



The Stander

- Trying It on the Dog.
- A Judicial Compliment.
- Fenion or Pig.
- The Quality of Mercy Sometimes Strained.
- Kahanamoku and the Surf Championship
- Child Labor.

The bachelors, real and apparent, who share Judge W. J. Robinson's lonesome home, have been suffering from hydrophobia recently. Ask R. B. Christie if it is not true.

Christie manages a well known local drug store and is intimately related to medical knowledge. Consequently when a dog belonging to an equally well known attorney of the city dined on his leg as he was homeward bound one evening, he arrived in the midst of his friends greatly perturbed and was not able to separate himself from the subject of dog that evening. He anxiously awaited the first systems of phobia and had but one topic of conversation which was a demand for the life of the offending canine.

The next day he was called up on the phone as he was at work. The gruff tones of the well known attorney demanded his reasons for threats against the life of the dog. Legal retribution was threatened. Mr. Christie apologized. The following day the well known attorney again called up and insisted upon knowing whether his attitude towards the dog still continued. Mr. Christie humbly apologized.

A few days later he was notified by phone that a warrant was about to be sworn out against him. He was then reduced to mere mental pulp. The bachelors at home that evening gathered around the festive board and commented wickedly on his appearance. Then they retired to another room and prepared for the next day's torture.

It is high time this was put to a stop to. The best of physicians might not be able to tell the symptoms of dogitis from those of hydrophobia.

But this is not the worst. If it were not that Judge Robinson is not noted for his legal acumen and a large acquaintance with legal propriety it is possible that those friends who share his hospitable board would long ere this sue him for defamation of character and destruction of nerves and in considering this it is well to remember that in this house there is one lord and W. P. Fenion is his prophet.

P. N. Folsom, a member of the coterie who keep bachelor's hall in this delightful retreat, teaches mathematics in the high school when that institution of learning is in operation, and at other times plays the clarinet in a local theater orchestra and a very good clarinetist he is.

The other day his companions handed him a testimonial of appreciation through Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson purchased it, arranged it and had it wrapped properly in the order of most bouquets. He then selected a seat close to the tuncful Folsom at his most tuncful period and in the middle of a burst of harmony laid it with a delicacy of feeling beside the player. Folsom smiled his appreciation and kept on trying to keep musical step with an alleged songstress but gradually edged away from the offering and tooted a few false notes to show his distress.

He afterward gave the Chinese cabbage to a chorus girl with the judge's compliments.

Police authorities, during the week, arrested Mollie Nash for the violation of the liquor laws—that is, for the conduct of a blind pig. Mollie Nash, negress, duly appeared in court. I do not remember whether the case was disposed of or not. The pig was not. The next day the report was sent to Honolulu, (Mollie operates at Pearl City) that a new barrel of beer had arrived and business was going on at the same old stand.

Now there is nothing very appealing in the fact of Mollie Nash paying an occasional fine for her sins, but it so happens that she claims to be supporting "Pop" White, whom every one knows, a famous character, ninety-four years old, who can never walk again, his leg being broken in an accident some months ago.

"Pop" White used to run the piglet himself in an inconspicuous way and nobody bothered him much, because he had to make a living somehow and his plowing days were over. Now the police authorities consider it doubtful whether he ever gets any of the illicit proceeds. It is at least certain that when Mollie Nash was arrested the other day, old Pop hadn't a cent to his name and yet the resort was selling a good many kegs of beer a week according to what was heard and some one must have been waxing fat on the joy riders who are said to frequent the place.

The police used to wink before but now that it so apparent that the negress is but using him as a standing excuse and is piling up a neat little bank account on the side they will do so no longer. "Pop" will lose his lodging then and it looks as if a pension must come from somewhere.

It is natural that Judge Monsarrat of the district court should have acquired the compassion usually accredited to mature years, and it has been interesting to watch the hitherto untried experiment of using that most valuable of human assets as a basis for police court judgments. But it is feared that the experiment has been a great deal of a failure and that those habitués of the police court docket do not take kindly to the innovation.

Judge Monsarrat's penalties have been set very low and doubtless the moral influence of appearing occasionally on the calendar has been relied upon to furnish the necessary correction to those who have that unlucky habit. But while the exercise of compassion still continues it must be said that the compassionate ones are continuing equally well—in the same old business.

Reports on file with the police indicate that speeding is greater in Honolulu than for many months past and a score of accidents, one almost fatal, has occurred within the past two weeks or so. With this state of affairs well known, Judge Monsarrat yesterday imposed a fine of \$5 and costs on a chauffeur who had run over one man, knocked down a woman and smashed up a back within the space of fifty feet. This seems a little low under the best of conditions.

Complaints have also been voiced over the increase of fishing in the harbor. This is practically a sanitary law and the board of health wishes it strictly enforced. The police have made several arrests but in each case the fines have been very low indeed and the confiscated net was even returned in one instance. It might be recalled that this offense was a rare one up to the time Judge Monsarrat took his seat and the publication of the low fines have undoubtedly given the Japanese encouragement to take the harbor fishing up for the returns to the haul are much more than anywhere else. One haul will pay the fine; two hauls is pretty good profit.

It is an excellent thing to temper justice with mercy, but it might pay once in a while to temper mercy with a little justice.

I understand that Duke Kahanamoku, who yesterday smashed the world's one hundred-yard swimming record, and who is beyond any question the best swimmer, surfer and canoeist in Hawaii, is barred from competing for the Clark surfing trophy, to be contested for soon at Waikiki, because he is one of those Hawaiian boys who make their living by taking tourists out for canoe surfing in the Waikiki breakers. This work, according to the rules of the Outrigger Club, makes of Kahanamoku a professional so far as the Outrigger organization is concerned.

I think it is a pity that Duke cannot have a chance to try for the trophy, the possession of which is supposed to carry the title of champion surfer, because he employs his talents to make his living because he has to make a living

SIDELIGHTS

The afternoon newsgatherers of this town whose editors find their delight in lambasting the Governor, Marston Campbell and Mott Smith, found out last week that these gentlemen have their noses after all. The Governor, the superintendent of public works and the president of the board of health were absent for their offices for several days. What was the result? An aching void in the news columns on the front pages of the afternoon papers.

The Advertiser which, day in and day out, "pats it all over" the little fellows who twinkle every evening, had, as is always the case, lots of good front page stories. The twilight twitterer, however, were hard put to it to find something to carry the big headlines which they so hideously throw all over the front page.

This explains why so many columns and so much foolishness have been written about ice cream and why seven column headlines have been devoted to the subject. The afternoon papers have been in the habit of depending upon the Governor and the two other officials mentioned, for most of their news. The absence of the three threw them on their own resources. They are so weak in the direction that the result has been laughable.

What a sigh of relief they will breathe tomorrow, when Messrs. Frear, Marston Campbell and Mott-Smith will all be back on the job again. I felt particularly for the Bulletin all last week. Its front page, day after day, had such a hungry look. That's the worst of having no gray material of your own and having to depend upon the use of the other fellow's.

JAIL SENTENCE WOULD BE EFFECTIVE.

The Waipiloilo cesspool is a nauseating subject to talk about. However, since the thing is allowed to make itself so pronounced, there is no getting away from it. It is understood we are soon to have a new president of the board of health—after the newspapers have gotten through suggesting candidates. With due humility I would like to make a suggestion to whoever gets the job. It is this:

Get after the men who are responsible for the public nuisance and put 'em in jail. The cesspool would be emptied out regularly after that. There's nothing like a few hours spent in contemplation behind the bars to bring culprits against the public health to their senses.

Probably some of my kind friends on the other papers will remark that of course I speak from experience "behind the bars." While denying the soft impeachment I might remark that I observe some of them spend no inconsiderable time in front of the bars. Did you get that? as the sporting editor would say. Yes! Well hang on to it brothers.

BY WAY OF DIRECTION.

While chasing cheerfully for news around the judiciary building the other day I was halted by an excited "new-ehum" from one of the other papers, who looked like a first cousin to the nervous Portuguese who so steadfastly worships the statue of Kamehameha.

"Say, where's the United States District Court?" he panted.

"Dearly beloved," I replied, gently disengaging his perspiring hand from the lapel of my coat, "it's up on Fort street. Hasn't your paper found it out yet?"

To further ease his tormented soul I explained to him that the federal court is now located in the Model block, which is next to the Park Theater, which is opposite the Roman Catholic Church, which is on Fort, between Beretania avenue and Hotel street.

A little later on I was talking to one of the clerks behind the grill in the assessor's office. He said he had callers every day who wanted to see Breckons, or Clerk Murphy, or Billy Rawlins, and who hadn't yet tumbled to the fact that the federal outfit has removed to the cloistered shades of the Model block.

As a rule I am averse to big signs which spoil the landscape, but I could bring myself to forgive anybody who would stick a notice on the palm near the entrance to the courthouse directing people who don't read the newspapers to the new location of the federal court.

WHEN A CHINAMAN IS A GIRL.

The board of health and the city authorities have trouble right along with Chinamen who seem to consider that sanitary laws should be more honored in the breach than the observance. It took quite a while to convince the celestial holders of stalls at the fishmarket that the authorities were in earnest about the carrying out of the screening law. The authorities still have trouble with Chinese who rent tenements and who appear to think that their tenants want pigsties.

Honolulu doesn't have all the trouble with the gentlemen from Shanghai and Peking. New Zealand, it seems, is having a happy time making the celestials live up to the factory laws. The legislators down there, however, are a determined lot and seeing that a Chinaman, as a man, won't carry out the regulations, they proceeded to dub him a girl. Hence we read in the new factory law this clause:

"For the purpose of this act a Chinaman shall be deemed to be a girl under eighteen years of age."

Laws can do a great deal but they can't make a Chinaman a summer girl.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NO YELLOW FEVER.

It seems that, despite all the excitement last month about that Pasadena yellow fever case, there wasn't such a case, not even a negative one, as the learned called it.

Newspaper readers will remember with what solemnity the news was received from the city of millionaires that "yellow jack" had killed one Joseph Bergman. Anxiously the people here waited for further news. It came in the shape of information that "twas only a negative case.

Mail advices indicate that it was so negative that it wasn't yellow fever at all. It appears that Bergman succumbed shortly after returning to South Pasadena from the west coast of Mexico. The health authorities of California learned that yellow fever is unknown in the section of the southern republic in which Bergman sojourned. Their investigations revealed the fact that Bergman had been weakened by the effects of the high altitude in which he lived while on the west coast. Shortly after returning to South Pasadena he was injured by a fall from a horse and, in his weakened condition, the hurts proved fatal.

Thus the yellow fever scare proves to have been entirely unjustified. We still have left, however, fools who will give circulation to injurious stories which have no better foundation in fact.

PEEVED NEAR-PEERS.

There's a mighty peeved bunch of near-peers in Great Britain just now. Several hundred more or less esteemed party hacks who had buoyed themselves up with the hope that King George would make them barons, are mighty disappointed because the lords have passed the veto bill. But if they are mad their wives are "worse." The fair ones had been expecting to be hoisted in the social scale by being able to call themselves "My Lady" and now their fair dream has been shattered. 'Tis to weep.

I am quite as anxious as anyone to see professionalism kept out of sports, but why paddling a canoe makes a professional surfer out of Kahanamoku, any more than driving an automobile would make a professional sprinter out of anyone else, I cannot see.

Kahanamoku's great feat in the water yesterday is going to put Honolulu on the sporting map and keep it there for a good long while to come, provided the record is accepted by the mainlanders, and the Outrigger Club, from which he has been debarred, would be honoring itself by admitting him to membership and allowing him to win the Clark trophy if he can win it.

Those boys who surf at Waikiki and those brawny native lads who handle the canoes are great tourist assets to Honolulu. The things they do are remembered by the tourists long after most things here are forgotten. If these be any way to encourage them to swim and paddle, by all means use them.

Settlement workers in Kakaako and other similar districts of the city are complaining of the sudden institution of child labor in Honolulu and cite numerous cases which are pitiful in the extreme. There is little need for the Paradise of the Pacific opening the particular pearly gates that bar us from mainland ideals, costumes, habits and other offenses, wide enough to admit this great and growing evil.

The pineapple companies are said to employ a great many children. Certain it is that tired little tots stumble home every morning after working all night for five cents an hour, fifty or sixty cents a day, which usually find their inconspicuous way to the cash till of the saloon nearest their home after being turned over to the head of the house. We haven't got a child labor law. We never thought that we would need one.

Small Talks

C. G. HEINER, JR.—Hawaii for me, other things being equal.

MR. TOWNE—Talk about taking stock; just watch the stock exchange.

SUPERVISOR McLELLAN—I'm a city father now all right.

GOVERNOR FREAR—I hope to live long enough to do some more mountain climbing.

J. CASTANO—I have over \$1000 worth of postage stamps in my possession to trade.

EBEN LOW—An acting mayor should be treated with the respect due the dignity of that office.

SUPERVISOR MURRAY—The dignity of an acting mayor is to be measured by his respect to the board.

SUPERVISOR KRUGER—Dignity and respect are all right in their places, but a "smile" always goes.

E. A. MOTT-SMITH—One thing that annoyed me during my illness was that I didn't enjoy smoking.

LOBBIN ANDERSON—Amateur athletics are properly under way now, and the future looks bright for clean sport.

EX-GOVERNOR CARTER—Be dirty and you will be sickly, applies with equal force to a city as to an individual.

ARCHIVIST LYDBECKE—We are getting closer to it. The other day I received a letter addressed to the State Librarian.

JUDGE W. J. ROBINSON—I spent a week-end up on Tantalus and it was delightful. It was cool enough at nights for two blankets.

SOLDIER KING—I would like another race against some good man. I feel very fit, and am in better condition than ever before, for a marathon race.

CHARLES HUSTACE, JR.—If I had the two cent Missionary stamp I would have a specimen of every Hawaiian stamp ever issued in my collection.

PAUL ISENBERG (at the polo game)—I tell you this is the greatest game that I ever witnessed. Those two teams have fine horses and their work is very fast.

JOHN FLEMING—Oahu is going to make the other polo teams hustle this season, and Kauai will stand a good chance of leaving the championship behind this year.

A. L. CASTLE—It is about time that tennis began to boom again. The Wall and Hall cup tournaments are interesting events, and the players should be getting into form for them.

CHARLES S. JUDD—I am still feeling the effects of the change of climate. Although I was born here I spent ten years in a cold country and it takes some time getting used to the change.

W. T. POPE—From all appearances, from reports, and from the expressions of satisfaction heard on every hand, the present summer school, under the auspices of Cyril O. Smith, is a very great success.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL LINDSAY—I am particularly desirous of seeing a new jail put up as speedily as possible. If we want to do up-to-date work under our jail system we must have an up-to-date building.

PURE FOOD BLANCHARD—Some folks think I have made myself unpopular over this ice cream business, but just wait until I start dishing out free treats. Then I'll be the most popular man in the city.

WALTER G. SMITH—I am glad I sprained my wrist. Not being able to write has forced me to adopt dictation in my work and I find it so much easier that I will probably carry my hand in a sling from this time on.

SUPERVISOR MURRAY—I wish The Advertiser hadn't printed that about the impossibility of ever supposing I might be arrested for anything. It makes a modest man uncomfortable when he is praised out loud in public.

HON. JACK CONEY—That was a great game, surely, and we want to give Oahu all the credit she has coming. Oahu beat us fair and square, but if she beats us ten times running we will be back here just the same, looking for more.

IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR EBOWN—Some people think our duties at the immigration station are to keep people out of America. Nothing of the kind in the case. We are here to admit those who can show themselves fit to be admitted.

J. D. DOLE—I notice that the papers report a serious accident on Friday to one of the employees of the Hawaiian Pineapple Products Company. That accident occurred in another cannery altogether. The Products Company has never yet had any accident of any kind.

W. E. KERR—If you accept the invitation of the large sign on Alakea street and go in to try the water from the Sun Water Heater, take a little advice from me and do not put your hand in too quick. I did and the consequence was I got scalded. Talk about being hot. Wow!

HARRY COBSON CLARK, Los Angeles—I have received many requests from western managers for a return visit to the scenes of my early triumphs, and have decided to play a farewell tour in California before sailing for Australia, and will begin a short season here on August 27, presenting one of my comedy successes, in all probability, "What Did Tomkins Do?" I expect to play a season in Honolulu.

CHARLES A. COTTELL—I see by the Toledo, Ohio, papers that at Findlay, Ohio, my home town, the thermometer went up to one hundred degrees on July 4 while on July 25, only three weeks later, they had snow there. I wish that some of my relatives and friends could be here where they could enjoy what to me is the finest climate. This is not only the Paradise of the Pacific but the Paradise of the World.

A. L. C. ATKINSON—The author of "That Valny Affair," published in Pearson's in which I seem to have been used as the principal character in the story under the name of Charrington, is a student-interpreter at Dalny. He uses an author's license, however, throughout his story, but the main features concerning the recruiting of the Russians for Hawaii are all right. As to a cafe in Dalny, there is nothing in that. The Japanese apparently don't allow cafes to be run by people of other nationalities.

Betty may not be very worldly wise, but she is practical. She knows enough to take a common sense view of things sentimental as well as material. So, when she listened to the proposal of the young man she is fond of, she couldn't help saying what she did.

"If you reject me, Betty dear," he urged in a final appeal, "I shall never, never love another. It will be the end."

"And if I accept you," she asked, "does the same thing hold good?"—Philadelphia Times.

The term "a warrior in dressing-gown and slippers" used to be deemed one of opprobrium, but it can no longer be so, at least in France, where the ministry of war has equipped the French cavalry with felt slippers as a part of the field kit. Perhaps the dressing-gown will come later.

The French war office has, it is said, proved by experiment that nothing rests the soldiers so quickly after a hard drill as to take off their boots and go about in loose slippers.—Harper's Weekly.

There was a Harvard student whose family crossed the ocean and left him to finish his senior year, with the promise that, if he got his degree, he might come along. The elpher to announce this triumph was fixed as the simple word "Yes," but when a cable reached the head of the family in Paris containing only that monosyllable the father had totally forgotten the conversation and cabled back, "Yes, what?" to which in due time came the reply, "Yes, sir."—Boston Transcript.

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