

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

EDITOR: BODERICK O. MATHESON. SUNDAY DECEMBER 5

S. K. MAHOE.

S. K. Mahoe, whose death at the Queen's Hospital yesterday is reported, was not a prominent Hawaiian in that he made himself heard in and out of season on subjects of which he knew little or nothing.

SUNDAY ADVERTISER AND ADVERTISERS.

This paper finds itself in an embarrassing position, that of having to turn business away. This is partly because of the habit advertisers have of delaying their advertising plans until late in the week and then calling for space.

While talking business, there is another matter to be referred to. That is the habit many have of asking for free reading notices in the local and other columns and coupling the request with another that the notice be repeated or run three or more times.

The brazen audacity of the Bulletin in suggesting that Leal be appointed sheriff is only equaled by the bold attack that paper makes upon English grammar in attempting to express itself.

The plight of the British house of commons is bad enough, but not as bad as the Star makes it when that paper says that "the Lord's action" against it is a matter of comment.

The newspaper business on the Big Island is booming. The Hawaii Herald has a typesetting machine and the Kohala Midget now uses boiler-plate.

Now that Willie Crawford has been vindicated, why does not someone suggest that he be made city and county attorney?

The Canal and Ships to Use It

Do we propose, five or six years hence, to open the Panama Canal for the benefit and use of the ships of Great Britain, Germany and Japan? asks a mainland editor.

The Panama Canal, it is expected, will at a stroke, so to speak, double our naval strength, by permitting us to mass our fleet in either ocean.

The Japanese have annexed Formosa, Korea, and virtually Southern Manchuria, whereas we have annexed Hawaii, the Philippines, Guam and Samoa.

The Japanese have established a heavily subsidized marine service. The United States hesitates to begin the subsidy practice for ships, because the people are tired of paying tribute for the direct benefit of shipowners or other beneficiaries of tariffs other than to sustain the principle of honest protection.

Traffic on the Dead Sea

Washington Herald.

"Many false and foolish reports about the Dead Sea—that strange and interesting lake—have been circulated," said Abraham S. Abrahams of Jerusalem and London, who is on a tour of this country.

"This vessel makes trips as the wind allows from the north end of the sea to the bay on the eastern side of the tongue that divides the water near the middle. At this terminus some Jews are located. The whole concern is, in fact, in the hands of Jews, who, at a low rate, buy wheat and barley from the Arabs to be delivered on the seashore.

"When adverse winds blow, the so-called Dead Sea becomes a living mass of waves. Not long ago I spent four nights such as never will be forgotten on these waters, and the smartness of the old man at the helm and his boy with the sails saved us from being wrecked again and again.

"There is some talk about a small steam tug being put on the sea, but the authorities are loath to grant permission. It will be a great boon when it does arrive, as it will bring the east and west sides of Jordan nearer to each other for communication and trading purposes."

THE BYSTANDER



Assault on the Flag. Elk in Strange Pasture. Drake's Near Catch. Dress Reformers.

I want to call to the attention of all good patriots the fact that at this present moment there is being made an attack upon our flag, a part of the horrible result of which we will see as soon as the steamer Cleveland arrives here next month with some hundreds of visitors.

Think of it! Think of the treason that lurks among those four hundred American passengers on the Cleveland! And forty of them are Christian Endeavorers, too! A couple of hundred of them are fairly well-to-do men, posing at home as real Americans, pretending to love the flag with that quiet love that was supposed to be the best until the flag-flapper set a better example.

All loyal Honoluluans will naturally refuse to accept any of the money that these excursionists may want to spend here. Spurn it as tainted money! Have nothing to do with the visitors, unless it be to take them up to the Capitol, and, with one hand on your heart and the other pointing to the flag, read them a lesson in real patriotism of the original we-want-no-tourists brand (patent applied for).

If you were the man who had the handling of the funds of a great commonwealth and were threatened with being pinched for being broke—wouldn't it make you mad? And if, at the last minute, just as a big, husky policeman was on the point of dragging you away and locking you up in a cell at the stationhouse, a Good Samaritan came along and rescued you—well, wouldn't you want to show that Good Samaritan a good time?

It happened to a Honolulu man who went to New York not long ago. He discovered that the bracing air of the eastern city had aroused his jaded appetite and he was obsessed with an ever-present desire to eat.

With the air of one used to handling large sums, he plunged his hand into his trousers pocket, then withdrew it and tried the other pocket. A worried look took the place of the smile of content that had made his face look like the August moon.

"Well, that's strange," he remarked in a puzzled tone. "I evidently forgot to change my money when I changed my clothes. If you'll just wait a few minutes until I run around to the hotel, I'll bring it to you."

"Say, cheese it, cull," retorted the waiter. "You must think I'm easy. We gets that kind of story about five times a day. Nuthin' doing for you, see? You come through quick or I'll call a cop."

"But you don't know who I am," said the diner. "My name is D. L. Conkling, and I'm treasurer of the Territory of Hawaii."

"No you ain't," replied the waiter. "You're the King of England, only you don't know it. But it costs you \$2.75, and you want to come through right now or you go to the jug."

The diner expostulated, explained, begged, but the waiter remained incredulous and obdurate. Finally the waiter's patience gave out, and he touched a push-button. "That will bring the cop in about a minute," said the waiter. "We keep that button there for just such guys as you, that thinks they can beat us."

The Honolulu man had just about made up his mind that it was the jail for him, when he saw a man enter the room with an Elk's button in his lapel. The man from Honolulu gave the signal of distress, and the Elk sauntered over to find out what was the matter. Conk—the Honolulu man told of the embarrassing position in which he was placed, and said that he was the treasurer of Hawaii—also an Elk.

"Let's see your card," said the city Elk. "I'm sorry, but my card is in my pocketbook with my money," said the country Elk.

"Um-huh-h-h," grumbled the city Elk. "Well, what's the bill?" "Two seventy-five," interrupted the waiter, "and here's the cop. One of you wants to come through or that cheap guy goes to the station, see?"

"Oh, well, I'll take a chance for two seventy-five," said the Elk, rather doubtfully. And he paid the bill.

"And, do you know?" said the Prodigal, when he returned to Honolulu, "it cost me forty dollars to square myself with that Elk that night. But it was worth it." And he smiled reminiscently.

Walter F. Drake, the local collector of internal revenue, almost broke into the automobile class last week—almost, but not quite. But he came so close to it that he can pronounce "chauffeur" as correctly as if he were the actual owner of a seven-seater. It happened this way:

Drake was walking up Fort street one morning, when, happening to glance into the tonneau of a buzz wagon, he saw something that made him stop suddenly and look again. Then he crept quietly into a doorway and waited. What he had seen was a cigar box, apparently full, but without the government stamp on it. Now, a box of cigars without a government stamp is something that an internal revenue man thinks worth finding, for its possession is a violation of the law, and subjects to confiscation not only the cigars, but also of whatever article of carriage they happen to be in.

Since the last issue of the Honolulu Times appeared upon the streets and news stands I have been waiting for the explosion. It may have been the damp weather of the last few days or it may have been the happy feeling (Continued on Page Five.)

Lone Observer in Lower Nuuanu

Pride went before the Lone Observer and pretty nearly broke his neck. In this instance, Pride was personified by the Sky Pilot, who is a proud and haughty man, and who insists upon taking the lead at all times.

The two were carrying on investigations of their own among the Chinese tenements around Nuuanu and Beretania and mauka of that. Chinese civilization is three thousand years old, but the Chinese tenements had patriarchal fuzzy beards on their chins when that civilization was in its cradle.

It was on the back porch of a tenement on School street where the Fall occurred. The entire building was of a rather yielding temperament, but the back porch was the most diabolical and deceptive back porch that the Lone Observer ever saw. As is the manner of investigators, that is, some investigators, the two always make a practice of going to the back door of things.

Talking about three thousand years of civilization. There are several Chinese schools in the neighborhood, and the Lone Observer singled out a young student of Confucius who seemed full of oriental subtlety and ancient lore. The Lone Observer has never been able to get rid of this impression of the Chinese, although he has been in the business for a month and a half.

But to revert to the tenements. In their construction, these tenements are similar to others in Honolulu, outside and inside. They are not as dirty as the habitations of that dear Kakaako, neither do they smell in such wise as do the Moiliili camps; likewise they are not as mediocre as a Palama magnified habitable hat-box, because any place where a twenty-stone man goes through the porch has the virtue of extreme antiquity.

Still, the landlord of this particular tenement had some modern ideas. For instance, he had pasted on various places around the building typewritten copies of "notices to tenants," and, as they were written in English, it is presumed that they were quite edifying to the tenants who are written in Chinese. Among the rules is one that dogs must not live in the house.

Those Chinese schools that the Lone Observer spoke about were in full blast yesterday. A Chinese school in full blast plays second fiddle only to a meeting of the Hawaii supervisors. There were two of them glanced into by the investigators. According to oriental ideas, if the coming generation is not making a noise it isn't studying, so, as is well known, they all study out loud. Because this has been written in books, it is not interesting. But wait till you hear 'em. A six-year-old girl has a voice like the voice of an uneasy conscience.

On Kukui street is the Hirano Hotel. The proprietor, when found, was dressed in that same old three thousand years of civilization without frills. After he arrayed himself in more suitable attire, he showed the investigators around the building. The hotel bears an evil reputation in the city, but as that three thousand years of civilization seems to have taken up its abode in this district and as there must be something of evil in all that time, let's leave it to the police department.

There is one thing in the Chinese compounds that is not three thousand years old, but which is just short of nineteen hundred and ten years old. This is the little obscure Chinese mission conducted on Beretania avenue by Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie. If Mrs. McKenzie had not been standing at the back door with a broom in her hands (the day was muddy and a class of sixty had just left), the Lone Observer and the Sky Pilot would have missed the best part of all.

Their work has been going on at this place for a year, earnestly and quietly; the most timid and retiring of the nationalities represented in Hawaii are being brought within the influence of the kindest and the best of hearts. They are themselves living in the same compound with the people they want to reach, not aloof from them in a pretentious missionhouse, but their corner of the house is exquisitely neat and airy; a model for the district and a model that is being emulated. The Lone Observer saw as much.

There is much to see in the civilization of three thousand years, but there is a whole lot more in the People of the Present.

Small Talks

HARRY ARMITAGE—Well, I wasn't on that grand jury, anyway. J. B. WALKER—The soccer season this year is going to be the most closely contested and, I hope, the best attended we have ever had.

JOHN M. MARTIN—They needn't think I have the Y. M. C. A. organ. Theodore Richards knows as much about it as I do.

W. H. CRAWFORD—I am glad that Leal and I got our vindications on the same day from the same jury. It is that kind of encouragement that helps a fellow along in this wicked world.

J. ROBINSON—I can not for the life of me understand why drivers of automobiles and horses inconsiderately stop on the crossing that has just been put in between Wichman's and Whitney & Marsh's stores.

ED. TOWSE—Every time I think of the complaint of one of the grafting San Francisco supervisors, when one of the others squealed, I have to laugh. "Everybody's knocking!" he said, when the game was given away.

CHARLES AKANA—Our clerk, John Wong, of the firm of Tuck & Lok, has been arrested for selling a bottle of malt extract, while other concerns sell it without a license and are immune from arrest. What is the reason?

LORRIN ANDREWS—There is a possibility of the Military Athletic Association taking up basketball during the winter. If a suitable place in which to play can be obtained, I think it probable that a series will be arranged.

CHESTER DOYLE—I did some work for the County of Hawaii and the supervisors wanted to pay me off at the rate of two and a half a day. I suppose they figured my services at what their's is worth. I told them they could keep the money.

R. K. BONINE—I am glad to see that the committee looking into the Leilehua moving picture scheme has decided to instal a dynamo and have electricity for the pictures. At one time they thought of using gas, which is never so satisfactory.

SUPERVISOR JIM QUINN—The supervisors are sore at Jarrett for not bringing his evidence against Leal before their police committee. He had the right to fire Leal if he wanted to, but we should have been told about it and taken into his confidence.

DR. ARMSTRONG SMITH—I found the climate at Bombay was not agreeing with me, and I thought it best to come back to Honolulu and stay awhile before going to the mainland. After going to the Coast I will make up my mind where I will locate.

JOHN EFFINGER—I believe there is a fair chance of Manoa Valley getting ten-minute cars from ten minutes to five until ten minutes to six in the afternoons. Such a service from the Rapid Transit company would be greatly appreciated by the valley patrons.