

The Honolulu Times

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All communications for THE HONOLULU TIMES must be addressed to the editor, P.O. Box 722.

OPPOSITION.

Opposition is the soul of trade, is the old legend.



Whenever the "stranger" shall come with his plant and his capital to run the Star and the Bulletin out of the market and to make the Advertiser rouse from its economy and its thrifty lethargy of saving money on press and paper, its neat, parsimonious little Sunday sheet, etc. then we will help that cunning stranger in his selfish scheme; he shall be able to drive a comfortable trap up and down our hills and valleys in securing his well-paid advertisements and subscriptions; we intend to always help the stranger coming here to make a golden penny, to buy up, with our generous favor, the very land and even homestead of the poor kaamaina, who discouraged and disheartened is now giving up his Island ties. Yes, let us have, by all means, the stranger.

Let us show to him our magnanimity, our hospitality. We will just drive around to his place and leave our cards and invite him to the British Club, and the Moana Annex, give him a pass to the Volcano, for he can write us up you know, and we want to encourage such a journalist in our midst. We must put him in the way of getting on here at once. Oh yes, give to us the stranger. As for our own, who belong here they may struggle on as they can. We never think or count on them.

There is the young man in his office, daily seeking the public patronage, who says to us softly and so gently: "We do not care for a paper" as if that settled the fate of the little journal once and for all. It would be useless and we "see" that it would and so we fold our hands quietly and look at the

young man; it would be time and words wasted on that desert air, to tell him that it was a woman working, the only woman's paper in the Islands, that she worked hard in and out, and had the same right to publish a paper that he had to keep his office.

Who shall pass the fiat inexorable, that this or that shall be a failure, when honest effort is at work? Who shall dare to say his work shall be a success and another's equally good, shall fail?

We understand that there is and has been a contingency, counting upon our loss, from last October "Oh yes, we said that—we knew!"

And not one of that tribe of Jews, be it said, has helped us to one single quarter. Have they read the paper? Indeed they have, before supper. At Nolte's, in the tobacconist's, in Martin's, at the Grill, borrowed it and stood and looked it through. They have been among the first to scan its contents

Well do we recall the sneers and comments made from day to day when the Star first appeared, and if that paper has forgotten, we have not, the struggle and fight it made for an existence.

Today a gentleman of one of the wealthier firms said to us: "The place is small, etc., etc." and with a show of reason, for he is a good and a wise man, and we like to listen to his business argument, for we can hear both sides always; at the same time that man will take at least the two, if not the three, evening papers, which are quite alike as to contents, and again, alike to the morning paper. If I may except, now and again, a really first-rate editorial of the Star (and I have not the most remote idea who is the author) and some ugly, snipper-snapper, vixen paragraph of the Independent, likely formulated in the brain of friend Testa, the papers all savour of the same from day to day. One day the Bulletin is loyal; the next a high-treasoner, who should be hanged at the yard-arm if it got its due.

One day the Independent is quiescent, the next, belching forth

sound and fury; one morning the Advertiser is quite readable, the next, bare and empty as the editor's den after midnight; and so it goes, the newspaper world of Honolulu.

We must *dree our weird*.

Hooray!

"Who helps us?" Well, you don't, to a dime. But you assume many airs and look at us as if you were paying for our paper. We comprehend all your ilk and don't intend you shall sail under false colors, so far as the Honolulu Times goes. We have worked for nearly a year, but you are never a patron, so we have not bankrupted you, or one of your employees, not one has in ten months bought a copy. Neither have we ever urged our paper upon your notice. But we have a few warm friends in this country.

A judge said to us: "Yes, certainly we'll take the Searchlight—two copies; yes, we will take your book; Oh yes, we will have the Honolulu Times, two copies always, for we like your work, Miss Prescott!"

How's that for high?

But he is one of our friends, and we might say, personally, we had scarcely met him. But he is kind to everyone I hear and doesn't wait to throw the carnation on the grave! And he's Judge Humphreys.

Six judges, no fewer, have bought the Times. Don't they know what's what? How came they on the Bench? Humph.

"You can teach, why do you wish to start a newspaper?" Yes, we can teach, after a fashion, but why does anyone wish to do anything in this world? Why does that man start an apothecary place, when one would think, and with good reason, that not another ounce or drachm of drug could be vended in the tiny town. Why does a man undertake to start a shop in that line? Why does a man want to get on his feet and sing a tenor solo, we will say, when so many dozen can sing tenor solos, or at least sing a base one? We cannot fathom, true, all the idiosyncrasies of the finite mind.

A minister avers that it is a very warm Sunday, and he desires, which