



Vol. II.] Per Copy, 5 Cents.

HONOLULU, MARCH 3, 1900.

Per Year, \$3.00. [No 24.]



It is with honest regret and positive diffidence that we approach the necessity of criticising the Board of Health with anything like severity. Had we desired to be captious a thousand things would have served as a basis for such a criticism. But, knowing that all things human are fallable we have felt that the Board of Health up to a certain point have, as far human efforts can go, conserved the public interests—have been fearless in well doing. But the clock is running down. It was far easier to deal courageously with Asiatics and Hawaiians than with whites—our own kind. If courage does not equally exist when dealing authoritatively with one's own brother as the weak and unprotected are dealt with, then it is no courage at all. President Wood and the Board of Health stand now in the full glare of public opinion. By public opinion, we do not mean the consensus of opinion only of the whites, but also the consensus of thought of the intelligent Hawaiians and Asiatics as well. In time of public calamity they are as much interested as we are. In the presence of death all caste is leveled, and all should be treated alike.

The clockwork of the Board of Health began to run down when the plague bacilli crept into the Pantheon stables. Before it was decided to burn these stables, the proprietors were permitted to cart harness and hemp rope over to the Hotel stables, and Mr. Sullivan, the manager of the Pantheon stables, was permitted to roam the streets in perfect freedom and track plague bacilli around the streets on his boots. With unerring certainty, the plague broke out at the Hotel stables. Before burning the Hotel stables all the carriages, harness and rope—an accumulation from both stables—was carted somewhere else, and Mr. Buckley was permitted to go free and track the plague bacilli on his boots into the Hawaiian Hotel, where poor Herman Levy has, probably, got the plague from inhalation. This is the saddest case of all—it comes right home to those who saw him every day. Wind up the clock again, gentlemen; wind it up tight. Protect our lives.

We have the right to say all this. A newspaper, especially a weekly, should be a "stem winder" in the hands of the people to bring the servants of the people up to the proper tension. But what right, let us ask, has Lorrin A. Thurston as chairman of the "Citizens Sanitary Committee," a body created by the Board of Health, and therefore its servant, to bring

its superior to task. Thurston's grand stand play, this week, in "calling down" the Board of Health was not only the most arrogant assurance that could be imagined but the "worst" and most ludicrous political dodge we have ever heard of.

It certainly must have been a profound disappointment, to the "Boss" and the Citizens Sanitary Committee, when it was found that several thousand pounds of poison, mixed with many thousand pounds of lard, contained in 20,000 wooden blocks three inches square, with a hole bored in each, and distributed in all parts of the city, did not result in the killing of a single rat, yet the ingredient was liberally partaken of. Cats ate it as well as rats, dogs ate it, babies dipped their chubby fingers into and relish it; but, no mortality in cats, dogs, or babies has been reported.

Of course, it would not do to arraign those who prepared the poison for dishonesty in cheating the government out of the full weight of poison, contracted for, as they are persons of well established integrity. Yet, why this lamentable lack of reasonably expected mortality in rats, cats, dogs and babies? What a tremendous strain the "Boss" and his "(In)sanitary committee" must be under, this fortnight past, anxiously scanning sub-inspectors reports for the death of even a single rat, cat, dog, or baby to prove to an anxious and confiding public the infallibility of their judgment in practicing the art of "Lucretia Borgia;" for, did she not (as the "boss" does) consider her subjects rats, cats, dogs or babies?

It is understood that ten percent of arsenic was used, which is enough to kill anything, and lard will absorb arsenic and hold it in solution. So far so good. But if the committee had only consulted an ordinary worker in wood things might have been different—very different. The people would have witnessed, gleefully the slaughter of thousands of rats, cats, dogs and babies.

It is well known that soft wood will absorb about thirty percent of an oily substance, like lard, in which arsenic was dissolved, therefore, only seven percent of the poison was left. This quantity of arsenic acts as a mild and pleasant stimulant to a living organism. Probably the only result of the costly experiment, for which the taxpayers suffer, will be to endow all the girl babies, who ate the poison, with beautiful complexions and lustrous dreamy eyes, when they grow to womanhood to break men hearts and send them to an untimely grave, or the insane asylum.

The Rev. Canon Wilberforce takes a novel but suggestive view of what is to some people a vexed subject. In the January number of an English publication called *St. John's Parish Magazine* the following report from a recent sermon by him appears:

Intercessory prayer is that divine essence of soul union, that heavenly ministry, that laughs distance to scorn and creates a meeting place in God for sundered hearts and lives. I cannot