# THE ADVENTURES OF JOSHER BLUFFEM

## The Man Who Would Be Mayor

Kipling wrote a story once about a man who would be king. The man was red-headed and red-bearded and of Irish extraction, and I might mention incidentally that in the end he lost his head and it was carried around in a sack by his devoted friend and accomplice.

If Kipling had ever lived in Honolulu long enough to acquire a liking for the hula and a taste for poi, and had had opportunity to meet some of our prominent citizens who at the present moment are posing gracefully in the limelight, he would probably have called his story "The Man Who Would Be Mayor." I do not mean to insinuate by that, however, that the Irish subject of my most recent investigations is liable to lose his head, for he is at present considerably attached to that article of furniture and hopes to have use for it later on in trying to outline unruly supervisors.

He was standing on the corner of King and Fort streets when I first saw him. He was gazing wistfully over at the imposing pile of the City Hall, wondering what he could possibly see there that was worth looking at, I approached him carefully and accosted him.

"Do you own that building," I asked, "or are you just watching to see the municipal wheels go round?"

"I don't own it yet," he replied, "but I'm going to next fall, and you bet—you—last goiswizzled bean on earth. You just watch my smoke, drat your bejiggered eyeballs, and you'll see the most goshbedeuced, conblankedest ructions of a ruction that ever broke loose in this dashfounded village."

"The deuce you say!" I said in mock astonishment.

"I did not," he snorted. "And let me tell you right now, young man, that I don't approve of such language. I haven't any blanked use for a double-blanked son of a darned horsethief that uses profanity. And if you want to talk to me, you've got to be a blasphemer of a sight more blanked respectful, dumswizzle you."

I hastily apologized for having offended him and promised never again to use any expletive more emphatic than "sugar."

"You may say 'fudge' on special occasions," he said, "but don't do it too often."

I thanked him for the suggestion.

"May I ask your name?" I said.

"You may," he replied obligingly.

I did.

"It's none of your dodgasted business," he exploded. "But since you're so dishotted inquisitive, I'll tell you to satisfy your triple-blanked curiosity that I'm Jack Lucas and there ain't any more at home like me, either."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lucas," I said, extending my hand.

"The pleasure is all yours," he snorted. "You're not a voter, are you?"

I had to confess that on account of my youth, I had not yet acquired the good privilege of casting a ballot for the upholding of the palladium of our liberties.

"I don't know what the tarnation blazes you're talking about," he growled, "and I don't care a rip. If you can't vote, why the dickens don't you go to work? I can't waste my time talking to you. I'm busy running for mayor."

"You don't look like a politician," I remarked. "You look more like a deacon."

Panini Jack blushed and looked pleased. "I'm not a politician," he said in a pleasanter tone of voice. "I'm a statesman. Just you wait until I'm mayor of this doggoned town if you want to see some of the dogtrottedest statecrafting that ever happened.

"Johnnie Lane and Charlie Hustace think they've a look-in, but neither one of them has any more chance than a snowball in—in—well, in the desert of Sahara. But I'm willing to give them a chance, just to show them that I'm the hottest blooming sport that ever came over the pike. I'll shake them both for the job,—one throw, razzledazzle, horses or any other old thing. Or I'll flip a dollar with the two of them, odd man to win and the others to stay out. Can you beat that?"

I suppose I must have looked a little doubtful, for he got red in the face and looked threatening.

"Just to show you that I'm a dead game sport," he said defiantly, "I'll match you for the drinks—ice-cream soda, of course, for I'm a prohibitionist and don't approve of booze."

"I never gamble," I said reprovingly.

"Well, Goshallhemlock," he yelled. "Wouldn't that blister the hair off your grandmother's lap dog! He never gambles! Well, I'll be teetotally golswizzled."

"I thought," I remarked for the sake of changing the subject, "that Jim Quinn was going to be mayor."

"Jim Quinn!" roared Lucas. "Jim Quinn! Say, he's a selling-plater. He's never even paid his entrance fee. Jim Quinn run? Say, he might run an automobile or he might walk, but he wouldn't have any more show in this race for mayor than a one-legged man in a marathon. I can run circles around him any old day in the goshblinked week. Huh!

"Say, son, you want to watch me when I get into action if you want to see some of the goljiggeredest running ever pulled off in this blamed neck of the woods. Run for mayor? Say, did you ever see a dodgasted jackrabbit run when a bejiggled coyote got after it? Well, if I were pacing that glamgoggled rabbit, he'd die of heart failure before he'd been going two minutes. Run? Why, I'd make a streak of greased lightning look like a frozen icicle. Run for mayor? Say, what's the use talking? This ain't going to be a race; it'll be just an exhibition with me the only real performer. All others are mere imitations. Be sure the name 'Panini' is on the package. There are no others just as good."

"And, say, son, when I'm mayor what I'll do to that blimblasted board of supervisors won't be a thing. They'll think somebody hit them with half a brick in the toe of a stocking. I'm going to show this garblizzled community how a city ought to be run. I'm not going to have any wet nurse sitting at my elbow, either, to tell me how to put a bashwiggled motion and when to change my shoes. There's going to be just one head to this bumswiggled municipality and I'm going to be it."

Panini Jack ceased talking, and I saw that the interview was at an end. As I walked away, I looked back and saw him once more gazing wistfully across to where the wheels of government go round.

## SIDELIGHTS.

(Continued from Page Four.)

tory association and an aquarium corporation, and several other bands whose sole object in life is to see to it that all problems are solved according to rule.

And last and least comes poor old Uncle Sam. He is less powerful than the planters; he is not so resplendent as the county; his whiskers are not so luxuriant as those of Brigham; his importance fades into insignificance along side that of the Territory. The minor concerns to which reference has been made outrank him in every way. But within the Hawaiian Islands scientific he is. He experiments with coffee and he experiments with cotton. In a short time it is to be hoped he will experiment with irrigation. He experiments with leprosy, and has possessed himself of a mile square and forty lepers. He has a Kiosk with which he experiments with temperature, winds, rainfall and barometers. It is intimated further that he has a tract of water in which submarine boats and torpedoes and other apparatus calculated to produce universal peace are experimented with. He has batteries constructed according to the most approved ideas, and everything is done on scientific plans, duly and regularly approved and sanctioned by well paid scientists.

And if you remain ignorant within this Territory, it is your own fault.

## THE BYSTANDER

(Continued from Page Four.)

Holley couldn't bring about a state of mind in which could be advanced the idea that the cheapness of living means the ruination of the country. So seriously has the loco-get in its work that the Calf, on its daily feed run between the Stangenwald Building and the Brewery, has turned aside to weep over the fate of the small farmer and do other astonishing capers. To think that any small farmer will be ruined by being able to buy necessities with little money is too much for it, while the idea of some of the Japanese gamblers and customers of the federal grand jury having to move out of their "stores" and go to work is enough to break that great heart that throbs at the very idea of the anguish contained in the full dinner pail, when it isn't full of beer.

If locoweed is not the root of the present ailment of the Calf, what is? Can it be the root of all evil?

I think the case calls for treatment. Let Doctors Norgaard and Ayres be summoned into consultation.


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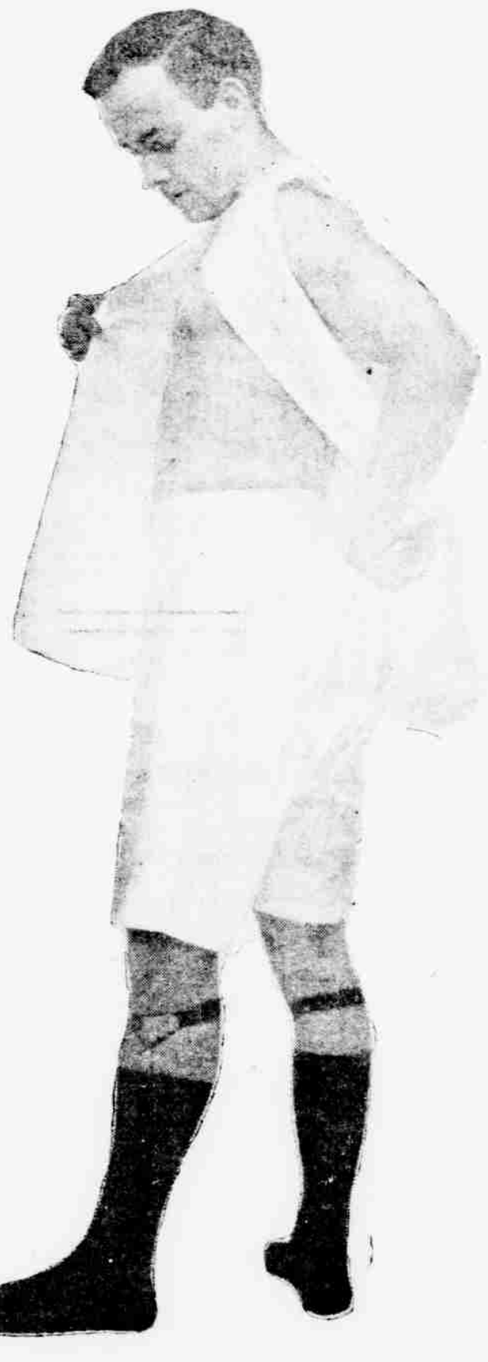

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## KANIHO TALKS AT AALA PARK

(Continued from Page One.)

Kaniho began by announcing that he was a Home Ruler still, and in his first few sentences he gave what was really the whole of his speech of explanation of why he supports McCandless. "The Home Rulers are all right," he said, "but they never get their candidate elected. I am for McCandless, but don't think I am a Democrat. I am still a Home Ruler.

"If McCandless fails to be elected this time, Frank Harvey is the man to be the next candidate."

Kaniho said that McCandless would get congress to pass a law preventing bringing in people from the outside to work on the forts here, and leaving all the work on forts to the Hawaiians. He praised Harvey for the latter's work in the legislature, referring to the leprosy bill. Returning to McCandless, he said he was for him because McCandless had always done his duty. McCandless had once been a Republican, but had left the Republican party because the party lied.

### Kaniho Explains.

Kaniho said he wanted to make himself clear on every point, and took two hours and a half to do it in, shutting out the landlocked one altogether. Kaniho reiterated the fact that he was still a Home Ruler so often that people began to believe him, and then he had to hasten to explain why he was supporting McCandless. Notley had better stay at home and save his money; he had supported him three times, and what was the use of supporting a man nobody would vote for?

Then he analyzed Prince Cupid. He called attention to government lands on Punchbowl leased by the Kapiolani estate, the people living thereon being forced to work a certain number of days for the Prince, according to old custom. When he first inquired, said Kaniho, they had to work one day a month, the second year they had to work two days, the third three days, and now they had to work four days a month. Three families had been kicked off because they didn't work their rent out. That, Kaniho explained, was the way Cupid worked for his race.

### The Why of Cupid.

Then, again, if Cupid was as powerful as they said he was in Washington, why didn't he get the claims of his own want through congress? If he couldn't do that much, could he be expected to do anything else? Poppycock! And besides that, Cupid hardly ever stayed in Washington, but had another man there to do the work while he (Cupid) took all the glory. And then McCandless had to stay in Washington and see that the work was done. (Cheers.)

After Kaniho said this, he said it over again.

Following his explanation of the extent of Cupid, he took up the leper question more thoroughly and thanked Frank Harvey from the bottom of his soul that he had introduced a resolution in the legislature that permitted the release of his own people, his own blood. (Tears.)

Then he took up prohibition. He said he was in favor of it. He used all the finesse of the orator and when he got through with it he said he wasn't in favor of it—as it existed at present. Why should a law be passed that permitted the rich to import liquor and held the poor man up, etc., etc? And anyhow, it wasn't prohibition that the Hawaiian needed, it was more food. From this it was but a step to the immigration question. The Republicans were responsible for the immigration bill, were responsible for the importation of Russians that took away from the Hawaiians their jobs as stevedores, all that they had left.

### Liquor Not to Blame.

Was the Hawaiian dying off on account of liquor? Nonsense. (Cheers.) He was dying off because he was a poor man. (Applause.) The doctors didn't care whether he died or not—he didn't have any money and they gave him ineffectual cures, charged him three dollars and waited for him to come back again. When his money was all gone the doctor gave him a medicine that settled him quick.

He hauled Kamoa and Desha (who was an interested spectator) over the coals in great style. The latter he roasted because in his paper he said that the haoles did not care a continental about the Hawaiians. Not so. Look at Link McCandless!

Kamoa tried to dispute with him and Kaniho erupted on the spot. Kamoa was utterly squelched, extinguished and ultimately evaporated from the scene, leaving Desha to take mutely all that was coming to the both of them.

When Kaniho got thus far, somebody with an evil disposition called out from the crowd and asked why he was supporting Link McCandness. To explain this, he had to start all over again.

## PORTUGUESE IN HILO ARE MAD

(Continued from Page One.)

first warship of their country ever to anchor in Hilo bay, have contributed from two to five dollars each for the entertainment fund and the Portuguese stores in town and in the district have contributed from one to five hundred dollars each."

### Wrath Premature.

However, it has not been definitely settled as yet how long the stay of the San Gabriel in Hilo is to be. Consul-General Canavarro and Captain Pinto-Basto could not be found last night after the return of the Pearl Harbor picnickers, but so far as known the intention to stay in Hilo for two days only is not definitely formed.

The sailing of the cruiser from Honolulu has been delayed, but the delay is no one's fault. When the San Gabriel arrived in port, her commander was informed of the death of the British sovereign. Great Britain is an ally and a close friend of Portugal and it was not only necessary but fitting that the little warship should go into a short period of mourning. She lay in the Honolulu harbor with fifteen minute guns booming for three days, in respect to the memory of the dead King. Those three days caused a rearrangement of the plans of the Honolulu committee, but there was no kicking and no talk of cutting out the reception.

The San Gabriel will sail for Hilo, probably, on Saturday next. Consul Canavarro will accompany the commander as his guest and will smooth the Hilo ties down.

## PEARL HARBOR CHANCES.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 14.—Business organ[illegible] was working on the proposed [illegible] legislation this year. To get Harbor Improvements, Senator Perkins [illegible] that he [illegible] the original [illegible] of the Pearl Harbor [illegible] will be [illegible] with them [illegible].

Secretary Ross V. Hardie of the [illegible] has received an [illegible] forecasting [illegible] Pres[illegible] Fred L. Walker.

Nakaad, convicted of violation of the Edmunds act, was sentenced by Judge Robertson yesterday to pay a fine of $100 and costs.


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## Bill Buster's Letter to His Father

Dear Pa:—This week I have been working in the distribution department, where the gas, after having been manufactured, cleaned and stored in large tanks or holders, ready for use, passes through this department before reaching the distributing mains. The system used here is called, the high pressure system and is the latest and most efficient method known, of delivering gas to the consumers. Four large gas compressors take the gas from the holders and pump it into the mains at ten pounds pressure. This pressure is delivered right to the consumers door, where a small automatic machine called a regulator just allows sufficient gas to pass, according to the needs of each. In some places where they have the low pressure system and every one is using the gas at the same time, it so reduces the pressure that no one gets sufficient gas. This can never happen here as we have a pressure in each house far in excess of their needs. You would be interested in watching the compressors, they work in such a manner that, without noise going near them, [illegible] fires or shower according to the amount of gas being used. In case of an accident or break down, another set of the [illegible] are standing ready to start at a moments notice, which makes it impossible for the city to be out of gas at anytime. Next week I am going to work in the laboratory and will tell you all about the tests that are made to know that the gas is all right. With love,

BILL.