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Argument and Quibbles

A campaign of quibbles to defeat a principle, monumental mole hills set at the foot of the mountain as ridiculous tombstones to its lack of life, and the choicest examples of exploded sophistry, moss grown and gray with age and use, disfigure the present fight for social betterment. And because human weakness and desire readily devour the sophistry, because selfishness seizes upon the quibble and flouts it as a truism, interest condemns the principle it fights because there are a few voices among the multitude raised against it.

One voice breaks a silence of a thousand people as well as many and while the loud defense of drink drowns out the whisper of the drunkard, still one is interested and the other is principle. And the drunkard's whisper, as he leans out of the police dock, is: "My boy, don't drink."

No drunkard yet gave ought but that advice and history has never yet shown that interest has defeated principle.

Because in the campaign for liquor rights no voice is raised in the defense of liquor but against the methods that should control it, the arguments are quibbles. And because society has fallen past the necessity of fighting for existence, because it is bloodlessly protected against harm until it dies from anaemic diseases, it has lost sight of principle, which only presents arguments, to listen to interest, which only quibbles.

Liquor points to a State where prohibition has failed. That is a quibble, because history says that that State had a corrupt governor who protected the liquor interests.

Prohibition points to half the world that looks not upon the wine when it is red and forbids it the entrance to its hearts and homes. That is argument, for history says that that half the world swept the other half before it in splendid conquest before the wave of victory broke at Tours; because history says that the great prophets of the world forbade the use of liquor, not because they represented interest but because they stood for principle, and because the only aim of principle is the protection of the physical state.

Mohammed forbade the use of liquor; the followers of Mohammed today are numbered as the devotees to the most widespread religion in the world, a people who swept the Teutonic and Gallic knights almost from the face of Europe before their tide sank before the iron walls of chivalry. The banner of Christianity flew over those walls representing principle, the crescent of Mohammed bowed to it as the greatest principle.

Liquor will say that the principle of that Christian banner admitted liquor because Christ made wine at Cana and thereby liquor builds another molehill for its monument. And because history and archeology say that the wine of Cana was as water to the wine of today, it is the greatest quibble.

If any proof of the virtue of prohibition be needed, liquor has supplied sufficient negative proof to convict its own cause. It has said:

- That prohibition does not prohibit;
 - That it was a failure in the State of Tennessee;
 - That it is a failure in Maine because hotels sell intoxicants.
 - But it does not say—
 - That liquor is good for man;
 - That it does not take the bread from the family's mouth;
 - That it does not prostitute manhood and ruin womanhood.
- And because the voice of interest is more discordant than the voice of principle, the multitude sometimes listens to it and forgets the latter.
- Then liquor says that prohibition has been convicted as worthless.
- That is the worst quibble.

The Question of Revenue

The Friend.

When the dram seller assumes that eager expression of countenance and says: "If prohibition carries, where is our revenue to come from?" he is making a play on words. He does not mean the public revenue, but "OUR," that is, the revenue of the philanthropists engaged in the liquor business. Nevertheless, the question is pertinent. Where will they get it? It is hard to say. But they can get it by going to work at some decent, honest labor. A good many women who have been deprived of the revenue that should have gone to them and to their children, for the sake of the dram seller, have made a living, such as it was, by taking in washing. When the dram shop goes out of business these women will not need to continue with their tubs. There will be a demand for that kind of work, however, which the dram sellers might supply, at least temporarily, while their pudgy hands and flabby muscles were getting hard enough for something manly.

But on the other hand, some men are asking where the revenue is to come from to replace the \$75,000 of annual license fees now realized by the Territory. Well, at the worst, the Territory can get the money from the same people who pay the revenue. And who is it that pays the revenue—the liquor dealer? Not he. The liquor dealer simply gets a rake-off of say a million dollars a year for carrying the \$75,000 to the treasurer. The drinkers pay the revenue; and in order to do it many of them rob their own wives and children. They could pay the \$75,000 direct to the tax collector and have a million a year. There are, roughly, 150 licensed dram shops in the Islands. It is conservative to estimate their profit at an average of twenty dollars a day each, and every dollar is lost by the drinker and those who have a right to look to him.

If the drinkers owe the drink sellers a living, they could well afford to pay them ten dollars a day each, and at that, they would save half a million a year, clear profit, or if they owe these sensitive patriots the courtesy of buying from them "blend" and "type" and "square face" and "dago red" and all the poison swill "to suit the climate," they could at least save the sorrow, disease and disgrace that go with it by pouring the "goods" into the sewer.

The fact is that there is no "revenue" problem in connection with prohibition. Enforced prohibition is only another term for "saving"—men and money. In thirty-five counties of Kansas the jails are empty. In thirty-seven the courts have no criminal cases of any kind. In twenty-five there is no poorhouse and in forty-four there is not a pauper.

The man who says to vote "No" on July 26 for the benefit of the public funds is ignorant or mentally deficient or insincere.

For the World's Peace

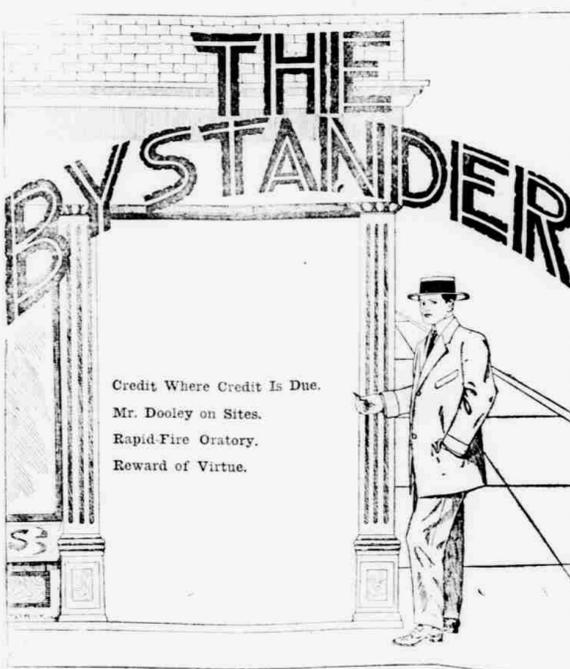
Christian Science Monitor.

There can be no excuse for pronouncing decadent or hopeless a period in our history in which ethics have reached a point where leaders in human activities not only think but boldly proclaim that justice and righteousness are prerequisite conditions to true business prosperity. In all the ages men in the mass or men of a class have never before, out of the fulness of their moral convictions and mindful of the welfare of those interests which have through all time been pronounced selfish and sordid, given fuller recognition than this to the Golden Rule.

A nation that is represented by a business association composed of delegates from fifty or sixty chambers of commerce, at a conference for the advancement of international arbitration, cannot possibly be as blind to the higher ideals as some pessimists would have us believe. Indeed, if there is any one thing more than another which the Moberg and other similar gatherings are making clear it is that a keen sense of justice and righteousness is being manifested not only in the present day relationship between man and man but in the present day relationship between neighborhood and neighborhood, between community and community and between the States. It is cementing ties between the nations that neither prejudice nor passion can sever in the years to come.

Respect and regard for the rights of others, expressed in a desire for the reign of universal justice and righteousness, will solve the world's problem. When this shall be accomplished is not half so important as is knowledge of the fact that mankind is moving toward it. And that mankind is certainly moving toward it must be plainly evident in the light of such declarations as those which come from the great gatherings that are now being held, and with increasing frequency, in the interest of world-wide fraternity and world-wide peace, on the basis of the Golden Rule.

Hewitt—Don't you ever go to a doctor? Jewett—No, sir. When I get ready to do business, I shall do it direct with the undertaker; no middleman for me.



Credit Where Credit Is Due.
Mr. Dooley on Sites.
Rapid Fire Oratory.
Reward of Virtue.

The publication of the news of the death recently in Germany of Doctor Koch, the great bacteriologist, has resulted in the letting in of some light on the manner in which the recent changes in the leprosy laws of Hawaii came about, but not until now has the real credit for the awakening of the late scientist's interest in the people of the Molokai Settlement been given where it belongs. The Bystander has authority for the statement when he says that the credit belongs to W. Pfotenhauer, head of the firm of H. Hackfeld & Co. and the Honolulu consular representative of Germany.

Doctor Koch, as has been stated in The Advertiser, came to Hawaii for a rest, being advised and realizing that only through complete rest could he regain his health, lost through the constant application he had shown for years to his bacteriological work. The Advertiser first persuaded him to break the "no interview" rule he had laid down on his arrival in America. Then Mr. Pfotenhauer began to press upon the visitor the great good he could do to Hawaii and to the Hawaiians if he would look into the local leprosy situation. Doctor Koch demurred at first, but the German consul refused to be discouraged and made out his case for the afflicted of these Islands so urgently and so strongly that finally Doctor Koch agreed to visit the settlement.

Mr. Pfotenhauer then chartered a steamer at his own expense and carried the great scientist on his momentous trip to the settlement.

Thus came about the inception of the present regulations, under which so much good has resulted.

Heretofore the credit has gone elsewhere than to the one it belongs, some politicians even now strutting about in self-manufactured halos and posing as the real things. Mr. Pfotenhauer would never come forward to claim the credit that is his. The Bystander, therefore, takes pleasure in claiming it for him.

"Oi see be th' paphers that th' Maluku site has bin loked over be th' archyteeet and condimed," said Mr. Dooley to his friend Mr. Hennessey, as the two sat watching the sea gather chunks of Waikiki up and carry it away.

"Now, phwat beats me, Hinnissey, is how cum a frish guy fr'm Washington to hov th' nurv to be buttin' in on us in this way. Ut strikes me, Hinnissey, that av we want to chuse a site-overlakin' all th' baek dures on th' sthreet, that's our businiss, not his."

"'Tis loikely that he has bin bribed," replied Mr. Hennessey, after considering the point. "Ye must know, Dooley, that there is a nayfarious gang in Honolulu that wud rather see th' fed'ril postthoffs on a spot phwere ut wud luk well than on a spot phwere th' citizen labor janiturs e'n lean out av th' scound sthory windies an' borry a chew av tobacco fr'm frinds across th' alley. Th' gang is fules enuf, Dooley, to be thinkin' about th' lukes av things foive years fr'm now an' tellin' us how th' folks av thim baekwoods towns loike Paris an' Berlin an' Washington wud do ut. Ar-re we, free born citizens, wud a mayor loike Fern an' a superviser loike Aylett, the goin' to pay anny atneshun to phwat the Dutch and th' Frenchies an' the govin't-be-commisshun slaves ar-re after doin' wid th' cithies? Nivur, so long as th' hand that owns th' cornor lot is th' hand that rules th' wur-rid."

"Well, 'tis no use av us worryin' about th' matter," said Mr. Dooley. "Now that th' Prisdint is baek, he'll sittul th' site queshun wan way or th' other, an' thot 'll be final."

"Baek, is he? Oi niver knew he was baek. I thot Fred Waldron had bin lookin' fr' him fr' days."

"You mane Prisdint Morgan, Hinnissey, and Oi mane Prisdint Rosenfelt. Morgan only sittul phwat the chamber av commerce thinks, but Rosenfelt sittul phwat all th' wur-rid thinks. Morgan will niver be th' big man Rosenfelt is, Hinnissey, because he kapes too sthail in th' way he goes around his wondher to perform. Th' big sthick is got to hav th' big mouth along wid it to do its bist. Teddy shoots rockets all along his trail, phwhile Morgan hoides his loight under a bushil an' waits fr' sunwan to kick th' bushil over. Phwat thot happins, generally th' loight has gone out."

"Oi agree wid ye, however, Hinnissey, about this fed'ril site queshun. Th' chloser ye e'n git th' did'ral courts to Chinatown, th' handier fr' th' pathrol wagon; phyile th' blind pigs will be able to get th' lieensis renewed widout havin' to go all th' way palst Billy Fennel's offfis into the Capitol. A public bhildin' fr' public convyanance, see Oi."

"But there ain't goin' to be anny blind pigs after this, Dooley," said Mr. Hennessey. "Av th' prohibishunists win th' pilbysite there'll be no more booze, an' av th' antys win there'll be no use fr' blind pigs anny more, phwhile av ut's a draw th' plantashuns 'll sill at cohist an' run th' independint blind pigs out av bis'ness. Oi hav rid th' argymints on both sides, an' Oi agree wid both th' Frind an' th' Evening Bleat thot th' blind pigs must go."

"Go? Av course they 'll go, especially if th' antys win, Hinnissey. They 'll go loike Grace wint, annyway they please."

"Oi wondher, Dooley, considerin' how th' antiprophibishunists join wid th' antisalooners in hatin' th' blind pigs, how th' brutes iver managed to live at all," mused Mr. Hennessey.

"Oi wondher, mesilt, Hinnissey, and th' more Oi think av ut th' more Oi wondher."

(Continued on Page Five.)

Topics in Brief

Among other things, Bjornstjerne Bjornson died without leaving any clue to the pronunciation of his name.—Topeka Capital.

Some one says a dollar will only go half as far as it once did. Perhaps, but what it lacks in staying qualities it makes up in speed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Alfred Austin persistently lives up to his reputation as a poet.—Boston Advertiser.

"Praning the railroad bill." A prane is a plum that has been cured.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Our idea of an egoist is a man who thinks he is as good as Colonel Roosevelt says a man ought to be.—Detroit Free Press.

Numerous people who fast sleep trying to see the comet are glad it will not return for seventy-five years.—Washington Star.

Paris will inaugurate wireless communication with ships at sea. Pity to lose anything the Colonel says on the way home.—Wall Street Journal.

If the Payne-Adrich Tariff Bill, according to the Iowa idea, was framed for the express purpose of deceiving the public, it can hardly be said to have been successful.—Wall Street Journal.

Isn't it about time that a way was found to introduce some strong soap and add a few degrees of heat to the "immunity baths"?—Boston Advertiser.

It is said that when the King of Siam comes to America he will bring forty of his wives with him. Perhaps his objective point is Reno.—Atlanta Georgian.

SIDELIGHTS

CHINESE COPARTNERSHIPS.

What do you know about a Chinese partnership? What does the treasurer of the Territory, who is supposed to know all, know about a Chinese partnership? What the census enumerator, clothed with inquisitorial powers which discount those of either a territorial or a federal grand jury, know about a Chinese partnership? To each and every of the questions suggested may it be safely, laconically and truthfully answered "nothing." For of all the queer institutions of our Confucius worshippers, this is the queerest. Seldom, indeed, does he do business on his own account. In Honolulu I believe there is but one individual Chinese grocery house. L. Ah Leong's; and even he, should court records be believed, has numerous female sharers in his business. Your laundryman is a copartnership. Your vegetable man is a copartnership. Your gownmaker is a copartnership. Your market man is a copartnership.

And wise indeed were the Chinese in their generation of this partnership idea centuries and centuries ago. I am inclined to believe that the Adams Express Company, and Wells Fargo & Co., copied from them, and run their business on the partnership idea. For those concerns, which carry your goods when they want to and are paid, are, I understand, partnerships, and escape many a rude blast which corporations are getting in these reform days.

And when the Chinaman forms his hui, no lawyer is employed to draw up the articles for a fee equal in amount to all that the client will stand. They take their brush and pad, and mark down the terms upon which business shall be done in one of their odd-looking books. There are no "whereases" or "aforsoids" or "provideds" or similar expressions upon which your legal light doth gloat. The only phrase in the agreement which approaches formality is the conclusion, whereby it is averred that "Word of mouth is not enough, so we write."

And when the business has gotten under way, affairs run along smoothly, and seldom indeed does any friction occur. When accounts are to be made up, provender—sharks' fins and rice and other luxuries and delicacies—is furnished. Preceding the feast you can hear the button machines rattle vigorously, and by this means results, whether running only to hundreds, or way into the thousands, are accurately ascertained. No auditor is needed. The machine does it all.

Proud possessors of seats on the stock exchange, if compelled to live on brokerage derived from transfer of shares in the partnership, would starve. Perhaps they should anyway. Not that transfers are not made. They are, and quite frequently. But all that is needed is a small piece of paper, the brush and thick ink, and the words "I give my five shares in Sam Kwong Dick to Ah Lin. Jim Chang." The trick is done. It is quite as simple, inexpensive and effective as the transfer by Aldrich to Crane of the leadership of the senate of the United States.

In some of these partnerships, meetings of the members are seldom had, I know of one concern which has one shareholder in New York, three in San Francisco, ten in China, and one in Honolulu. But they get along, just the same. If there are any troubles between them, they are settled by correspondence and within the body of the party. The public knows it not. I know of one case arising under the liquor laws where a firm, which adheres rigidly to the regulations of the license commissioners, could not get a license because signatures to the application could not be secured from all the partners. The Honolulu manager took it in his own name, because he was not acquainted with the exact address of all his co-owners. But in some way or other, by some means or other, at some time or other, full account will be given of the profits acquired from his sales, and that without any court proceedings.

And notwithstanding all her endeavors at elucidations, Sidelights still says we know nothing about Chinese copartnerships. They never get into court. Some unwritten law there must be of which we know naught, concerning their organization and government. What I have told is merely what partners have been pleased to tell me, and is by no means all of the story. I should like to hear the rest of it. Perhaps, if we knew it in full, we might profit in our own affairs,—although as before remarked the lawyers would lose out, and probably have to cut out their annual banquet.

CABLE COMPANY CONTRIBUTIONS.

As The Bystander facetiously set forth last week, the United States of America is about as liberal an Uncle as can be found anywhere. Even Uncle Carlo, who runs the three-ball institution, can not cope with him on spending money.

At the theater the other evening I was seated in front of two gentlemen who employed the time during intermissions in talking rather than going out to see a man. One of them, from his conversation and somewhat boastful attitude, appeared to be a member of the federal grand jury. And he told how this Uncle of ours, realizing the poverty stricken condition of the cable company, was wont to help it out, rendering assistance in such a manner that the concern might accept the offering without being humiliated. It appears that John Wynne, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, has some friends who would like to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment. The request evidently had reached Washington a few days ago. Fearing that Marshal Hendry might get busy, and cut short the task of the attorney-general in determining whether executive clemency should be extended, a cable so long that it frightened that official was sent him. Boiled down it meant whether Wynne was still qualified to be confined during life, and if so, when was the date set for his funeral. The grand jury was immediately excused, all business suspended and an answer prepared. In the meantime an automobile had been ordered, and as soon as the cablegram was written, it was taken to the cable office post haste. It conveyed the information that the authorities here had never been notified by the Washington bosses that the Supreme Court of our Uncle had said that Judge Dole and the jury had acted correctly, and that, under existing circumstances Hendry couldn't hang Wynne if he wanted to—which, said the jurymen, he didn't. The next day came a fifty-cent-per-word notification that a "mandate"—what that may be I know not—had been mailed.

When this stage of the story had been reached the curtain went up, and I watched Nicola do his grandstand stunts. It required fifteen minutes to take off a pair of handcuffs, keys for which might be purchased for a dollar a dozen in any Chinese hardware store in Honolulu. But he got them off finally, and the curtain went down and the conversation was resumed.

The second day after the first contribution to the depleted coffers of the cable company was made, an appeal was taken from Hendry's decision, and Judge Dole was, by the same method, and in the same language, and at the same cost, asked the same question. He, of course, did not have power to

Small Talks

THE GHOST OF KAMEHAMEHA I—Some tabus are needed now. **CHIEF M'DUFFIE**—With a murder case all morning I had to spool youngsters in the evening for tying knots in flag ropes. Variety is the spice of life.

SUPERVISOR AYLETT—I would not have broken my rule and gone out that auto ride round the Island with Jim Quinn if there wasn't a lau at Waikane.

JOHNNY MARTIN—The way Trent and Withington raced to London reminds me of the way my old friend Nellie Bly used to cover the ground. Poor Nellie.

FRANK THOMPSON—After everyone predicting that I would be hurt in an automobile accident, to think that I should be kicked in the slats by a common horse.

ANNE MARIE PRESCOTT—Most of the Russians are at work and spoken well of; the pilikia, like our mosquitoes, now vanishing for good. The children will do well for the Territory.

JOHN WISE—Talk about an easy graft! Why, say, this is like taking candies from a baby. Just think! I get paid for talking. And I have to talk anyhow. If I drew money for keeping quiet, that would be earning it.

J. C. COHEN—As near as I can see from a close study of the situation the prohibition movement, as far as the plebiscite is concerned, is dead. What little you see of the movement is simply the ghost of prohibition stalking about.

SHERIFF JARRETT—What Judge Whitney had to say about the police and politics and the moral condition of Honolulu surprised me more than it probably did anyone in the town. I do not know where the Judge got all his information. Much of it, practically all, was news to me and even with the tips he gave neither I nor any of my men can find any of the things he tells about.