



The Bystander.

the bureau, December was a better month, but this month of January is a snorer. The stamp receipts, which measure the number of transfers recorded, were, when the office closed yesterday, forty-nine per cent more than the receipts for stamps for January, 1914. The total shows the best January business since the bureau opened for business, while the receipts are double those of five of the first months during the past ten years. The total stamp sales for the three January months of 1913, 1914 and 1915 are: 1913, \$1765.00; 1914, \$1844.26; 1915, \$2279.30.

General business in Honolulu has been brisk this last thirty days. Business for the coming month, with the Carnival to help, is going to be brisker. Honolulu is doing well, thank you.

During a hot political campaign, a candidate for the legislature promised the voters, during a stump speech that, if elected, he would cut the tax rate fifty per cent. His rival, who was from Tippecanoe, countered, when his turn came, by shouting: "Me friends, the man vot as just spoken to yees is an anarchist and an apoplexy by the poor. He wants to tax yees all fifty percent. If yees list me to the legislature, I'll pass a law makin the government pay all the taxes."

Great cheers from the "oppressed poor." All of which I was reminded of the other day when I heard that the high and mighty powers who control the National Guard

SOME REMARKS BY HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"H. H. M." missed High Private Jones as he scanned the names of his comrades as the list posted on the orderly room bulletin board who were homebound bound on the next transport. He puffed hard on his cigarette as he cast a speculative eye over the list of ultimate comrades, his mind went back in retrospection to old times with the old gang who were fast leaving.

He tossed his cigarette butt out of the open door and into the veranda radiator with the accuracy born of long practice, and then he glanced down the squadroom. Eighteen squads, evenly divided on both sides of the aisle, and nearly all new faces. There, being nothing if not a man of decision, he pencilled his name at the foot of the list.

The new Number One of the First Squad was a big country boy with more sense than the average recruit. He instinctively knew better than to ask questions, but he looked at Jones with a mute unspoken inquiry in his eyes. And Jones knew what was bothering the boy.

"Looks funny, don't it kid, when you see th' old gang pullin' out on every boat?" he remarked. "But that's one of them evils of colonizin' troops abroad. Time you been here as long as some of the rest of us you'll realize you got all you want. Dime't you take no stock in that stuff they're peddlin' around about th' old outfit goin' back to th' States, because they ain't goin', see. Learned ah't bees any more but his pernicious influence—that's what they call it in th' club—still lives, my boy."

"You know, when you've stuck by th' old outfit a long time an' put up with a lot o' rough stuff just because you wanted to stay

Small Talks

E. J. BOTTS—Life is one mighty illusion. I ought to know. CAPTAIN STEUBENBERG, by mail from Caldwell, Idaho—Here I am, a devil in my own home town.

JOHNNY MARTIN—Ow those members of congress hat Wash in 'em expects to go to 'Eaven, haffter hafftavin' prohibitions, H don't know.

JOHN MARUALLING—Ow would think Judge Whitney's court is the real thing here, judging from the array of lawyers one sees around almost daily.

GOVERNOR HENRIK—Between writing speeches and letters and listening to the howls of other people, I seem to forget that I have troubles of my own.

J. D. TUCKER—Between a sprained back and lots of work on hand life isn't what it is cracked up to be. I feel young enough, all right, but I'm sore with myself.

ROBERT WESTALL—Kubik put one over on Honolulu when he got the senate approval of the Honolulu harbor item. It shows that cupid can do something if he tries.

RUDOLPH HEYDENRICH—I am getting disgusted with this war news, believe me. Every time it says in the Yagge or the Carpathians, they stop fighting. They ought to issue rain checks.

HUBON K. ASHFORD—I don't mind punctures in my auto tires so much, but when I get out to doctor one of them and I lose my watch fob, I think that the ordinary scheme of things ain't just right.

MARSHAL SMIDDY—Contrary to general opinion, I am at peace with all the world, newspaper men and the United States committee included. This doesn't mean anything, but let it go at that.

DOCTOR R. J. McGETTIGAN—When it comes to twin births, Waipahu won the postmark last year, there being twelve pairs brought into the world there. I ought to know, for am I not the doctor over there?

A. K. MURPHY—I have just learned that the Hawaiian name for the blenny weed is "hi'i", and that they flower. My shamrocks will be in bloom soon and I hope the flowers will be any other color but orange.

A. R. ("SONNY") CUNHA—Carnivals breed crime. I am positive of it; for some "concession chap" was looking around for a circus tent last night and stole a pair of my truck trousers from the clothes line.

JOHN C. ANDERSON—See what the moving pictures are doing! Teaching kids how to play outlaws and then getting them into trouble. Not that I mind that very much, but you see, it gives me a lot of work to do.

ARTHUR G. SMITH—Say, but that is a good stunt trying the Kansas movie censorship law here. I hadn't thought of it, but coming across the Kansas statute after reading The Advertiser story, I rather fancied it.

JUDGE ASHFORD—As a member of the private owners' automobile club I shall add my mite (and night) to all measures for the protection of life and limb and ultimate happiness of the man who turns a wheel in the choo-choo cars.

IKE ARCIA—The Oahu League should have a splendid year ahead of itself; not that the past one was bad. The league has successfully managed to keep out of all the late squabbles in the local baseball world and it will continue to do so.

J. WESLEY THOMPSON—If I thought that in coming out from Tennessee to Hawaii I would have to argue for the constitution in a Japanese naturalization case, I think I would have remained away. We're all learning, however, as we grow older.

H. W. KINNEY—I see that during my absence friends have been busy trying to add to my troubles. The movie censorship scheme seems to be a good one, but I'd rather they'd try it on the dog first. It's something awful to be in the hands of one's friends.

HENRY JAMES—The Y. W. C. A. needs more money, a bit more than three thousand dollars, to keep it going during the year. Honolulu pays that much at times in one's baseball game. All the ladies should have to do to get what they want is to ask for it.

D. LLOYD CONKLING—Since becoming city treasurer I don't seem to count any more in the councils of the administration, but I'm here ready to receive all the money coming the way of the municipal treasury. The trouble is that it seems to go out as fast as it comes in.

CURTIS E. LAUREA—Among the many aged people at Kilauea Home only two are over eighty. The Queen, who visited them yesterday, will be eighty-six years next September, yet she looked younger than any one of those who surrounded and paid their respects to her yesterday.

CHARLES R. FORBES—Kauai is one grand little island and the people are simply delightful. The harbor administrators were so charmed with the Garden Island that almost anything Kaulaans may want in the line of wharves and landings will likely be given them in the future.

H. B. G. WALLACE—Considering the number of automobile accidents which have occurred lately and which have been undiscovered and unpunished by the authorities, I would suggest that the supervisors draft an ordinance whereby every driver of an automobile would be obliged to furnish a bond of at least \$1000. Then, if any one is hurt or maimed, the injured party could recover on the bond. The majority of the "highway" drivers in this city do not own the car which they drive, and probably owe for their clothes, and if a civil action were instituted the injured pedestrian, who I believe has some rights, is able to recover nothing.

MAYOR J. C. LANE—Some of the members of the board of supervisors have complained because I have not consulted them in regard to the official appointments which I have made. Now I am willing that the members of the board go ahead and appoint poundmasters without even bothering me on the subject. That is fair enough, is it not, in view that there are eleven of these jobs. The law provides for poundmasters at Makiki, Kalia, Nuuanu, Heaia, Laie, Waialua, Kemo, Puhukoa, Waianae, Pearl City and Kapiolani Park. Perhaps I should not say so, but under Act 123, Session Laws of 1911, the board of supervisors has power to make these appointments. I will not interfere in any action in these appointments which the supervisors desire to take.

so reach the public is very small, and nothing like what would be spent if the tourists were brought in the first place, to see Hilo, visit all the beauty spots around the city and then, after a day or so of sight-seeing, be taken to see the crowning glory of Hawaii—Kilauea Volcano.

What Hilo needs is a scheme that will bring people to the city, establish them comfortably at the big hotel, make it easy for them to visit the interesting spots around Hilo, and give them an opportunity of walking around the town. Then would Hilo come into new life and the tourists would have something to talk about when they leave for home. And, incidentally, Hilo would reap some benefit from the visits of the tourists and, may be, attract some permanent home seekers.

As the scheme is now running, big parties of tourists arrive at a wharf a mile from town, are planked in waiting automobiles and are rushed off to the volcano. In some instances the visitors never even get to the Volcano House and, as for spending any time in the city of Hilo, that is out of the question altogether. Some are rushed through the streets in the automobiles that took them to the volcano, and that is about all. They return to the steamer knowing about as much of Hilo and the other attractions of the island as a deaf mute does of grand opera.

The big excursion party which is scheduled to arrive in Hilo on February 24, will be handled in the same old way, and it is hard to see where anybody in Hilo, outside the transportation companies, is going to benefit from the visit. The excursionists, it is understood, are to be taken in trains from the wharf to Glenwood, and from that place to the Kilauea crater in auto buses. The visitors will have a peep at the wonders of the volcano and then will be rushed to Glenwood to catch the train back to the wharf. The crowd will be handled in sections of one hundred and fifty or so, and, while they all will, no doubt, enjoy the wonderful spectacle of Kilauea, they will not "add" Hilo to any extent.

It is good, of course, to hear that the railroad company and the Volcano Stables will do a roaring business for a day or so, and no one begrudges them their well deserved luck, but what the ordinary people of Hilo want to know is where they come off. The stables and the railroad spend money in wages and supplies in Hilo, but no business man would like to see more of the "Foreign" money come his way. The transportation companies get theirs anyhow, way cannot the men who have much money invested in different enterprises in Hilo have a chance to entertain the tourists and do business with them?

The sooner everybody gets together and devises a scheme whereby the tourists may be induced to visit Hilo, spend a few days here, and then make the volcano trip, the better pleased the men who contribute to the support of the Hawaiian Promotion Committee will be.

High Honoluluans and Their Hobbies--Mayor Lane



Army are trying to hold up the Carnival Administration for passes to all of the pay entertainments to be held in the army, not only for the colonel and his staff, but for all that he might name as guests; and, as if this were not rubbing it in enough, the demand included all the officers of the National Guard as well, it being estimated that about fifty-four passes would turn the trick.

Good! I suggest that all the privates also receive passes; also their wives, and sisters and cousins. Why not? This is a free country—give everybody a pass!

The editor of the Waialua Times, complains about the Carnival poster, because he says it will give mainlanders the idea that the women of Hawaii go about half naked. He says that he never saw a half naked woman in Hawaii. If he will come to Honolulu and attend some of the fashionable doings he will never be able to say that any more.

It would be interesting to know just what the local head of the Pythians meant when he told the Hilo folk they need not look to the promotion committee for any help in getting tourists to the Big Island. He should be invited to the next meeting of the committee and given a chance to explain in just what way he considers the committee is falling down.

A war despatch tells us that the Germans have invaded the district to the northwest of Belman, occupying the towns of Bin Seupi and Sucha. The despatch adds: "These positions are three or four miles southeast of Sochacew and five miles east of Burec." Wonder whether this is roughly speaking or by actual measurement.

AFFAIRS OF STATE

Last night the mayor and board of supervisors, city clerk and assistants, representative of the city attorney and all the rest of the municipal administration sat in solemn array while nominations to janitorships were solemnly made and confirmed, while positions of sweepers of paths in the parks were filled decorously, while an official chauffeur for the mayor was pompously voted into office and while a poi inspector selection was decided upon.

I wonder how in the name of all that is wonderful Mayor Lane and his supervisors expect to be taken seriously when they spend a whole evening gravely voting upon who shall sweep off the lawn of the McKinley High School or pick up the banana skins in Atkinson Park? One would think that there were tremendous significance in the formal naming of Kaunahānui as the custodian of the mops for the Kaimuki School and of the confirmation of the nomination of Benjamin Kaalili to be blackboard washer at the Central Grammar.

The needs of Honolulu are many. The city faces serious problems. We lack much that a modern metropolis of the size and geographical importance of Honolulu should have. We are on the threshold of great developments, to meet which intelligently calls for the exercise of a considerable degree of statesmanship.

But until Honolulu gets his job driving a garbage wagon and a proper selection can be made of a poundkeeper in the fifth district, other things must wait.

Auwe!

MODERN HONOLULU

"Honolulu is getting strictly up to date," sighed Ed Melnoray, the other day, in a strictly confidential tone of voice. "There once was a time when I could carry every man's chest measurement in my mind and I never had to ask a customer whether he preferred checks or stripes. Now, I don't know half the people who come in and I'm losing my faith in my fellow man, as well."

"The other day a dapper looking chap stopped in to buy a cap. After he had pawed over half my stock he selected two. 'There's the glass, I said, 'try 'em on.' But he said he was buying for a friend over the Waterhouse Trust Company, and would take over the two and let him make the final pick. He walked off with the caps, one in each hand, and that's the last I ever saw of or him or the caps."

"That taught me a lesson, and I decided that this trying on outside of the shop had to quit. I passed the word, without telling how I had paid for my lesson and been wised up. But yesterday I struck a new one."

"In came a fellow looking for a derby, because the one he was wearing was getting shabby. He tried on about a dozen and got the counter all covered up with hats and hand boxes before he made his choice. I wrapped it up, passed it over to him, got the money and told the boy to put the hats back. Pretty soon he came over to me with a shabby derby in his hand, and said: 'What'll I do with this old hat? Hang me if my customer made a mistake off right in front of my eyes with a new hat on his head, leaving me his old lid."

"I am commencing to get nervous, wondering what the next fellow will spring. It didn't need to be this way in good old Honolulu."

READY TO TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE

One of the most curious incidents in connection with the offer of a leading jewelry firm to give a \$100 watch to the owner of the oldest watch of a certain make in the Territory, occurred yesterday. A resident of Kaimuki called up the firm in question and said:

"Is that watch offer of yours on the level? Will you really give away the \$100 watch as you say you will?"

Of course, he was told that the firm's reputation stood behind the offer, and that the present would be given as advertised. There was silence for a moment while the man studied over the proposition, and then came over the wire, in confidential tones:

"Well, I guess you're all right, but I've been bitten once and I was a little shy. You see, when I moved out here Stanton told me I'd get \$25 for every child born here. I've got three kids all right—but I never got any of Stanton's money—and I didn't want to take any more chances! But, if your offer is on the level, as you say, maybe it'll be all right to take another chance. I'll send you my number tomorrow."

THE DRAWING CARD

There is a mystery on Fort street which has been growing for a week. Although many persons have tried to solve this mystery it remains as deep and perplexing as ever, and it grows and grows. Only one man could explain it in words, and he steadfastly refuses to divulge the secret for obvious motives. It concerns the women.

Danny Webber is the impresario of a soda fountain in a Fort street drug store. It is a regular ice-cream palace soda fountain. There are big French bevel-plate glass mirrors behind the fountain for the fair ones to gaze at their perfections in. And they do it too. Moreover, Danny likes to see them do it, especially when they primp themselves a little. They do that too.

Of course, there is a certain matter of business in keeping a crowd patronizing his soda fountain, and Danny, being his impresario doesn't overlook that feature. But he is an artist who takes such delight in his work, just for art's sake, that he could gaze all day at the crowd of fair ice-cream soda patrons who line up before his fountain and hold their little fanning fans, meanwhile keeping one eye on themselves in the mirror and the other on the latest comers.

When Danny is gazing enraptured at the fair ones, he is so delighted with his work that he can hardly hear the cash register bell ring, and probably if you asked him at any time during the day he wouldn't know how much money there was in the machine.

During the past week Danny's patronage has grown and grown. Somehow or other the women and girls have flocked to his place in ever increasing numbers. This was enough to drive his competitors to despair. They coaxed Danny to reveal his secret. They had female secret agents in the crowd. But they never found out. For even a female secret service ice-cream soda detective could not be a traitor to the sex.

In sheer despair some of Danny's competitors, who are otherwise very good friends, begged him to tell them how it was done. And he did. He led them outside on the walk and pointed out a little card in the window advertising "Chicken Powder." There is a large reward awaiting the man who can tell what it is and how it gets them.

HONOLULU IS DOING WELL, THANK YOU

Honolulu is beginning the year in excellent humor with herself and with a fine degree of optimism for the future, in spite of war abroad and the prospect of less sugar about. The city is growing steadily, with nothing of the boom nature in her growth. In almost every corner of the town, wherever one may go, the sound of the builder's hammer is heard, while the For Sale and the To Rent signs are few and far between.

The real estate market is not reported as busy by the various agents, principally because there has been no big deals put through since the first of the year, but that the dealing in real property has been going on at a rate very much above the usual is a fact demonstrated in the receipts of the bureau of conveyances.

This month is marking a remarkable record, with very few people at all aware of the fact. November was a good month in

Hilo's Share

There has been so much written and said lately about promotional work and the methods in which tourists may be induced to visit Hilo, that it is about time to speak plainly on the subject as regards the city of Hilo and the business houses that hope to derive some benefit from the visits of the traveling public, says Val Stevenson in the Hawaii Herald.

The first thing to point out is that tourists, who are whirled up from Honolulu to the volcano and back again are of little use to Hilo hotels, stores, taxi stands and other local institutions. The answer will be made and with some truth, that every tourist who pays his or her fare on the railroad or for an automobile ride, leaves money with the transportation companies, and that a portion of that money finds its way into the pockets of the various business enterprises of the city. That is true enough, but the amount that does