THE BYSTANDER

Drawing the Class Line.

Room for Reasonable Doubt.

No Place for a Punchbowl.

Think of Markham.

Speaking about prohibition—and I can not find anyone who is speaking about anything else—I have had my attention drawn to the fact that the prominent holders of Territorial Hotel stock are drawing the class line in their advocacy of license, something I am rather surprised to see so widely published. My friend Archie Young, for instance says that he is agreeable to higher license. Now, what do the little saloonkeepers think about that? The Moana and the Young can afford to pay big license fees, but why? Because the little booze joints will be driven out of business and the rich ones, the ones where the haoles are welcomed and the Hawaiians are not wanted, will live.

C. C. von Hamm also believes in high license, which is nice because there must be harmony in the company which has the two richest hotel bars.

I don't want to be spitefully personal in naming names, but, when names are already placarded before the public a little more publicity will not hurt. I know that both Mr. Young and Mr. von Hamm are excellent gentlemen and good citizens, except that they are willing to pay a high license to do a poor business.

I see that my friend J. A. Kennedy is also opposed to prohibition, together with Jas. L. McLean, Harry Lewis, W. O. Smith, John C. Lane and Cecil Brown. Naturally they are. They are either directors or interested in the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, which makes a part of its profits from the sale of booze.

I don't see any remarks on the evils to follow prohibition from Jack Scully, Harry Klemme, Joe Clark, Paddy Ryan or other saloonkeepers who tend their own bars, but why they should be slighted and the others mentioned I can't see. It looks like another drawing of the class lines.

* * * * *

"I expect to vote for prohibition on July 26," is the quotation that the reporter got from Governor Frear. Now, as I know the Governor, that is a pretty positive statement. Some men would have said: "I am going to vote for prohibition," and had their minds no more firmly made up than the Doctor of Law, but never with Frear. I can almost see a moving picture of his mind when he took his prohibition stand. He spoke the words a week before the date for action; he reviewed the life tables from Conkling's latest insurance statistics and remembered that there was one chance out of twenty-seven million that he would drop dead before the polling booth opened; he remembered that Claudius McBride was coming back and might want to take him out for an auto ride, which would double the chance of death and make an accident probable; he remembered that Taft had a vacancy on the Supreme Court bench to fill and that the cable was working. Taking these and other things into consideration, he believed that there was room for a reasonable doubt, not so very much room, about enough for a nit to snuggle in, but still some room for doubt. It would never do to make a positive statement under the circumstances. Therefore he "expects" to vote for prohibition on July 26.

The last time I was on the mainland with Sam Parker I met a man who reminded me of the Governor. He had a statewide reputation for never making a positive statement. Naturally Colonel Sam wanted to bet about it and announced that he would make the man agree with him about something. The man was met, Sam was introduced and the company waited. Just then a flock of sheep was driven past and Parker saw his chance.

"Say, those sheep have been sheared, haven't they?" and he beamed upon the verbal dodger in a sort of make-conversation way.

The man looked at the closely cropped sheep. Then he looked at Parker. Then he spit in the dust.

"Well, they look like it on this side," he answered, and Parker gave up.

* * * * *

I had an early morning view of the city recently when arriving on the Mauna Kea from a trip to the big active volcano on Hawaii, and had a splendid opportunity to take in the grandeur of the mountain ranges rising so superbly back of the city of Honolulu until the summits were lost in the sea of mist. And it was this self-same inspection of the site of the city sleeping so soundly at that hour and the ideally perfect ranges in the background that convinced me that Punchbowl is an interloper in this scheme of nature, and although at one time in the history of this growing city Punchbowl appeared to fit into the scene, that time is passed. Punchbowl is in the way. Its very brown, lack-foliaged slopes obtrude themselves into an otherwise perfect picture of sea, land, hill and mountainscapes. At least that was my manao. It occurred to me that because Honolulu has grown from an infant to a husky adult and room is needed for her growing residence and business districts that Punchbowl could be eroded by engineers until it had been flattened out and became part of the uplands of the city, giving a magnificent site for a new residence section and giving a more artistic topography to the Island between Diamond Head and Waianae.

* * * * *

Soap-box oratory for and against prohibition is having its innings, the principal "anti" speaker during the noon hours being George Markham. To my mind there could be no stronger argument for a "dry" Hawaii than Markham. Many in Honolulu, all the kamaainas, remember Markham when he was a bright, well-meaning, handsome and intelligent man. There was a time when he stood out as one of the leaders among the Hawaiians. There was a time when he was respected, looked up to and listened to with attention.

That was before booze had got the strangle hold on him that it has now. Now, poor Markham is a laughing stock among his fellows. Now, when he mounts the stump, those who stop to listen do so with the knowledge that there is to be some comedy. As he stands before the people he is self-labelled "Failure through Drink."

Once he stood in the front rank of the Hawaiian politicians. Now, he has to be apologized for by his friends, as was the case at the last Republican county convention, when he felt impelled by drunken ardour to nominate as candidate for mayor Charley Hustace, his nomination speech being one of the things that defeated Hustace.

Poor Markham. His record runs from that of a leading politician, one of the organizers of the Home Rule party, to that of a man in the prisoner's dock of the police court, charged with cattle stealing.

He owes what he is today to drink, drink that has so undermined his intellect that he can not understand the pity in the eyes of those who listen to his babblings against the cause of prohibition.

When I go to the polls on Tuesday and mark my ballot "yes," I will be thinking of Markham and of many others like him.

AID TO HEALTH.

J. CARLO—I won't say how I intend to vote but I will say that six months ago I cut out intoxicants entirely. The gratifying result is that today I am feeling better and keener than I ever did in my life before.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM

Plumbing the Senator

He was encased in a pair of overalls and a coat of grime and was busily engaged in trying to plug up a leak in the family treasury when I finally found him after long search.

"Are you Senator Squid?" I asked as he looked up from his labors and directed a piercing glance at where my pocketbook ought to have been.

"Who? Me? No, you have the wrong name," he replied in a disappointed tone as he noticed the absence of a plutocratic bulge where my pocketbook wasn't. "I'm Eddie S. M. S. Quinn and I don't know yet whether I'm senator or not. I'm waiting for Lorrin Andrews and Buffandeau to tell me."

"What are all the superfluous initials for?" I wanted to know, my usual curiosity and my habit of investigation getting the better of my manners.

"What; the S. M. S.? Don't you know? Why, the first S. stands for Sunday."

"Sunday?"

"Sure, Mike. I'm the originator of the law that allows the police to arrest Orientals if they try to make money on Sunday."

"Why Orientals?" I wanted to know again with my usual curiosity.

"To protect home industries, of course. Don't you know that I'm a high protectionist?"

"What's that got to do with it?" I asked.

"Well, the Japs and Chinese are the only people who will work in this country at all, and if we let them work seven days a week instead of only six, they'll get rich too fast, quit work, and the citizen labor might have to go to work itself without the excuse of being crowded out by the Japs."

"Ah, ha, I see," I remarked intelligently. "But doesn't the Sunday law apply to citizens as well?"

"Not so you can notice it," he replied. "Why should it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "Was anybody ever arrested for violating the Sunday law?"

"Sure there was. The sheriff once pinched three Japanese for taking a bath on Sunday, because he claimed that it was not necessary labor. Besides, they were using the ocean instead of one of my bathtubs. If you want to be safe, sane and conservative, use a Quinn bathtub. Then you'll never be pinched."

"What's the second initial for?" I inquired to change the subject which, though sanitary, was not exciting.

"What? The M. That means mongoose. Didn't you know. Every time a man catches a mongoose, he gets ten cents. Some of our most industrious citizens make as much as four bits a month out of that. That means votes for me, too. Every mongoose ought to be worth a vote, I figure it."

"And the other S?" I suggested.

"Oh, that represents my prohibition vote," he replied. It's to protect the temperance people. If a man buys a bottle of beer, he may smash the bottle after he gets his jag. But if he buys a bottle of soda water, he has to preserve the bottle or get cinched. My law forbids him to sell the jug to a Chinaman for two cents.

"Are you going back to the legislature next fall?" I inquired.

"As I told you before, you'll have to ask Lorrin Andrews. Perhaps he knows; I'm sure I don't.

"But I'll tell you one thing: if I do go back, I'm going to introduce a law prohibiting prizefighting. I think that's a vicious crime that ought to be suppressed."

I looked properly shocked and Quinn proceeded to unburden his soul.

"You see," he said, "I went to Reno a while ago on business—No, I didn't want a divorce." Quinn snorted a Quinn snort and I started to run but thought better of it when nothing more happened. "I just wanted a change of climate. But, do you know? while I was there there was a prizefight in that town. No, I know some people say it was not a prizefight, but, anyway, that's what they called it. And, say, the walking between Reno and San Francisco is awful bad. No, I didn't have to swim back home. I met friends in San Francisco. But I'm down on that prizefight business and I'm going to see that it is stopped in Honolulu, even if Breckons won't do anything about it. Just wait until I get to the legislature again."

"I understand," I interrupted, "that you are more or less of a dramatic critic, making a specialty of novelty stunts and light comedy."

"Nothing in it," he said. "I know. Don't you think I ought to? Why, I wouldn't go near a show house now if I were hired to pack the plumbing in the matinee hero's stocking. Not for me. I don't believe in that sort of thing. It's expensive and there's nothing in it when you get through. No, sir, I'm a missionary and don't you forget it."

Quinn wiped his face on his sleeve and interrupted his flow of language to charge up the time of his conversation against an inoffensive and helpless householder at overtime rates.

"Are you a brother of Jim Quinn?" I asked innocently, "or don't you get anything out of the board of supervisors?"

Eddie snorted again. This time a most disgusted snort. "Do I look it?" he yelled. "Do I look it? Are you hired to insult me or don't you know any better. Say, young man, there's only one member of this Quinn family and there aren't any more at home like me. Don't ever say anything like that again or I'll come out to your house and fix the plumbing and that'll keep you so busy paying the bill that you won't have time to insult any other innocent and trusting taxpayers. Jim Quinn? Next thing you'll be asking if I run an automobile or practice law. Young man, I'm a decent, self-respecting citizen and I rob people honestly, not by politics."

I apologized hastily and promised not to do it any more.

"Did you have a good time in San Francisco?" I asked.

"Say, if you don't mind, I'd rather not say anything about that," replied Senator Squid—Quinn, I mean. "Why don't you ask Ed. Lord. He can tell you better than I can. Really, I've kind of forgotten."

Something in his face reminded me of Demosthenes or Lycurgus, I wasn't sure which.

"Are you an orator," I asked, "or an epicure?"

"Both, my boy, both. If you don't believe it, ask Ed. Lord. He knows.

"Say, did you ever hear me make a speech in the legislature? No? Well, it's magnificent, I can tell you. You see, this is the way I do it. I wait until someone has made a motion to adjourn and then I rise superbly in my seat and say, 'Mr. President, the printing committee wishes to make a report.'"

"That fixes things. The other senators all look profane and the President says, 'A report from the printing committee is always in order.' And then I hand in a list of the bills printed and the other hungry senators have to wait until the bills are distributed. Oh, they all know that I'm in the senate, all right. I can always make myself felt and heard and don't you forget it."

And the Honorable Senator snorted again and I thought that his plumbing must be out of order and asked why he didn't fix it.

"Because I can't charge anybody for overtime while I send a helper nine miles after tools at a dollar an hour," replied Quinn.

Small Talks

J. SMITH—There is very little difference between George Markham on a barrel or over one.

JOHN MARTIN—I am mighty glad there are no Methodist Bishops on the antiprohibition billboards.

TOM SHARP—Hey, there, you blanked pirate, rush that antiprohibition sign, here's a new one all about the evils of drink.

G. J. BOISSE—Who will be the most popular tailor in Honolulu next week? Why, Woolley, because he will make all the saloons close.

CHARLIE ROSE—It isn't every man that the Bulletin makes a sheriff just because he isn't in favor of prohibition. I feel quite distinguished.

J. KANAKANUILOA—I see that J. A. Kennedy is against prohibition. So is Dick Sullivan and the others who are interested in the sale of liquor.

HIGH SHERIFF HENRY—If you fellows want prohibition essays come over to my boarding house. Nine out of ten of my lodgers are intemperate users of strong drink.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—Sobriety is the watchword of these Islands today and forever and no one would have it other than that. Yes, I have sons growing up dearer to me than my life.

CITY SUPERVISOR—It was not the city physician to whom Doctor Sinclair referred in his roast over the wrong diagnosis of a recent death. Doctor MacKall is the city physician and he had nothing to do with the case. It was the police surgeon, Doctor Emerson.

FRANK S. DODGE—Everybody in Honolulu should visit Kilauea this summer. The activity in Halemaumau is great and increasing. The hotel is well conducted, and the new road into the crater is so far completed that visitors can ride in automobiles within five minutes easy walk of the rest house, at the edge of Halemaumau.

SAM KAPENA—It is all right, perhaps, to say that Jorgensen employs lots of labor and that he does not believe in prohibition, but what kind of labor does he employ? He didn't have anything but Japanese and Koreans on the Hamakua work. What Walter Dillingham says ought to have weight with Hawaiians because he employs principally citizens.

SUPERVISOR QUINN—I took a party around the Island Monday, tourists who arrived on the Manchuria. A gentleman in the party complimented The Advertiser on the manner in which it handles the news and he was especially expressive about the amount of local news covered. He also had something to say about the fine roads we traveled over and that made me feel good, too.

Many Knew Him; All Liked Him; Booze Killed Him

Drink has claimed many shining marks in these Islands but none was served a shabbier turn by booze than the late Viggo Jacobsen, pen artist.

Jacobsen was singularly gifted with the pen, indeed there were few better black and white artists in the world. He possessed the artistic temperament in a marked degree and his Bohemian nature brought him into close and frequent conjunction with the convivial glass.

At first the world went very well with poor Viggo. His drinking bouts took place in Honolulu's fashionable resorts, and he had no lack of congenial company.

Time told its tale, however, and Jacobsen became irregular in his working habits; consequently patronage to some degree fell off. Still the flowing bowl attracted and still the artist did good work when he felt in the mood. The middle-class saloons at this period claimed his patronage.

The last year or so of his ill-fated life saw Viggo rapidly going from bad to worse. He worked now when he was sober enough to hold his pen steadily and in consequence failed to earn enough to enable him to present a respectable appearance. The Chinese dives and the Japanese drinking shops got all his spare change now, his name appeared every now and again on the police court docket, and even his staunchest friends refused to have further to do with him.

And so it happened that Viggo Jacobsen, worker of wonders with pen, ink and brush, one day finished his last job and with the proceeds went on a prolonged spree which proved to be his last.

Not even a saloonkeeper placed a wreath of his beloved flowers on his grave!

ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

PROHIBITION PROTECTED ONCE

Hawaiian history furnishes proof beyond dispute that the more liberal the liquor law the more drunkenness there is and the greater the number of blind pigs.

Those whose memories have taken a convenient twist at the present time have been interviewed to the effect that during that time when there was a prohibition law in Hawaii applying to Hawaiians the condition of those people from drink was worse than when that law was abolished and the Hawaiian given the same right to buy in an open saloon as a foreigner.

Bishop Restarick quoted his friends to that effect and others have said so.

The facts, however, as shown in the police court statistics of Hawaii and in the reports, do not bear out these statements. They say the exact contrary and being prepared and written at the time are to be preferred by the seeker after truth to the things that some people "remember."

In 1882 the tabu law for the Hawaiians was abolished. What happened. Chief Justice Judd tells in his report for the years 1882-3, saying:

"The statistics show a total number of prosecutions for drunkenness of 3010, with convictions in 2805 cases. For the years 1880 and 1881 there were 1990 cases prosecuted and 1742 convictions obtained, showing an increase in the number of prosecutions of 1110 and of convictions, 1063. * * * This fact, as well as the fact that there were in the last two years 219 prosecutions for selling liquor without license, as against 173 for the previous period, shows that the Liquor Law of 1882 is not as effective in preventing the illicit traffic as its friends hoped.

"This great increase in drunkenness resulting from this law which took off the restrictions from the sale of intoxicating liquor to the native Hawaiians is alarming to every friend of this race."

The day is passed, as Prince Kuhio has said, when there can be one law for the Hawaiian and another for the haole. The only way to protect the Hawaiian now is to throw the mantle of prohibition over both him and the haole alike.

LOOSE GRIP OF DRINK.

A. C. FENTON—I'm a stranger here but for the life of me I don't see why prohibition can't be enforced if the measure be passed. I don't think that there will be much sending away for liquor by private individuals, either, should prohibition go through. The spirit of manly independence will soon assert itself throughout the Territory, should it be given a chance, and it won't be six months before the grip of drink is entirely released from the throat of the community.

HAWAIIANS IN PARTICULAR.

RICHARD WEEDON—I consider prohibition the best thing for the community in general and the Hawaiian section of it in particular.