



The Bystander

Not All the People All the Time.
Time and Place for Everything.
Personally Conducted.
See Honolulu and Die.

One of Honolulu's best known families, which it would be unfair to call by name except to say that one member is called Jim and another William, received a horrible shock during the week and is now more than ever convinced that where ignorance is bliss only clumps want to investigate. The story centers upon the fact that James Wilder has recently imported one of the eldest inhabitants of Paris and is exhibiting him out Waikiki way to a select circle of friends. Also, the family of whom I speak has recently imported, likewise from Paris, some magnificent bits of furniture, antiques of the Louis XIV period, the price of which was in inverse ratio to the usefulness. The furniture was "guaranteed" to have held kings, queens and near-queens, to say nothing of ordinary marquises and marchionesses. Of course, the fact that a guarantee went with every chair made the furniture so much the better.

Mr. Wilder's friend being an artist, and the antique being artistic, and both being from the same town, naturally the effort was made to bring them together. Besides, it was quite proper for those having a just pride in their city to show to the Parisian visitor that little old Honolulu could be cultured with the best of them. So the artist was invited to drop in and sit on the cushion that had made things easy for a king. He called, inspected and admired, but there was that in his admiration that left something lacking. His praise sounded a good deal like that of a man who wants to know who that woman is over there and is told that she is your sister. Evidently there was room for suspicion, either of the artist or of the antiques.

Finally the matter got down to brass tacks and the artist expressed his doubt of the furniture, despite the totals shown on the receipted invoices and the blue seals on the guarantees. Even the courtesy of a host couldn't stand for that kind of talk, and the particular chair the artist was discussing was snatched from his grasp to be protected from further sacrilege. The snatch happened to be at the silken cover of the back and the silk gave.

The tear was examined in great concern and then came a gasp. Where the inner portion of the woodwork stood exposed, stood out these words, in bold stencil:

"STANDARD OIL COMPANY."

Were you ever at a show in Honolulu at which has been played as a program number any part of the National Anthem? Most of us have been and have seen a portion of the audience struggle to its feet because they had been taught to believe that whenever that particular combination of notes was strung together it had something to do with patriotism. No matter whether the music was played for Irish clog dancers in Dutch shoes, or as a part of an interlude, or as a bit of melody, someone is always anxious to demonstrate that he is a real, bred-in-the-bone patriot and don't-care-who-knows-it lover of the land of the free and the home of the brave and interrupts the program by hopping to his feet. His brave example is usually followed by a number of others, who look around and struggle between their desire to be just as patriotic as anyone else and their desire not to make themselves ridiculous.

Now, there is no more reason why anyone should stand up when the National Anthem is played, except when it is played as the National Anthem, than that they should throw rice when a hurdy-gurdy whines out the wedding march. As an accompaniment to a clog dance, the music requires no particular honoring. And the same is true of any other music.

The Alleluiah chorus, sung by the Sheffield Choir on Friday evening, was spoiled altogether by the audience doing a follow-the-leader stunt and rising. That chorus was rendered by paid singers as a musical number; it was not intended, nor should it have been looked upon as a religious ceremony. There was no more reason for anyone shuffling from one foot to another during the rendition of that effort than there would have been for the audience to have started in crossing themselves if a chorus from Faust had been rendered.

To add to the ridiculousness of the affair, the audience, after smugly indulging in a bit of pretended worship, sat down and applauded. It is time Honolulu audiences got next to themselves.

The good ship Likelike, with one hundred and fifty people and Alexander Hume Ford aboard, steamed out of the harbor at six last night and stood off for Maui. That was the only stand-off recorded, the Public Service Association having insisted on cash down and a deposit for the mattresses before allowing anyone on the ship. Ford distributed Mid-Pacific Magazines and red capsules as counterirritants to insomnia, the idea being that the literature would cause the brain to spin in a contrary direction to that of the Molokai channel, and while the gray matter hesitated whether to go starboard or port, the capsule could get in its work. The magazine this morning had a wide circulation up and down the windward side of Maui and several dead sharks have been thrown up by the waves.

The excursionists waved their last aloha just outside the sewer outfall at six-fifteen. Signals of distress were run up as the liner rounded Diamond Head and a wireless explained that Ford was insisting that everyone sleep with his head toward the engine. Other wirelesses kept coming in during the night, as follows:

Aboard the Likelike, seven-fifteen—Ford has threatened to put Captain Naopala in irons. Captain insists on ringing the ship's bell every thirty minutes. Ford says his excursion is no funeral and the tolling has to quit.

Aboard the Likelike, seven-twenty-two—Ford has just finished organizing the Salt Sea and Open Air Athletic Organization, with himself as president. Says the December number of the Mid-Pacific to go to press this week, will have a special illustrated story on the organization from a noted writer, Alexander F. Hume. Is now canvassing for subscriptions.

Aboard the Likelike, seven-thirty-eight—Capsules are running short. Ford has reversed the Stars and Stripes and is burning a blue light. Offers if all else fails to return on a surf board for a fresh supply of capsules and more magazines. Is with difficulty restrained.

Aboard the Likelike, eight-twelve—Crossing the Equator Club is formed, with Ford as the Grand Equinox. He says the equator is an imaginary line and may just as well be imagined here as anywhere else. Announces a magazine story entitled "Lines I Have Crossed," by that eminent writer H. F. Alexander.

Aboard the Likelike, eight-eighteen—The engines have skipped two beats. Ford appointed a committee to watch the deck and has gone below to investigate. It is snowing magazines.

Aboard the Likelike, eight-thirty-two—Ford is still below. A search party is being organized.

Aboard the Likelike, eight-forty—Search party reports back. Ford is safe, but three of the engine crew were overcome by the hot air in the stokehold. Ford had to suspend argument in favor of a Stokers' Branch of the Hands-Across-the-Counter Club until the frame came to.

(Special Wireless) Alexander Hume Ford to H. P. Wood—Everybody's happy in Hawaii. Cable Taft that I will get in and help to carry reciprocity and arbitration, provided Percy Hunter agrees to put Australia in the game. Get Joe Cooke to advance cable charges. Will organize the Anglo-Saxon Get Together Club on return.

Aboard the Likelike, nine-fifteen—Ford announces that he is turning in. So is everyone else. Good night.

At the completion of its inspection yesterday, the worried sanitation committee voted a unanimous resolution to end up its tour by securing as many

autos as possible and taking our prominent citizens through the "real" city; the city as it appears beyond that prescribed area where the chosen of the land make their homes.

As the commission, spoke thus before The Bystander it is to be hoped that the presence of witnesses will not deter it from giving up this commendable scheme, which will have the effect—

Of so stirring up our responsible men that the supervisors, who have been tolerated thus far in hopes that they might do something commendable, will be absolutely compelled to pass the building ordinance, and not be allowed to fritter away their term as did the last board in trifling with lives and the health of this community for a few dirty political dollars and votes;

Of preventing the esteemed city attorney from "forgetting" where the building ordinance is if the supervisors are ever foolish enough to permit it to get into his hands again;

Of so arousing public indignation in quarters where it counts that the city fathers will have to "cut out" all off the road politics which have become the disgrace of Hawaiian government, thanks to them and those who have gone before them, and pass the screening ordinance whether the Chinese merchants like it or not, as well as the other laws they are elected to pass in the protection of the health of Honolulu.

As Chairman Carter stated yesterday, it will not be necessary to take the prominent citizens to all the places visited by the commission; just three or four choice spots will do.

Small Talks

J. D. TUCKER.—It's not writing checks that makes my writing poor; it's writing for other people.

BRUCE CARTWRIGHT JR.—A good postage stamp doesn't depend upon it's being an unused one.

KISHUN DASS.—Salam Sahib. Hum bahout grieb adm. Honolulu bahout ateha. Fiji burra crab. Ta ta.

E. O. WHITE.—There should be no reason why this shippers' tax problem can not be satisfactorily solved.

BILLY BERGIN.—The boarders enjoy the swimming more than ever, and it is good to see the bunch in bathing.

FIRE CHIEF THURSTON.—I wish I could get a legal chance to prevent any more tenement firetraps going up.

HYMAN RAPHAEL.—I'm glad that our team won out last Sunday; it was my first appearance as catcher on a Honolulu team.

JAMES F. MORGAN.—What's the matter with the business men of Honolulu getting together in one strong organization?

E. A. MOTT-EMITH.—I'm not through with the sanitation commission yet. There are plenty of more spots just as bad as any they've seen.

A. H. FORD.—My cure for seasickness will be tested on the Maui trip; there are some men in the party who will give the dope a chance to work.

COLLECTOR CHARLES A. COTTRILL.—Everything is peaceful and quiet. We are always glad to receive suggestions and equally glad to consider them.

D. L. CONKLING.—The length of my stay on the mainland will depend entirely on my success in floating the bonds. If I don't float them I won't come back at all.

VICTOR M. SMITH (Spokane).—We have two mottoes in connection with our promotion-work at home. We find they work wonders. The first is "Don't knock," and the second "Pull together."

G. R. CARTER (Sanitation Commission).—After visiting the slaughter houses we wanted to turn vegetarians but after seeing vegetables grown we never want to eat them again. It is a good thing they didn't take us around to the brewery, too. A man's got to eat something.

PERCY HUNTER.—I always look on Honolulu as my second home and am only sorry that I could not stay this time. I will be back again this year, however, and will remain for two or three weeks. Aloha! boosters.

GOVERNOR FREAR.—I hope that some of the Kamehameha cadets that I reviewed last Wednesday will go into the national guard by and by, when they graduate. We want to get a full regiment of the national guard.

MARSHAL E. R. HENDRY.—A man must have the temperament of an angel if he can be happy and smiling when he has the toothache. Hardly had I gotten over the trouble with my eye-tooth than I had to revisit the dentist's chair. If Fra Elbert wants me to write a little journey to a dentist's office all he has to do is to cable me.

CLINTON H. MEDCALF.—Here's a new one on me. I was reading a report of the Vermont agricultural experimental station and find that they are taking butter and converting it into cream. They call it homogenized cream. The mechanism they use is capable of reuniting unsalted butter and skim milk and forming a milk or cream of any desired grade.

A. L. C. ATKINSON.—I have taken up the offer of the Star to publish the first and the last five hundred names on our civic center site petitions. I think the Star was rather surprised at the list. The Advertiser has been keeping the public informed as to the progress of the campaign for a City Beautiful, but there have been some who stuck their heads in the sand, squawked about five-cents-a-name and lost all sense of proportion.

H. M. AYRES.—'Pon me soul, ye know, 'twas no way to do to make those bloom'n' references to the togs the choristers wore. So bloom'n' silly, don't ye know. Why, some of those choristers were real toffs, ye know, and all that sort of thing, ye know. Besides, if the ladies put on stays, how would they draw their bally breaths? And one of them a real lady! As the beastly Americanism goes, such things make me tired, and all that sort of thing, ye know.

R. J. GLENDENNING.—This world is awfully small. A month ago I didn't know where Hawaii was but some one told me to make the trip here from Salt Lake City. I went over to Hilo and the volcano, and while in Hilo talked with an attorney named Gene Murphy. He said he was from New Jersey. I said ditto. He told me he was from Jersey City and I said ditto, and he said he attended School Eleven. So did I. We found we were classmates and had known each other in school and that was many years ago. Just think of that over in little old Hilo. The volcano was great, one of the greatest wonders in the world. We motored from the Volcano House down to the crater, and that, too, is going some.

Peace for the Pacific

Editorial in Hawaii Shippo.

Yesterday's cable reveals the fact that between Japan and the United States there runs an undercurrent for a peace movement which was not entirely unexpected by us. The progress of the world at large and the trend of events between the two nations demand for a thorough understanding and a better security for peace, and the arbitration treaty now reported as being in contemplation will be considered as another great advance in the world's civilization and peace, to say nothing about the closer and more friendly relations between Japan and the United States. Japan's national policy has been, and is, peace—and nothing but peace; but history of the past shows that our honor and rights were always disregarded by other powers which were ignorant of our true worth. Our protests were ignored and, in the cases of China and Russia, we had to resort to war to open their eyes. The two great wars were both inevitable to protect our honor and to safeguard our interests. Fortunately we have established our place in the comity of the nations as the result of the sacrifices we made, but we are called a warlike nation because of the war. But we never fought a war for war's sake; it was forced upon us by the two nations which undervalued our worth and ignored our right.

As to the relation between Japan and the United States, the two nations can not go to war because of their geographical positions, of their commercial relations and, above all, because our civilization is the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race. To dispel therefore all foolish war talk rampant on the both sides of the Pacific, we welcome the now contemplated arbitration treaty. Sooner such an understanding is reached between the two countries better will it be. If these two nations bordering on the Pacific reach an understanding based upon the highest human morality and let the god of peace reign over the Pacific, it will dispel all suspicions which are the cause of unrest among the people of both countries and will bring to light the true nature of our civilization and our national aim. We are the twentieth-century powers and it is only proper that we be the leaders in the great spirit of the age.

If other nations follow our example the world will attain its ultimate object—the happiness of the human race.

SIDELIGHTS

THE CHINESE DIME NOVEL.

I have discovered one line of literature to which the Chinese are devoted. They read something besides laundry bills, red posters announcing society meetings and che-fa tickets. They have paper bound novels of their own, and I doubt not have best sellers, and book lovers' contests, and reviews, and all the other trimmings which inevitably accompany literary tastes.

My first information came from my boy. He inquired whether he couldn't get some detective stories. Asked why he wanted this kind, he informed me that a Chinese youth, a few years older than he, had spoken of the marvelous feats of one of his race in solving mysteries. His deeds had been recorded in his own language, and of course my offspring couldn't read that. He was sure it was the tale of a detective however, for he was told of the many disguises adopted by the Chinese sleuth; of the many narrow escapes from death he had, and of how he was always able to track the criminal to his hiding place. And my boy said the Chinese were all reading books like these now, and that they only cost five cents gold.

By inquiry from my laundryman, I verified the story, and likewise gathered some curious information. Our oriental friends are reading many mystery stories these days. Just why I couldn't quite learn, although vague references was made to McDuffie and Stackable, and gambling and opium. Disguises are used freely by the native product, and no well-regulated Sherlock Holmes travels without a complete make-up outfit.

And he told me that the fad had produced a number of amateurs right here in our midst, and said that the number had increased largely since queens had become tabu. Prior to that time a Chinaman could impersonate any other Chinaman; now he can travel as anything not white. And then it suddenly flashed over me that the man I saw on the Alakea Street wharf a short time before, while accompanying a friend who was leaving for San Francisco, must have been one of these amateurs. I should judge he had attempted to make up as a Portuguese, and at first glance might have been taken for one of that race who had lived in a Chinese camp so long as to become plant-eyed. Made up he was, I knew, for his moustache required as much attention in adjustment from time to time as does one of our hats. He had attached himself to a group of Punchbowl people, but his eyes and ears were trained at a nearby pair of Celestials. If he went there fixed up as he was in order to escape recognition he was successful, for his own mother would not have known him; if he hoped to escape attention he was a rank failure. Perhaps he was only practising, and had as yet received no assignment. As experience matures him he may be able to pass himself off as a Korean or a Filipino, but never as a Portuguese.

And if you see some fellow about the streets who looks as though he might have come from some country not named in your Atlas, make up your mind that Chinese literature is responsible therefor.

MANUFACTURING ORIENTAL NEWSPAPERS.

We all know that there are several oriental newspapers printed in Honolulu; that they love each other as do the Star and the Bulletin; that the editors have adopted American methods and use the scissors freely; that each and every one of them has the largest circulation in the Territory, and is "honest, upright and fearless" beyond compare; and that everyone of them forgot to pay Uncle Sam's income tax. They have their "feature" Sections and their war department, and their "Bystanders" and "Onlookers," and their sporting pages and their gossip columns. All of them claim not to be "yellow," but some are unquestionably pink.

Few people, however, know just how the mechanical part of an oriental newspaper plant is conducted. Many have read of it, but have rested content with second-hand knowledge while opportunities for getting in on the ground floor are daily obtruding themselves. Get hold of one of the proprietors some time—Editor Sheba for instance, who is always polite to ladies and women—and get him to let you see the print shop itself.

At first you will turn up your nose, and be sorry you went, for it will seem to you that things aren't so different after all. Japanese printer's ink and American trust ink smell about the same, and make the same ugly marks on dresses when rubbed against. Office towels all look alike in color, and unswept floors can not be told apart, no matter if one is occidental and the other oriental. But you will soon see and hear a marked difference. Before a Japanese apprentice is graduated into a journeyman he must submit to a test equal in severity to that handed out to a college aspirant when he desires to represent his Alma Mater in a Marathon race. It is estimated that in setting one column of type he travels five miles. A close observer can easily find the type-character equaling in importance and utility the English letter "e" for the trail to the receptacle which holds it is much worn. Most of the compositors go bare-footed; when they wear shoes you imagine, if you shut your eyes, that you are listening to a clog dance. I have forgotten how many different characters are employed but it doesn't stop at the century mark by any means. Compositors are paid by the week, and not by the "thousand," for the latter method would mean early bankruptcy.

Notwithstanding all this some pretty good newspapers are turned out—at least I guess they are good, for the Orientals say so themselves. Mistakes often occur when the "cases" get mixed up, but are readily forgiven by the subscribers who are acquainted with the intricacies.

Late in the afternoon is a good hour in which to make the visit, although the pace set by some of the compositors has slowed down a trifle, by that time. It is mentioned simply because you may be able to see the proof-readers at work too.

SEE THE PARADE.

Parades, as a rule, are somewhat of a nuisance. They block up the street cars, and furnish our help with excuses for going down town when the lawn needs cutting, and fill up the newspapers with pictures which need proper, detailed labeling and a promotion committee imagination as pilots, and in a great many other ways make one feel that mosquitoes and civic federation manifestoes have no monopoly on manufacturing vexation.

But I am going to witness the one on Tuesday. The servants may go too, and the lawn may go uncut, and the street cars may slow down to a public building gait, and the newspapers fill themselves up with pictures of dyspeptic, liver-enlarged, insomnia-cursed, ball-headed individuals cured by forty-doses-for-one-dollar patent nostrums, for aught I care.

There will not be much variety, it is true—there never is when Uncle Sam's men march in line. When you have seen one company go by, you have seen them all; perhaps a little more or less military bearing in one or the other, as the men may be veterans or raw recruits, but not enough to make much difference to the untrained eye. We have seen them many a time, but the sight is one of which we never tire. They make us feel, too, that Hobson's figures don't belong to the George Washington variety; that the Japs and the Chinese, and the Koreans and the Russians and the Hindus may form an offensive and defensive alliance if they care to; and that if trouble comes the pilikia will not all be ours. The steady tramp, tramp, may be a trifle monotonous, but the sound is a mighty comforting one; the uniforms fall far short of being picturesque, but they mean a whole lot of things which we feel without being able to express; the guns and ammunition cost money, but are worth it.

The National Guard will be there, a good, husky fine looking lot of fellows. Perhaps a little more tinsel and more suggestion of holiday display than we see amongst the regulars, but altogether a bunch of which Hawaii need not be ashamed. I wouldn't like to see a war, but if one should come I feel quite sure that Colonel Jones's pets would be heard from.

And the Grand Army of the Republic will be there; a handful, a scant remnant, of that glorious band of heroes who proudly marched in grand review along the streets of Washington at the close of the civil war. Rightly and properly and fittingly will they occupy the place of honor in the line. As they pass, perhaps wondering Orientals will not understand the reverence with which they are regarded, for the memories which cluster about and around the group can be appreciated only by the true American. The old fellows may not be epic and span, and some of them may be too weak to march, but just the same they will be the observed of all; and our eyes may grow a trifle dim, and unbidden lumps come up in our throats at the sight of them. Sentimental, yes, in this matter-of-fact day, but none the less nothing to be ashamed of.

Yes, I am going to see the parade and hear the oration, and I will not be the only one. Floral parades are good enough for tourists, and Shrine parades for fun seekers, and campaign parades for cheap politicians; but a Decoration Day parade such as we are to have on Tuesday is good enough for me.

"Ere, mianu! Give over pikihu! them business. 'Ave a go at the cokoruku instead."—Sketch.