

# Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : MAY 21.

The Crabbe boom seems to have progressed sideways.

It is Linevitch's turn now to show how he can lure 'em on.

There is still time enough left in May to settle the issue of the Asiatic war.

Col. Lankester had rather contest Kuhio's seat in Congress than run on the Democratic county ticket. We don't blame him.

Perhaps figures do not lie, but sugar men are beginning to think the market statistics are rather slow in making good their promise.

Peking was not so needlessly alarmed over Germans in Haichou after all. Where German surveys go in China troops are pretty certain to follow. Any great Japanese defeat would bring Germany and all the other predatory powers to the front in China without stopping to send in cards.

Soon the gaspipe-layers will have finished and next will come the laying of conduits for the new telephone system. After that the streets will look like a potato field until reconstructed. Mr. Cooper's public conduit scheme, with all private users paying rental, would have been a great public improvement.

The Emperor of Korea has less power than the umpire of a baseball game. Japan is occupying his country, running its ministry, garrisoning its forts, making its treaties, regulating its taxes and keeping His Imperial Majesty guessing as to what will happen next. Russia sadly observes, as she contemplates the early dethronement of the Emperor, that his treatment is contrary to the Shimomoseki pact. That is all very true, but China, which is the other signatory power, does not complain and Russia is not now in a position to interfere.

Leslie's commercial editor relates all-round disappointment in the depression of stocks generally throughout the country this year. Besides the failure of glowing promises made by experts regarding private finances, he states that the deficit in the United States Treasury will be much greater than was anticipated. With financial magnates calling each other atrocious names, and a fierce squabble in progress over the millions of life insurance money supposed to be husbanded for the benefit of the insured, it would be a marvel if such public confidence as is requisite to a healthy condition of investment securities should exist.

## DR. SMITH'S COLOR LINE

The author of "The Color Line," William Benjamin Smith, was for several years professor of mathematics in Central College, Fayette, Mo., and then ten or a dozen years thereafter professor of mathematics and physics in the Missouri University, and now one of the leading professors in Tulane University, New Orleans. This book is remarkably well written and is attracting much attention throughout this country—the chief contention being that there should be no admixture of the white and black races, which the author holds would contaminate the blood of the white race, and upon this basic principle he proceeds to build up a theory sustained by the investigations of all scientific observers the world over, that where a higher race intermingles with a lower or backward race the offspring have the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. In other words, the adulteration of the blood of the higher race with a lower puts a mean, vicious taint into the blood of the inferior race without elevating it in any essential quality. Numerous examples, not from Southern sources, are cited to fortify this deduction, which seems to be so well established that no high scientific authority is disposed to call it in question.

Dr. Smith is haunted with a fear, however, that the brighter mulattoes, being rather in disfavor with the "black negroes," may in some cases marry into the lower stratum of the white women of this country—women who may have become dissatisfied with their lot in life, or disappointed in love affairs and out of sorts with their present condition, and as a species of self-revenge marry a mulatto through spite. This specter rests very heavily on the author's mind, and he taxes all the energy of his well-balanced faculties to show what a possible danger we may be approaching without realizing it. After depicting all the bad consequences that would inevitably flow from this kind of marriage, he proceeds to demonstrate from statistics, gathered from all sources, that the whites are increasing much more rapidly than the negroes are in every section of the country; and if this inference be correct the danger he fears would be largely imaginary. His reflections on the physical decadence among the negroes now going on, if true, prove that the negro in America is foredoomed to extinction, and that under the subtle influences now at work it is a doomed race. This view is not widely different from the one held by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. Dr. Smith is also very outspoken, and he follows his conclusions out to the end, wherever the facts lead him. There is not a question in connection with the two races that he dodges, or evades, or palliates, in any manner. Wherein the white men of the South have erred, he is not their defender or excuser. He censures severely the shortcomings of the white man from the highest moral standpoint. He is scathing in his denunciations.

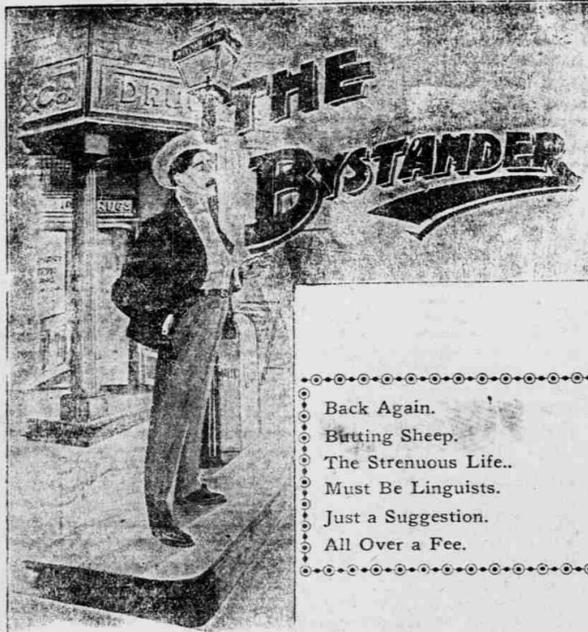
Not only from the physical side does he discuss the two races, but he goes into details concerning the brain power and the size of the brain, the mean averages of the brains of the white race, the mixed race and the black race, to prove the negro inferior; he also classifies the negroes in the United States into several different species, each differing from all the others by well-established variations.

There is scarcely a writer on anthropology of recent date that Dr. Smith has not consulted in the preparation of this book. Yet in reading through it critically one asks if the negroes and negroids are in a course of ultimate extinction through diseases and non-fertility, wherein does the danger from miscegenation lie? If the mulattoes are dying off as rapidly or more rapidly than they are born, and they seem to be much more liable to consumption and nervous diseases than the blacks, and the blacks are becoming less fertile, there is no great danger present or prospective of their contaminating the white race. The natural antipathy in the minds of the whites to intermarriage, and the control which they now have and will never surrender in legislation, will prevent the occurrence which he demonstrates will never happen. It is evident that the doctor expended much time as well as ingenuity in combating a mere phantom.

Aside from the anxiety of the author to preserve the purity of the white blood, his book is a work of great research, and his conclusions are mainly in harmony with the highest scientific authority of this country and Europe on the race question. It is a timely discussion in that the author established the fact beyond a doubt that the negro is simply a negro and not a white man with black skin, any more than a white man is a black man clothed in a white skin. It is such a book as the anthropologist and all other persons interested in the race question like to read.—Kansas City Journal.

## BREACHES OF PAROLE

The breach of parole laid to the charge of a Russian officer from Port Arthur who was captured for the second time by the Japanese, at Simintun, recalls the fact that the Germans made similar accusations during and after their great war with France. At the capitulation of Sedan, King William, on the advice of Moltke, liberated on parole all the French officers, who were also allowed to retain their swords, but many of them broke their word, beyond all doubt. Among them was General Ducrot, who escaped from Pont-a-Mousson disguised as a peasant driving a cart load of potatoes, and when he was afterward appointed to the command of the second army of Paris, Bismarck "named" him in a circular to the powers. But what gave still greater offense at Berlin, in the middle 80's, was the appointment of a French war minister who had been accused of breaking his parole. The relations between Berlin and Paris were never more strained than during the brief war office tenure of this French general.



Back Again.  
Butting Sheep.  
The Strenuous Life.  
Must Be Linguists.  
Just a Suggestion.  
All Over a Fee.

Having surveyed and platted Sonny Cunha for the suit he is going to wear at Santa Cruz and having figured out a contract to make a one-piece vest for Paul Isenberg, I have laid down my shears for a time, loaned my goose to the Democrats, who want to nominate it for something, and now proceed to assure my old readers that I am in good health and hope they are enjoying the same blessing. Quite a number of things have happened, including the revival, since last we met and the passing show has not been without its vagaries and humor.

The report that Hatter will return to take the stump for Brown sounds to me like devilled Crabbe.

It is difficult, even in revival times, for brethren to dwell together in amity. Nevertheless, I must call the attention of Shepherd Ostrom to the sad evidence of original sin shown by two members of the local flock, Brer' Rastus and Brer' McClellan. Nowhere in the whole pasture have I known more ewe-like quadrupeds than they, despite the differing color of their fleeces. Whenever 'Rastus's pastor would bleat, 'Rastus would ba-a and keep on ba-a-ing until they had to chloroform him; and whenever Brer' McClellan's wandering eye "lit on" the same shepherd it would roll up backwards until it got stuck so fast that Kuhio had to be sent for to call it down. Yet with pain I am obliged to confirm the news that these two gentle creatures have disturbed the whole sheepfold with an unseemly row.

As near as I can get at it, Brer' Rastus was ba-a-ing about himself over in his corner of the lot when Brer' McClellan ambled along and tried to turn 'Rastus's thoughts in his own direction. 'Rastus had only been ba-a-ing for an hour and hadn't half expressed himself yet. So, naturally, when the little white sheep came along and interrupted, 'Rastus began to get fierce. The shepherd was not around, and it wasn't long before things were doing over in the corner, the black sheep and the white sheep being so mixed up that you couldn't tell 'em from a mutton stew, except for the flavor and the wool.

One might look for occurrences like these among the goats, as, for instance, Brer' Humphreys and Brer' Davis, who are bound for the cinder patch anyhow; but when the sheep of the flock begin butting and wool-gathering, it is time for the shepherd to get busy over something besides the wild sheep in the mountains.

For me, I am not particular as to which ones out of twenty men in the various counties get to be Sheriffs, providing the men elected are those whom it will be the easiest to catch.

Just why Dent Robert, the strenuous managing editor of the Examiner, jumped into a sailing vessel one day and came down here for his health, no fellow could find out. On the score of health, there isn't a bellowing young tusk on the seal rocks, with a freight capacity of four quintals of fish per day, but would feel flattered by comparison. Health is bursting at Dent Robert's seams. He is fairly blubbery with it. Yet for some reason or other he felt so much "run down" in San Francisco that he didn't even stop to hire the captain's cabin of the Mongolia and come here in state, as an Examiner editor should; instead, he ran for a wind-jammer, which was getting out first, and spent twenty-three days recuperating on sounds and canned beef. Then he came ashore, turned two or three hand-springs, reached over the wharf and caught a shark, put in three days at the Union Art Gallery mixing red paint and then went to the volcano, staying in these parts several weeks and sleeping from two to three and a half hours out of every twenty-four. Say, but he was a husky patient. He puzzled me for awhile, and then all of a sudden a great white light broke in and I remembered that, about the time Robert left San Francisco, a grand jury was considering Assessor Dodge's charges against the Examiner. What was "running Robert down" was nothing but Pink Pills for Pale Pressmen could cure, but a deputy sheriff with a summons. That's why the strenuous editor had such a sudden call to a milder climate.

Brer' McClellan should have aimed for the shins.

Under the new transfer system Rapid Transit conductors will have to post themselves in the native, Portuguese, Chinese, Japanese, Spanish and Korean languages. Formerly a passenger of any tongue could signal for a transfer when he approached his junction and get it, but now, if he wants the ticket, he must explain his wishes to the conductor when he goes aboard. If he talks to the blue-coated official in Japanese or Hawaiian and the conductor knows nothing but English, Irish or Dutch, there will be nice little mix-ups and a few more damage suits.

If I were Sheriff Henry I'd send a policeman over to Maui to keep those strikers from taking the guns away from the militia.

If the Portland people really want a crowd of Hawaiians to attend their fair, let them put on a staunch and lively little steamer and keep her running between Portland, Hilo, Honolulu and home while the Exposition lasts. A round-trip rate of \$75 would fix it. For the rest, the steamer could bring down plenty of things Hawaii would buy and take back other things it has to sell, especially delicacies that the exposition crowds would like to eat. Now here is a chance to be enterprising and up-to-date which the Lewis and Clarke people might well essay. They could easily pay expenses on such a venture and the single boat might, perhaps, be the nucleus of a future line. Honolulu is not debarred from getting a divorce, or at least a separation, from the San Francisco market.

Is it a good omen that since the County Act test case has begun to be discussed a flock of geese has frequented the Judiciary building yard? The cackling of geese once saved Rome.

There was an interlude of fun at the Alexander Young Hotel the other night, news of which reached the Tailor Shop by the Double-Cross wireless in the morning. First George Davis came cavorting up the hotel stairs with the speed of one of his anthropoid ancestors who leaped from branch to branch. In the middle of the lobby he stopped and glared with his head thrust forward and his eyes ginketed on the safe. Way down stairs was a wheezing and coughing sound, a shuffle of feet, a slam of the elevator door, a tug at the lift ropes, a shiver of the building and a crunching of the tiles, and in a minute more George Gear was delivered at the office. His collar was wilted and his mussed-up hair had a wet look. In his eyes was a wild expectancy and in his hand a fresh-jacked bill. There was a hurried conference between the two, and then a yell from Davis: "Let me see him! Where is

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## COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

On the face of things the general situation is worse than at last report. Sugar has dropped still lower and the local stock market shows a distinct falling in prices, though many more shares have sold than in the previous week. Private cables indicate a dead market in San Francisco. Notwithstanding, it is felt by the wise ones that a favorable reaction cannot be long delayed. If the hope be disappointed it will mean, also, a dethroning of the world's experts and a loss of all faith in statistics as a criterion. A high authority abroad has recently expressed an opinion in substance that long-continued decline in raw sugar would be utterly inconsistent with the statistical position. And Willett & Gray (New York), the premier authority with Hawaiian planters, say that "unless Europe further declines there is no reason why Cuba should part with sugars at a lower level, and the market appears to us to be running along for a time at the low level to be followed by better prices later on."

### THE WEEK'S TRANSACTIONS.

Following are the sales, in their order, for each security listed by the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange for the past week: Pioneer (\$100), 5 at \$152.50, 10 at \$153.50, 24, 15, 47, 12 at \$155; Ewa (\$20), 140 at \$29.50, 60 at \$29, 21 at \$28.75, 20 at \$29, 6 at \$28.50; Hawaiian Sugar (\$20), 100, 100, 30 at \$35; Oahu (\$100), 10 at \$120; Inter-Island S. N. Co. (\$100), 5, 24 at \$140; McBryde (\$20), 10, 50 at \$7.50, 50, 50 at \$8, 25 at \$7.75; H. C. & S. Co. (\$100), 50 at \$84.75, 10 at \$84.25, 40 at \$83.75, 50 at \$82.50; Ookala (\$20), 100 at \$7.50; Olaa (\$20), 10 at \$5.50; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 12 at \$77; Waiialua 6 per cent bonds, \$2000 at 101.75, \$1000 at 101.50.

Dividends, 15th—Oahu Sugar Co., 1 per cent; O. R. & L. Co., 1-2 per cent; Mutual Telephone Co., 2 per cent; Haw. Sugar Co., 1 per cent; Pepeekeo Sugar Co., 1 per cent.

Centrifugals, 96 deg. test, New York, May 20, 4.3125c. lb.; \$86.25 ton, against 4.435c. lb.; \$88.70 ton, May 13.

### AUCTION SALES.

At Jas. F. Morgan's yesterday stocks were disposed of as follows: Olaa, 10, 13, 5 at \$5.25; Ewa, 10, 50 at \$28.25; Waiialua, 5 at \$63.25; Pearl City Fruit, 6 at \$98.25; Alex. Young Bldg., \$1000 bond, \$95.50 to order. No bid was received for 20 Sachs, 10 Kerr, 10 Wall, Nichols or 4 Honolulu Tobacco; 20 Hustaec, Peck were withdrawn, and 5 Manfrs. Shoe sold in advance. The Buckle estate was withdrawn, and Puna plantation sale postponed until the 27th.

It is likely the Puna sale is off entirely, since on Friday Olaa Sugar Co. stockholders in special meeting, by about 140,000 to 17,000 shares, voted to buy the Puna bonds, paying for \$444,000 par value of bonds 22,220 paid-up shares of Olaa stock, and for \$56,000 par value of bonds \$18,666.66 cash. By the deal Olaa gets a net balance of \$102,500 in the hands of the Puna receiver.

Fisher, Ables Co., Ltd., auctioneers, have the following sales scheduled: Stratemeyer property, May 27; Estate Ely Peck, May 29; Kwong Yee Wai Co. rice plantation, June 3; Luk Hung Wai Co. rice plantation, June 10; Hawaiian Hotel Annex, June 12; James Carty residence, Palolo tract, June 12.

### GENERAL ITEMS.

A release for \$20,000 from Bishop & Co. to N. S. Sachs, of property at Fort and Beretania streets, has been recorded. Also, a deed from Cecil Brown and wife to Louise E. Arleigh for \$2500, of 7500 square feet at College Hills. Lieut. Slatery has begun preliminary surveys for the improvement of Honolulu harbor under the Federal appropriation. The channel is to be deepened and widened and this work, together with the projected construction of new slips by the Territorial Government, will enable the largest steamships in the Pacific to be safely docked. The manufacture of gas by the Honolulu Gas Co. has begun and pipe-laying been vigorously advanced this week. Good growing weather is reported to the U. S. Weather Bureau from all over the islands. Bonds of the sugar refinery at Crockett, Cal., are now listed on the local exchange. A special meeting of Wilder's Steamship Co. is called for Monday, May 29, for the purpose of considering and voting upon a proposal for the sale of all the business and the property of the company, and the dissolution of the company. This would be the consummation of the scheme some time ago set on foot for amalgamating Wilder's with the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company.

## SMALL TALKS

BY SOL. N. SHERIDAN.

"It occurs to me," mused the Capitol Sage, "that this Ostrom revival would better get a move on and reach outside the churches, if it is going to do any real and lasting good. Bless you, the church people don't need to be revived and made unhappy, that way. Let them just go on sleeping through time, and they will presently find themselves translated into eternity without turning a hair. It is the wicked outsiders the revivalist should reach after—and he couldn't begin better than right here in this Legislature. If he could make some of these sinners sit up and take notice there might be a wider public recognition of good work done, perhaps."

Say, Mr. Ostrom, that's a point for you.  
Those in the fold don't stand in need of saving;  
Just leave the church, and see what you can do  
At winning back to grace the lawless crew  
Above whose heads Old Satan's flag is waving.

"I'm in training," mumbled R. Beverly Kidd, lifting another gob of two-finger poi to his mouth. "Soon as the campaign opens, I'm going to learn to eat raw fish."

"I didn't know I was talking that way," protested Senator McCandless. "Honest, I didn't."

And he didn't know it, either. That is the beauty and the strength of electric language. A man never does know he is doing it, and so he lets out with an ease and fluency that are convincing because of his very unconsciousness. No man can cuss properly, in cold blood.

McCandless denies that his language was bad,  
Calculated his fellows to harrow;  
Nay, 'twas good. Not a doubt. The people were glad  
In sending our Link, to the Senate, they had  
A man who could sling such hot language, and so  
Through fear hold his colleagues the way they should go—  
In the path that is called "straight and narrow."

"Did you ever see such a shameful thing for a friend to do to you?" asked Bernard Kelekolio, boy orator and very young statesman, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I hire a buggy all day to bring voters to the polls in Saturday's primaries, and give it to a friend of mine. And that friend take it and ride his family all day to Waikiki, and never come near the polls. I am no more in politics."

"The Senate," said Representative Harris, emphatically, "is rotten! If they would quit fooling and get down to business, we might get away from here in a day or two."

"Isn't that House the worst," said Senator Dowsett, kind of despairing like. "Did you ever see anything like it? We might all be attending to our own affairs right now, if they would only get a move on."

Now, if the Senate had its way,  
The trouble would be over;  
And the time that's lost in useless play  
Would all be spent some other way—  
And statesmen be in clover.

And yet you'll find, this very day,  
If you will but enquire,  
House members say they do not play—  
They'll blame the Senate, anyway—  
And that with rising ire.

"Those hostile fleets monkeying around in the China Sea remind me of  
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