WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY — Light trades; fair weather. Last 24 hours' rainfall .00; temperature, max. .84, min. 76.

Sunday Advertiser.

SUGAR—96° Centrifugals, 3.9375—Per Ton $78.75. 88 Analysis Beets, 9s 9d; Parity with Centrifugals, $82.00 Per Ton.

VOL. II., NO. 82. HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, SUNDAY, JULY 24, 1904.—TEN PAGES.

Entered Jan. 19, 1903, at Honolulu, Hawaii, as Second Class Matter, Under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

CZAR'S SHIPS STILL AWAITING PREY

Vladivostok Squadron Again Seen in the Steamer Track Off Yokohama---Red Sea Cruisers Will Seize No More Merchantmen---Germany Resentful.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLEGRAMS.)

TOKIO, July 24.—The Vladivostok squadron has been sighted sixty miles off Izu.

Izu is a province of Japan which comprises a peninsula, the eastern shore of which is on Sagami Sea. Tokio bay, on which is located Yokohama, opens off to the northward and vessels entering Yokohama must go by way of Sagami Sea. The southernmost point of Izu peninsula is but fifty miles from Yokohama. The distance is also about fifty miles from the end of Izu peninsula, across Sagami Sea, to the land on the eastern side. To the south of Sagami Sea there are a large number of small islands. This locates the Vladivostok squadron right in the path of vessels entering Yokohama from the Pacific coast of the United States or from Australia or any points to the southward, and if the vessels were moved in closer to land they would blockade Yokohama.

GERMANS RESENT SEIZURE.

BERLIN, July 24.—The seizure of the German steamer Scandia has caused resentment against Russia.

CAPTAINS WILL STOP.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 24.—Russian cruisers in the Red Sea have been ordered not to seize any more merchant vessels.

AFTERNOON REPORT.

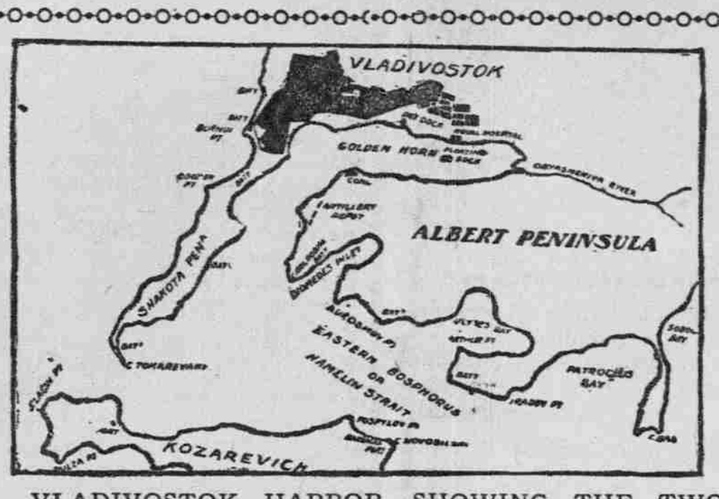
LONDON, July 23.—The Russians have captured two more British ships in the Red Sea.

TIENTSIN, July 23.—European steamers have been warned to leave Newchwang.

SUEZ, July 23.—The steamer Scandia in charge of a Russian prize crew has entered the canal.

HAMBURG, July 23.—A report received here states that five Russian cruisers have left the Baltic with sealed orders.

TOKIO, July 23.—It is believed here that the Vladivostok squadron is cruising off the Japanese coast to intercept the Pacific liners due at Japanese ports.



VLADIVOSTOK HARBOR, SHOWING THE TWO ENTRANCES.

今朝の日露戰報海電

◎浦塩艦隊伊豆沖を航走す

東京七月二十四日

浦塩斯徳艦隊伊豆の沖合六十哩に見へたり

◎獨露の反目

伯林七月二十四日——スカンヂア號の捕獲は露國に對する獨逸の反感を惹起したり

◎露國政府今後の捕獲を禁ず

セント、ピータースブルク七月二十四日——紅海に於ける露國巡洋艦隊は最早や商船を捕獲すべからずと命令されたり

OFFICIAL REPORT OF A JAPANESE LAND VICTORY

Washington, 23 July, 1904.
(Received at 3:15 p. m.)

To Japanese Consul, Honolulu:

General Kuroki reports as follows:

"On July 18th one column of our army commenced an operation for occupying Hsihoyeng (a place on Liaoyang road and to the north of Lienshankwan), where the enemy constructed strong defence works on eminences, commanding the defile and eastward slopes. Columns of the main force advanced in front of the enemy's position and commenced cannonading at dawn of the 19th of July. The enemy replied to our fire with thirty-two field guns. Meanwhile one of our detachments which was crossing a mountain pass menaced the enemy's right flank. The enemy offered a stubborn resistance to us and a sanguinary fight ensued. At 3:39 p. m. our main force penetrated the enemy's position on heights to the northwest of Hsihoyeng while the detachment facing the enemy's right cut the enemy's retreat.

At 8 p. m. Hsihoyeng and positions in its neighborhood fell into our hands. The main force of enemy fled in confusion toward Anping. Our casualties were seventy-two killed, including two officers, and 452 wounded, including sixteen officers. The enemy left on the field 131 corpses and his total casualties were estimated to be over 1000. The enemy that took part in this engagement consisted of the 34th and the 36th Infantry Regiments and one Cossack Regiment with thirty-two field guns."

TAKAHIRA.

DENMARK'S KING ILL.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLEGRAMS.)

COPENHAGEN, July 24.—King Christian is seriously ill.

Whenever the world hears news that King Christian of Denmark is ill, it begins to expect his death for the King is now more than eighty-five years of age and has ruled his country for more than fifty years. His death would cause sorrow in almost every royal house of Europe for he is related in one way or another to most of Europe's crowned heads. He is the father of the King of Greece and also of Queen Alexandra of England. He is the father-in-law of the Czar and thus grandpa to a host of prospective kings and queens.

THE STRIKE ACUTE.

CHICAGO, July 24.—The butchers and other allied unions have notified the packers that unless the strike is settled on Monday there will be a general walk-out.

PERSECUTING MISSIONARIES.

SHANGHAI, July 24.—A Belgian bishop and priest have been murdered, a priest made prisoner and three chapels burned at Lichau.

LAND CRAZE TRAGEDIES.

BONESTEEL, S. D., July 24.—Five persons were shot on the last day of entry of registration for Rosebud homesteads.

A RUSSIAN WRITER INDICTS THE CZAR

NEW YORK, July 13.—A cable to the Sun from London says: A remarkable article in the Quarterly Review entitled "The Czar" attracts much attention owing to the high standing of the magazine. The editor announced it was written by a Russian official of high rank. The author indicts the Czar as being personally responsible for the Japanese war and for the general state of Russia, controverting the idea that Nicholas is a puppet in the hands of a bureaucracy.

He declares that since his majesty was hypnotized by Pobiedenostzeff, procurator of the holy synod, he imagines himself to be a Slav Messiah. He is filled with a spirit of self-exaltation and regards himself, as the center of the world, the peacemaker of mankind and the torchbearer of civilization to the yellow and other barbarous races. He meddles continuously and directly in every state affair, domestic and foreign, thwarting the course of justice and impoverishing his subjects. He boasts of a fervent love of peace, yet has plunged the tax-burdened people into the horrors of a sanguinary and needless war.

Self-complacent and fickle, he changes favorites in fitful moods, insists upon having his way and dismisses any Minister opposing him. It was because M. Witte reminded him of his promise to evacuate Manchuria that he was dismissed. Other Ministers implored him to evacuate Manchuria to preserve the peace of the world, but he replied: "I shall keep the peace and my own counsel, too."

When a Grand Duke hinted at the possibility of war he replied: "Leave that to me, Japan will never fight. My reign shall be an era of peace."

The writer avows himself to be a monarchist, opposed to nihilism, socialism and all revolutionary tendencies.

A HERRESHOFF TORPEDO BOAT

NEW YORK, July 15.—Surpassing mine, torpedo, submarine and giant projectile in destructive power, it is asserted, a new engine for dealing wholesale death in naval warfare is under construction in miniature in this city. This newest contrivance for the destruction of battle-ships and cruisers is nothing more nor less than a high-speed torpedo boat, which is itself a torpedo, the bow being filled with high explosives in quantities sufficient to blow the bottom out of the biggest war ship afloat. It is planned that the torpedo boat, in the destruction of hostile craft against which its deadly prow is directed, also shall immolate itself. At no time, however, can the loss to the attacking force be greater than two men, and those two will have a fighting chance to escape.

When the torpedo boat, which is a torpedo, has dashed to a point near enough to its steel-clad prey to give assurance that it cannot possibly miss the mark the crew of two brave men will lock the steering gear and, with life belts about them, leap overboard, leaving the death-dealing engine of war to rush in alone at a terrific speed and blow itself and the ship of the enemy to fragments.

Francis Herreshoff, a nephew of Captain Nat Herreshoff, the celebrated builder of the defenders of the America's cup, is the inventor of this new annihilator. He contends that by the use of human directing agency up to a point within a few hundred feet of the enemy's ship the uncertainty that attends the use o fa torpedo will be done away with and naval warfare will have to be conducted on new lines.

The boat will be made of aluminum and built in sections, so several of them may be carried on any large war ship, ready for use in time of emergency. It will require only a little while to bolt the sections of one of these destroyers together and send it dashing toward an enemy. The boats will be equipped with electric motors and other mechanical appliances which will give to them a maximum speed between twenty and thirty knots. There will be no smoke to call attention to them. The automobile principle of locomotion will be applied.

LIVE CORALS AT AQUARIUM

Dr. Duerden has completed the exhibit of living coral at the Aquarium and it will be thrown open to the public for the first time today. The collection is located in a tank at the southern end of the building where it was viewed by an Advertiser man last night. There are at least a hundred specimens of over twenty different varieties and they form a most interesting display. By careful observation one may distinguish the actual coral animals or polyps from the skeleton which is commonly known as coral. The numefous curious forms which the various species of coral take are most interesting while the delicate tints are worth study.

These colors are most beautiful. The predominating one is brown, the shades running from the most delicate tints to a deep strong color. Then there are beautiful yellows and lilacs and purples—bits of the wonderful animal flora of the fairyland of the ocean depths. Although these are interesting points perhaps the most noteworthy thing about the exhibit is that it is probably the only one in existence, as the polyps do not thrive well in captivity on account of the sediment which falls on them in the water. An attempt will be made to maintain the exhibit although it is doubtful whether it will last long.

Earthquake Shock.

An earthquake shock visited the city yesterday morning at about 11:59 1-2 o'clock. It was noticeable especially in the suburbs where houses were shaken and dishes rattled. Few people down town felt the shock. The quake came and went with a jolt.

HAYS PUTS UP A FIGHT

Three Documents Filed Against Injunction Proceedings.

T. A. Hays, representative of the Pacific Hardware and Steel Co., by his attorneys, Castle & Withington, has filed a demurrer, an answer and a motion to dissolve the temporary injunction in the suit of the Territory of Hawaii to enjoin that corporation and himself from doing business in the Territory.

The demurrer states that the plaintiff has not stated a cause to entitle it to relief, and not shown that it has any right or interest in the subject matter as would entitle it to the relief prayed.

In the answer it is denied that the corporation exists under the laws of California, and alleged that it is a New Jersey incorporation. It is claimed that the corporation does business in this Territory altogether as a part of the foreign or interstate commerce of the United States. Also it is declared that the corporation's business here is and has always been an order business—that is to say, "this respondent is an employee and is not an officer of said corporation and as such employee is authorized to accept orders for goods, which orders are transmitted by him to the office in San Francisco and goods are shipped from the State of California or some other state of the Union to the persons giving said orders in the Territory of Hawaii, and that no other or further business is being done by said respondent, the Pacific Hardware and Steel Company, within the Territory of Hawaii," etc. Further, he admits that, as an employee but not as an officer of the corporation, he has maintained an office for his personal use, but not for the use of any officer or stockholder or to carry on any business of said corporation other than as specifically named by him. He "denies that the said corporation is obliged by law to do any of the acts set forth which it is claimed he has failed and neglected to do in said bill." Wherefore he prays that the inunction be denied and the preliminary injunction be dissolved.

The motion to dissolve the temporary injunction, the hearing of which Judge Gear has set for Monday at 12 o'clock noon, is based on the following grounds:

"First: That said injunction had been improvidently granted through mistake of misapprehension of the court and without notice to this respondent.

"Second: That no bond has been given in said action and that no bond is required in a case of this kind, and the Act being new and never having been misconstrued, as a matter of discretion, a preliminary injunction should not be granted and the injunction already granted should be dissolved.

"Third: That the bill filed in this case does not show any authority for the issuance of said writ and does show a want of equity on which to grant it.

"Fourth: That the answer denies all of tht alleged equities in the bill and under the circumstances of the case the preliminary injunction should be dissolved."

KAMEHAMEHA GETS A NEW PRINCIPAL

Perley L. Horne will be the new principal of the Kamehameha Schools. A cablegram was received from him Friday accepting the position offered to him and he will arrive the third week in August to assume his duties. The new principal is of Massachusett's stock although he was brought up in Kansas. He took his degree at Harvard, being registered from Oceanside, San Diego County, California, where his parents were then residing. He graduated from college in 1893 being a classmate of S. M. Ballou and Eric A. Knudsen of this city. He taught in Indiana and then became principal of Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., the oldest academy in America, founded in 1763. This position he has filled successfully for the past eight years. Mr. Horne is most highly recommended by the authorities at Harvard.

BOY HURT IN MERRY-GO-ROUND

An eight-year old Hawaiian boy last night sustained a bad injury to his left leg below the knee while attempting to jump from the Merry-go-Round while it was in motion. The boy was barefooted at the time. His leg caught in the cable which leads from the engine to the wheels beneath the revolving structure. The little fellow screamed and the machinery was stopped. It was found that his leg had been terribly cut along the line of the shin bone. He was carried to Benson, Smith's drug store and later to the Queen's Hospital.

ALL QUIET AT WAIPAHU

Plantation Will Not Yield to the Strikers.

A committee of the Waipahu plantation strikers came to Honolulu yesterday afternoon and held a conference with Consul Miki Saito. This was the result of a big meeting yesterday forenoon at which time it was decided to come to town and discuss the matter.

Manager Ahrens also decided upon one important move and this was to pay off a large number of the strikers. This was done in the afternoon and quite a delegation came to Honolulu. It is understood that other plantations will not employ these men at the present time.

The plantation was quiet all day, the strikers making no demonstration whatever, and the relations between the management and the labores were amicable to a certain degree. The police force sent to Waipahu from Honolulu on Friday remained there all day yesterday under command of Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth and Lieut. Leslie. The police were exceptionally well cared for by the management.

12:30 o'clock last night a message was received from Waipahu that everything was quiet, though some Japanese were hanging about the headquarters.

PEOPLE ABROAD WHO ARE KNOWN HERE

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dillingham and Mrs. W. F. Frear, wife of Chief Justice Frear, are at Mills College, Oakland, for the summer.

Col. Mills, A. C., U. S. A., formerly at Camp McKinley, and Mrs. Mills, are now stationed at Fort Banks, Boston, where the former is in command. Fred Mills is now one of the most active brokers in Wall street and Paul is connected with the Philadelphia Stock Exchange.

Captain and Mrs. Howell, the latter formerly Miss Adele Widdifield of Honolulu, are at Fort Banks, with their two children.

Col. Ennis, A. C., U. S. A., formerly in command at Camp McKinley, is now in command of the fort on Narragansset Bay, with headquarters at Newport. He will retire in about a year and may come to Honolulu for an indefinite stay as he has many investments in the islands.

E. T. Grady, formerly of the Washington Mercantile Company, is now in San Francisco connected with the Mexican Rubber Company, which is interested in rubber, coffee and sugar.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmet May are in Los Angeles, where the former has got a position with a life insurance company.

Governor and Mrs. Carter had made reservations for berths on the Mongolia, but it is possible they may not return until the middle or last of August.

Mrs. John F. Humburg who underwent a very serious operation in San Francisco, is recovering, and was able to go to the Santa Cluz mountains with Mr. Humburg to recuperate. She will probably stay there until August 1, when they will return here providing she is in good health.

Miss Anita Crystal, who is well known here, having been a guest of the Campbells has made her home at the St. Francisco Hotel, San Franco, where she is recovering from a slight illness.

Frederick D. Smith, formerly a clerk of the Circuit Court here, is a hardware merchant in New York and at last accounts was making an automobile tour.

Ex-Judge Silliman, who is now in San Francisco, would like to succeed Mr. Haywood as planters' agent at Washington.

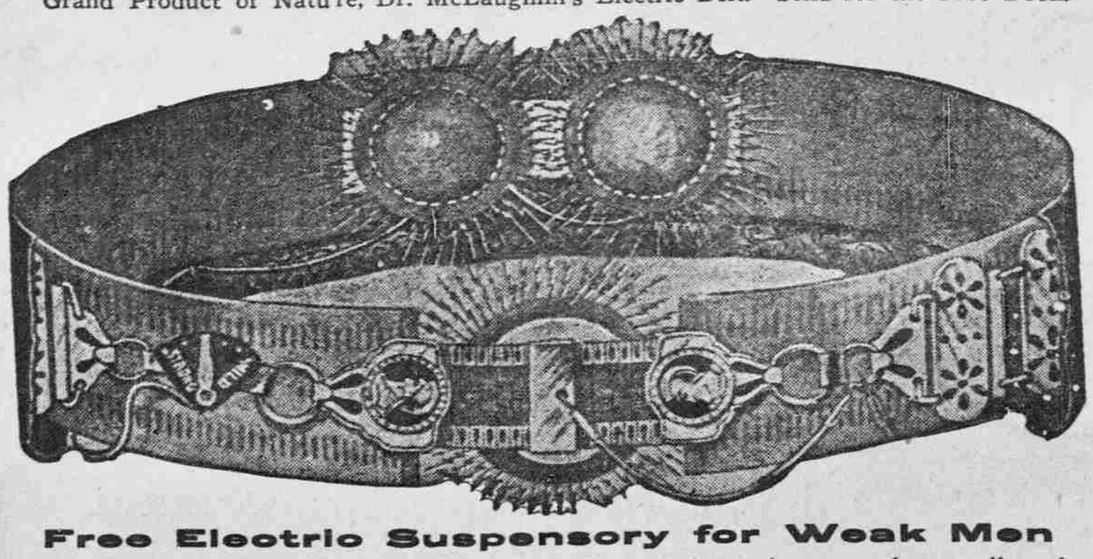
MOANALUA IS CAUGHT AT MERRY-GO-ROUND

After several days' diligent dodging Moanalua was caught at 10:45 last night at the Merry-go-Round. He was locked up and will be taken to the asylum today. Two other insane persons, one John Rowland and a Japanese from South Hilo were taken to the asylum yesterday. Leon M. Straus, the attorney who is charged with embezzlement was arrested by Special Officer Dias yesterday. One Furotama was locked up on a charge of assault and battery. Two drunks were arrested.

Commodore H. E. Cooper of the Hawaii Yacht Club entertained members of the club and friends last night at the club's headquarters on the Peninsula. A number of Honolulans went down on the evening train and were joined by Peninsulans and all had a fine chowder. Later a dance was enjoyed, a quintet club furnishing the music. Racing will be indulged in today on the lochs.

LOST MANHOOD

Varicocele, Impotency and Waste of Manly Power Are Quickly and Forever Cured by the Grand Product of Nature, Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Send for the Free Book.



Free Electric Suspensory for Weak Men

This Electric Suspensory carries the current direct to the weak parts and cures all weakness of men, varicocele, etc. It is free. It develops and expands all weak organs and checks unnatural drains. No case of Failing Vigor, Variocele or Debility can resist the powerful Electric Suspensory. It never fails to cure. It is free with Belts for Weak Men.

No man should be weak; no man should suffer the loss of that vital element which renders life worth living. No man should allow himself to become less a man than nature intended him; no man should suffer for the sins of his youth, when there is here at hand a certain cure for his weakness, a check to his waste of power.

Most of the pains, most of the weakness of stomach, heart, brain and nerves, from which men suffer, are due to an early loss of nature's reserve power through mistakes of youth. You need not suffer for this. You can be restored. The very element which you have lost you can get back, and you may be as happy as any man that lives.

My Electric Belt, with Special Electric Suspensory (free), will restore your power. It will check all unnatural drains and give back the old vigor of youth.

Georgetown, Wash.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear sir: I feel that I am in duty bound to you and suffering humanity to make a statement in regard to what your Belt has done for me. When I purchased your Belt I was in a bad condition; was compelled to take medicine every day to move the bowels, and my kidneys and liver were so bad that the least jar would give me great pain. My back was so lame that when I sat down it was almost impossible for me to get up again. If I had not purchased your Belt when I did I believe that I would not have lived much longer. After using the Belt for a short time I found the results beyond expectations. All of the above symptoms disappeared. I consider your Belt the best in the market today and highly commend the attention given each patient while under your care. Yours truly,

JOHN B. WARD.

This drain upon your power causes Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism and Stomach Ailments. You know it's a loss of vital power and affects every organ of the body. Most of the ailments from which men suffer can be traced to it.

I have cured thousands of men who have squandered the savings of years in useless doctoring.

My Belt is easy to use; put it on when you go to bed; you feel the glowing heat from it (no sting or burn, as in old style belt), and you feel the nerves tingle with the new life flowing into them. You get up in the morning feeling like a two-year-old.

Watsonville, Cal.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir: It is just about thirty days since I received your Belt and will therefore report as you requested. I can say to begin with that I have gained materially in strength, my stomach is much better and I am thoroughly satisfied with the appliance. I shall be glad to recommend the treatment to my friends. Yours truly,

CHRIS EIFERTSEN.

An old man of 70 says he feels as strong and young as he did at 35. That shows how it renews the vigor of youth.

It cures Rheumatism, Sciatic Pains, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble. It banishes pain in a night, never to return.

Capitola, Cal.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir: I commenced using your Belt the first of last December, and have received the greatest benefit from its use. The results are wonderful, for it reduced my weight from 250 pounds to 203 pounds. The losses ceased, and the dropsical condition of my abdomen was cured. I eat well, my stomach is in good order, sleep good and my circulation is good. I have the greatest faith in your electrical treatment, for the results brought about in my case have proven its ability. When I came to you I had suffered for forty-one years with dropsy, stomach trouble, vital weakness and rheumatism. Now I have not an ache in any part of my bones, not a stiff joint, a pain or any other ailment. I am doing politics for you every chance I get, and one of the gentlemen whom I induced to purchase a Belt of you here says it has cured him of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. LUNBECK.

What ails you? Write and tell me, and no matter where you are, I think I can give you the address of some one in your town that I have cured. I've cured thousands, and every man of them is a walking advertisement for my Belt.

Every man who ever used it recommends it, because it is honest. It does great work, and those whom I have cured are the more grateful because the cure cost so little.

Every man who uses my Belt gets the advice and counsel of a physician free. I give you all that any medical man can give you, and a lot that he can't.

Try my Belt. Write me today for my beautifully illustrated book with cuts showing how my Belt is applied, and lots of good reading for men who want to be "The Noblest Work of God." A MAN. Inclose this ad. and I will send this book sealed, free.

Dr. M. G. McLaughlin, 906 Market St., above Ellis San Francisco.

Never Sold by Agents or Drug Stores.

TO THE "NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS."

By P. Maurice McMahon.

She gazed on the beautiful moon,—
The moon with his chaste, holy light,—
In her opulent beauty serene,
Through the cool dreamy hours of the night;
The soft zeyphers whispered of love,
And sweet were the words which they said;
But though honeyed the thoughts to her heart,
She smiled as she shook her fair head.
For her Lord was the beautiful moon!

The moon, from the star-studded sky,
Looked down on his young, blushing bride,
In her shimmering tresses of gold,
With glances of love and of pride;
"Oh, rarest of blossoms," he sighed,
"Let me kiss the bright smiles on your face,
For you've won, by your beauty, my heart,
And enraptured my soul by your grace.
Oh, my love! Oh, my life! cried the moon.

And through the soft, tremulous night,
The moon, from his throne high above,
Breathed vows to the queen of his heart,
Wafted kisses of tenderest love;
But alas! with the coming of morn,
The sun her rare beauty espied,
And in the fierce warmth of his kiss
She swooned, and she withered and died!
And her Love was the beautiful moon.

Written on beholding the "Night blooming Cereus" in full flower at Punahou College, Honolulu, July 21, 1904.

SEPARATION SETTLEMENT

C. H. Bishop's New Trust Deed for His Wife and Family.

In an oral decision Judge De Bolt granted the prayer of the bill in equity brought by Charles H. Bishop and Evelyn G. Bishop against E. Faxon Bishop and Joseph O. Carter. S. H. Derby appeared for C. H. Bishop and W. A. Whiting for defendants. By a trust deed of October 14, 1901, C. H. Bishop conveyed certain property real and personal to defendants, the net income of the trust to be paid to him for life and upon his death the trust estate to be conveyed free and clear of the trusts, to such person or persons as he might designate by his last will and testament, subject, however, to the dower right of his wife, Evelyn H. Bishop.

On April 25, 1904, Bishop and his wife executed a deed or declaration of trust whereby the terms of the original trust deed were modified in some respects, in others enlarged and added to, new trusts and obligations being created thereunder. The purpose of this second trust deed, among other things, was to make a permanent settlement upon Evelyn G. Bishop and the children of her and Charles H. Bishop, which should be in full of all marital claims on the part of Evelyn G. Bishop against Charles H. Bishop for the support of herself, or her children, or by way of dower or otherwise. At the same time as the settlement was effectuated Judge Jacob Hardy granted Evelyn G. Bishop a separation against Charles H. Bishop, and the two are now living separate and apart.

The petitioners requested the defendants to accept the new trust deed and carry out its provisions, but though the defendants were willing to do so they doubted their authority. In their answer they set up that the first deed of trust was a voluntary settlement completely executed and that the second deed was a revocation of the first which a court of equity could not decree. They state other grounds for asking that the petition be denied.

The court holds that the original deed is revocable and that the second deed may be executed, and therefore grants the prayer of the bill.

The property placed in trust under the first deed amounted to about $100,000 in value. Under the second deed one-third of the trust estate, after liquidating a debt to E. Faxon Bishop, was to be set apart, free and clear of the trust deed, as the sole and absolute property of C. H. Bishop, also free and clear of dower or any marital claim, the trustees to make the division so that he should receive, as near as practicable, an equal proportion of income and non-income bearing property. The remaining two-thirds was to be held in trust and one-half of its net income to be the absolute property of Evelyn G. Bishop during the term of her natural life, and the remaining one-half to be paid share and share alike to the five children, the share of any of them who might die to go to his or her heirs. Upon the death of the mother her share goes in equal division to the children, and upon the death of both parents the entire estate passes to the children.

The makers of the deed reserve the right to annul, abridge, alter or amend the deed at any time, but only by their joint act or consent, while upon the death of either of them the trust shall become absolute, irrevocable and no longer subject to amendment.

MATINEE CONCERT AT MAKEE ISLAND

This afternoon's public band concert, beginning at 3 o'clock, will be at Makee Island. Following is the program:

PART I.

"The Old Hundred."
Overture—"Titus" ..... Mozart
Andante—"Fifth Symphony" Beethoven
Introduction and Finale—"Le Cid" ..... Massenet
Vocal—Four Hawaiian Songs ..... arr. by Berger

PART II.

Selection—"Songs and Ballads" ..... Sullivan
a. "Gloria" (Mozart) b. "Hallelujah", chorus ..... Handel
Gavotte—"May-Time" ..... Fretras
Finale—"La Comtesse" ... Translateur
"The Star Spangled Banner."

Sixth Precinct, Fifth District.

The meeting held at Pearl City on Friday evening for making Republican nominations resulted as follows:

Territorial Convention—H. E. Cooper, J. A. Low, W. G. Ashley.

District Committee—Geo. W. Nawaakoa, R. A. McKeague, A. A. Mahaulu, J. H. Kunewa, Chas. N. Arnold, Thos. Kalaiwaa.

Second Precinct, Fifth District.

The Republican nominations on Friday evening in the Second Precinct, Fifth District, resulted as follows:

For Territorial Convention—R. C. Lane, Chas. Coot, Sam Lua, D. Watson.

For District Committee—L. M. Keaunui, L. K. Naone, L. J. Apuakeheu, L. W. Logan, John Ah Sing, Rev. S. E. Nuuhiwa, Moses Aalono, J. Kekuku.

Local oracle—"Know t' Dook o' Blankshire? Ay, I dare say I knows 'im better than any one in these parts. Woy, my darter married one o' 'is stable 'ands."—Scraps.

The Metrostyle

PIANOLA

Enables Anyone to Play the Piano With the Effect of a Finished Artist.

The METROSTYLE PIANOLA with the Metrostyle Line of Expression, not only enables anyone—even those without the slightest knowledge of either notes or keyboard—to play any piece of piano music as it is written, but to give it an Artistic Interpretation authorized and indicated by the highest musical authority.

We are always pleased to show what it will do.

Bergstrom Music Co.

LIMITED. : : : FORT STREET.

Pacific Transfer Co.

WILL CALL FOR YOUR BAGGAGE.

We pack, haul and ship your goods and save you money.

Dealers in stove wood, coal and kindlings.

Storage in Brick Warehouse, 126 King Street. Phone Main 58.

Grand Moonlight Open-Air

Symphony Concert

will be given by the

Honolulu Symphony Society

A. Marques, Director

Mrs. Geo. W. Macfarlane, Soloist

at

Kaaleia Lawn, Cor. Hotel and Richards Sts.

Thursday Evening, July 28th, 1904

at 8:15 o'clock

Tickets Fifty Cents

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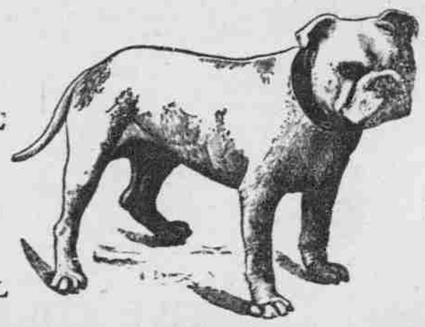

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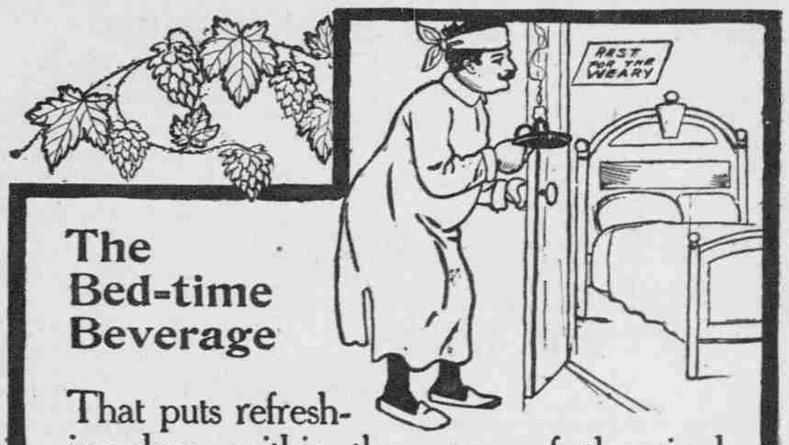

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THE WOMEN OF HAWAII

By Mary H. Krout.

Among all races of people, no matter how barbarous, there have been exceptional instances where women have held responsible posts and have played an important part in history. The women of Hawaii have been no exception to this rule.

Tall, erect, walking with easy and imposing carriage, with dark, flashing eyes, long, straight silken black hair, even those who had no claim to positive beauty possessed decided comeliness, to which their gentleness and grace lent an additional attraction. Under the old chiefs, even in the days of the Kamehamehas, the lot of the average Hawaiian woman was often one of great misery. By the working of the tabu, a religious interdiction evolved by a cruel priest-craft for the maintenance of their authority, a prohibition, which in some form or other has prevailed throughout most of the islands of the South Pacific, the women were completely cut off from many of the rational pleasures of life. Not only the woman's happiness, but life itself was dependent upon the husband's will. He could divorce her; even put her to death for certain offenses. She was forbidden to sit with him at table, to occupy the best places in the hut, to eat bananas or the choice fish set apart for her lord and master. It is related that the daughter of a chief was detected by a priest eating a banana. Because of her father's high rank her life was spared, but both eyes were put out.

In those primitive days, women were also forbidden to enter the heiaus, or temples, which, it was considered, were profaned by their presence. While the men were waging war with their neighbors, fighting sharks, fishing, or hunting sandal-wood, the women were preparing the taro, manufacturing tapa—the paper made by macerating the inner bark of the mulberry in water—which furnished their clothing and bed-covering. They did the cooking, gathered bananas, and strung leis—the thick garlands of brilliant and fragrant flowers with which the present generation still adorn their hair and throats. Infanticide was a common crime, which was encouraged, rather than punished. One woman confessed that she had killed eight of her children and buried them under the floor of her hut—a frequent place of sepulture. The excuse offered for the prevalence of infanticide was that the islands were small, and even with the equitable division of the land for taro patches and the construction of enormous artificial ponds which were well stocked with mullet, there was always danger of famine. It was considered expedient, therefore, to keep the population within reasonable bounds, even if the superfluous children were destroyed at birth. At the same time, parents who made way with their own offspring inconsistently accepted and adopted the children of their neighbors and friends, and these were often petted and indulged to a far greater degree than their own would have been. For peculiar reasons, which also obtained throughout a large part of Polynesia, descent was traced through the female line.

Notwithstanding the small esteem in which women ordinarily were held, there were among the old Hawaiians, female chiefs of high distinction, of great intelligence, and of splendid courage. Many of these were readily converted to Christianity and became the stanch friends and powerful champions of the missionaries. There was one notable exception, Liliha, the beautiful wife of Boki, who, in 1819, was acting governor of Oahu. She refused to accept the teachings of the missionaries, and with her husband, who was greatly her inferior in intellect and courage, attempted to seize the island and overthrow Kaahumanu, the queen regent. Both were reckless and extravagant, and the people were ruthlessly oppressed to furnish money which they squandered. They refused to obey the law of the land and finally, when Boki sailed to the South in search of sandal-wood, Liliha fortified Honolulu and held it for several days, until, at the command of her father, which she dared not disregard, she was forced to yield. She died finally in obscurity, mourning to the last for Boki who never returned from his ill-starred quest.

While the chiefs, or kings, as they were called after the accession of Kamehameha I, became enfeebled through licentiousness and intemperance, the actual management of the government passed into the hands of women. They possessed that high wisdom which has been characteristic of great women rulers of all races, a desire for the well-being of their subjects rather than for personal aggrandizement; and in conformity with this idea they gathered about them the best counsellors by whose opinions they were willing to be guided.

Even chiefesses of lower rank were invested with absolute authority, and could claim obedience and service from their people. This spirit still survives in a modified form, and was singularly illustrated not many years ago. A Hawaiian driving in her carriage saw a man misconducting himself in some manner peculiarly offensive to her, in the streets of Honolulu. She ordered her driver to halt, descended from the vehicle, walked to the offender and administered a sound box on the ear, rebuked him sternly, and then went on her way with the air of one who had done her duty. The explanation of this strange interference, which the man—a full-blooded native—did not dream of resenting, was simple; he and his kith and kin for generations, had been retainers of the family of the woman, of which she was still the recognized head.

All the labor on the large estates of the late Queen Kapiolani was performed by her former subjects, to the end of her life and this voluntarily, in recognition of the ancient law which, though nominally repealed, still remained in force.

After the accession of Kamehameha I and the evolution of the nation toward civilization, the favorite wife, chosen because of her superior character and ability, was made guardian of the minor princes. Upon the death of the king she received the title of Kuhina Nui which she retained until the proclamation of the heir apparent, when she became premier, holding this responsible office for life.

Four women filled this post between 1819 and 1864, virtual rulers, the kings being enfeebled mentally and morally, by vicious self-indulgence and consequently unfit or unwilling to govern.

Kaahumanu, a fitting wife for the great Kamehameha, was the first to hold the dual office of Kuhina Nui and premier, ruling efficiently from 1819 to 1832; Kinau, her successor and chosen by Kaahumanu, was in office until July, 1839; Kekauluohi until June, 1845, and Kamamalu until 1864, when the office was abolished and Anglo-Saxon influence began to dominate the islands. Kaahumanu and Kinau were women of remarkable force of character and intellectual vigor. Of Kekauluohi it is said: "she was far inferior to Kinau in fitness to rule, but had been carefully trained in her youth and made a repository of traditional lore, while of Kamamalu there is little to record. Kaahumanu, the most eminent of the Kuhinas, labored faithfully to ameliorate the condition of her sex, who suffered seriously through the oppressive civil and religious rule. Fearless and independent, she, with Keohuolani, a sister queen, determined to put an end to the hated tabu. The initiative steps were taken upon the very morning of the death of Kamehameha I.

As soon as "his iron hand was withdrawn," writes Professor Alexander, "the whole structure was ready to crumble into ruin." Upon the accession of the new king, Kamehameha II, ten days after the death of his father, the regent arrayed in a superb cloak of yellow feathers sacred to royalty, her attendants surrounding her and waving their kahilis, the "plumed staffs of state," proclaimed the new king, and then and there proposed to sit at the table with him and otherwise defy the tabus. The king, unlike his father, was weak and dissipated, and it fell upon Kaahumanu to quell a very serious rebellion fomented by the priests. In the battle which ensued, in which the insurgents were routed and dispersed, Manono, the wife of Kekuaokalani, the rebel leader, distinguished herself. Her husband was severely wounded early in the action, and was finally killed. The heroic Manono, we are told, during the battle fought undaunted by her husband's side. A few moments before he expired, she called out for quarter, but almost at the same moment was struck by a bullet in the left temple, and falling upon the dead body also expired. Having thus suppressed a dangerous rebellion, and restored peace, Kaahumanu became interested in the schools that were being established, began to study reading and writing, by setting an example, and encouraging the missionaries, and finally embraced Christianity. From that time there was a marked and radical change in her demeanor; from an arrogant and cruel ruler she became humane and just. So pronounced was the alteration that she was called thereafter by the natives, "the new Kaahumanu." In 1830 she made a tour through the windward islands, accompanied by the young king, with a view to lightening the burdens of the people, encouraging their education and improving their morals. It was under her regency and by her order that the first council of chiefs was convoked, in which a commercial treaty with the United States was negotiated—the first ever made by Hawaii with any foreign power. Kaahumanu finally retired to a cottage in the Manoa Valley, near Honolulu, now a part of the city, where she died, June 5, 1832. Professor Alexander says, "her place could not be filled, and the events of the next few years showed the greatness of the loss which the nation had sustained. The days of Kaahumanu were long remembered as days of progress and prosperity." Kinau, the successor of this great woman and chosen by her as premier, while possessing many admirable traits was not her equal, nor could she scope with the difficulties inseparable from her position, and others, graver still, growing out of the conspiracies of hostile chiefs, and of Charlton, the jealous and meddlesome British consul. Both his native advisers and the Englishman pandered to the king's vices, making him thereby a mere facile tool, a fact of which Kinau was perfectly cognizant.

The regent, not without cause, had conceived a violent perjudice against the Roman Catholic missionaries, who celebrated their first mass in Honolulu in the month of July, 1828. She did her utmost to prevent the spread of Catholicism and unjustly countenanced the persecution of the priests and their converts, as Kaahumanu had done before her. She carried her prejudice to the extreme of imprisoning two priests on board a brigantine in the harbor, keeping them supplied, however, with what provisions they required.

The queen consorts, the wives and daughters of high chiefs, were, also, many of them, women of powerful physique, inclined to embonpoint from lack of exercise and a fondness for poi—the chief article of diet with high and low alike. They were lawgivers, prophets and poets, and with few exceptions favored civilizations of paganism. To Kapiolani, one of these great reformers, for whom the wife of the late King Kalakaua was named, the ancient idolatry, cruel, gloomy and bloody, owed its final overthrow. It was based upon a dread belief in ghosts and malevolent spirits, and of the latter Pele, the presiding genius of the volcano Kilauea was feared most of all. It was believed that she inhabited the lake of fire in the center of the crater. Priests lived on the adjacent cliffs and received offerings from the people with which to placate the deity, plantains, fowls and black pigs, which were supposed to be duly sacrificed. Kapiolani visited the volcano and, notwithstanding the warnings of the priests who solemnly asserted that she would be stricken with instant death, marched down into the crater to the brink of the burning lake. She first gathered the ohia, a berry sacred to the goddess which it was customary to throw into the crater, but which, instead she boldly ate, saying: "Pele, here are your ohias: I offer you some, some I also eat."

As she stood beside the fiery lake surrounded by her retinue, she cried aloud: "The God who has made Kilauea is my God, and he alone has kindled the fires of the crater. I do not fear Pele. If I perish through her, then continue to stand in awe of her. But if I come away unharmed I hope you will believe in the true God."

The company waited in breathless silence, but there was no manifestation from Pele; from that hour her power waned and her priests were scattered.

The wives of the American missionaries who went out to the Hawaiian Islands early in the last century, were also remarkable women and left a lasting impression upon the minds and manners of the people. Foremost among them were Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Bingham, and Mrs. Judd. Several have given graphic accounts of their excellences and they are certainly of a nature to dispossess one of the ideas that their life was one of ease and indulgence.

Mrs. Judd arrived in Honolulu in 1826 in the Thaddeus which was months making the voyage from Boston by the way of Cape Horn. The vessel was dirty and crowded, and she and her friends were obliged to wash their own clothing and cook their own food. The ship encountered several gales and at other times was becalmed for days. Finally, one bright Sunday morning they anchored in the harbor of Honolulu. The people had already embraced Christianity, and from the deck of the Thaddeus she saw, to quote her own words, "a mass of brown huts looking like so many hay-stacks." In the center of the village was a larger hut, the church, toward which the people were hurrying from every direction. There were hundreds, men and women, both wearing long, flowing mantles of blue, green and yellow tapa, throats and heads adorned with garlands of fragrant flowers.

When Mrs. Judd and her husband went ashore they were warmly welcomed, not only by the missionaries who had preceded them, but by Kinau who was Kuhina Nui at that time. Mrs. Judd gave an amusing description of her royal highness, who was enormously tall and stout. She wore a silk dress of some gay color, with the huge bonnet of that period loaded with plumes. She rode in a cart which had been painted sky blue, and sat with her feet dangling from the back of the vehicle which was drawn by twenty men. Kinau was, from the first, the stanch friend of the missionaries, looking to them for the moral regeneration of her people who, after the death of Kaahumanu, were sinking deeper and deeper into degradation, their vices acquired from contact with the lawless crews of traders and whaling vessels that touched at the islands.

She gave the new arrivals comfortable huts in which to live, and saw that they were abundantly supplied with food; but they knew that their post was no sinecure, and that they must make a full and satisfactory return for every favor granted them. They established additional schools, to which all the people came, the old and young, irrespective of rank. When the conch shell was sounded which announced the opening of the session, the people hurried to the schoolhouses which could not accommodate them all; the huts were deserted and all other business was for the time suspended. Such was their ardent desire to learn, they went about with school-books in their hands that they might improve every moment. The brunt of the teaching during this remarkable epoch fell upon the wives of the missionaries who not only labored in the schools but were required to receive into their households the children of the chiefs that they might be instructed also in the domestic arts,—the girls in sewing, cooking and general housework, and the boys in the use of tools. It sometimes happened that as many as twenty of these charges were committed to the care of a single family. In addition to this, the chiefs acquired a taste for American cookery and dropped in to dine or sup informally, as the impulse seized them. A communistic system had prevailed from time immemorial, and the contents of the poi calabash were free to all comers. They knew no reason why the same easy custom should not be applied to the Americans, leaving out of account the difficulties of preparing the more varied delicacies which they expected. It was not an uncommon thing for sixty or seventy persons, chiefs and their retinues, to drop in without previous notice to be served in detachments, in their turn, with the most careful regard for precedence, which the etiquette of the country ordained. The clothing of the missionary women wore out and there was nothing with which they could replace it, ships from Europe or the United States visiting Honolulu only at long intervals. The occasional gifts which they received from the queen, gay silks like those which she wore herself, they very properly considered unfit for people of their calling, and they certainly were ill-adapted to the practical every-day use for which they were required. They suffered especially from need of shoes.

The grass houses in which the natives lived were not convenient, being badly lighted and ventilated and with no provision for privacy, to which the Americans had always been accustomed. The framework of a dwelling house, sills, rafters, shingles doors and windows, was sent out from Boston, ready to put together. But it was an old, time-honored Hawaiian law that no one could occupy a loftier position, literally, than the king, or live in a better house, and it was months before Liholiho, who was then reigning, would consent to have the American house put up. Permission was asked repeatedly and as often refused. At length, two of the Americans went with their wives to make a last appeal. One of the women was about to become a mother, and when the king perceived her condition, realizing the hardship of her life, a stranger in a strange land, deprived of all the comforts to which she had been accustomed, he was touched with compassion and relented.

The house was an object of the greatest interest when it was finally completed, and when the king inspected it, he ordered one for himself, which, however, he stipulated, should be three instead of two stories high. The old house, constructed under so many difficulties, is still standing in Honolulu, in excellent condition.

One difficult task assigned Mrs. Judd was to make a coat for the king. He was a man of imposing proportions, in girth as well as height. She had no pattern and had never made such a garment, but, since refusal might entail the closing of the schools and put an end to their labors, she set her wits to work in the embarrassing dilemma; she ripped to pieces an old coat belonging to her husband, and from this model proceeded to devise some sort of a garment from a piece of fine cloth which had been presented the king by an English trader. His figure and that of Dr. Judd were quite unlike, and it was necessary to make proper allowance for this, which it appears the maker endeavored to do. She does not speak highly of her handiwork, but the king was not critical, and as no diastrous results followed he must have been satisfied.

Not only did these pioneer women possess tact and ingenuity, but they, too, were endowed with heroic courage. This was shown in many crises in which their safety, and even life itself was in danger. Mrs. Judd was an exemplification of this during the critical time when Charlton, the British consul, scheming to secure and hold ascendency over the weak and intemperate kings, at length carried his high-handed presumption to the extreme of taking possession of the islands in the name of the British crown, lowering the Hawaiian and hoisting the English flag. Dr. Judd, who was the king's close adviser, secured the archives, concealed himself in the tombs of the Kamehamehas and prepared dispatches to be sent by trusted messengers to England, well aware that the government would disavow Charlton's act as soon as the situation could be made clear. The king was also elsewhere in hiding and the British officers with a detachment of soldiers went to Mrs. Judd's house and endeavored to compel her to betray their whereabouts. Both threats and commands were disregarded, the brave woman refusing to give any information that might lead to their apprehension and capture. When Admiral Thomas was sent to restore Hawaiian supremacy, as it was known must happen, the wives of the missionaries took a prominent part in the rejoicings. They feasted their deliverers, preparing a great banquet with their own hands, out of such materials as were furnished them by the king, cakes, sweet-meats, fish, fowl and flesh, and waited upon their distinguished guests in person. They were a good deal chagrined over the disappointment of the English officers who, accustomed to wine in abundance, found the milder liquids provided for their refreshment a poor substitute. The admiral, however, commended their consistency, especially their wisdom in not placing ardent spirits before the king and his suite who were also present—a temptation the king could not have resisted.

At a later period the descendants of these pioneers founded Oahu College, a co-educational institution, which celebrated its semi-centennial a few years ago. This school was a means of education and enlightenment not only throughout the islands, but was patronized by the early residents of California who preferred to send their children here—a shorter and safer journey rather than to the eastern states overland, or by sea around the Horn. The liberal spirit that prevailed, especially affecting the political and industrial status of women, had its source in the influence of this remarkable school—an influence that was steadily maintained and knew no abatement, until annexation introduced the evils that follow the rule of the self-seeking and unenlightened political demagogue.

As time advanced, the native women shared in the decay and in the steady annihilation of their race, losing their prestige, their physical and mental vigor. Queen Emma, educated by her English guardian, was forced into relinquishing her claims to the throne by the machinations of the faction that unlawfully accomplished the accession of Kalakaua. She was a beautiful and virtuous woman, highly accomplished, and well qualified to rule. Bernice Pauahi, who married Mr. C. R. Bishop, who is still living, was a direct descendant of the great Kamehameha. She, however, refused to be drawn into the intrigues and difficulties which beset the sovereigns. She, too, was a woman of admirable character and of great mental and physical attractions. She was contented with the simple pleasures of private life, and upon her death bequeathed almost the whole of her large fortune to be used in the education and care of her people—a wish that has been faithfully carried out. Among numberless philanthropic institutions which she endowed the Kamehameha Manual Training school for boys, with its beautiful grounds, handsome buildings and modern and complete equipments, remains a splendid monument to her memory.

The late queen dowager, "the good Kapiolani," as she was affectionately called, spent the closing years of her life in retirement at her pleasant villa, in Waikiki, within sound of the surf, beating ceaselessly upon the reef. Here she was surrounded by a considerable retinue of women, ladies of rank, who waited upon her as if she were still the queen consirt, in office. She may be regarded as the last of the ancient type, although she was not descended from the Kamehamehas. The writer had the privilege of being received at her villa in May, 1893. The house was small and unpretentious, the front covered with a lattice work, two flights of steps, one to the right, the other to the left, leading to the front door wihch opened into the reception room. The queen and her attendants occupied apartments in the rear, and as the guests were admitted, a sound of animated voices, chattering, singing and laughing, could be heard distinctly. The delay of Kapiolani in making her appearance gave the visitors an opportunity to look about them—to note the spotless whiteness of the matting; the simple and pretty chintz hangings so well suited to the climate; the heavy and brilliantly polished koa furniture, the masses of flowers arranged in huge vases that stood upon the floor. There were also several fine kahilis—"the plume badges of office," which have been mentioned, with portraits and an excellent bust in marble of the dead Kalakaua. After some time soft, uncertain footsteps were heard approaching; then a stately figure appeared, which halted in the doorway, and leaned for an instant against the panel. It was Kapiolani—though it might have been Kaahumanu or Kinau, so perfectly had the native strain been perpetuated. She smiled graciously, displaying teeth that were still even and brilliantly white. Her thick, dark, lusterless hair was piled in a lofty coil on the top of her head. She wore a loose, flowing holoku of dull, rich black silk, with a portrait of the king in a brooch upon her bosom, and around her neck a lei, a garland, of the vivid yellow feathers of the O-O—once sacred to royalty.

When she finally entered and seated herself in an arm-chair like a throne, her interpreter, a handsome young woman, took her place beside the widowed queen and explained that, while she understood English and could speak it, she was unwilling to attempt it in the presence of strangers. She was extremely amiable, and it was evident, even when speaking through the medium of an interpreter, that she possessed both wit and good sense. She asked many questions about the World's Fair, which was about to open, and deplored the unsettled political conditions which would prevent the islands from being properly represented. When asked if she herself would visit the great exhibition, she shook her head and said that she had not decided; that she wished to go, but would have to take her women. Then she laughed, and added: "Their husbands are so much trouble."

When the visit came to an end, and she graciously extended her hand with a gentle "aloha," both the act and the word of farewell were prophetic. She, herself, was shortly to join those of her race, the great, the good, the wise, who had preceded her into the unknown, and she uttered the last farewell of a doomed and fading people. The tall and imposing figure withdrew, and as the drapery fell and covered the doorway behind her, the curtain seemed to have dropped upon the last act of a national drama that should know no revival.

He (having told a rather risque story)—"Well—don't you see the point?" She—"No—not if it's what I think it is."—Life.

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WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : : : : JULY 24

A NEW THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

A Dutch scientist, Hugo de Vries, who has an enviable reputation among naturalists of the day, has given the last blow to the theory of natural selection. In its place he proposes another hypothesis which he calls the "theory of mutation." De Vries denies the possibility of the gradual transformation of the species by the addition of insensible variations. At least he states that such variations are produced by a rapid, precipitate and sudden process, the new species whose creation he has observed being born suddenly, almost explosively by what the Dutch naturalist calls the "spasmodic process." Prof. De Vries does not offer this doctrine in an *a priori* manner, but draws it from experience, and does not fear to place it in opposition to the Darwinian theory of slow causes. A number of zoologists, botanists and paleontologists have been inclined to adopt this idea of sudden changes and in this respect we may cite Agazziz, who drew attention to the simultaneous appearance, since the first fossiliferous formations, of a mixed fauna comprising representatives of all branches of the animal kingdom.

This is the new theory of change: That it is not determined by adaptation; that changes are produced in different ways without direction, sometimes being injurious to the creature and sometimes not, and further, that they are present only at certain times during the life of the species. Again they are produced by determined cause of an unknown nature, some affecting all the organisms, others affecting in a particular manner both function and reproduction. With Darwin the first new form was separated from the present stock by a vast number of years; with De Vries the parent stock may exist side by side with the new species, the struggle for existence thus suppressing species but not creating them.

The best proof of the theory is to observe a plant in its full period of plasticity when there is seen the birth of new plants with radically new characters. The great number of M. de Vries' attempts to observe this phenomenon were unsuccessful but he was perfectly successful with the onagre biennial. This plant was sown in the botanical garden of Amsterdam and was observed from 1886 to 1900. In 1887 a new type appeared, in 1888 two new species, and in 1900, in eight generations de Vries obtained out of 50,000 plants which came from seeds, 800 new individuals belonging to seven unknown species. Thus we have eight individuals out of 50,000, which are undergoing the process of specific transformation. The activity of the change which this plant underwent was about 1.5 per cent. The new species in no wise resembled the old, they appeared suddenly without preliminary or intermediary and the results obtained frame a new and strong argument in favor of the theory of sudden change to account for variation among animals and plants.

FUTURE OF THE PIANO.

The various articles on the passing of the piano, that of the New York Times in particular, could hardly expect to go unchallenged by the trade. Accordingly John C. Freund, in his musical journal, takes up the question with vigor, if not with heat, and lays the Times' conclusions to the advent of its dog reporter into the sphere of music. Going into particulars he says that three hundred thousand pianos were manufactured in the United States last year; that the grade of the work is advancing and that, owing to mechanical devices many "silent" pianos are coming into use. Mr. Freund also notes the increase of musical academies and calleges. And he adds:

> If the piano is "passing," why have such shrewd people as the Astors placed forty-seven Steinway Art case pianos and twenty-two Knabe Art case pianos, each one of which cost over four figures, in a single one of their new hotels—the St. Regis?
>
> If the piano is passing, how is it that while but a few years ago only one house was making pianos in Chicago, now there are a dozen or more, several of which turn out over 10,000 instruments a year each, and how is it that within recent years no less than four large piano factories making high-grade instruments have started in Philadelphia; large plants have been established in Rochester and other New York cities while piano-making has grown to such distinction in Cincinnati that the head of the Baldwin house received the supreme recompense of the Cross of the Legion of Honor at the last Paris Exposition because of the artistic character of the concern's exhibit?
>
> How is it, if the piano is passing, that the output of our great houses like the Steinway, the Knabe, the Weber, the Chickering and others has largely increased in the last five years, while the business of the popular makers in New York has grown to such proportions that some who made only hundreds of pianos a year less than a decade ago, now make thousands.
>
> If pianos are passing, why are the public schools, all over the country, buying them by the thousand? Year after year the demand for pianos from the public schools is growing by leaps and bounds!

The question does not seem to be a serious one if the facts are as stated by Mr. Freund, though it would add to the opportunity for useful knowledge in the matter of the piano output if there could be tabulated figures of the number of instruments manufactured in the United States for each year of the last ten.

A BASELESS SUPPOSITION.

Here is a common California observation which hardly bears analysis. We find it in a Pacific coast trade journal:

> If Christopher Columbus had landed on the Island of Catalina instead of San Salvador, this great State of California would be densely populated and land everywhere would be at a premium, while the Eastern States would be the Siberia of America.

Had Christopher Columbus landed on the barren rocks of Santa Catalina he would probably have gone home and reported, as Cabrillo did fifty years later, when he discovered the peninsula of Lower California, that the land was "a desert inhabited by poor people." Cabrillo was the discoverer of both Californias and he thought so little of them that it was half a century before the next navigator, Viscaino, came and it was three centuries before any large number of people settled there. When population flocked in, gold was the lure. Even then the census did not become great.

The condition precedent to a large population anywhere is fertility of soil and opportunities for commerce. In a newly discovered region a familiar look to the land and a familiar feel to the climate are essential. Europe populated the Eastern seaboard with a rush because the latter was in itself a virgin Europe. As such it could be understood. Before the rush really began the Old World people knew of the Californias and of the South American coasts on both sides; but they preferred the Eastern country lying between the 30th and 50th degrees of north latitude, and they prefer it today.

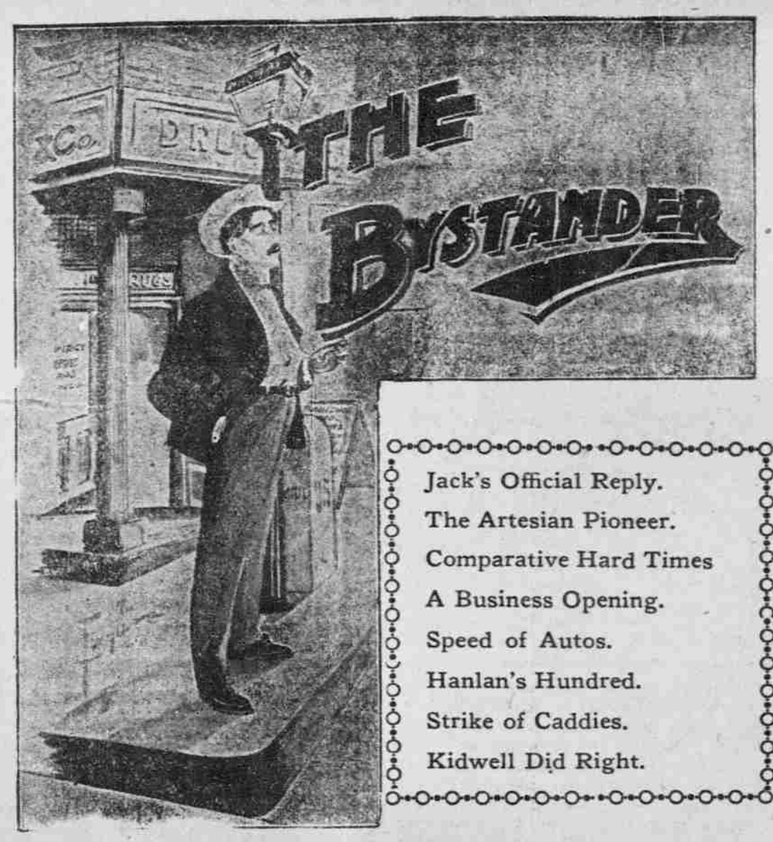
One may well believe that the development of North America would have been far slower than it was if the report Columbus had carried back to Europe had been as unenthusiastic as is that of people who now see the coast of California near Santa Catalina for the first time from a ship. In that far day the coast was less inviting even than now—as arid, cheerless and inhospitable a region as is the seaslope of the peninsula, a few miles further south.

Hilo reports a sharp shock of earthquake, there was a slight one here yesterday and the district of Kau, on the big island, is said to have been in perturbation for weeks. The Hilo shock was strongly felt at the Volcano House and Kilauea itself is having landslides. Old observers say that the cessation of vapor and smoke in the pit portends an eruption. Something of the kind is about due chronologically, as it is several years since any marked volcanic phenomena have been seen at Kilauea.

The Vladivostok squadron was, at last accounts, lying directly in the path of vessels making for Yokohama from the United States and Australia. Interest now centers in the whereabouts of the Japanese warships. They ought to be on hand by this time. It would not surprise any one who is conversant with Japanese naval methods to hear of an engagement or a stern chase very soon.

The Argonaut notes a falling off of interest in the California National Guard and attributes it to the hostility of labor unions. If that is the true reason, the Guard should have the benefit of an enlightened civic spirit. California cannot afford to let its defensive safeguards become weak because elements which frequently break the law are critical of them.

There will be no more silver dollars coined in the United States unless Congress sets the mints at work, the white bullion bought under the Sherman Act having been exhausted.



Jack's Official Reply.
The Artesian Pioneer.
Comparative Hard Times
A Business Opening.
Speed of Autos.
Hanlan's Hundred.
Strike of Caddies.
Kidwell Did Right.

There have been various versions of the message which Governor Jack sent to Governor George when the latter asked by cable if he needed to return before the middle of August. Jack gave out some modest versions of his own but here is the message which, I am told, was actually sent:

Hon. Geo. R. Carter,
Chicago:
I don't care if you never come back.
JACK.

Jack is suited with his present job, is doing well with it, is popular and respected. Why should he want to vanish in the Secretary's office again, leaving behind him that decorative symphony in robin's egg blue?

With a friend I sauntered through the suburb of Honolulu known as Marquesville a day or two ago. The district is closely settled with homes and surrounding each are gardens in which there is luxuriant vegetation. At the residence of Dr. Marques there is a windmill. This is covered nearly to the wheel with vines and my friend reminded me that this marked the location of the pioneer artesian well in this island. At one time that section of Honolulu, then known as the Plains, was a barren stretch of country. Dr. Marques bought about thirty acres of the land and put down the artesian well. During the time of drilling operations other landowners on the Plains laughed at Marques. They said it was useless to try to secure water in that way. He would get sea water. One man declared that there were enough volcanoes in the country without trying to make a vent for another near Honolulu. But Marques kept at it and in a short time a magnificent force of water resulted. Other landowners immediately caught on to the artesian idea and within a couple of years large stretches of hitherto unused land here were brought under cultivation. Land in the district is now valued at about ten times the amount it was priced when Marques first put down his well.

My friend Husted is right in saying that times in Honolulu might be lots worse. We don't know real hard times here. Why I was once in a western city where a boom had burst and where the man of largest known income was a retired colonel of the Regular Army living on his pay. The place existed on faith, hope and charity and the greatest of these was charity. There were not more than twenty well-dressed men and women in the 20,000 on the census rolls and a street crowd had a general air of shabbiness and decay. Each branch of the Rapid Transit line ran one car which happened by a place once in twenty minutes. Men who had dealt in big figures two years before were seen buying ten cents worth of fish roe at a street stand for the family dinner. Once I caught sight of an ex-Judge, a stately man, burdened with forty acres of taxable but unsalable city lots, doing the family washing. There were few amusements in the town except fishing from the wharves—though this was also business. John Drew came to the place with his splendid players and there were but 28 people in the house including deadheads. Drew returned their money and left. Several in the audience were glad to get the money back because they had begun to miss it. Oh but those were hard times! Here in Honolulu we are by comparison in the flush of an opulent prosperity. Things are not what they were but they might be a great deal worse without being fatal; and they have been infinitely worse in towns that still lived.

Why shouldn't a man do well with a dog, bird and monkey store here? Hundreds of men want good watch dogs but don't know where to get them. The town is full of mongrels but the real things are few. Occasionally you can find a canary for sale but never a parrot. Monkeys of certain breeds are fine pets and they know a lot. I had one once who never smelt veal frying in the kitchen that he didn't go out to the gate to see if my Evening Bulletin hadn't been thrown in. A place like Honolulu where spaces are wide and the open air life possible is just the one in which to sell domestic pets. Even the cities buy thousands of such livestock though the cramped-in people there hardly know where to put them.

Can't the legal speed regulations for horses and electric cars, whatever they are, be applied to automobiles? I am a turtle on the underside of a sunken log unable to acquaint myself with the phenomena of the universe—as Volcano Marshali used to say—if an automobile that passed me on King street the other night wasn't travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. There was a rumble, a toot, a whiz and a vacancy just in front of the horse which I had pulled back on his haunches to keep from being hit sideways. In New York or Washington a "cop" would have intercepted that red devil in its flight and done things to it. For lack of supervision some of our chauffers are getting altogether too indifferent to the lives and limbs of other people.

James Hanlon, the British Chauvinist from Ireland whose financial troubles lately brought him before the police court on a charge of vagrancy, received handsome recognition from Lord Charles Beresford when that distinguished personage visited Honolulu a few years ago. It was on the occasion of a reception given to Sir Charles by Consul-General Kelly-Kenny at the consulate, Queen Liliuokalani's place, Palama. A few prominent Britishers, together with the late J. B. Atherton as president of the Chamber of Commerce, were entertained at luncheon by the Consul-General. While the guests were grouped in front of the consulate engaged in parting chat, after being photographed, Mr. Hanlon appeared on the scene and was presented to Sir Charles Beresford.

"I used to shoe your father's horses," he observed in unctuous brogue to the guest of honor.

"I hope you didn't drive the nails into the quick," Sir Charles replied with smiling urbanity.

Sir Charles Beresford, before departing in his steamer, transferred $100 gold from his purse to the rugged old hand that used to shoe the Beresford horses. This generosity was exercised privately but the secret was one Hanlon was incapable of keeping. It got into the papers and Sir Charles did not suffer by the incident in Honolulu popularity that was his by tradition. Many years before he was disciplined as a midshipman for the taking down of the American shield from in front of the United States Consulate here. It was never believed in Honolulu but that he assumed the culpability of that escapade to save his midshipmates who, being of less distinguished family, might have fared worse than publicly having to restore the displaced symbol to its original position, which was the penalty imposed upon the culprit.

There are strikes and strikes but the one which began yesterday adds to the list of novelties in this line. The caddies on the Manoa golf links have no organization but yet they exercised a power when yesterday's tournament began to which the golfers had to bow. During practice young boys, mostly whites and Hawaiians, have been instructed in their duties. Yesterday a few Portuguese boys, as ragged as wharf rats, appeared, ready to earn a ten-cent fee. There were not enough of the white and Hawaiian boys and it was proposed to utilize the Portuguese. A white boy caddy stepped forward and said: "We can't work with them." The golfers looked at one another, then at the caddies—and then—gave in. The result was that some golfers had caddies and others had none.

Mr. Kidwell was right in objecting to a Home Rule nomination at a Republican primary. Col. Boyd, an avowed Home Ruler and a man whose efforts to get recognition from the Republican party have been turned down for cause, should have kept out of the primaries of any other party than his own. His attempt to name Republican delegates was sheer impertinence. The cheek of some of these Home Rule leaders, most of them deserters from the Republican ranks, would throw a shadow on the moon. Why it is not long since Iaukea, the chief organizer of the Home Rule party, objected because his name was taken off the roll of a Republican precinct club at Waialua. He saw no reason in the world why he should not sit in Republican councils and use what he learned there to promote Republican defeat. Apparently the Bulletin agrees with him. Politics like that should have a special ward in the Foolish House.

COMMERCIAL NEWS

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

It has been a colorless and uneventful week in every respect. Unfortunately there is no improvement in the general tone of business men's views regarding the situation all round. Might it not be better if there were less desultory grumbling along the curbstone and more frequent getting together of merchants for the purpose of discussing causes of dull times and possible means of improvement? For amidst the complainings often valuable suggestions are heard, which are only born to die for lack of concerted action toward putting them into effect. Again, alleged evils are frequently ventilated not only on the street but in the press, which ought to be subjects of deliberate investigation with a view, if proving to be well-founded, of having them corrected. For instance, there was the complaint of a correspondent of the Advertiser over his own name and address, the other day, about a wide variance in retail prices for identical articles of merchandise. Pleasant as it was rare was the remark of a Fort street merchant this last week, that he considered business was nothing like so depressed in Honolulu as was commonly represented.

SOMETHING TO WORK FOR.

Speaking of remedies, J. W. Pratt, Commissioner of Public Lands, in a conversation starting on the subject of inquiries about land for agricultural and horticulture purposes from the mainland, strongly urged more concentrated effort on the part of the business community for inducing the Federal Government to keep vessels of the Navy constantly stationed here. Not merely on account of the degree of reimbursement to the Territory of the large amounts of revenue derived therefrom by the United States Treasury, which would accrue from the expenditures of ships, officers and crews here, should the matter be pressed home at Washington, but because of the great attraction that would be created in having Honolulu made such an important naval station as that for which its central position in the world's greatest ocean, its equable climate and its almost unbroken record of immunity from hurricane or cyclone make it peculiarly qualified. The imposing fortifications and ships, the brilliancy imparted to the town and its society by gay uniforms, the drills and parades and martial music, all would be a strong lure for fashionable and leisurely tourists. With the stimulus to social life would come liberal expenditures on the part of our wealthy residents, both for dress and for the hospitable board, of which the stores would reap substantial benefit. Then the social correspondence of officers on the station would certainly vie in potency with the propaganda of organized promotion work in drawing the interest of the best people all over the Union toward Hawaii. An incidental and probably not remote consequence of a fully maintained naval station here would be the studding of the mountains environing Honolulu with the villas of America's aristocracy of wealth. In more or less degree the establishment of a large army post here, the initiation of which is already in evidence, will be comparable in importance with that of a first-class naval station.

MATTERS IN GENERAL.

Not half a dozen transactions have been recorded by the Stock and Bond Exchange for the week. Ten shares of Pioneer Mill Co. sold at $86, forty of Oahu Sugar Co. at $87.50, seventy-five of McBryde Sugar Co. at $4 and $1000 of O. R. & L. Co. bonds at $104. Ewa Plantation Co. announces a monthly dividend of one per cent. as payable next Saturday.—What promised a few years ago to be a profitable new industry came to hopeless dissolution yesterday in the sale, piecemeal, of the property of the Honolulu Clay Co., Ltd., by Jas. F. Morgan, auctioneer, under judicial commission. There was no bid for it as a whole. A residence lot at Puunui of 30,000 square feet sold for $350, and the brickyard site of 108,100 square feet for $2500, A. Lidgate, mortgagee, being the purchaser of both. Buildings, gasoline engine and brick-making plant went to sundry purchasers for an aggregate of $2005.—R. W. Shingle, broker, returned from San Francisco after placing there the entire bond issue of the new gas manufacturing company, together with a considerable portion of the capital stock. The control is retained in Honolulu. Fuel and lighting gas is a new thing here, which strangely delayed its coming until 18 years after the advent of electric light in Honolulu. Yet the enterprise seems to have much popularity. Mr. Shingle's successful mission is a most cheerful criterion of the status of Hawaiian securities on the Coast. The charter was obtained from the Legislature of 1903 by the late W. W. Dimond and associates, then under the terms of the Organic Act relating to public franchises taken to Washington and with amendments passed by Congress.—News of the world's sugar markets continues to be cheering. An item in an article reprinted by the Advertiser from the Beet Sugar Gazette tells of the doubling of exports of American refined sugar to British South Africa, where our granulated is stated to be regarded as superior to Mauritius white sugar. The latest number received of Willett & Gray's Journal, being that of July 7, gives encouragement of advancing prices.—An unfortunate local episode has been the strike of Japanese laborers on the Oahu Sugar Co.'s plantation which started on Tuesday last. Its settlement yesterday by the discharge of the strikers, as reported in the general news columns of this paper will probably have a salutary effect on the Japanese field labor throughout the Territory.

HONOLULU'S POPULATION.

BY F. M. HUSTED.

The publisher of the City directory is in position to learn more about a community than almost anybody else. Especially is this true if he has published the book for a series of years and has intelligently studied his field. He comes in contact either personally or through his canvassers with every person in the community. Further than this he becomes to a certain extent the confident of a large percentage of the business community. He visits their stores and offices and in no small degree becomes familiar with their affairs. He is able to give information or assistance that frequently is of consderable value. In this way he gains the confidence of the business community, which confidence, if he is wise, he never betrays.

Honolulu is a difficult field to canvass. Its alleys and lanes and side hills and back yards and cosmopolitan population present a puzzle difficult to solve, requiring infinite patience and persistence. Indeed the men are instructed to be persistent in their search for information even at the risk of being considered impertinent. The woes of the directory canvasser are many though often highly amusing to the spectator. Some foreigner who does not understand you turns loose the dog on the supposition that you are the poll tax collector; some lady takes offenses at your question whether she has any grown sons or daughters and slams the door in your face; you attempt to save distance by crossing a bog at Waikiki and get stuck in the mud; a sudden shower comes down the Manoa Valley and drenches you.

In Honolulu the canvasser very rarely, if ever, meets with intentional discourtesy. The work has been done so many times that nearly everybody recognizes at once the man with the book and pencil and cheerfully gives the desired information. The person who objects to having his name in the directory is a rare bird. The book is recognized as valuable to the community and no small number of business men take a personal interest in having it as nearly perfect as it can be made. Thus the City directory becomes the means by which the discerning may work out some interesting problems. The publisher can tell the population of a city with as absolute certainty as the census authorities. He can size up the financial condition of the community as correctly as Bradstreet or Dun. With him it becomes a mere matter of addition and subtraction.

Many eastern publishers have acquired the bad habit of overestimating population. Newspapers intent on booming their particular localities are usually responsible for the bubble that is pricked by the census enumerator at every decennial period. In Honolulu where a large percentage of the population is made up of Chinese, Japanese and native laborers whose names have no proper place in the directory, only 30 per cent. of the entire population is taken; so if you will count the names in the Honolulu department and multiply by 3 1-3 you will come very near to the exact number. To illustrate the reliability of this method of ascertaining population,—in 1890 I was requested to estimate in advance of the census, the population of Berkeley, Cal., a city of about 15,000—I did so, very carefully and my estimate came within three of the exact population as reported by the census enumerators. In 1900 after the enumeration in Oakland, a city of 75,000, the superintendent of the census wrote me from Washington asking me to give him an estimate as there was some doubt of the correctness of their figures. I wrote him that the population of Oakland would not vary more than 250 from 75,000 though the returns showed only about 69,000. A new enumeration taken by the Post Office Department shortly after verified my estimate and it appeared that the error arose from a misunderstanding on the part of two enumerators whose territory was in a populous part of the city. They thought they were only required to take heads of families!

Applying this method to Honolulu, we find that last year, 1903, the number of names in the Honolulu department was 12,557, showing a population of 41,740. In the new book now being printed at the Gazette Office there will appear 12,153 names indicating a population of 40,510,—a loss of only 1230,—much less than has been generally supposed. The list includes about 1100 names for Oahu outside of Honolulu, but this is taken into consideration in the estimate of 40,510 for Honolulu alone.

The 1230 lost in the year were mostly mechanics, clerks and people of irregular employment with their families. If, as is stated on authority of the Planters' Association, a considerable number of plantation laborers have come to Honolulu, the population is probably about the same as one year ago.

It may be matter for surprise to many, to learn that the population is greater than in 1900,—the census figures being 39,306. The explanation is simple. The tide of immigration continued till early in 1902 when the highest point in population was reached. The slump in sugar and the natural depression resulting therefrom caused the suspension of building operations and other large enterprises to such an extent that large numbers of mechanics and other laborers were thrown out of employment and began gradually to return to the Coast, where jobs were seeking men and not men jobs. This immigration has continued, until now about all the surplus skilled labor is gone, leaving a net increase over 1900 of only 1204.

A peculiar feature of Honolulu that perhaps will cause some surprise is the exceptionally large percentage of change that will be observed by a casual comparison of the new book with the one issued a year ago. To the average superficial observer thirty per cent. or even twenty-five would seem a liberal estimate of changes in ocupation, location or place of residence in a city as old as Honolulu, so when the statement is made that the percentage is over eighty it is quite natural that some incredulity should be expressed. It means that every day for a year in Honolulu an average of nearly one hundred people have made some permanent change in their daily lives.

(Continued on page 10.)

THE BATTLE . . . OFF THE CAPES

AN EPISODE OF THE UNPARDONABLE WAR.

By James Barnes.

The sea-battle here depicted takes place between British and American naval forces. The causes and course of the "Unpardonable War" are described in a stirring romance with that title by Mr. Barnes—a book, as he expresses it, which deals with "possible history."

The American fleet swung on leisurely, the battle-ships in the van towing the submarines behind them. Like a captive school of great porpoises, they plunged along, their steel backs just awash. At nine o'clock an important message came trembling over the wires into the electrician's room below in the 'tween-decks of the Arizona. The enemy had been sighted. They covered a distance half again the extent of the American line, so the intervals were widened, and on the fleet went as heretofore. Six bells had just struck when Captain Howarth, who was standing next to Emery, just outside the curving entrance to the conning-tower, raised his hand.

"Hark!" he said. "Did you hear that?"

Faint, but distinct, had come a jarring report—one single shot. An instant later, from the fighting top, there came a hail.

"Bridge, there! Four vessels in sight, heading in from the eastward."

"The scouts," said Captain Howarth, shortly. "We'll soon be in it; and we'll keep the old flag flying, the old way, God help us all!"

"That we will, sir," the flag-lieutenant answered, with a deep-drawn breath.

Throughout the ship the whispering had ceased. The bugles rang. The Admiral in person made a hurried inspection. The words he addressed to oilers and water-tenders, to firemen and coal-passers, to machinists and members of the powder division below the water-line, out of reach of the hurtling, clanging death-storm, were the same that he addressed to the expectant men standing about the guns; they were short, pithy words.

"My lads, in less than an hour we will be fighting. Every man who does his duty, helps. Do yours."

By the time he reached the deck the scouts were well within hailing distance. Slowly circling, they turned in the same direction as the fleet. Two were ordered back to the reserve and two joined the center division. They brought one important bit of news: the English fleet was preceded by a small flotilla of submarines, which accounted for the slowness with which they were advancing.

Twelve of the American diving craft were now cast off, the Arizona still keeping hers, the Adder, in tow. The speed of the fleet was reduced to about steerageway, and with the submarines in front, their presence only shown by the tops of their persiscopes and by about ten feet of standpipe, the great line moved on.

Now black specks and dots appeared along the horizon, over which hung a dark gray haze. The executive officer, who, with the others, including the Admiral, still stood upon the bridge, spoke with his glasses at his eyes.

"They are burning Russian oil," he said. "No, by Gad, some of them are burning coal."

Captain Howarth, who had been talking to the Admiral, turned to the executive.

"Mr. Keene," he said, almost softly, "you can hoist the battle-flags."

To every signal yard-arm and to the trucks climbed little rolls of bunting. An instant later the flagship was ablaze with color. The Stars and Stripes fluttered out into the air, and the wind, increasing somewhat, tossed them straight ahead, so that their rippling folds seemed beckoning, pointing the way. Every vessel of the fleet followed the Arizona's example. In the bright sunlight the sight was magnificent, and never shall they forget it who lived to recall it to their memories. The fighting tops of the British vessels were now above the horizon. They, too, broke out their battle-flags. To the southward a few long, black hulls could just be seen. Still the fleets were ten miles apart, and no shot had yet been fired. A young officer with a range-finder in his hand shouted down from the military top:

"They are changing direction, sir; heading in line to the southward."

Admiral Benton turned to the flag-lieutenant and gave him orders to signal the fleet to port their helms and form in one long line, parallel with the nemy. A few minutes later both fleets were proceeding in the same direction, the English line extending beyond that of the American almost four miles. Their intervals were much shorter, their order perfect.

The Admiral and the five officers with him had not yet left the bridge to go to the conning-tower. Each was counting seconds over in his mind, momentous flying seconds. The heavy balanced turrets had swung about, and the four great guns, forward and aft, were trained athwartship. Yet it was all dead silence, so silent, indeed, that the footsteps of one of the surgeons who had stayed on deck until the last minute could be heard distinctly as he hurried across the deck and trotted down the ladder to where his gleaming knives lay out in order on the clean, unused operating-table.

All at once an excited voice came from the top:

"There are the English submarines, about a mile outside the line of ours! Broad off our beam, sir—God, sir, they've dived!"

The Admiral jumped to the railing. There was no thought of the conning-tower now in his mind; the danger was not in the open air. A force equal to fifty ships was speeding toward the gallant line covered with its flaunting bunting. The men down below in the superstructure had heard the ominous warning; swiftly it passed from lip to lip—"The submarines are coming, the submarines are coming!" The suspense was awful.

Suddenly from the leading vessel of the American fleet there came a clanging explosion. The Washington, seventeen thousand tons—five hundred tons larger than the Arizona, and the second largest ship—had opened the ball.

A man at one of the six-inch guns almost immediately below the bridge suddenly dropped on all fours; he sprang up and down in the air, his head thrown back, his mouth working, making inarticulate sounds. He leaped to one side and the other, like a frog, clacking and croaking—a horrid sight.

"Lay hold of that man there," called a stern voice from below; "lay hold of him, two of you men—catch him, can't you?"

The man rose on his haunches with his fingers drawn back like claws. He snapped with his teeth at the men who reached for him.

"Take care, he'll bite you!" some one cried. "Have a care!"

Struggling and gurgling, stark, staring mad, he was carried down below.

The little incident had not caused the Admiral or Captain Howarth more than to glance aside. Their eyes were on the open sweep of rolling water, where an instant before, standing up like the poles of distant shad-nets on the shallows, had been the standpipes of the American submarines.

There was nothing to be seen—they, too, had plunged —nothing to be seen now but a solitary white-winged gull following the undulations of the smooth billows that came sweeping on from the eastward, their tops broken here and there by distantly scattered whitecaps.

"What was that?"

The surface of the sea a mile away was rent and torn into a heap of white and gray. There was an instant flare of flame, visible even in the bright light of the sun, that shot up from the water. Not a single explosion, but a roar like the thrilling flam of a giant drum—a sudden throbbing, like the burst of a titanic machine-gun. For a half-mile in length the water rose in a wall of great smothering spouts, a hundred feet in height. The crash of their falling was like thunder, and where the smooth-running seas had been was now a tumbling vortex from which combing waves ran out in following circles. It had seemed as if the waters had been smitten by the same rod that had opened them for the Israelites and closed upon the hosts of Pharaoh.

No one could speak. The Admiral raised his forearm across his eyes as if to hide the impression of the sight. Captain Howarth bent forward with a groan. A voice from below spoke again, in awe-stricken accents this time:

"My Lord in heaven, what was that?"

Aye, what was it?

Those who had seen it guessed and knew. The submarines, huddled almost in close contact, had come together. The explosion of one had ripped out all the rest. Who could have foretold this happening? Had those brave, silent men, whose work no one had envied, known this? Had the inventor, over his drawing-board, been warned of such possibility? There was no time to think. The fact was proved. One experiment in modern warfare needed no further trial.

The ships were rocking now in the rip of the waves caused by the awful doing out there in the water. They swayed and rose and fell as the close-following waves struck them.

The Admiral turned.

"Signal the fleet to keep their distance—half-speed ahead," he said, quietly; but his face had gone white as the glove on the hand that trembled as he pulled at his gray mustache.

The Washington swung in a little closer to the black line of the English fleet, but not one gun was fired at her. Both sides seemed paralyzed, shocked, half dismayed into forgetfulness of action. Then, with a crash, the Englishman broad off the beam of the Washington opened. Black specks whirled in the air from the grand old battleship's decks. She almost staggered under the blows that reached her, for the lines were now but little more than six miles apart.

Naval experts had said that they could not have approached that near without losing ships on both sides. At the center and northward sweep of the trailing vessels they were hid by a grayish-green haze that low upon the water drifted down toward the British fleet—the fumes from the tons of powerful explosives of the submarines. It was a repulsive-looking cloud that hung compactly together, rolling, weaving, and eddying over the surface.

Suddenly a shrieking, whirring shell came out of somewhere, and, with the noise of a freight-train rattling across a trestle, passed overhead just clear of the Arizona's flying bridge, and tore westward.

"Howarth," said Admiral Benton, "to the conning-tower with us! I don't know about asking any men to stay in those fighting tops, but I suppose they must take their chances a while longer. Commence firing with the port battery at those two ships just ahead of that line of smoke; they'll soon be well out of it."

A bugle rang. The bridge beneath their feet, as they started for the ladder, leapt and trembled. Emery saw the projectile plainly as it soared out in its flight. He paused a second to watch, then—

"Good shot," he cried, "straight into her!"

The young lad in the top screamed out shrilly, repeating the words as if in joy:

"Hurray, good shot! That's the—"

The rest of what he said was drowned in the great roar of the forward guns.

Emery had reached the conning-tower, and it was well he did so. There was scarcely any bridge left where he had stood. A shell, striking on the top of the superstructure and glancing upward, caught the forward funnel square in the center and exploded, scattering fragments, cutting and slashing in all directions. Two of the stanchions to the bridge had been cleaved as if with a giant's cold chisel; the structure sagged at its center where the gratings were splintered and broken.

There was a pungent, acrid odor throughout the ship. Down the ladders, to where the doctors waited, bleeding forms were being carried. The white decks—even the walls of the citadel—were spattered with red drops.

The Admiral, who had his eye to one of the slits in the great metal wall, as Emery entered, suddenly staggered. Emery and Captain Howarth and Commander Keene, the fleet captain, and the navigator fell forward, the latter to his knees. Instinctively they had all raised their hands and clasped their temples. The quartermaster and the ensign at the wheel alone remained erect, clinging to the spokes. The Admiral turned his bloodshot eyes upon the others, his lips moved and he formed some words, but not a sound could the flag-lieutenant hear. There was a bulge in the port side of the conning-tower, like a great blister about to break. The Admiral pointed at it. Emery touched it with his hands. It was so hot it burned his fingers. Fair and square the conning-tower had been struck by a thirteen-inch armour-piercing shell. Three minutes later it was hit a glancing shot, and then twice more by heavy shells. The Admiral stumbled over to one of the telephones. He shouted something into the mouthpiece, and then, his face strained and white, waited for a reply. Emery crossed over to him. The Admiral grasped him by the shoulders.

"Are we all deaf?" he cried. "Can you hear me, what I say?"

A thin little trickle of blood ran from his nostrils.

"I can, sir," the flag-lieutenant shouted back, nodding.

"What? Speak loud! My God, my hearing's gone. I want to call up the central station and speak to the electrician and operator," roared the Admiral

Captain Howarth stepped to the instrument.

"I can't hear anything," he groaned. "Here, Emery, try. Quick, man!"

The lieutenant bent over the earpiece and listened. Although his hearing had somewhat returned to him, he could make out nothing.

"There's something wrong," he cried. "I'll try the tubes." He raised the little brass lid and listened. There was a hissing, whistling sound plainly audible.

"The tube is broken," he cried. "There's steam escaping somewhere, I could swear."

"I want to send a message to Rear-Admiral Bates," shouted Admiral Benton. "I want to signal him by wireless to close up. I intend to try to break through the British lines. We'll all be sunk out here—they've four guns to our one."

Every now and then could be felt the shock of some big projectile against the Arizona's sides or superstructure. At her was being poured the concentrated fire of three first-class battleships and a cruiser. It was only a question of time when she would be put out of action. Her top sides were riddled through and through. From her funnels smoke was pouring; for the oil, owing to some accident to the blowers, did not burn well. How long she could stand it no one knew.

The flag-lieutenant grasped the Admiral's arm.

"I'll go and reach them, sir—I'll signal them," he said.

He held out a note-book and pencil. The Admiral understood.

"No, no," he cried, "you must not!"

Emery extended the note-book and smiled back into his bloodshot eyes. The Admiral wrote something hastily.

Bareheaded, the flag-lieutenant darted through the entrance, dodged past the rear shield, and had a step or two to take before he could gain the protecting wall of the citadel.

Curiosity will tempt men to do many things. It tempted him that day to stand a second there in the open where all was bright and clear. The oddite fumes, blown back from the guns, stung his throat and nostrils, and started him coughing violently. But he could see everything—everything.

Just a short distance ahead, within four hundred yards, was the Tennessee. He would hardly have recognized her now! Both military masts were gone at the height of her smoke-stacks, and one of the latter was shorn off at least a dozen feet. She was as full of holes as a tin tossed in the air might be from a charge of bird-shot. Yet her guns were hard at work. The English line was firing slower than the American. Across the space between the vessels Emery could see the shots crossing; the larger ones groaned and rumbled as they came and went in the game of pitch and toss. The guns of lighter caliber were keeping up a steady, streaming fire that screamed in high treble. Perhaps the most awful thing in the whole picture was its very clearness.

Emery jumped inside the superstructure, and there paused in absolute dismay. Only the two forward six-inch guns were in action. About the farthest lay almost the entire crew. The gun-mount itself had been destroyed and the breech rested on the deck. In the short space of the few minutes—for since the action had begun it was but little over a quarter of an hour—greater havoc had been wrought than Emery had deemed possible. Both signal yard-arms and the electric semaphore were gone. The Arizona's foremast was carried away about ten feet above the fighting top. In the quick glance he cast about him he took in a great deal. He recognized some of the dead bodies. Poor little Jack Peyton—the girl with the slender throat would get no more letters from her middy lover! A gun captain, McIntyre, one of the oldest men on board the ship, lay stretched there, and Marky, a sturdy sailor who had been in the service twenty years—a fine seaman afloat, but an awful drunkard and roisterer ashore. Poor Gilmore, too, had gone on his last spree—there would be no more liberty denied him; he was free forever.

During the seconds it took him to reach the main-hatch three shots had struck the ship and at least a dozen had gone over her. Those that had hit were on the armor belt, and had exploded harmlessly outside. He ran to the ladder, and jumped down to the deck below. There he caught his breath. The air was stifling with acid fumes—blood-stains were everywhere. A trail of red led to the coaming of the hatch, but every eight-inch gun was in action, and a procession of men were wheeling the fixed ammunition from the hoist. Just before he went below to the splinter deck, where were the central office and the electrician's room, the men burst out cheering.

A lieutenant, grimy and blood-spattered, seeing him, shouted:

"Hullo, Emery. By George, we've put one of them out of action! How goes it up above? Lord, they've had to turn the hose on the poor devils in the fire-room to keep them at their work. Poor old 'Turtle' is killed—"

Emery did not have time to reply. The message on the bit of crumpled paper burned in his hand; he must hasten. At last he reached the place he sought. An electric light blazed brightly in the confined space filled with switchboards, wires, and instruments. Quickly he read the Admiral's message, shouting it at top voice, for his numbed ears could place no value on the strength of sound.

Down the face of the chief electrician sweat was pouring. His face was drawn with vexation and worry.

"Confound it, man," he replied, "I can send no message; our wires are burnt out. I told them not to monkey with that new-fangled obliterator on the Tennessee; but I suppose she tried it on—this the result? I can get no respone from anybody. The whole thing is gone to the mischief."

He babbled on like a foolish, profane boy.

"I tried to ring up the conning-tower a dozen times to tell you what has happened," he added in a tone of useless complaint. "Just look—"

Emery did not stop to hear more. He rushed to the foot of the ladder and bounded up two steps at a time. When he reached the main deck, he met the officer who before had spoken to him.

"For God's sake, where is there a signal-flag?" he asked hoarsely.

The officer shook his head. Then Emery remembered that he had seen one lying in the gangway. He shook himsel free from the lieutenant's detaining grasp, and, choking from the reek of powder gas, he stepped out with the sky above him. There lay the flag, just under the ruins of the flying bridge. He ran up the ladder to the after bridge. The six-pounder guns here were all deserted. Amid a pile of tossed and bloody hammocks lay the bodies of four or five marines. The brave fellows had fought there unprotected until almost all had been killed or wounded.

As Emery came up to the open space he could clearly see that something had happened to the battle-ship just astern, the Utah; she was yawing badly, and was well down by the head. The waters rippled and plashed over the bow and forecastle, up to the forward turret; about its base they swirled and foamed. Her great screws were turning a third out of water. Her forward compartments must have filled to bring her so far down, yet she was endeavoring to hold her place in the line, and all of her guns were going. There were some men working out on the deck, sheltering themselves, as they stood waist-deep in the water, under the lee of the forward turret. Everywhere the water was jutting and spouting where the missiles struck. A twelve-inch projectile smashed the top of a wave just astern of the Arizona, and leapt upward, tearing the quivering air into wild roars of anger. Emery tossed the flag above his head and began to wigwag furiously, signaling the Admiral's order, for the ships to starboard their helms and make for the British line, bows on. Well did he know that it was the forlon hope; the charge of the desperate—the last resort—a Balaklava of the sea.

No tossing bunting replied to him. At last he saw that one of the men on the deck had caught the message. He signaled with his cap:

"All right. Orders received; will pass them on."

The man scrambled past the edge of the turret into the superstructure.

As Emery was about to descend the ladder he noticed the steel hawser that led astern to the Adder was taut as a bowstring. The submarine was still in tow; her captain had kept her well beneath the surface. Emery wondered if those on board the Adder had seen the fate of their companions; if they know of the awful prologue to the present tragedy. Perhaps a shot had found her? The thought occurred to him that she might now be filled with drowned, imprisoned bodies! Suddenly the submarine broached to the surface like a whale coming up to blow. She came almost clear of the water; her ugly-looking snout poked through the hollow of a wave, and to his astonishment, although she was running quite awash, the lid of the little conning-tower was raised and the figure of a man appeared. There he crouched like an Eskimo seated in a gigantic steel kyak. He waved his hand, shouting something which the flag-lieutenant could not catch through the uproar.

Emery bent over the broken rail and flourished the flag again.

"Cast off," he wigwagged, "and attack."

The towing-hawser was made fast to a patent ring clutch in the bow. He saw the officer—for now he recognized him—reach to one side and pull at a line that led forward to the tripping-bolt, but it would not give; he hauled and strained. Then quietly he disappeared, closing the round hatch after him like a spider lowering his lid. The little vessel swayed and rolled like a log in a river rapid. Emery could not leave. He looked astern and saw that the Utah was slowly swinging, going deep as she met the seas; and now for the first time he perceived what the men on deck were doing. They were trying to put the outside shields over the ports of the lower turret to prevent the inrush of water. He noticed that lashings had been rigged from the eight-inch turret above.

How he loved those men, who any instant might be washed away or ground to pieces by the flying shells! He saw them fit the shields and commence turning in the handscrews that held them battened firmly against the projecting chases. Providence watched over them, for the shots from the British guns just then were high.

He turned his eyes from near-by objects and looked out toward the enemy's line.

Far astern drifted two big cruisers; the wind had subsided to almost a dead calm, and the smoke from their funnels rose straight as if from factory chimneys. They were close together and bows on; it appeared as if they might soon come into collision. Back of them, almost enshrouding them, lay the low, greenish cloud. Heading toward them from the eastward, racing through the seas, was a low, dark object. Emery's heart rose in his throat; at a glance he knew her—the Barry! The British flags were still flying, hanging limp and almost still, but the guns were not firing upon the American destroyer. What could it mean?

Three ships had turned about and were making northward to the relief of the two evidently distressed vessels. But now there was something else for him to watch. The Utah had broken out a little string of flags from her signal yard-arm!

Emery could have cheered as he read the magic number. The Admiral's orders would reach the fleet. He must report at once. But before he turned to go he looked again at the submarine only two hundred yards astern. There was a figure at the bow—bareheaded, soaked, battered, almost swept away at times, lying at full length, holding on with legs and arms, like a man riding a bucking horse. Emery could see him working with a wrench, hammering and screwing at the bolt.

An instant later the steel hawser slacked away and, like a spent fish released from the hook, the submarine wallowed and swayed in the flagship's wake. The brave fellow forward nearly lost his hold—twice he hauled himself back by sheer strength of arm, the seas washed over him, hiding him completely, while the plunging little craft reeled like a crazy thing. Not daring to stand erect, the man crept slowly aft. The lid was raised again, and in he crawled head foremost. The cover shut upon his heels. In an instant the Adder turned and, sinking slowly until nothing but her standpipe showed, wriggled off to the eastward. As Emery ran forward across the deck his foot struck something—it was a range-finder, broken and twisted. He looked up at the fighting top. Over the edge hung a limp arm and open hand. He shut his eyes hard for a moment, and made a rush for the conning-tower. He found the Admiral half leaning on Captain Howarth's shoulder. His face showed the awful strain.

"The signal has been flown from the Utah, sir. The fleet must have it now. I ordered the Adder to cast off and attack, sir."

"Well done!" cried the fleet captain. "The ships are turning, see!"

He pointed to one of the slits out of which the executive was looking. Emery stepped to the next one. Almost all of the vessels were putting their bows to the eastward. It was the final effort! Brave indeed, but it seemed as hopeless and unpromising as the charge of the Light Brigade. Some of the ships could hardly manage to swing, and, to his horror, the flag-lieutenant saw there were wide gaps in the broken line.

He closed his eyes and, shuddering, turned away. Just then he had seen one of the armored cruisers sway to one side and slowly settle, going down, down, until the colors at her masthead flapped on the surface once or twice in a forlorn farewell before they disappeared.

If the thundering uproar had been fierce before, now it was redoubled. Again and again the flagship staggered and trembled. Three shots struck fair against the eight-inch turret, two burst on the heavy armor of the one beneath. Through the wide rents in the top-gallant-forecastle the waters were rushing in and out as the bow sank or lifted. Objects of all kinds were being washed up from below. The Arizona had settled two feet at her water-line; but her engines kept on going steadily, and beneath her armored skin she was as tight as a tea-kettle. The connection with the engine-room was now intact; only one steampipe had broken, and that had been soft-patched and mended. Her guns were busy from all her turrets and from her broadside port battery. The starboard battery had not yet come into play.

(Continued on page 6.)

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AGENTS.

A CALIFORNIAN ABROAD.

By Thomas Fitch

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VERONA.

We approached Verona after a storm. On our left the clouds lay low and black over the gorgeous silver crown of the Alps and the lesser hills. Suddenly, as the sun slowly sank, the black shadows caught the golden glow upon their flanks and outskirts, and as they gradually lifted from the mountains their draggled and tattered hems were burnished and transfigured into a golden fleece. Then the sun, disengaged from his trammels of sable and gray, scattered a golden dust over the whole sky of soft clouds through which the pearl pink tints struggled for ascendancy, and the scene became one of bewildering enchantment. A rainbow is the most theatrical of all nature's effects and always appears at the right moment. So it did now, and for the first time I looked away for the sun. It was fast setting behind its bulwark of flame and the burning cinders, grouped like honey-comb or fretwork piles of gorgeous color, around the receding torch that lit them into glory. I never saw anything at once so startling and yet so harmonious, and when you add to this the scenery of mountain and lake and valley, and village and height, with castles poised upon every pinnacle, their white faces lit by the same strange and wondrous glory, you will not suppose that one who has witnessed it can ever forget an Italian sunset.

Paul Veronese, the painter, and Romeo, of the firm of Romeo and Juliet, and Carolus Magnus, and Catullus, and Theodoric, and Marius were all reputed natives of Verona, and—I suppose it is sacrilgeous to say it—were all more or less frauds in the opinion of the writer. I have yet seen no painting by Paul Veronese that to my inartistic eye was especially excellent. In the Durazzo palace at Genoa, there is a life size painting by him of Judith standing by the headless trunk of Holofernes, and holding in her hand the head, to obtain which she had been at so much trouble. Now, if you take a newspaper or a piece of cloth and cover the lower part of that picture, I will venture the assertion that not one spectator in a thousand can tell from the expression of Judith's face whether she is Judith, or the Madonna, or Susanna at the bath, or a market girl of Naples. One would think that her horrid burden would be indicated by her face, but she is as placid as a May morning, and it might be a pumpkin she has in her hand for all her visage indicates.

Another son of Verona was Marius, who is supposed to be especially deserving of remembrance on account of his having folded his arms and gazed at the ruins of Carthage. It would have been much more to his credit if he had borrowed a wheelbarrow and commenced removing the ruins preparatory to rebuilding as an honest citizen of Chicago would have done.

Still another distinguished Veronan was Catullus. There are a dozen or more monuments of him in the public places, and the town is known to pedants as "the city of Catullus;" yet, as a poet, Catullus never ranked with great classical authors, and I doubt if an English translation of his works can be found.

We visited the tomb of Juliet, whose conduct with Romeo, although highly poetical, was not entirely correct. It is a rusty and weather-beaten sarcophagus in a garden on the bank of the river. Unlike any other tomb I have ever seen, it is so arranged as to give the occupant plenty of fresh air, and there is a species of marble pillow in it on which to lay the head; there is also a socket wherein may be placed a candle or torch. Every possible provision is made for the comfort of the remains in the way of light and air. But it is very doubtful whether this commodious grave is that of Juliet at all. The guide book says of it that it is called the tomb of Juliet and whenever a guidebook expresses doubt, the subject is very doubtful.

Ruins of Roman edifices and relics of Roman rule are everywhere visible in Verona. The present vegetable market is in the old Roman forum, and vendors of beets and broccoli, lentils and lettuce, cry their wares where of old the voices of Senators and Pro-consuls were heard. Perhaps twenty centuries hence some dusky daughter of the ruling race of America shall vend string beans on the very spot where Foraker now sounds his bazoo, or the blazing July sun of the thirty-ninth century will ripen the stock in trade of a Celtic fruit peddler, on the marble steps which have shaken beneath the tread of the majestic Mark Hanna.

The amphitheatre at Verona is formed of blocks of marble which have defied the ravages of time and the assaults of the barbarian hordes. One piece of wall, over eighty feet in height, remains with all its arches and decorations to this day. The Coliseum at Rome is larger, but not more perfect than is this ruin of a great and costly public edifice. The old town hall—now a barrack, the ancient council hall—now a ruin, the Roman gateways and the remains of the old wall, all speak of the glories and achievements of the race that is lost and gone.

Never was I so impressed with the worthlessness of human achievements, and the utter triflingness of human ambition. What is the use of struggling and sacrificing, and combining and caucusing to get yourself elected a member of the Arizona legislature? Why vex your digestion eating at democratic barbecues, or howl yourself hoarse defending the principles of Republicanism, and lose sleep, and scatter your bright ducats to the winds, in order to gain a gubernatorial chair or a senatorial seat? Four or five hundred years and it will be all the same. A few names only survive the ages—Caesar and Cicero, Hannibal and Demosthenes, Alexander and Pericles, exist in history; but what of the ten thousand orators and warriors of antiquity who have joined the shades of the great but unremembered dead? Who can say a thousand years hence whether the private ledger of the ship building trust was a work of poetry or of history? Will it be known in the thirtieth century whether the Southern Pacific Company was in the habit of going through the State of California, or the representatives and senators of the State of California made a practice of "going through" the Southern Pacific Company? And even the memories which survive will probably be all mixed up. Future histories may describe Vanderbilt as a great naval hero, John P. Morgan as the first humorist of the age, Phil Sheridan as an Indian humanitarian, Mark Twain as a Puritan class leader, George F. Hoar as a shoulder striker, and Wm. Randolph Hearst as a great Mormon prophet.

Fame is a folly. I will never again be an aspirant for Assistant Alderman of my ward.

Verona was ruled first by one petty Italian family, and then by another, until, between four hundred and five hundred years since, its people voluntarily gave their city to Venice, and since then it has shared the vicissitudes of Venetia. The Austrians attained the mastery in 1815, and greatly strengthened its fortresses, and under their auspices it became a part of the famous Quadrilateral. Perhaps no spot on earth has been so battled over for two thousand years as has the country about Verona. Civil and foreign wars, wars of religion and conquest, wars of clan and of race, wars of dynasties and of despotisms, have all been fought within sight of its ancient towers, and the Adige has run red with human blood hundreds and hundreds of times. The city has been ruled by Roman and Goth, by Frank and Hun, by Charlemagne and Pepin, by Guelph and Ghibbeline, by Lombard Prince and Tuscan autocrat, and somehow it always prospered except under Austrian dominion. The people never would Germanize, and during the half century of white-coat sway, the citizens could never be brought to look upon their rulers as other than "foreign tyrants," "hated Tedeschi," whose presence was the upas-tree of all progress, and the blight upon all industry. Since Francis Joseph was driven out of Italy, and Verona with Venice has become a part of the Italian kingdom, its ancient prosperity has been partially restored, its streets are again busy, and its marts again thriving.

"Knowledge is power," but the possession of the means of acquiring knowledge is not the thing itself, and great libraries are not always the sign of great erudition. Nowhere is this exemplified more than in France and Italy. Every little place has a vast number of books which are never read by the people, although free for their use. Verona has a large library. Padua, with fifty-five thousand people has one hundred and ten thousand volumes. Bergamo with forty thousand people, and Brescia with forty-two thousand, have collections of books outnumbering the inhabitants, but the proportion of persons who can read at all, is as small hereabouts as anywhere in Catholic Europe, except possibly in Spain.

Somebody has said that the Italian has "the smile of God in his eyes, but the devil's arrow in his heart." I quote this because it fits into the surroundings, and because I am perfectly conscious of the fact that yonder graceful, dark-eyed, curly-headed, statuesque, melon-eating, flea-infested son of Italy, who stood waiting, hat in hand, for five minutes to open our cab door, and smiled so sweetly when I told him apologetically that I had no small change, would—the smile notwithstanding—cheerfully annihilate me and my children's children for five generations for a satisfactory consideration.

▲▲▲

Nearly forty years ago I stood upon the crowded balcony of the St. George Hotel in Sacramento, California, and looked out upon a scene similar in aspect to that which here surrounds me in Venice. A native Californian—a member of the State Senate—captured a skiff, donned a gaily decked sombrero, and between the puffs of his cigarette, sounded the gondoliers cry along the main street. Another legislator balanced himself on half a dozen scantling lashed together, and with a gas-lighter for a pike-pole, revived the achievements of his boyhood amid the forests and torrents of Maine by "running the rapids" in front of the State House. The principal newspaper proprietor could have been seen looking out of the second story window of his office, piously meditating upon ways and means for the issuance of next morning's journal, with ten feet of water in the engine room, and the compositors' department effectually "rattled." Nobody dared to die, for there was no eligible tombstone location from the Sierras to the sea.

Six thousand miles and more from the Sacramento Valley I look from my bedroom window out over the lagoon and marshes which stretch to the feet of snow-crowned mountains. I gaze along the front of the age-scarred and wave-washed palaces which line the banks of the Grand Canal, and almost wonder whether it be the Sierras or the Alps, the Sacramento or the Adriatic which I see, and whether these little singing, stinging strangers are "supersubtle Venetians," ready to draw their rapiers when they cease their serenade, or the American river brood of mosquitos who sup on tired miners at the What Cheer House, and breakfast off the late risers at the Orleans Hotel.

There is a bewildering analogy also in our gondolier. In Sacramento he was caled Mike, here he claims the full title of Michael; there he came from the south of Ireland, here he is from the south of Italy; there he wore a red woollen shirt, here he sports a red cotton sash; there he claimed ten dollars an hour for the use of his skiff, here he is content with ten cents an hour—I have endeavored to manufacture a joke here out of the word scull. A gondolier, you understand, sculls his boat; a man who overcharges you uses his skull. I cannot work it out, but I am satisfied that the materials are here for a first-class witticism.

The old stone houses here have had their foundations washed for centuries by the "sad sea wave," but they stand apparently as enduring as upon the day when the flag of Venice fluttered from Dalmatio to the pillars of Hercules. Eight hundred years ago the church of San Marco was rebuilt and consecrated, it having been destroyed by fire nearly a century before. Among other treasures brought from the east by the Crusaders were the bones of Saint Mark, the Evangelist. These were buried in this edifice, whose architecture belongs to no order on earth, ancient or modern. The building is as heterogeneous as a Florentine mosaic, and its general effect is as harmonious and beautiful. There are Gothic needles, and Greek pillars, and Saracenic cupolas, but the result is magnificence, and whether you criticise the detail or not you must admire the edifice. Outside the portico of the church four beautiful bronze horses paw the air. Lysippus, the Corinthian, molded them and presented them to Nero. That historical fiddling incendiary harnessed them to the chariot of the sun, which crowned his triumphal arch in Rome. Constantine had them transported to Constantinople when that city was made the capital of the empire of the East. Then, after many years of association with the followers of Mahomet, they were captured by the Crusaders, and in the distribution of the spoils they fell to the lot of Venice. Back again to Italy went these equine adventurers, and there they sniffed the salt of the Adriatic for centuries, until Bonaparte captured Venice, and harnessed them to his chariot of the sun, and drove them up to Paris. When Napoleon fell, the bronze steeds were returned to "the bride of the sea." They look none the worse for their travels, and eighteen centuries have not dimmed the fire of their cast metal eyes, or inflicted blemish upon their bronze legs.

Probably the most remunerative business in the world—for the capital invested—is that of governing people, and the old rulers of Venice, who for many years enjoyed a monopoly of their trade, undoubtedly did well at it. Their facilities for accumulating wealth were undisturbed by those exigencies which exist in other cities. There were no streets to sewer, pave, or sweep; no grading or parking of avenues; no expensive sanitary arrangements to maintain. The impartial tide calls twice in every twenty-four hours and sweeps the garbage of the city into the Adriatic, twice a day, also, does its army of waves relay and readjust every pavement, and sprinkle every footpath, and wash every doorstep. What should Barbarossa, and Nichicli, and Dandolo and Gradinego and the other Doges do with the tax money except to spend it for their own comfort and happiness? If they had been commissioners of public works, and controllers and treasurers in our day, they would have been obliged to waste from one-third to one-half of the public revenues in actual expenditures for the public benefit, retaining only the remainder for themselves; as it was they kept it all.

" So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' judge severe on him?" "Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."—Judge.

A penny saved is frequently a penny that has somehow worked down into the lining of your coat.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Why they leave: "Pa, what is the wanderlust?" "Something cooks have."—Cleveland Leader.

THE BATTLE OFF THE CAPES

(Continued from Page 5.)

The British fleet had turned to meet the onslaught with a countercharge. Ahead of the Arizona was coming a huge towering mass of steel flying two rows of signals. Every knew her—the flagship Polyphemus—the greatest battle craft afloat! The vessels were headed straight on. Their bows aimed at one another. It would not be long before the cruel tusks would be tearing each other's sides. "Prepare to ram," rang through the flagship. Down in the torpedo-room the whiteheads were in the tubes. Men threw themselves prone on the decks—some groaned, some prayed. Which would get the blow full and fair? Could either dodge the impact and escape without a deadly wound? The flag-lieutenant saw the red flame leap from the Britisher's huge bow guns, and not two feet above the Arizona's conning-tower both great projectiles sped, crashing through the wreck of the pilot-house, tearing out on their journey with the miles and miles before them. He turned to look at the Admiral. The latter had recovered, but, still with his hand upon Captain Howarth's shoulder, was standing near the speaking-tube to the engine-room. At the same instant torpedoes broached harmlessly like porpoises to port and starboard. The Arizona's missiles, too, went wide.

"Give her every turn she's got," the Captain cried hoarsely to the engineer, and lurched over to one of the peepholes. "Tell them to be ready to reverse the starboard engine, hard and sharp, Mr. Emery. Stand by there, quartermaster—be quick with the helm when I give the word."

The quartermaster, a young fellow under thirty, with high cheek-bones, the stern-jawed, gaunt-feartured type of the coast fisherman, gave a quick grunt followed by an awful oath, that sounded as sudden and horrid as the breaking of a bone.

There had come a pulsating, booming crash, like the bursting of a dam.

"Full speed astern! Both engines!"

It was Captain Howarth's voice following the quartermaster's involuntary oath with this sudden shouted order. Emery jumped to the telegraph. The ensign caught one and he the other; they jammed the handles over and pulled them back together.

"Full speed astern, sir!"

Emery pressed the button that clanged the bell in the engine room. For all she's got now!—for every pound of steam and every inch of straining steel! He had seen, only a second later, the same sight that had caught the quartermaster's eye; so had the ensign seen it, so had they all of them.

"The Adder!" the ensign fairly screamed. "The Adder struck her!"

The ship was throbbing and trembling convulsively, but still forging on. Admiral Benton turned to the Captain.

"We'll be on top of her!" he cried. "We cannot help it! She swinging into us!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Captain Howarth; "she's sinking fast. Starboard, hard astarboard!"

The quartermaster whirled the spokes; the helm indicator swung the full quadrant.

The first thing Emery knew he was standing outside the tower, where he had stood before; how he got there he could not have told; the others followed him. Directly ahead, less than five hundred yards away, like a whale in its last flurry, lay the pride of the British navy. Her great screws were whirling almost clear of the water, thundering their mighty flukes, beating and tearing the waters into a foaming, spreading lather, tossing up clouds of white leaping spume and spray. Forward she was down to the top of her turret, her bridge on the port side dipped in the water. Men were jumping out of her like hornets out of a ruined nest; a rush of steam roared from her after ports.

Despite her quickly reduced speed, the Arizona was gliding toward the shattered, massive wreck. Even with her helm over, it looked as if a collision could not be averted, when suddenly, like a sinking bottle, filling to the last gurgle, the Polyphemus settled swiftly, her decks burst with a mighty roar, the lapping waters closing above them with an ingulfing crash, clopping together, hurtling and leaping in a seething, tossing smother! She had three fighting tops on every mast—one after another they disappeared. It was uncanny, horrid, and unreal—that swift and steady submergence.

The fore truck, with the flags still flying, faded out of sight when so near that it could almost have been reached with the toss of a hand-line. The Arizona came to rest in the midst of the bubbling, heaving waters, on the spot where the great battleship had sunk.

"God, that was awful, Howarth!" exclaimed the Admiral, in an awesome whisper. No one else said a word.

Firing had ceased throughout the ship. Emery looked back into the superstructure. It was filled with men! Some had clambered to the top of the ruined bridge. But there was no cheering. With white faces and lowered jaws, they had watched the spectacle.

The ensign in the conning-tower stopped the engines. He reported, touching his cap with trembling fingers.

"Electrician just called up conning-tower, sir, to inform you locator's in operation again. Says there's a submarine or something very close to us, can't find which way she's heading."

Just then the bell rang in the conning-tower. Quickly Captain Howarth stepped past the shield, jumped inside, and picked up the receiver.

"Hullo! this is Captain Howarth."

"Beg pardon, sir; seems to be something wrong with the locator; cannot put any dependence on it, sir. There was a large vessel very close to us, in fact, almost underneath us; now there is no trace of her."

The Captain hung up the telephone. He could imagine the great fabric sinking down into the green waters to the eternal darkness of her everlasting resting-place.

Once more he stepped out to the open air.

"What are these men doing here?" he asked, noticing the groups in the superstructure. "Below with them, to their stations!"

A lieutenant, the same that had spoken to Emery on the gun-deck, touched his cap quickly.

"Beg pardon, sir, we can't go below until the smoke has cleared a bit. It's killing there. Look here, sir; these men we had to carry up."

The bloody, splintered deck was covered with limp forms, some breathing faintly, others motionless. The lieutenant as he spoke shook like a man with a fever. He lisped horribly; his lips and tongue were parched and swollen. His hair and mustache were green, as if they had been dipped in dye. The black silk neckerchief he wore had changed color also, and his coat was spattered with fine splashes of green pigment.

No shots were being fired at the Arizona now. The battle had swept past her to the westward. As she turned, those on the deck could see what was going on. Two miles away the fleets were stabbing, cutting, and slashing as they had fought in the olden days—broadside to broadside, yard-arm to yard-arm. The whiteheads were at their deadly work, as more than one lurching, mortally wounded vessel showed. It was no place for fragile destroyer or torpedo craft; they would not have lived a minute on that steel-lashed sea.

"See if you can't get these men below to their stations, Mr. Purdy," said the Admiral, repeating the Captain's order. "We must get back; we can't let those fellows fight it out alone."

All at once a man spoke from the ruins of the bridge, where he had climbed with several others:

"There are some men off there, sir, hanging on to a bit of wreckage. There are a lot more astern, sir."

Another man next to him spoke quickly:

"There's an officer. Here—just below!"

Without explaining his action, the man lifted both hands above his head and dived straight and clean the full thirty feet down to the water. Emery and some of the officers rushed to the side. Captain Howarth followed them and immediately took command of the work of rescue. There were no boats to lower away, for the only two that the Arizona had taken with her had been badly torn and splintered, although they were back of the armored wall. But the big lift-raft, just abaft the funnels, was still intact. In a few minutes it had been hoisted outboard and lowered safely into the water. In the meantime men had clambered down the sides, and the sailor who had dived out had been hauled close up to the sea-ladder. He was supporting the body of a gray-haired, smooth-shaven man who, to all appearances, was lifeless. Many hands helped him with his burden up to the deck. Then it was seen that the unconscious form was dressed in a blue coat with a wide band of gilt braid half reaching to the elbow.

Admiral Benton took one long look and leaped back, startled.

"Sir John Boltwood!" he exclaimed. "Send for a doctor! Quick! below with him. Kelcey! where is Dr. Kelcey?"

Captain Howarth spoke now to the dripping sailor.

"You've done well, my lad," he said, quietly.

A man in the crowd muttered something that was not heard distinctly.

"Hell, Bill, you've done enough; you've saved the British admiral." The rescuer grinned back half sheepishly.

'See if you can't get these men below to their stations, Captain Howarth," whispered the Admiral, whose mind was all alert and whose weakness seemed to have left him. "We must get back to join our line as soon as possible. Tell them to hurry in with that life-raft. Wasn't that strange, picking up Boltwood? . . . He and I used to know one another well—gave me a dinner when the squadron was at Malta, poor fellow! I hope—hul'o, here comes one of them back to us."

"Below to your stations, every one!" roared Captain Howarth. "Call them up in the turrets. Commence firing with the twelve and eight-inch guns. Hold the fire of the after turret until we get that life-raft alongside. Get those rescued men aboard and let her drift."

The fumes had cleared away a little in the 'tween-decks. The men who were able to move had staggered back to their posts; the rest were taken down to the lower deck. But some beyond the need of moving were left lying with their yellow-stained faces gazing up blankly into the skies, amid the other bodies about the silent six-inch guns.

Soon the uninjured starboard side was in action; shot for shot was exchanged with the British battle-ship. The fighting, turmoiling line, still mingled, forged over to the west.

It was a duel now, but one where the odds were even, and the Arizona had her best side with which to fight. A breeze had sprung up in the west that carried her own sickening smoke away from her.

To the northwest the battle seemed to be going as fierce as ever. A big vessel (English or American, it was difficult to determine which) appeared to be one fire. Dense volumes of gray-green smoke rolled over her side like the clouds from a burning oil-tank. All of the atmosphere to the north and east was tinged with the greenish vapors. They had banked up till they looked like a line of moving, undulating lowland. The action seemed centered now about one point. Here and there drifted vessels apparently out of the fighting. At a distance it was impossible to make out whether they were friend or enemy.

But clearly now it could be seen that three of them were coming out from the ruck in the direction of the Arizona to her antagonist's assistance. In a few minutes more they would be within range.

Amiral Benton looked back at the two flags that were still flying from the pierced and dented mainmast. He remembered how he had made up his mind that those flags would not come down at any order of his. When they were lowered, the ship would be going with them. The awful picture of the sinking Polyphemus came before him. There was no use trying to run with two of the forward compartments and one of the after flooded. He could scarcely make sixteen knots an hour. They would pick him up before he had gone ten miles.

Captain Howarth looked at him, then he glanced back at the battle-flags. Had they any right for the sake of pride to sacrifice further lives upon its altar? He remembered that down below was a British admiral. The doctor reported that he was recovering consciousness and would live.

Commander Keene, who had been standing out boldly to one side of the conning-tower, now spoke.

"It's a very strange thing, sir," he said, coming close and shouting into the Admiral's ear. "Not a shot has come near us for over a minute, yet she seemed to be firing."

The party rushed out from the shelter of the conning-tower. Emery jumped across to the top of the turret. The English ship was firing quicqly. Her shots were striking the water about a quarter of a mile away from her, leaping and tearing off in all directions. Then, as all were watching her, a tall water spout sprang from against her side.

"The Adder again!" cried the Captain.

The vessels that were coming out to their consort's assistance stopped and circled slowly. The noise of the battle had dwindled away to a few distant shots. The fight was plainly over. It would have been suicide to have returned to it. The Arizona plowed on to southward—in full flight now, but with her flags still flying. The men were ordered on deck. Weak with their labors in the close air below, they tottered up the ladders.

Emery went aft to assist Commander Keene in directing those able to work in clearing away the wreckage. The wind had changed and was blowing fresh and strong from the southeast. Emery looked back to see what had become of the English battle-ship. Although a moment before she had been in sight, and the whole horizon line had been dotted with black hulls, there was nothing now to be seen. Everything was shrouded in a gray-green, smoky mist.

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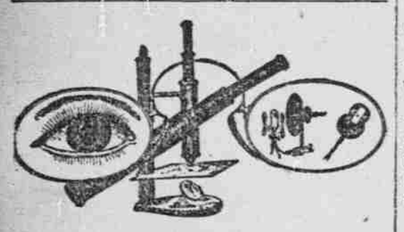

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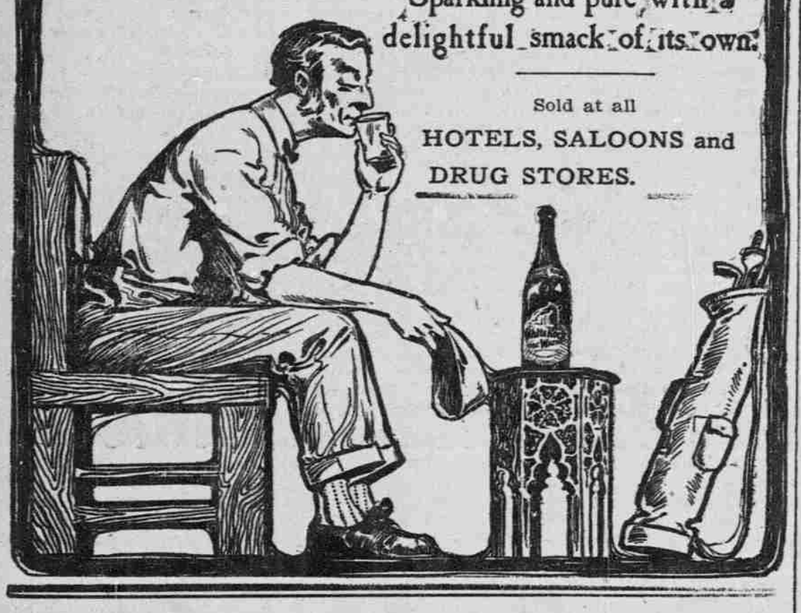

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MOTT-SMITH AND MILK

Invention That Is Of Much Interest Here.

Paris, June 30, 1904.

Editor Advertiser: Trusting to your courtesy to allow space in your paper for my letter, I offer as an excuse for the liberty I may be taking, the importance to the public of the facts which I wish to set before it, regarding the subject of Pure Milk. I am prompted to this by an editorial which appeared in your issue of May 26th, a clipping of which is hereto appended.

There is a new process—the Just-Hatmaker process—by which milk is reduced to dryness by evaporating the water. The apparatus is simple, being composed of two mounted cylinders with polished surfaces, placed side by side, slightly separated from each other, which revolve inversely by means of a gear and worm thread. They are heated interiorly by steam, at a pressure of from 40 to 45 lbs., which gives their outer surfaces a temperature considerably over 212 degs. F. The milk which is introduced continuously between the upper halves of the faces of these cylinders where evaporation of the water begins at once, passes gradually between the cylinders, and is carried in a thin uniform layer upon each, where the water is rapidly driven off, until it reaches a knife held in contact with the cylinder, which removes the milk solids in moist continuous sheets. These sheets of milk solids become dry upon cooling and are then reduced to a uniform powder by passing through a sieve. Milk containing any proportion of fats, from full cream down to a skimmed or separated milk, may be dried equally well by this process.

The dry product thus obtained is Milk; not milk plus water, though it can be reconstituted into a liquid form by dissolving it in hot water. Let the mind be disabused at once of the idea that milk is essentially a fluid, comparable to water or beer say. Add to milk a little of the ferment called rennet—which is prepared from the calf but which indeed is produced in our own stomachs after each meal—and it will be immediately realized that milk is a solid, into which, indeed, it is immediately converted after it reaches the stomach. Nature has in fact only provided milk in fluid form that the mammalian mother—including the genus homo—may secrete it in the mammary glands and the young mammal may more easily swallow it. But the fluid state of milk becomes extremely disadvantageous when man steals it from the cow for his own uses. I may class these disadvantages as follows:

1st. Adulteration.
2nd. Infection.
3rd. Vitiation.

In Dry Milk, adulteration is practically impossible. For, so nice is the mechanism of the drying machine that it refuses to dry any milk into which any foreign solid has been introduced. Even were it not so, the advantages which have heretofore been an incentive to milk suppliers to practise adulteration are entirely lacking in Dry Milk.

To properly understand how in Dry Milk, infection and vitiation are overcome, it is necessary to recall certain important facts that lie at the foundation of all scientific considerations of Milk; (I quote from a report of Dr. William S. Magill, Chief of the Research Department of Carnegie Laboratory, New York.)

"1. That milk as it comes from the cow always contains a large number of germs.

"2. That milk in a liquid state is a most favorable medium for the rapid development of these germs.

"3. That there is time for their full development, in nearly all cases, before the milk is actually consumed.

"4. That the germs of milk not only live upon it and thus impair its nutritive value but, what is far more important, they leave in it all their wastes.

"5. That the wastes of the myriads of bacteria present in ordinary milk are poisonous and the cause of most infant mortality."

Various methods are practised for reducing the number of milk bacteria for retarding their development and destroying them—the principal of which are:

"1. The exercise of greater cleanliness in dairying. This has done much to reduce the number of germs but unfortunately the reduced number present multiply so rapidly in the course of a few hours that at the end of that time the milk is thoroughly infected.

"2. Refrigeration or the cooling of milk down to a low temperature. This only retards the development of the bacteria present and does not deprive them of their vitality.

"3. Pasteurisation. This consists in slowing heating the milk to a temperature of about 158 degs. F., in an ineffectual attempt to preserve its digestibility while killing many of the less resistant germs.

"4. So called 'Sterilisation.' This consists in heating milk to the higher temperature of about 212 degs. F., (which kills all the germs but not the spores) but it so alters the nutritive constituents of the milk that it is unsuitable, except for limited periods, for infant feeding."

Speaking of the process of drying milk Dr. Magill says, "the high heat kills all the germs and spores yet is so skilfully applied that it does not alter the milk constituents. In that consists the greatness of the process."

It appears from different reports that upwards of 400 bacterialogical and pathological analyses were made of Dry Milk at the Carnegie Laboratory by the Health Department of New York, the Department of Bacteriology of Columbia University, the Department of Pathology of Cornell University, and others. The conclusion at which each set of experimenters arrived was the same, namely, that Dry Milk, obtained by the Just-Hatmaker process is absolutely sterile. Furthermore, cultures of the virulent germs of tuberculosis and of the anthrax were introduced into milk and it was then passed over the cylinders. The powder proved to be perfectly sterile. The power itself was innoculated with cultures. No subsequent development of bacilli could be percieved. Guinea pigs were repeatedly innoculated with the powder which itself had been previously innoculated with germs. No pathological reaction seemed to be excited. These experiments proved first, that milk was purified in the process of drying, second, that Dry Milk is sterile, and third, that germs do not develop in Dry Milk to a sufficient extent to be a menace to life.

To test its conservability a box of the powder was sent around the world remaining three weeks in Shanghai, a journey which lasted nearly eight months. When returned to Carnegie Laboratory and analysed, it proved to have undergone no change nor to have been to be infected in the slightest degree. Thus its conservability was established beyond a doubt.

It now only remained to test the nutritive value and the digestibility of the milk. For this purpose the chiefs of the Carnegie Laboratory with the aid of the New York Health Department and of various charitable societies, selected 850 children from 5 days to 2 years old and, under competent medical supervision, for a period of four months, fed them exclusively on liquid milk reconstituted from Dry Milk. The children were chosen for the most part from the poorer tenement-house districts of New York and the test was made during the four hottest summer months when infant mortality in New York was at its highest. The most sanguine hopes that the laboratory studies had raised were completely realized—Not One of the 850 Children Died. The death rate in New York at the time among similar children fed upon ordinary milk was perhaps 40 in 100 and among similar children fed upon pasteurised and sterilised milk perhaps 20 in 100. Furthmore, with one single exception, all the children gained regularly in weight. The one exception was a child who under adverse circumstances, lost three ounces in five days which she regained shortly after, and then gained regularly as the others.

The facts I have here set down are available to any who will take the trouble to ask for the reports of the Carnegie Laboratory.

It has become my business to engage in the production of Dry Milk here in France where raw milk is so famous for its excellence. It is not on that account, believe me, that I have asked you Mr. Editor to give space to this letter. Hawaii lies quite without the scope of my operations. No, my aloha for Hawaii prompts me to do what I can to help the needs of her people and my opportunity to try came when you voiced those needs regarding pure milk in your editorial.

There is no reason why Hawaii should not be well supplied with rich, pure, and unquestionable milk, of which the people need stand in no fear. Such milk is available to every household in the land and a whole year's supply may be obtained by each in the shape of a barrel or two of Dry Milk powder. Were there no such thing possible as the adulteration of milk in Hawaii, the climate is dangerously unsuited for the production and consumption of raw cow's milk. Dry Milk is not only unadulterated milk but Purified milk.

Thanking you in advance for your courtesy Mr. Editor, and with aloha to my native land, I beg to remain.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. MOTT-SMITH.

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EXECUTIVE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the following commissions have been issued for members of the Tax Appeal Boards:

FIRST JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
T. F. Lansing, Chairman;
J. R. Galt,
J. F. Brown.

SECOND JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
Geo. Weight, Chairman;
A. G. Dickens,
W. L. Decota.

THIRD JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
Geo. P. Tulloch, Chairman;
Franz Buchholtz,
Chas. G. Macomber.

FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
E. W. Barnard, Chairman;
I. E. Ray,
L. Severance.

FIFTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT.
W. G. Smith, Chairman;
H. K. Kahele,
Chas. A. Rice.

A. L. C. ATKINSON,
Acting Governor.

The Capitol, Honolulu, July 23rd, 1904.

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SOCIETY.

Society's devotees assisted in dedicating the Manoa Golf Club's new links and clubhouse yesterday afternoon. The event was one of considerable importance to lovers of the fascinating out-of-door sport, for the club has brought a fine course almost to the very doors of the players and in one of the most picturesque of the valleys surrounding Honolulu. The clubhouse, formerly the King cottage on the upper Manoa road, is well situated and is a comfortable place. Before it is the first tee. A large gathering of society folk witnessed the first drive from the tee yesterday immediately after three cheers had been given to commemorate the opening. The view from the clubhouse down the green past the first hole was a fair one and the spectators had an opportunity of watching the players make strenuous efforts to shine under the gaze of the fair visitors.

The ladies remained at the clubhouse until late in the afternoon, finding it a pleasant retreat, and from there they had an opportunity to view the ending of the tournament the last hole being but a few yards from the clubhouse premises. A fine collation was served during the afternoon. Among those present were Mrs. R. de B. Layard, wife of the new British Consul, Mrs. George F. Davies, Mrs. C. G. Ballentyne, Mrs. F. Howard Humphris, Mrs. H. Wingate Lake, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Percy Benson, Mrs. Sheldon, Miss Maude Benson, Miss Hartnable, Miss M. Davison, Miss Edith Mist, Mrs. Ivers, Mrs. Dougherty, Miss Eleanor Terry, Mrs. A. P. Taylor, Mrs. E. D. Tenney, Mrs. E. M. Boyd, Mrs. C. B. High, Mrs. W. T. Rawlins, Mrs. Allan Dunn, Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Mrs. Brewster, Admiral and Mrs. Terry, Mr. Terry, Mr. Mist, Dr. Murray, Mr. McKinnon, and the golfers.

Prince and Princess David Kawananakoa gave a charming dinner to Miss Josephine Kelly, of San Francisco, at the Moana Hotel, Friday evening. Those present were Prince and Princess Kawananakoa, Acting Governor Atkinson, Mrs. Henry E. Highton, Miss Alice Campbell, Miss Irene Dickson, Miss Cunha, Messrs. R. E. Wright, Walter Macfarlane, Adrian Splivalo and Sonny Cunha.

Mrs. C. E. Williams, Waikiki, will not receive until next October.

Mr. A. M. Merrill and wife are enjoying a prolonged visit at the Volcano House.

Mr. John Fairlie and Miss Jennie Fairlie are at the Hawaiian Hotel again after a pleasant visit to the Volcano.

On Tuesday the "Kinau" will take a number of Volcano passengers, some of them being local people, and others tourists who are visiting the interesting sights of Hawaii.

Mr. F. L. Hosmer and Mr. D. Rowen, of California, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kennedy, of Massachusetts, returned to Honolulu yesterday from a tour of the islands of Maui and Hawaii, visiting the Volcano and Haleakala while away. They report splendid treatment and a pleasant time at the Volcano House.

Mr. S. G. Wilder and family and Mrs. C. L. Wight are booked to sail on the "Kinau" on Tuesday for the Volcano House for an indefinite stay.

Mr. E. I. Spalding and family will spend a portion of the month of August at the Volcano House on Hawaii.

The cast for the opera of "Said Pasha" has been completed and the rehearsals will now progress without interruption. The opera is being presented under the direction of Messrs. James Dougherty and Hugo Herzer and will be produced in September. The principal role is assumed by Mrs. L. R. Crook (nee Dowsett), whose voice is said to be admirably adapted to the catchy music. The role is that of Alti, the ideal queen of Altara. Her sister, Mrs. Robert Brenham, will sing the part of Balah Sojah, Alti's stepmother. Mrs. James Dougherty and Miss Agnes Lyle will sing respectively the parts of Semer and Punja, Alti's attendants. The title role is assumed by Raymond C. Brown with Hugo Herzer impersonating Hassen Bey, officer of the Turkish patrol. Mr. Dougherty will play the role of Terano, a Mexican nobleman. The remainder of the cast will be as follows: Hadad, an adventurer, "Sonny" Cunha; Nockey, his companion, Guy Livingston; Rajahe, the commander of Altara, J. Hastings Howland; Ali Musfid, Musfid Ali, Plain Musfid, (officers of the Indian government,) Fred Angus, Clarence Waterman, Harry Wilder.

The scene of the first act is laid in Constantinople. Said Pasha, a Turkish diplomat, is preparing for a pleasure trip around the world. Serena, his daughter, is anxious to accompany him because she does not want to be parted from her lover, Hassen Bey, who is the Pasha's first officer. Meantime there are a couple of adventurers introduced, Hadad and Nockey. Hadad, in search of his daughter, stolen from him in India, when a baby, seventeen years before, desires to reach that country which he finds to be the Pasha's first destination. Serena is to disguise herself as a sailor and accompany her lover. During this time a rich young Mexican nobleman in search of an ideal woman, arrives on the scene. He sails away to India with the Pasha. All ends well in the second act with the marriage of Serena and Hassen Bey, after a series of wonderful adventures in India.

Princess Kalanianaole received informally at Pualeilani, Waikiki, last Tuesday afternoon from 3:30 to 6, during which time a throng of Honolulu's fashionables passed through the portals and received a charming welcome from the hostess.

Dr. C. B. Cooper returned on the Korea from a combined business and pleasure trip to Washington, New York, New England cities, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake and San Francisco.

Mr. Robert Shingle returned on the Alameda after a three months' visit on the mainland. All the big Eeastern cities were visited by him.

The dance at the Moana Hotel on Friday evening was one of the prettiest from the viewpoint of exquisite evening toilettes, and the most delightful informal affair that has been given at the beach hostelry.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenney will reside at the Moana Hotel for a brief period while alterations are being made to their home.

Mrs. F. M. Brooks departed yesterday for Hongkong on the steamer Gaelic.

A delightfully informal tea was given on Monday by Mrs. H. A. Isenberg in honor of Mrs. S. Clive Davies, who shortly departs for the British Isles to remain a year or so. Attractively decorated tea tables, adorned with roses in clusters, were a pretty sight, and the collation was dainty. Among the guests were Mrs. F. A. Schaefer, Mrs. C. G. Ballentyne, Mrs. F. M. Hatch, Mrs. J. O. Carter, Mrs. George Davies, Mrs. West, Mrs. F. Howard Humphris, Miss Leontine Hartnagle, Miss Batchelder, Mrs. Klamp, Mrs. Pfotenhauer, Mrs. Hanneberg, Mrs. William Haywood, Mrs. James G. Spencer, Miss Mist, Mrs. Hawes.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt P. Wilder returned from Europe on the Korea, Mrs. Wilder having spent the past three years in Paris, Berlin and Carlsbad. Mr. Wilder's visit was of eleven months' duration, the most of his time being occupied in rambling through the great conservatories and hot-houses of the capitals of Europe. The Wilders are again occupying their attractive home on Hastings street.

The engagement of Miss Jean Center of Honolulu and Mr. J. M. Smith of Honomu, Hawaii, has been announced.

The wedding of Miss Mary Nichols, daughter of Bishop Nichols, of California, and Mr. Philip Lansdale, formerly of Honolulu, will take place in San Francisco during the fall.

The wedding of Miss Lillie Neumann and Mr. Bird will take place in London next Thursday evening.

Miss Kathleen Cartwright is in England.

The largest social function of the week was the farewell reception given at "Craigside" by Mr. and Mrs. T. Clive Davies in honor of His British Majesty's Consul W. R. Hoare and Miss Moare, who depart in a short time for England via Canada. At the end of the year Consul Hoare's official career in the consular service will come to an end. Mr. and Mrs. Davies received the guests with Consul and Miss Hoare, after which the visitors passed down to the lawn where, under a marquee, the Hawaiian Government band played during the evening, a compliment to the departing Consul by Acting Governor Atkinson. Beneath another marquee refreshments were served. A smoker's paradise was set aside for the gentlemen, and the utmost informality reigned. Among the guests present were Queen Liliuokalani, Princess Kalanianaole, ex-Governor Cleghorn, Mrs. Robertson, the Hon. R. de B. Layard and Mrs. Layard, Admiral and Mrs. Terry, Judge and Mrs. Dole, Consul Bruce Cartwright, French Consul Vizzavona, Japanese Consul Miki Saito and Mme. Saito, Portuguese Consul Canavarro, Italian Consul Schaefer, German Consul Alexander Isenberg and Mrs. Isenberg, Acting-Governor Atkinson, Dr. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Carter, Miss Sarah Carter, Cushman Carter, Mr. and Mrs. James Spencer, Judge and Mrs. Hatch, Miss Kaufman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hedeman, Mrs. Selma Kinney, Mrs. F. Howard Humphris, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hawes Jr., Mrs. Claire Williams, Miss Williams, Miss Bacon, Lieut. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Adams, Major Benson, Miss Benson, Col. and Mrs. Edward Davis, Miss Terry, Mr. Mason Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Wilder, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilder, Mrs. Judd, Misses Judd, Miss Judd, Mrs. George Bliss, Captain Nichols, U. S. A., Mr. William Pfluger, Mr. and Mrs. Danford, Judge and Mrs. Stanley, Miss Danford, Mr. and Mrs. Lange, Mr. Fox, Mr. Singlehurst, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Ballentyne, Miss Hartnable, Mr. and Mrs. William Haywood, Miss Edna Kelley, Mr. Rannie Scott, Miss Greenfield, Mr. Greenfield, Miss Edith Mist, Mr. H. Mist, Lieut. Slattery, U. S. A., Mr. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Kimball, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George Davies, Mrs. West, Judge Lindsay, Bishop and Miss Restarick, Captain and Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. William Graham, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. and Mrs. Gartley, Mr. and Mrs. Rolfe, Judge Hartwell, Miss Hartwell, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Rev. Frank Fitz, Mr. and Mrs. Gaines, Mr. Newcomb, Miss Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dodge, Misses Ward, Mrs. Montague Cooke, Miss von Holt, Mr. and Mrs. William Allen, Miss Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Catton, Miss Catton, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, Miss Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Bottomley, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. Soper, Mr. Paty, Miss Paty, Mrs. Mott-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. von Holt, Mrs. Angus, Misses Angus, Mr. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Josephine Soper.

Prince and Princess Kawananakoa have decided to close their residence on Pensacola street for the summer and will reside until fall at the Moana Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Wilder gave a poi supper on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit P. Wilder. A large number of their friends were present to welcome the Wilders home from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerritt P. Wilder were the guests of honor on Friday evening at a card party given for them by Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Focke are entertaining Mrs. W. Porter Boyd on Tantalus.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Kimball will shortly occupy a cottage at No. 1522 Hastings street. Mr. Kimball expects a visit from his mother and sister this fall.

The departure of Miss Louise Bradley and Miss Bessie Bradley on Monday for their home in California, came at the end of a season of delightful entertainments for them. As the guests of Prince and Princess Kawananakoa they had opportunity for much social attention.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening, the guests being Admiral and Mrs. Terry, Mr. and Mrs. William Haywood, Prince and Princess Kawananakoa, Judge and Mrs. Hatch, Prof. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Spencer and Col. Hawes.

Hon. Eric A. Knudsen is visiting Assistant Attorney General Robert G. Dodge at his home on High street. Mr. Knudsen is the vice-speaker of the Hawaiian House of Representatives and was a delegate to the Republican national convention at Chicago and is on the committee of notification of the president which meets at Oyster Bay, this month.—Newburyport (Mass.) Herald.

Mr. C. Grange, managing director of the Phoenix Savings, Building and Loan Association of San Francisco, is a guest at the Moana. He was accompanied here by his sister-in-law, Miss Edith Swett.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunha and family will close their charming home at the beach before August 1 and take up their residence at the Moana Hotel for an indefinite period.

A delightful dinner was given by British Consul Hoare and Miss Hoare on Wednesday evening at the British Consulate in honor of Mr. R. de B. Layard, the new British Consul, and Mrs. Layard, who arrived during the week from Nagasaki. Besides those mentioned there were present German Consul and Mrs. H. A. Isenberg, Dr. and Mrs. F. Howard Humphris, Judge and Mrs. W. L. Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Clive Davies, Italian Consul and Mrs. F. A. Schaefer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Davies, Hon. A. S. Cleghorn.

Mr. Alfred Castle, the rising young Harvard 'Varsity pitcher, arrived on the Korea to spend his summer vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle.

Bishop and Mrs. Restarick are occupying the Usborne cottage at Diamond Head for a couple of weeks.

Miss Edna Kelley and Mr. Rannie Scott will be married Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother.

Mrs. B. L. Marx and Mrs. Percy White have gone to Maui to remain until October.

Mrs. W. R. Farrington and family are spending the summer on Tantalus.

Judge and Mrs. F. M. Hatch entertained at dinner on Saturday evening for Mr. and Mrs. William Haywood. Other guests were Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Isenberg, Mr. and Mrs. James G. Spencer, Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Wood, Miss Kaufman, Senhor Canavarro and Col. Hawes.

British Consul Hoare and Miss Hoare were entertained at dinner on Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George F. Davies.

A Good Chance To Buy Leather Goods

Stylish hand satchels that women like to carry about in their shopping. All greatly reduced.

Most of them have separate purses inside for money; others have attached purses and card cases.

Remember that nearly all are in perfect condition and they are the latest patterns and leathers in vogue.

Black imitation seal shopping bags.
Reduced from $1.50 to $1.00.
" " $2.25 to $1.75.
Sateen top, from $1.00 to 75c.
" " " 75c. to 50c.

Hand satchels in black tan and grey reduced from 35c. to 25c.

Imitation snakeskin reduced from $3.50 to $1.50.

Red leather handbags.
Reduced from $3.00 to $2.00
" " 75c. to 50c.

Low Prices For Pretty Portierres

This is a good opportunity for house furnishing. Most of the patterns are shown in our window.

Reduced from $4.50 to $3.50.
New lines of portierres on display downstairs.

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These are dainty things that are unusually attractive and exquisitely embroidered.

Embroidered grass linen, by the yard, in white and blue and white.

Grass linen round table cloths in white and blue and white, very handsome.

Ladies' hemstitched linen collars, very new and dainty. Big variety of wash and fancy stocks.

This Week's Specials

Printed lawns, batistes and dimities. Pretty patterns and good quality. Regular 15c. Sale 10c.

A fine grade of Muslins, Dimities and Batistes. Regular 16 2-3c. Sale 12½c.

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Home-spuns spun at home—Scotch from Bonnie Dundee—Tweeds from North of England—Woolens woven on Lowland Looms—Strong and Honest Fabrics from the Great Eastern Mills of Massachusetts, in every combination of form and fancy that the weavers have contrived. Never have the clothes made at the STEIN-BLOCH shops offered such a variety of fabrics from which to choose as can be seen in our Spring and Summer Assortments.

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Corner Fort and Merchant Streets.

MUSIC

When the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra gives its first open air moonlight concert next Thursday evening it will be up to the Honolulu public to stand by this organization of local amateur talent and encourage it by its support. Honolulu likes to call itself a musical city. It prides itself in its appreciation of the fine arts. Still very often the public, far from encouraging musical efforts made here, causes them to cease from their lack of support. The Honolulu Symphony Orchestra is prepared to fill a great place in the local musical world. It has brought together a fine aggregation of the leading musicians of the city, and it has set its aim high by producing good classical music instead of catering to the too "popular" taste. Besides furnishing rare enjoyment for the musical connoisseurs it is bound to have a great educative influence in the wider fields.

Since the club moved into its new quarters at Haalelea Lawn it has an opportunity to give concerts which it never enjoyed in its old, rather remote quarters. It has therefore decided to begin giving a series of open air concerts which it hopes will be very successful.

The first of these concerts will be given next Thursday night. Elaborate arrangements are being made for the event. The night will be a moonlight one but this effect is to be further heightened by the stringing of garlands of colored electric lights among the beautiful foliage of the grounds transforming the scene into a veritable fairyland. The audience will be seated in the garden while the orchestra will hold forth on the lanai in front of the music hall.

Throughout the past weeks the orchestra has met twice a week for rehearsals of the program to be given next Thursday. Those who have attended these rehearsals have been surprised at the rapid progress which the orchestra has made. At the rehearsal last night every orchestral selection of the program was played in such a manner as to thoroughly please the critical non-playing members who formed the audience. One, or possibly two, more rehearsals will be held before the concert.

The program to be rendered Thursday night contains selections which should please the most fastidious audience.

The orchestra is thoroughly at home with the Overture from the Bohemian Girl and plays it well. This is the opening number of the program which ought to put the audience in a good humor.

The bravour number of the program is probably Haydn's glorious "Symphony Militaire." This will be rendered in two numbers, the adagio and allegro in the first one and the allegretto, minuetto and finale in the last one. It is a selection like this which ought to bring music lovers by the score to the concert.

Schuman's "Voice of Love" is one of these inimitable delicate and sweet pieces which that composer excels in, expressing the "schnsucht" and "welmuster" and other untranslatable feeling of the German romantic period. The selection is only a short one but it is a treasure.

The ringing swing of the well known and popular "Anvil Chorus" from the Trovatore will please many a person in the audience. The program ends with Wagner's pompous "Under the Double Eagle" march which has been added to the program by request.

Vocal selections will be rendered by Mrs. Geo. Macfarlane and Hon. Paul Isenberg whose assistance the club has been very fortunate to secure. At the present date the selection to be rendered by Mrs. Macfarlane and Mr. Isenberg are not known. This matters but little however, as both singers are too well known here to be expatiated upon.

The program will be as follows:

Overture—"Bohemian Girl" .....Balfe
Symphony Orchestra.
Symphonic Militaire (adagio, allegro) . . ..Haydn
Symphony Orchestra.
"Voice of Love".....Schuman
English Horn and Flute.
Vocal—
Symphony Militaire (allegretto, Minuetto, finale) .....Haydn
Symphony Orchestra.
Vocal—
A. "Anvil Chorus" Trovatore....Verdi
B. "Under the Double Eagle".Wagner
Symphony Orchestra.

It is probable that additions will be made to the above program.

He: I hope the fact that I've led a gay life and been out nights a great deal won't make any difference. "Indeed it does. If I accepted you, you might reform."—From Life.

BASEBALL

STANDING OF THE TEAMS.

Team.	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
H. A. C.	10	7	3	.700
Kamehameha	10	7	3	.700
Elks	11	5	6	.454 6-11
Maile Ilima	10	4	6	.400
Punahou	11	3	8	.272 8-11

Owing to good luck and an opportune bunching of hits, the Elks managed to tie the score in the last of the ninth inning when the game was seemingly lost, and in the tenth bring in a run, thereby defeating the Mailes, 3-2. Punahou was beaten, 5-1, by the Kams, even Castle's presence in the box not saving them, although the game as played by them was to a great extent a decided compliment to Castle, for he seemed to put more ginger into the team than they have had at any time this season.

A large crowd was present and between nearly every inning Berger favored the assemblage with his new popular air "Pedro."

The first game looked for a while like an even thing, with the Elks perhaps having a slight advantage although the Mailes scored a run in the second inning. But after Roberts had given a few too many men bases, Hampton supplanted him in the box and played his usual steady game.

When all looked lost for the Elks they began to score, tieing the Mailes. In the tenth inning unfortunately for the latter, Hampton gave some bases on balls, when White made a hit which brought in Bushnell and Russel and won the game.

In struckouts Zamloch did good work, retiring 10 men, but he was wild at times.

The first appearance of Castle on the diamond this year was more or less of an ovation, and judging from the action of the grandstand, he has already made himself one of the most popular pitchers in the League. An unfortunate accident, in which he hurt his leg in running, prevented him from playing his all over the field game as was his wont, but his playing afterwards in spite of it gained him a deal of applause and at the same time acted powerfully against the Kams. For the first time the latter team was very unpopular with the grandstand owing to Captain Vanatta's action. Castle after hurting himself singled and on reaching first, Vanatta was requested to allow a man to run in Castle's place. This he refused to do, and the consequent hissing and derisive remarks hurled at him from the grandstand hasn't been heard on the grounds in many a day. While Vanatta had a right to act as he did for the protection of his team, the grandstand considered it decidedly unsportsmanlike and were not chary in making their feelings known.

No hits were made off Castle until after he was hurt, when at times he was rapped hard, 8 hits being made off him. Both Richards and Castle struck out 7 men, and the former gave 3 men bases on balls.

Castle shows a great improvement over last year and still plays his usual hard conscientious game. He hadn't much of an opportunity to show what he could do yesterday, but he easily demonstrated that he could satisfactorily fill the box.

Castle did not pitch in any of the big Eastern games, but he was in the Harvard box against Exeter and the Carlisle Indians, Harvard winning both games.

The games by innings are as follows:

First Game—Maile Ilima vs. Elks. Game Called at 1:45 P. M.

FIRST INNINGS.

The Mailes went to bat and Cusack was safe on Kaai's error, and stole second; Hampton sacrificed to first; Roberts hit to short, who threw home catching Cusack; Davis went out, pitcher to first.

Bushnell was given his base and stole second; Russell also walked, and White flew out to left. Wilder hit to short who threw to second retiring Russell; second doubled to first retiring Wilder.

SECOND INNINGS—MAILES TALLY RUN.

Grady flew out to rightfield, and Cogswell made a base hit and went to second on a wild pitch. Ryan flew out to short. Delorie was safe on White's error, and stole second. White missed the ball again and Cogswell scored. Robinson struck out.

Cunha flew out to second. Kaai was hit by pitcher and given his base. Kia was safe on Davis's error. Evers hit to short who threw to second catching Kia who was forced. Zamloch flew out to second base.

THIRD INNINGS.

Cusack flew out to third; Hampton made a pretty single and went to second on a wild pitch. Roberts struck out, and Hampton made a beautiful steal of third. Davis struck out.

Bushnell was hit by pitcher and given first, but went out stealing second. Russell walked to first. White hit to centerfield, and Russell tried to reach third but was caught. Wilder went out, catcher to third.

FOURTH INNINGS—HAMPTON GOES IN BOX.

Grady went out, second to first. Russell made a good catch of Cogswell's fly. Ryan made a base hit, and Delorie flew out to center.

Cunha was given his base. At this point Hampton was put in the box in place of Roberts. Cunha tried to steal second. Cusack had to jump for the ball and in putting Cunha out he accidentally struck him in the face. Kaai was given his base; Kia singled to left; Evers struck out, and Kia was caught off first and put out, catcher to first.

FIFTH INNINGS.

Robinson struck out, and Cusack was given his base. Hampton flew out to Russell, and Roberts struck out.

Zamloch went out, pitcher to first; Bushnell was safe on Roberts's error, but went out trying for second. Russell went out, pitcher to first.

SIXTH INNINGS—MAILES SCORE AGAIN.

Davis went out, pitcher to first, and Grady followed out, short to first. Cogswell singled and went to second on a passed ball. Ryan hit and Russell missing the ball entirely, gave Cogswell an opportunity to score and Ryan reached second. Delorie went out, pitcher to first.

White singled to left, and Wilder went out on a fly to Delorie. White stole second, and Cunha went out, third to first. Kaai hit to first base, going out.

SEVENTH INNINGS.

Robinson flew out to right, and Cusack was out on another fly to left. Hampton walked to first and stole second, but Roberts struck out.

Kia went out, third to first. Evers singled; Zamloch hit to short who retired Evers at second; second doubled to first in time to catch Zamloch.

EIGHTH INNINGS.

Davis thought he was hurt badly enough to be given his base. He went out to Umpire Bowers with an injured thumb, and returned with an injured look, Bowers refusing him his base. He then struck out; as did Grady. Cogswell made a base hit; but Ryan went out, second to third.

Bushnell went out, second to first; Cusack making a beautiful running pick-up with his left hand. Russell went out in the same manner as Bushnell. White went out, third to first.

NINTH INNINGS—ELKS TIE SCORE.

Delorie flew out to Kaai, and Robinson went out, second to first. Cusack went out the same way.

Wilder struck out, but reached first on an error by Grady. Cunha landed for a two-bagger, sending the ball into leftfield. Kaai hit to Cusack who threw home, but Grady dropped the ball and Wilder tallied. Kia hit to Delorie who dropped the ball and Cunha came home. Kaai went out at third, but Kia landed on second. Evers went out, third to first, and Zamloch went out in the same way.

TENTH INNINGS—WHITE'S HIT WINS GAME.

Hampton flew out to centerfield, and Roberts struck out for the fourth time in succession. Davis struck out.

Hampton gave both Bushnell and Russell their bases on balls. White made the hit which gave the Elks the victory. He landed for a beautiful hit, sending the ball into centerfield. The hit might have been a three-bagger, but it was sufficient to bring Bushnell home. Russell also came home, but Bushnell's run was sufficient to give the game to the Elks.

ELKS.

	AB.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bushnell, lf.	2	1	0	1	0	0
Russell, 2b.	2	0	0	3	4	1
White, c.	5	0	3	10	0	1
Wilder, rf.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Cunha, 1b.	3	1	1	9	0	0
Kaai, 3b.	2	0	0	2	0	1
Kia, cf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Evers, ss.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Zamloch, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Total	30	3	6	30	9	3

MAILES.

	AB.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cusack, 2b.	4	0	0	8	5	0
Hampton, ss.-p.	3	0	1	0	5	0
Roberts, p.-ss.	5	0	0	0	1	1
Davis, 3b.	5	0	0	2	4	1
Grady, c.	4	0	0	1	5	2
Cogswell, 1b.	4	2	3	14	0	0
Ryan, cf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Delorie, lf.	4	0	0	2	1	1
Robinson, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	37	2	5	27	22	5

Score by Innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Mailes	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—2
Elks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	—3

Two base hits—White, Cunha.
Sacrifice hit—Hampton.
Stolen bases—Bushnell, White, Cusack, Hampton 2, Delorie.
Hit by pitcher—Bushnell, Kaai.
Struck out—By Zamloch 10, Hampton 2.
Bases on balls—By Roberts 4, by Hampton 3, by Zamloch 2.
Wild pitches—Zamloch 2.
Passed balls—White 2.

Second Game—Punahou vs. Kamehameha. Game Called at 3:30 P. M.

FIRST INNINGS—1-1.

Punahou went to bat. Woods was given his base and went to second on a passed ball. Steere flew out to short. Lishman started things going with a two-bagger to center which sent Woods home. Castle and Desha struck out.

Sheldon struck out, and Jones went out, pitcher to first. Vanatta hit to Lishman, but the latter threw way over first and Vanatta went to third and came home on Richards' hit. The latter hit to Lishman, who threw wide to first again. Kealoha went out, pitcher to first.

SECOND INNINGS.

Soper was given his base and stole second; Tucker went out, second to first, and Williams flew out to center. McCorriston struck out.

Koki flew out to Soper, and Reuter went out, pitcher to first. Kekuewa struck out.

THIRD INNINGS.

Woods flew out to Vanatta, and Steere was given his base. Lishman flew out to left, but Castle went out, pitcher to first. Castle hurt his leg while running and as a consequence had considerable difficulty in pitching during the rest of the game.

Desha scooped a fly off Plunkett's bat in beautiful fashion. Sheldon went out, pitcher to first. Jones went out, second to first.

FOURTH INNINGS.

Desha struck out, and Soper went out, pitcher to first. Tucker followed out in the same way.

Vanatta went out, second to first. Richards went out, second to first. He broke his bat in hitting. Kealoha went out in the same way as the other two.

FIFTH INNINGS—KAMS SCORE TWICE.

Williams went out, third to first. McCorriston was out on a pot fly to second. Woods hit to Koki who errored and Woods reached third, but Steere struck out.

Koki went out, third to first. Reuter made the first hit off Castle, singling to right. Kekuewa flew out to right, and Plunkett hit safe to left. Sheldon hit to right, but Soper missed the ball, and Reuter and Plunkett came home. Jones struck out.

SIXTH INNINGS—KAMS SCORE TWO RUNS.

Lishman flew out to center. Castle singled, although he was still suffering from his hurt, Vanatta, the Kamehameha's captain, refused to allow him a substitute to run, and as a consequence the grandstand as a whole hissed him harder than any player has yet been hissed on the League grounds. Desha flew out to short, and Soper went out, catcher to first.

Vanatta came up to bat first and was roundly hissed again, the crowd showing its utter dislike for his action in regard to Castle. Richards singled to center and came home on Kealoha's two-bagger to right, being nearly caught between third and home. Koki was safe on Steere's error and Kealoha tallied. Reuter struck out, but Koki got second on Lishman's error. Kekuewa flew out to center.

SEVENTH INNING.

Tucker went out, pitcher to first, and Williams flew out to Reuter. McCorriston went out on a foul fly caught by Jones.

Plunkett went out, catcher to first, and Sheldon went out, second to first. Jones singled to center. Vanatta was hissed again on coming up to bat. He hit to left. Richards went out, second to first, Williams making a good stop.

EIGHTH INNINGS.

Woods flew out to second. Steere walked to first and stole second. Lishman sacrificed, third to first. Castle went out, second to first.

Kealoha went out on a fly to Lishman; Koki made a three-bagger to right, Soper misjudging the ball again, and running way in. Reuter and Kekuewa struck out.

NINTH INNING.

Desha went out, catcher to first, and Soper flew out to second; Tucker went out on a fly to Reuter.

KAMEHAMEHAS.

	AB.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sheldon, ss.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Jones, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	0
Vanatta, 2b.	4	1	1	4	2	0
Richards, p.	4	1	1	0	4	0
Kealoha, c.	4	1	1	5	2	0
Koki, cf.	4	0	1	2	0	1
Reuter, rf.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Kekuewa, 1b.	4	0	0	10	0	0
Plunkett, lf.	3	1	1	1	0	0
Total	35	5	8	27	10	1

PUNAHOUS.

	AB.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Woods, 1b.	3	1	1	13	0	0
Steere, 3b.	2	0	0	0	1	1
Lishman, ss.	3	0	1	1	0	3
Castle, p.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Desha, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Soper, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	1
Tucker, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Williams, 2b.	3	0	0	0	6	0
McCorriston, c.	3	0	0	6	2	0
Total	29	1	3	24	13	5

Score by Innings—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Punahous	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Kamehamehas	1	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	*	—5

Three base hit—Koki.
Two base hits—Kealoha, Lishman.
Sacrifice hit—Lishman.
Stolen bases—Steere, Soper.
Struck out—By Castle 7, by Richards 7.
Bases on balls—Richards 3.
Passed ball—Kealoha 1.

Big Ball Today.

All league games are promised a complete eclipse when the Hackfelds and Wharf-Rats appear on the diamond at Kapiolani Park at 9 o'clock this morning. The opposing teams are out for gore and even if the score does run up to 20 or 30, the crowd is sure to have just that much more fun. The Hackfelds are said to have even been practicing by moonlight. As the game is free a big crowd is looked for. The Hackfelds never fail to interest and amuse.

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OPTICAL DEPARTMENT, FORT STREET.

ANTI-CIGARETTE BOYS WIN OUT

The Anti-Cigarette League baseball team defeated the Palamas yesterday on the Boys' Field, score 6 to 4. The games of the Boys' League series are played on Saturdays and are arousing interest among scores of youthful aspirants to shine on the diamond. The score by innings was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
A. C. L.	0	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—6
Palamas	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	—4

Which Side Won?

The following appeared under different headlines in the 2:30 edition of the Bulletin yesterday:

LONDON, England, July 23.—Yale and Harvard were today defeated by Oxford and Cambridge in the international field games.

LONDON, England, July 23.—Yale and Harvard athletes today defeated Oxford and Cambridge in the international field games.

Anderson Won.

D. W. Anderson won the golf tournament yesterday on the Manoa golf links.

Kawaihau Glee Club.

The Kawaihau Glee Club announces its second hop for Saturday, July 30th, to take place at Progress Hall. The full club containing eighteen musicians will furnish the music for the dance. Tickets admitting a gentleman and lady for one dollar will be on sale Tuesday morning at the Hawaiian News Co., Young Building.

Where to Dine Today.

The following menu will be served today at the Palace Grill on Bethel street for 35 cents from 5 to 7 p. m.: Oyster soup, boiled salmon and egg sauce, lamb chops, breaded, and green peas; baked ham, champagne sauce; pineapple fritters, ribs of beef, stuffed turkey and cranberry sauce, sugar corn and mashed potatoes, baked sweet potatoes, shrimp salad, ice cream and cake and fruit pie.

Zigzag is the greatest French cigarette paper made. Gunst-Eakin Cigar Co. are agents.

CHURCH SERVICES TODAY.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, morning and evening.
ST. CLEMENT'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Usborne, morning and evening.
CENTRAL UNION CHURCH, Scudder, morning and evening.
GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH, Felmy, morning.
KAWAIAHAO CHURCH, Parker, morning and evening.
METHODIST CHURCH, Pearson, morning and evening.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH, Craig, morning and evening.
REORGANIZED CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS, Waller, morning and evening.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, Services at 6, 7, 9, 10:30, 2 and 7.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL (R. C.), Waikiki, Valentin, services at 8:30 and 3.
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST (R. C.), Kalihiwaena, Clement, 8:30 a. m., high mass. Sermon and collection.
SACRED HEART (R. C.), Marquesville, Clement, services at 11 a. m.

A proclamation in the interest of health and good cooking.

—USE—

HERALD FLOUR

So good that your grocer is instructed to return the money to anyone not satisfied that it is the best in the world.

WATERHOUSE & WALKER,
Wholesale Agents.

Sunday Advertiser

Entered at the Postoffice in Honolulu, H. T., as second class matter.)

Published Every Sunday Morning

by the

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE CO., Ltd.

von Holt Block, 65 South King St.

A. W. Pearson.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Delivered by carrier in city, per month . . . .$ 25

Mailed to any address for 1 year in the United States or Territory of Hawaii 3 00

OAHU

RAILWAY & LAND CO.

TIME TABLE

May 1st, 1903.

OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waialua, Kahuku and Way Stations—*9:15 a. m., *3:20 p. m.

For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—† 7:30 a. m., *9:15 a. m., *11:05 a. m., *2:15 p. m., *3:20 p. m., †4:35 p. m., *5:15 p. m., ‡9:30 p. m., †11:15 p. m.

INWARD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waialua and Waianae—*8:36 a. m., *5:31 p. m.

Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—†6:50 a. m., †7:46 a. m., *8:36 a. m., *10:38 a. m., *2:05 p. m., 4:31 p. m., *5:31 p. m., *7:40 p. m.

* Daily.

† Sunday Excepted.

‡ Sunday Only.

P. DENISON, Supt. F. C. SMITH, G. P. & T. A.

The Overland Route

—of the—

Southern Pacific

is the great

Highway of Trans-Continental Travel

between San Francisco and Chicago. It is the

Shortest and Quickest

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Overland Limited

the most luxurious Train in the world.

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Libraries, Writing Desks, Books Magazines, Current Literature, Electric Lights, Reading Lamp in every berth and....

The Best of Everything.

Southern Pacific

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager.

E. H. GOODMAN, San Francisco, General Passenger Agent, Cal.

COOL SUMMER THINGS

HAMMOCKS—All kinds, all prices, all sizes; from $1.00 to $5.50; just the thing for your lanai.

ICE CREAM FREEZERS—Quick work; pint to 3-gallon size.

FRUIT SYRUPS—Delicious, tropical flavors; with Apollinaris simply luscious.

LEWIS & CO., LTD.

169 KING STREET.

240—2 Telephones—240.

OAHU ICE & ELECTRIC CO.

Ice delivered to any part of the city. Island orders promptly filled. Tel. Blue 3151. P. O. Box 600. Office: Kewalo.

O. & O. BOATS WILL SOON GO

The White Star boats are soon to leave the Pacific Ocean. That is the statement made unofficially by officers of the steamer Gaelic and others connected with the Occidental and Oriental line. It was reported some weeks ago that the steamer Gaelic was to be returned to her owners in England but her withdrawal is taken by those who ought to know as a forecast of the departure of the Coptic and Doric also. The steamer will complete one more round trip after this and then will sail from San Francisco for Hongkong on her last transpacific voyage. After arriving at the latter port she will sail for England via the Suez canal and will probably be put on one of the minor runs of the White Star line.

There are many reasons for the discontinuance of the Occidental and Oriental line. The steamers are smaller than the other liners and the Gaelic is exceedingly slow. In addition to this the American occupation of the Philippines and of Hawaii and the extension of the American shipping laws to these places has made serious inroads on the business of the company and as the new Pacific Mail boats will be ample to handle the business the British line will be discontinued.

The Gaelic got away at three o'clock yesterday afternoon for the Orient. She had very little freight and five passengers from this port. No special instructions as to the Russian squadron were given as it is considered that the vessel carries nothing of a contraband nature.

Take Lighthouse Lands.

The lighthouse board has notified Captain Niblack that the government has ruled that its attitude toward the lands on which the nineteen lighthouses of the territory will be governed by the assumption that they belong to the government having been taken over at the time the republic turned its property over to the United States. This puts the burden of proof on those who claim title to the land. Captain Niblack has been prevented from making necessary repairs and improvements to the lighthouse system by the fact that the government had no title to the land but now the needed work will be done. Several thousand dollars will be expended on these improvements.

Kilauea Caves In.

According to reports brought up from Hilo by the steamer Kinau an earthquake shock last Sunday caused the walls of the inner crater of Kilauea to cave in. The shock occurred at 2 p. m., the vibrations lasting for some 33 seconds with about five seconds of hard quake in the middle. The quake was felt at the Volcano house, an unusual thing. As no smoke is proceeding from the choked crater those who profess to know predict an outbreak of the pent up forces soon.

Sugar on Hawaii.

Purser Beckley of the Kinau reports the following sugar on Hawaii ready for shipment: Olaa, 18,300; Waiakea, 21,000; Hawaii Mill, none; Wainaku, none; Onomea, 29,000; Pepeekeo, 15,000; Honomu, 12,400; Hakalau, none; Laupahoehoe, 400; Ookala, none; Kukaiau, 2000; Hamakua, 3600; Paauhau, 5,800; Honokaa, 4200; Kukuihaele, 2500; Punaluu, 6375; Honuapo, 12,200.

A World Beater.

The American steel ship Erskine M. Phelps, one of the Honolulu sugar fleet, holds the championship of the world for sailing. She now holds seven world's records, among them from Norfolk to Honolulu, 15,000 miles in 97 days. Her best hour's run was 14 knots, best day's run 310 knots and best six day's run 1,675 knots. It is a source of pride that the championship of the seas also falls to the Stars and Stripes.

Shipping Notes.

The Great Admiral is taking on ballast.

The schooner Ka Moi arrived Friday with 2000 sacks of sugar from Paauilo.

Many Japanese are being taken on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's boats for work in the sugar refineries and plantations in California.

Reports from Kahului yesterday state that the S. S. American sustained no damage whatever from her experience on the mudbank at Kamalo point. A survey was held yesterday.

The German bark Charlotte got away for Taltal, Chile, in ballast yesterday afternoon. Gustow Kodzikouski, a deserter was caught by Capt. Flint of the harbor police in time to be returned.

The Tillie E. Starbuck got in yesterday, 127 days from New York. As there was a bonus of $100 if the trip was made in less than 130 days the captain was glad to sight the heads in time to save the money.

The black object seen by the W. H. Dimond and other vessels floating off the California coast and variously reported as a derelict and a whale could not be found by the tug Sea Queen. Many believe it to be a lumber schooner turned turtle.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

WEATHER BUREAU.

Honolulu, Alexander Street, July 23, 10 p. m.

Mean Temperature—78.5.
Minimum Temperature—75.
Maximum Temperature—84.
Barometer at 9 p. m.—30.01, steady.
Rainfall, 24 hours up to 9 a. m.—.00.
Mean Absolute Moisture—6.4 grs. per cubic foot.
Mean Relative Humidity—62.
Winds—N.E.; force, 1 to 3.
Weather—Clear.
Forecast for July 24—Light trades, fair weather.

R. C. LYDECKER, Territorial Meteorologist.

ARRIVED.

Saturday, July 23.

Stmr. Niihau, W. Thompson, from Waimea, 5:45 a. m.

O. & O. S. S. Gaelic, Finch, from San Francisco, 8 a. m.

Stmr. Kinau, Freeman, from Hilo and way ports, 11:05 a. m.

Am. ship Tillie E. Starbuck, Winn, 127 days from New York, 7:38 a. m.

Stmr. J. A. Cummins, from Waimanalo and Koolau ports, 6:35 p. m.

Schr. Kawailani, from Oahu ports, 7:15 p. m.

DEPARTED.

O. & O. S. S. Gaelic, Finch, for the Orient, 3 p. m.

Ger. bk. Charlotte, Grube, for Taltal, 2 p. m.

DUE TODAY.

Stmr. Claudine, Parker, from Maui ports, a. m.

Stmr. W. G. Hall, S. Thompson, from Kauai ports, a. m.

SAIL TODAY.

S. S. Argyll, Gilboy, for San Francisco, 6 a. m.

SAIL MONDAY.

Stmr. Noeau, for Kauai ports, 5 p. m.

Stmr. Likelike, Napala, for Maui and Molokai ports, 5 p. m.

PASSENGERS.

Arrived.

Per S. S. Gaelic, July 23, from San Francisco through for Yokohama—S. Kobayashi, S. Kando, Victor Marsh, K. Miyajima, Mrs. J. E. Stubbs, Miss E. S. Stubbs, Miss M. N. Stubbs, Master J. C. Stubbs, E. A. Widemann.

For Kobe—E. T. McCarthy.

For Shanghai—N. Cito, P. Klynen.

For Hongkong—William C. Bennett, H. Forst, M. L. Tingin de Barros, Austin Jenkins, Royal A. McWilliams, Jeff D. Potter, Clifford Shoemaker, Mrs. G. Louis Ying and five children, Dang Tang Hing, Mrs. Dang Tang Hing.

From Honolulu—G. R. Cullen, Mrs. G. R. Cullen, Mrs. Weston and Mrs. F. M. Brooks.

Per stmr. Kinau, July 23, from Hilo and way ports—John Fairlie, Miss J. Fairlie, H. Linaca, Rev. Westervelt, Mrs. John A. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Lydia McStocker, Miss Julia McStocker, Mrs. Thomas McLean, J. Lino, E. E. Richards, A. I. Silva, R. S. Osmer, T. Machida, John Kiley, G. Osborne, E. W. Turner, Mrs. J. W. Leonhart, Mrs. E. C. Bond, W. Sakai, Miss Annie Hall, E. A. Fraser, Mrs. Mary L. Peck and child, Mrs. S. M. Kanakanui child and servant, Paymaster A. S. Brown, J. Garcia and wife, Miss M. Garcia, J. A. S. Williams, R. W. Sharp, L. Gilbert, J. M. Vivas, Thomas Dunn and wife, E. H. Hart, Mrs. C. Beatman and 2 children, Lung Yap, Mrs. M. Phillips and 2 children, Mrs. Alin, A. Haneberg, D. Rowen, F. L. Hosmer, R. H. Baker, Mrs. C. S. Dudoit and child, Dr. H. Kennedy, Mrs. H. Kennedy.

Booked to Depart.

Per S. S. Alameda, July 27, for San Francisco—Misses Thompson, Miss Gettier, Miss Boyer, R. W. T. Purvis and wife and 2 children, Miss J. A. Scott and daubhter, T. S. Dam, H. M. Slemmons, wife and infant, Miss Soper, T. Clice Davies, Miss Carter, Master Hughes, Mrs. Marshall, Miss Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mrs. J. W. Bergstrom and 3 children, Mrs. S. Parker and party, G. H. Robertson, Miss L. K. Hart, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. S. E. Uhlich, Mrs. F. L. Hoogs and two children, Capt. Bucklin, A. W. Van Arnswaldt, J. K. Barkett and wife, W. W. Alward and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Grinslead, Mr. Brash and wife, Miss E. Bills, Mrs. F. Gurling, J. L. Horner, A. B. Nafsinger, A. N. Campbell, E. Wellman, Mrs. M. D. Hendricks, Frank Gerling, A. J. Gignaux, E. J. Waterman, Bernard O'Conner, W. H. Smith.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Bargain shoes at Kerr's. *

The best dinner yet tonight. Union Grill, Wyman, manager. *

Sale of muslin underwear at Whitney & Marsh's begins tomorrow morning.

New styles in Sorosis opened yesterday at Kerr's. *

Two fine thoroughbred fox-terrier pups are offered for sale by J. Batchelor, Police Station, or at 1041 King street.

There is no substitute for Golden Gate flour. It has been the standard for quality for over a quarter of a century. Sold by all grocers.

Plain kid Sorosis Oxford shoes just opened at Kerr's. *

Port Costa flour is white as snow. It has long been noted as the highest grade produced in the world and its quality never varies. Your grocer has it.

A nicely furnished mosquito proof room in private family and in good neighborhood is offered for rent. See classified advertisements for particulars.

B. F. Ehlers & Co. are closing out an up-to-date line of leather hand bags and shopping-bags at exceedingly low prices. Also a line of $4.50 portierres at $3.50.

The Bergstrom Music Co. are always glad to show you what the Metstro-style Pianola can do. Call in and see the latest and best piano player on the market.

Don't forget your General Arthur cigar. Half the enjoyment of any trip is lost to smokers who do not include this celebrated brand in their suit case wherever they go.

N. S. Sachs Dry Goods Co. has just opened a pretty assortment of embroidered Japanese linens. Specials this week are 15c. summer materials at 10c. and 16 2-3c. summer materials at 12½c.

Some very stylish Sorosis slippers just opened at Kerr's. *

Active preparations are being made for the grand opening of E. W. Jordan & Co.'s new store which will be known as "The Famous No. 10 Store." Nothing but new and up-to-date dry goods will be offered for sale.

M. McInerny's stock of Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes for men has never before included so large a variety. You will find tweeds from north of England, woolens woven in the lowland looms, strong fabrics from Massachusetts, etc.

The automobile has come to stay in Honolulu as it has everywhere else in the world. It was generally thought to be but a momentary fad at the beginning but Europe and America have settled down to the rare enjoyment of automobiling. The most popular car in this city, and perhaps elsewhere, as well, is the Oldsmobile. The von Hamm-Young Co. now have the agency and have a large shipment of the new tonneau cars and standard runabouts due to arrive about the middle of August. Many of the tonneau cars are already spoken for and Honolulu promises to to come in for its full share of the sport.

All sizes in sandals at Kerr's. *

The wedding of Miss May Young, daughter of Alexander Young of this city, and Dr. McNab of Oakland, will take lace in Oakland next September. Miss Bertha will be the maid of honor and Miss Anita Oliver and Miss Marietta Havens will be the bridesmaids.

The next regular meeting of the Farmers' Institute will be held at Wahiawa on Saturday, August 13. Jared G. Smith will give an address on the question of an agricultural college for Hawaii. F. G. Krauss will treat of dairy strippings, and H. M. Wells give his experience in papaya growing. There will be a question box.

The "Mauna Loa," on Tuesday, brought back an enthusiastic part of Volcano visitors. Among the number were Miss Tiscornia and Mrs. H. L. Hudson, of Honolulu, the three Misses Garibaldi and Miss Ryan, of Merced, Calif., Miss Fitzgerald, of El Paso, Texas, and Misses Moss and Dodd, of Los Angeles. These good people will have many nice things to say of their Hawaiian trip when they return to their homes in the States.

Classified Advertisements.

FOR SALE.

TWO fine thoroughbred foxterrier pups from imported registered stock. J. Batchelor, Police Station, or at 1041 King street.

FURNISHED ROOM.

FURNISHED room in a private family, rent reasonable. 1304 Matlock Ave.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

There are now on exhibition at the Aquarium over 400 fish of 80 varieties.

Superintendent Holloway is expected back from Maui this morning.

Edmund H. Hart, clerk of the Circuit Court at Wailuku, is visiting the city.

Rev. W. D. Westervelt has returned from a visit of several weeks to Hilo and the Volcano.

F. W. Thrum, who was a passenger on the Kinau to Hilo is to be inspector in the Public Works Department under Road Engineer Gere. His family will leave for Hilo shortly.

Olaa Sugar Co. stockholders will meet at 9 a. m. Tuesday for the purpose of ratifying the agency contract with Bishop & Co., and the mortgage to the same banking firm.

Dr. Craig will preach both morning and evening at the Christian church today. His morning subject will be "The Joy of Success." In the evening he will speak on "The Price of Victory."

Any member of Excelsior Lodge wishing invitations for the dance to be given at the opening of the new Odd Fellows' hall can obtain same by calling at the office of Trent & Co. at any time during the week.

When the Mauna Loa sailed on Friday it had on board several visitors to the Volcano, who will return by the Kinau at the end of this week. Mr. Ed. J. Bell, Miss E. Bell, Miss L. Bell, Mr. S. L. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bock, and Miss Bethell were among the number.

At 11 a. m. service of Central Union church, the Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., will preach on "Dwellers with the King." His subject at 7:30 p. m. will be "Paul's Secret." The topic of the Christian Endeavor Society, at 6:30 p. m., is "The World's Gain Through Universal Peace."

Major Millsaps will have charge of the Salvation Army meetings in their hall on King street, near Fort, all of today. The first meeting will be a Holiness gathering at 10:30 a. m. At 6 p. m., Young People's Legion; subject, "What to Think About." Salvation meeting at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

A delightful innovation was instituted last night at the Alexander Young Hotel, when the new lounging room was opened. The mauka ball room had been transformed by Manager Lake into an attractive and cosy sitting room, provided with rugs, reading tables, rockers, electric table lights, a billiard table and card tables. A fine pianola supplies music. The innovation was a pleasing one to the guests and the room was utilized all evening by several parties of card players, while guests of both sexes manipulated the cues at the billiard table.

HONOLULU'S POPULATION.

(Continued from page 4.)

Well that is true but what of it? What does it indicate? For one thing it indicates discontent and discontent is the mother of progress. If Shakespeare had been content in the company of the great men he met at the Mermaid Tavern, the world's greatest book would never have been written; if Newton had been content to sit under his apple tree and eat the fruit as it dropped into his lap, the law of gravitation might still remain informulated; if the puritans had been content with anything less than absolute freedom of religious belief, the United States might still be a British colony. Discontent reaches out for something better and that means civilization. The sleepy, self-satisfied cities of Central America are three hundred years behind Honolulu in everything that makes for progress. Discontent may not always indicate energy, intelligence, ambition but its absence does mean indolence and stagnation.

Again, as has already been said, the directory publisher is able pretty well to size up the bank account of the city that he canvasses. He solicits every business man for an advertisement or subscription. Without advertising patronage the book could not be published, the expense being too great.

If a merchant or professional man refuses to give an order for the local directory, he usually feels obliged to give his reason for the refusal and that reason is never that he does not consider the directory a useful book or one that is a benefit to the community at large. He cannot afford it; he does a strictly cash business and has no use for it. He explains all about his methods, gossips about his neighbors, "knocks" his competitors, kicks about taxes and municipal extravagance, swears he knows the country is going to the "demnition bowwows" and probably winds up by asking the price of a page add and signing an order for five times as much as the solicitor originally suggested. There seems to be an impression abroad in Honolulu that the city is experiencing hard times. Some of my friends tried to dissuade me from attempting to publish this year. They thought I would find it impossible to do business enough to pay expenses: The manager of a daily newspaper told me I had his sympathy. But I am an optimist. I have confidence in people. I would rather have confidence. A life of caution and suspicion is a life of misery. I rather go broke every other year than live that way. We went cheerfully to work and the result has amply justified my confidence in Honolulu. We have taken more orders here than ever before. They average smaller but the total amount exceeds all previous records. I am still an optimist. I believe in Honolulu. I believe in its present as well as its future. If some patriotic citizen would hire a highbinder to kill off a few of the more prominent knockers it might serve as a warning and cure the smaller fry of the pernicious habit—"One swallow does not make spring" nor one kicker hard times but what everybody expects is pretty sure to come. When a man thinks he has the bellyache, he usually has it and when a whole city full thinks and says its hard times it usually is—when a man permits himself to get scared he is pretty sure to lose his grip and fear is infectious. The actual tangible as well psychic benefit of nerve and good cheer is inestimable.

Courage is infectious as well as fear. When the Los Angeles real estate boom burst and the little souls were on the run to save the crumbs from the general wreck, a few who had their nerve with them and were unafraid got their shoulders under and stood firm as Gibralter holding up the magnificent fabric they had helped to rear. The result justified their courage. Los Angeles is a city of 125,000 people and has never ceased to grow and prosper. Honolulu has far greater advantages than Los Angeles and Honolulu will grow and prosper when everybody is pulling in the right direction and when the kickers cease from troubling and the knockers are at rest.

AT AUCTION BY WILL E. FISHER AUCTIONEER

At Auction

MONDAY, JULY 25, 1904,

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,

At my salesrooms, 180 Merchant street, I will sell under foreclosure proceedings, that large desirable piece of property situate at Kamakela, Honolulu, near beginning of Kukui street, just beyond St. Louis College grounds.

The lot contains 832-1000 acre with right of way to Kukui street. The premises are well improved with 2 large school buildings and three teachers' cottages in good condition, costing about $12,000. The premises are admirably situated for school or tenement purposes and should be seen to be appreciated.

Further particulars of

WILL E. FISHER. AUCTIONEER.

AT AUCTION

MONDAY, OCT. 24, 1904,

AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON,

At my salesroom, 180 Merchant street, by order of David Dayton, Esq., assignee of the Kamalo Sugar Co., Ltd., I will offer for sale at public auction the entire property of the

Kamalo Sugar Co., Ltd.

situate on the Island of Molokai, Territory of Hawaii, unless sooner disposed of at private sale.

This property is admirably situated for a sugar plantation or stock ranch. There is an abundance of water.

Further particulars of J. Alfred Magoon and J. Lightfoot, attorneys for Assignee, or

WILL E. FISHER, AUCTIONEER.

One Night Roach Exterminator

If you wish to rid your house of roaches we've the ammunition. We have a new powder, that is non-poisonous to humans, but death to roaches. We gave a sample out for test and the first night eight roaches turned their toes up. Since then no more were found in the house. Killed all the first night. This quick-action roach powder is called

ROACH-GO

and a 25 cent can will prove the best investment ever made if you wish to rid your house of roaches. Sold only by

Hobron Drug Co.

THE DOUGLAS

BATH, THE PLUMBER.

King Street, opposite Young Hotel. 'PHONE 61.

Just Arrived

EVERLASTINGS and MOSS WREATHS FRESH SEEDS

at

MRS. TAYLOR'S,

Alexander Young Building.

EAGLE CLEANING AND DYEING WORKS

Fort St., Opposite Star Block.

Have your old SUITS MADE TO LOOK LIKE NEW. Dyeing and pressing. Tailoring. The renewing of ladies' clothing a specialty. Prices very low. Phone White 230.

ZIGZAG

The Greatest French Cigarette Paper

White or Wheat Straw.

Gummed or Plain.

Gunst-Eakin Cigar Co.

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