

THE PACIFIC
Commercial Advertiser.

WALTER G. SMITH - - EDITOR

MONDAY APRIL 23

Wm. H. King, ex-Congressman from Utah, was again elected to represent Utah at the national capital, vice Roberts, the Mormon, expelled. King is well known to Honolulu as a man who was committed to annexation and who changed his mind, under the eye of Oxnard, at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour. Mr. King promises to be, in some respects, the Pettigrew of the Lower House.

The death of James Campbell removes a self-made man of representative character. Endowed by nature with shrewdness and sheer grit, he rose superior to adverse circumstances and became rich and in many ways influential. Doubtless he made his share of mistakes and had the strong man's proportion of enemies; but his life taught lessons of patience, industry and courage which are well to remember. There was one time when all Hawaii felt proud of James Campbell and that was when, prostrate in the hands of desperate men in a lonesome house of San Francisco, he defied his abductors for two days and finally got the better of them. Captain Lees described him after that as the nerviest man he ever knew and the praise was justified.

There is more or less dynamite used by Japanese fishermen but not enough to glut the market with the fluky tribe. Many people wish there were. The Island menu is not given to variety and the price of fish puts a desirable food beyond the reach of many purses. If dynamite could be lawfully used, say on the outer fishing banks, fresh fish might become cheap and plentiful again. It would take years to visibly lessen the supply, which, according to the veteran fisherman, Captain Sasa, is much larger than the public supposes. Captain Sasa tells of great catches which are lost by sharks getting into nets and breaking through them or taking fish off the lines. If dynamite could be used within reasonable bounds it would quickly fill the fishing-boats and kill off many sharks besides.

COLOR LINE RESPONSIBILITY.

The Advertiser has had some words of criticism from friends who hold it responsible for the "introduction" of a color line in Hawaiian politics. The best answer to them is to recall the circumstances which brought about the discussion of color in its political relations here.

For months past the ex-Royalist organ has been returning to "the crime of '93" with the pertinacity of the Scriptural animals, one of which went back to its wallowing in the mire. Every few days it has predicted that the natives would mass at the polls and drive the annexation party out of power; and but two or three days ago when the Advertiser had told its readers that an anti-haole campaign was planning the ex-Royalist paper congratulated the Advertiser on getting the truth at last. Later when this eager advocate of the new departure found that its kettle of fish had been spoiled by exposure it denied the existence of a color-line conspiracy and called its plot by other names. It even went shouting "Stop, thief!" in the streets with the mangy little Bulletin barking behind with all the strength of its cracked and puppyish treble.

In looking back over the files of the ex-Royalist Independent the critics of the Advertiser might make some very interesting discoveries. In the very edition which eats its own words on the color line question that paper says: "The Hawaiian party still stands aloof." Does that mean a color line or doesn't it? Here is the item of confirmation already referred to above:

The Advertiser has found a new party, a native leader, a mayor and a few other old things, even a 'Mooses.' There is probably more truth than poetry in the Advertiser's latest political horoscope.

Here are some antecedent facts: On April 16 the Royalist organ said: "We will go to the ballot box in full strength and after snoring the sacred ring under, say 'We told you so.'" On April 3 the Independent said that no mediation of any party "would suit the Hawaiians." In March and February its columns teemed with threats of native revenges, one prediction being that friends of the Queen would hold every elective office and that the annexation party would not see daylight for ten years to come.

To make sure that all this meant a color line, the Advertiser started its reporters out on Wednesday last and interviewed Mr. Testa and other Royalist leaders and obtained the authoritative statement printed in Thursday's paper—the one the Independent said had "more truth than poetry in it." We quote the significant paragraphs:

We are going to rule here as soon as the voting power will make the majority rulers. We are going to ally with the Portuguese and between us we will have numbers enough to control everything. The fact that a reading and writing knowledge of the English lan-

SLAVERY OF LABOR IN CALIFORNIA.

The benevolent soul of the San Francisco Examiner, which is so often wrung by the spectacle of "slavery in Hawaii," is invited to look nearer home and bestow its emotional sympathy upon the bondman of California. There is a vast deal of humbug about slavery in Hawaii, where field laborers are well fed, well housed, well looked after by physicians, are never overworked and are generally so content that they send word to their friends to come and join them; but as for the bondage of the field laborer in California, the half of the sad truth has never been told.

We get some glimpses of it in an article published by a labor journal of New York and incorporated in a report of the Minister of Labor in New Zealand. The writer tells how the wage-earners fare on a milk ranch in Contra Costa county—a place of 600 acres, upon ten of which the owner lives in the easy style of the country gentleman. Near the ranch house is the corral, a huge quadrangle of barns and sheds. In one of the latter is a dirty room where tiers of bunks filled with straw and covered with frowsy blankets may be seen. This is the common sleeping apartment which, during the summer months, is indescribably close and hot.

The daily routine of labor is worse than that of the negro former slaves in the cotton-picking States. The men are aroused at 2 a. m. to do the milking. This work keeps them busy until 8 a. m., when thirty minutes are allowed for a scant breakfast. After this meal the men go into the fields and work till noon and at 12:30 there is dinner. In the meantime the foreman's wife has scalded the milk pans and pails—an "enormous task."

There is a recess from 12:30 until 2 p. m., when milking begins again and lasts till eight, when supper is ready. The remaining six hours out of the twenty-four is left for sociability, religion, bathing, politics and sleep. The bathing is a daily necessity owing to the filth of the corral; but those who indulge in it get but five or five and a half hours' sleep. The pay is supposed to be \$30 per month, but there are so many expedients for reducing it that at the end of the contract period, whatever it may be, the laborer gets very little cash. If he leaves prematurely, as the owner tries to goad him into doing, he gets nothing.

The men of the milk ranches, however, fare better than do those in the wheat fields of the San Joaquin valley—a great inland sea of grain reputed to be the hottest agricultural district in the world. The men go to work in January and have steady employment until midsummer. No money is paid to them till the crop is turned off, but the employer has a store and generally a saloon where they can run up bills at fancy prices. The hours of field work are from dawn to dark with four or five hours' extra work caring for stock. The foreman is usually a brutal overseer who distributes curses and blows in the hope of inducing men to whom money is owing to throw up their jobs and forfeit it; and he discharges them on the slightest pretext, knowing that he can easily find tramps to step into the vacancies. Meanwhile those who stay, sleep in outbuildings, not so well housed there as cattle, and their meals are of the rudest description. They are lucky to get fresh beef; they have no butter for their bread and no milk for their coffee. At the end of the contract time, after tobacco, clothing and liquor bills have been settled, the man who has \$75 or half his wages coming to him is an exception to the rule. He goes to the city and gets drunk, and in a month takes to the road again.

Between the condition of such a laborer—fit subject for Edwin Markham's "Man With a Hoe"—and the ordinary wage-earner in a Hawaiian cane field is the difference between brutal oppression and a patriarchal respect for the rights of those who earn their bread by toil. A California wage-earner, used to San Joaquin valley heat, would think himself in paradise on any of the Island plantations; and on many of them he would have his choice between working for an employer for wages or on shares. In his lowest condition he would live better, have more comforts and diversions and more solicitous care when sick than even the average small freeholder of the California mountain country.

So let the Examiner turn its discerning eye and Rabbi Levy his attentive nose to the sights and smells of slavery near at home. California is the field for them—the place where philanthropy is needed as it never was needed here to ameliorate the condition of the workingman.

language will be a voting qualification will not hurt us seriously. We will have enough who can both read and write English to accomplish all our ends and we will begin a campaign of education at once. It's not hard to learn to read and to scribble enough to pass the bar put up by the bill, and in six months all sane and seeing persons of Hawaiian and Portuguese blood will be able to qualify as voters.

We are going slowly but surely. Already preparations are being made for a meeting here immediately after the bill has passed, of those who are to manage the native party. Some of the most prominent who will gather as soon as the circulars are sent to them and who are making plans to that end, are Charles Williams of Hamakua, Hawaii, Palmer and Frank Woods of Kohala, John Maguire of Kona, and John Richardson, Thomas Clark and A. N. Kepoikal of Maui.

James Boyd will be the first mayor of Honolulu. He is an officeholder under the present government but his heart and soul with the natives. Jim is out for the job of mayor and has the best chances to get it. J. O. Carter will be our delegate to Congress. He combines the shrewdness and polish of the haole with the true native spirit, a deep love for the Queen and a hatred for the present government. Carter is to be the guide in political matters and has agreed that only natives are to be considered.

We know exactly where we stand and despite the opposition of wealth, newspapers, your so-called education and culture, the natives and Portuguese will show you haoles just what we feel.

Upon this the Advertiser published the editorial pointing out that a color line would range the natives on the edge of a precipice and that if any particular color is to rule Hawaii it must and shall be white. It was time to make that warning and the Advertiser will not hesitate to repeat it if the necessity shall arise.

Now that the critical friends of the Advertiser whose counsel was due to scraggy reading of the color-line articles see the whole case, what do they think about it?

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.
The native leaders who are trying to draw the color line in Hawaiian politics and of whose plans as described in the Advertiser, the evening Royalist organ says "there is more truth than poetry," may or may not go further. That they are disturbed over the publicity which the scheme has had in these columns, goes without the saying; though the Advertiser is hardly so responsible for their exposure as is Testa's Independent, which, for weeks past, has been licking its chops over the anticipated feast of white meat.

but later on he compares that unappy white man to the benumbed and hungry viper whom the Greek (otherwise the Hawaiian) warmed at the hearthstone and which bit him for his pains. Obviously the Hawaiian cannot have anything but an aloha for the ungrateful serpent; at least that is Mr. Bush's conclusion.

But enough of Bush. He is more picturesque as an over-convivial envoy, flying through the Samoan plantation patches pursued by his German dinner hosts than he is as a logician trying to escape a tagging non-sequitur. The point we are most interested in is whether a color line, once drawn, could be maintained.

We think not. It is an anachronism in any event for the Testa party to talk an anti-haole campaign when it proposes to follow one white man as a Moses and use as many others as it can trust to do the fine work of politics. Besides, the Portuguese whom the anti-haole leaders ask to follow them and take pot luck are whites themselves. What threatens to come out of the whole matter is a division on the old lines of 1893, with the Queen's friends, native and white, on the one side and the majority of her former antagonists on the other. We look for that kind of a contest in the first political battle. Royalists predict that it will end in an anti-American victory; Americans are waiting with interest to see how far the conspiracy will spread and are wasting no breath on predictions.

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