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Kauai First, Last and all the time.

KENNETH C. HOPPER, Managing Editor

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Child Welfare Notes

Mrs. Lydgate was over on the Hanalei side this last week in the interest of child welfare, and visited several of the schools and found much to interest and encourage her.

The Hanalei School

Here she found the children more than usually bright, intelligent and responsive, and more than usually neat and clean. A very large proportion of the children are Chinese. They have a very excellent simple equipment of playground apparatus including swings, saws, slide, and tennis court.

They have done some very beautiful and excellent needle work, underwear, towels, aprons, tea cloths, etc. as well as childrens dresses, with much fine lace and embroidery. This is mostly on order, and will be on exhibition at the fair in Honolulu.

The children here are "crazy for" magazines and will be very grateful for any in this line.

The Kilauea School

Shows a very high grade of intelligent and responsive children that it is a pleasure to meet and talk to. There is a good sized and very promising eighth grade many of whom are ambitious to go on to the high school. Here Mrs. Lydgate asked to them at some length of the need for cleanliness, the care of the teeth, proper food, etc., and distributed among the larger children little booklets on "The Care of Children" with some practical comments on the same.

The Anahola School

Was reached after school hours, but Mrs. Laf, the principal was seen and she told of the difficulty she found in getting material to work with in the way of sewing and domestic arts. The Department no longer furnished such material and it was very hard to convince the parents of the importance and value of these things. The only way seemed to be to furnish these things ones-self. She found that the girls had no idea of mending and darning. "What do you do with your stockings and clothes when they get holes in?" she asked. "Throw 'em away!" they promptly responded. "Oh, but you mustn't do that!" she said "bring them to school and I will show you how to mend them," which they are now doing.

Miss Pepper the Kealia community nurse visits the school once a week, and looks the children over, and gives them such minor treatment as they may need—and where necessary prescribes a special diet, or additional nutrition which the teachers try and make provision for.

Welfare Work for Kilauea Plantation

A very interesting and valuable work is being done by Miss Langwith for the children of the Kilauea plantation. There are some 500 children all told in and about the central camp partly Filipino, partly Japanese and partly Portuguese. About half of them are of school age—the others younger.

Each racial camp has a childrens playground, outfitted with sand boxes, swings, slide, and saw saw, which are constantly in use, and vastly appreciated.

The laborers are encouraged to have little gardens about their houses, and neat and well kept plots bright with flowers and greenery are the rule everywhere. Prizes are given for the best showing in this respect and that stimulates them.

The houses and camp equipment are somewhat after the manner of those at the Grove Farm Pubi camp—model in their way, having detached kitchens, with cement floors, cooking ranges, etc. And with all there is the rare distinction that everything is scrupulously clean and sweet.

At a central point in the Filipino camp there is a club house with an athletic section fitted out with the necessary apparatus, where the men can do athletic stunts in the evening, and another section fitted out with

simple reading matter, magazines, phonograph, billiard tables and other games, open in the evening to all who will make proper use of the same. That order and proper conduct may prevail there is a dean in charge, Filipino Hubert alternating with the Filipino minister in that capacity.

Miss Langwith is regarded in the camps as an angel of mercy; every one hails her with a smile of greeting and the little children especially run to meet her and follow her about as little chickens do the mother hen and evidently regard her as their very own.

She has a night school already in operation for adults, and plans are in hand for a domestic science class for the older girls, to teach them cooking and housekeeping. The plantation will furnish the meat and sugar required for this purpose, and the girls will be expected to provide the flour and other simple needs.

It certainly looks as though Kilauea had stolen a march on the rest of the plantations in the matter of child and labor welfare, and was setting them an example that they all ought to follow.

A Young Ladies' Tea

Josephine Israel entertained a number of her friends last Wednesday afternoon at the Cheatham beach house at Niunahu. The following very young ladies were present: Alice Santos, Dora Rice, Katherine Moragne, Isabella Hogg, Nina Kaulukou, Leilani Huatace, Metha Jensen, Theilani Rohrig, Edwarda Cheatham and the hostess. Dancing and games were features of the afternoon's gayety and five o'clock, the time for departure, came much earlier than it usually does.

ALBERT K. B. LYMAN, HAWAIIAN, NOW FULL COLONEL

Lieut. Col. Albert K. B. Lyman, stationed at Fort Lee, Va., is now a full colonel, according to advices recently received by his brother, Representative Henry J. Lyman. Colonel Lyman is also a brother of Maj. Chas. Lyman, Lieut. L. Thornton Lyman and former Representative Norman Lyman, all members of the well known Hawaii family. He returned to New York recently from service overseas, and is with the Engineers.—Service.

Lieut. Fay E. McCall to Receive Discharge

1st Lieut. Fay E. McCall, Signal Corps, will stand relieved from further duty in the Department and will leave for San Francisco on the first available transport, to receive honorable discharge.—Service.

LOCAL ITEMS

Dr. and Mrs. Glaisyer returned from town on Friday morning.

B. D. Murdock, auditor in chief for the A. & B. interests, is on Kauai in the interest of the corporations which he represents.

Mr. A. Horner is down in connection with his Hawaiian Canneries interests.

Principal McCluskey of the high school, will go to Honolulu by the Kinau this evening, on the request of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, to confer with the department in common with other high school principals.

Miss Henco, of the high school is temporarily laid up in the Lihue Hospital with an infected eye. She hopes to be out in a few days.

Mrs. H. T. Barclay of Kealia, returned from Honolulu this morning. She has been absent several weeks on vacation much of which she spent very unprofitably and unpleasantly in having the flu. She was with her brother Mr. John Lennox, most of the time.

Dr. Straub, one of the leading physicians and surgeons of Honolulu, was a passenger by the Kinau this morning.

E. C. Smith of the Garden Island Honey Company is on the island.

The Browns Heard From

The following private from Mrs. H. C. Brown tells of the whereabouts and doings of the Browns in a way that will be of interest to their friends and to all who knew them:

"We are enjoying wonderfully interesting times in Washington. Mr. Brown heard Admiral Sims today at the opening of the Victory Loan campaign, and he also heard President Wilson's cable message read by an aviator over 2000 feet above the State War and Navy Building, his voice being caught by wireless telephone and reproduced by an amplifier.

Anita and I participated in the Easter Monday egg-rolling around Washington Monument. Thousands of children with gorgeously decorated baskets with parents and friends in attendance,—enjoyed the games, the picnic lunches, the music of five fine bands, the rhythmic dancing, the airplanes circling overhead and the glorious air and brilliant sunshine.

We meet delightful people. Mr. Brown enjoys his work as one of the desk secretaries in the Central Y. M. C. A. and we live and I teach in a charming private school which Anita attends. My hours are shorter, my 14 pupils are very lovable and the salary almost double the highest I ever received in Hawaii.

Washington throbs with life and color, and the thousands who have been drawn here by the war comprise many of the finest people in the country. The streets are gay and colorful with our own and foreign uniforms, chastened by the wounded soldiers one sees everywhere, many of whom are at the great Walter Reed Hospital here.

LETTERS FROM OVER THERE

We are glad to announce another letter from the young nephew of Messrs Walter and Alexander Mc Bryde. We published a letter from this brilliant young writer last January. We are positive our readers will enjoy this one:

Dagonville, France, Feb. 13, 1919. Dear Sister: This letter may not be a success for I am bound to be interrupted, but I am in the mood and when possible I always try to obey the impulse to write.

This little village we are in is the crudest place imaginable and our comforts are non-existent. We are billeted in cold odoriferous barns and the humidity is intense. It has been snowing like the devil all day while the wind is high and icy. Housed as we are sickness is becoming common and in my billet alone there are five fellows in bed. I pity them for it is rotten enough to be well in such a place but to be sick must be unbearable.

Since we have been here I have become quite interested in a family of French refugees. The old adage that "misery loves company" was fundamental in our meeting. The family consists of a mother, a boy aged nine, a girl aged fourteen, and a woman of about sixty who is just a friend of the family's. Their home was at St. Mihiel and they were held prisoners and worked by the Huns for months. They saved the girl but that is all and when they were finally liberated they joined her here where she had been working since she fled from St. Mihiel. They were shop people in St. Mihiel and were fairly well off but when they left, their home was destroyed, their money gone and the future a blank. They landed here and here they remain doing odd jobs for soldiers passing through. The young boy of the family is one of the smartest kids I have ever seen and a wonderful good looking. He is well behaved and wonderful to his mother. He has seen the most horrible things imaginable but it hasn't touched him as it has the girl. I have thought him to count, to say his A B C's and to sing some of our American songs. The young girl, who is a beauty, chooses to work as a scullery maid to give this boy his little education and what he may need. She gets twenty-five francs or five dollars a month and every cent goes to the family. Marie is the mother, a woman of thirty-six with quite a few signs remaining of her former beauty—wonderful complexion, good eyes

and hair but few teeth and a figure doomed to disappear entirely soon. Her home was burned over her head, her husband was killed in the army. She has been beaten with huge fists, prodded with bayonets and outraged. With forty men, women and children she was herded each night into a cave for five hours sleep, and the remaining nineteen hours being spent working for her Hun masters. They lived on the flesh of the horses that had been killed in battle and black bread. When she was about to become a mother she was beaten and starved because she could not work. In this cave with forty men, women and children, no fire and scarcely a blanket her child was born with only the crude assistance of her starved friends. It died in her arms which was a blessing. She has told me all this with much thumbing of a dictionary and I know it is all true. I am only one of millions of soldiers but the little interest I took in her son won her confidence and the whole pitiful story is in my heart to stay.

The French is a queer people and I try very hard to understand them. They seem frivolous but at heart I think they are a serious race. Courtesy is natural to them and it is hard for them to be rude. The humblest peasant could give many of the people in our country cards and spades in courtesy yet their table manners are a bit shocking. I like to eat in restaurants where the patronage is mostly French and watch for them. To begin with they go in strong for community stuff and half the people in the cafe may be seated at one large table. As a rule the meals are served in courses and the diner never passes up a scrap. Wine takes the place of coffee and they actually enjoy the acid stuff. As a rule the bread comes in a huge loaf and each diner grasps the loaf under his arm and cuts off the desired amount.

Speaking of bread, their treatment of bread is one of the strangest things over here. Many of the loaves are of an amazing size. It is nothing to see a kid in sabots carrying a loaf almost as large as he is and never is a loaf wrapped up. Every Frenchman carries a couple of hunks of bread in his pocket which he uses in a way similar to our tobacco chewers. One sees a Frenchman reach into his pocket, pull out a chunk of bread, open his knife and go leisurely down the street whittling off small slivers and eating them in a most unconscious way.

Some of the greatest needs of the country are dentists, tooth brushes, corsets, steam heat and Ford's. At the age of thirty over here, about one in twenty have any teeth. It seems criminal to see a good looking girl open her mouth and show perhaps one or two teeth. I might add sagittary plumbing to my list of requirements, and there is a fortune over here for some group of far seeing plumbers. The villages are a disappointment. From a distance they are beautiful, being quaint with gabled roofs of many colors. As a rule there is a main street through the village with innumerable alleys, filthy, narrow lanes and side streets running into the main street. The streets en masse are an ankle deep loblolly where cows, horses, chickens, ducks and dirty children mingle and enjoy themselves in a most democratic manner. The houses sit jam on the street having two entrances, one for the family and one for the animals and fowls. As a rule the animals get the best of the deal when it comes to a home for the family, no matter how large, eat, sleep and live in two rooms. Directly in front of the houses is always a manure pile. They seem to go in for manure heaps as we do for rose vines. The results are similar for in both cases a heavy aroma permeates the interior whether it is manure heap or rose vine so it is simply a matter of one's taste in smells. Always the richest man has the largest manure heap before his door and they are graduated down to the dinky one of the village ne'er-do-well.

Before I landed in this country I had pictured these French women as a combination of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Pompadour and Mary Pickford but I suffered a great disillusionment. Given teeth and corsets they might get by but as things stand I can't give them much. The young ones are simply wild about our tan shoes and many a young Othello has gone a courting and been talked out of these priceless articles. As a rule the average doughboy's rasclets will pinch his lady love's feet but her vanity makes her wear them whether or no. I have seen many an embryo Romeo promenade with his Juliet tripping gaily by his side both wearing on their pedal extremities good old U. S. government issue.

When it comes to drinking I hand these French the can of corn. Any one of them can drink a dozen bottles of their sour wine without batting an eye and they do it day in and day out. We are hoping to be on the Big Boat heading for Everyman's Land soon. We have had so many false rumors that we give none of them credence.

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