



The Devil's Due

Giving the Devil His Due.

Charley Frazier, who is the Pioneer Advertiser Company and the proprietor of all the billboards in Honolulu, and with whom I am supposed to be at daggers drawn, furnished me with an inspiration this week and, after he had gone into the matter from four sides, the top and the bottom, and then started to elaborate diagonally, pried a promise from me that I would touch upon the matter. "I will write something about it," I agreed. "I will call it 'Giving the Devil His Due.'"

"This is what Frazier said to me. 'The people in Honolulu and The Advertiser in particular do not give me credit for what I am trying to do to elevate the billboard standard in Honolulu and make it worthy of the City Beautiful idea, with which I am in hearty accord. I do not push my boards where they will be offensive, because I know that there are places where billboards would be such. I limit my advertising to reputable concerns. I have spent many dollars giving Honolulu the best billboards possible and today Honolulu leads America for attractive street signs. I do not allow any tacking up of signs. Lately I have gone further in improving my boards. I have designed a beautiful frame for them, at considerable cost, and I am putting this on. I am constantly raising my standards, due, I might confess, to the hammering that I have got from The Advertiser, because I do not want to justify you in all your talk about 'hideous signs.'"

"The billboard matter in Honolulu has been so improved, in fact, that the City Beautiful workers have really no grounds upon which to attack me until they have brought the rest of the city up to the billboard level. There are in Honolulu, disgraced by many of the ones who attack my billboards, scores of disgracefully picturesque and dingy corner stores. There are miles of streets without sidewalks, many not even curbed. There are weed-grown, insanitary littered vacant lawns owned by our 'best people.' There are unhealthily fetid bays built by and maintained by City Beautifiers. Why don't you go after these things, Mr. Bystander, and not harp away on billboards, just as if the only thing not attractive and artistic in the city was a billboard?"

"You say a great deal that I must confess is true," I answered. "I see your point. You are trying to make Honolulu beautiful with billboards, by making your billboards as attractive as billboards can be made, just as my other friend, Postmaster Pratt, is trying to make Honolulu a real city by refusing to deliver letters to houses that have no street numbers on them. I agree with you that there is lots to better in Honolulu, besides billboards, just as I have to agree that Pratt is right in trying to make Honolulu into something resembling a city by insisting on sidewalks and house numbers and street lights. I will give the devil his due."

And, although Frazier left me with the remark that I was the most obstinate man he had ever had the misfortune to argue with, I am impelled to say that there is a great deal in what he says. Billboards must go, of course. But with them ought to go many other things. Of course the dirty tenements and the frowzy corner stores and the unkept vacant lots do not justify the presence of billboards. To my mind nothing could do that, but it is a fact that we have had these billboards on the City Beautiful, maintained, as the billboard man points out, by the very ones who should be foremost in obliterating them.

When Reason Halts, Strategy Helps.

"The Traveling Salesman" came pretty nearly not coming off on Friday night and as a result Impressario Cohen became a bull in the bug powder market yesterday, buying spot and for future delivery. He made two trips between the Opera House and the drug store corner, each time juggling bellows, Paris green, buhback and a few other sore killers. "I wouldn't have it happen again for the world," he says, everytime any one asks him what is wrong.

On Friday, it appears, the beautiful young ladies who form the scenery in the opening act of the play, descended to their dressing room in the Opera House and proceeded to hang their street costumes on the pegs provided for such emergencies on the mainka wall. Then, according to custom, the young ladies got busy putting grease paint on those portions of their lovely selves which would be protruded after the stage costumes were donned. The Brisac company, when last here, gave a public dressing room scene that betrayed all such secrets, only there was less repertoire under the Opera House stage and no comely what ever, believe me, if Cohen is any judge.

At any rate, the grease paint flew and the red pot and the white powder box were dipped into by dainty fingers and rabbits feet until the result was what the press agent could call simply ravishing. Then Evelyn Hamby reached for her short skirts, where they hung on the proper peg since the night before. She reached. Then came a shriek that sprung the dust in the fly gallery and brought Cohen dashing back all the way from the box office, and it takes some noise to do that. Then more shrieks and the business of four girls climbing up on one chair at once. Cohen reached the door trembling. "What is it?" he yelled.

"Cockroaches!" came the answering chorus, swelling on the last syllable until the Boy Scouts, drilling in the building behind began to get out their first aid kits.

"Oh, pest!" said Cohen, much relieved. "I'll soon kill that for you," and the business this time was the rattling noise a rusty door handle makes when you turn it.

But the door didn't open because the shrieks that followed the discovery of a cockroach wriggling his spiky legs atop of a stage costume were gentle whispers compared with those which echoed among the props at the idea of a man coming in to squash the roach at that particular stage of the robbing period. "Don't come in!" rang the agonized quartet.

"Well, put on your clothes and come out," shouted the Opera House manager.

"We can't," trembled back the young ladies, "that's where the cockroaches are."

"Well, put on the ones you took off," roared Cohen.

"We haven't got back on the floor," said they with the grease paint.

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked the man to the rescue, with just a touch of querulousness in his generally suave voice.

"We don't know."

Now this looked like what the harbor board are up against in the matter of the Hilo road to Kihio Bay and I shall ask the members of that august body to observe what a trifle of finesse will do to prevent an otherwise impasse. Cohen acted like a man who wants to say something that he knows will get him into trouble, but only for a second. A crafty gleam came in his eye. "Hush, girls," he said, in a stage whisper, "it's coming out under the door now."

"Oh, don't drive it back," was the response that came to him, just as he made a jump into the air and brought both feet down, scraping along the door. "I got it," he said, triumph in his voice. "It's dead."

Then, with grateful thanks the girls climbed down and cheerfully reached for their clothes, shaking each piece out with dreadful deliberation before slipping it over the head. As the sounds of activity were resumed within, Cohen drew a sigh of relief without and proceeded to hunt up a cockroach, so that he might exhibit the remains to any doubtful girl who might insist on seeing her dead enemy.

"I don't know where that roach went," said the manager yesterday, shifting his packages of bug powder from one arm to the other, "but I'll bet there won't be another seen in that dressing room for the next seven years. Not if there is any virtue in powder."

Talk about progress. Honolulu now has its pol-dollared ground town in an automobile truck, has its hula presented through the morning picture films, hears much of its Hawaiian music from the phonograph and takes its dog census. The next thing we know there will be a waxworks show with a stuffed replica of our honorable mayor, grandmother's teeth and all, and the Big Island graft story will be told over the footlights. We surely do move.

The "I Won't Workers."

Over on the Garden Island they are having trouble with the walking delegate of the Industrial Workers of the World, the I. W. Ws, whose agents have been talking their heads off in Honolulu trying to make someone mad enough to start a row. Here they were disappointed. Instead of being run out of town, the sheriff told them to spout all they wished and even offered to give them police protection. In this Jarrett was as wise as a serpent, because without the chance of becoming martyrs and going to jail and getting their names in the papers, the I. W. W. men didn't even make impression enough to keep them going. On Kaula, however, the community thought it was too much to have Bridgewater on one side and the I. W. W. maggots on the other, so they had the latter jugged. As a consequence, the Garden Island is very apt to have trouble with the I. W. W. Workers, who, like militant suffragettes and Holy Rollers, thrive on publicity and seek sustenance from prosecution.

These men form a part of the American mainland community which is certain to grow stronger and stronger until the dawning of the day when reason resumes its sway and when the plain, ordinary common-sense of the Golden Rule is recognized by all classes. It is no more possible to maintain a government along the lines prescribed by the I. W. Ws than it is possible to maintain prosperity and internal peace under conditions where rich grow richer and poor grow poorer and dissenter in the majority multiplies while power for the minority is augmented. The sincere I. W. Ws are poor, misled fanatics, with a jumble of undigested ideas crammed into undeveloped brains. United with them are the lazy, the lawless and the incompetent, and on the mainland, particularly in the West, the combination commences to be menacing. They form a problem for the solution of which none yet has appeared. A friend of mine returned a few days ago from the mainland, having traveled up and down the coast from the Mexican line to Prince Rupert, the new British Columbia city, and the tales he tells of business stagnation combined with I. W. W. unrest in all the cities visited is staggering to one used only to the prosperity and the industrial peace of Hawaii. His report on the I. W. W. movement is summarized in the four lines of the chorus he heard sung from San Diego to Seattle, which are:

I Want Whiskey;
I Want Wine;
I Want Women,
BUT
I Won't Work.

Just read those lines over. They are conclusive to thought. They are not American in their hideousness, yet they, and others similar, are being chanted today by thousands of American voters.

Yet, I believe they have made a mistake in sending the I. W. W. man to jail on Kaula. If he had simply laughed at him, like the Honoluluans laughed at him, he would have accomplished nothing and would soon have shook the dust of Hawaii from his brogans. The I. W. W. propaganda is so absurd that it amounts to nothing until emphasized by opposition.

For the Convenience of the Public.

There are a number of ways in which old custom in Honolulu will have to give way before the changes that are coming over the city and one change cannot come too quickly. That is in respect to the way in which all the drug stores of the city close their doors on Sundays and holidays except for two or three hours. It may be all right for the kamaianas, who are used to seeing the doors locked and the blinds pulled down for the greater part of the day, but it is aggravating for the thousands of strangers in the city and the thousands of new residents, who have not yet mastered the Old Honolulu ideas.

I stood on the corner of King street with a headache last Sunday and looked up the street. I could see the signs of four drug stores, each one closed. I walked past them all. One bore a card in the window announcing that the store would be open again until Tuesday morning, Monday being a holiday, and I thought of the time when I was a druggist's apprentice in a shop that was open every day in the week from seven in the morning until eleven at night, with me sleeping beside a call bell during the few closed hours, ready to turn out and having lots of opportunities to do so. It struck me with a degree of wonder why the four drug stores on Fort street did not divide the Sundays and holidays up among them, so that the proprietors and the clerks could still have their time off and the public could still be accommodated.

If each of the stores would take four hours of the day, one store or another would be open for twelve hours, say from nine in the morning until nine at night, while only one clerk at a time need be working. As it is now, all the stores are open for the same few hours and then all the stores are closed for the greater part of the day. By agreement, one or another could be open for the convenience of those in distress for all day and each would do just as much business as now. I believe each would do more business, as a matter of fact. At any rate, I put it up to the druggists.

A "Special Cable" to the afternoon paper yesterday announced that L. E. Pinkham, the nominee for Governor of Hawaii, had filed his reply with the President to the charges made against him from Honolulu, explaining "everything in a straightforward manner." Well, all I can say is that if Mr. Pinkham has been able to explain either why he posed for many years as a Republican or why he is now posing as a Democrat and do it "in a straightforward manner," he is entitled to be Governor, or anything else he wants. A miracle worker is not available every day.

Gambling--A Menace to Baseball

Betting was the thing which dealt the heavy blow to horse racing, and betting is the greatest menace to baseball. While horse racing never had the popularity that baseball enjoys it drew crowds, and horse racing was not restricted to a small area of territory, says the Utica Observer.

If betting should ever infest the baseball grounds as it did the turf, baseball would be doomed. Because betting is not carried on at the grounds is in favor of the national game. Nevertheless, there is evidence to indicate that the taking of various sorts of chances on the games is on the increase. If it should become deep seated and should put men out of business as horse racing did, then the lovers of baseball might have reason for apprehension.

Under the present conditions the betting seems to be of a petty sort, in which the losses, taking the individual alone, are small. But there lies the danger. It is the easiest step in the world to pass from a small chance to take a big one. "Harmless" gambling easily slides into a game where it may make all the difference in the world whether or not one wins or loses. If the present day pools in baseball ever reach the individual for more than his quarter, or dollar, then baseball will be in danger.

Horse racing took many men from their work and caused many to put their last dollar against a slim chance of winning; it made thieves of many men and produced herds of defaulters. And as that was, no doubt the greatest loss was the taking away of men's interest from their proper work, a subtle sort of loss, but enormous after all. How many things were left undone, how many jobs were lost, how many promotions not gained, because of the grip of the race, one can never estimate; but that they were real and of large extent is not to be questioned. If men lost large sums and if defaulters were produced, the army of those who were made inefficient by lack of concentration upon their work was large.

It is admitted that baseball is in no immediate danger, and at the worst it would be a long time before conditions would be such as to endanger the game. Nevertheless, great disasters start from a thing as insignificant as a match, so it is well to consider the present day gambling in baseball.

FIRE CHIEF THURSTON--A great many people entitled to wear badges permitting them within the lines at fires, tell me they will wear at fires only. They did not relish wearing the police badges, but they are the only ones in use and the only ones by which they could enter the fire lines. The new badges will show a white maltese cross, easily identified at night.

The President and the Negro

Mr. Wilson, buds himself thus early in his Administration at the parting of the ways in the matter of the negro citizen, says The Nation. His nomination of Mr. A. E. Patterson, of Oklahoma, as Register of the Treasury, has been withdrawn at the nominee's request, and for the first time in a quarter of a century the office is to go to some one other than a negro. Mr. Patterson asked to be allowed to withdraw because of the violent opposition of the negro Southern Senators--Vardaman, Tillman, Hoke Smith, and the rest. That he lacked the courage to stick it out and to insist on having his name passed upon is greatly to be regretted. In it indeed, he was recent to his race; that he has not helped either Mr. Wilson or the colored people appears clearly from Vardaman's glorying. No negro, says the confident Senator, shall be appointed to any executive office in which there may be subordinate white employees; and his platform contains these further demands: "Segregation in all forms of Government employment; the entire separation of the races in Federal employ; negroes and white people must not be compelled to work side by side." The integrity of the Anglo-Saxon race, Mr. Vardaman adds, depends upon the "faithful consummation of this program. What a delicate integrity it must be!"

For the first time since an negro has heard of him, it occurs to us that this Senator from Mississippi is serving a useful purpose. He has flung down a challenge to this Democratic Administration which Mr. Wilson cannot avoid. Shall the President give up the historic right of the Executive to appoint to office, to the extent at least of permitting a fraction of the Senate to bar out ten millions of American citizens from serving the Government, save in the lowest positions, and then as lepers set apart? Does he sympathize wholly or in any degree with the attitude of Hoke Smith and Vardaman? Is he going to ignore the colored man in his appointments hereafter, or is he going to select some one who will stick it, and then fight it out on that line, whether it takes all summer or the rest of his Administration? Shall he bring the negro overboard after more of that race voted for Wilson than for any other Democratic candidate; shall he be a just President of all the American people, or only of those of the white race? Is the "New Freedom" to be accepted as preaching political doctrines whose truths are no longer truths when they meet the color line?

We understand, of course, how uncomfortable it must be for the President to encounter the animosity of the Southern Senators at this time. His tariff bill and his currency measure are before them, and his whole legislative program not yet formulated will go before them next winter. But he has excellent Democratic precedent for stubbornly taking his position against them and sticking to it. Mr. Cleveland nominated a colored man to this same office of Register of the Treasury, and when, after a long struggle, he could not obtain his confirmation, he sent in the name of another one and had his way. Mr. Roosevelt's long fight on behalf of the confirmation of Dr. W. D. Crum, of Charleston, S. C., was altogether one of the finest things in his Administration. Can Mr. Wilson do less? We do not see how it is possible for him to steer a course of compromise and expediency in this matter, and we can not believe that he wishes to do so. The assurances that he gave to the negro delegations which called upon him during the campaign would forbid it, did he not naturally subscribe to the doctrine of all men up and none down.

So far as the colored people are concerned, they are already deeply stirred by the action of several of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet officers in segregating the negro employees within their Departments--in some cases they are screened off in corners as if even their aspect were contaminating. As usual in such cases, the excuse is that it will make it impossible for the negro to retain office, it will seem more safe in the possession of their offices, and are less likely to be discriminated against, is the sincere belief of some who have had part in this innovation. They do not see that this for the first time officially establishes a caste among the citizens and employees of the Federal Government; that within a short time the negro sections will be pointed to as the "nigger departments" and made the objects of the derision and hate of such men as Vardaman and Hoke Smith and their less conspicuous imitators; that the "nigger sections" will become as despised and as neglected as the "Jim Crow" car. So far from helping the negro to retain office, it will seem make it impossible for self-respecting negroes to enter a service which begins by classifying them as people who must be set off lest mere contact with them should result in some kind of moral contamination. In the far South every fresh act of discrimination, every additional effort to degrade and to humiliate, will allege its justification by this action of the Federal Government.

That all of this will go without challenge is not to be expected. The Progressive Senators are already alive to their opportunity. The colored people themselves are beginning to be heard from, and their political influence is not to be despised. But we do not see how it is possible for the President to retain office, it will seem make it impossible for self-respecting negroes to enter a service which begins by classifying them as people who must be set off lest mere contact with them should result in some kind of moral contamination. In the far South every fresh act of discrimination, every additional effort to degrade and to humiliate, will allege its justification by this action of the Federal Government.

A Tale of Palmyra Isle

By H. M. Ayres.

As the sun was slowly setting, the cares of day forgetting,
We were chatting o'er a friendly pipe where the Kinnu used to dock--
Myself and old Bill Jenkins of the schooner Levi Perkins,
And the conversation turned on crabs which haunt Palmyra's rock.

Says Bill, "When I was cruising for the purpose of amusin'
Myself, one day I landed on this same Palmyra isle";
You should have heard him tell it--a rat you'd never smell it,
Nor on his artless features trace an evidence of guile.

"This isle," said Bill, "was haunted by a breed of crabs undaunted,
Which didn't seem to mind a man or anything like that;
But what claimed my attention was a thing which I must mention;
The way they climbed the coco-palms and in the branches sat.

"Once, as I gazed and wondered, a nut was deftly snatched
By Hercules' claws, and dropped a-boundin' at my feet,
Then down his crabship scampered, and like a youngster pampered,
The choicest portion of the nut proceeded for to eat."

"Now, stop right there!" I shouted. "Your word I've never doubted,
But now I must confess the sort of credulity is out,
Unless you tell me straightly, how, by all we honor greatly,
That crab contrived to dally with the innards of that nut!"

"A very childish question and easy of digestion,"
Says Bill, as to his starboard jaw he introduced his quid;
"There's turtles on the island, both the low land and the high land,
And near as hard as iron is the texture of their lid.

"In union together in foul or sunny weather
The turtles and the crabs reside and mutual succour lend;
When a crab requires assistance goes a turtle show resistance,
Not on your life! he straightaway goes and plays the part of friend.

"I omitted for to mention, though such was my intention,
That o'er the crab I spoke about detached the coconut,
He made a curious bleating, the which he kept repeating,
Until a monstrous turtle to the palm-tree's base did strut.

"The nut descending fleetly, on the turtle's back struck neatly,
And the violence of the impact split its shell in twain,
Then the bosom pair fed gaily and the feat repeated daily,
As long as I elected on Palmyra to remain."

I gazed at old Bill Jenkins of the schooner Levi Perkins,
And then I doffed my hat to him and offered him a drink;
Says he, "I have no notion of the cause of this devotion,
Still truth is mighty to prevail"--I murmured, "I don't think!"

ROBERT W. SHINGLE--Our game with the Fourth Cavalry team closes the polo season for the year. Next year I look for many improvements and more interest in the sport. The Fourth Cavalry is deserving of credit and praise for their sportsmanship in playing the game and for the manner in which they have tried to build up the pastime at Schofield Barracks.

ALB. L. YOUNG--Since the present Chinese uprising started, I have received a number of letters from relatives in China which embodied the movement and its cause. The majority of these letters point out that President Yuan Shih-kai has not been doing what he had promised to do--to protect his people and to organize his government to such an extent so as to allow the people to live in safety and happiness; and furthermore, he tried to assassinate, through his representatives, some of his political friends, such as Sun, Wang, Chin, Lin and Sung. Sung was assassinated about six months ago and China is now mourning the loss of one of its best politicians. I believe, taking the above into consideration, that Yuan Shih-kai is unfit for the high and responsible position, and sympathize with Doctor Sun that such a person has been selected for the place.

Small Talks

M. S. KIM--I was looking for Chin Duck soon while I was down in the country. I heard he had some money and I was hard up.

W. H. RABBITT--At a rough estimate I should say that the sugar crop for this year will be about 60,000 tons under the output of last season.

CLAUDIUS M'BRIDE--I have returned to Honolulu for new conquests. The weather and everything else in Hilo is pretty warm nowadays, thank you.

J. N. PHILLIPS--Myself and associate Irwin Spalding, are proud of the program we have arranged for Regatta Day and we intend to make this event the best ever pulled off in Honolulu.

A. W. SEABURY--We are rushing work on the new plant of the Oahu Ice Company and by the first of February, if not before will be in a position to supply everybody in Honolulu with ice.

PETER HANNON--Had a chance to drive through the Pearl Harbor district and some of those homes bordering on the lagoon remind one of Newport, the great watering place in the far eastern states.

GOVERNOR PREAR--There is certainly a possibility that a new loan may be floated, but there is also an improbability that it will be done during the balance of my days in the Executive chamber.

MATSUMOTO MORI (Old Clothes Dealer)--I got plenty good dress suit for sell now after I been hear Joe Cohen been say no use go Opera House all stuff up, but trouble now find somebody buy this clothes, so.

AL CASTLE--Whichever team, Robertson and Izard or Hoogs and Hoogs, meets Tom and Cooke in the final game for the men's doubles in the Inter-Island tennis championship, the contest will be worth seeing.

EZBA CRANE--We don't care how hard the Healanis practice nor how good a crew they enter in the regatta. Just take it from me that the Myrtles will be among those present when the various events are over.

H. H. WALKER--With the new golf course at the Oahu Country Club now open, I am looking forward to many close and exciting games there. Nine hole courses are all right but eighteen hole courses are better.

LAND COMMISSIONER TUCKER--I did not pull Editor Kinney out of bed on my trip to Hilo this week, but I got him out of his bath, just the same. Kinney was very cool at the time and we got along astonishingly well.

SHERIFF JARRETT--Things are coming our way all in a bunch. The last two months have been the busiest in the police history of Honolulu and there is a lot of work to do to meet the conditions as they will be a year hence.

CAPTAIN PILTZ--Midway Island is a bit too far north for coconuts to grow. As you go south toward the equatorial belt you find the vegetation becoming more dense and tropical, of course, and coconuts grow like weeds.

O. A. STEVEN--People who talk about hard times in Honolulu don't know what they are talking about. I find the real estate business as good today as it has been at anytime and this is certainly no sign of hard times.

W. F. DILLINGHAM--During my visit throughout the mainland I shall look over the field and of course will talk polo with the big fellows over the ocean. Upon my return I may have some good news for the local enthusiasts.

OFFICER J. C. ANDERSON--I am always sorry to swear out a warrant for the arrest of anybody, especially when one of the fair sex is concerned, but my father always taught me to attend to duty first and all other things afterwards.

M. J. PARESA--I would like to find out who is the hoodoo who has been following my team around the past two Sundays and if he is coming around today. If he does, I am afraid we will lose today to the Asahis. Bad 'cess to him.

E. H. PARIS--With an all star baseball team here in November, the All-Chinese back home, several Indian players coming and the bunch James D. Dougherty is to bring playing on our ball field, local baseball fans will certainly have plenty of sport.

REV. DR. THOMAS--The message of most import that I shall carry back with me to the mainland is that there is no race problem in Hawaii. Here each race of the many represented feels that it needs the rest and the result is a surprising interracial harmony.

G. W. R. KING--We have grand soil at Kaimuki, soil that will grow anything when a man knows how to treat and handle it. I am trying out some California peach trees and if they turn out as well as I expect I have hopes to get a corner on the local market.

EDITOR SANTOS (O Lusa)--I like Hilo and I am going to help it grow from the Honolulu end. I was present at the burial of the "hammer" on the Hilo hotel grounds and I certainly thought the ceremony a unique one, even if it was a parody on a very delicate theme.

INTERPRETER JOSE P. DIAS--I hear a lot of talk about banana graft, but I can assure you that as far as acting as Portuguese interpreter in the banana court is concerned there is real hard work. I really never knew so many bananas had ever been grown in Honolulu.

CHIEF M'DUFFIE--In a long police service I have never seen a worse case of pure bunco steering than that of M. S. Kim. When Civil Service Commissioner Doyle, even, came up to see him after we caught him, the Korean, swindled him out of three points from force of habit.

SAM F. CHILLINGWORTH, Jr.--I broke a looking glass on Friday, both being said to be unlucky propositions, the glass and the day, but my kamauna has assured me that in this case there will be no jinx, because the glass was broken in the "new of the moon." Lucky, ain't it?

H. FOSTER--I would like to know how many men there are in Honolulu today who have gone to Japanese business men to back them up financially in their business ventures. For all I know there must be quite a number, and I don't blame them if they find it necessary to do so.

AUDITOR FISHER--I remember as well as if it was only yesterday, the day, twenty-four years ago, when I went with a large number of other Honolulu notables and took the first "ride on the rails" from the site of the present city station to the Palama rice fields. It was some ride in those days.

WILLIAM LUCAS--Kapiolani Park should be fitted up as an ideal polo field. Within a year's time we will have several crack players from the mainland here and it is up to Honolulu people to have a first class field within easy access of town so that everybody can get a chance to witness these games.

A. D. CASTRO--The Portuguese and Brazilian Republics seem to be the only Latin countries which have abolished the old monarchal system which are able to get along peacefully nowadays. After all, this is because the monarchal system, for the Portuguese race, as shown in Hawaii, has always been a successful one.

"PROMOTION" WOOD--In sending Fred L. Waldron around the world as chairman of the promotion committee, the Islands are sending one of the liveliest promoters we have. That "Promotion Pays" has been his slogan for years and the community is beginning to realize that it really brings a golden harvest.

JAMES D. DOUGHERTY--The Carnival spirit is what will help more than anything else to make a success of our coming celebration of the holiday season in February. If the people of Honolulu get the spirit, as do those of other communities, the week will show day by day a better and better celebration, until the end will be a blaze of glory and joy.

TREASURER D. L. CONKLING--A hoodoo seems to be getting the Capitol officials these days. First, I got blood poison on the heel of my right foot and then Secretary Mott Smith walked off a platform and broke two ribs on the right side. The right side seems to be the wrong side now. The first thing we know the land commissioner will get Jack-Jaw and then we will be up against the real thing.

GEORGE G. CHILD--I went over the Hamakua extension of the Hilo Railroad the other day with L. A. Thurston in the auto car which is used by the officials of the line and I marveled at the magnitude of the work which has been accomplished. I do not believe there is another man who knows every inch of the ground as Thurston does. He makes the best possible guide and I enjoyed every moment of the trip.

O. A. STEVEN--I am figuring on starting a promotion bureau of my own, which will have guides for tourists and information for them which they do not seem to get elsewhere. Some Los Angeles people whom I met while I was in California, gave me the idea, for they were quite sure about the manner in which they were whirled around the Island during a short stay here. For the proper information about places of interest on the Islands I am consulting Mrs. Emma Nakaina, who has a vast store of interesting tales of places which the tourist now passes by in ignorance and of which the chauffeurs say nothing, because many of them are not aware of the historical incidents which relate to them.