



The Bustander.

When Barron Succeeds Pratt.

The story goes that the Honorable "Soap Box" Barron, sizing up the situation, having decided that the postoffice job was the one federal position that would most nearly satisfy the cravings of his artistic soul, made an official call on the gentleman whom he has elected to become his official predecessor. By way of preface, and to break the news gently, it is said that he intimated to Postmaster Pratt in his usual courtly and tactful manner, that he would like to look over the shop so as to get a line on what his future duties were going to be; at which the official head of the stamp dispensary is said to have expressed no doubt, in an equally courteous manner, as to the exact location in which the Democratic orator would spend the larger part of his future.

The postmaster is well known to everyone. His successor-to-be is less well known:

Charles "Soap Box" Barron was born at an early age on the banks of the historic Thames, and it is to his early association with the limpid spirit of its transcendent waters that he owes his rare facility with the mother tongue. He emigrated to America while in his adolescence, spent the days of his early manhood in the fog-belt alongside the Golden Gate, but came, in the period of his full maturity to these joyous sunny islands in the pearl sea. It was the influence of the balmy zephyrs, the refulgent sunshine, the numerous lapping of the wavelets on the coral benches, the thunder of the breakers on the basalt cliffs, that has caused his buoyant spirit to burst forth into a rhythm of words, phrases, ideas, strophes, and idyllic prose-poems of speech.

When he enters into his new duties as taker of tithes in Uncle Sam's stamp-foundry, reports, letters, communications will no longer be humdrum and prosaic. The musty, moth-eaten, atrabilious forms and methods of procedure in bounds sacred only to the memory of dust and red-tape will give place to the sparkle of metrical logic. A money order will be a peroration. A parcel-post package will be delivered with academic palms. A two-bit purchase of stamps will call forth argumentative oratory. To register a letter will invite a syllogism. The stamp will be mightier than the soap-box, and from its rostrum the new postmaster will defend the palladium of our liberties.

Private Jones Makes Guava Hay.

"Well, I don't know as I've got any particular kick 'em in' this week," remarked High Private Jones pensively, as he leaned on the handle of a mattock and surveyed the landscape, swarming with busy workers. "You see, we've been making guava hay all week," he continued, motioning to a zareba nearly surrounding the camp.

Noticing the puzzled look of inquiry he said: "Make it just like any other hay, only you dig the guava out by the roots. We're going to quit when we've got these nice thousand acres cleared, and tackle some other job. Here you," he called to the musician Orderly passed by with a slip of paper in his hand, "come here."

The boy came over, highly flattered to have received the notice of such a prominent person as Jones. "Here, look at this," said Jones, taking the paper from the orderly's hand and exhibiting it. "Here you are, special fatigue detail for guava hay, forty-four men with picks and mattocks. Them's the kind of tools we drill with these days, and then they want to know why we're not clever with the bayonet. Skidoo," he added, handing the paper back to the waiting boy. "I've helped to clear ground and build five different posts in my time, and I claim that that when it comes to this kind of drill there ain't a man in the outfit can teach anything to your friend Jones, and I ain't got time for any bayonet manual, see. Just because they didn't know where they wanted these posts, and let the grass grow up over them afterwards is no fault of mine, is it?"

The rolling landscape appeared to have been nearly dotted of bushes, so by way of a feeler Jones was asked if the work wasn't about finished. "Sure," he agreed, "this job is, but the next thing on is to find something to build sidewalks out of since they didn't furnish any, and all our own lumber was taken away by imperial edict."

This being a delicate matter, the subject was changed by asking Jones if the daily routine wasn't rather monotonous. "Oh no, not just now," he said. "There's not much excitement, unless you want to get hit on the head with a bottle near the tunnel, but you can always get an argument by asking somebody if he's willing to ride into the Carnival on the Pineapple Special, Limited."

Will Demand Delivery Next Time.

"Stung again!" was the yelp of pain that C. H. Brown emitted yesterday when he found that a deal that he tried to consummate with Castle & Cooke had gone up in thin smoke. He received a telephone message yesterday reporting to be from Castle & Cooke. A voice at the other end of the phone asked if Brown had read the account in The Advertiser where the steamer Wilhelmina had lost a blade from its propeller. Brown said that he had.

"Would Mr. Brown like to buy the broken blade?" "Mr. Brown would—but, what price would Castle & Cooke want?" Brown went on to explain that times were bad owing to the low price of sugar and the tightening of the money market through the States and that coin was scarce. He further went on to explain that he had recently been stung in a flag pole deal by one Jack Lucas and aside from the financial loss he felt from this transaction, he felt very keenly the fact that he had been outwitted in a business deal by one who knew so little of high finance as this particular contractor did.

After considerable quibbling, which took up the space of some fifteen minutes, Brown agreed to buy the broken blade at the rate of eight cents a pound. The market price of the bronze metal out of which propellers are made is twenty-two cents a pound.

Before the deal was consummated "Castle & Cooke" specifically stipulated that Brown must pay all hauling charges and accept delivery at the point where the propeller blade was. Owing to the low figure at which Brown had purchased the blade he accepted these conditions.

Chartering a light dray and leading the way in his automobile, Brown started for the floating dock, Honolulu, where the Wilhelmina had been undergoing repairs the night before. Inquiry from several Hawaiians failed to develop any information as to the whereabouts of the blade.

Brown finally went to a telephone and asked Castle & Cooke where the propeller blade of the Wilhelmina was. He said he wanted it right away as it cost money to keep drays waiting.

After considerable talk over the phone it was explained to Brown by Castle & Cooke that the propeller blade of the Wilhelmina was at the bottom of the broad Pacific somewhere between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Hence, the aforesaid yelp of pain on the part of Brown and hence also the beaming smile that illumines the countenance of one Jack Lucas.

Publicity Turns the Trick.

A. T. Longley, superintendent of the Territorial Marketing Division tells me that more business has been done in the three days since the Ad Club took the "Small Farmer" under its wing than in any three weeks before.

The average citizen has an amazing liking for fresh country produce. Everybody in town has been down to see the place and get acquainted. Not only do people want to get acquainted but they want something good to eat, and the only worry that the market superintendent has is as to whether the farmers will rise to their

opportunities and send in the stuff in sufficient volume to supply the demand.

The island steamer yesterday brought chickens, turkeys, sweet potatoes and limes. This morning's arrivals will be peaches, strawberries, cabbages, eggs and chickens. Turkeys—good, fat, juicy birds that one would not mention in the same breath with the tasteless cold storage article—are promised in volume enough to provide a constant supply.

Now that the Ad Club has demonstrated the ease with which Hawaiian grown produce can be sold, and that is acknowledged to be the one great obstacle to making it possible for the small man to get a sure foot hold in the Islands, the boosters can take up the problem of getting the farmers to. The million dollars a year that goes out of our pockets for imported farm produce would support five hundred to a thousand white families. It is easy if you only know how. It is the Ad Club spirit and publicity that will turn the trick.

The Honest Man Is Found.

According to advices from Schofield Barracks, Hawaii has a hitherto unimagined celebrity numbered among its inhabitants, and stranger still this person is found in our very midst. A communication received at the big post from department headquarters announces that Joseph Fernandez, proprietor of the Arlington Hotel, has in his possession a sum of money between ten and twenty dollars in amount. This money, it was stated, had been found in one of the rooms of Mr. Fernandez's hotel on the morning of January 16. As the room in question had been occupied the preceding night by a soldier, Mr. Fernandez took the matter up with department headquarters in an endeavor to find the owner.

When notice to this effect was received at Schofield a general holiday was declared, all duty being suspended excepting the necessary guard and police. Various groups of soldiers gathered at different points on the reservation where soldiers are wont to gather, and discussed the matter in whispered tones. The oldest soldier in the whole garrison could remember of no similar instance and the consensus of opinion among all ranks was that Diogenes could blow out his lantern, for the honest man had been found.

After the action of Mr. Fernandez had been commended freely on all sides, the soldiers found time to wonder who the affluent trooper could be who left ten or twenty-dollar tips under his pillow for the Japanese chamber boy.

telligence of the boy's mind and body and would, no doubt—in the view of certain people—have warped and ruined his free inclinations. So he didn't go to school; hence learned nothing; and he didn't go to work; and earned nothing.

But, unfortunately, he wanted money. He didn't want a large sum—only twenty dollars. He hadn't education enough to earn any, he hadn't industry enough to work for any; and, anyhow, he didn't want to earn it that way. He wanted to get the money the easiest way, and the easiest way that occurred to his neglected mind, his undisciplined will and his lazy body was to take a club and beat out the brains of another boy about his own age—an old school-fellow; a former comrade. The boy he murdered was a good boy—honest, industrious, submissive to discipline, even to self-discipline. A boy on his way to become a useful, an honored and prosperous member of the community, and his life was destroyed by this young brute who had been trained on the theory that you mustn't make a boy do anything that he doesn't want to do.

Then following this outrage came another equally atrocious. A young man pressed by no need of hunger and by no sting of poverty reached the climax of a succession of robberies and thefts by shooting down in cold blood, on a Southern Pacific Railway train, a good man, head of a family, who was respected, industrious, honest, highly capable in his position, an honor to society and a useful member of the community. Here were two good and useful lives blotted out by the actions of two worthless lives, who were wanting on the pernicious theory that they were not to do anything they didn't like to do.

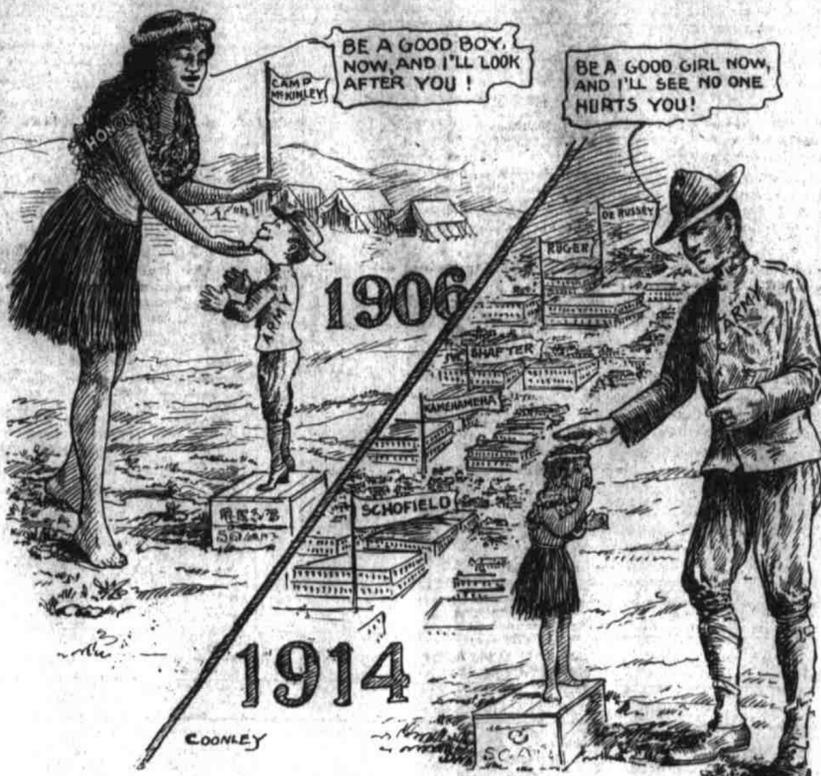
It is discouraging to know that men who do not like to work and do not like to study, who dislike discipline of the law, and rail against self-discipline, like nothing save to commit crime. That, apparently the easiest work in the world, is the hardest in its result.

The man who committed the later murder stood before the tribunal of the court and demanded an immediate trial, brazenly refused the services of a lawyer, hawled into the cars of numerous reporters that he was going to save, at whatever cost to himself, the girl for whom he committed the crime—there turned out to be half a dozen of her—and expressed a desire to be hanged. A most laudable desire. He was given his desire. He was given a fair trial, under the circumstances. The law took its course, and from the moment he was sentenced to death—which he had loudly declared he did not fear—he collapsed.

His first declaration was that he had no idea that he would be sentenced to death. He expected a life sentence. Then this man who had given to the world the worst example of evil forces and had living said he had intended to devote the balance of the years of his life to making men better, to reclaiming men who were already bad and to warning men better, to avoid the error of his ways. He was going to become a prison evangelist. He was going to do a great deal of good when he was placed in a position where he could do neither good nor harm. He who had always been bad. The fashion of that sort of evangelism, happily for the world, has passed away. There is an increasing large respectable and honorable class of the community which declines to take its morals from the gutter and to receive its ethics from the penitentiary.

JOHN W. CALDWELL—I have no sincere of a job here in Honolulu, but when I get to traveling around the Island of Hawaii I begin to think that the place is worth the salary. Hawaii is considerably bigger than my native State—Rhode Island.

What A Difference A Few Years Make



Montessori or Woodshed

A few days ago, writes Bob Burdette in the Los Angeles Times, a heartbroken father traveled from Bakersfield to Los Angeles seeking to save his son from the meshes of the law which were entangling the hangman's noose about the neck of the fallen, wayward and wicked boy. It was a fatherly thing to do. It was the right and natural thing for him to do, but the journey was undertaken ten or fifteen or twenty years too late. A start so delayed as that was a handicap to any human life, the limit of which is only three score years and ten.

Now, fifteen or twenty years ago, if the father had made numerous journeys, at brief intervals, with his wayward son to the woodshed and there administered the ergonomic corrections for boy peccadilloes and general waywardness, this latest journey, long, toilsome, expensive, need not have been taken at all.

There is journeying about this time in America one Doctor Montessori—an Italian kindergarten teacher, who, as nearly as I can understand it, preclaims the startling theory that a child should never be compelled to study anything it didn't like to study, anything it didn't want to study, any subject which was distasteful to the child's mentality, say, from three to seven years. At least that was the clearest explanation of the Montessori idea I could get from a school teacher, of no ordinary standing, whom I interviewed at the recent session of the Teachers' Association, and this teacher said she believed Montessori's ideas were correct; she herself did not believe in compelling a child to study mathematics when the study was distasteful, or to study languages when languages were disagreeable, or to tangle up any branch of study that was not altogether pleasant and congenial and acceptable to the juvenile wisdom.

The new idea does not believe in compulsory drudgery, as though anything has been achieved without drudgery, and all drudgery is compulsory. The men and women who have accomplished things have earned the way to their achievement in the doing of disagreeable things; to discipline of the obstinate will, of the reluctant mind, and of the rebellious body.

The few instances of the Montessori idea we have had recently in Los Angeles have not inclined me to the belief that being permitted to do as one pleases, merely gently to direct the child mind along the lines of the slightest resistance, which the child naturally selects, is the best way to develop the strongest and ruggedest and noblest men and women.

Here only a few days ago there was a boy, arrested for stealing in the city, who didn't want to do several things that were disagreeable to him. He didn't want to go to school, so he didn't go to school. Nobody made him. It would have been irritating to the intelligence of the boy to do something he disliked to do. Then, again, he didn't want to work and nobody made him work. This compulsory work was a thing of drudgery. That would have been annoying to the in-

The Carnival Expenditure

The Advertiser voiced yesterday the feeling of leading members of the committees who are carrying out the carnival plans, that the finance committee did not value the subscriptions to the carnival company stock at a hundred cents on the dollar, and were unduly conservative in their allowance for necessary expense, in consequence thereof.

The finance committee members state, however, that the committees and the community at large do not realize, first, that of the \$32,000 subscribed, only fifty per cent or \$16,000, is callable this year; and second, that the carnival plans are far more extensive than they have ever been before, and that the funds must be carefully handled, if the company is to break even.

The suggestion concerning the attitude of the finance committee was not from a hostile standpoint; but in the spirit of zeal to make the carnival the greatest possible success. While the carnival finances must be handled conservatively, and extravagance prevented, some changes must be taken; and it is a safe gamble that the great bulk of the subscribers to the carnival stock want what they have pledged, and will respond to the full amount required. The Advertiser believes in that, and is sure that the subscribers will willingly pay in more than fifty per cent of the amount of their subscriptions, if there is need therefor.

It is a good thing to have enthusiastic executive committees and a conservative finance committee. With the common purpose animating all concerned, to make the largest showing for the least money, we feel certain that success will be the ultimate result. We suggest further that, as far as possible, the public be kept informed of what is proposed and the estimated cost of each project. Publicity is not a cure all for every ill; but it will smooth out a number of corners.

Get the People to Think

Education! Instead of shirking publicity, as was formerly the custom, every great corporation whose cause is just is today cultivating publicity. The railroads are placing their case squarely before the bar of public opinion. They are doing this through a frank and logical discussion of the situation, and if the American people have not lost their sense of justice the railroads, through this method, will win out. The only trouble is that people are not interested in reading a calm, dispassionate recital of facts. Our press has educated the public away from the appreciation of such writing. What the public wants is sensation. Everything must be highly sensational, with plenty of "thrills." This is reflected in the class of plays that are most popu-

lar, and in the moving picture craze which fits the mood of America better than that of any other country. Even in the pulpit it is felt that if you are to get the ear of the crowd you must bid for it by advertising to answer "Who is going to hell tonight?" or some other topic equally sensational. The same extravagant spirit is reflected in the extreme styles of women's dress and the questionable dances now so popular. The only question is whether the railroads and other great corporations can, with their "plain unvarnished tale," get the ear of the sensation-loving public. If they can get the people to think, the reign of political terror soon will be over.—Leslie L. Weekly.

Speculators in Sex

In looking on at the great present-day spectacle of the emancipation of women, one is struck by a certain rashness of impulse that characterizes some of the performance, says Collier's Weekly. Young women of decent character accept invitations freely, make acquaintances easily, embark on unadvised motor excursions with complete assurance. As the phrase goes, "they get by with it." One can not help thinking that to many girls the American doctrine of consideration for women has become not so much an obligation governing conduct as an opportunity for pleasure. These young fellows are to be "managed." Under proper supervision (that female prerogative), investment in their acquaintance will yield perfectly safe dividends of "good times." They will buy theater tickets, confessions, motor rides, entertainments, merely for the abstract pleasure of the girl's company. If they begin to "get foolish," severe looks will quell the inebriation. This view is set forth daily in papers and magazines that strike the popular eye, so the girl becomes a speculator in sex attraction, an amateur in the most fundamental human passions. The results are in the paper every day—these tragedies of the roadhouse, the shady hotel, the ambiguous flat. These self-sufficient young persons discover bitterly and often too late that there is sound sense and real purpose in the conventions. Speculators sometimes win, but economic and other laws are not alterable at will, and the end of speculation is nearly always the same—bankruptcy. We are going to end the commercialization of sex by taking whatever repressive measures are necessary, but speculation in it will always be a snare for the wisdom or folly of those immediately concerned. Girls and boys and parents will be responsible to the end of the chapter.

'Welfare Secretaries' Not Wanted

Considerable confusion has resulted from a movement to secure additional chaplains for the Navy and the recommendation of the secretary of the navy for forty welfare secretaries, says the Army and Navy Journal. The house committee on naval affairs acknowledges the need of additional chaplains and will add an amendment to the appropriation bill increasing the number of chaplains from between sixty and sixty-five, if it is recommended by the secretary. But the committee will not agree at the same time to give the Navy forty welfare secretaries asked for in the secretary's annual report. It is possible that the committee may create twenty welfare secretaries and also provide for an increase in the number of chaplains, so as to bring up the total of both classes to about sixty-five. The Army has about one chaplain for every thousand officers and enlisted men, and the same ratio is maintained in most of the armies and navies of the world. There is considerable opposition both in the Navy and among the church workers of the country to the scheme for providing welfare secretaries in the Navy. The ministry of the country see in the plans for welfare secretaries an effort to supplant the chaplains who were ordained ministers or priests before they entered the Navy, and it is insisted by the officials of all the churches that all religious or welfare work should be in their charge. Officers of the Navy object to the proposed welfare secretaries because they would not have military status on board ship in the beginning, and would not be satisfied to continue long on board ship as civilians; they would soon demand a military status. This, if granted, would result in the creation of another corps which would be an addition to the already too complicated naval personnel. The welfare secretary idea originated in the Young Men's Christian Association, where it is receiving considerable support.

Small Talks

D. L. CONKLING.—I would like to discover the man who said that I was safe.

A. W. WAGNER (Deceased).—There is one item in every man's life—woman.

A. L. C. ATKINSON.—The Bull Moose dying! Never. These moans are only from growing pains.

SENATOR AMBROSE J. WITZ.—Here's a riddle I want answered: Who put the sieve in civilization?

"JOB" TUCKER.—You may think it's fun being land commissioner, but if you are willing to do the real hard work, you're welcome to the job. I never blow about my office.

HARRY IRWIN (of Hilo).—Judge Parsons is one of my best friends. Just imagine my doing anything to worry him.

N. HARRY FISHER.—Governors come and Governors go and then they come on again, but the auditor's office keeps on forever. It is the most popular resort in Honolulu every last day of the month.

ST. JOHN GILBERT.—The only criticism I have to offer on the splendid concert that was given on the roof garden last night is that this sort of thing ought to have been started about twenty years ago.

BARON LE GAY.—There are eight and one-half million dollars that goes out of this country every year to China. I have a very feasible scheme where the greater portion of this money can be kept here.

A. C. WHEELER.—I was away from Honolulu during the past week as much as two days and when I came back I found out that the most astonished man in Honolulu was Jack Lucas. Now, why is that?

SENATOR D. B. METZGER.—I will admit that the frequent visits made by myself and Palmer Woods to Honolulu have a good many people guessing. I will tell you how to solve the riddle—ask the Governor.

C. G. BOCKUS.—I am going to run for supervisor on a good roads platform, and I will not need any organization to help elect me. The day has arrived when we need roads more than organizations and the people know it.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM.—Callers having granted me a few brief breathing spells I have been able, thank you, during the past few days to get next to my troubles. There is nothing like an absence of callers when one has a lot of work to do.

HANA MAIKAI.—As poundmaster, I have been doing the best the pay calls for, but if there is any hungry Democrat around, why, he can have my place as soon as the Governor calls for me to step out. I notice that Jack Kalakiel and Sol Ksual have called on the Governor several times during the past week.

JACK LUCAS.—I have nothing to say except that there may be a thing or two in the line of public works that the public may as well be awakened to. There is nothing like watching and saying what one has to say without cussing. Nothing like it!

LORRIN ANDREWS.—The need of a police surgeon and an emergency hospital was never more clearly demonstrated than when that terrible tragedy happened at Waikiki the other night. A couple of trustees and a policeman know very little of medical science.

A. D. CASTRO.—The Republican Party, having stood sponsor for the direct primary law, I cannot see anything can be done during the coming campaign but to fall in line and make the best of the bargain. The party is now in line; the next thing to do is to get busy.

THE STATUE WORSHIPPER.—I no know what party I belong, but suppose Democrat like my job I like to know what I going to do? I think I the only hungry Democrat no call on the Governor yet. Suppose promotion committee give me pair shoes, may be I forgive the Governor to receive me.

EX-GOVERNOR NICHOL OF ARIZONA.—The charming hospitality of the people of Hawaii is truly wonderful. I thought our Western hospitality was proverbial but I must admit we will have to take second place to Hawaii. I'm coming here again and, when I do, I am going to bring a crowd of my friends and stay for some time.

BANDMASTER FELTRINELLI.—The Schofield bands will certainly do their part together in the massed-band concerts during the Carnival. We are working every day out at Schofield Barracks. We had William Tell froggy in the second round yesterday morning, and put him away in fifteen, while Custer went out in the seventh round.