

# SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

SUNDAY : : : : : JANUARY 27.

## THE NUUANU DAM.

So far the Nuuanu dam has cost the Territory \$106,000. These figures are authentic and official, including all that has been charged up to date against the work. Quite a little bit of it represents charges for plans and specifications, the pay of government officials employed to look after the contractor and to draft the new plans and amendments to the original plan. Some of it was paid to experts to criticize the work. But the bulk of it has gone into the dam itself and is represented by some big holes in the ground and a pile of dirt. There is nothing yet to call a dam. The work has only got nicely started and the \$106,000 have gone.

The original cost of the work, as figured out by the engineer who planned it in Boston, or Philadelphia, was to have been \$75,000. That amount was to complete the whole thing and on that basis the work was started. Unfortunately it was found that the dam that had to be built wasn't the dam that all the blue prints were about. The dam planned was to go on a certain bedrock foundation; only when Nuuanu valley was fashioned the bedrock wasn't put in the way it should have been to fit the plans. Thus it happens that the good money of the people has been poured out to atone for the stupidity of an engineer. Those working on the dam, and these particular ones have no axes to grind, say that the dam will be useless to back up a reservoir even if it is ever finished. Going ahead with it looks like throwing good money after bad.

It doesn't make any difference to the contractor if the job takes until doomsday. He gets his fifteen per cent. on all the money that is spent, and the more spent the more he gets. The way his contract is worded looks like putting a fifteen per cent. premium on extravagance. In fact, the more the Nuuanu dam matter is investigated the worse it appears.

## THE CHURCH CONTROVERSY.

With its issue of Saturday, February 2, the Advertiser will cease to be the medium of the current religious or ecclesiastical discussion. This leaves five days in which the contestants may have their say, providing their demands upon the space of this journal do not become too exacting.

The rule thus laid down is made for several reasons. One is that a large part of the public is tiring of the theme. Another is that the debate is becoming less instructive and more combative and has already created a certain amount of bitterness among the people of this community. The final reason is that the pressure of theology upon these columns has become so great as to exclude much of the news which it is the paper's business to supply.

The Advertiser permits itself to hope that, during the remainder of the week, nothing will be written to widen the breach which has, unfortunately, been made in the tolerant spirit that, for so many years, marked the mutual relations of Catholics and Protestants in these islands.

Several letters from the opposing contributors, including Father Beissel's regular installment, will appear tomorrow. Sunday is a day of comparative rest.

Jerome Hart, editor of The Argonaut, has sold his controlling interest in that paper to Alfred Holman, formerly proprietor of the Sacramento Union. His principal reason for doing so, as given by himself in the San Jose Mercury and Herald, is his unwillingness to support the general policies of President Roosevelt.

## Dooley on the Church Row.

"'Tis a turribul year we've sthartistid in havin'," said Mr. Dooley, after he had plugged the keyhole, drawn down the blinds and put a shade on the incandescent before bringing up the cribbage board for his evening game with his friend Mr. Hennessey. "Phwat wid th' volcany, th' Japs, th' Mardy Grazy an' th' new Chief av Detictives ye niver know phwats goin' to drop on ye. 'Tis no wonder that th' paphers ar-re outtiffin' out th' harrowin' details av th' news an' runnin' a ready-lether-department these days. 'Tis th' only thing that kapes th' public in a fit sthate to sleep nights."

"Oe see that there's a lot av thim sindin' their billy doos through th' paphers now," answered Mr. Hennessey, as he cut the pack, "but Oi can't mak it all out. Oi'm waitin' f'r th' lasht chapter f'r to read th' summin' up. Oi missed th' fur-rst av ut."

"Yer not th' only wan who's waitin' f'r th' lasht chapter," answered Mr. Dooley, as he pegged two for his nobbs, "but seems 'tis loike the leaf-hopper, here as a perminant residant. Ut sthartistid in a gintil littul way wid a note that sed wud somewan put a few wur'ds to papher an' clear up a littul mis-uderstandin' that has kipt th' good folks burnin' each other since Sampson got his hair cut. Phwereupon a dozen printers has bin kipt busy iver since puttin' thim few wur'ds into print."

"Furst there came a proccision dragged out av th' history book, Nero an' Mary, Queen av Scots, leadin' th' grand-march. After these had two-stepped across sun page and sun on another, the writter sed that he hoped that wud settul th' thing fr'm now on. He pointid out that th' other fellow's dope sheet was all to th' bad, havin' tallied the put-outs in the home run colims. He proved be th' spaches of Wilyum Jinnings Bryan that Peter's pence was worse than Mixican silver and that Pontius Pilat was niver legally ilictid."

"Much to th' surprishe av iveryan there cum an answer. Phwat was as clear as Nuuanu wather to wan man was orange colored bithers to th' other."

"Riverind sir," he wrote. "I hov rid yer iligant, most cortheous letter wid th' greatist joyoint," he ses. "'Tis clear that ye think ye think,' he ses, 'but phwat ye don't know wud make an Eskimo ashamed av himself. Ye say that Hinny th' Aight was a piker compared wid Harry Thaw, but ye niver mitioned Solomin. Is ut not a fact that Lucretio Borgy invintid race suicide an' not Teddy Roosevelt? How kin ye riconcile that wid phwat Luther did to th' Pope's bull? Not contint wid that ye go out av yer way to knock th' Inquisition, phwere so many peopel were satisfied that they niver left ut after they had registered. Hopin' that these few loines will foind ye joyoin good hilt and thrustin' that th' few jolts Oi hov handid ye won't spohil yer dinner, Oi am, yer humbil servant."

"Phwen this gits in th' papher, Hinnessey, th' peopel thinks that thot settils ut. Th' next day they tur-rn to th' sphortin page an' between th' social doings av Kakaako an' th' muttherins av th' polytishuns they git sumthin' loike this."

"'Tis thirne Oi am butthin' in widout anny bid,' says this writter, 'but Oi hov noticed that phwen a volcany gits ready to erupt phwy ut erupts, thot's all. An' me toime has cum. Spakin' av theology, was th' bastin' room av th' inquisition a phroper phlace f'r a gir'rl widout a chaperon? Thot seems to be the wan wud spohit in th' argymint av me worthy opponint. Av course Oi don't xpict him to agree wid me anny more than Oi will agree wid him or annywan ilse. Av Oi say thot dust mak's th' sun rid phwen ut sets Oi know he will say thot Oi'm color blind. But will ye answer me this, did Eve had Adam a lemon? An' if so, phwy were Dan'l and the lions? Answer if ye dare. Thrustin' that this will hold ye f'r a whole and hopin' thot yer fountain pen niver runs dhry, Oi am, yours respectively."

"About thot sthage av th' game a ringer climbs through th' ropes, an' in a short epistil av a coupl av columns, nixt to readin' matther, starts a littul sideshow."

"Oi tak up me pen in hand f'r to put a few littul interrogatories," he says. "Oi know phwat Oi'm talkin' about, even av th' rist av ye don't, f'r Oi've rid th' Doethrine an' Covinints," he ses. "C'm ye till me," he ses, "who won th' battil av th' Mountain Meadow? Av ut was th' avengin' angils, don't thot prove thot polygamy is roight so long as yer not caught?" he ses. "Phwen Judas wore whiskers an' Joseph F. grows spinach, don't thot prove somethin' or other? Was th' city av Babylon iver in Nauvoe county, Illinois, an' av not, phwen? Can ye disphrove th' sthatement thot tithes brings in more than a collechun, an' phwat is yer authority f'r infant vaccination? An early answer will oblige, yours in haste."

"Thus it goes, Hinnessey," said Mr. Dooley, "an' loike th' Nuuanu dam ut don't seem to be gettin' any further on. Th' Diligat to Congress gits to Washington in toime to cable thot somewan has tuk advantage av his absinsee an' rung in an appropriation f'r Hawaii, but th' letter writters niver pause long enough over ut to miss a sthroke. Lanai has quit fillin' up th' sea in disghust. Th' Supervisors swing at th' Sheruff an' land on th' solar plexis av sum av their frinds, but th' deed is lift phwere they lie becus no wan has toime to read th' buryin' service. Th' proice av papher has gone up an' there is a scarcity in th' ink supply, but phwat's th' odds. Ut's a Diet av

# THE BYSTANDER



### Anne and Quotations.

Why Father Beissel!

A Heretic in Verse.

Defending the Thumbscrew

Exhausting Jury Panels.

In the Matter of Burns.

Pop as a Deputy Marshal.

I really don't think that I need to deal with gentle Anne's views about quotation marks, the Advertiser having roasted them to a delicate brown and basted the smoking remnant with hot butter. But if I were going to set down anything in malice (not a quotation, Anne, because it is a bit garbled) I should—fie! worse luck!—undertake to point out (sauve qui peut.) You see, Anne, I am adopting your own pellucid literary (littery) style. As I said I should undertake (H. H. Williams is an excellent undertaker and embalmer; prices reasonable) to make it clear that my own poor (pure) writings (honiky wolsky 'mology pahnsy), have been lifted over bodily into Anne's own paper (pay, pay, pay), that I never for one moment imagined that she (nolens volens) would find fault with me for lifting a familiar text (hee haw) from the Scriptures. Au revoir, Mademoiselle, I mean, Madame!

What's this, what's this, Father Beissel! Are my reading-glasses on straight? Actually I find this in one of the Reverend gentleman's letters to the Star: "There is just one of the Honolulu ladies, I know, that has understood my troubles and called down showers of blessings on my head, it is the good old maid, Miss Anne Prescott and I attribute it to those blessings that I have been able to stand the fight and come out unhurt (may God grant her everlasting reward.)"

Hark! Do I hear the gentle Anne say: "This is so sudden!"

This comes from a heretical friend:

If a certain learned Catholic priest  
Were to preach for half a year,  
Do you suppose, a reader asks,  
If he could make this clear—

Why should we with nickel bright  
Each morning buy our paper,  
To hear this self-same priest and saint  
Tell of his "backbone breaker"?

Now, don't you think, my learned friend,  
It is an imposition,  
Quite equal to the cracks and groans  
Of your dear "inquisition"?

My friend Father Beissel took an unexpected tack in defending the inquisition. And yet it was the perfectly logical course from his church's point of view. If he had followed somebody's advice and frankly said, "Yes, the church in those old days went wrong on the doctrine of corporal punishment for heretics" what would have become of the plea that the church is and has always been directed by God himself, through His earthly viceroys, the Pope? With God as its guide and with an infallible Pope as His interpreter, how could the church possibly have gone wrong? He who would make such a fatal admission would be worse than a heretic and could not be a faithful priest. And yet I hardly covet the position a priestly disputant must take that the stake, the thumbscrew, the rack and the ax were natural instruments of God's providence and indubitable proofs of the grace of Him who went about doing good.

Just why counsel for the 68 gamblers captured by the last grand jury used up the regular panel and two extra panels of jurors, and then waived a jury trial, I wish I knew. Was it to discourage legal attacks on gamblers by making such things cost the Territory more than it gets back in fines on conviction? If this was the policy I regret that the trial Judge did not fine the gamblers \$50 apiece instead of \$25. Indeed, on general principles, these fellows should have the limit of the law. No one of them is a first offender. Not a mother's son of them but knows what chances he is taking with the law; and few of them care for ordinary fines. What scares them is the big fine with a term in jail added. By putting the screws down hard the courts might do as much as police and detectives to make the gambling houses a bad investment.

What would you think of Americans if they had but one day in the year to celebrate and used that to extol the poetic virtues of Will Carleton or James Whitcomb Riley? Scotchmen would be among the first to call them daff, yet Scotchmen themselves reserve their patriotic rapture all the year through to extol the dubious merits of Robby Burns. Now, either Carleton or Riley could write homely verse backwards and with both hands that would make the best work of Burns look like fifteen cents. Robby's "poems" are sublimated doggerel which people admire because they were written by a ploughboy. In the same way they admired the house the hod-carrier built. It wasn't much of a house; its lines were wavy and its roof leaked, but it was such a good house for a hod-carrier to construct without help that it threw thousands of people into ecstasies who hadn't a glance for the fine, compact dwellings near by that had been built by real carpenters.

Pop Spitzer's new police commission has drawn him out about his previous eggspersion in office. It seems that he went South at the close of the war to buy cotton and found himself in a red hot rebel community. The only other northern man there was the new United States Marshal and the latter induced Pop, at a mighty high price, to be his deputy. It was Pop's business to raid the moonshiners in those parts, arrest them and seize their unstamped whisky, a task which the new deputy managed, for quite a time, to avoid. However, the day came when the Marshal gave Pop the location of a still and told him to summon a posse of fifteen citizens and capture it. Spitzer soon found that the fifteen would see him further. He also heard that a previous deputy had tried such a job and been killed. "It was a hard deal," says Pop, "undt I didn't know what to do. If I went on the raid alone I might get shot undt if I didn't I would lose my job. So I thought the sheepest thing to do was to buy about \$300 worth of revenue stamps undt put them on the feller's barrels. I went where he was undt told him I had come to put some stamps on his goots. He said he was much obliged and to call again when I had somedings more to give away. When I got back I was goblimented by the Marshal for having scared the moonshiner into goblimentance with the law."

### SO THEY SAID.

"I gess that I am thru,"  
Roosevelt said.  
"My speling will not du,"  
Roosevelt said.  
"Tho why my skeme to spel  
Shud hav raised such merry hullabaloo,  
Is more than I can tel,"  
Roosevelt said.

Wurms, a predestinated breakfast food or a Reed Smoot chop that ye git on th' tabil iver mornin'."  
"Yis, but phwat soide is gettin' th' bist av ut?" asked Mr. Hennessey.  
"Thot's phwat Oi can't make out."  
"Neither e'n Oi," answered Mr. Dooley. "Oi lost thrack av th' round after th' second epistul to th' Gentiles."

# COMMERCIAL NEWS

By Daniel Logan.

Excepting a large sale of Oahu Railway bonds, the Stock Exchange daily lists have been featureless. H. C. & S. Co., of which large buyings have been made in San Francisco, and Oiaa have strengthened, other stocks remaining practically unchanged. There is an unsatisfactory condition in the New York sugar market, centrifugals having been steadily beaten down to a grossly unfavorable disparity between them and European beets. This, according to the authorities, is due to the impecuniosity of the Cuban producers who surrender their sugars at buyers' own prices. As Willett & Gray say, the "Cuban planters find themselves unable to take full advantage of the benefits which it was hoped they might derive under the Cuban reciprocity treaty." The past week has seen a drop of 96 degree test centrifugals from 3.50c. to 3.48c. a pound, or a shave of forty cents on the ton price, as compared with an advance of forty cents on the ton in the parity with beets—the present quotations being \$69.60 a ton for centrifugals and \$76.80 the parity for beets.

Sales of stocks and bonds for the week have been as follows: Ewa (\$20), 10, 70, 40, 40, 25 at 25; H. C. & S. Co. (\$100), 5 at 83; Haw. Sugar Co. (\$20), 85, 15 at 32.50; Honokaa (\$20), 20 at 11.50, 150 at 11.62 1-2; Oahu (\$20), 250, 500 at 24; Oookala (\$20), 100, 100, 67, 23 at 8; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 32, 10 at 94, 7, 18 at 95; Oiaa (\$20), 150, 30 at 2.75; Waimea (\$100), 11 at 60; L. I. S. N. Co. (\$100), 25, 13 at 130; Waialua (\$100), 30 at 70.50, 5 at 71; Pioneer (\$100), 10 at 136; McBryde (\$20), 35 at 5.37 1-2; Refinery 6's, \$5000 at 103; O. R. & L. Co. 6's, \$16,000 at 102.75; Paina 6's, \$1000 at 102.75; McBryde 6's, \$2000 at 98, \$2000 at 99; Honolulu R. T. & L. Co. 6's, \$1000 at 107.75.

Jas. F. Morgan sold at auction 5 shares (fractional of new issue) of Pacific Guano & Fertilizer Co. for \$117 a share.

### REAL ESTATE.

A hillside tract of land at Puunui, Honolulu, containing 177,200 square feet, was sold at auction under foreclosure by Jas. F. Morgan and bought by the Hawaiian Board of Missions for \$325. The advertised sale of valuable properties under the Nakuina mortgage was declared off, the mortgage having been settled.

Samuel Parker has bought from John T. Baker 1805 acres of land adjoining the buyer's ranch and land of the Pacific Mill Co., Hawaii, for \$32,000 in one year secured by mortgage at 6 per cent. interest. Baker has bought from Parker 11 1-4 acres in Hamakua for \$5000.

The Government of Japan has bought from the Germania Savings & Loan Society of San Francisco the Progress block—a modern three-story structure of Hawaiian stone—at Fort and Beretania avenue for \$57,000, the deal being made through Jas. F. Morgan's real estate agency. It will be used for the Japanese consular offices and residence. The Yokohama Specie Bank branch in Honolulu intends to build or buy a home of its own.

Deeds recorded show the sales of a rice plantation and mill in Koolaupoko, Oahu, by Sing Hop Wai Co. to trustee of Sun Sing Hop Wai Co. for \$3719.65, 20 PUNCHBOWL Hill lots by trustees of Gear, Lansing & Co. to Mary A. Downey for \$2400; 286 acres of land at Wahiawa, Kauai, by McBryde Estate, Ltd., to

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

# LITTLE TALKS

JACK LUCAS—Politics and I have dissolved partnership.

W. P. JARRETT—I am getting used to the police business now and am coming to like it.

REV. MR. THWING—Everybody who went to the volcano when I did, got his money's worth.

MISS KROUT—I find Mr. Arthur Johnstone's book on Robert Louis Stevenson a most useful and interesting one.

E. STENSEN—Ten years ago I could put the 16-pound shot 39 feet and I am stronger today than I was then.

JOHN A. HUGHES—I think the Governor ought to throw that Lanai proposition overboard. The people do not want Lanai sold.

O. A. STEVEN—Unimproved land excepting lots on which the owners intend to build homes for themselves ought to be taxed to the limit.

JOHN HUGHES—The Porto Ricans are nominally Catholics but they do not understand Catholic doctrine nor attend the services of the church.

JOHN SMITH—Father Beissel struck just the right time to establish his beloved Inquisition in Honolulu when Vida and the water cure had passed.

F. T. P. WATERHOUSE—Eliminate the printed title and the military trappings from the Advertiser's portrait of the Kaiser and you have our friend Klebahn to the life.

JOE ANDRADE—Please inform the public when Rev. Jas. C. Beissel and the other theologians are going to give people a chance to consider some of the real problems of life.

C. L. WIGHT—We pay teachers smaller wages than hod-carriers get and yet expect them to turn out first-rate American citizens to take up the work of making Hawaii a better place to live in when we drop it.

S. W. SMITH—No buttermilk here. The Dairymen's Association has been out of it for weeks. You will have to wait until the supply of sweet milk and cream so exceeds the demand that there is something left for butter-making.

J. F. COLBURN—Berger ought to make his men dress uniformly at concerts. One night last week I noticed three different combinations of uniform at an evening concert. It looked bum and I heard some strangers commenting on the matter.

# Topics--Tropical and Otherwise

By H. M. Ayres.

Of two evils choose the one you enjoy best.

A gilt-edged investment—A gold brick.

The great trouble is that sin is profitable and that a man can't usually mend his ways without the patch showing.

A church sign—Sleeping Room Only.

Some women complain that they have never been taken anywhere since their husbands took them for better or for worse.

"It's a case of honor among thieves," remarked Mr. Crib Cracker, when he and his pals held up the judge.

Latin is a dead language. If the children's wishes were respected, it would be buried.

Some women might have been made from the rib of an umbrella.

The real difference between a deciduous tree and an elephant is that one leaves in the spring and the other when the menagerie does.

Husbands, in view of prospective dressmaker's bills, unanimously declare that the Mardi Grashopper is a burden.

Head at the Promotion Committee's headquarters: Tourist (inspecting exhibit on the counter).—And where does this lovely honey come from?

Young Lady Attendant.—From the Royal School, m'am.  
Tourist.—Do the children make it?  
Y. L. A.—I think so, m'am.

When money talks it frequently says, "no."

The personal bore can make a mighty big hole in a busy day.