

Sunday Advertiser

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LANGUAGE AND STATEHOOD.

It should interest Hawaiian publicists who wish to preserve the aboriginal tongue in the Legislature and the schools and to ultimately get Statehood for the Territory, to know that the ambitions of the people of New Mexico for Statehood have been thwarted by their failure to abandon the official use of Spanish, which is the language of the soil, for English, which is the language of the country. In its report on the aspirations of the New Mexicans for a higher fellowship with the Union the Senate Committee on Territories, of which Senator Beveridge of Indiana is chairman, says:

"Practically all subpoenas, summonses and other processes from justice of the peace courts are in Spanish. The same is true in criminal cases in the federal and territorial courts.

"In political campaigns almost all political speeches are made either in Spanish or in French through an interpreter, and interpreters are used in practically all (it may even be said in all) political conventions.

"An interpreter was used in the last Republican territorial convention, which nominated the present delegate to Congress, and nominating speeches were made through that medium.

"An interpreter is used in the legislature, and both council (senate) and house have official interpreters."

In concluding the report the committee said:

"On the whole, the committee feel that in the course of time, when education, now only practically beginning, shall have accomplished its work; when the mass of the people, or even a majority of them, shall, in the usages and employment of their daily life, have become identical in language and customs with the great body of the American people; when the immigration of the English-speaking people who have been citizens of other states does its modifying work with the 'Mexican' element—when all these things have come to pass, the committee hopes and believes that this mass of people, unlike us in race, language and social customs, will finally come to form a creditable portion of American citizenship. And when the time arrives no one, least of all the members of the committee who have studied the situation on the ground, will object to statehood for this people so far as this particular consideration is concerned."

Prominent New Mexicans eager to change the conditions which the Senate Committee found insuperable obstacles to statehood are actively spreading an English-speaking propaganda, and point with pride to the English-speaking legislature.

The situation in Hawaii is closely akin to this. In our political campaigns interpreters are employed, as also in political conventions; the Legislature now in session has declined to confine its proceedings to English, as is required by the Organic Act; the Organic Act itself makes knowledge of the aboriginal tongue a qualification for suffrage; and the native people urge the propriety of again teaching in Hawaiian in the common native schools. It is obvious, from the action of the Senate committee towards New Mexico and the full acceptance by Congress of the principle involved, that the precedent condition for Statehood here must be the complete abandonment of Hawaiian as a medium of official, legislative and political intercourse.

THE DOWIEITES.

Of the making of books there is no end. It was so even in Bible times. Of the making of religions there is also no end. According to the statistical works there are forty-eight separate and distinct denominations in the United States which have following enough to entitle them to classification. As many more belong in the "scattering" list.

The most remarkable of the newer religious bodies is that headed by John Alexander Dowie, who calls himself "Elijah the Restorer." Imagine an elderly preacher in Australia who suddenly makes up his mind to go to the United States and, as did Joseph Smith in years past, introduce a new religion and make it pay. That is Dowie. He came, saw and conquered. In twenty years time he has built up one of the greatest single congregations in the Western Hemisphere, accumulated over seven million dollars in his own name and built a city—which is also among his assets—with a busy population of 8000, three schools, a college, many industries, three newspapers, a church holding 7,000 people and one building to hold 16,000 and any number of comfortable and presumably happy homes. What is even more remarkable in this prosaic day when even the truths of Scripture battle with an increasing army of skeptics, he has absolutely convinced 100,000 people that he is the final incarnation of Elijah the Destroyer and John the Baptist (Elijah the Preserver) and that, as Elijah the Restorer he heralds the second coming of The Christ. Nor are these multitudes of devout believers ignorant people. A congregation of them compares well in intellectual appearance with a congregation of any other sect.

What does it mean? Can it be that the natural craving for novelty affects the life of religious bodies as it does all secular institutions and that the rise and fall of great religions has been due to the human craving for change and that, sooner or later, all systems of faith must succumb to it?

John Alexander Dowie is now a national character and is going to establish, if he can, a church with national boundaries. His next great effort will be made in New York city, and if he succeeds there he will invade all other great American cities. What then? Are we to have another denomination instinct with the proselyting zeal of the Latter Day Saints and pioneering a greater field with even greater success?

THE GOVERNMENT ARCHIVES.

The editorials from the San Francisco Chronicle, published elsewhere, concerning an attempt to remove the archives of California to Washington, coupled with the recent visit to Honolulu of the same Mr. Ford therein referred to, and his announced desire to secure the transfer to Washington of the Hawaiian archives, sound a note of warning. California was able to stop the the vandalism, because she is a state, with Senators and Representatives to speak for her, and she has the benefit of a statute of Congress holding the papers in California. Hawaii is but a Territory, with no voting representation, no law defending it from spoliation and the Secretary of the Interior is in control of our governmental affairs to a great extent.

It would be a public disaster to Hawaii to have its archives removed to Washington. Hundreds of our principal land titles depend on resolutions passed by the old Privy Council. Thousands of others depend upon the proceedings and decisions of the old Land Commission. The original laws are not infrequently referred to by the courts, when some question of close construction is under discussion, to see if the printed copy is exact. A difference of a comma may absolutely reverse the meaning of a law.

In Washington these documents would be interesting but dead curios. In Hawaii they are living facts, the basis of present land titles and of rights of person and property.

It would be a great wrong to the people of Hawaii to take these documents, or any of them, away from here.

The one excuse for doing so, would be that they are not now in a fire proof building. The Legislature has been asked again and again to provide such a building but has never done so. It is up to that

body to now make an appropriation therefor. With such a building we can make a good fight to retain the archives. Without it we are in a fair way to lose them.

The fortifications bill has passed but Hawaii is not mentioned in it. Delegate Wilcox might have got an item inserted but, as usual, he let the opportunity go. Next to the security of this port, the chief sufferers by the Delegate's neglect are the Hawaiian laborers who could have got employment on the fortifications for long time at good pay.

The circulation of the Sunday Advertiser is steadily growing among people who, though not wholly in sympathy with Sunday journalism, find that they cannot afford to break the chain of the week's news and comment.

A coming feature of the week-day Advertiser is a demonstration that the small farmer has made a success of the Wahiawa venture and that the way is open for industrious tillers of the soil to do as well elsewhere in the group.

Has the affidavit mill been added to Honolulu's small industries?



After the Honeymoon.
Another Bride Missing.
Paul Neumann's Portrait.
Doyle a Costly Topic.
Little Leland's Pants.
Football and Patriotism.

A great man sat at table by a blushing bride and said: "You are cold in manner, mavourneen, may I ask the cause?" "You know why I'm cold, you old chaw," she said in calm, even tones. "You left that tin cuspidor where I'd stumble over it when I went to my room." "So I did, mavourneen, but you generally stumble over me," he said. "and as I couldn't be there last evening I thought the cuspidor would do as well." "Well, I could kick it farther, anyhow, that's one consolation," and her rich, ripe lips, which used to pout so prettily in the days of courtship, straightened into a dry hard line that looked like a wrinkle in a boot.

Another official bride left for the coast on the last steamer—although she had but lately come from there—and the public is waiting with bated breath to learn whether there have been any more episodes of table talk.

Artist Wores has settled the question of who owns the picture of Paul Neumann which was found in the Capitol and is, I believe, there yet. He writes that he painted it upon the order of Wm. H. Wright, who said that he intended to present it to his masonic lodge. Wright paid for the portrait, though with whose money is known to nobody but himself. Perhaps the Territory, all unwittingly, footed the bill. In that case or any case it may regard the picture as an asset of the missing Treasurer and take it over for what it is worth. Maybe the lodge would like to buy it or if not perhaps the Pacific Club would bid. Dear old Paul should have his picture hung by friendly hands somewhere, especially when the likeness is as convincing as Artist Wores has surely made it.

Chester Doyle, upon whose life Truth shines with its purest ray serene, says that it cost the House just \$1240.28 to discuss him—cuss and discuss as it were. The figures are really not so far out of the way. When a native statesman begins running at the mouth over either a vacant office or one he thinks ought to be vacated for a friend, he is capable of talking all day if it costs the hable taxpayer \$10 a minute. The able publicist who imagined that, if he could displace Doyle as Japanese interpreter in the court of a Judge whom the President appointed, it would be easy to get his own candidate put in, stopped legislation for several hours by a ding-dong of complaint. That cost the taxpayers a lot of money, though \$1240.28 seems to be at least 28 cents too much. However, Doyle can have it that way, if it will give him any comfort.

It is said that Mrs. Stanford will soon retire from the management of Leland Stanford, Jr., University and leave it in the hands of a board of trustees. We shall meet and we shall miss her, but happily there will be things enough to remind us of her motherly interest. Little Leland's pants, for example. As a student at Stanford I looked at Leland's pants very much as a pious Mussulman does at the green flag of the Prophet and I think of them now as the inspiration of my college course. Poor as I was I felt that I might be privileged to leave the University museum a better pair of pants than those. Little Leland's cuffs are also in the museum with indubitable evidence that they were not worn by a perfect gentleman. That is to say, they had been worn more than once. Perhaps the bucolic culture some of us Stanford men show harks back to the influence of those cuffs. When Mrs. Stanford goes away the pants and the cuffs will remain and it is possible she will leave the slate on which the spirit of Little Leland sends her messages from a world where pants and cuffs are superfluous.

I see that Walter Camp, the football expert, says that the up-to-date football game has degenerated from a scientific contest to a brute struggle of weight and muscle, or words to that effect.

Camp is right when he says that football as now played is a contest of beef instead of brains; but he is wrong in saying that the game has degenerated.

Roosevelt says—and we all swear by Teddy—that the age is getting too commercial, and that war is need to stir up red blood and patriotism which becomes sluggish under the numbing effect of price lists and coupon clipping. I agree with Roosevelt.

We were so imprudently bloody in the Spanish war that the chances are we will have to wait a long time before another poor devil will put himself into the breach for the benefit of our blood and patriotism, and we must look elsewhere for a stimulant.

Under these circumstances football is our only resource. Prize fighting is under the ban of the law. Bull fighting is a Latin accomplishment and beneath the dignity of our Anglo-Saxon lineage. Cock fighting flavors still stronger of the "Dago," and by sheer process of elimination we are relegated to the fierce and gory joys of football as the necessary stimulator of the strenuous life.

CURRENT COMMENT

W. N. ARMSTRONG

Secretary of War Root, recently, at a public dinner in New York alluded with regret to the final failure of negro suffrage in the southern states. As there is a certain intimate connection between native Hawaiian and negro suffrage, owing to the play of the racial forces in both cases, the changing attitude of the great Republican party towards the negro should not escape our attention.

After a faithful loyalty of over a third of a century to the idea of negro suffrage, after ignoring, for that period, the intelligence, the culture, the education, in fact, the best civilization of the southern whites, the Republican party has at last struck its flag, and surrendered the negro to the dominant whites of the south.

And now we are about to discover that the abandonment of the negro, and the triumph of the white is perfectly logical and might have been prophesied forty years ago, by any close observer of historical evolution. Indeed, there were long headed, thinking men of the Republican party who in 1865 distinctly foretold disaster to the negro, in granting him an unlimited franchise, but it was not then in the temper of the party to believe their predictions. The party now is simply reaping the crop which springs from the seeds of ignorance which fell on the soil, in the early years of reconstruction. One of the ablest of the carpet-bag Republicans governors of the reconstruction period was D. H. Chamberlain of South Carolina. Somewhat unscrupulous, but highly intelligent, and a close observer he urged the Republican leaders in Congress to secure the aid and alliance of the responsible, educated, intelligent whites of the South, because in their hands lay the solution of the problems of self government in the South. But the leaders rejected this advice. They regarded these men as "rebels," to be punished rather than encouraged, and the leaders then committed one of the greatest blunders in political government, by putting the ignorant negro above the intelligent white. Their reasons for doing so were plausible, and according to the best lights of the men of the great party which had preserved the Union. But these men, conscientious and able, were utterly ignorant of the meaning of racial instincts and differences. They believed that on the instant "the baptism of freedom" was made the negro went through a supernatural change; became "born again," like Nicodemus, that his ignorance and superstitions vanished when the genius of Universal Suffrage touched him with his wand. Forty years of bitter experience have convinced them of their miserable and unhappy error. To rudely, offensively throw down the civilization of the South, with its cultivated men and women, holding the best traditions of the Anglo-Saxon life, was to throw down the very bulwarks of civil liberty. Though it was tainted with treason it was still intelligent, and better a thousand fold than the domination of a people saturated with superstitions and profoundly ignorant of the splendid achievements of the Anglo-Saxon in self government.

The Nation, ruling through the dominant party, had not counted on the earnest, determined, restless, irrepresible force of the Anglo-Saxon in the South, which from the Republican standpoint was still fomenting treason; but from the southern standpoint was resisting negro domination and preserving the principles of self government.

That the negro is at last driven to the wall, is the outcome of American thought and tradition. Between the lines one could always, if he looked well, read the sharp grapple of racial differences, the friction between the Congo black and the Puritan and Cavalier. Whatever the errors of the southern states were, it was surely a grievous error of the nation that in the passions of reconstruction the dominating party did not summon to its side all that was best in the south.

It needs no political second sight to read in the current history of Hawaii, made since annexation, a repetition of the errors of the reconstruction days which have filled the South with unrest. Whether there will be the same sequel in the history of both episodes, is a question of the future.

One of the most singular persons I met, during a residence of many years in New York city, was John Payne, a cousin of Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." I first saw him in a Bohemian restaurant, where he was seated at a table reading a newspaper which he had picked up. A friend who was with me, a noted musical Bohemian, pointed him out, saying, "That's Payne over there. He is the best musical critic in the city; he has the run of the theaters and operas, and every piano-forte maker knows him. But he is the meanest kind of a miser—wears a shirt for six weeks without change, and then wears no shirt for awhile—his clothes are old, dirty and offensive. He feeds himself by stealing from the restaurants the scraps left on the plates by customers—he's at that game now—he takes a seat opposite to a customer, orders a cup of tea, and waits till the guest is through; when the customer rises and leaves, he reaches over and grabs the scraps of meat left on his plate, scoops up bread and vegetables if there are any, and shoves them into his pocket—then he finishes his cup of tea and walks out. His habits are known in several restaurants—some of them refuse him admittance, and some look upon him as a harmless chap, who serves as a scavenger—no one knows anything about his history."

After hearing this story I noticed him whenever I met him in the street, and on several occasions followed him into restaurants. Once I saw him provide himself with food, as my friend had described the method. He captured about the half of a beef-steak which a customer left, and also several slices of bread, quite enough for a fair meal. He did it quietly and rapidly.

The Chickering Brothers, piano makers, held his musical criticism in high esteem, and the elder Chickering often consulted him.

About the year 1866 he handed to Mr. Chickering a package wrapped up in a red handkerchief and asked him to put in the firm's safe. Mr. Chickering placed it in the safe. Nothing was said about the contents. As years passed on, Payne would occasionally ask if the package was all right, but seemed to take no special interest in it. He continued to live upon stolen food from the restaurants. I often saw him in the lobby of the opera. The musical reporters of the daily papers gladly secured him "passes," for he in return would give them admirable points of criticism upon the score.

In the year 1887 Payne died. Mr. Chickering noticed this item in one of the papers. He recalled the fact that Payne had left a package in the safe. He thereupon opened it. He was surprised and amazed to discover four hundred U. S. Government notes of \$1,000 each, issued as emergency notes during the war, which paid an interest of seven per cent. The government.

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PUBLIC OPINION

ENGLISH AND IRISH.

"The English and Irish people," says the Liberal Speaker (London), "are not only less bound together, but they are more kept apart by history, than, perhaps, any two people on the face of the globe. Examine the story of the last three hundred years. There is not a single event of that period which the masses of Irishmen and Englishmen view in the same light—which they regard with the same sympathies or the same antipathies. Take the great landmarks of the time—the Protestant Reformation and all that happened up to the revolution of 1688, the Revolution of 1688 and all that happened since. There is nothing more remarkable in this retrospect than the fact that events which, in the eyes of Englishmen, are associated with the freedom and greatness of their country, are in the eyes of Irishmen associated with the subjection and degradation of theirs."

NEWSPAPER FAME.

Your great man shines before the populace in vain—without the newspaper. He spreads eagles the Constitution in vain—without the newspaper. His clarion voice wakes up the universe in vain—without the newspaper. His scientific researches and achievements are vain—without the newspaper. His wireless telegraph would be an accomplishment of small merit—without the newspaper. His moving sermons, rattling bell rings in the faces of sinners, are vain—without the newspaper. His successes in the fame-raker of the age, of course, some of the fame is cheap, but it satisfies the living wearer of the cloak, even though posterity may change it.—New York Press.

FUTURE OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"It is to be feared," says The Broad Arrow (London), "that as we blundered into war in South Africa so we have blundered into peace, and the reason is to be found in our lack of earnestness. We like to accomplish great things on the cheap. In 1880 the struggle between Briton and Boer was to be settled by magnanimity; after the Jameson Raid by Mr. Chamberlain's speeches; in the near future it is to be settled by Mr. Chamberlain's visit. This is dangerously near political frivolity, for which there is no excuse, seeing that we have just emerged from a three years' campaign."

WAR TALK.

"The great American republic has ambitions that can be realized only to the detriment of Europe," says the Independence Belge (Brussels). "It is with dread that we note the approach of the hour when a conflict between the two continents will be inevitable."

FIREWATER IS NOT BOILED WATER.

Someone has tried to excuse the alleged smuggling of whiskey into Porto Rico by army and navy men, by suggesting that the water there is bad. In that case, however, only boiled water, not firewater, is necessary.—Lewiston Evening Journal.

APPRECIATED AFTER DEATH.

An Indian widower rode around the grave of his wife three days and nights without food or drink. Indian wives, however, are greatly missed. They do all the work.—St. Louis Dispatch.