

SUNDAY ADVERTISER

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District Magistrates--Appoint or Elect?

The selection of judges, including district magistrates, should be kept out of politics, and one way to accomplish this would be to defeat the Democratic candidates who stand on a platform advocating the election of district magistrates.
There is nothing to be gained by electing magistrates, but the chances are that considerable would be lost. Neither political party would want a person on the bench by reason of his being a partisan or party man. Hitherto the appointment of magistrates has been made by the chief justice with reference to the candidate's integrity and his ability to perform the duties of his office.
Both Republicans and Democrats have been appointed, but without inquiry and often without knowledge as to their party affiliations. This has been the case also with the President's appointments of supreme and circuit court judges.
When a magistrate has performed the duties of his office well, he has been reappointed as a matter of course.
If magistrates were elected, there would be danger that they would seek to commend themselves to the party in power, and that their judicial action might be influenced thereby. This would not be satisfactory to either party or to litigants, and especially to the party which is not in the majority.
The best interests of the Territory require that the magistrates be kept out of politics, and those who have the best interests of the Territory at heart should see that such is the case.
The judiciary of Hawaii has always been kept on a high plane. The standards maintained have been a great credit to Hawaii and have often been made the subject of favorable comment in other places. Nothing should be done which would tend to lower such standing.
The good name of the judiciary should be preserved at all hazards.

The Tariff--A Moral Issue

Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook.

Whenever men just like ourselves--probably not much better, and certainly no worse--continually fail to give us the results we have a right to expect from their efforts, we may just as well make up our minds that the fault lies, not in their personality, but in the conditions under which they work; and profit comes, not from denouncing them, but in seeing that the conditions are changed. This is especially true of tariff-making. It has been conclusively shown, by experiments repeated again and again, that the methods of tariff-making by congress, which have now obtained for so many years, can not, from the very nature of the case, bring really satisfactory results. I think that the present tariff is better than the last, and considerably better than the one before the last; but it has certainly failed to give general satisfaction. I believe this country is fully committed to the principle of protection; but it is to protection as a principle; to protection primarily in the interest of the standard of living of the American workman. I believe that when protection becomes, not a principle, but a privilege and a preference--or rather, a jumble of privileges and preferences--then the American people disapprove of it. Now, to correct the trouble, it is necessary, in the first place, to get in mind clearly what we want, and, in the next place, to get in mind clearly the method by which we hope to obtain what we want. What we want is a square deal in the tariff as in everything else; a square deal for the wage-earner; a square deal for the employer; and a square deal for the general public. To obtain it we must have a thoroughly efficient and well-equipped tariff commission.

Vice-President Sherman

The Nation.

President Taft's letter to Mr. Griseom is calm in tone, but is a terrible exposure of trickery and bad faith on the part of the men who have set themselves up as managers of the Republican party in the State of New York. Chief among them is Vice-President Sherman. He is entitled to the first prize for demerit. From the detailed statement of the President, it is clear that Mr. Sherman attempted to deceive, first Mr. Taft, and then the public; that he suppressed a telegram from the President which would have put a wholly different light upon the matter coming before the state committee; that he intrigued with Barnes and Ward and Woodruff behind the President's back; and that his subsequent effort to make it appear that he was spokesman for the Administration was an impudent and false pretence. Whatever may be hereafter thought of him as a man, his reputation as a politician is ruined. He is about to start on a campaigning tour in the West, where it was announced that he would interpret the President's views. But the country now knows what is the President's view of him.

Our Moribund Merchant Marine

San Francisco News Letter.

While the American congress is permitting the foreign shipping trust to gather in \$300,000,000 annually from the American people in charges for freight and passenger service that should be under the stars and stripes, the far-seeing and thrifty Japanese are reaching out and gathering in the trade of the Pacific Ocean, and even extending their steamship lines to the Mediterranean Sea. By means of wise governmental aid, the registered tonnage of vessels built and owned by Japanese has risen from 657,000 tons in 1902 to 1,159,957 in 1909, notwithstanding the setback caused by the Russo-Japanese war. Japan gives bounties to native builders for the construction of merchant vessels, and also gives navigation subsidies to all vessels of twelve knots speed and over 2000 tons that are owned by Japanese subjects. The result of this wise encouragement is the saving to Japan of millions of dollars annually in freight money, the fostering of native industries and the expenditure in Japan of the supply and repair money that the ships require, as well as the other funds needed to maintain a merchant fleet. It may be added that the United States Consul-General in Buenos Ayres has reported that during the first five months of this year not a single merchant vessel flying the American flag entered that port, one of the busiest in the world.

Wild Oats

Puck.

A person can sow his wild oats and then go about his other business--they don't need any care. In fact, the less you care for them the better they grow. They are a hearty cereal and flourish North, South, East and West. When they are ready to be reaped you will know about it. They never rust, and the only trouble you have to watch out for is the cop weevil. The only way to get rid of these is to shake some long green before them. Every hand is raised against the sower of wild oats; if he does a threshing he is brought to court, where all is threshed out again. The judge is the hopper and the lawyer the bellows, and they grind exceedingly small. If the sower hasn't the money he is sent to an out-of-the-way place. It is a cell. The demand for wild oats is weak and the supply strong. Generally they become shorts, and those who gambled on oats are lambs. The crop, however, is increasing yearly. The present-day sowers believe in both intensive and extensive farming. Their ambition is to make two stocks of oats grow where one grew before. There are many tares among wild oats. Most of them are ten dollars and costs. Wild oats are reaped by the binder of regret and stored in the granary of repentance.

Pride goeth before a fall and foolishness before an automobile. The hardest thing to beat in this world is your way through life.

Many a man has wasted his past dreaming of the future.

THE BYSTANDER



While There's Life There're Dead Ones

Just how important the newspaper cable service is to Honolulu in particular and Hawaii in general, may be judged by the sales of all the stationer shops of San Francisco newspaper files. Before the day of the cable service steamships brought great piles of newspaper files. When a mail steamship from San Francisco was sighted, the newsdealers' stores were centers of interest and as many as fifty people would gather before the doors waiting for the files to be brought in from the postoffice. It kept the clerks busy sorting out the files, addressing them to regular customers and attending to the wants of people hungry for news of the world. The newsboys were there in droves and many of them earned clear of the original investment for files, anywhere from \$2.00 to \$3.50. Then came the cable and almost immediately sales of Coast files dropped off. Old subscribers failed to renew their subscriptions, the newsboys little by little realized that it was all work and no returns to try to sell the Frisco papers on the streets. In spite of the big increase in population, the sales of newspaper files from the Coast have dwindled down until the business amounts to very little.

It costs the three Honolulu English dailies a good many thousands a year to supply even abbreviated cable news, but they keep not only Honolulu but all the islands abreast of the times. The cable news paid for at so much a word by the Honolulu papers is furnished to every town in the Territory for the cost of the wireless.

In this connection a rather amusing thing occurred recently, the newly elevated editor of a country sheet sending to Honolulu a kick to the effect that the news sent him was not what his paper wanted. He wanted something "red hot" every day. As he was paying the wireless company ten dollars a month for what the Honolulu papers paid over a thousand dollars a month, his kick was the occasion of some few smiles.

And it came to pass, oh, my brethren and sistern, that along about the approximation of the eleventh hour of the 1910 political campaign in Hawaii, there arose with a great and odoriferous noise the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Vote for Link, for the kingdom of landgrabbers is at hand." And he went about, girding up his loins, singing a song.
Sang Link:

When it comes to hana-hana for the festive kuleana
You can trust your Link McCandless on the grab;
For I've somehow always landed, though the poor are often stranded
By my most extraordinary gift of gab.
I have swallowed lots and houses and I've paid for small carouses,
Just to give the victim booze to drown his sorrow;
I've dug up a paltry hundred to the people I have plundered
So they will not know the difference on the morrow.

But he does it with a wink, dear old Kuleana Link,
Though he sails no pirate schooner on the seas;
And his manner meek and mild, like a sweet and lovely child,
Is particularly guaranteed to please.

Not that Link does not acquire his holdings according to law, for there are many men who get rich by obeying the law, even though honesty is the best policy.

And that reminds me, the man who said honesty is the best policy was a lawyer who discovered that he could get the better of people by keeping within the law for the reason that the law has no sense and is not made to have sense.

Well, Link gets a kuleana every morning before breakfast, nor could he digest his soda-cracker and one egg, with a pinch of salt, until he had taken the kuleana as sort of an appetizer.

A couple of kuleanas, necessitating perhaps as many broken hearts or broken homes, is not an extraordinary thing for Link. It is a cold day when Link doesn't register a piece of somebody's land in the government books. What he intends to do with it all is more than I can say. I'd hate to offer him \$500 for a piece of land for which he had just paid \$100. I'd be afraid he'd accuse me of trying to rob him.

And now Link has bought Princess Theresa's little weekly paper, The Honolulu Examiner, and has thrown upon the charitable shoulders of Fred Turrill the responsibility of running the sereed in the interests of Link. Turrill is too good a man to be made the human sacrifice, but Turrill thinks he is doing it for the good of the Democratic party and is too big-hearted to see in the scheme the serpentine twist of the land-lover, Link.

In every chain of land there are so many links, but the weakest link determines the strength of the chain. Unless there is a little of the love of humanity in the chain of human life there is no link that has any strength. Link loves but one link and that's Link McCandless who will soon be the missing link, November 8.

I love a Hawaiian interpreter, especially at political gatherings, for they certainly do have the faculty of taking the center of the stage and saying things so much better than the original speaker. I speak and understand Hawaiian myself, of course, and one night I heard a candidate get up and say that he wished the women could vote so he would be sure of a majority at the next election. In Hawaiian the interpreter put it this way: "I wish the women could vote so I would be sure of what I deserve." There was great laughter and he was defeated. In the present campaign I heard an English-speaking electioneer say that he loved Hawaii's hills and dales. Well, the Hawaiian interpreter was not so sure of what a "dale" might be, so he put it this way: "I love Hawaii's hills and dolls." There are not many dolls in Hawaii where both foliage and femininity is luxuriant.

Interpretation's quite an art in old Hawaii Nei;
Interpreters with any heart will not say what you say.
Though oftentimes a speaker's tongue is eloquently leaping,
They turn his pathos to a joke, and turn his joke to weeping.
And while a stupid haole chap is getting off some language,
The smart interpreter will talk, to his exquisite anguish,
And tell a funny story just to entertain the crowd,
While the fellow trying to make the speech is talking quick and loud.
As he spouts some wondrous sentiment he dug out from a book,
The interpreter is calling for the mob to bring the hook.
But we shouldn't guy interpreters, and this is why: Because,
We sadly need interpreters to interrupt our laws.

SIDELIGHTS

A GOOD BOSS.

Uncle Sam is a hard task master in many respects. When a letter carrier or a clerk goes to work he has to touch a queer looking apparatus, resembling the keyboard of a typewriting machine, and thereby register the exact minute he entered the sacred precincts of the postoffice building, and he must make the same touch when he goes out, and if the automatic invention for the prevention of loafing does not tally up a full day's work there is pillage for the employe. And the internal revenue employes sometimes have to wait a month or two for their pay because, forsooth, they forgot to cross a "y" or dot an "i." And Gus Murphy's employes, so his wife informed me when she called the other day, must wait six months for their stipend. The newspapers, for advertising bills, must outswear Jack Lucas. Bids for any old kind of a thing, from a monkeywrench to a million-dollar contract for a drydock, must be accompanied by a certified check, showing to our Uncle that whoever succeeds in securing the job will enter into the contract. When the contract is secured bonds and affidavits and specifications and all sorts of things have to be looked after. Marshal Hendry must figure up the exact number of miles between his courthouse and Makawao before he can pay a jurymen from that thriving district his mileage. Stackable's battalion must wear buttons of a given size and badges of a given color and always have their hair brushed and their shoes shined. And there are a thousand and one other things which are required of the different branches of the Government which look like what somebody at sometime or other denominated "red tape."

But the Old Man has some good traits. You are sure to get the money due you even if you have to do all the swearing referred to; he never goes into bankruptcy, and never skips the country. The clerks who have to press the button, work but eight hours a day, and have some leave of absence each year with pay. The buttons and the badges are furnished free of cost. The attaches of the Army may live, so far as groceries and clothing are concerned, for fifty per cent of what we must pay, for the commissary department gives unto them these things at cost, and doesn't charge up freight, or profits of middlemen or retail dealers. Transportation across seas at the rate of \$1.00 per day may be secured, if certain conditions exist. When necessary, automobiles are purchased. The contractor who brings the mail from the wharf to the postoffice can laugh at any attempt to hold him down to limits about speed set forth in the ordinance. If a man in his employment be injured, he receives his pay while laid up, and if he is injured so hard that a funeral is necessitated his relatives get his pay for a year. And repeating a former phrase, there are a thousand and one things wherein he is a mighty good relative.

We haven't got a better customer. He spends more here in a year than any other individual or any corporation. People in Honolulu are rapidly learning this, and jobs on the many federal improvements are being eagerly sought, according to a conversation I overheard the other day between two gentlemen I took to be clerks in Major Winslow's office.

I expect before the campaign is over the price of both skilled and unskilled labor will go up. It was an oversight that the Democratic platform didn't pledge its candidate for Delegate to cut down the hours of labor and increase the wages paid. However, this will be remedied, and Link will make good in some speech.

But he will have trouble in convincing the average Hawaiian that Uncle Sam is not a pretty good boss after all.

CHINESE RELIGION.

If you wish to see an openness equaling Dickie Trent's expression of views on the immigration issue, try to ascertain from one of your Chinese friends something about the religion of his race and the methods of worship.

Don't pick out for your investigation one of the short-haired, so-called Christian Celestials. He will discourse on the Trinity and the Resurrection, and Infant Damnation, and the need of Baptism, and several other doctrines in a manner which will drive you to despair. And don't pick out the Salvation Army Chinaman. General Booth and the War Cry will be his themes.

Select for the source of your information some Chinaman who still wears his queue and is not ashamed, but proud, of that fact. Ask him what he believes as to what becomes of him when he passes into the Great Beyond. My he gamble without McDuffie's falling through holes and arresting him? My he smoke dope without Hendry's stretching out strong arms and incarcerating him? May he travel from one part of the realm to the other without fear of being held up by immigration inspectors? And if so, is such to be the lot of all, or are many to be called and few chosen? If not all, how is the happiness to be attained? A Chinaman is nearly always polite, and you will get answers, and know as much as you did when you got started. If you do happen to get one who answers less vaguely, you will probably know less, for the chances are he is stringing you.

Some of them go to church. Most of them do not. All have their shrines, of course, where proper arrangements are made for fiery conciliation of the gods. But what takes place in the churches and just what gods are to be conciliated you cannot find out.

So pull down your encyclopedias and histories, and look it up. Perhaps you may run across some magazine article in which full information can be obtained. Any of them make good reading--but wager not that the truth is therein contained.

And as I remarked at the beginning Dickie has a Celestial precedent for his silence, and the men should not withhold their votes from him because he doesn't talk, or when he breaks loose, doesn't say anything.

ANOTHER CARD.

Let the promotion committee get busy. The Pali is beautiful; Punchbowl is a wonder; Kilauea beats the world. No real, authenticated case of stroke has ever been recorded. Venomous reptiles are as scarce as reasons in the endless platform. The hotels make one feel like deserting home-keeping. There are plenty of automobiles, and fines for maiming pedestrians are petty. Gambling is permitted, if it is not on a wharf or in a Chinese joint. The climate is equable. Surfriding is the finest sport in the world, and may be enjoyed here only. Sharks love to be caught, and loaf just outside the reef in order that tourists may be welcomed. Gibraltar propositions in the process of construction may be seen. Political orators, who would make Dan Webster and Henry Clay sound like a back woodsman, may be heard. Luau's, where pigs are cooked in the only proper way, may be attended. Nowhere in the world is there a floral parade such as we give. The malihini Christmas tree, where the youngsters don't have to wear mittens and earflaps and leggings to protect from the cold, can be seen in Honolulu.

All of these things have been duly and regularly advertised, and attract tourists from all parts of the world. But Sidelights wants to add to the proposition, that Honolulu is the stopping off point of Sultans, Princes and Barons. True indeed the Princes do not always present their august presence to act save the Governor, and chief of detectives, the U. S. marshal, and secret service men provided by the United States. But they come here, and tourists may watch and look at and observe, and gather about the boat in which the prince is safely ensconced. They may see by the newspapers that he was there, and in the newspapers look at his photograph, and gather from jama afterward through a portion of the town in which his subjects reside, what kind of a man he is.

The sultans they can see, if not too much interested in looking at Supervisor Quinn's gorgeous waistcoats. If they are not newspaper men, they can see Japanese barons, and listen to the perennial assertions that Nippon and Uncle Sam will ever remain in peace.

And there are secretaries of war, and congressional parties, and secretaries of the interior, and politicians of the class A variety, who come here and express their views on Teddy and Big Bill, and insurgency and standpatters, and immigration, and a variety of other things.

As I have said, let the promotion committee get busy and add this to our attractions. Advertise this. The like cannot be seen elsewhere in the universe. Don't say anything about mosquitos, for according to Motty Smith, they are doomed to an early death.

"I went fishing the other day and forgot my glasses," said the man sighted man. "Well, can't you drink out of a bottle?" demanded the man with the impressionistic nose.--Philadelphia Record.

"I see your wife is wearing one of the new hobble skirts." "Yes. She gave me my choice between letting her wear a hobble skirt or do a barefoot dance for charity."--Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Caudle--Henry, did you miss me the night I was away? Mr. Caudle: No, I went to a lecture.--Boston Transcript.