

# Sunday Advertiser

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## THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

The earliest press was a printed collection of essays, some of them polemical, most of them literary and all, judging by modern standards, either coarse or dull. Next grew up the partisan press, committed without reserve to a party or a cause and brutally personal in its debates. Finally came the news press, in which the opinions of the editor were subordinated to the history of the day, though having the right of way next to that. This press, in its manifold variety, is what the American world is reading at the beginning of the Twentieth century.

It is a healthy sign that the influence of the old partisan press upon the editorial page of the news press is steadily weakening. There are now no papers in the United States, save those printed in villages or small towns, that give a thick and thin support to a party organization, however well-meaning it may be. The great journals of all parties show a wholesome independence in picking and choosing candidates and in analyzing platforms. In this they are more responsive to public sentiment than most party workers and professional vote-getters think. One can best discover what the public thinks of newspaper partisanship as an asset of the press, by starting a paper named after any political body. The Republican party today has no conspicuous organ which is its namesake. This is also true of the Democratic party. There are Daily "Republicans" like that of Springfield, Mass., which habitually oppose the Republican party and Daily "Democrats" like the St. Louis Globe-Democrat which oppose the Democratic party, and these succeed. Knowing their principles the public accepts the misnomer as a sign of independence; but it never rises to a "Republican" which always stands for organized Republicanism or a "Democrat" which is committed to machine Democracy. Any other name will do; there may be Tribunes, Times, Herald, Courier-Journals, Records, Posts, Calls, Examiners, Chronicles, Suns, Worlds and Picayunes, but no names signifying that the paper has a political creed from which, no matter what happens, it cannot deviate. The people not only demand that their press shall be free, but that it shall keep an open mind.

That is why the great papers are careful not to declare themselves unalterably for party. Take, for example, the New York World, the ablest Democratic journal in the East. The other day, in celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his ownership, the World's proprietor, Mr. Pulitzer said:

Mr Cleveland has spoken of The World's service to the Democratic party, and particularly of its decisive "advocacy of Democratic principles" upon an occasion critical indeed to him and to the Democracy. Many other distinguished gentlemen have generously, yet mistakenly, praised The World's services to the Democratic party. I say mistakenly, because whatever benefit Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party received, The World never for one moment during the last twenty years considered itself a party paper. It promised to support truly Democratic principles, truly Democratic ideas, and it has done so, and will do so, with entire independence of bosses, machines, candidates and platforms, following only the dictates of its conscience.

How much of the World's success is due to this breadth of political latitude only the publisher who has tried to do business in the narrow field of partisanship can answer.

## EUROPE AND THE REGICIDES.

That the dynasty of the Obrenovitches came to an end in Serbia is not a matter of sorrow in any European court. Because of the regicidal crimes which have shocked the world, no court has gone into mourning. As for Alexander, from the day of his accession at Belgrade, the late King was persona non grata to his royal cousins—assuming that the Lord's anointed ever went courting among the near posterity of a swineherd like the founder of the House of Obrenovitch. As a lad Alexander was uncanny, a sort of bearded monstrosity at sixteen; as a sovereign he was a failure and as a husband he chose a wife who had not moved in respectable society even as Slav court society went.

Naturally, therefore, the royal houses of Europe are not setting forth the funeral baked meats. But they are one in demanding the punishment of the regicides. The killing of a king or of a ruler of any kind, even of a bad and unpopular one, cannot pass unchallenged by sovereigns who live in the fear of a sudden death themselves. Regicide is a trade which, for the common welfare, must be put down. If it is encouraged, even in the name of reform, who shall tell where the next blow may fall? Probably no sovereign of Europe would restore Alexander and Draga to life if he had the power; but all of them together agree that his murderers should be made to pay the penalty of their crimes.

Whether punishment will ever reach them or not is another matter. The new ruler, whose throne dates from the hour these men hunted the Obrenovitch king to his death, cannot be expected now to hunt down his beneficiaries and give them to the headsman. Europe asks too much of him when it asks that, not only because of a common human infirmity akin, and basely akin to gratitude; but because if Peter should turn against the regicides the army, which supplied them from its ranks, would turn against him. Then there might be more shrieks in the palace at the hour when graveyards yawn. So it is small wonder, all things considered that the government at Belgrade, in the teeth of Europe's demand for reparation, calmly notified the world that the regicides will be promoted, pensioned and "gradually retired."

But they had better stay in Serbia. They might have to bear the pains of police surveillance, the same as suspected anarchists, if they went to live anywhere else.

The success of Mr. Edward's vanilla ranch at Napoopoo, Hawaii, ought to be made plain in about a year. So far, things have worked well and Mr. Edwards looks for a return of from \$1000 to \$5000 per acre, according to the quality of the bean. The product of assured vanilla countries sells at from \$2 to \$10 per pound and has gone as high as \$20. Thus, a rich sugar estate would not be in the same class, acre for acre, with a successful vanilla plantation. If Mr. Edward's realizes his hopes, the culture of special tropical products, vanilla in particular, will have an impetus in Hawaii that ought to go far towards settling up vacant public lands.

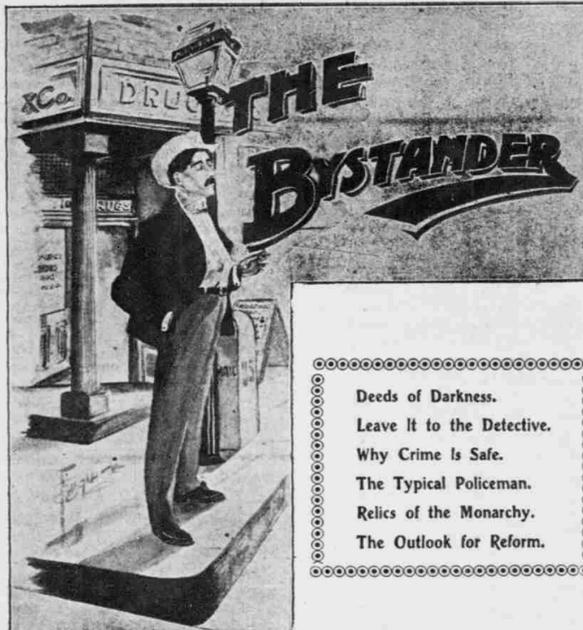
## SOME SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

The agnostics make the point that the mystery in which the Scriptures left the future state of man is unreasonable. If there is a Heaven worth going to, why not have given it metes and bounds, why not have described it as one describes a fair country of the world, or better yet have built its starry walls where the upturned eye could see them, looming in the measured distance. Then men would have had no carking doubts and would have lived the life that fitted them for the mansions of the blest in the land of everlasting peace; and so much sin and sorrow and thick darkness might have been avoided.

But sweet are the uses of mystery. It is the wise uncertainty with which Providence has endowed the future state that keeps men in the world during their allotted time. There is work to do here—why and what for it may be one day made clear—and it would not be well, in the midst of its vicissitudes, to tempt men with the spectacle of eternal bliss and idleness and joy: to show them a refuge from all trouble to be gained by a thrust of the bare bodkin. A visible heaven would, sooner or later, turn the thoughts of any mortal to suicide and a visible hell on the other hand would drive him insane with its possibilities of torment. So omniscience has left heaven to faith and reason and has so shaded the faith and hedged in the reason, that the vast majority of humankind are willing, if not content, to stay out of heaven while they can and help fight the world's battles.

With the gridironing of the town by the Rapid Transit road, hard times have fallen upon the hackmen and their number has been greatly reduced. Probably more will succumb. But there must always be room here, as in other cities, for a reasonable number of hacks, doing services which trolley roads do not ordinarily perform. Many special drives, like those to Punchbowl, Tantalus, the Pali and Kalia valleys remain untouched by rapid transit; and the ball, funeral, opera house and calling trade affords a certain amount of business for hacks and always will. Very likely as time goes on and improvements in the automobile remove prejudice from it, horse-drawn hacks will give way to those which can move about quickly. To one who is accustomed to trolley speed, horse travel seems uncomfortably slow.

Now that the Navy Department has stamped San Francisco as a better place than Bremerton for the moral training of Jack tars, the coast metropolis has taken on an air of sanctity which even the fog can't obscure.



- Deeds of Darkness.
- Leave It to the Detective.
- Why Crime Is Safe.
- The Typical Policeman.
- Relics of the Monarchy.
- The Outlook for Reform.

You have noticed that a good many deeds of darkness happen in Honolulu. There are a lot of burglaries, and you hear of about twenty per cent of them, which is enough in all conscience for your nerves. Lately a boy was bound and gagged in his father's home by Porto Rican thieves whom he had come upon unawares. The police could not gag him again and the public heard of the affair. Twice within a month, Charles Girdler's store has been robbed. Every few weeks the body of a murdered man is found floating in the harbor. Mixed in with these episodes are all manner of hold-ups, chicken depredations and sneak thefts, making a long catalogue of crime and misdemeanor, a much longer one than the public knows anything about because of the habit the police have of keeping the victims quiet "in the interests of justice." Days or weeks afterwards the newspaper men hear of these things but as the stories are no longer fresh, the facts are rarely given to the public. Here, without being too descriptive, I make a deduction from them all.

However much crime you may have heard of, you can count the number of important arrests of criminals on the fingers of one hand. It doesn't matter if a buzz-saw has cut one or two fingers off. Unless a criminal happens to work in the open, where he can be nabbed red-handed, he vanishes as completely as if he had been part and parcel of the Chinese fund. And yet Honolulu has a special corps of detectives whose well-paid business it is to analyze crime and catch criminals. "Detective" is a high-sounding title, yet—and I say it in a spirit of the utmost Christian charity and in a perfectly affectionate way—the average Honolulu detective could not find a setting hen in his own back yard.

Not that he is wholly blind, deaf, and deficient in the sense of smell. If eighty or a hundred Chinamen get together in a brilliantly lighted room on a business thoroughfare and rattle dice, the Honolulu detective gets a clue in the course of the night and raids the whole shooting match. I'll say he does, anyhow. And by some unerring instinct he can go straight to an okolehao still before it has run a year. He has been known to discover a disorderly house on a principal street, having seen its advertisement in the paper, but the evidence to convict is generally too much for him. Some other things I admit he can do. Occasionally he puts a spy in the enemy's camp who gets into a burglary and betrays his pals; but I am talking about the crime which calls for finesse, for the analytical mind, for the instinct of the sleuth in ferreting it out. This kind of crime is safer in Honolulu than it is any other part of the United States—safer, because the most it has to contend with is the Honolulu detective, the good, old, happy-go-lucky Honolulu detective who, with note book in hand "investigates" the crime, cautions the victim to say nothing to the reporters and, in the hope the sufferer may forget all about it, is careful never to mention the matter again himself.

Speaking of the typical Honolulu detective brings me around to the typical Honolulu policeman, dark of visage, immaculate in dress and as much of an adept in the monkey drill as his cousin in the Legislature. I can't say what

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## SOME GOOD THINGS

### THE KING'S OFFHAND SPEECHES.

An amusing aftermath of King Edward's Parisian visit comes in the form of the following story: The King, whom limitless practice in the long years of his heir-apparship made an expert in speech-making, invariably composes his orations on the spot, and delivers them offhand. But mere reporters are not admitted to state banquets, such as that given at the Elysee to the King by the President of the French Republic. It followed that when the King was asked for the text of his speech for subsequent publication no text was forthcoming. His Majesty had finally to follow the course of lesser mortals and write out his speech himself. And exactly the same thing occurred at the Hotel de Ville. In this case the dismayed telegram begging for the speech only reached his Majesty at Portsmouth, and he had there and then to set to and write it. One wonders what became of those two pieces of copy, and whether they will appear in the archives of the future.—Harper's Weekly.

### JUDGE HOLMAN'S CHOICE OF ROUTE.

Judge Holman, of Indiana, famous for years as the "Watchdog of the Treasury," was one of the picnickers from Washington who went to see the first battle of Bull Run fought. He drove down with many other members of Congress, firm in the idea that the Union soldiers would make short work of the Confederates, and, with the rest, was panic-stricken when the Confederates chased the Union soldiers back in confusion.

Years later he was telling of his experiences. "I was there," he said, "and pretty soon the soldiers and citizens who had gone to see the battle began to come by, running fit to kill. I watched them for a spell, and then I thought I'd better be getting along home."

"Did you run?" asked Judge Culberson.

"I hastened a bit," confessed Holman.

"Which way?"

"To tell the truth," said Holman, "I veered a trifle to the North."

### TRAVEL DE LUXE.

To prepare quarters for Reginald Vanderbilt and his bride to occupy during an eight days' trip to Europe, cabinet-makers, painters, decorators, and upholsterers were busy for two days on the forward deck-house of the Dominion liner New England. The plain cabins of the ship's officers were transformed into a luxurious suite, where Mr. Vanderbilt and his bride are now passing the hours of an ocean voyage, separated from the ordinary run of saloon passengers. Perhaps the other travelers on the New England will have an opportunity to see the pair only at embarking and landing, for they need not even take their meals in the dining saloon. Tapestry, lace and silk, paint and varnish, and all else that could be called for, in the hands of the most skilled workmen of Boston, made the forward deck-house look almost like the cabin of a luxurious yacht.

### STODDARD'S CAN OPENER.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard's family physician and long-time friend, Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, is fond of relating the following anecdote of the poet: While endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after his wife and the servants had retired, Mr. Stoddard found a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine-can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above. "What are you doing?" she called down. "Opening a can of sardines." "With what?" "A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet; "what did you think I was opening it with?" "Well, dear," she said, dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer."

### LINCOLN AND A CONSULATE.

A delegation of clergymen once called upon President Lincoln to recommend one of their number for appointment as consul at the Hawaiian Islands:

In addition to urging his fitness for the place, they appealed to the President's sympathy on the ground that the candidate was in bad health, and a residence in that climate would be of great benefit to him. Lincoln questioned the man closely as to his symptoms, and then remarked:

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but there are eight other men after this place, and every one of them is sicker than you are."

## MRS. GOELET BEARDS THE TURK

The other day, Abdul Hamid the Second, Sultan of Turkey, conferred on Mrs. Ogden Goelet the cordon of the Chevakat. The decoration came as a sequel to the detention of her yacht Nahma for forty-eight hours in the Dardanelles (says the New York Tribune). The Turks, who guard this strait, and who try to enforce the rule that no warship shall pass without permission from the sublime porte, had thought they foresaw at last the destruction of Constantinople. A ship built on the lines of a cruiser came steaming into the Hellespont. It was headed toward the Black Sea and the capital city of the Ottoman Empire. It looked like a warship. It must be a warship, they declared. It had on its deck two cannon. The Turks asked for the name of the audacious admiral who dared invade Constantinople. There was an American flag flying from the taffrail. It might even be possible that the ship was loaded with American gold with which some New York syndicate had come to buy the Holy Land. How could they fathom such a mystery? What deep-laid plot of war or finance was afoot? When the ship's captain announced that neither an admiral nor the president of a corporation was sailing the ship, but only a woman on a pleasure cruise on her own steam yacht, they were at first dumfounded. Could a woman find anything to interest her outside of her embroidery? Had she a husband or master who was aware that she had run away with a part of a navy? Blessed Allah! What manner of woman was this? According to dispatches, the Ottoman soldiers only shook their heads at Mrs. Goelet's explanations. Her answers were extremely courteous, but quite incomprehensible. Although she said she had no intention of bombarding Constantinople or laying Stamboul waste, the Turks only shook their heads. Two days went by, and still the guardians of the Hellespont were obdurate. She must get an official permit. At last, the protestations of Mrs. Goelet reached the Sultan, who immediately sent word to let the yacht pass, and as an expression of regret for her detention he empowered the grand vizier in person to present Mrs. Goelet with the order of the Chevakat.

## A REAL OLD VIRGINIA SUPPER

Those who are gifted with the power of observation and appreciation know full well that each section of this wonderful country is endowed with its own peculiar charm. Of no state is this more absolutely true than of Virginia.

Try to picture to yourself the dear, substantial old house, with wide lawns shaded by grand forest trees. On the left is the flower garden filled with the sweet, old-fashioned flowers; on the right, beyond the lawn, are broad fields of waving blue grass; in the rear is the beautiful Potomac.

Enter the spacious dining-room furnished with massive mahogany. The large windows are opened wide to the evening breeze, and there comes in gently with the odor of roses and honeysuckle, the drone of the lazy bee and the gentle whirr of the dainty humming bird.

The broad table of rich, claret-colored mahogany has been rubbed with careful hands until it seems to glow. The plate mats and doilies are old-fashioned crochet work, so fine as to look like lace.

The table is lit by wax candles in tall, fluted silver candle-sticks without shades. The compote dish and goblets are of colonial cut glass. The center piece is a salver of chased silver. On this is a broad silver bowl, with tall, slender stem. It is filled with wide open blush roses, starry jasmine and trailing honeysuckle. One large rose seems from its very weight to have fallen, and lies upon the table. The china is as delicate as an eggshell, with quaint, flaring cups. They, with the beautiful service, are on the large, silver waiter, ready for the hostess to dispense the fragrant coffee and tea.

With a dignity all its own, the colored butler, old Uncle William, stands behind his mistress. His watchfulness and care makes each guest, before the meal is over, feel that he is the especial object of his solicitude.

### THE MENU.

Soft Shell Crabs.

Chicken, Baltimore Style.

Corn Fritters.

Pocketbook Rolls.

Sliced Ham, Coffee.

Waffles.

Peach Preserves, Cinnamon Sugar.

Mayonnaise of Tomatoes.

Stuffed With Sweet Bread.

Thin Biscuit, Tippy Trifle.

### BEATEN BISCUIT.

Add a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of butter to one quart of flour. Rub them together, then add a cupful of milk, and, if necessary, a little water, making a stiff dough.

Place the dough on a firm table or block, beat it with a mallet or rolling pin for fully half an hour, or until it becomes brittle. Spread it half an inch thick; cut into very small circles and prick each one with a fork; bake in

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