

### THE BYSTANDER.

The Bulletin is presenting some very interesting facts of "Why Congress Opposed Prohibition for Hawaii." The only objection some over-critical person might make is that congress never did oppose prohibition for Hawaii.

While I am on the subject of the Cowley, I want also to call attention to another expression in that merry-making publication. This comes under the head of "That Reminds Me," and says as a reminder to the "Drys," that "dogs bark at strangers."

In a city with so many wealthy residents and so many people who are classed lovers of music and literature, Honolulu is notably lacking in a temple dedicated solely to art and literature.

Last week I ventured to approve of the Star's government cook book, much of which I knew to be correct because I had proved it so.

Within the past two days I have heard probably twenty-five business men congratulate themselves that that old firetrap, the Orpheum, is no more.

Why, Chinatown can boast a bunch of firetraps, mantraps, deathtraps—call them what you will—that would make the old Orpheum look like the proverbial half of sixty cents.

At least the Orpheum stood outside of the fire limits, or at least a part of it did. Right inside the fire limits are some tenements that are ten times more dangerous than Joe Cohen's old amusement shop ever dreamed of being.

Honolulu will be able to struggle along very nicely without the Orpheum, but there are some hundred or more structures of like or worse character that she could spare equally well.

There is one theater in particular that I am counting on to furnish me with some thrills some day. That is the old Japanese theater on Aala street.

Altogether, the loss of the Orpheum is not such a boon, except that it has called attention to other existing conditions and has served as a warning of what can happen in a dozen of other places in this city.

If one poor, little, innocent, helpless chap had not had his leg broken through being thrown on the ground by his brute of a father, the recent riot of Russians at the police station would have been a most laughable affair.

Last week there shook the dust of Honolulu from his number nine one who was known to fame and the promotion committee as "the atlas man," but few knew that in addition to being an artist in the canvassing line, he was also another kind of an artist, about the same one kind as another.

When Captain Berger and his boys took a cruise in their playing on Friday

### THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM

#### He Meets H. I. H. Wilhelm der Kleine

I had a genuine alarm a few days ago. I was informed that some of the victims whose inner weaknesses and foibles I have exposed to the gaze of a heartless public were on my trail and were determined to land me. Huhu Hendry, I was told, wanted to arrest me for saying he was troubled with insomnia.

But when I tried to get out, I found myself between the devil and the deep, blue sea. I never before understood as well as I do now the meaning of the expression, "between the horns of a dilemma."

You see, it's this way. When I had fully made up my mind that my health required a change of climate, I very naturally went down to the offices of the Pacific Mail to book passage on some outgoing steamer.

"Hoch der Kaiser," I gasped, instinctively, as I kowtowed three times and beat my forehead on the floor.

His Imperial Highness did not deign to cast a glance in my direction, but went on curling his mustache, twisting the points upward until they endangered his eyes.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, 'Das Ich so traurig bin.'"

I didn't either, but it made me fully as sad as he seemed to be.

"Your Majesty," I said, "can it be possible that you are here?"

At the sound of my faltering voice he turned around and I saw that I had been partly mistaken. It wasn't really the Emperor of Germany, but only a sort of double—as one might say, Kaiser Wilhelm der Kleine.

"Vell, vat you vant?" he demanded when he at last condescended to look at me.

With the knowledge that I was not really standing in the presence of Royalty, part of my natural courage returned, and I informed him that I wanted to go to the Coast.

"Ja, so?" he said. "Vell, why don't you go? I don't care."

I hesitatingly added the information that I wanted to book on one of the Pacific Mail boats.

"Don't bother me," he said, turning once more to the mirror and continuing the absorbing occupation of curling his royal mustache.

Although terrified, I still firmly maintained my ground until he turned to me again.

"Vat you vaiting for?" he demanded, gruffly. "You ain't got a mortgage on this office, is it?"

I repeated that I wanted to book my passage for the Coast.

"Vell, this ain't no information bureau," he said. "Maybe you can go and maybe you can't. It depends on how much freight we got for our steamers. Vat for you vant to bother me ven I'm busy already?"

I apologized humbly, but insisted that I must know whether I could go on one of his steamers or not.

"How you think I know, eh?" he growled. "Why don't you wait until der steamer comes in and den maybe ve know, yes. Maybe if der ain't enough passengers for China, you can go. You got plenty of time. Der steamer von't sail until maybe four or five hours after she gets in. You can pack your trunk, and, if you can't go, you can unpack it some more. You is almost as bad, gewiss, as some of dose newspapers reporters vat wants to go out on der government launch, yet. Dey don't seem to realize that der government launch belongs to me already. Dey expect to travel in der same boat mit mir sometimes, yet. Vat you tink of that, eh? Ain't they the insulting ones, yes? Me, you verstehen! Me! Und they know who I am, and that I look like der Kaiser, auch."

And Klebahn turned anxiously to a portrait of the Emperor and caressed his mustaches carefully to be sure that they looked like those of H. I. P. Wilhelm II.

I gazed at him, fascinated.

"How do you do it?" I ventured.

"Clothespins," he muttered, as he gave them an extra upward twist.

"Tell me," I said, venturesomely, "are you as big a man as you look, or are there others?"

"There's Captain Reilly," he said, from behind his mustache. He's bigger as me, but don't tell him or I'll have more trouble as I have now already."

"Wh—what is your official title?" I managed to ask.

"Me, I'm der popular shipping clerk of Hackfeld & Gombany," he retorted, in apparent indignation. "Didn't you know?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance.

"I'm more as that, too," he added, with a kaiserliche frown; "I'm a golf player, auch. Sometimes I vin a game. Auch I used to be a champion rower mit der boatclub, aber that vas in der altenzeit. Nun bin ich zu gross."

"Tell me," I inquired, "are you as big as you look, or are you as big as some people think you are?"

H. I. P. Wilhelm der Kleine appeared insulted, and I did not press the question. Instead I reverted to the matter of transportation.

"Do I get accommodations to the Coast, or don't I?" I insisted.

"Vell, the swimming ain't so good this time of year," he grunted.

"Maybe if you wait, you can go as freight. Ve got part of two cabins on der next steamer yet, but der is a maiden lady in vun and a widow mit zwei kinder in der ander."

I concluded suddenly that I would rather brave the dangers that I knew awaited me in Honolulu, and told him I didn't think I cared to go to the Coast.

When I left the office, he continued to look like the Kaiser.

### LIFE'S COMPLEMENT

P. Maurice McMahon,

A merry boy, Life's joy all lay in frolic and in fun,  
To roam the hills and woods and dales, to skate and swim and run.

A dreaming youth, Life's great success was wealth and power and fame,  
The worship of material things, the glamor of a name!

And yet with all of these I see we're but the veriest slaves,  
Nor can they ever bring to man the bliss he fondly craves.

And then came Love, a Spirit thing, bewildering, sweet and fair,  
So real at times, and then a wraith, impalpable as air!

But now I know, deep in my heart, though great the mystery,  
Through Love alone God's holy peace can only come to me!

Honolulu, April, 1910.

at Thomas Square, they struck an agreeable surprise. Some one had sent them ten gallons of ice cream, all nicely packed in a freezer and left for them under the bandstand. The ten gallons disappeared down but and dusty throats and the music thereafter was splendid.

### DRUNKEN CROWD PLAYED PART IN STARTS A RIOT NEAR TRAGEDY

Kakaako Toughs Assault Fennell and Rider Without Cause and Arrests Will Follow.

Four McRae Actors Pinned Beneath Blazing Automobile—Escape Narrow One.

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

A fairly good sized riot occurred last night at Kakaako in which Liquor Inspector W. F. Fennell and P. W. Rider of the Kakaako Mission were the center of attraction.

A large number of drunken or partly intoxicated Portuguese and Porto Ricans were responsible for it and warrants will be issued for several of them today. Rider and Fennell were sitting on the steps of the mission when they noticed that a party of men had their chairs out obstructing the sidewalk and part of the street opposite the notorious Magoon block.

On Rider's suggestion they went to the spot to see what the trouble was and found a man in the act of striking another. Fennell seized his arm and ordered him to stop, showing his badge. The other got surly and threatened trouble, a crowd of sixty or seventy soon gathering. After a sharp altercation, the man was set aside and Rider and Fennell continued their walk to the end of the sidewalk and started to return.

As they were going back, another Portuguese stepped out and started to attack Fennell saying that the latter was the cause of all the trouble. He made a dive for the liquor inspector, who seized him around the neck and threw him against the wall. In an instant there were nearly two hundred and fifty men around the two, shouting "Punch them," "Kill them," and other pointed remarks. One plunged at Fennell and the two had a sharp tussle before Fennell choked him off and finally dispersed the crowd which still hung around in an ugly mood.

Fennell telephoned for the police and Officers Abreu and Nobrega were sent down. The man who started the riot is Louis, who formerly kept the "Flags of All Nations" saloon at Kakaako and who has been arrested before for selling liquor without a license. He had retired to his room by the time the officers arrived and as the crowd kept getting bigger and nastier the officers left. Warrants will be sworn out today for Louis and the Portuguese who assaulted Fennell later and the two will be charged with interfering with an officer.

### DEPUTY MARSHAL IRWIN RESIGNS

Deputy United States Marshal Ray Irwin has resigned his federal position to accept another billet with Peacock & Co. Mr. Irwin has been connected with the marshal's office for about two years and much of the hard work of the office has fallen on his shoulders. He has proved himself an efficient official.

### NEW FOREST RESERVE ESTABLISHED ON OAHU

By a decision of the board of agriculture and forestry yesterday in conference with Governor Frear, the homestead lands of Pupukea and Paumotu have been set aside as a forest reserve, Governor Frear, at the end of the conference, stating that he would sign the proclamation so constituting them.

These lands are situated midway between Waiialua and Kahuku on the northernmost point of Oahu and have been favorites with the small planters of Waiialua who left the latter district when control of it was assumed by the big corporations.

The homesteads cover a triangular area amounting to about 750 acres. Included in the area are three small water reserves which bring the total area up to about 820 acres.

Byron O. Clark, E. K. Ellsworth and E. C. Winston were all present at the meeting and spoke in favor of the contemplated action. There was no opposition.

### THOMAS SILVA DIES IN PORTLAND

Patrick Silva, of 1552 Liliha street, yesterday received a cablegram announcing the death of his brother, Thomas Silva, in Portland. Deceased has been ill for some time and the news of his death was not unexpected.

Thomas Silva was born in Honolulu thirty-seven years ago, having been a graduate of the St. Louis College, with the class in which Senator Coelha, James Thompson and a number of other well-known Hawaiians are members. He left here eleven years ago with a quaint club, having been for the past five years in Portland, playing at the Portland Hotel.

He was married but had no children.

### PHILIPPINES ARE NOW UNDER SUSPICION

WASHINGTON, April 19.—Objection by Mr. Cox of Indiana today prevented consideration by the house of a bill to increase the bonded indebtedness of the Philippines from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 for public improvements. Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska, opposing the bill, said "suspicion was beginning to creep into the minds of the people about the administration of the Philippines."

### ALLEGED GRAPTEE OUT

HONOLULU, April 20.—Police Commissioner Finney, who is under indictment for his connection with the postman evidence, tendered his resignation today.

### MRS. LORD SLIGHTLY HURT

Six Thousand Dollar Machine Is Burned Up—Blowout to Fire the Cause.

(From Monday's Advertiser.)

Four members of the McRae Stock Company—Mr. and Mrs. Webb and Mr. and Mrs. Hotelkiss—and Mrs. E. J. Lord were within an ace of death yesterday afternoon, following an accident to E. J. Lord's big Stearns automobile. Mr. Lord and Louis Morrison also had narrow escapes, while the car itself is wrecked beyond repair. Mrs. Lord received some injuries, her wrist and ankle being sprained, while the other members of the party escaped with minor bruises.

The affair might have been a most disastrous one, however. Five of them were pinned beneath the car, which had skidded and turned turtle, while, immediately after the upset, the gasoline took fire and wrapped the machine in flames. The escape of the ones imprisoned under the machine was almost miraculous.

The party had been spending part of the day at Haleiwa and were returning home. A short distance from the hotel, when the car was being driven at a fair rate of speed, one of the front tires blew out and the big machine skidded for fifty feet, the brake applied being useless. When it was seen that the car would probably go over, Lord and Morrison, who were in the front seat, jumped. The five behind had no opportunity and the machine went over, jamming them in a heap beneath it. Almost immediately the flames burst out of the hood.

Morrison and Lord rushed to the side of the car, which weighs 4300 pounds, and by main strength tilted it sufficiently for the uninjured ones of the five to crawl out themselves and drag out the others. Then all had to retreat before the flames, fearing that the gasoline tank would explode at any moment.

Manager Goodale, of the Waiialua plantation, saw the accident and came to the rescue in his machine. He ordered a number of Japanese, who had gathered, to throw sand on the blaze in the hope of smothering it, but this failed to save the machine, which is now a mass of twisted metal. Mr. Goodale then turned his machine over to the party, Mr. Lord driving it in, reaching town shortly after six o'clock. The wrecked machine is a \$6000 Stearns, partly insured.

### FORMER COMMANDER OF G. A. R. IS DEAD

LEBANON, May 2.—Maj.-Gen. J. P. S. Gobin, civil war veteran and former commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, died here yesterday. General Gobin commanded the National Guard of Pennsylvania during the coal strike of 1902.

### A FOOLISH OLD IDEA.

It was once thought that a medicine was all the more beneficial for having a nasty taste and smell. We now know that such an idea is perfect nonsense. There is no more reason why medicine should offend the senses than why food should do so. Therefore, one of the greatest chemical victories of the past few years is what we may call the redemption of cod liver oil. Everybody knows what a vile taste and smell this drug has in its natural state. No wonder most people declare they would rather suffer from disease than take plain cod liver oil, and the emulsions are as bad, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary. Now it is one of nature's laws that a medicine which disgusts the nose and the palate, and also sickens the stomach, can have no good effect as a medicine, because the system cries out to be delivered from it. In WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION the desired miracle is wrought, and we have the valuable part of the oil, without the other. This effective modern remedy is palatable as honey and contains all the curative properties of pure Cod Liver Oil, extracted by us from fresh cod livers, combined with the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and the Extracts of Malt and Wild Cherry. The palate accepts it as it does sugar, confectionary or cream. Taken before meals it goes to the very secret stronghold of digestive disorders, and strengthens the system against Scrofula, Throat and Lung Troubles and all diseases due to impurity of the blood. Dr. G. C. Shannon, of Canada, says: "I shall continue its use with, I am sure, great advantage to my patients and satisfaction to myself." It has all the virtues of cod liver oil; none of its faults. Sold by druggists.