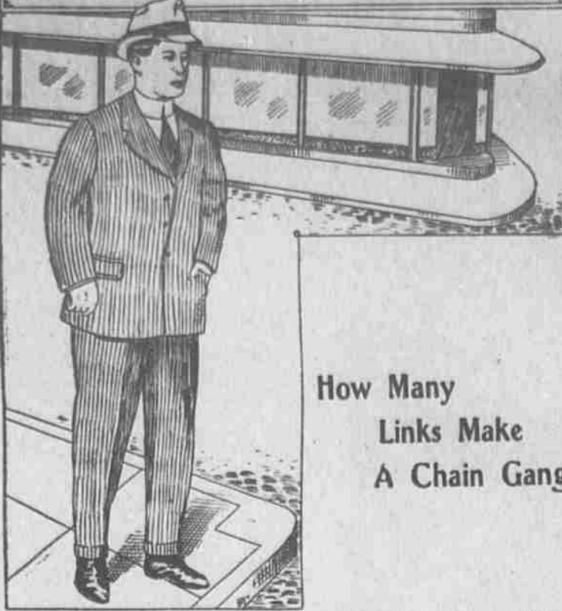


THE BYSTANDER



How Many Links Make A Chain Gang?

Politics is on, or should it be politics are on? Is it "are" or are it "is"? Occasionally I attend a political meeting, whether it be Demolition, Republican or Home Hula. I go particularly to enjoy watching the reporters work. Reporters have to hustle at a political meeting, not so much to understand what is said in a language they do not understand, but to understand what is meant by what is said in the language they are paid to understand. Sometimes I sit in the audience and listen to what the speakers are saying, whether I understand it or not, and at other times I get on the platform and watch the faces of the unfortunate listeners.

While I will admit there are speakers who are well worth lending ear to, it has struck me, or it has me stricken, that most of the political talkers are stereotyped, and that if we had some form of Esperanto, or telescope language, people could say what they wanted without so much waste of time.

A candidate arises and this is about what he usually has to say:

"Ladies and fellow citizens: It gives me great pleasure to stand before you tonight and to look upon so many intelligent, smiling faces, in whose genial countenances I am pleased to see the backbone of this great and glorious country. I am proud to say that the So-and-so party has had the sense to nominate me as a candidate on its ticket, and, heedless to say there is a foregone conclusion to the effect that I will be anonymously elected. As I iterated previously, I am suffocated with delight to see the elite of intelligence and beauty gathered here tonight to bid me welcome, and with them there few but chosen remarks I will call upon you all, whether you are registered or not, to vote the straight So-and-so ticket. I thank you. Oh, yes; just one word more, providing I'm not keeping you too long: Whatever promises the So-and-so party makes, it is going to fulfill. That fact had almost slipped my memory. I thank you again. Aloha!"

Now, when this kind of thing is said over and over again, it becomes tiresome, so, going Esperanto one better, I would suggest that we call in Mr. Wirtz, who is editing a world-wide cable code for the facilitation and felicitation of international and intercommercial communication and communion, and get him to arrange a sort of primer code of expression for the convenience of political speakers and the saving of the time and patience of hearers.

By way of example, in case the dear reader does not know the significance of a cable code, be it understood that it costs so much a word to cable a message, and that a code is a system whereby you are enabled to say a great deal in one artificial word, as, for instance, you wish to cable the affectionate uncle: "Send \$100 at once, most urgent." You look up your alphabetical code book for "send" or "uncle" or "dollars" and you find that the idea is expressed by one arbitrary word, "Sozodid."

Suppose you want \$200. You find the cable code word to be "Sozodid." Only, let us hope, if you really need the money, that it isn't "Sozodidn't."

In order to save speaker's breath and public's patience, won't Mr. Wirtz, the cable code wizard, please get up a code for politicians.

To help him along, I will suggest a few suggestions, first giving the code word and then the interpretation:

ISTAND—Ladies and citizens, I stand before you tonight.

HOTAIR—I'm glad to see so many intelligent faces before me on this great occasion.

PIECRUST—Every promise contained in our platform will be fulfilled.

INEEDTHEMONEY—I ask for your votes and that you will elect the entire ticket.

So, you see, if a man gets up and says simply, "Istand, hotair, piecrust, ineedthemoney," he has, with four words, made a good speech of almost half a hundred words. The scheme could be worked to perfection.

Link McCandless may love his country, but he's running for the land's sake—his land's sake.

If the public could only find out the secret of Jack Atkinson's success at getting jobs, there would be hundreds who would quit work tomorrow.

Editor Kinney of the Hilo Tribune was last week mentioned for manager of the Democratic party in Oahu. He has the chief qualification, for what's the difference between running a Hilo paper and managing the local Democrats?

I have it on the worst authority that an amateur theatrical performance is soon to be pulled off in Honolulu. Link McCandless will do the high-land fling; Kalakiele will recite passages from Sherlock Holmes, and Deacon Trent will sing the following:

I'm called Little Democrat, sweet Little Democrat, though I could never tell why; But still I'm called Democrat, cute Little Democrat, smart Little Democrat, I. With ease and perfection I'll win the election; on the job, oh, again I will be. Unless I should bingle and old Bobbie Shingle should get the votes better than me.

Then, of course, we would have to hear from Charlie Achi, ye leader whom no one knows what it is he leads. He would chortle, sneeze and get off some thing like the following:

A-cha, a-chee, a-choo, whatever I say is true; whomever I know I do. A-choe, a-cha, a-chee, M with an E spells me; so shall it ever be. A-chee, a-choo, a-cha, H A, H A, ka ha!

Then the gentleman who signs his name to communications from Republican headquarters would warble:

A young man once went to Siberia, on a job that was nothing inferior; Lots of money he earned, after which he returned to accept a position superior. Now, whether for fame he was mentioned, Or whether for love he is pensioned, Is a hard thing to say in a good-natured way, without opening up the interior.

In the gallery of candidates worthy of support for the legislature, presented on the first page of the magazine section of this issue, there are two faces lacking. A. F. Judd has one and A. I. Castle has the other. Both would have appeared among the elect-to-be if either had had time to be photographed since nomination.

They are just as good looking as the ones who faced the camera, however, and will add bulkitude as well as weight to the next house of representatives and the senate.

Link McCandless is an interesting study, not so much for what he is worth, but for what he thinks he is worth. He says much of land and promise land or promise anything and everything which he can't give or wouldn't give.

whether he has it to give or not. McCandless is the essence of bombast when it comes to land. Incidentally, he won't land.

He tells the Portuguese that he is doing all he can to establish them as landed proprietors in this community, and yet he would go to congress and put in a bill which would put anybody and everybody in competition with these same Portuguese when it comes to their bidding for the lands and homes they have occupied.

In other words, McCandless' idea is to make it possible for himself to outbid Portuguese in their effort to get the lands they have improved and built upon.

The value of advertising, especially in The Advertiser, is eloquently illustrated in the fact that yesterday there appeared a story to the effect that a lady had lost a ten-dollar gold piece between the office of Treasurer Trent and Love's express bureau. By the process of elimination, the money must either have been dropped between the two places or else it was never lost, for the ten dollars was not contributed to the Trent reelection campaign fund, nor was it given to Love for express. Love makes the world go round, but Love doesn't keep ten-dollar gold pieces that don't belong to him. The lady read The Advertiser, unjustly blamed the sporting editor, and then, went home, looked in her purse and found the ten-spot. She carried one of those portmanteaus which pass as purses, and the ten got stuck in one of the intricate folds. It pays to advertise.

After some of the rural editors get through editing the wireless messages sent out as news from Honolulu, the results are wonderful to behold. The Maui News, for instance, carries this gem in the current issue:

HONOLULU, September 29.—A Palama Settlement nurse, who had been attending a member of the Vineyard-street negroes, and who had died, was set upon last night by several members of the colony.

Small Talks

JACK KALAKIELA—Too bad, too bad.

GOODY MORSE—Don't you think I ought to be elected on my good looks?

CHARLES K. NOTLEY—The Home Rulers are really the best Republicans in Hawaii.

W. A. KINNEY—I never knew there were so many pretty women in the world until I visited Ireland recently.

GOVERNOR FREAR—We are going to do all we can to give the Pouch-bowl Portuguese their homes as soon as possible.

R. H. TRENT—As I have before stated, I am preparing a treatise on immigration. No, it is not ready for publication yet.

MANAGER HEETSCH—We look for a big winter tourist business. When the winter rush comes, we will open up our new cottages at Waikiki.

JOHN MARCALLINO—The business of looting estates and trusts is getting entirely too common in Hawaii, and I'm going to do all I can to discourage it.

MARSTON CAMPBELL—I want to get the fish commission to include Hawaii in its distributions. I think our beautiful streams ought to be filled with fresh-water fish.

R. W. BRECKONS—If I were to quit being United States District Attorney and go into the business of smuggling opium, I could make a fortune. I know how it can be done.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—"You need not to mix in politics," said one of our leading business men, "but you can continue to preach that only the best men shall be elected."

R. W. BRECKONS—The local campaign will be one of education on the immigration question, and the Hawaiians are not going to be fooled by anti-speeches. They are going to figure it out right.

LICENSE INSPECTOR FENNEL—The internal revenue men are uncornering the bottled compound goods, emptying it into casks, and sealing the latter, and this stuff is gradually being shipped back to the mainland.

J. F. ECKARDT—The Queen's Hospital has never been busier than in the last two or three months, but the pressure of cases only shows that the hospital is thoroughly equipped in every way to handle all but the proscribed cases, and the staff of nurses is the most competent throughout we have ever had.

GEORGE W. SMITH—I have received a letter from the assistant secretary and curator of the Oregon Historical Society, stating that I was correct in the version I gave of the reading of the tag displayed on the missionary printing press which was sent to Oregon from Honolulu in the latter part of the 30's. The tag now on the press is the same one which the assistant secretary placed there in 1899, and shows that it was the first printing press used in Hawaii.

MR. ROOSEVELT AS PARTY 'BRYANIZER'

Mr. Watterson Draws Parallel Between Utterances and Attitudes of the Two.

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, September 15.—Henry Watterson will say in the Courier-Journal tomorrow morning under the title "Can Theodore Roosevelt 'Bryanize' the Republican Party?" "Whilst the belated press of the East, lamely hobbling after the Courier-Journal, is dreaming dreams of Caesarism and seeing visions of the Man-on-Horseback, unnoting that

"Teddy chortles in his glee, And hies galumphing home."

"May not a rude Kentuckian, modestly observing that he raised and laid that ghost quite a spell ago, open anew the hornbook of political wisdom and prophecy for the particular instruction of Colonel George Harvey, of Harper's Weekly; Mr. Rollo Ogden and Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, of the Evening Post, for Brother Ochs and Brother Miller, of the Times, and Brother Mitchell and Brother Oulahan, of the Sun?"

"Pardon the business of insubstity. 'Tray, Blanche and sweetheart,' the Colonel described them the other day, 'yelping at my heels,' a 'repartee' which seems none the less biting because appropriated from the former President's distinguished kinsman, the late John Randolph, of Roanoke. 'Their abuse,' he added, 'is music to my ear and the breath of life to my nostrils.' Warlike nostrils, too, that smelleth the battle from afar, and cares no more for Brutus and Cassius for 'Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, than for lions in Africa and Kinglets in Europe. In point of fact, the real, vital question before us is no longer the Mexicanizing of the Republic and the Diazization of Theodore but this (got from under Nelson, of Kansas City, and the Jews) shall Roosevelt Bryanize the Republican party?"

"Many a truth is spoken in jest, dear old Mother Goose assures us. If we carefully examine and closely analyze the Osawatimic manifestos we shall find that most of it is as good Bryan Gospel as the Commager could himself expound. There is in all points a wondrous resemblance between Roosevelt and Bryan. That is why the Courier-Journal loves them so. Close of an

age; southern blood but western bred, one tracing back to Virginia, the other to Georgia; voluminous of speech, fearless of consequences; born preachers; moral philosophers; humanitarians. "To hell with political economy—every man his own political economist; to hell with the constitution and the court of law—he is no leader of men, nor worthy the confidence of the plain people, who can not show them a livelier thing or two in government irradiated by the ethics of the New Nationalism and inspired by the statesmanship of righteousness. 'Be virtuous and you will be happy,' wrote Vance, of Carolina, 'but you will not have any fun.' Vance was away off. 'We,' exclaim the Siamese Twins of the modern show, 'are both virtuous and happy, and, behold, we have lots of fun.' "Meanwhile, the work of Bryanizing the Republican party—for that is the real matter—proceeds conscientiously; Burrows goes down in Michigan, La Follette goes up in Wisconsin; and just as sure as the waters at Saratoga flow and Lake George refuses to run dry will the Old Guard troop its colors to the Colonel the 27th of this good month of September. Then, most potent, grave and reverend seigniors, what are you going to do about it?"

"The play is up to the Republicans and only the Republicans. What the Democrats may be able to do when the time comes is problematical. This is decidedly not their funeral."

"With the returns of November sure to show yet greater Republican losses than those of last Tuesday, the cry for Roosevelt will swell into a roar. The argument will be that he, acting alone, can save the party. He proposes to save it by Bryanizing it. Can he do that?"

CITY TO CITY BY AIR FOR \$30,000

CHICAGO, October 2.—Some of the world's most renowned flying men, aviators of several nations, are gathering in this city preparatory to attempting a record flight from this city to New York for a prize of thirty thousand dollars.

From a small beginning the sale and use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has extended to all parts of the United States and to many foreign countries. Why? Because it has proved especially valuable for coughs and colds. For sale by all dealers. Bennett, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

M'CANDLESS DOCTRINE NOT SO LONG AGO

His Speech on October 15, 1900.

"On the 14th day of June last the Republic of Hawaii became a Territory, and a part of the United States. Naturally, the political parties in the United States came along, namely, the Republican and Democratic parties. But some few men here have established a party in Hawaii which is not known in the United States. Now is the question, what party will benefit this community? The Territory of Hawaii has got as far as the veranda of this house, now we want to get into the house. Now you want Hawaii to become a State that you may be able to vote for your government officials. You want appropriations from the United States in order to meet your needs. Can you get it if you vote for any but the Republican ticket?"

"The President of the United States is a Republican, and two-thirds of the senate is Republican, and likewise with the lower house. We want to improve our harbors, our government buildings, etc. How shall we do it if we send a delegate who has no friends there?"

"Prior to 1876, when our reciprocity treaty was secured, nothing but taro was tilled on small lands. But when the treaty was received here sugar plantations were fostered, which enabled the Hawaiian to get work, and today the islands are supplying the world with 300,000 tons of sugar. The Republican party has always wanted to support the weak industries, and the protective tariff has made Hawaii a prosperous country."

"Look at the condition of Waialua now. I think there are about two thousand people working on that plantation. This is what we received through the reciprocity treaty, from the Republican party. Again, you have received your Territorial Act through this same party."

"From 1860 to the present time the Republican party has been at the head of the administration of the United States, but for the interval of eight years, when the Democrats had the reins of government. The past records certainly give us good reasons to show that I am right."

"Now that this party has been our friend, are we going to pull with it, or are we going to vote against it? I do not think any of you would dare slap an old friend in the face. I think you will pull together with the party."

"We have a Republican President and congress, and it is best that we send a Republican."

Assisted Immigration

There are times when isolation is manifestly inconvenient, and this is one of them, now that the flood-gates of remarkable oratory are opened upon assisted immigration. When an object is removed to stand alone in solitary splendor as Hawaii is 'people who want to throw stones have opportunities to get in on all sides and shut off the view, a view which is so absolutely capable of knocking out their bombastities that their position is as ludicrous as their nerve is appalling.

Assisted immigration, according to these gentry, Exalted Ruler of whom is Lincoln McCandless, is a monstrous thing that has been fiendishly formulated by the tyrant of capital to serve its own wicked ends, to ruin labor, to trample upon Americanism. With this statement in their mouths, they turn their backs on a slice of the earth which has gone to the top of the ladder of progress and prosperity in two jumps—the western coast of the United States of America.

The one keyword of its progress and prosperity is assisted immigration. The State of Colorado today supports a board of immigration. The expenditures of our own board of immigration would look small besides that of this one. So does Arizona support one. California supports its development board, which represents the commercial interests of the Golden State, just as the Territorial Board of Immigration of Hawaii is supported by and represents commercial and industrial Hawaii. Oregon and Washington support their publicity and immigration bureaus, which give their industrial bodies the means to import at their own expense only immigrants.

The entire west is wild for immigrants. It takes all it can find except one—the class that Hawaii, left in the hands of the anti-immigration jingoes—will develop—the Oriental. Europeans, far below the scale of the Portuguese who have come to Hawaii, are the best customers of these western boards of immigration, transported from the Atlantic coast whither they have landed to the west, which needs them in her march to the greatest prosperity any similar spot on earth has acquired.

For years Canada has assisted immigration. The great agricultural wealth of Canada testifies to the result. The steps which she has taken to assure it in the future testify to the extent to which she realizes its value to her.

And yet immigration to Hawaii, modeled on the forms that are doubling the wealth of Western America is a dangerous thing, according to Jingo Link, and should be eradicated. If McCandless was not such a sad reality it would be laughable.

FUNSTON SUCCEEDS TO LUZON COMMAND

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 2.—General Funston will succeed General Potts in the command of the Department of Luzon, Philippine Islands.

Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, U. S. A., born in New Carlisle, O., 1865, was a reporter in Kansas City in 1890; he was a batman in the U. S. Death Valley expedition the following year;

was a commissioner of the Department of Agriculture to explore Alaska, 1893; floated down the Yukon alone in a canoe; was captain, major and lieutenant-major in the Cuban insurgent army, 1896-7; was colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Infantry; went to the Philippines and took part in several battles; promoted to brigadier-general, U. S. V., 1899; organized and directed expedition capturing Aguinaldo.

FLYING MEN CRASH IN AIR; ONE WILL DIE

MILAN, October 2.—One of the strangest accidents ever recorded thrilled the populace here yesterday, when, high in air, two aeroplanes crashed together, one of the daring fliers being so injured that he must die and the other sustaining serious hurts.

Aviators Dickson and Thomas, while maneuvering aloft, brought their machines together in a helpless mix, both air machines falling ignominiously to the earth, where hundreds rushed to extricate the drivers from the wreck.

OTIS HONORED AT MEXICAN CELEBRATION

LOS ANGELES, October 2.—General H. G. Otis, who returned from Mexico City yesterday to meet the news of the terrible misfortune which had overtaken his employes and business, was a central figure in the centennial celebration there. He is a personal friend of Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico, and business relations between southern California and the southern republic, which are enormous, are largely due to campaigns of education in that direction conducted by the Times, the plant of which was yesterday destroyed.

NEW YORK, September 9.—Jarvis Keogh of Rochester, N. Y., successfully defended his title of world's pool champion against Thomas Hendon of St. Louis, challenger for the title in the 500-point match Thursday by the 500 score of 605 to 501.

AWFUL TOLL OF DEATH IN AUTO RACES

NEW YORK, October 2.—Human flesh is cheap when it comes to the mad race of automobiles for the Vanderbilt cup. Yesterday's toll included four deaths, three fatal injuries and sixteen serious accidents.

Chevrolet, the famous and daring auto racer, has suffered a fractured arm in the wreck of his machine on the track, his mechanical being killed.

Chevrolet is unstrung by the accident. He swears he will never race again.

The Vanderbilt cup was won by Grant, who drove an Alec machine. He made 278.08 miles in four hours, fifteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds. His average speed was sixty-five and one-fifth miles an hour.

ASCENDED TILL HIS CARBURETER FROZE

MOURMELON, October 2.—Aviator Wynnian, who has just created a new world's record for altitude, carrying his aeroplane to a height of 9191 feet, reports that he continued ascending, with the idea of going as high as possible, until the carbureter froze, bringing his engine to a stop.

Tomorrow evening at six o'clock the Mateo & S. Loring will for the first time with a big island freight.