

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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Keep Within Your Means

Christian Science Monitor.

There is no one at the problem of the high cost of living can readily be solved by following the paths of greater industry and less extravagance. Our wants and desires are too much in excess of our real needs. History shows that the luxuries of one age are likely to become the supposed necessities of the next. The standard living of today was the luxurious living of not very long ago. There is a tendency to try to escape the lumber industries and the result is an advance in prices for the wage services. Following this there is an increase in the cost of necessities. Prices will always rise with the growth of wants and with use of means to gratify them.

A trade journal recently presented a list of things once known as luxuries or superfluities and very sparingly used, on which the people of the United States now spend over \$2,000,000,000 a year. Here are a few of them: European trips, \$17,000,000; railroad pleasure trips and Pullman fares, \$17,000,000; yachts, \$28,000,000; automobiles, \$110,000,000; talking machines, \$16,000,000; imported military, \$15,000,000; candy, \$10,000,000. All necessary food, clothing and other supplies about which complaint of high cost is made are outside the list forcing up the immense sum stated.

Money does not go so far as it used to. Causes are numerous and wide spreading. Of these the average man does not care so much, if he can only find a way to escape their effects. Let him apply to the spending of his in come the same thought that he applied to getting it. First cut off the extravagances. The matter was succinctly put by a Chicago lecturer, who said: "If we are earning only chuck steak salaries, we should not try to put on porthouse style." The large domestic expenditures of Americans have been frequently commented upon. Housewives are not alone to blame. Many men who hold down business expenses permit loose expenditures in domestic operations. The high cost of living can be reduced by omitting the superfluities and exercising more care in buying.

Centenaries of 1910

New York World.

More than a hundred and twenty centennials will occur in 1910 of the birth of persons holding place in major and minor halls of fame. Numerically, therefore, the centennials of the new year will far surpass those of the old. There will be for observance, however, anniversaries scarcely of the importance of those bringing lately to mind the birth and career of a Gladstone, a Tomp son, a Darwin, a Chopin, a Mendelssohn, a Poe and an Oliver Wendell Holmes. The very multiplicity of dates give point to the argument of Frederic Harrison, in the London Times, that dignity would be better served were we to celebrate rather the centennial of a great man's death than that of his birth. Then would he be honored by a generation knowing him only by his works.

Among the hundred-year birthdays of January, that of Jeremiah S. Black, once attorney general and again secretary of state of the United States, may have attracted attention. Willis Graydon Clark and Lewis Clark, two brothers, the one a poet, the other physician and writer, were born March 5, 1810. In March, also, with the exact day disputed, comes the centenary of McClellan, the first American cardinal. April 4 completes the hundred years since the birth of James Freeman Clarke, the famous Unitarian preacher and author, and the centenary date is April 14 for Justin S. Morrill, leader and senator.

Margaret Fuller was born May 23, 1810. William Henry Channing, the eloquent Unitarian, saw the light two days later. The last day of May, a hundred years ago, brought Horatio Seymour into the world, in which as Governor of New York and candidate for the presidency he was to make a shining Democratic mark.

Centenaries of July include, on the 5th, that of the only P. T. Barnum; on the 10th, that of Robert Tombs, a great figure of the Confederacy; August 24 will bring another Unitarian centennial, that of Theodore Parker. President Taft's father, Alphonso, was born October 5, 1810. October 19 will be the one-hundredth anniversary of Cassius M. Clay's birth. November will bring the centenaries of Asa Gray, the botanist, and Lucius Robinson, a former Democratic Governor of New York. A famous name on the hundred-year list of December is that of Ellen Barrett, "the learned blacksmith."

A Sensible Girl

Atchison Globe.

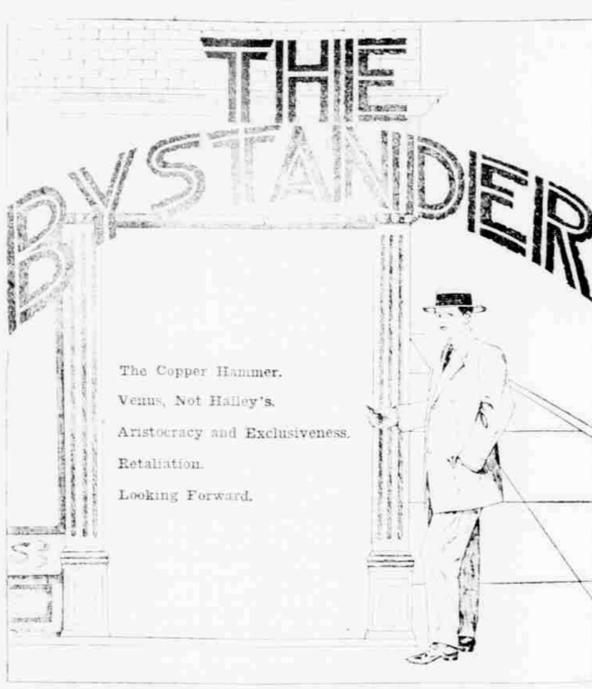
Some space writer called on Miss Alexander, fiancée of Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., and asked why she loved him. She replied: "Well, I guess maybe it's because he's so brilliant. He has such a great future, I'm sure." Her reply was snatched up by all the newspaper paragraphers, and held up to ridicule. What, future, they argued, was there ahead of a man who is leaping carpet weaving, or how is that a field for brilliancy?

Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., started in at the carpet factory at Thompsonville, Connecticut, in the pickers' room, where for ten hours a day he sorted dirty wool, getting \$12 a week, a disagreeable task and poor pay for a young man accustomed to luxury and idleness. But he has never shirked a duty, now gets \$15 a week, works in the factory from 7 a. m. till 6:15 at night, is never idle, never late, has not missed a day, and has worked so hard that in six more months he will have mastered the trade. There is a greater future for a man like this, made promise of brilliancy, than if he were a bowling, long-hair, short pants, football player at college.

Miss Alexander has a long head on her. Any girl who prefers a man who works hard with his own hands, instead of letting his father pay his bills, displays a judgment that entitles her to consider, rather than ridicule, Teddy Roosevelt, Jr., as not only all right, but as the most sensible father, other fathers who want their sons to work hard, that smart leg which the President possessed in bringing up his son in such a way that he wants to work, and express it.

Small Talks

- W. J. COELHO—I expect to be a senator from Maui again.
- JOE COHEN—I rather like the jinks at the words "Senator Cohen."
- MAYOR FERN—I thought that Venus was a white bird flying high.
- CHARLES R. FRAZIER—The sooner this city is freed from squares the better.
- PRESIDENT MOTT SMITH—I haven't any time these days to be Secretary Mott Smith.
- SAM JOHNSON—I am not going to Quarantine Island. I came here on personal business.
- A. R. GURREY, JR.—Let us make Honolulu the city beautiful, without rubbish heaps, slums or billboards.
- JOE COHEN—The issue in the next political campaign will be the immigration question, not the land question.
- LICENSE INSPECTOR FENNEL—I should like to see a movement among the date boys to give up the liquor business.
- SUPERINTENDENT CAMPBELL—The Nuuanu dam is the cheapest dam of its size ever built. Compare it with the Waialua dam.
- JOSEPH J. FERN—The Governor is not the only exception in the Territory who can boast an automobile. Won't you let me take you out to Fern Park?
- W. A. BOWEN—We made one agreement with the liquor people, and they went back on it. How can we break open negotiations with them to discuss compromise or working ease?
- A. R. GURREY, JR.—The slogan in politics this year might well be "The Straight Ticket," meaning all that men who are straight. That is the right interpretation of a "straight ticket."
- FRED MAKINO—If I have to go to jail, all right. I can stand it. It doesn't kill a man to spend two months in jail. When I come out, I suppose I shall be an "ex convict." But I haven't gone to jail yet.



The Copper Hammer.
Venus, Not Halley's.
Aristocracy and Exclusiveness.
Retaliation.
Looking Forward.

Once upon a time a locomotive engineer was on trial in a police court, charged with assault. It appeared from the evidence that in the culmination of a quarrel, he had taken a copper hammer from his tool chest and with it had beaten his opponent over the head to a knock-out. The justice looked puzzled. "Why," he asked, "did you particularly select a copper hammer?" The engineer looked surprised at the ignorance of the bench. "Why," he said, "I didn't want to hurt the man." For a copper hammer, as everybody knows, is used about machinery to tap the fine steel keys and other pieces into place without denting the material.

It may happen sometimes in great moral reforms, in ethical revolutions, in political contests, that some men are so obtuse, others so hopelessly ignorant, and a few others, again, so viciously dangerous, that a sledge hammer of chilled steel is thought necessary for the pounding in of a new idea, or the beating out of the useless brains. If the man is to be prepared for the cotter, a sledge hammer is perhaps as effective as any other implement. But that is rarely the case. Indeed, it might be said to be never the case.

For a man is a very delicate unit in the complex construction of the universe. He is so essential to the perfect condition of things that his place, once made vacant, can be filled only by another man. If he is a vicious man, he may be only a valuable bit of mechanism misplaced. If he is stupid, he may be only a misfit in the wrong slot. If he rattles too much, he may be a man in the right place working loose. What he needs is not destruction, but readjustment. And society needs to be careful with him, lest he be indelibly scarred and badly marred by disfiguring dents in the process of readjustment.

It is frequently necessary to use force in compelling the insurgent member of society to fit into the right place. Use the copper hammer on him. It drives quite as well, and doesn't mar the machine. The worst thing in the world to use on a balky horse is the whip. It has spoiled many good horses. It has rarely made a good one out of a bad one. Just enough of a touch to let him know there is one in the whip socket. The best horsemen use the copper hammer.

The bitterest fights in the world need to be its religious wars. They drenched Christian lands with fraternal blood. Men hold their special creeds just as dearly and as tenaciously as ever. But they no longer beat on each other's shields of bronze and helmets of brass with clanging battle axes of steel. They use the copper hammer so deftly that the unconscious divine, lying on his back in the pained arena, taking the interdenominational count, does not show a dent on the shining bald head which received the theological "wallop," speaking after the manner of sporting men.

Even when a man is sent to the penitentiary, the modern idea is not to maul him with a rod of iron; to drive into his consciousness the sense of his crime by incessant shame and punishment, but rather to make of him a good citizen. His punishment is well deserved. But we use the copper hammer.

We differ in our political views and our policies of statecraft as widely as darkness differs from light. And so long as we are yet imperfect men, with strong prejudices, we will give and take hard blows in every campaign. Let us fight hard, but use the copper hammer, that the head of our fallen foe—if he be one that falls—may not approach the victim with the pathos of many lumps and a multitude of corresponding dents. In our social, religious and political wars let us use the copper hammer, and so bring on the millennium.

When Venus, the star, not the goddess, made her appearance in the midnight sky the other afternoon, my telephone started on a mission which precluded all possibility of work for several hours. "Hello, Advertiser, Halley's comet is up there over your roof. The astronomers say it isn't visible yet? Well, they don't know what they're talking about. Can't I see it?"

After multitudinous repetitions of this I called up my friend Dougherty of the College of Hawaii for information. The genial professor put me off about that time but later in the day he kindly sent me the death warrant of the latest Halley's comet agitation. I found the verse:

It seems that the "Star of Bethlehem" has been transmuted, at his appearance, into Halley's comet; an interesting astro-logical event. As for the astronomer's sad duty, about two-third each period of eighteen months, to designate the public in the belief that the former phenomenon has two tails, so he will not only apply his telescope for the next few days, he must add water upon the endless array of those who have sought the earliest intimation of the comet's return. If those of our people, who are now straining the eyes to catch her glimpse in Venus, are in the glare of the moonlight, they will not go out about five a. m. and look at her in an unobscured sky; they will see a ghastly sight, which will not be so pleasant to find her so painful to view. Although only one woman is believed to die at night as the full moon, the planet is still bright enough to cast a shadow. They will also, at the same time, get a slight glimpse of Jupiter in the west, and appearing as bright, if not brighter, than Venus.

Seen through a telescope, being forty diameters, Venus would now appear as a six-inch, almost like the moon of March 15, and of about the same apparent diameter. Mountains and valleys would not be visible on the planet's surface, however, as they are so small that of the moon, and the casual observer would doubtless say: "That's very beautiful. It looks just like the new moon. But it's TOO SMALL."

Halley's comet, by the way, is on the opposite side of the sun from Venus, 97° now about half past seven, at a point about seven degrees north of west, and is not visible to the naked eye, either by day or by night. J. S. DONAGHY.

Put another fairer's case, says: "It's an ancient saying that when you apply for admittance to the mystic circles they will search you for any hidden money in the three great social centers of America, you are to be in each place to answer a question. In New York the question is 'What are you worth?' In Boston, 'What do you know?' In Philadelphia, 'Who was your grandfather?' Edison's answer was the 100-bolt and six. Please to challenge me, when I am engaged."

But in each case it means that an aristocracy has grown up in that city. In each case it is in the sphere of wealth, in another an aristocracy of mind, in the third an aristocracy of books. And who shall say which is the most desirable. All of the party platforms, declarations of independence and constitutions that were ever drawn up do not reveal the growth of an aristocracy. And should we try to prevent such a growth? I argue that the most democratic of us has a sneaking longing to pass into the general or unfortunated or financial stratum just above his rank. And that very longing is the keynote to abolition.

Healthy pride of family is no more respectable than pride of country. The man who springs from a long line of illustrious ancestors has as much right

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SIDELIGHTS

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, EASTER SUNDAY, AND THE JAPS.

Before another seven days shall have passed, the memory of good old Saint Patrick will have been fittingly observed. Names will have been vigorously anglicanized, and Irish potatoes in all directions, and the victory of Ireland in getting hold, and from symphonious with the race, it is something they will keep on holding, and the balance of power in the recent English elections will have been eloquently proclaimed. We may expect the display of the green and of "clubs," called the shamrock, Tom McElighe, Laidie, and Colonel McCarthy's oratory. Sam Gallagher will have rightfully claimed that another year's unimpaired health has made him look younger because he was born in the Emerald Isle. The gentleman, who so ably handled the boxing bouts for the fleet when here, will have been in evidence, admitting that his surname was Ryan, and insisting that the other part of it was "Paddy." The patriotic societies will have had the annual, national quarrel, without which no celebration of this nature would be complete.

I believe it was Gail Hamilton, one of the greatest of us, who wrote that when an Irishman saw a head he wanted to hit it. Bearing this trait in mind, I should like very much, in order to assist in the seventeenth of March observance, to introduce on that day some of the Galls to a Japanese store-keeper I saw the other day. In the interest of peace, however, I shall not specify the street and number of the emporium owned by him, generalizing its location by saying it was second-hand and in an obscure part of our provincial metropolis. Amongst the junk piled up—bedsteads and mattresses—buckets and brass taneets, brooms and baskets, my son discovered some literature. And there, to be sold by a Jap, a few days before St. Patrick's Day, for a mere pittance, marked down in the inventory as practically worthless, ranked by weight as less in value than charcoal, half a dozen volumes of Irish Melodies by Thomas Moore, published in Dublin in 1810, were found. The music and the words were there, as was likewise the announcement that the price of each volume, when originally published, was fifteen shillings. One of them, and that one my boy bought for two-bits with a bag of peanuts,—not second-hand,—thrown in, contained a list of subscribers to the edition. The directory showed no Japs; and just how this edition arrived here I know not.

It may be that the Jap thought the whole thing was a forgery because the musical seals of the melodies could not be read by him, and therefore decided to dispose of the volumes at a low rate. Just the same, were I he, I should look them up and keep them out of sight next Thursday. He might get an extravagant price for them,—but it would probably all be paid into the police court.

For Tom Moore was a poet who was Irish; a poet whose songs and melodies will ever charm, and never grow old; a poet whose works should never be seen, particularly on March 17, on the counter of a Japanese pawnbroking establishment.

Tom Moore's was not the only literature which the miscellaneous collection afforded. For, when upon the approach of Easter, did I find a splendid edition of the greatest of all books, the Holy Bible, offered for sale. It was an Oxford King James, authorized, volume, handsomely bound, with a concordance, index and other helps to a proper understanding of the text, which could not be purchased at the leading bookstores for less than a five-dollar gold piece. It leaned lovingly in a bookcase against a Honolulu 1906 directory, the latter much disheveled and worn. The price of each was one dollar, but strenuous efforts on my part to reduce the high cost of living could not bring the price of the Holy Writ to less than seventy-five cents, while that of the list of residents of Honolulu four years ago remained the same.

And lo, and behold, when I produced the six bits, and carried off my religious acquisition, did I discover some things in it, not of divine inspiration, which conspired me for being compelled to forego one or two luxuries which might otherwise have been purchased. For the book had passed into my hands,—or rather into my husband's for on my arrival home he promptly took possession of it,—through a series of transfers which made it, he said, of great value. Written on the flyleaf was a statement, which from its source I know to be true, that the Central Union Church of Honolulu, highly appreciating the fact that a Hawaiian, naming him, had repented of his numerous sins and affiliated in proper form, took great pleasure in presenting the book to the reformer it questioned. In witness thereof Reverend Kineaid, in March, 1904, set his hand and seal. A paper hidden away in Proverbs appeared to indicate that the book passed from the hands of the convert into those of another Hawaiian. Later ensigned in Revelations, was a memorandum which also indicated,—although the pages themselves did not,—that a native of Portugal had become a reader.

The record of the book may be beaten, but I doubt it. It was manufactured by a Bible Society, sold to an Orthodox Church, presented to a Hawaiian, passed on to another one, transferred to one of the Latin race, and finally located, unread and unrespected, in the back part of a Japanese second-hand store, with a trading value set on it.

If the Advertiser does not believe me, and will lend me its camera, I will have a photograph of the flyleaf and the store made for use. Not the least interesting part of the history of the books referred to would be the photograph of the store, for it would show a joint where never would be expected to be found either poetry or religion.

And Longfellow and an old Scottish atlas are still there, and if I can scrape up enough money,—it does not take much,—I am going to get them next week.

NEWSPAPER MEN.

According to the wisdom of the sterner ones, our sex is fields. Sometimes weather predictions fail. Even politicians have been known to change their faith and pay little or no attention to principles both eloquently and violently enunciated by them. But I will back the press people of Honolulu along this line against us,—against the kiosk and against the politicians. Not only does my contention along this line go to principles, but to abstinence. As to the principle part of the claim, all must agree, since the Star switches almost daily on the prohibition question. The Advertiser twice a day on the efficiency of the police department, and the Bulletin as often as space will permit on any old question save that of ship subsidy and constabulary suspension.

As to the abstinence part, the search of the records will also bear out what I have to say. Matheson, editor of The Advertiser, and the successor of Walter G. Smith and Taylor Martin of Bystander fame, was the Governor's office for quite a while, his appointment admirably having been made on account of his press agent ability. He deserted his post, it is said, because the task was such as to lead his physician to advise him that nervous prostration would immediately ensue unless a change in occupation occurred. He wisely abandoned the post of public secretary, and accepted the more lucrative, less responsible and more pleasant position of instructing the Territory of Hawaii and the mainland as to what should be done.

Nestor Don Logan, Supervisor, Don Logan, white-robed Don Logan, has worked on every paper in Honolulu since the one conducted by Anne Marie Prescott; and I am not sure but that he is at the present time considering an offer made by her. Formerly, according to Don, exclusive news of great interest was always given by the Bulletin. Later the Advertiser had a monopoly on scraps, if he was to be believed. Now, the following—Atherton—Wadey—Star is the only publication which you should search for news and ideas.

Erwin, now of The Advertiser, deserted the Bulletin and encountered a Nemesis in the shape of an article in a married magazine by means of which he endeavored to give out his meager pittance.

Thayer (not he of legal and literary fame, but meanwhile city editor of the Bulletin) quit his job to help out immigration or prohibition. I have forgotten which. It is understood, however, that he is starting back to assume the active management of the Paradise of the Pacific.

George Henshall, as near as I can recollect, it tried all of the papers and also tried this. After his city editorship on The Advertiser shall have grown fit to him, I would not be at all surprised should he enter into a contract with Editor Striba for the management of an English edition of the Hawaii Shimp.

Spotting Editor Ayres sporadically starts the publication of a weekly newspaper, periodically resigns as sporting editor of The Advertiser, and then turns up appearing as a press agent for the smoking pasture show and Pattie's Horse Races.

Perhaps we are fields. Perhaps fashions in literature grow change with it without other rhyme or reason. Perhaps a scholastic bankruptcy filed by any one of us would not have marked down as an asset the jewel of consistency. But the newspaper men certainly reside in glass houses, and should be very careful about casting stones.

I should very much like to see the editor, since newspaper men are the most sensitive creatures inside of their failings are concerned, on the face of the earth. I shall try it myself, however.

SAM AND HIS COUNTRYMEN

I should like to understand the Russian language, in order that I might be

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