

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

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SUGAR CORPORATIONS SUPPORTING HOMESTEADS.

A significant and far-reaching move was made last week when Alexander & Baldwin and Hawaiian Plantation subscribed for stock in the Ka-oa Fruit and Land Company, the corporation which has been supporting and aiding the colonization of the homesteads at Ka-oa, on the Island of Kauai. The subscribing corporations are engaged in the sugar business, and by the action in question have indicated that financing and promoting homesteads upon the public lands is part of the sugar business and within their corporate powers and part of their corporate policy. It was one of the most significant steps ever taken by a business house in this Territory, and can not but have far-reaching results. It is understood that the step was not taken until after the matter had been most carefully canvassed and considered personally by H. P. Baldwin, the president of both the subscribing corporations, and J. P. Cooke, the manager of Alexander & Baldwin. This is a step in advance, and in the right direction, to liberally and intelligently taken, and is in accord with the intelligent wish and approval not only of the citizens of this Territory, but also of the Federal authorities at Washington.

Twenty years ago barracks were the principal homes for labor on the plantations, but during the past ten years thousands of cottages have been built by plantations, and barracks are fast disappearing. This new step, taken as a matter of business, recognizes that the natural desire of labor is not only to be comfortably housed, but to be comfortably housed on its own land.

The Kauai homesteaders are under no obligation, express or implied, to work on any plantation. Their homes are connected up by a public railroad with Pearl and Harbor, which, in turn, has direct connection with the Coast. Most of the labor depended on the land works for the McFryde Plantation. Makaweli Plantation did not subscribe with any view of securing this labor for its own plantation. It could have competed for it, just as well without the stock. The whole theory of the subscription is evidently based upon the proposition that fixed and settled communities in the vicinity of plantations, whether directly working for them or not, have an insurance value against strikes and labor excess of various kinds. This contention is well founded, as demonstrated by the history part played by the so-called "strike-breakers" in the great Japanese strike of last year, though, as a matter of fact, when that strike was precipitated a large majority in this community not only remained on the plantation, but many intelligent people expressly declared that nothing was to be hoped for from the labor in question, and, as a matter of fact, the allies of that labor at the time was a matter of universal surprise.

It is well known that Governor Frear has taken the stand that home-steading should be aided, supervised, promoted and established through the plantations, and as a part of their routine business essential to permanent success. Many plantation companies have apparently been loth to take this view of their obligations and of their business interests, and it is a matter of congratulation that this forward step has now been taken and by business men who command vast resources and have piloted so many enterprises of one kind and another to success. The move in question means much for Hawaii.

HONEST OPINIONS.

In this issue, under the heading "Shall We Burn the Barn to Kill the Rats," is a communication regarding the prohibition question, the candid opinion of one man who is traveling on the Island of Hawaii with his eyes and his ears open. His is a stinging opinion of the situation as he finds it on that island written from an independent standpoint.

While the Advertiser may not agree in some of the conclusions arrived at, this paper gladly gives space to the communication. There is plenty of room in the prohibition matter for variety of honest opinion. There are many today facing the situation squarely, as our correspondent does, investigating, questioning, learning. This is where the present campaign will benefit this community, whether the result is a prohibitory law or not. An honest investigation of existing conditions is all that prohibitionists ask of the voters.

German Merchantmen and Ours.

Christian Science Monitor.

Our former ambassador to Russia, John W. Riddle, is back from an extended tour of South America. "I stopped in Buenos Ayres twelve days," he says, "and in that time I saw five or six first-class steamships leaving for Europe, and not a single one for the United States." Mr. Riddle found that the South Americans were fond of travel. Swarms of them visit Europe annually. "The travel to Europe is big," says Mr. Riddle, "because people find Paris attractive, and the travelers from down there prefer to remain in Europe to taking a second voyage in order to get to the United States in a big steamship."

That is, the South Americans do not know us because it is so difficult to get near us. Sailing for New York or Boston by way of Hamburg, Havre or Liverpool is rather expensive, besides being a slow process. Big ships between our ports and South American ports can not be made to pay until trade between the Latin American republics and this country can be built up. Therefore, if we are to have a proper steamship service with South America we must help pay the bill. But this would mean "subsidy," and against "subsidy" there is the most strenuous and bitter and inexplicable opposition in this country.

On April 14 the Hamburg American line announced that the company had ten steamships in the port of New York with combined tonnage of 98,000. All the company's available docking space was filled. German steamers may be found in every port in the world. They are particularly familiar to tourists in South America. Germany subsidizes its merchant marine. Its merchant marine is everywhere in evidence. We do not subsidize our merchant marine. Our merchant marine is everywhere practically invisible. The anti-subsidy people have a thousand reasons to offer in explanation of this, but the reasons they offer do not give to the Stars and Stripes the place it ought to have in the world's commerce.

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now? Mackintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singing; and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.—Musical America.

Mr. Bighart—Wiggins, old boy, we have raised \$50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want something that will make a show for the money—something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something? Wiggins—Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and boil it.—Men and Women.

THE WAY

P. Maurice McMahon.

You must pass through the Valley of Sorrow,

For there is the Pathway of Life;

You must eat of the fruit that is bitter,

As you not obtain the pleasure and strife;

You must learn to be brave and forgiving,

You must learn to pity through pain,

And through tears you must find the Beauty

Your suffering Soul would gain.

You must wander in doubt and in darkness

Through strange, inhospitable lands,

Where those you love will not pay you,

And hammers and the saws ready;

But the things you love will aid you,

As slowly you grope your way

Through life after life, 'midst the shadows,

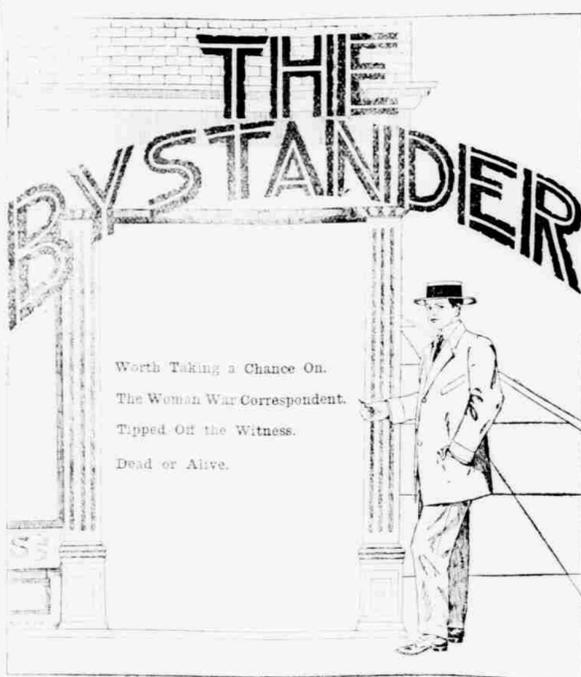
Toward the glimmering light of Day.

Then Dawn, in its sweetness and glory,

Then Peace in a measure divine,

Then the Love long deferred and the beauty

It brings will forever be thine.



Worth Taking a Chance On.
The Woman War Correspondent.
Tipped-Off the Witness.
Dead or Alive.

Those who are investigating the pros and cons of prohibition do not have to go abroad for facts upon which to base opinions.

The police court records are open for inspection and the police court may be visited every morning in the week except Sunday. There are facts to be learned from the records and in the court.

The records of the divorce court in the various circuits are open for inspection. There are facts to be learned from them.

A few profitable hours may be spent in Kakaako, in Palama, in Iwilei, and in some other sections of the city. There are facts to be learned there.

Look around. What is the first step taken in the ruin of a girl? Get her to take a drink. How do many young men lose their positions? Through drink. I know this and every one knows it. Both statements are facts. There is plenty of proof in Honolulu.

Hiding in the hills of this island is Grass, a murderer. He committed his crime when he was drunk.

Lying in a cell on the Reef is Wynne, a murderer, waiting to go on the gallows. He committed his crime when he was drunk.

Every man who drinks does not beat his wife, but very few who do beat their wives are sober at the time. Every man who takes a friendly glass does not land in the police station, but the majority of those who do land there reach the station drunk.

Isn't it worth while to try prohibition and take a chance on the blind pigs? We know what the saloon can do; I am for seeing if by any chance any other condition than the present can be any worse. I know it may be better.

Army officers stationed in Honolulu, in deference to their oaths to support the Constitution and defend the Nation, have practical lessons constantly before them of what constitutes respect for the Flag. The regulations and all their relations as officers to the soldiers and garrison life in general have to do with the Flag. When the sun rises and the Flag is raised to the peak of the garrison flagstaff, they salute the emblem. When the Flag is lowered at sunset, while the saluting gun belches forth a salute and the bugles blow out the inspiring notes of the retreat, the officers and soldiers are drawn up at attention.

Throughout the garrison the proper respect for the national ensign is paid, but civilians who visit the posts are rather lax in their duty toward the Flag. At Fort Shafter, autos make a habit of motoring through the grounds. The army people are pleased that they have visitors, for the post has been beautified until it is now one of the show places of Honolulu, and its drives are perfect. But the army people are annoyed when, during a flag ceremony, autos chug through the grounds without stopping, while the occupants fail to take note of and participate in the ceremony taking place.

A short time ago the commandant posted a sentry on one of the drives, and, just when the Flag was being lowered, the sentry stopped all machines and called attention to the ceremony. The motors came to a stop and the occupants, being then in Rome, did as the Romans did.

"In time of peace, prepare for war," seems the natural and proper slogan of those in military authority, for recently a code for the control of newspaper correspondents in future wars has been engaging the attention of the chief of staff at the war department at Washington. Just when a suitable plan seemed about framed, that would limit and hold the hardworking and poorly appreciated newspaper "pennsman," another and very important feature presents itself, in the form of a woman war correspondent.

According to the resurrection of private correspondence and a few official references of some of the commanding generals of the Civil War of the United States, mention is oftentimes made in inopportune terms of the continued presence in military camps or on the firing lines of brave, earnest men, who solely endeavor to obtain the facts of the situation and give it to the waiting multitude of the outside world—as they see the forces and judge of the results from facts and figures as presented—through the newspapers of the country. The present plan is to place and to have under sufficient military or naval discipline the war correspondents attached to any engagement or proposed military maneuver. When all seems about settled along a main line, the presence of a woman war correspondent appears on the scene of action. Leslie's Weekly has recently set the pace by sending a woman journalist to report the war between the Spanish and the Moors. Interesting letters are being received from within the Spanish lines from her. Consequently the female war correspondent will have to be reckoned with as well as the male war correspondent in the wars of the future.

The decline and fall of Rome was as nothing alongside the fall of a pencil and the subsequent decline of brother Lightfoot's case in one of the courts recently, for it was the fall of a simple lead pencil which caused the case of his client to be lost. Brother Lightfoot's case was progressing favorably until a witness for the prosecution went upon the stand. The witness said he watched a game of chance going on for a minute. He was asked if he could tell just how long a minute really was. He believed he could. Brother Lightfoot said he would count the time off on his watch while the witness remained mute, and when he considered a minute had passed to announce the fact. The witness became dumb. Lightfoot watched the second hand on his watch travel around. The hand sped along to forty-five to fifty—and he began to wonder at the witness' exact familiarity with the speeding of time—fifty-five, sixty—when the witness broke the spell. It was done just to the dot. Lightfoot's case was lost from that minute. Afterward he learned that a friend of the witness, sitting in court, had raised a pencil and then counted on his own watch, and as the minute passed the pencil fell, and the witness announced that a minute had passed.

The offer of \$500 for the capture of Anderson Grace is arousing ambition in many modest bosoms, and it would be surprising to know how many ordinarily peaceful and peaceable citizens are prowling about in dark corners of nights hoping to pick up that black bundle that is valued at five hundred bucks. Mangel, the messenger of the local Federal department, nearly caught Grace and collared the five hundred a few nights ago.

When High Sheriff Henry's offer for the return of his escaped pet was honored to \$500, Mangel armed himself with a piece of artillery that looked like an ancient blindness and called forth into the darkness to investigate a likely looking place of which he knew. When he reached the neighborhood, he lay down on his stomach and started to crawl softly through the bushes, taking his chances of being bitten by a centipede.

Suddenly he stopped short and held his breath. But as he couldn't do that forever, he bravely drew his small cannon, rose to his feet, and charged. At last he had landed his man.

Remembering the admonition, "Dead or Alive," he was on the point of shooting to make sure of his game, when suddenly his arm fell and he heaved a sigh of disgust. Reaching peacefully before him, under the glare of an electric light, lay seven stalwart policemen. They, too, were out after Grace.

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SIDELIGHTS

SEX WITH THE ORIENTALS.

The Chinese are a good lot of people, and if the Russian Iwilei contingent might with convenient expedition, and necessity economy be dropped into the briny deep, and a few of the Celestials brought here to take their places, the neighborhood of the jail would look better and not be so odorous. Take them all the way through, and they are a pretty good sort. Eliminate gambling and dealing in opium and one or two other petty offenses, and their percentage in the census column headed "crimes" would show them to be very much afraid of Wm. Henry's hospitality. But they have a fault—for that matter what individual or people has not? Perhaps you have noticed the one to which I am going to make reference, perhaps not. It certainly is one which should be denounced by every woman with the slightest amount of pride in her make-up,—and humility and meekness seldom find their abiding place in her sex.

Has the stork made a recent visit to the home of your Chinese laundryman? Ask him. If he replies that the Roosevelt bird has called on him, you need make no inquiry whatsoever as to the sex of the little stranger the anti-race suicide fowl left, provided you are observing. Should his affirmative answer be accompanied by a broad smile, like unto that of Supervisor Quinn if you address him as Mayor, you may be sure it is a boy.

If the answer be curt and monosyllabic, and adorned with a frown like unto that worn by a Russian when work is suggested, equally sure may you be that it's a girl.

For the Chinese have a great desire for male offspring, and no hankering whatever for female. The birth of the former is announced in the newspapers, and paraded before friends, and communicated to China, and celebrated with fireworks and strong anti-Woolley waters, and written in the family archives on the credit pages thereof. Joy reigns, and the high price of opium, and the cruelties of the exclusion act, and the vigilance of the police in ferreting out a five-cent domino game, and the Imperial edict concerning the emancipation of queens, and pilikias of every nature, are forgotten. A son and heir hath arrived. What else matters?

But, when a tiny, cute little maiden arrives on the scene, all is different. While the debut is not exactly treated as a disgrace to her parents, yet the welcome afforded her is about as cordial as that given by brokers' row to a cable announcing a married drop in the price of refined sugar. The fire-crackers are put away, and preserved for some more auspicious occasion. Invitations to shanks'-fin feasts are no longer thought of. Letters to China have a censor on domestic questions. Not gloom, perhaps, but certainly indifference prevails.

Ask your Chinese acquaintance how many children he has. His reply will depend altogether on the number of boys. The girls don't count. If you be suspicious, press him farther, and, while perhaps he will not directly prevaricate, he will be as non-committal even as Governor Frear on a field day. It must not be inferred that the Chinaman does not look after the youngster. She will be nursed and nurtured with as much care and attention as that afforded the infant children of our inferior race. Her mother nurses her. For her colic, oriental medicines guaranteed to cure and to comply with the pure food act, are carefully provided. Pantalettes, manufactured after a style prescribed by a Chinese publication which would make the Butterick people jealous, are in evidence. No neglect whatever can be detected. And as the girl grows, the care displayed does not diminish. Her wardrobe, her education, her matrimonial prospects are all considered, and all administered unto. All parental duties are duly and regularly and properly performed. But she is not a boy; and the fulfillment of the duties referred to is of a racial and religious nature, rather than one prompted by love and affection.

The Japs are a trifle different. Children of any kind,—male or female,—large or small,—healthy or anaemic,—well or ill featured, good, bad or indifferent,—all are welcomed when ushered into this vale of tears. Perhaps no celebration takes place, and perhaps the occasion is not treated as one out of the ordinary, but just the same, the stork's tour is considered as a blessing. Sometime, when you are looking about for a Kimono to send as a Christmas present to some Eastern friend, or to wear yourself when you go out on the lawn in the morning to get the paper for the perusal of your husband without shocking the ideas of your neighbors concerning decency, visit a Jap store. If the salesman in charge knows enough English to enlighten you, information will be handed out to the effect that the eagle and the turkey may be American birds, but that the stork is the national Japanese fowl. And the Kimono shown you if fashionable, will be a stork decorated Kimono. If a six-bit one, the stork will be there. If a twenty-yen one, the stork will be there. If suited for a middle class individual the stork will be there. Hand-painted, or machine-printed, or impressed in ways you may not understand, will be seen on the Kimono the figures of the stork.

As for the Koreans and the Hindus, I do not believe a fair proportion of them know, and I do believe a large proportion care not, for the sex of their progeny. Like unto the patriarchs of old, matters of more importance engross their attention, and close track of children is not kept.

FAMILY RECORDS.

In the good old Puritan days when it was officially declared to be a sin, likewise an offense punishable by confinement in the stocks, should your husband be discovered kissing you on the Sabbath day, there was always located on the parlor table a family Bible. The capital "B" used to initial the book was a particularly big one, and never under any circumstances omitted.

Between the Old Testament—the grandest piece of literature ever penned if only by reason of its eloquent simplicity; and the New Testament—containing precepts and teachings which if followed would go far toward making better women and men of us and as a necessary result, a better world of this old planet of ours, were to be found several blank leaves. "Births," in old-fashioned German type, headed one of them, and "Marriages, another, and "Deaths," a third. And even as in the type was written the genealogy of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and a host of others of glorious memory, so was written in ink on these blank pages the family history of the owner of the particular edition of the divine writ.

But the Japs have no Bible, and no division of their religious volume which permits of the insertion of the family history. They are therefore compelled to resort to other methods of preserving for posterity the date of their birth, marriage, divorce, etc. And in lieu of the Bible, admitted, they have a "family record," also establishing in court all that is written in it.

And the Jap prizes the record even as the Puritan prized his book. His right to take unto himself a new wife is certified to in the paper. His right to his name is certified to in the paper. His seniority over his brethren is certified to in the paper. As children are born unto his wife, the paper is sent back to the proper official, and the fact that they are so born is certified to in that paper.

Just one of the queer habits of the Orientals, perhaps not worth mentioning, but existent. Should you get curious about the age or previous condition of matrimonial servitude, or size of family, or parentage of your Jap servant, look up his quarters, and you will be sure to find an official record concerning the same. Attached thereto will be a seal which establishes the contents as authentic.

If your help is good and economical, pass up the search, and retain your serenity. It might be that disclosures afforded by the record would disturb your conscience unless a report to the authorities was made.

DIVERSIFIED GOVERNMENT.

The beauties and the glories and the benefits of a diversified, if not to say complex, form of government have been well illustrated by our negro friend, Anderson Grace. It may not be said that he escaped for the express purpose of demonstrating to his fellow voters that government by commission would be a mighty good thing. But he went for a drink of water, and absent-mindedly forgot to return, with the result that the lesson was unintentionally taught.

The Territory of Hawaii wants him, and would treat him even as the prodigal son was treated on his return from his joy banquets and blowouts and consequent swine-herding. For, am I told, they get four-bits a day for feeding him, when the actual cost is less than one-half thereof, and the term on work incident to repair of the roads. And the Territory, in addition to losing money and a husky laborer, likewise loses caste, for it will be said that the officials cannot keep hold of and retain a man with a countenance as plainly marked as some of Inspector Pennell's money, used in purchasing liquor by informers from blind pigs.

Marshal Hendry (not Henry), wants Grace, representing as he does the

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