

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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EDITOR

SUNDAY

JULY 10

The Plain Question

Do not allow misrepresentations to mislead regarding the question to be voted upon in the plebiscite two weeks from Tuesday next.

SHALL THE LEGISLATURE TO BE ELECTED IN NOVEMBER, 1910, PASS AT ITS FIRST REGULAR SESSION A LAW PROHIBITING THE MANUFACTURE OR SALE WITHIN THE TERRITORY OF INTOXICATING SPIRITUOUS, VINOUS AND MALT LIQUORS, EXCEPT FOR MEDICINAL OR SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES?

This is the plain question for the voters to answer. It requires only a "yes" or "no." Strip the question of the sophistries that have been woven around to obscure it.

At the Wagner Family's Home, "Wahnfried," in Bavaria

By Sydney F. Hoben.

It was during a summer tour of southern Germany, that I met the Wagner family.

I had dawdled leisurely throughout the Bohemian cities, Munich, Nuremberg, Regensburg, and at last reached Bayreuth, the Mecca of the Wagnerites.

A very slow train, which passed through seven tunnels and over fifteen bridges in the pretty Nuremberg Switzerland, took me to Bayreuth, where at the office of the Wohnungs committee I was assigned a large and comfortable room in Opera Strasse.

My next quest was the Villa Wahnfried, the home of Frau Cosima Wagner, formerly von Buelow, nee Liszt, and her family.

I had already written to Frau Wagner from Leipzig, so was cordially received by the two daughters, but Frau Wagner herself was not well enough that day to see visitors.

Behind the entrance porch is a sort of waiting room with a large grand piano in the center, and from this apartment opens a small but beautifully furnished drawingroom.

Frau Tod, who was talking to Sgambati, the well-known Roman pianist and composer, came forward to greet me, and few seconds later her husband and sister entered.

They presented me with a pass for the three operas to be given, but a fast-expiring railroad return ticket prevented me seeing more than "Parsifal" and "Tristan und Isolde."

At this stage tickets were only procurable with great difficulty. The following Sunday was to be the last day of the Festival, and the Kaiser and a number of princes had announced their intention of being present.

I heard Frau Tod suggest to her husband that if I couldn't get a place in the theater, I could come in their private box (which runs along the back, and is virtually a small part of the royal box).

On each side were restaurants, and each was crowded between the acts. A continuous stream of cabs lasted till three o'clock when the performances started.

Of "Parsifal" and its interpretation it is almost useless to try to write. It was one of those marvellous performances which seem too perfect to speak of in ordinary every-day language.

At the next festival, two years later, "Parsifal" and "Tannhauser" were the two works staged, the production of the latter costing half a million marks (\$125,000).

Bayreuth, its festival and its Wagner family will linger long in my memory.

Good Done by Doctor Cook

The Nation.

Mount McKinley has been sealed a second time, and two more expeditions are about to attempt the feat with very fair chances of success.

Visitor—And you always did your daring robberies single-handed? Why didn't you have a pal? Prisoner—Well, sir, I wuz afraid he might turn out to be dishonest.—Cleveland Leader.

Jones—Whenever I try to borrow money, I try to get it from a pessimist. Brown—Why? Jones—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—New Zealand Gazette.

"My boy's back from college." "How does he take hold on the farm?" "I haint seen him make no cane rush for the woodpile."—Kansas City Journal.

Wife (crying in a troubled dream)—Help! Help! Hub—Poor dear! Worrying about the servant problem even in her sleep.—Boston Transcript.

Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, my darling. Fair One—Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy.—Jewish Ledger.

THE BYSTANDER



How Proud We Are of Him. Politeness Is the Rule. Why Do They Do So? Sad News Via Tokio. "On the Waterwagon." Hawaii's First Engineers.

Great as has been the work of building the Hamakua and the Kohala water systems and wonderful as has been the engineering and the scheming for the projects, there is yet in the Kohala district of Hawaii a more wonderful work and more skillful engineering—considering the time at which it was done and the appliances with which the workers labored.

The waipuka runs through the rocky ridge for several hundred yards, straight as an arrow, with a true and even grade. When it was carved out, who laid out the work, what means for carrying it on were employed, are mysteries. Tradition says that when Kamehameha was born, the tunnel had been in use for so many years that the tally had been lost by the great-grand-fathers of that day.

Hawaiian legend and Hawaiian folklore tell of a race of pygmies in Hawaii known as the Menehunes. Holes, when they hear of the Menehunes, think of gnomes and fairies, but the Hawaiians contend that the Menehunes were an actual race of people, the inhabitants of the Islands when the first Hawaiians landed, the primitive people of the group who went down into bondage to the invaders from the south.

As the Egyptians enslaved the children of Israel and through their cheap labor were enabled to erect pyramids and obelisks and temples that are wonders of the modern world today, so the Hawaiians gathered in the Menehunes and used them as they pleased. There was no citizen vote in those days and no labor unions to kick at the employment of prison labor, so the high chiefs planned haiaus and trails across the lava flows and such great works and the Menehunes did the work.

This does not account for the wonder of the fact that the waipuka runs so true to the eight per cent grade laid out for it, or how the levels were kept between the different galleries, for the waipuka is a series of tunnels run from the bottoms of a series of shafts.

Probably the picture rocks on the shore near Koko Head are also of Menehune origin.

Even under the most trying circumstances the conductors on the rapid transit lines appear to retain their politeness. A gruff streetcar conductor in Honolulu is as rare as a day in June.

One woman and four children climbed slowly on the car at the King street corner of Fort and settled down, one kid to a seat, each on the end, with the mother occupying the fifth space for passengers.

The car swung around to Washington Place and the conductor rang for a stop. "This is the Queen's place, madam, where you want to get off," he said.

Without losing his smile, the conductor punched five transfers, handed them to the woman and told her to take the next car back. After several minutes of explaining, the transfers were taken, but the look was sour and each of the kids was jerked off his or her seat in a way that showed the conductor what he had escaped.

The proverbial water that slid along the duck's back and never touched him isn't in it with the way not wanted advice will go in at one ear and come out at the other without touching a hair on a woman's head.

The advice of friends, the ridicule of enemies, the pleadings of relatives and the writings of learned men have failed as utterly to penetrate to the roots of the hair of the average woman as have the repeated doses of H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> and the generous applications of the dye responsible for the various shades of red anyone which would cause Titian to turn over in his grave if he could see what he is held responsible for.

A refined, sweet-looking, modest miss of about seventeen who would faint at the sight of a mouse and who would go into screaming hysterics if she could see one of the exhumed corpses, from which, ten chances to one, the hair was taken to make the dozen or more curls which peeped from beneath her drooping Lockhorn.

A woman whose first dose of H<sub>2</sub>O<sub>2</sub> dated so many years back that the application of "bleached blonde" had long ago lost all of its sting and whose quantities of hempen hair gave a good idea what the vegetable article (to be introduced when the corpses run out) will look like.

A buxom matron whose evident Irish blood would have boiled if at the age of ten she could have been truthfully called "red head" and who is today sailing along under a full rigging of hair of the brickdustiest brick that a Mick ever threw.

Jack Atkinson is a dead one, not through any desire of the Territory which he has so characteristically represented in the Far East but by high mandate of the Japanese Imperial government.

Much as his friends would like to see him reenter the arena of civic endeavor or even in the department with which he was so sensationally connected

SIDELIGHTS

THE SANE FOURTH.

Honolulu certainly had a sane Fourth of July. Sometime in the future we may hope to rival Chicago. A few fireworks, yes. A splendid gathering to listen to bulletins concerning the outcome of the big fight, yes.

Did you ever ask our foreign residents what the Fourth of July meant? If not, get busy and gain useful and interesting information. Of course, the Chinese know very well that, in years when insanity is prevalent and epidemic, it means the purchase of many noise-producing devices, imported from China, and handled exclusively by Chinese merchants.

When in the course of human events" is cited by them as proving conclusively that Judge Dole did not write the instrument, since the course of human events started centuries before the good queen Isabella soaked her husband's presents of jewels to help Columbus discover us.

The Japs have a queer theory. Ask one of them, and you will find out for yourself. Kismet. No one may be the ruler—mind you, not the president, but the ruler—of the United States unless he shall have had the privilege of coming into this vale of tears on Independence Day.

This is the first year when the Russians have been here and it is naturally difficult to gather statistics which are either significant or authentic. The best that can be learned is that it is going to be popular with them, for the Declaration, as interpreted by them, means that no one need work if he doesn't want to, and that the phrase "we hold these truths to be self-evident" refers particularly to their right to be housed, fed and clothed by the territorial board of immigration, with forty-five dollars a month per head for pin money.

The Koreans and the Hindus don't care a great deal about the instrument which created diplomatic relations between Consul Ralph E. Forster and Governor Frear, and caused national salutes, and tariff bills, and treaties, and graft prosecutions. They have scanned translations of it somewhat carefully, and discovering neither edict as to industry, nor admonition as to cleanliness, pass it up, expressing pleasure only at the fact that it establishes a holiday, when no work is required.

KAKAOKO CONSIDERED SERIOUSLY.

Chicago had a great fire, and came out of it a splendid city. Boston had a similar experience. Honolulu had, on a small scale.

But Honolulu is due for another conflagration one of these days. If it occurs in the daytime, and the owners of the buildings destroyed have paid the heavy premiums demanded by the fire insurance companies, and it happens down Kakaoko way, I trust the wind will be high and the fire department slow.

Jacob Riis, the friend of Roosevelt, and the great tenement reformer of New York, should take a vacation and come here. He should, while here, take in two or three blocks in the district I have mentioned. The president of the board of health, the sheriff of the county, the board of supervisors and the head of the fire extinguishers should accompany him.

The president of the board of health would find another kind of filth, not quite conducive to the extinction of mosquitoes, cholera, typhoid fever and plague. He would find conditions existing which would not tend to aid the youngsters greatly from a physical standpoint. He would find the food to be of a very inferior quality, and certainly not prepared according to the methods laid down in Uncle Sam's cook book.

The sheriff of the county would find a number of available recruits for road

Small Talks

FIRE CHIEF THURSTON.—Monday was the real sane Fourth and the best I have ever known.

R. K. BONINE.—From the soggy, soaked soil of Waimea, I squirt "Aloha" to my Honolulu friends.

LINK M'CANDESS.—I don't wish Kuhio any bad luck, but I'd like to see the yacht Hawaii make a fast trip and get in before July 26.

AUDITOR FISHER.—I feel greatly relieved since I have got the Nuuanu dam off my books. If I can get the Russians off, I shall be entirely happy.

FRED MAKINO.—I was head of the Higher Wages Association all right, but I've been at the bottom of low wages for several months. Now I'll have a chance to get regular wages again.

E. A. MOTT SMITH.—There's not a political job connected with the board of health now. Every man is appointed on his ability and if he falls down in his work, he is fired promptly. What we want is efficiency.

ANDERSON GRACE.—Ah sure am happy ovah that fellah Johnson knockin' spots out the poor white trash but Ah was disgristified about not bein' able to celebrate th' occasion in ah fittin' mannah.

JOHN M. MARTIN.—So far as The Advertiser cartoons are concerned, I want to say that they in no way exaggerate the evil results of liquor. I have seen, myself, in Honolulu, things quite as bad as the events the cartoons tell us and anyone else can find them if they want to look.

BRICK WHITEHOUSE.—Talking about faithful and intelligent public servants—I was coming down from the dam the other day and it was raining a regular flood. I met a sprinkling wagon driven by a Hawaiian, and he was squirting water on the road at a great rate; the water was already an inch deep on the road, too.

RICHARD IVERS.—The board of immigration has decided to keep to the old method of bringing European immigrants here by way of Cape Horn, or rather the Strait of Magellan. There is a danger of yellow fever germs being picked up if immigrants are sent across the isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico, and the board will not contribute to bringing yellow fever germs here.

CONDUCTOR "CAP" WINTERS.—I see The Advertiser says the mosquitoes are getting scarce in Honolulu. I don't see how that can be when we bring in three carloads every morning from Kahuku. The slum pit down there is an ideal breeding ground and is alive with the stingers. There is enough there to supply a town ten times as big as this.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.—In so far as I am responsible for the calling of the plebiscite or concerned about the result of it, my eggs are all in one basket. I bank on the Hawaiian voter. His good sense, patriotism and pride of race will see him safely through the whirlpool of corruption, flattery, deceit and detraction that makes the present campaign apparently so problematical. Being a tried and convicted mahini I admit that my knowledge of the people may be superficial, and my judgment less reliable than that of one who came earlier. But at any rate, I stick to my opinion, and get encouragement by finding that it improves with age.