



The Bystander.

SUITS OF EFFICIENCY

"Efficiency," observed Our Governor lately with touching irony, "is the keynote of my administration."

The appointment of Charles McCarthy to the position of territorial treasurer did not come as a surprise to many who were aware of the earlier training in efficiency.

McCarthy is certainly efficient!

But because he is efficient in one thing it does not follow he is efficient in everything, though, of course, he would not let this statement pass unchallenged.

There is no one I know who is more efficient and naturally gifted in the art of being discourteous and insulting than McCarthy. He has always been thus equipped for public life, yet in the good old days he was a little more careful than now, and kept a watch on his tongue, as it were. He could never tell in those days who would come in through the swinging doors.

But there are no swinging doors now in the happy and official life of McCarthy, who has risen to be a Man of State and can be as discourteous and insulting as he pleases—while he wonders how the dickens he will fix the tax rate! All territorial officials should emulate McCarthy. They should strive to be as insulting as possible, and show the people that though we have not things to bow and scrape to, we have Our Governor's "cabinet" members, who are a good deal more important.

One of the efficient things about McCarthy is his punctuality. If one chances to call at his office one minute before the opening hour or one minute after the closing, one may be subjected to an efficient insult. Or to ring him up! Ah, that is as bad—perhaps worse.

A friend of mine rang him up yesterday to ask for a man employed in his department. As it happened, it was just one minute after the closing hour.

What happened?
Efficiency triumphed!
McCarthy slammed up the phone.
That was certainly the proper thing to do. Wasn't it one minute after the closing hour? Any efficient man would have done the same.

But this friend I speak of did not know this. He thought there was some mistake and so rang up McCarthy again. The same question was put.

But hang! went the receiver.
Efficiency triumphed again.

The swinging doors may never swing for McCarthy again, the people may make it a point to see that he does not serve another term in public office, but over the portal of his home there certainly will always be written: "Here lives an Efficient Man!"

ANCIENT ORDER OF HONORABLES AND EXCELLENCIES

Using a steamroller to kill an ant does the job most effectively, without doubt, but it is a trifle more force than the ordinary rules of efficiency call for, but something very similar is taking place in our municipal government at the present time.

The instances of the overworked chambermaids at the road department stables, draws an official looking document from the mail-carrier containing a letter which, translated, says, "You're fired. Git,"—but it isn't put that way. Inside the heavy bond-paper envelope is an unsealed missile addressed:

"Hon. Waiakaho Lunanui Esquire,
"Chambermaid in Charge of Government Mules,
"Kakaako Stables,
"Division of Engineering and Public Highway,
"City and County of Honolulu,
"Territory of Hawaii."

Within this is an official communication bearing the seal of the city, heavily embossed. Address—as on the envelope:

"Sir—It is with extreme regret that I have the honor to inform you, sir, acting by and under the authority of the Honorable Board of Supervisors of the City and County of Honolulu, and in accordance with the provisions of Resolution No. 4-11-14, unanimously adopted by the Honorable Board at their regular meeting, December 23rd, 1914, that on and after January 31st, 1915, your valuable services will be no longer required.

"I have the honor to remain, Sir,
"Your most obedient and humble servant,
"JOHN DOE,
"Clerk to His Excellency, The Honorable, The Mayor of Honolulu, City and County of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A."

The gentleman who feeds and cleans the mules gets a dollar a day, more or less, probably less, from the proud and haughty pay clerk in the treasurer's office once a month, if the county happens to have the cash. Otherwise, he receives a registered warrant. The probability is that he has a hard job and does good work. But the Honorable Board of Supervisors and the Honorable Mayor, the Honorable Clerk and all the other Honorables want him fired, to show him that a new king reigneth and that the dispenser of the loaves and fishes must be considered.

Among those who have been fired by the typographical broadside are road and stable luns, crossing sweepers and school janitors.

LET THE ARMY TAKE A BACK SEAT

Since reading High Private Jones's remarks on costly road building I have lost faith in that gentleman's business ability. He may be a sturdy back-private, the bravest of the brave, and all that sort of thing, but I claim that when he gets mixed up in discussions of high-priced roads he is beyond his depth. The county still holds the palm.

Uncle Sam has extravagant tendencies but so have we. The Army only has the United States treasury to draw on, and that is empty, so we are given to understand. The county government has an absolutely complacent clientele of citizens and taxpayers to draw on, the best and easiest bunch of ready-payers that ever happened—and what do they care how the money is spent or what there is to show for it? Haven't they paid their taxes? What more do you want?

I have in mind the road now being built across the face of Round Top. It was started with the ultimate intention, as my grandfather felt, of connecting up with the Kalahele road some time between now and 1925.

The road is being built with prison labor, which costs nothing, so I am told, that is to say, nothing except luna hire and a few other incidents. This kind of road building is both inexpensive and expeditions. The public don't pay anything—that is to say, nothing but salaries and board and lodging and they get half a mile of new road every year. On an adding machine I estimate the cost of the road at \$200,000 a mile. Why, you remember, that road below the Volcano House that was built with prison labor? That road only cost a hundred thousand dollars a mile and the Territory never had to pay a cent for the labor! Uncle Sam will have to go some to teach us anything about costly work building.

ANOTHER ROAD DISCOVERED

The Maui supervisors have voted an appropriation of five thousand dollars to buy a new traction engine since Alexander Hume Ford's invasion of those peaceful shores. One of the members of the expedition got lost, or was lazy, or hungry, or something, and deserted. Perpendicular hiking did not appeal to him so he hid out in the brush and pretended he was lost until the main body had got hopelessly far ahead. Then he started out along the coast trail.

After plowing through ten or fifteen miles of the ordinary succession of bog-holes, mud and ruts that every untutored child of Hawaii instantly recognizes as that time honored institution, a "public highway," this deserter suddenly came out on a broad, well-passed cement-guttered and curbed city street. He confessed, afterwards, that he thought his brain had given way under the strain of enforced enjoyment of his own companionship. With that rare presence of mind which characterizes great men when confronted with startling emergencies, the deserter applied all the usual Sherlock Holmes tests, such as looking at his watch, pinching himself, lighting a cigarette and taking a drink. The deductions that he then deduced would have made Conan, or Chester, or any other member of the Doyle family turn green with envy. This was a real road, but, like himself, it was a deserter. It belonged to somebody, but the owner was lost. It didn't start anywhere or lead in any particular direction. It looked like the best automobile road in the Islands, provided you could get a machine onto it at one end or abstract the vehicle and take it elsewhere after a surfeit of joyriding, rain, mud and other Nahiku woe.

At this end he plumped back into the ordinary string of mud holes and knew he had found the government road again.

When my friend got back to Kahului he casually mentioned his interesting discovery. The natives said they had lost a chunk of belt road a while back and that this might be it so they outfitted an exploring party and sent back down the muddy trails towards Kanae. Now the Maui supervisors are going to hitch a traction engine onto the road and hand it back to civilization where people can use it, which, considering the spasm of idleness that permitted the road to be built there in the first place is a mighty sensible resolution.

THE EXPOSITION STAFF

If the Hawaii fair commissioners were inclined to play fair and square they would put it to a public vote to decide whether the official matron at the official exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition should be a blonde or brunette. Debates at the round table have not been able to decide this vexing question.

In less than a month now, Hawaii's exhibit of fish and H. P. Wood at the exposition will be ready for business, and the important office of matron has not been decided yet. More time available, the question could be determined by a plebiscite, but thirty days does not give a chance to prepare for anything of the kind.

This matron trouble only arose the other day. Because of this

High Honoluluans and Their Hobbies--The Governor



Hon. Lucius E. Pinkham by Ned Steel.

fact the commission is both blamed and excused—blamed by those who declare the matron should have been thought of early in the game, and excused by the more charitable who say that with their minds full of janitors, music and fish the commissioners could not be expected to think of this lately developed billet in advance.

But here we are, at any rate, with only a few days left before the exposition opens, and no matron decided on! It is shocking. How humiliating it would be for our exhibit of fish to open without a matron. Understand, this matron has nothing to do with the fish as fish. She is to stand around on one foot and then another, if she chances to have two, and beam upon everyone entering the fishery.

The commission has its janitor and usher all picked out. Able chaps. More intelligent than the fish, though not as brilliant. The janitor will do a little promotion work on the side and teach the fish a few tricks, when not professionally engaged. If the matron were only selected, the entire little family would be complete—usher, janitor, fish, Wood and all, unless a new situation develops.

The only hint that a new situation may develop was heard at the last meeting when something was said of official interpreters—male and female—and official opener-of-the-door and an official sprinkler of the lawn. These positions may be created in the next few days, their salaries to be paid out of the \$15,000 credit balance.

It may be heresy for one to question even the benefits Hawaii will receive on account of this exhibit of fish and musicians, which represents an investment of \$100,000. No matter what may be said to the contrary, there are certain assured and uncontroversial benefits. It is true Mr. Wood, the janitor, the usher, the matron and the others in the building may feel the highest thrill of the heights, for 1915 promises to be very pleasant living for them.

As for the fish—well, that is different.

They have a hard year of work ahead of them.

SOME REMARKS BY HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"You know," said High Private Jones, "the high cost o' livin' don't affect some people much. Not very much, anyhow. Now, when you an' I want to go to town we want to commence diaburain' change right from the go, don't we? Now, when we want to go to the train we either got to walk or else pay some gink half a peso gold to ride in his gasoline wagon as far as th' depot.

"Of course th' quartermaster's got a lot o' glass station wagons an' buses an' things, an' there's a bunch o' gentlemen in th' quartermaster corps to drive 'em, but then we can't get in on any o' that there transportation. That's for them what has, an' not for them what hasn't. So it's a case of hike in th' dust or mud, or else dig up.

"Then again when you get to town an' want to get anywhere right soon, it's a case of hire at least a taxi, if you haven't got time to stick around on th' sidings on th' Rapid Transit six-wheelers, waitin' for th' other car to come along. That's what you get for presumin' to be in a hurry, see.

"You can't trot around town behind a couple o' big government mules, with a quartermaster corps gink pushin' on th' lines, nor you can't skid around in one of them Ford spiders with U. S. Q. M. D. on th' back, either. That's because you ain't got the caste, see. An' not havin' th' caste is what makes th' cost o' livin' so high.

"If you can play baseball or football, maybe you can get to ride on th' post exchange motor truck once in a while, comin' an' goin', when there's a game on. That don't cost you nothin'. But don't try to pull it any other time, see. If you want to go down to the Kukui lounge parlor you got to pay your way.

"Just showin' you how th' little matter of caste reduces th' high cost of livin', the other night there was a big haul at th' armory. Governor had a New Year's reception, or something. An' he-as' behold what comes rollin' merrily up to th' portals, but th' Fort shafter post exchange motor truck with a bunch of th' leadin' lights, all in white evenin' dress, occupyin' th' space built to haul plug tobacco.

"An' a couple of hours later, lo an' behold there's the same old motor truck haulin' its distinguished assemblage out to Waikiki Inn, stinkin' around for a couple of hours, an' then haulin' 'em away again. Can you beat it? No expense whatever, unless they chip in an' ship th' driver some change. Post Exchange makes enough on ranteen checks to buy the gasoline and cover th' depreciation.

"So what a little matter of caste can do! Fixes it so you can pay your social obligations, an' then go out an' have a good time all without havin' to worry about the high cost of livin' a little bit. Some game, hey?"

THE USUAL TEN PER CENT

The latest military yarn is that of a recruit on sentry duty at Schofield. He had been a drugstore clerk before he enlisted and was more acquainted with the language of business than with military terms and usages. The countersign for the night was, "Discount," so when his o. o. strolled up through the gloom of the night the ex-clerk on guard threw up his piece and called a halt—"Hey there, what discount do you give?" The officer was surprised but answered, "Ten per cent." "Advance, friend, and give the discount," was the answering challenge.

Haleakala

By H. M. Ayres.

Great pendant stars bend from a violet sky,
A low-swung moon makes shapeless shadows fall
Upon the crater's floor the wild goats call
Across the void from pale where they lie
A tremble at a distant wolfish cry.

The haunting wind nois through dead Pele's hall—
Last of the slaves of that dread goddess' thrall,
Nor temple made where acorns' ashes lie,
Nor fern nor flower in this place hath life,
Only the moon glims white upon the silver sword—
Perchance some pixy people's treasured hoard,
Hid in a cleft of elemental strife—
With nothing else of grace or beauty here—
And yet with everything in sweet accord.

Honolulu, January 9, 1915.

Small Talks

JAMES H. BOYD—Bain in Hilo? Well, I should say rather. Didn't I go down there on a water case?

D. H. CASE—When a man gets in bad and a fight looms up in the horizon there is nothing like running to Augustus E. Murphy for protection.

A. D. CASTRO—Knowing Mayor Lane as intimately as I do, I predict a very successful and business-like administration of municipal affairs during the coming two years.

JACK LUCAS—The Hawaii World's Fair Commission has \$10,000 of its own money to spend. As a taxpayer, I want to know: What are we going to get for it? Show me!

CLARENCE D. PRINGLE—Having got an ear telephone I can hear my own thoughts. This is a wonderful invention. Before I got it I never thought it possible that I could do it.

GEORGE WEBB—When our company produces East Lynde, it will bring back many fond memories to the "grown-ups" here in Honolulu, who saw this play in their early youth.

ALBERT HARRIS—It is a good thing we don't judge opium by the dreams. If we did, the one who indicted that yara about the cane-knife would be up for smoking the hop, some dream!

J. M. CAMARA—I was surprised to learn that I had filed a divorce suit for a client during the past year. What I did was to present the papers for filing for my partner, Lorrin Andrews.

TAX ASSESSOR WILDER—From all appearances, the tax office will soon run in active competition with local auctioneers when it comes to the sale of automobiles. Nothing like giving everybody due warning.

ALBERT HORNER—I certainly appreciate the privilege that was recently extended to me to join the Twenty-four Social Club for 1915. It was proposed by E. L. Schwartzberg, who was my predecessor, as the latest member.

EDWARD WOODWARD—I would like to know, and the mayor is just as inquisitive as I am, who took away that fine crayon picture of President Wilson from the city hall. It is nothing more than lego majeste, I think.

GOVERNOR PINKHAM—I have been interned in real earnest during the whole past week, but I notice that the territorial government is running along as usual. Secretary Thayer is away, too, and nothing has happened.

SERGEANT MAJOR J. H. MULLINS—The reason I am on the water wagon, if anybody wants to know, is just this: I intend to go to San Francisco next winter instead of sending Dick Sullivan. I want to see the exposition.

WILLIAM T. RAWLINS—I am astonished that no word has come from Duke Kahanamoku from far off Australia. Can it be possible that the Germans have captured Duke's party? The boys would certainly make fine sea fighters.

WENTWORTH BUCHANAN—With the resumption of the Canadian-Australian service, I predict that we will have a large tourist traffic from Canada and the Northwest this winter. The Northwest contributed heavily toward the Hawaii tourist crop last year.

ED TOWSE—Statistics kept by the Hawaii Promotion Committee show that there are 500 less tourists in Honolulu today than there were a year ago. Now is the time to make a strenuous effort to get the crowds, which are coming out to California, moving this way.

JOSEPH P. DIAS—I would like to know under what authority the editor of O Lan undertakes to pass upon the qualifications of interpreters! Every interpreter in the land claims to be the best ever and I see no necessity for outsiders to disillusion any particular one.

SUPERVISOR JIM QUINN—I have heard a lot of talk about Honolulu having a government by commission. I don't know much about this commission business, but if it is anything like the Belt Road Commission or the Hawaii World's Fair Commission—excuse me!

ROBERT W. CATHCART—I wonder who spread the story that I was after Gus Murphy's clerkship? This thing has bothered me even more than I think it has my friend. If I were a member of the legislature and controlled all the votes I would most certainly bride the press.

A. M. BROWN—In the supreme court room Friday, before Judge Ashford, the grand jury foreman being hoarse with a cold, I acted as a voice transmitter for the chief inquisitor. Since then I am being called the "Human Dictagraph."

J. WESLEY THOMPSON—They've taken to calling me "Doctor" because I carry a dinky little typewriter in a box around with me, which they think is a medicine chest. I overheard a young woman observe the other day as I passed along, "There goes a medicine man."

H. W. KINNEY—The hot lunch experiment at Liliuokalani School is turning out better results than I had expected. The Normal School pupil-teachers who are laying out the work have taken hold enthusiastically. The teachers like the work and the scholars like the lunches. The idea is already a success.

JOSEPH D. TUCKER—Don't I look swell since I discarded my "paper clothes"? Two brand new blue serge suits at one time, the first in thirty years. Christmas presents, you know, but don't mention it, the people I bought them from might hear of it. This hat, too, was a Christmas present. Got it the same way.

VAUGHAN MACCAUGHEY—Professor Bryan's Saturday morning lectures on "Marine Life" at the College of Hawaii are very interesting. All who are interested in the sea and what it contains should take advantage of the full course of lectures because this is a subject on which Professor Bryan has specialized for a good many years.

JOHN C. ANDERSON—I caught a big runaway chap from the Waihee Boys' Industrial School Friday night, who had been away since August. I bluffed him into accompanying me peacefully to the police station, even after he tried to pull off the gag on me that he was some one else. What I would have done had he shown fight, I don't know. He certainly stood a head taller than me. Guess he saw the flash of my police badge.

SENATOR CHARLES F. CHILLINGWORTH—As the father of the Hawaii World's Fair Commission Bill, I will see to it that there is a proper accounting for every dollar of the \$100,000 taxpayers' money, which has been appropriated for this project. It is my intention to have a joint committee from the senate and house appointed to make an investigation of this commission in the same manner that all public expenditures are investigated.

ALBERT K. HARRIS—It's not generally known, but my chief, the marshal, was once upon a time a dealer in ships. He bought and fitted the schooner Ida May, now here, for McCandless & Wilson. The Ida May is a thirty-three ton boat and carries a fifty-horsepower engine. When the little vessel arrived here from her first trip to Molokai her manifest showed the following cargo list: "Six cords wood, 40 pigs, 3 calves, Mayor Fern and 'Link' McCandless." The Ida May was not allowed to carry passengers and her captain put the two big men down as livestock.

FRANCIS M. SWANZY—No one can predict authoritatively what the business trend of Hawaii will be during the war, or two, three and for that matter many years afterwards. The trade circles are not able to tell us anything. They can only express an opinion. Business all over the world, even in countries not engaged in the great conflict, will be profoundly disturbed. If the effect of war is adverse to the general prosperity of the United States as a whole, Hawaii, isolated as it is in the broad Pacific Ocean, with no cares and nothing to do but welcome tourists and visitors, is bound to be sympathetically affected.

DOCTOR E. A. BACK—The hike across Maui was one of the most enjoyable tramp expeditions I have ever had. Everything was well arranged and well conducted. Mr. Ford is deserving of the highest praise for his energy and ability in getting up an affair of this kind and putting it through to a successful conclusion. I had a rather unhappy time of it the last half of the trip, but it was my own fault. I thought this tramp would be a splendid chance to wear out a pair of old shoes that I had been keeping a long time because they looked too good to throw away. That was where I fell down. The shoes had pointed toes. Going up Haleakala was all right, but coming down on this side was all wrong. I was walking "pigeon-toed" by the time I got to Olofin, and if a passing automobile hadn't given me a lift I might not have hiked down to the landing by this time. On a tramp like this the most important item of equipment is a pair of stout, roomy, hob-nailed boots.

GEORGE FORNITZ—I have been on a walking trip, around the Island of Hawaii, for a vacation and a change. Starting from Hilo, I went first by train to Paauilo and walked up to the Louisiana coffee plantation. The next stage was up to Waimea village. I got a team there and rode half way to Kailua and footed it the rest of the way. Then I loitered along down through Kona to the old Buchholz place at Papa, got a horse to ride down to Hoopuloa landing and back, and then tramped across the lava flows to Waiohinu. Then I went on down to Hilo and back to Hilo by way of Pahala and the Volcano House. I got an occasional "pick-up" from teamsters and autoists, but for one whole week I was footloose and carefree. The weather was fine and the whole trip a glorious one. I have never seen anything to compare in grandeur with the sawtooth summits of the two big mountains—a stream of fire and smoke towering above Mauna Loa and another black cloud streaming up from Kilauea.