the less vigorously, or reflect any the less glory on his country, by reason of the fact that he has been accorded the rights to which the grand jury has said he is entitled—that of beer instead of blind pig whisky.

READ THE ADVERTISER.

Sidelights' observatory powers are not limited to what takes place on the streets, nor to what the politicians are successfully not doing, nor to Mayor Fern's heroic Titanic fight to see that Fort street is paved by Ed.

DOLE OVERRULES U. S. APPRAISERS

In Important Decision Federal Judge Sustains Appeal From Stackable.

(From Thursday's Advertiser.) Judge Dole, in a decision rendered yesterday on the appeal of S. B. Fujiyama from the decision of the board of general appraisers at New York, reverses the general appraisers and sustains the appeal of the importer, Fujiyama. Judge Dole's decision, therefore, is unusually important as well as unusually unusual.

The question at issue was whether the Japanese product called miso comes in the class of enumerated articles which should pay an ad valorem duty of forty per cent or in the class of unenumerated articles which need pay but twenty per cent.

Fujiyama, a Honolulu importer, brought from Japan forty-five casks of miso. These, coming through the Honolulu customhouse, were assessed by Collector Stackable at forty per cent ad valorem, on the ground that miso is a preserved vegetable or a sauce. Fujiyama refused to abide by Stackable's ruling and appealed to the board of general appraisers at New York, which sustained the collector.

But Fujiyama was still not satisfied, and he carried the case up to the United States district court, where he has, through the ruling of Judge Dole, won out against both Stackable and the New York board of appraisers.

The New York appraisers ruled that, beans being the principal if not the only substantial component article, miso must be classed as "vegetables, prepared or preserved," if not as "sauce."

But it appears that the board of general appraisers didn't know what it was talking about, for miso contains a good deal more than beans, nearly half of it being fermented rice. Judge Dole reviews in his decision the testimony taken as to the nature of the article, and this shows it to be strictly a manufactured article, bearing no resemblance to beans, preserved or otherwise, and so Judge Dole holds. He says: "I am of the opinion that the process is a process of manufacture and that miso is a manufactured article. It is not preserved beans, as counsel for the government contends. It is made from rice and beans, and rice is the component part of chief value."

"Miso is a new and completed commercial article, known and recognized in the trade by a specific and distinctive name other than the names of either of the materials of which it is composed. It is put into a completed condition, designed, and adapted for a particular use."

Judge Dole, in overruling the board of general appraisers and the collector of customs, concludes as follows: "While compelled to reverse the decision of the board of general appraisers, I feel satisfied that had it had the benefit of the testimony which was taken before this court its decision would have been different. Its only testimony was that of a woman who was a restaurant keeper in New York and who furnished miso to her patrons. She evidently knew little about miso, for she said that it was made of beans and rice or beans and oats, and had nothing to say about any process of fermentation or the use of yeast. The general appraisers must have received the impression from her testimony that miso is a food prepared from the several articles mentioned by simple processes of cooking and combination, to be used in making soup when wanted, and that at such stage it had keeping qualities to some extent, and therefore might be properly rated as 'preserved vegetables.' The important feature of the process, by which both beans and rice are changed in character, was not referred to by her."

"The protest is sustained." The amount involved in the case is about \$100,000. E. C. Peters represented the appellant; Assistant District Attorney Rawlins appeared for the government.

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE. John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. For sale by all dealers, Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

THE SUBSIDY FIGHT.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—One of the developments in the campaign against the ship subsidy propaganda today was the arrest of John A. Pantou, secretary of the Merchant Marine League, on the charge of criminal libel.

Lord and not Joe Gilman, nor to the Holy Rollers, nor indeed to any old subject. Occasionally, in her perusal of special millinery and shirtwaist and tailor-made costume sales advertisements, she runs across things which, interspersed between statements of how to get rich by purchasing female attire cheap, are extremely readable.

Does your stomach haunt you? Is nightmare getting chronic? Are you compelled to read books on the simple life? Must pate de foi gras, and roast duck, and Alexander Young Cafe delicacies be cut out? Which shall be the morning quaff, Kona coffee or postum cereal? All you have to do to settle these, and a multitude of similar problems culinary and organic, is to scan somewhat carefully, The Advertiser of this morning. For shall you see that you may by the use and consumption of a patented article eat at any time anything you may relish, without distress of any nature whatsoever, and peacefully fall asleep for the conventional eight hours. Repose is guaranteed.

And the benefits which these advertisements set forth are not limited. Evidently they anticipate the return to Hawaii, and the success of the efforts of John G. Atherton Woolley. For will a diligent search of the five-cent newspaper which contains this effusion disclose the fact that the panacea for the consumption of indigestible edibles may be secured from any drug store or any wholesale liquor house; by payment of the price which the patent has secured.

And the legislature may heed the admonition which may be handed out to it by the electors who shall assemble at the special election which possibly may be called, and perhaps enact a law concerning the consumption of intoxicating liquors. But should all of the "possibles" and "mayas" and "perhapses" result in something positive, read The Advertiser, get a diseased stomach and hunt up a drug store. Relief will be immediate. And under the pure food act, the amount of alcohol consumed in the cure, will be marked on the label.

FEET TANGLED IN RED TAPE

Board of Health Holds Windy Meeting, but Results Are Attained.

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

The board of health held a meeting yesterday afternoon that lasted an hour and forty-five minutes and resembled nothing so much as a session of the board of supervisors—unless, possibly, it might be a little dog chasing his tail. It went around and around in a circle without getting anywhere, until finally Fred Smith seized the rotating canine and chucked it bodily into its kennel.

All that the board did, and all that it had to do when it started in, was to vote funds to the Palama Settlement for the pay of two district nurses for the anti-tuberculosis campaign. But it took nearly two hours for some one to discover how this could be done. At last it was done by the simple expedient of doing it.

The meeting was a special meeting, called by President Mott-Smith to consider the work of the anti-tuberculosis campaign. It soon developed that there were many bumps of petty importance sticking out and their owners were afraid that somebody might happen to knock against them. This dogs not mean that the members of the board of health have any bumps of importance, but they felt themselves obliged to use great care not to collide with the bumps of some other people. There was much talk of responsibility and who was to get the credit for certain work—that, at least, is what it amounted to—and who should be boss over the district nurses.

Several others than members of the board of health attended the meeting, including J. R. Galt and Superintendent Bath of Palama Mission, both present as members of the executive committee of the Antituberculosis League. Doctor Hobdy was present as a member of the board of health and as a member of the executive committee. Doctor Brinckerhoff was also present, as was Doctor Wayson.

J. R. Galt asked the board to turn over to Palama Settlement two district nurses, the board having previously agreed to provide two nurses. But the two nurses have not even been selected and nothing along that line has yet been done by the board of health, although the league has six nurses at work. Mr. Galt stated that the league needed the two extra nurses on account of the fact that the day camp is to be opened next Thursday and one nurse must be put in charge of that institution and one nurse is needed elsewhere.

Then began a ring-around-a-rosy discussion. Everybody admitted that the proposed two nurses should be put to work, but everybody, or nearly everybody, had some objection to offer. Mr. Mott-Smith did not see how the legislative appropriation could be used to pay nurses under the charge of the Palama Settlement. The board couldn't be responsible for their work if it did not have direct charge of them. Doctor Sexton, head of the tuberculosis bureau, objected to turning over the nurses to the league and indicated inferentially that he was afraid his position was not being properly recognized.

Doctor Brinckerhoff made a speech in which he said that the question was not one of responsibility or who should boss the nurses, but a question of curing sick people and preventing other people from getting sick.

Doctor Hobdy backed him up in this, but proceeded to go into such elaborate detail that the issue was once more obscured and nobody knew where he "was at."

Then Doctor Wayson took a hand in the matter and made a speech in which he tried to brush aside all the red tape and succeeded remarkably well—until the next speaker grabbed the end and wrapped it around the feet of the board again.

This lasted for an hour and a half or more, during which time many petty jealousies peeped out. Fred Smith, who had sat through the long discussion with a bored look on his face, finally cut the Gordian knot by making the simple motion that the board of health turn over to Palama Mission the funds to pay for the two nurses. The solution was so ridiculously simple that everybody gasped and a few tried to discuss the matter some more or amend the motion. But Smith stuck to his guns and won out. The motion was adopted and the vexed problem solved.

Doctor Hoffmann left for Kauai on the Kinaiu last night and will return on the 10th inst. Dr. Frederick Morong will take care of Doctor Hoffmann's practise during his absence.

Japanese View of American Diplomatic Situation.

We do not mean to be facetious, but in all seriousness we can not help considering the telegrams which we publish today as a very curious conglomeration, in so far as they relate to America. The stories they tell range all the way from the sensation caused by Mr. Schiff's speech to the World's long-faced whisper that the Washington government is in possession of Japan's definite plan to occupy the Pacific States, and on the top of all comes an intimation that all Europe is combining against America. This reminds us of what we heard and read not many years ago about a new epidemic, which had broken out in America, called dementia Americana. So far as our memory serves us, its symptoms were that the patient is in constant dread of something or other going wrong, that he is ceaselessly haunted by an idea that somebody or other is trying to get the best of him, so that there is no resting for the afflicted person, who keeps himself in a state of perpetual morbid excitement. We have since then heard nothing about either the progress or retrogress of this peculiar form of ailment; but it is certain that its spread has not been as alarming as its character, or there would today be no great American republic. For this reason we take but lightly the newspaper effusions referred to in today's telegrams, which we regard as the result of that dementia, which appears to have broken out afresh. Not that we make light of the disease itself; but since it is a form of personal affliction, it will not seriously affect America's international relations, which are in sober hands. Or let those peculiar manifestations be the result of conjuring by yellow journalism, whose object is "to sell," the situation does not alter. We can only say, therefore, that less notice taken of those maneuvers the sooner things will mend. True, there is a saying that where there is no fire there will be no smoke. But old sayings are never safe to apply without due regard to the whole circumstance. And the secret of yellow journalism lies in the art of manufacturing smoke without fire.

There is, however, another phase to the matter. It is not impossible that behind these yellow journals in America there are some scheming minds who think that, since Japanese are only human, they do not like to have unpleasant things said about them, which, if generally believed, would alienate the world's sympathy from them, and that their fear of isolation would compel them to give up their ways which are not the ways of those

JUDGE COOPER NOT EASY ON OFFENDERS

Offenders convicted in the district court who appeal to Circuit Judge Cooper are beginning to find that they don't get off any easier if they are convicted by or before him. Several times since the new judge took his seat on the bench, he has had to deal with appeals from the district court, and in each case he affirmed the sentences passed by Judge Andrade.

Yesterday morning it was two Japanese gamblers who got bumped. Their names are Yamishira and Harada and they were convicted in the police court of running a che-fa game. Judge Andrade soaked them \$250 and costs each. They appealed and yesterday they got the same old dose at the hands of Judge Cooper.

REFUNDING OF BONDS IS TO BE POSTPONED

Hawaii's outstanding bonds will not be refunded right away, notwithstanding the fact that the legislature made provision for refunding. Governor Frear yesterday received from the Territory's fiscal agent at New York information which makes it appear this is a bad time for any such financial transaction, as, at the price of bonds on the New York market now, the Territory would save little or nothing by calling in the old bonds and issuing new.

Governor Frear stated yesterday that he was not surprised at this, as when he was in the East last time, he gathered that the bond market was not liable to be good for several months. In all probability nothing will be done for some time, not until conditions appear more favorable.



REST AND PEACE

Fall upon distracted households when Cuticura enters. All that the fondest of mothers desires for the alleviation of her skin-tortured and disfigured infant is to be found in warm baths with

CUTICURA SOAP

And gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment.

JAMES HOLT GETS ANOTHER CONTINUANCE

For some unexplained reason Jimmie Holt has secured another continuance in the matter of his citation to show cause why he should not be adjudged in contempt of court for refusing to answer the questions of the grand jury as to where he obtained his information concerning the deliberations of that body. The case has already been continued several times and yesterday, on motion of the defense, it was continued for another week.

She May Come Here.

The crack steam yacht Aquilo used by the judges in many a Harvard-Yale-Princeton race is now in San Francisco Bay having recently been brought around the Horn to become the property of Herbert Law, the California capitalist who visited here last year. With Herbert Law as owner it is likely that she may visit Honolulu some day, and possibly one of her passengers will be Charley Rhodes once with The Advertiser, later secretary to Mayor Fern and now Herbert Law's right hand office man.

The Aquilo is one of the best known yachts in the fleet of pleasure craft owned by millionaires on the Atlantic. Built in 1901, she is 186 feet long, 32 feet beam, 10 1/2 feet depth of hold, of 106 net tons and is equipped with a 750-horsepower triple-expansion engine. It is said that the craft cost its original owner \$200,000 and that Law paid \$80,000 for her. Law will use the vessel both for pleasure and business, as she is a good sea boat and could go most anywhere along the coast.

The Aquilo was brought out by Capt. H. H. Williams. He was captain of the freighter Oregonian for some time, port superintendent of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company at New York, and more recently inspector and surveyor for the National Marine Debris Commission. The Aquilo's executive officer is also well known in the Pacific. He is Capt. Albert Barron, who was, for many years in the service of the Pacific Mail and the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. Captain Barron brought out the fleet of new lightship tenders and light ships which arrived in San Francisco over a year ago and is considered one of the most experienced men for bringing vessels out from the Atlantic to the Pacific. One of the tenders was the Wabau now stationed in Hawaiian waters.