



# The Bystander.

## That Molasses Avenue.

I am neither a mind reader nor an engineer. Consequently I cannot tell whether City Engineer Wall is really intending to smear molasses on Kalakaua avenue under the impression that he is building a road, or whether he is just having fun with some reporter, who has swallowed his jest for fact. I am quite positive, however, that if Engineer Wall is going to build any blocks out of molasses he is going to make a sweet mess out of Kalakaua avenue.

If the city engineer had suggested fish glue as a binder for his proposed road, or was about to build up a road surface by steam-rolling kiva beans to an even depth of seven inches, or had decided to make briquettes out of pineapple waste and use these for curbstones, I might suppose that he meant it, but waste molasses to hold up automobile traffic I refuse to believe in.

The chief beauty of molasses, according to what has been printed, is that it will not stick to an automobile tire. This is certainly a discovery. I know that molasses will stick to everything else on earth, but I had never thought of trying it on a rubber tire. I have seen it stick all around a baby's ears when mother gave it a piece of bread and treacle; I've known it to cleave closer than a brother when papa sat down on that same piece after baby had left it on the seat of the rocking chair, molasses up, and I have noticed what looked suspiciously like molasses sticking to everything that touched it around the sugar mills, but I must confess that I have never seen an automobile tire skimming lightly over the molasses tanks.

But there are other things that will not stick to tires and some of them attract fewer flies than molasses. Antipholigins I have never seen on tires, nor French mustard nor a lissed pontic. Why not try a little bit of each on Kalakaua avenue? Why not pave a stretch with some of the petrified campaign jokes so plentiful these days? Why not gather in a few square miles of the good intentions of the seventy odd county candidates and spread these around? We are told that hell is paved with good intentions and that place has nothing much on some sections of the highway leading to the finest bathing beach in the world.

Why stick to molasses? Haven't we been trying to make this more than a one-industry country? Isn't the Democratic platform in favor of the small farmer? Then why this croaking of the knees by the sugar barons? Well, there is a true Democrat, he would strew Kalakaua avenue with mulched turp and the fat ends of onion crates. The road would last as long as his suggested molasses and sand and would give the superfluous a good chance to do some business with the voters.

## The Passing of Individual Courage.

Human courage is as great today as it was at Thermopylae but the character of war has changed along with civilized nations.

Personal bravery and prowess still count, but they are not everything. The bravest and the most highly trained soldiers may be struck down by an enemy whom they cannot even see, and behind steel shields, and so far distant that the thunder of the guns is barely audible.

Cesar no longer leads his legions in the charge. The commander of an invading army is safely ensconced fifty, a hundred miles in the rear of his forces directing the tramp of a million men whom he has never seen and to whom he is only a name.

Technique has taken the place of romance in war. The bravest and strongest man in the world may go down to an unmarked grave if he happens to be a sailor on a cruiser whose guns shoot only three miles while those of the enemy shoot four. Individual bravery no longer counts. It is the morale and training of the mass, the corps, the nation, the technique of the whole organization that counts.

A hundred years ago the city population supplied few soldiers. The ranks were filled with the lovers of wood and the drawers of water. Today seventy-seven per cent of the population of England are city dwellers. In Germany city dwellers are fifty-four per cent of the whole; in the United States forty-six, and in France forty-one per cent.

As a consequence of the concentration of population in the cities the economic life of a nation has come to be very delicately balanced. Food, fuel, and material must be supplied to the cities with the utmost regularity; the products of the city must find an unobstructed outlet; otherwise a crisis is inevitable, with its attendant unemployment and distress. Even were a nation practically self-sufficient, it cannot engage in a great war without a serious disturbance of its economic balance.

The city-dwellers already represent a very large percentage of the population of the modern state, and this percentage is everywhere increasing. If we confine our attention to men of military age, we can see at once that the percentage of this class found in the cities must be even greater. Young men, and men in the prime of life, flow steadily to the city; the aged and the very young remain in the country. The present war is being fought largely by city industrial workers, drawn to the standards under some form of universal military service law. Not merely those who are without dependents, but those who have wives and children, parents and sisters, relying upon them for support, are being drawn for national defense.

It has been just as true in the past that a great war has required the enrollment of those who had families dependent upon them. When the head of a rural household, however, enlists in the army, he leaves his family with a roof of their own for shelter and with cleared fields which will afford means of subsistence, although the labor of tillage may fall heavily upon them. The industrial worker possesses, as a rule, neither roof nor means of production. When he is drafted into military service his wife and children must fall back upon employment in the factory or the sweat-shop. And such employment is not to be secured with certainty, especially if war is attended, as is almost inevitably the case, by commercial disturbances.

It is doubtful whether, in the whole history of the world, the secondary hardships of war ever rested so heavily upon any class as they rest upon the industrial working class of the present day. The industrial workers live from hand to mouth; war strikes off the hand. Yet there are persons who would have us believe that working-class anti-militarism is merely a surface phenomenon, which will disappear with the first call to arms.

The military campaign of today does not consist, as formerly, of long marches over a strange territory, leisurely stages, interminable parading of captured cities. The modern campaign is short and sharp; the armies are hurled on fast trains to battle, like cattle to the abattoir. The private soldier's game of life and death is played quickly to its end, and he returns half-dressed to his home, or returns no more. Warfare is becoming mechanical, like a large-scale industry. Its chief distinction is its appalling accident rate. Accidents now do death on the battlefield, nowadays, differ from death in a mine explosion or a railway collision? Bulgars and Turks may still strive with bayonets and sabers; but Germans and French meet death unromantically, at long range.

Like material gain, glory and adventure are rapidly withdrawing themselves from the reach of the common soldier, if they are not already unattainable. Their tradition only remains.

## Fundamental Democrats—F.D.'s or D.F.'s?

Here in Honolulu the argument is still advanced by political partisans that the annexation of Hawaii was a one-sided bargain. They say that the American consumers have paid our sugar producers \$140,000,000 in protection during the last sixteen years, and that therefore there is no obligation which the American people are bound to acknowledge for continuing the protective tariff on sugar to perpetuate the industry. These bigots think of that \$140,000,000 as a gift, an unneeded and unnecessary expenditure. This is the line of argument advanced by those who style themselves "Fundamental Democrats."

Assuming that the figures are correct—they were given me by an F.D.—and assuming any return benefit that Uncle Sam received, the cost to the mainlanders figures out about nine cents per annum per head of population.

The magnitude of this "steal" is appalling. All that the United States ever got out of Hawaii was the ownership of Pearl Harbor, the customs and internal revenue receipts, the fee simple title to thirty or forty thousand acres of valuable agricultural lands, the pick of the water frontage along Honolulu harbor, Diamond Head and Punchbowl craters and many other fortification sites, and the palatable right to fill a lot of government jobs in Hawaii with the leading politicians from Skag Hollows, Oseawatonie, Sleepy Corners, and Spookland—all estimable gentlemen in their way but not always in sympathy with Hawaiian ideals.

That \$140,000,000 looks big when you bunch it up as one item on the debit side of the ledger, but I would like to ask these belly-aching Fundamental Democrats whether the credit items on the account are going to be figured at their valuation, or at cost? The men who made Hawaii what it is have an idea that what Hawaii and the United States mutually received when annexation was consummated was something infinitely more precious and intrinsic than gold, or paper, with the dollar mark branded on it. The bargain was an equal one, not to be reckoned in dollars and cents.

The mental attitude of these F.D.s. reminds me of the story of the country visitor to Philadelphia who was told by his guide that all of the land where that proud city now stands was bartered by an Indian chief for ten powder horns, three flintlocks and twenty pounds of bullets. The countryman looked thoughtful and said he "didn't think it was worth it. Powder was worth more than that it is now."

## How to Avoid Seasickness.

Ignore absolutely all that is taught about auto-suggestion, or the influence of mind over matter. What has psychology to do with qualms of the stomach? It is Kismet! So writes my friend, "The Man on the Street" in the *Kalaka Midget*. On the day you are to sail, he says, gabble with all your acquaint-

# SOME REMARKS HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"Which one of you guys was posted at th' main gate th' afternoon th' company went on guard?" asked High Private Jones of the crowd in the company barber shop.

No one volunteered the information. "Come on, don't all speak at once," said Jones. Each man looked at his neighbor and smiled, but nobody spoke.

"Come on, kich through," demanded Jones. Finally the head barber asked: "Well, what do you want to know for, anyhow?" "Oh, nothing," said Jones, "only I want to commend some young man for his strict performance of duty an' tip him off to lay low in 'keep out of the way for a few days."

"Tell us," exclaimed the barber shop chorus. Jones looked them over to see if anybody was kidding him. After he was satisfied he said: "It's all on account o' them new orders. You know th' ones about not lettin' anybody in th' post to transact any business unless he's got the commandin' officer's permit. You know the orders was got up because somebody was kickin' on 'he gait o' peddlers swarin' all over the place. Now th' orders says: 'All civilians engaged in private business are trespassers an' will be fired off the reservation unless they got a permit.' Well, any- how, I make it short, somebody down at th' gate barred out the gent that takes the Dewar's Scotch orders at th' Club. This guy went back to town and wrote a letter to find out why he was barred out of the post, an' before he gets an answer tellin' him to come in because it's a bonehead play, the price o' Scotch goes up on account o' the war."

"Then there's an indignation meetin' at the Club. 'Why can't sentries be trained to carry out their duties intelligently?' they ask. 'Any recruit ought to be able to tell the difference between a Chino peddler an' a gentlemanly liquor agent, an' discriminate accordingly. An' more of the same kind. I got it from th' Chinese steward. 'Some o' these sentries are too fresh anyhow,' says another party. You give 'em a gun an' put 'em on post and tell 'em to do something an' they'll go an' do it. 'You're right, old man,' says another guy. 'That's why we don't allow the automobile spotters to carry no guns. First thing you know they'd be haltin' us at night.'"

"He was talkin' about th' automobile sentries," explained Jones. "The guys that go out armed with a pencil an' paper gettin' numbers. Anybody speeds up past fifteen miles these automobile sentries take his number. Not that they care how fast you speed, but they don't like to have you raise too much dust. Of course, these sentries don't got any stop watches to time you, and they ain't got any guns to halt you, so you're pretty safe. The only way they can tell when you're goin' too fast is to make a flyin' tackle an' look at your speedometer before you can shut off, see."

## Calling the Ferry--In Vain



—Los Angeles Times.

ances about any previous rough trips that you can recall. Ask your neighbor if they think this is going to be the worst trip. Speculate as to getting a room in the bow, where the pitching is so dreadful, or near the galley or saloon, where you will get all the bad smells. Try hard to revive and warm over some whiffs of nauseating odors, by help of your imagination. Encourage those conversing with you to rehearse the nastiest experiences they have ever had or heard of. You may be able to get some from books or magazines. There should be a handy index or scrap-book of seasick lore, I believe some fetching verses have been penned, on this subject.

Dismiss different brands of seasick remedies; how they stick in your throat when you try to swallow them; how bitter and nauseating they are; how they make your head swim and your eardrums ring; how that you are always sick in spite of them; and aver your utter lack of faith in "Mother's Milk," "Una Naler," "Antinauquique," "Moorehead's" and the rest. You might add what Doctor Wiley says in "Good Housekeeping" about the harmful effects of these drugs and the futility of dopping yourself.

By this time the bilge will begin to rise in your throat, hours before sailing time, and you will have such melancholy apprehensions of a perfectly miserable trip that you can anticipate all the distressing effects of mal de mer. Go into the minutia of the thing, now; describe the stuffy air of your stateroom; go over the premonitory symptoms; talk about how the man in the next room groaned and retched. Don't, for the world, cloak, or palliate anything, through a mistaken notion of good breeding or refined speech—use open shop terms as "vomiting," "retching," "heaving up Jonah," etc. They are very suggestive and will help greatly in including a calm, settled state of the bile and stomach.

As soon as you reach the wharf, inquire anxiously of everyone if they think this is going to be a nasty trip. As you go aboard, ask the officers. Don't omit to remark: "I am a wretched sailor." It's original and dainty and picturesque and contributes suggestively to the equanimity of every one who overhears it. You have, by this time, so completely battered down all resistance against the motion of the ship that you might have been able to call to your help, that the only thing left is to say: "I always go to my room and lie down the first thing." That completes the surrender of your will. You are now in such a flabby, superinduced susceptibility to nausea, that Neptune will be disgusted when you so easily fall into his power, and sigh because you have left absolutely nothing for him to finish.

I don't say that seasickness is avoidable, or that will-power can cope with it. I believe that sixteenth degree Christian Scientists all for the stewardess and urn. But I do believe that in this, as in all kinds of sickness, and as in all control of our bodies by our minds and spirits, that if all this usual pre-embarkation drivel could be eliminated, and if the minds were kept fixed on the cheerful aspects of the trip, and if we used the law of auto-suggestion, and of hypnotic influence that enters so largely into all our intercourse with others, to promote calm and comfort and a normal state, instead of disquiet and nervous expectancy and an absurdly self-invited abnormal state, we should be a great deal more rational and self-controlled than we are, in the average sea trip. Actually, I have brought on near-seasickness while writing this, on my land, purely by auto-suggestion. A great many of us deliberately hypnotize ourselves into seasickness. I suppose one of the last campaigners will make, possibly, after he has learned to navigate the air, sail in the bottom of the sea,

telephon without wires transmit pictures by waves of ether and think his thoughts out to a typed page without a pen or a keyboard, will be to acquire mastery over the caprices of old Neptune, and get the knack of bossing the old sea god around, as he now tyrannizes us; but, don't you see it's got to come!

You might apply the same principle to our attitude towards the present siege of wet weather, just the same as it applies to seasickness. To chatter everlastingly about the rain and mud; to be peeved from morning to night because it is too wet; to allow ourselves to think of it, and brood over it, and become depressed and morbid about it, is simply to advertise how we bugle life until we have learned from God how to live it triumphantly.

A story comes from Paganan to the effect that a faithful house servant lay in the plantation hospital, dying. He now it, and his mistress knew it, when she came to help cheer him up as he entered the dark valley.

"How do you feel now, Matsu?" she asked, with grief in her voice, because he had been with the family for many years. "I think pretty soon hell now," answered Matsu. Then, noting the horrified look upon his beloved mistress' face, he hastened to add: "No pilkin."

## The War Maxims of Napoleon

The following are some of Napoleon's maxims, taken from H. A. L. Fisher's "Napoleon" in the Home University Library, published by Henry Holt & Co.

- "Unity of command is a first necessity of war."
- "Love is the occupation of the idle man, the distraction of the warrior, the stumbling block of the sovereign."
- "The first quality of a commander-in-chief is a cool head."
- "He lies too much. One may very well lie sometimes, but always is too much."
- "A great captain ought to say to himself several times a day: If the enemy appear on my front, my right or my left, what should I do? If he finds himself embarrassed, he is ill posted."
- "When a king is said to be a kind man, the reign is a failure."
- "Heard! How the devil do you know what your heart is? It is a bit of you crossed by a log vein, in which the blood goes quicker when you run."
- "The heart of a statesman should be in his head."
- "High tragedy is the school of great men. It is the duty of sovereigns to encourage and spread it. Tragedy warms the soul, raises the heart, can and ought to create heroes."
- "Bleeding enters into the combinations of political medicine."
- "The vice of our modern institutions is that they have nothing which appeals to the imaginations. Man can only be governed through imagination. Without it he is a brute."
- "Description is the eternal root of a nation, purifying its moral life and forming all its habits."
- "I regard myself as probably the most daring man in war who has ever existed."
- "Love of country is the most common of all passions."
- "There are only two nations, East and West."

## Small Talks

JACK LUCAS—Sure, I am out after the working man's vote. And I am going to get it too.

WILLIE SAVIDGE—Yes, it is true that I am using my Packard Six to generate power to run my electrobator.

COL. J. W. JONES—Hawaii is one of the few world powers that have not yet become involved in the European war.

J. D. McINERNEY—I believe that frequent holidays and public play days are good for a city—the more holidays the more business.

W. J. DYER—It is good to get back to Honolulu. We do not realize how clean and bright our city is until we have visited a lot of mainland cities.

ALBION E. CLARK—Honolulu is a civilized town. If this was San Francisco there would be rioting and disorder if they declared election day a holiday.

S. S. PAXSON—An importer of plantation work stock is not necessarily a college professor although they do say back in Missouri that raising mules is a fine art.

HANAWAKI KRUGER—Lest we forget: "The man who lives in the public eye must sometimes expect to be under the lash." Aeh! I am glad I was retired from politics.

JUDGE C. W. ASHFORD—There won't be any use for anybody to excuse the commission of a crime because he happened to go and get drunk before doing the misdeed. I want this to soak in.

PATRICK HENRY BURNETTE—There is nothing about an automobile that I am not familiar with except the installing of the batteries and those I generally place so that the current runs out the radiator.

W. W. THAYER—The office of secretary of the Territory would be a panic if it were not for the work required to prepare for an election. The trouble is worse now, as instead of one we will have two elections this year.

E. F. MELANPHY—It's funny how some people will make foolish breaks at these political meetings. I witnessed a sample of this when a man in the crowd interrupted a speaker with a fool remark at the Kaimuki meeting the other night.

WILLIAM AHIA—What are they trying to make me the goat for in this color-line business? I been pick out John Cathcart for county attorney and he is a hawke. I know there are no Hawaiians been run for this job. But how can I help that?

GEORGE A. DAVIS—The bar association will meet on Monday afternoon to protest against the removal of Judge Clomons. I believe every lawyer in Honolulu should attend the meeting and go on record as opposed to bringing politics into questions of the judiciary.

JOSEPH E. SHEDDY—If some one were to change all the time-pieces in Honolulu after we had gone to bed every man would look at his watch next morning and say, "What have I overstept?" and ushie to get down to the office on time. If every one changes their time all at once no one would ever know the difference.

E. M. EHRHORN—L. Macfarlane, the manager of the Captain Cook Coffee Company, sent a bag of ripe coffee from Kona last week. In examining the cherry I found that ninety per cent of all the fruit-ly maggots had been parasitized by Opius. This proves that the Opius is going to help solve the fruit-fly problem in Hawaii.

JACK COOPER—I see that Professor William A. Bryan advocated at the Ad Club, the other day, that he intends to introduce a bill, if elected, which will provide for tourists being brought here at the actual cost of transportation. If ever such a bill was passed I see where every store in town would be obliged to hire a watchman.

FRED C. SMITH—If the tourist traffic increases this winter, and there is every indication that it will, we will have to get in and build some big modern hotels at the beach. Honolulu's hotel building experiences have been unfortunate. The Moana, Young and Haleiwa hotels were completed ten years before their time. Those who build will have to be shown. We ought to have a big new hotel at Waikiki with lots of cottages around it.

CLIVE FARNAUM—I see that the first detachment of Canadian troops have been dispatched for Europe. It will not be long before the Australian contingent will be on the way to the seat of war. Already 22,000 Australians and 8000 New Zealanders have volunteered and have been accepted. Our people and the Canadians distinguished themselves during the Boer War and we are anxious to know what we can do again. Whether these troops will be sent by way of the Panama Canal or by way of Canada, as yet, has not been decided.

ALEXANDER HUME FORD—Live, learn and remain in Hawaii or the best of everything the world has to offer. Last Saturday I was out for a tramp over Kanaa, and in Makaha Valley, two thousand feet up on the mountain slope, I found a patch of blackberries about a square mile in area, and they were the finest and largest blackberries I ever tasted. What a chance in this summer season for the roughter to reap a small vacation fortune picking these glorious blackberries and bringing them to market! And yet this patch is absolutely neglected, as is the vast coffee plantation surrounding it. There are acres of diamonds everywhere in Hawaii, but nobody toops to pick up the glitstons gem merely because they don't look like sugar.

## All Our Armies Less Than One German Force

If all the American soldiers who have fought in every war of the United States, including the Revolution, were recruited into one great fighting force today they would total only 4,187,111 men. Some idea of the magnitude of the great world war now in progress may be had when American fighting forces in past wars are compared with the vast horde Germany alone is prepared to hurl into the present conflict—namely, 5,200,000 men.

The armies of the nations now at war in Europe total 17,720,000 men.

Wars of United States.	Dates.	U. S. Troops.
Revolutionary War	1775-1783	308,781
War with France	1798-1800	4,593
War with Tripoli	1801-1805	3,300
War of 1812	1812-1815	576,822
First Cree War	1813-1814	13,781
Seminole War	1817-1818	7,911
Black Hawk Indian War	1831-1832	6,465
Florida Indian War	1835-1843	41,122
Second Cree War	1836-1837	14,000
Heroic Disturbance	1836-1837	9,494
Voovstook Trouble	1836-1839	1,504
Mexican War	1846-1848	112,239
Apache-Navajo War	1856-1858	2,500
Second Seminole War	1861-1863	2,732,408
Spanish-American War	1898	247,717
Philippine Insurrection	1899-1900	60,906
Total		4,187,111

## Liege

LONDON, August 18.—The Chronicle today publishes the following poem entitled "Liege," by William Watson.

Retwixt the foe and France was she  
France the Immortal, France the free  
The foe, like one vast living sea  
Drew nigh.

He dreamed that none his tide would stay  
But when he bade her to make way  
She, through her cannons, answered, Nay,  
Not I.

No tremor and no fear she showed  
She held the pass, she barred the road,  
While death's unsleeping foot bestride  
The ground.

So long as deeds of noblest worth  
Are sung mid joy and tears and mirth,  
Her glory shall to the ends of the earth  
Resound.

Watched by a woe! that yearned to aid,  
Lonely she stood, but undismayed,  
Repellent was the part she played  
And pure.

Praised be her soul, proud her sons,  
She threw her soul into the guns  
Her name shall with the loveliest ones  
Endure.