

U. S. WEATHER BU.
REAU, July 28.—Last 24
hours' rainfall, .00. Tem-
perature, max. 84; min.
74. Weather, fair.

Sunday Advertiser.

SUGAR—96° Test Cen-
trifugals, 1-3.75c; Per
Ton, \$75. 88 An-
alysis Beets, 8s 6d; Per
Ton, \$76 40.

VOL. IV., NO. 187

HONOLULU, HAWAII TERRITORY, SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1906.—FOURTEEN PAGES.

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Class Matter, U. S. Post Office, No. 10,000, of July 29, 1906.

PRISONER SWEARS HENRY VIDA GAVE HIM WATER CURE

Story of Most Atrocious Torture by the Police
Told in an Affidavit Filed in the
Circuit Court.

In the early evening of March 12, a Korean of the name of Chan San Duk, employed by a well-known resident of Judd street as a yard boy, was shot from ambush while he was passing along the street near the place of his employment. The case had many elements of mystery, because the boy was not known to have any enemies, but these began to clear away when it was ascertained that two other Koreans formerly employed in the same vicinity had quarreled about a woman, and that there was ill-feeling between them in consequence.

The police began rounding up Koreans, and finally got the two who were known to be enemies. Then it was claimed that it developed that one of these had shot Chan San Duk in mistake for his foe, and the man was charged with the crime, taken before the grand jury and indicted and sent to Oahu Prison under bond fixed at \$1000 to await trial. He has been in Oahu Prison ever since. This man, Yi Marn Young, pleaded not guilty on the advice of his attorneys, Magoon & Lightfoot, when he was arraigned.

Now come his attorneys into court with motion to have his bail reduced, basing the motion upon an affidavit made by the man himself that is simply blood-curdling. Think of administering the so-called "water cure," the thing for which General Smith was broken in the Philippines, here in Honolulu, under the shadow and with the sanction of authority. That is the charge made in the affidavit filed in the Circuit Court yesterday afternoon.

The story, with all legal form and solemnity, is told in the following motion, notice and affidavit:

In the Circuit Court of the First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii.
Territory of Hawaii vs. Yi Marn Young.—Indictment for Assault and Battery with a weapon obviously and imminently dangerous to life.

MOTION.

Now comes Yi Marn Young, defendant above named, by his attorneys Magoon & Lightfoot, and moves this Honorable Court that the bail of One Thousand Dollars fixed in his case, be reduced, on the ground that said bail under the circumstances of this case is excessive and unwarranted.

This motion is based upon the affidavit of Yi Marn Young hereto attached and made a part hereof and to which reference is hereby made.

MAGOON & LIGHTFOOT.

Dated Honolulu, July 28th, 1906.
NOTICE TO ATTORNEY GENERAL.
To the Attorney General of the Territory of Hawaii.

Please take notice that the foregoing motion will be presented to the Honorable W. J. Robinson, Third Judge of the Circuit Court of the First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii, at his chambers in the Judiciary Building, Honolulu, on Monday, the 30th day of July, 1906, at the hour of 9:30 in the forenoon of said day or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

MAGOON & LIGHTFOOT.

Attorneys for defendant.
Dated Honolulu, July 28th, 1906.

AFFIDAVIT OF YI MARN YOUNG.
In the Circuit Court of the First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii.
Territory of Hawaii vs. Yi Marn Young.—Indictment for Assault and Battery with a weapon obviously and imminently dangerous to life.

City of Honolulu, County of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii.—ss.
Now comes Yi Marn Young and being first duly sworn on oath deposes and says that he is the defendant above named and is at present detained in the Oahu Prison awaiting trial on an indictment found against him on the 9th day of May, 1906, charging him with assault and battery with a weapon obviously and imminently dangerous to life.

And affiant says that on the 13th day

of March, 1906, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, he was met on King street, Honolulu, by one Choy Tong Soon, whom affiant believes to be a spy in the employ of the Police Department. Said Choy Tong Soon invited affiant to walk with him, to which affiant consented when said Choy Tong Soon conducted affiant to a police officer and said to him, "This is the man." Whereupon said police officer sent for the Patrol wagon and affiant was sent to the Police Station, arriving at the Police Station at about five o'clock p. m.

On arrival at the Police Station, no charge was made against affiant and he inquired from the receiving clerk upon what charge he was arrested, and was told that said receiving clerk did not know for what affiant was arrested. Affiant was searched and about \$2.70 in coin taken from him; and affiant was asked where his pistol was, to which he replied that he had no pistol. A policeman, whose name is to affiant unknown, then conveyed the information to affiant that he was accused of shooting somebody. Affiant denied that he had shot anybody.

FOUNDED AND CURSED BY VIDA.

Affiant was then placed in a cell and kept in confinement until about eight o'clock in the evening, when he was taken to the office of the Deputy Sheriff, Vida, in said Police Station building. There were present, when affiant first entered said office, beside said Vida, the said Choy Tong Soon and a Chinaman whose name is unknown to affiant.

Said Choy Tong Soon and said Chinaman left said office very shortly after affiant was taken there, when Vida, having first locked the door, accused affiant of having shot somebody with a revolver on the 12th day of March. Affiant denied that he was guilty of this crime and repeatedly stated to said Vida that he had not shot anyone, which was the truth.

Thereupon said Vida opened the said door, which he previously locked, and took affiant out to a back veranda in said Police Station, when said Vida informed affiant that if he did not tell the truth, he (Vida) would inflict corporal punishment upon him. Affiant said that he had told the truth and had nothing further to say.

Whereupon said Vida replied, "If you do not tell me the truth I will kill you. I'll fix you Koreans." Affiant replied, "If you kill me, I can not tell you more. I am innocent and did not shoot anyone."

Whereupon said Vida with his clenched fist and with great force and violence, struck affiant on the right side immediately below the ribs, from which blow affiant suffered great pain and leaned over to the right. Whereupon said Vida struck affiant on the left side below the ribs in the same manner and kept on striking affiant in manner above described many times, inflicting great torture upon affiant.

While said Vida was torturing affiant as above set forth, he used vile language towards affiant, calling affiant "liar," "son of a —," "God damned Korean" and other evil names and accused affiant of shooting somebody, which accusation affiant always denied.

Affiant was then taken back into said office, whereupon said Vida pulled out his watch and said, "If you do not tell me the truth within five minutes I will kill you," to which affiant replied that he had told the truth and had nothing more to say.

At the end of five minutes or thereabouts affiant was taken upon said veranda, and again tortured by blows inflicted by said Vida in the above-described manner; after which affiant was taken into said office again, and said Vida said:

"I must go now; you go below and tomorrow night I will fix you." Affiant was then taken downstairs and confined in a cell.

DENIED FOOD OR WATER.

From the time affiant was taken to the Police Station, as above set forth, until about ten o'clock at night of the 15th day of March, he was given absolutely no food and not a drop of water, except as hereinafter set forth, and suffered great torture by force, and

(Continued on Page 2.)

DO TOO MUCH POLITICS IN HONOLULU

At Least, That Is the
Opinion of Several
Experts at It.

Delegate Kuhio has been quoted by one of his friends as saying that there is too much politics doing in Honolulu, and that something ought to be done to stop it. Some other of his friends, possibly, may be of the opinion, away down in their hearts, that there is too much Delegate Kuhio doing in politics, but they do not propose to do anything to stop him.

Indeed, they cannot. Maybe the Delegate is in it, considering his declaration last time that he would be out altogether in a Pickwickian sense, as Senator John Lane says he is, merely for the good of the party. The question about the good of the party becomes debatable when the other claim of the Kuhio men that the Home Rulers and Democrats are solid for him, too, is taken into account. For, if the Home Rulers and Democrats are also solid for him, Kuhio is in a position to tell the Republicans to go hang. There be those who believe he has the humor to do it. He can sit back and take an election, which will be all there is to it.

NEEDS THE MONEY.

And, if he is in it for the good of the party, Kuhio is not in it for any evil to himself. He needs the money. It might be considered something of a fair jobbing return, although not politics of the ideal kind exactly, if in consideration of the job and the money he delivered votes to give jobs and money to the other fellows on the ticket. But, if he is to have no opposition, why should he trouble himself to do that? He will merely take the money as a gift.

Kuhio aside, it is the opinion of several leaders, who have not been in Honolulu until lately, that there is too much politics doing here. "I never saw anything like it," said Senator Palmer Woods, landing from the Kinohiwa the other day, fresh from the peaceful and unfed wilds of Kohala. "Why you people do not talk of anything nor think of anything but politics. We have not even begun to wake up to the campaign over on the Big Island."

This from Palmer Woods, who made that fusion tour with Curtis Iaukea weeks and weeks ago! But maybe Palmer was talking in a Pickwickian sense, too. That seems to be the way the average politician of Hawaii wants to be understood as talking—and the way other politicians want to understand their fellows as talking, when they cannot beat them at the real game. Also, Palmer is going to Cuba, and so might have wanted to forget it. Senator Paris of Kona is another. He came to town on the last Mauna Loa, and hung around listening to the buzzing of the politics with the air of a man who had suddenly awakened in a strange country and could not by any means get his bearings.

PARIS OF KONA, TOO.

"I don't know what to make of it," he said plaintively. "Don't you people up here in Honolulu talk of anything or think of anything but politics? I go to a man's office to do business with him, and I get it there. I stand here on the street to meet my friends, and the only greeting I get is political. Why what with your Sunday school classes, and your precinct clubs, and your labor parties, and your parties that don't labor, it is enough to set a man wild. And it hasn't rained a drop in Kona."

"Oh, politics! There is nothing doing on Hawaii yet. We have not even begun to think of politics."

However, it is proper to say that Senator Paris is not going to be a candidate for re-election. Maybe that is the reason there is nothing doing.

To fuse or not to fuse is the question that is agitating the Home Rule and Democratic camps mightily, just now. There is a lot in principle of course, and it is a commendable thing to contend for—but mere men like to reap the collateral fruits of battle, too. If they do not win, there are no fruits—and neither Democrats nor Home Rulers can win playing a lone hand. Wherefore, the talk of fusion and the cause of fusion is gaining ground. The men and brethren want a fighting chance.

TRENT FOR SHERIFF.

Speaking of fusion, the talk of the opposition has shifted around once more and there was a rumor on the streets yesterday that County Treasurer Trent, though coy, could be persuaded to make the race for Sheriff if the nomination came up to him in the right way. Just what the right way is does not appear. Mr. Trent said once on a time, that he would not touch the job with a ten-foot pole. And Curtis Iaukea is thought to have the call on that nomination, if it is fusion. But you never can tell.

CAMPAIGN OF TERRORISM TO RE-OPEN IN RUSSIA



MAXIM GORKY.

FROM THE FAR NORTH

Alaskan Here to Recover
From Fearful
Hardships.

"If those are the songs the Hawaiian singers with the band are singing on the mainland, I don't wonder that the people over there have gone crazy on the band," said J. N. Hartwell of Fairbanks, Alaska, as he listened to the numbers rendered in the concert at the Hawaiian Hotel on Friday night.

Mr. Hartwell arrived in Honolulu on the Mongolia on Thursday, coming to be a visitor until he recovers from the effect of an experience passed through by him in the frozen north last December, an experience such as few men could have had and survive. And in Honolulu he has found a climate which he declares has done him more good in the two days he has spent here than all the doctoring he has gone through during the past six months.

Mr. Hartwell's experience is best told in his own words.

"On the first day of December last I was coming in from a prospect to Fairbanks for grub," he said, "and I had reached a point about forty miles from the town. It was during the coldest week we had last winter and the thermometer showed from 58 to 60 degrees below zero, so it was necessary that anyone traveling should not stay too long at a time in the dog sleigh. I had been riding along without feeling anything wrong and had got to within about six miles of the road house where I expected to put up for the night. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon and pitch dark. Thinking that I had better get out and mush for a time I stopped my team of six malamuts (native dogs) and grabbed the mush bars to follow the team."

"I found that I was stiff from the knees down and had not taken more than a few steps when I fell. The malamuts had gone quite a way before I got on my feet and I could not get them to stop. So there I was with my legs both frozen and six miles from a shelter."

"I tried to make the road house on foot, and had gone about a mile when I fell and knew no more for three days. I had been picked up by the mail runner a few minutes after I went down, who took me to the road house, from where I was taken to Fairbanks for treatment."

"Before I had come to, the doctors wanted to amputate both my legs, but my friends would not let them and after I had come to I also objected. But the agony I went through in being thawed out was something awful. Many and many a time while I was suffering I would have gladly killed myself if I had been able. It was worse than being burned alive, but thanks to my friends, who refused to allow amputation, I pulled through all right."

"Just when I was beginning to recover came the fire which destroyed the whole town of Fairbanks and I came out, heading for here. And you can bet I am mighty glad I came. A week ago I could not walk a block with crutches, I could not dress myself nor stand up without help. I have got better more here in two days than in the whole of the past six months. I don't see how anyone could be any-thing but well here. Why, I can mush along now and stand up without my crutches. And I can sleep, and I tell you that is a whole lot."

"I guess people don't know about this place or you would be run to death with people coming from all over the States. I tell you, after Alaska this place is all right."

The Party of Violence Will Issue a Call to Its Adherents to Take Up Again the Work of Fear to Bring the Czar and the Bureaucrats to Terms--Maxim Gorky Appeals to the American People to Help the Russians to Win Their Freedom.

(Associated Press Cablegrams.)

ST. PETERSBURG, July 29.—The fighting revolutionists have declared their purpose to order that the campaign of terrorism be re-opened.

GORKY ISSUES AN APPEAL.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Maxim Gorky has issued an appeal to the American people to help the Russian nation to freedom.

ROBBERS GET GOVERNMENT MONEY.

WARSAW, July 29.—Two trains were held up and robbed here yesterday by armed bodies of rioters. In the first robbery, during the afternoon, the robbers killed eight people and secured \$8000 of government money.

A SECOND TRAIN ROBBERY.

A second train was seized and robbed last night, the robbers getting \$37,500.

PEASANTS ATTACK DRAGOONS.

CHERNISHHOFF, Russia, July 28.—Peasants today attacked a force of dragoons who had been sent to arrest revolutionary agitators in this section. Five peasants were killed by the dragoons and twelve dragoons were wounded during the engagement. Three of them will die.

TERROR OF BLACK HUNDRED.

KAZAN, Russia, July 28.—The Black Hundred organization is terrorizing the Jew residents of this place.

THE CAPITAL CUT OFF.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 28.—A fire today destroyed the government telegraph station, shutting off communication with the provinces.

Probably the order to re-open the campaign of terrorism is a direct result of the thwarting of the attempt to proclaim a provisional government. Yesterday's cablegrams related that this movement had been checked by the leaders of the Constitutional Democratic party. That is the moderate party in Russia, the party which still hopes to gain liberty and save the Czar.

The party of violence is fighting for freedom, and prefers it without the Emperor. These two forces, both of them revolutionary, seem to control Russia. As to Maxim Gorky's appeal for help, it is not probable that America will pay a great deal of attention to it. The sympathy of America is always with the cause of liberty. American interference in the internal affairs of Russia is a different thing altogether, and Gorky is not in the best odor in this country.

KILLED IN RAILWAY COLLISION.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 29.—In a street car collision here, one passenger was killed and seven injured. A railroad train on the Southern Pacific ran into a Pasadena electric car near that town.

SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND TRIES SUICIDE.

SAN JOSE, Cal., July 29.—W. O. Wright, a brother-in-law of State Senator Charles M. Shortridge, shot his wife fatally last night, and then attempted suicide.

LABORITE GETS SIX YEARS.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29.—Charles Bock, Secretary of the Sailors' Union, has been sentenced to prison for six years for assaulting non-union men.

WINS THE BRIGHTON JUNIOR.

NEW YORK, July 29.—Salvidere won the \$15,000 Brighton Junior stake.

LIEUTENANT ENGLAND IS HURT AT TARGET PRACTICE

(Associated Press Cablegrams—Afternoon Service.)

CHEFOO, July 28.—Lieutenant Clarence England, of the U. S. Cruiser Chattanooga, was wounded while at rifle practice today by a sailor from the French cruiser Dupetit Thouars.

HAWAIIAN CONVICTED OF MURDER.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 28.—Edward Manasse has just been convicted of the murder of John Cook. Both are Kanakas.

TOWNS IS CHAMPION.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., July 28.—Towns defeated Stanbury here today in the sculling race for the world's championship.

SMALL-POX ON ISTHMUS.

COLON, Panama, July 28.—There have been 35 cases of small-pox here. There have been slight earthquake shocks felt.

KILLED BY A CLOUDBURST.

ANACONA, Italy, July 28.—A cloudburst in this vicinity has devastated the Camerino region. Ten people were drowned.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING IN STATE OF OHIO

(Associated Press Cablegram.)

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 29.—Two persons were killed by lightning during an electrical storm here yesterday.

BOLT STRIKES A TREE.

WELLSTON, Ohio, July 29.—Lightning struck a tree in a grove in which a picnic was being held here yesterday, and nine persons were injured, two of them fatally.

Men, Here's An Offer



I want to help men who are weak in vitality, who are nervous, who feel as if old age was coming on too soon because of the dulling of their youthful fire and ambition. I want to help men who have pains in the back, rheumatism, weak stomach and general indications of breaking down.

I can help you if you are such a man, and I want you to feel such of it. I will not take any man's money if his case is incurable by my Electric Belt. I want you to be sure of that, and I so make the following offer:

I WILL PAY \$1000 IN GOLD
To any weak man who uses my newly improved Electric Belt (as I direct and take proper care of himself) if I cannot make him sound and strong.

No man who needs my treatment will doubt my ability to cure him in the face of this offer, and if you, reader, belong in the class of half-men, I want you to come to me at once and let me show you that I can do for you what I have done for thousands of other men as bad or worse off.

I bank on Electricity. It is a power that will put more life into anything living. It will restore paralyzed limbs; it is life to weakened organs; it drives away pain. It is doing these things every day, and why not for you? Are you incurable? Are you so far gone that there is no hope for you? Are you a physical wreck? If you are, then come to me. I can cure you, and I will. What is the use dragging yourself around among men feeling that you are not like them, that you are not the man you ought to be, when you might as well hold up your head and feel like a two-year old?

Don't you want to feel the vim and life in your nerves as you used to; to see the sparkle in the eyes; to have the spring in your step and the lightness in your heart that go with vigorous manhood? Life is too short to miss any of the pleasures that belong to it; so why don't you enjoy them as long as Nature intended?

Manila, P. I.
Dr. McLaughlin—Dear Sir: In response to your request for a report of the work of your Belt in my case, will say that I have laid it aside some time since, for it has cured me completely. Instead of weighing only 139 pounds, I have gained 81 pounds, and 169 pounds is my regular weight now. I will not try to thank you in this letter, but I will be in San Francisco shortly, when I will call upon you and tell you personally how grateful I am for what you have done for me, and for the interest you showed in me while I was under your care. Yours very truly,
F. K. ROBB.

I can take any man who has a spark of vitality left in his veins and fan it into a flame and make him feel like a Hercules! I can help a rheumatic to drop his cane and crutch and hop around like a boy. I had a patient come into my office recently and jump over a chair to show me that he was young again. How do I do it? By filling the blood, the nerves, the organs and muscles with electric energy—that is what Nature gave them at first; that is what they have lost when they break down. That is how I cure, and that is why I am so sure that I can cure. You have the body that needs the power, and I have the power and know how to use it.

Honolulu, T. H.
Dr. M. A. McLaughlin—Dear Sir: Your letter of the 24th inst. came to hand in due time, and I will admit my negligence in not informing you of what your Belt had done for me, but I must say that I am perfectly satisfied with it in every respect. Your treatment has done more for me than all the medicine I took during my six or seven years' search for a cure. Even the first few weeks' use had a remarkable effect. I felt like a new man and things that were almost too heavy for me to lift previously, had no weight at all. I slept well and ate heartily. My improvement was gradual and unmistakable until I was completely cured. Then a relative of mine complained of ill-health, and I loaned the Belt to him, with as gratifying results as it had brought about in my own case. I have recommended the superiority of the treatment to many of my friends, and certainly cannot thank you enough for your valuable services. Yours very truly,
J. C. CROWDER.

Do you notice how enthusiastic my patients seem to be? See the praise they give me! They are all men full of an idea, overflowing with expression, just as any one who is immensely pleased. If you have been paying money to doctors and taking nasty drugs for years, and after getting no benefit from it all you find a new lease on life after using my Belt for a month, you will be enthusiastic, too. You will want to go out on the highways and shout, and you won't care who knows that you were once a weakling, because now you are cured and a man again. Why say more? Isn't this enough? Aren't you convinced that I can cure you? If you want more proof, tell me where you are and I can give you names of people near you. You can see them and ask them what I have done for them. The word of an honest man cured is worth more than all argument, and I have thousands of them. Now don't delay. Enjoy all the happiness you may in this world. You can have none without health and strength.

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

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Above Ellis, San Francisco, Cal.
Please send me your book, free.
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ADDRESS ..



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You need a change of air and scene. The management of the Haleiwa Hotel is prepared to offer superior accommodations during the summer months at rates that are lower than have ever been offered before. The cuisine and service at this hotel are unexcelled in the Territory, the attractions are appreciated by the guests and anyone spending a few weeks here will return to business improved in health. Let us talk it over.

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J. ABADIE, Proprietor.

558 Beretania Street, opposite rear entrance Hawaiian Hotel. Phone Blue 5558.

PRISONER SWEARS HENRY VIDA GAVE HIM WATER CURE

(Continued from Page 1.)

of hunger and thirst. When he requested an officer to give him a drink of water, the officer replied that the "boss" did not wish affiant to have food or water, and no food or water was given to him.

From the time affiant was taken to said Police Station until the morning of the 16th day of March, affiant was not permitted to wash and suffered greatly on this account.

WATER CURE ADMINISTERED.

On the day following the events hereinabove described, to wit, on the 14th of March, and about eight o'clock in the evening of said day, as affiant supposes, affiant was again taken to the office of said Vida. There were present in said office on this occasion, in addition to said Vida and affiant, two persons whose names are to affiant unknown, who affiant believes are Portuguese or half-Portuguese police officers.

Immediately on entering said office on this occasion, said Vida accused affiant of shooting, which affiant denied. Said Vida and said policemen then threatened to kill affiant if he did not tell the truth, to which affiant replied that he had told the truth and was not guilty of the charge.

Affiant was then taken out on to the said veranda. His arms were tied behind him with a rope by said policemen in such a way as to inflict great suffering upon him. Said policemen also bound the legs of affiant tightly together with a rope. A piece of wood about eight inches long and one and a half inches thick was then placed in the mouth of affiant and the said stick was kept in place by means of strings attached to the ends of said stick and fastened round affiant's head, and said stick was so tightly fastened in his mouth that it caused his lips to bleed and affiant to suffer great agony.

Being so bound and gagged, as aforesaid, affiant was then thrown on a large box or bench on said veranda. The policemen aforesaid then procured a large bucket of water, and a smaller tin or pot, and as affiant lay helpless on said box or bench, bound and gagged as aforesaid, the said policemen dipped the small tin into the bucket and poured the contents of said tin over the face of affiant, causing the water to go into his mouth, eyes, nose and ears, when affiant, being forced to swallow large quantities of water, and being unable to breathe, suffered terrible torture.

This operation was repeated many times. Affiant is unable to say how many times, as after the first infliction of the torture he was in a semi-conscious condition, but affiant believes that the whole of the bucket of water above referred to was used upon affiant as above set forth.

While these tortures were being carried on affiant was constantly accused by said policemen and said Vida of having shot somebody and affiant, while consciousness remained, continually denied the charge. When said policemen grew tired of torturing affiant by means of the water as aforesaid, the ropes were removed from him and the stick taken from his mouth; whereupon the said Vida again cruelly struck affiant many times on the side, in the manner described above.

When affiant cried out with pain from the torture thus inflicted upon him, said Vida struck affiant in the mouth, inflicting very severe wounds upon him.

Affiant was then again taken into said office and Vida informed him that he would give affiant three minutes in which to tell the truth, and if he did not confess within said three minutes that he (Vida) would kill affiant, to which affiant made the same reply as before.

At the end of about three minutes' time affiant was again taken on to said veranda, which was now in complete darkness. He was again bound with ropes as in the manner above described and a handkerchief was tied around his eyes. Said Vida ordered said policemen to lift up affiant and put him into a large pipe, down which he would be carried to the depths of the sea. Said Vida then told affiant to pray, but affiant was too terrified to pray.

Whereupon said Vida again abused affiant and said, "God damn you, pray. You are going to die. Pray, I tell you."

Said Vida then asked the names of affiant's father, mother and wife, which he wrote down, and affiant, believing that he was going to be put to death, knelt down and prayed. He believed that there was such a pipe in said Police Station and was in great fear and terror.

The said policemen carried affiant a short distance on said veranda, threw affiant on the floor, and the tortures by water were again administered to him in the manner set forth above; and affiant was constantly urged in vile terms to confess that he had shot somebody, but affiant always denied the charge.

When the said Vida and said policemen did not succeed in extorting a confession from affiant by means of the torture aforesaid, they again unbound him and said Vida told affiant that that would do for that day, but on the following night he would fix affiant. He was then taken to the cell aforesaid, and remained that night and all the following day until about eight o'clock in the evening in said cell without food or water.

THREATENED WITH DEATH.

At the time last aforesaid, to wit, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 15th day of March, affiant was again taken to the office of said Vida, where there were present the policemen aforesaid, in addition to said Vida and affiant. Affiant was urged to tell the truth and affiant declared that he had told the truth.

Again said Vida threatened to kill affiant, to which he replied, "You may kill me, but I have told you the truth." Said Vida then asked one of the policemen for a revolver, which was given to him, and affiant was told to stand up against the wall. Affiant was so weak and ill from the tortures inflicted upon him as aforesaid, and

MUSIC in the SUMMER HOME

"A good time" without music is almost a paradox. It lacks one essential detail of completeness. We hardly realize to what extent music enters into our daily living until deprived of it, as in the country where music is least accessible.



The PIANOLA

"The World's Standard Piano Player"

solves the problem most perfectly, whether in the bungalow, the camp or the marble "cottage."

Anyone can play artistically any kind of music at any time with the Pianola.

It brings the music of the latest comic operas into the country. It "knows" the accompaniments to all the jolly college songs and popular ballads. It will play without tiring, every dance with the most perfect swing. It is a boon to the hostess, for it willingly entertains any number of guests most satisfactorily.

BERGSTROM MUSIC CO., LTD. ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING.

A Bath for Two Cents

A gas stove and an instantaneous water heater cannot be underbid—no other fuel will keep you clean as cheaply.

We sell stoves and heaters, several styles, each of them handsome—and cheap.

Honolulu Gas Co., Ltd.

You Buy Goods

where you can get the best for the lowest price, sentiment cuts very little with you when it comes to your every-day supplies. Why not follow the same rule with your drugs?

We believe we offer you greater inducements to purchase your drugs and toilet requisites at this store than you get elsewhere. **WE HAVE THE GOODS AND YOU GET THE VALUE.** Let us have your orders.

We are making a damaging cut in the prices of our cameras, never before have such elegant photographic cameras been offered at the prices. This time there is a suggestion of damage. But it is not so, every machine is as perfect as when it left the factory and the make is all right. **YOU KNOW WHAT A POCO FOLDING 4x5 CAMERA IS.** We are selling them at half price.

We want your every-day trade.

HOBRON DRUG CO.

and was charged, as affiant is informed and believes, with an assault with intent to commit murder. Affiant pleaded "not guilty," waived examination and was held for trial in the Circuit Court in case the grand jury of said court should find an indictment against him. On said 23rd day of March affiant was taken to the Oahu Prison, where he was properly treated by the officials of said prison, being supplied with proper food and drink.

Thereafter, to wit, on or about the 9th day of May, 1906, the grand jury of the Circuit Court of the First Circuit found an indictment against affiant on a charge of assault and battery with a weapon obviously and imminently dangerous to life. Affiant was arraigned on said indictment and entered a plea of not guilty and is now awaiting his trial. Affiant's bail was fixed at one thousand dollars, which he is unable to pay.

Affiant says that he is absolutely innocent of said charge, that he does not believe that the Territory has a particle of evidence against him except as contained in said writing. And affiant further says that if the said writing is confession of the guilt of affiant it is false and untrue, for affiant is not guilty. And affiant further says that he has kept silent on the subject of said tortures until quite recently, as he feared that if he should say anything concerning said tortures they would be reinforced upon him, and it was only when affiant learned that such tortures were not permitted in Oahu Prison that he dared to speak of them.

And further affiant sayeth not. (Sgd.) **YI MARN YOUNG.**
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of July, 1906.
(Seal.)

(Sgd.) **CHAS. A. MANN,**
Notary Public, First Judicial Circuit.

HEARING ON MONDAY.

The motion has been set for hearing before Circuit Judge Robinson on Monday morning at 9:30.

"We have had this matter under investigation for about a week past," said Attorney General Peters last night, "ever since word was brought to us that the man Yi Marn Young had made up his mind not to plead guilty to simple assault, as he at first said that he would do. The man was indicted by the grand jury for assault with intent to kill, but whether any confession was introduced before that body to procure the indictment I can not now say. I was sick during a part of the time the grand jury was in session. The affidavit, with the motion of Messrs. Magoon & Lightfoot, was served on me this afternoon. I will go to the bottom of the case."

The Cobweb Cafe

QUEEN AND ALAKEA STS.

THE FINEST MEALS.
WINES, LIQUORS, ETC.
TO BE HAD IN THE CITY.

CAMARA & COMPANY Props

ASK THE COOK

HE WILL TELL YOU HE WANTS GOLDEN GATE FLOUR

Because it "works" easier makes better bread, cakes and pies than any other flour.

SOLD BY LEADING GROCERS

H. HACKFELD & COMPANY

Distributing Agents

AT AUCTION
BY WILL E. FISHER
AUCTIONEER

Telephone Main 424.

Send
In
Your
Goods
For

Wednesday's Sale

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

WEDNESDAY

AUGUST 1, 1906.
AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

I will sell

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

Comprising—

Bedsteads, Dressers, Washstands, Tables, Chairs, Carpet, Child's Bed, Dining Chairs, Bookcases, Kitchen Table, Refrigerators, Oil Stove, Chafing Dish, Rattan Settee, Hanging Lamps, Mower, Calculating Scales, Meat Scales, etc.,

— ALSO —

1 Gas Engine.

1 1-2 h. p. with Gasoline Tank, Battery Box and Coil, etc., etc.

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

GROCERIES,

2 CASES CHOWCHOW,
5 CASES GERKINS,
1 CASE ASPARAGUS TIPS,
3 CASES ASSORTED PICKLES,
5 CASES LIBBY'S BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS,
5 CASES MINCED STEAK,
3 CASES HONEY,
6 CASES SOAP,
7 CASES GUAVA JELLY,
8 CASES SALOON PILOT BREAD.
In good order. In lots to suit.

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

FORECLOSURE SALES

MONDAY, JULY 30:

Land at Puukapa, Waimea, Hawaii; 21 acres.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4:

Leasehold on Kukui street.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11:

Land at Kalihi, Honolulu.

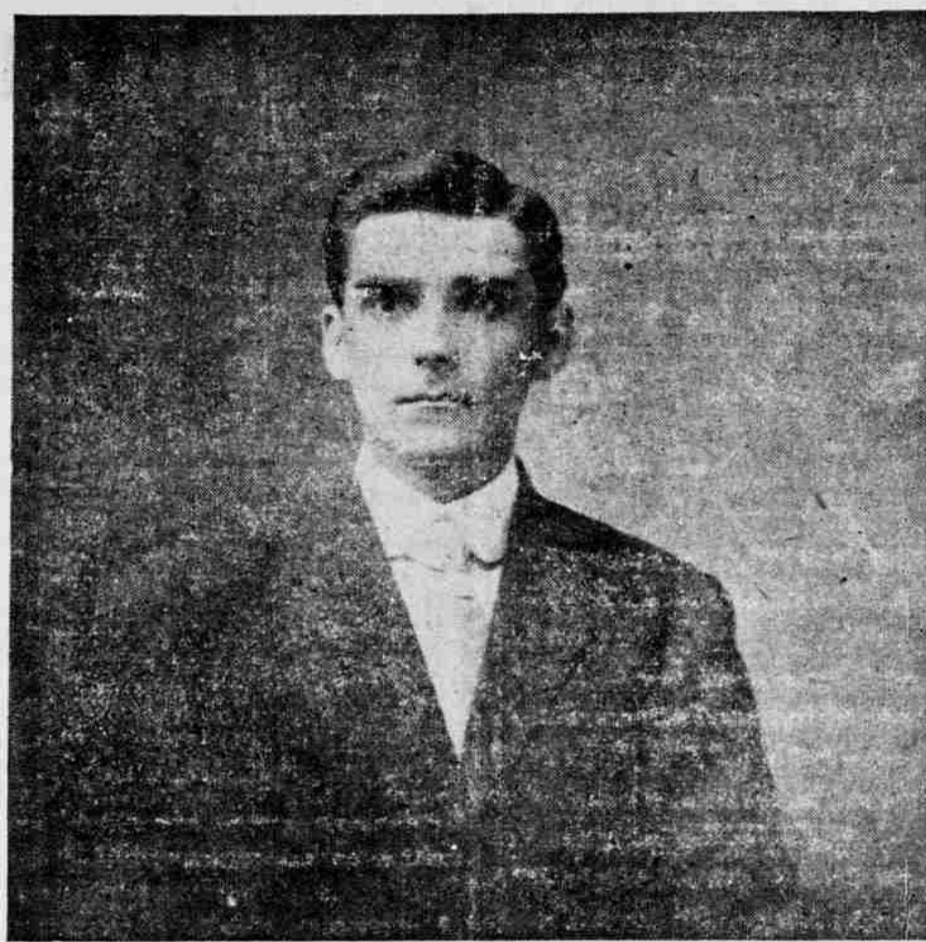
WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

TO LET.

Nicely-furnished Cottage, situate on Miller street, will be rented at a small rental to right party for 2 or 3 months.

WILL E. FISHER,
Agent.

THE NEW MISSIONARY OF REORGANIZED CHURCH



ELDER G. D. WHITE, THE NEW MISSIONARY OF THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.

The new missionary of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints will preach for the first

THE TRUTH ALWAYS.

"When you are in doubt tell the truth." It was an experienced old diplomat who said this to a beginner in the work. It may pass in some things, but not in business. Fraud and deception are often profitable so long as concealed; yet detection is certain sooner or later; then comes the smash-up and the punishment. The best and safest way is to tell the truth all the time. Thus you make friends that stick by you, and a reputation that is always worth twenty shillings to the pound everywhere your goods are offered for sale. We are able modestly to affirm, that it is on this basis that the world-wide popularity of WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION rests. The people have discovered that this medicine is exactly what it is said to be, and that it does what we have always declared it will do. Its nature also has been frankly made known. It is palatable as honey and contains all the nutritive and curative properties of Pure Cod Liver Oil, extracted by us from fresh cod livers, combined with the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and the Extracts of Malt and Wild Cherry. A combination of supreme excellence and medicinal merit. Nothing has been so successful in Anemia, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Influenza, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases, Weakness and Low Nervous Tone, and all complaints caused by Impure Blood. Dr. Austin D. Irvine, of Canada, says: "I have used it in cases where cod liver oil was indicated but could not be taken by the patient, and the results following were very gratifying." It cannot deceive or disappoint you, is effective from the first dose and comes to the rescue of those who have received no benefit from any other treatment. It represents the dawn of progress. Sold by all chemists everywhere.

WILL EXPERIMENT IN FRUIT PACKING

Four or five tons of the best varieties of fruits grown in the Hawaiian Islands are to be packed and made ready for shipment to the Coast on the steamship Alameda next Wednesday. The shipment is intended for Portland, or at least will find its way to one northwestern city and be placed on exhibition. Accompanying the exhibit as an expert on fruits will be J. E. Higgins of the Hawaii Experiment Station.

The fruits will include pineapples, papayas, alligator pears, mangoes and bananas, with possibly some others. "It is our intention to pack each variety in different ways," said Mr. Higgins yesterday, "so that when the shipment reaches its destination I may take note of the condition of each packing. I will take particular note as to whether one way of packing is better than another. This is the hot season now on the Coast and whatever fruit arrives in good condition its method of packing will certainly be correct."

"The whole thing is in the nature of an experiment, but it is a necessary one. Fruits are shipped to the Coast and eastward and it does not always arrive in good condition. It is of value to the shipper to know the best method for packing his products."

"Just now, while the Northwest is so much interested in Hawaii and desirous of establishing larger business relations with us, it is a good time to take these fruits into their midst and show them just what he have for export."

STAPLE GRAIN PLUG CUT.

A magnificent advertisement of the Gunst-Eakin Cigar Co., calls attention to the new Staple Grain Plug Cut tobacco for which the company is sole agents here. This article is put up in convenient form, the tins having a sliding top through which the tobacco is taken for use. It is cut by a machine made for the purpose and the

custom of rubbing plug tobacco between the palms of the hands is unnecessary. A tin full for a dime—a bag full for a nickel.

You are cordially invited to attend

the services in the Methodist church of Judas Iscariot." Mr. Bode and Mrs. S. E. Damon play on piano and organ morning and evening. At 11 a. m. the Handel's celebrated "Largo" and Mrs. subject will be "The Old-time Guiding Boyen sings. The other services are

Get Out of the Rut

SIMPLY BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN SMOKING A CERTAIN BRAND OF FIVE-CENT CIGAR FOR YEARS IS NO REASON WHY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS DO SO. THE WORLD IS PROGRESSING AND HAS PRODUCED THE

Opia 5c Cigar

YOU WILL KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN YOU SEE IT.

TRY THE OPIA.

Hayselden Tobacco Co.,

ALEXANDER YOUNG BUILDING.

Extra Pony

(Brunswick Club.)

1859 BOURBON WHISKEY

OAK VALLEY DISTILLING CO., COVINGTON, KY.

This celebrated brand of Whiskey is expressly distilled to suit the Hawaiian Trade. It is made from the very best grain grown in the most favored regions of Kentucky, best adapted for that purpose. All prominent physicians recommend it for medicinal and family use on account of its purity and excellence. See that you only buy the genuine article, to be recognized by the Cork and Bottle being branded with our firm name; put up in cases containing 1 doz. quarts; also sold in barrels and half barrels.

BRAUNSCHWEIGER & CO., Inc., San Francisco.



H. Hackfeld & Company, Limited.

Sole Agents for Hawaiian Islands.

Sunday Advertiser.

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

SUNDAY : : : : : JULY 29.

TAXATION IN HAWAII.

Hawaii has inherited from the monarchy a system of taxation so unique and peculiar that to one who has lived in the States of the Union it is amusing, at least until he becomes a taxpayer. The people, accustomed to obedience to law, while bearing the burden have become inured to the peculiar phases found here.

The prime principle of taxation, which is everywhere in invitum, requires that the levy and assessment shall be definite and that in making the latter it shall be equitable, or in other words that similar property shall be similarly appraised. This latter feature of a just taxing process is frequently neglected since the assessor takes the valuation from the last sale of a property when in fact a neighboring property may not have changed hands in fifty years.

In most cities of the Union lots are assessed without regard to the improvements which are on them, which latter are separately assessed. Thus in a city like San Francisco or Chicago several nuclei are established from which valuations are regularly graded and by this means very fair appraisements are made.

In regard to the levy, the law fixes the rate of taxation at one per cent., and if the appropriations made by the Legislature are large the assessors raise the valuations of property. If you speak on the subject to a kamaaina he will say, "Yes, it is like a see-saw, up and down to suit the appropriations and it is not material whether the valuations go up or the rates go up we have to pay anyway." But as a matter of fact, values are not constant, therefore the rate should be the moving point. In private enterprises, say a plantation, the directors hold a meeting and decide what improvements they contemplate making, and on figuring up the cost levy an assessment. This is the opposite of the process maintaining in the government of Hawaii. It first makes the levy and then decides on the improvements it will make. From the gross receipts a definite and large sum is first set aside for clerical work and then improvements appropriated for may or may not be made, depending on the ability of the assessors to work their end of the valuating.

If you suggest that the law exacts from every one a school tax of two dollars and it is revolutionary to use that for other purposes, the kamaaina will say, "What is the difference, we have our schools anyway and appropriate for their support from the general receipts." The same man would rebel if he was assessed for money to erect a sugar mill and the money was diverted towards political campaign funds or other ulterior object.

If you suggest that you are paying high for water and that its cost of delivery is definitely fixed by the cost of the plant, the sinking fund to pay same, the interest and cost of maintaining and should be no more, Kamaaina will say, "They need the money for the general fund." Join an irrigation district in California and note the complaints if any attempt is made to charge more than the cost of delivery. The taxpayer is entitled to know not only what is the amount of his exact taxes but that the application of the money paid by him is for the purposes for which he was nominally assessed.

Taxation has been the source of uneasiness from the time it was instituted when men were permitted to pay money in lieu of being taken for soldiers and the subject is worn threadbare by arguments, but the laissez faire habit of the Hawaiians is only accounted for by the custom which has maintained from barbaric times when the payer had bought to say.

In any county in the Union the Supervisors estimate the cost of projected improvements, the clerical work, and knowing what the appraisement of the property in the county is, make a levy sufficient to cover. There the people are virtually assessing themselves, through their representatives, for such improvements, etc., as they expect to make and it seems a remarkably sensible feature of government. At a glance it will be seen that the Hawaiian procedure is diametrically the opposite and smacks too much of the dark ages. As we are about to elect a Legislature would it not be advisable to select the best men in every district looking forward to a thorough and radical change in the taxation laws?

THE HEART OF LOUIS XIV.

By Martin Isen.

A somewhat strange story came to light recently through the finding of some documents by a contributor to the Paris Temps. The Intermediare des Chercheurs et Curieux had started the question whether the shrine in the grave church of St. Denis, in which the hearts of several kings of France have found a resting-place, contained the heart of Louis XIV. also. There is in this shrine a metal casket in which, according to a very prolix inscription, the king's heart is deposited. But Abbe Duperron, who opened the casket, found in it nothing but some remains of bony matter. Now some people remembered an old legend telling of an English physician named Bukland who was said to have eaten the heart.

Romantic as this version may seem, true it is not. The truth seems rather to be contained in the following story, though it sounds even more improbable. It is confirmed by papers originating from the house minister of Louis XVIII. which at present are being kept in the French National Record Office in Paris. It was here that the contributor to the Temps found them.

From these documents the following facts became evident. In February, 1819, Philippe Henri Schunck, an unsophisticated, honest citizen, learned of the intention to sell by public auction the furniture and some of the collections of Petit-Radel, an architect who had died a short time before. Schunck, who used to collect "bibelots" of every description, attended the sale and witnessed thirteen copper plates being sold which, according to their inscriptions, had been fastened to urns once containing the hearts of some princes and princesses of the royal family. An "amateur" bought twelve of these inscriptions for the Duke of Orleans. Schunck acquired the thirteenth at nine francs; it was that mentioning the entombing of Louis XIV.'s heart. As he was anxious to learn something about the history of this inscription, Schunck procured an introduction to St. Martin, a painter and intimate friend of the late Petit-Radel the architect, pretending that he intended to buy a painting. At first St. Martin was not willing to disclose anything, but finally told that at the time of the Revolution Petit-Radel was intrusted with removing and destroying the royal coffins which were being kept in the vaults of St. Denis and Val-de-Grace. The same "operation" he had to perform in the Jesuits' church, in Rue St. Antoine, where the heart of Louis XIII. and that of Louis XIV. rested, and Petit-Radel did it in the presence of his friend St. Martin and of another painter named Martin Droling.

The two artists had come in order to obtain by this opportunity some "mummy." "Mummy" meant a very slowly drying brown color which originates from the aromatic substances of embalmed bodies. During the eighteenth century a thriving trade was being done with this gruesome coloring matter, which at that time was brought to market mostly by inhabitants of the Orient. The opportunity for obtaining the pretty high-priced color cheaply was quite alluring to St. Martin and Droling. Petit-Radel handed his friend one of the heart-urns, saying, "Take this one; it is the largest and contains the heart of Louis XIV." He could not be mistaken, for he kept the inscriptive plate which was nailed on the urn. St. Martin paid the price asked for, bought the heart of Louis XIII. in addition, and went home with these acquisitions. But Droling, who used to paint "interieurs" in clare-obscure, needed a great deal of "mummy," and therefore purchased eleven hearts in one lot. He put them up in tubes at his house, and by grinding them on his palette converted them into color by and by; they were the hearts of Anne of Austria, the Duke and the Duchess of Burgundy, the Countess Palatine, the Prince Gaston of Orleans, the Duchess of Montpensier, etc. St. Martin treated his hearts not quite as recklessly as Droling; he used up only a part of Louis XIV.'s heart, and left the heart of Louis XIII. entirely untouched. But he mislaid the latter, so that he was unable later to find it. What was left of the heart of Louis XIV. he was willing to restore to the royal family for a fair consideration. The bargain was effected through Schunck's agency, and St. Martin received in return for the royal-heart particle a golden snuff-box. A short time before his death he recovered the heart of Louis XIII., which had been thrown into a corner of the studio, and he likewise returned this. That particle of Louis XIV.'s heart which is still being kept in St. Denis, and which, according to Abbe Duperron, is not like a heart in any respect, therefore seems to be the small remnant that escaped the brush of St. Martin. As to the other hearts mentioned above, they are not wholly lost, either; only, one has to look for their vestiges on Droling's painting in the Louvre, "Interieur de Cuisine."

THE BYSTANDER



The Indignity of Labor.
Summer Beverages.
The Fitz Foundation.
Sorry Jack Goes.
Restaurants Again.

It is curious what coolie labor has done to alter the standards of life and affect the modes of living both here and in California. San Francisco long ago exempted white people from various forms of manual labor which were common among Chinese, as for instance the washing of front steps and sidewalks in the residence parts of the town. Go to New York, venture out of doors in summer between six and seven a. m., and you will see an army of white serving women scrubbing steps and hosing walks; but in San Francisco such a sight is never suffered. White servant-girls are there, in plenty, but they draw the line at the outside work solely and simply because it is labor which Asiatics customarily perform. And for the same reason they flock into mills and factories to avoid kitchen work.

Here in Honolulu the refusal of white people to do what Asiatic participation has stigmatized as servile labor goes even further. I myself am the only white man I ever saw mowing his own lawn—and I never did it but once. Over on the mainland a reputable young husband spends his spare time at home, either pushing a lawn-mower or a baby carriage. Whoever saw him do either in Honolulu? Housewives in America proper like to grub in their gardens and among their flower-beds. The white woman who does that in Honolulu runs the risk of being called stingy or queer by her neighbors. If we had a family, the women of which worked out-of-doors for their health and pleasure and the men of which habitually brought home the groceries and meat, that family would never get into the blue-book. Even the workman here never carries a dinner-pail; he would see you further, first.

In clothing we draw the line against the Asiatic. Ten years ago a summer photograph of a Honolulu crowd showed the majority of white men in suits of duck. Look at a street crowd now, and you will see that the majority of white men are in dark clothing. Now dark clothing, by absorbing the rays of the sun, which white duck sheds, is most uncomfortable for summer wear. Every man who affects it invites prickly heat. Why the change from the comfort-costume of the past? Isn't it because white duck is now the garb of the young Jap, the Asiatic waiter and barber and of the upper-servile class generally? You swelter in woollens rather than dress like them. 'Tis a mad world, my masters.

Speaking of heat and of summer, naturally reminds me of something to drink. A San Francisco woman once remarked in my hearing that the best cooking is done in the wickedest places. And she was right, as everybody who really knew the old San Francisco, must attest. To this feminine axiom I want to add the further truth that the best temperance summer drinks are found in the saloons. A mixologist who knows his business will make a better lemonade any day in the week than you will or your wife or your best girl or even your favorite soda clerk; and he knows of a hundred innocuous drinks that you, my temperance friend, never heard of or, at least never tasted.

For instance, did you ever try a soda cocktail or a ginger-ale cocktail? Despite the name, there is no liquor in it and it is soothing and cooling to a degree. Take a bottle of lemon soda-water off the ice—have it mighty cold—and empty it into a tall, cold glass into which you have put half a teaspoonful of those aromatic Angostura bitters. Mix the bitters with the soda—lemon, not plain soda, mind you—and then quickly stir in a teaspoonful of pulverized or lar sugar. The sugar will cause the mixture to foam right up to your lips, a crimson flood of sparkling nectar. Back in New York, when the croupier arises from an all-night sitting he hastens to the nearest bar and it is a soda cocktail for him. There are the basest kind of imitations at the soda water stands but he never touches them. Nor does anybody else who knows the real thing from the bogus.

You may use a bottle of good ginger ale if you please, instead of the lemon pop.

Lately the Picon punch has been around Honolulu getting acquainted. If there is any liquor in this fine drink it is not discernible to the taste nor do you find it in your head after a long draught. Amer Picon, an Algerian bitters, procurable in town, is at the bottom of the beverage. Take a goblet with a few lumps of ice in it, pour in one-half an inch of grenadine syrup, one inch of Amer Picon, squeeze in six drops of lime juice and then sizz in mineral water from a syphon until the goblet is nearly full. Stir with a spoon and if the mixture has the rich, dark brown color of Hire's root beer, it is well made. If not, put in more Amer Picon. Then drink and drink and thank the French government for providing you with the summer beverage par excellence.

Yes, the French government offered a prize of 100,000 francs for a substitute for absinthe which would quiet the nerves, induce a healthful slumber and do no harm. Amer Picon earned the money.

Here is a recipe for soda nectar, another good summer drink:
Use a large glass.
The juice of one lemon.
3/4 glass seltzer or White Rock.
White sugar to taste.
1/2 a small teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda.
Mix the lemon, water and sugar together thoroughly, then put in the bicarbonate of soda, stir well and drink while it is foaming.

I am prayerfully awaiting the prospectus of the Fitz Institute, not only to learn what it will teach but who the faculty will be. Only the other day I saw the Reverend Professor Fitz out prospecting, followed at a decorous distance by Professors Notley and Testa, both of them larding the lean earth and scratching on divers awning posts to relieve prickly heat. Somebody whispers that both Notley and Testa will be in the faculty. Notley in the chair—if the chair and the Sheriff will stand it—of Applied Finance and Testa in the trough of Bille-Lettres. There is also some talk of having Theresa take the infant class and of giving Kumalee, if he can be obtained, the wooden stool of Penology. You can see from this that the school is bound to do good among the Hawaiians and will spare no pains in Fitzing them for the real business of life.

(Continued on page 11.)

FOR THE DIME NOVEL.

While the papers, the librarians, and the German police are decrying the American "dime novel," Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the eminent psychologist, has a word to say in its defense. His position is in part indorsed by The World's Work, which remarks: "The heroes worked hard. They played fair. They were alert. They had both daring and imagination. And the good hero always triumphed. The villain was shot. The best of these yellow-backs were not immoral nor soft. Perhaps the worst that can be said of them was that they were silly. But in the changing fashions another form of literature has come that is worse than the dime novels ever were; and its victims are women. If a thrilling story of frontier life made a cowboy of a lad now and then, the 'society novel' probably plays worse havoc with the women who loaf in Florida in winter and at Atlantic City in summer and with girls who regard the life of the loafers as the ideal life. For these silly stories are soft, and, if we must have either, blood-and-thunder is better than softness."

COMMERCIAL NEWS

There is no change in the raw sugar market since last report—96 degree test centrifugals \$75 and European beets parity \$76.40 a ton. Plantation stocks are firm with few offerings and some notable advances. A sale of C. Brewer & Co., Ltd., was made at \$375. Ewa is firm at \$235 bid and \$24 asked. Hawaiian Agricultural is sought at par. H. C. & S. Co. has \$88.50 bid and but little offering at \$89. Sales of Hawaiian Sugar (Makaweli) have taken place at \$36. Honokaa has fallen to \$13 buyers, against sales of \$13.75 last week. Honoum is strong at \$140, and Kahuku at \$22.50. McBryde's advance is shown in sales at \$6.50. Oahu buyers are at \$100. A block of Pioneer sold at \$135. Waialua, starting the week at \$57, is selling at \$63.50. Oahu Railway is strong at \$88.50. Quotations for Hawaiian stocks on the San Francisco Exchange at the close on July 20 were as follows, bid and asked respectively: H. C. & S. Co., \$87 and \$89 3/4; Honokaa, \$13 and \$13 1/4; Hutchinson, \$14 1/2 and \$15; Makaweli, — and \$35 1/2; Onomea, \$32 and \$32 1/4; Paauhau, \$18 1/4 and \$19 1/4. Sales—10 Onomea at \$32.25; \$1000 H. C. & S. Co. 5's at 106.

It is rumored that Haiku will cut its dividend from 2 per cent. to 1 1/2 per cent., and Paia from 1 1/2 per cent. to 1 per cent.

THE WEEK'S TRANSACTIONS.

Following are the sales on the Honolulu Exchange for the week: McBryde (\$20), 40, 10, 40 at \$6, 20, 17 at \$6.50; H. C. & S. Co. (\$100), 10, 35 at \$85; Ewa (\$20), 250 at \$23.50, 170 at \$23.62 1/2; Oahu (\$100), 25, 46 at \$100; Waialua (\$100), 15 at \$62.75, 10 at \$62.50, 15 at \$63, 50 at \$63.50; Oookala (\$20), 100 at \$5.50; Pioneer (\$100), 125, 25 at \$135; Hon. Brewing & Malting (\$20), 25 at \$25.25, 40, 10 at \$25; Hawaiian Sugar (\$20), 70 at \$36; O. R. & L. Co. (\$100), 100 at \$88.50; Hon. Rapid Transit com. (\$100), 18 at \$55.

REAL ESTATE AND BUSINESS.

Through the agency of Thielen & Williamson the Punahou teachers have bought a seaside lot at Kaulawai, part of the Booth property, upon which they will build a clubhouse. The price was \$1575.

James F. Morgan, at judicial sale which has been confirmed, sold at auction for John K. Prendergast, administrator of the estate of Naomi Kaibue, 104.2 acres of land at Laimi, Hilo, being premises under lease to Honoum Sugar Co. C. Brewer & Co., Ltd., agent of that company, bought it for \$9400, or about \$90 an acre.

Instruments recorded during the week include the following: Deed from Paia Plantation Co. et al. to Central Mill Co., land, sugar mills, etc., at Hamakapoko and Haiku, Maui, \$350,000; lease from Central Mill Co., Ltd., to Maui Agricultural Co., the property mentioned in the foregoing deed, 42 years and six months at \$15,000 a year; two leases from Nora Rickard to Honokaa Sugar

LITTLE TALKS

W. M. BRAY—No, there isn't any furniture trust forming. Prices won't be raised.

JOHN HUGHES—I don't mean to go into politics on false pretenses. People must know precisely where I stand.

JOHN SMITH—I hear that Alexander Young wants to build a fine band stand on the Bishop block, opposite his hotel.

PALMER WOODS—Yes, there are prospects for me in Cuba. I am doing well here but a man with five children can't afford to lose any big chances.

HIGH SHERIFF HENRY—Oh, well, they can keep on cutting my salary until they cut me off with a dollar. Then I will keep on working for charity.

A. BERG—The Advertiser hit the nail on the head in its discussion of the so-called "six-bit" insurance companies. I sent marked copies to San Francisco.

SUPERINTENDENT HOLLOWAY—I do not object to this dam criticism. What I do object to is criticism on engineering problems by men who know nothing about them.

J. D. M'INERNY—Any politicians looking for votes in the Fifth District had better get busy doing some sidewalk and road repairing on Liliha street. The condition there is frightful.

LAWYER LIGHTFOOT—You hear horrible stories about the treatment of prisoners at the police station but those fellows always turn up with a swarm of station-house witnesses pledged to testify their way.

JUDGE DOLE—At one time the trustees of Oahu College had an idea of putting in a handsome iron gateway at the principal entrance, but I'm glad they did not. Those grand algaroba trees make a magnificent natural gateway.

BERT PETERSON—I went to Hilo this trip on the Hilonian and it was about the steadiest boat I ever traveled on. If Capt. Matson has the courage of his convictions to put a line of boats on of the class of the Hilonian and Enterprise, I believe that local capital should get in also.

LEON ROOS OF S. F.—I think it would be better if the Hilo railroad train met the Kinau on arrival and took the passengers for the Volcano directly up the mountain. That would give them a whole night at the Volcano House before they made the trip to the crater. I believe a more leisurely visit to the crater would be better. No, the Volcano showed no signs of activity and I have seen Vesuvius in action.

MOTORMAN HOWE—I think the mounted police might be put to good use in running in the Japanese who expose themselves in almost nude condition up Liliha street way and out the Waialae road. The fact that they run to hide when a car leaves in sight proves that they are not innocent newcomers, but Japs who have been here long enough to know that a decent covering of themselves is expected in this country.

REFORMING BOWERY'S POLITICS.

The progress of the two Tim Sullivans (not to mention Florrie or Chrystie) in their fight for political supremacy in New York, will not, according to many newspaper observers, be an easy one. James B. Reynolds, of meat-report fame, who, the political writers say, holds power directly, though secretly, from President Roosevelt and Congressman Herbert Parsons, has opened warfare upon the Sullivans in their own stronghold, the Bowery. As the David who is to combat the Bowery Goliaths, Mr. Reynolds has selected a young lawyer, John Brice Gordon Rinehart, who is, like President Roosevelt himself, a Harvard man. It is Mr. Reynolds's avowed wish to make Mr. Rinehart leader of the "Thold" district, anciently "de Sixt" where the Sullivans have long lorded it supremely. But now, according to the news columns of the New York Sun, the watchword is "Rinehart, Reynolds, Roosevelt, and Reform. And, as the New York World observes, there is no reason why Mr. Rinehart should not be Republican leader of the Bowery "if he can get the votes." Mr. Rinehart is described as a fearless, cheery young man, and the Boston Record remembers that the Harvard "yard" was at one time vocal with the name of the Bowery reformer, a favorite even then. According to The World, "Big" Tim Sullivan fears the "young feller" will "come out after dark some night" and "get himself lost. Then his folks will be advertising for him and blame me." The New York Evening Post in its news columns relates: "Moreover, Mr. Rinehart has now summoned to his aid no less a personage than a Sullivan—not one of the



J. G. B. RINEHART.

The President's candidate for leader of the Bowery.

direct branches of the great Clan Sullivan, although all Sullivans have, of course, a prehistoric consanguinity. With J. Gordon Rinehart is now associated Mark Sullivan, also a student of human affairs, a believer in the political regeneration of the Bowery, and a graduate of Harvard. Mr. Sullivan is more a theorist than Mr. Rinehart, who believes in practical politics, but they are, of course, both Republicans, both convinced of the need of reforming the Bowery, and both enthusiastic in the work they have undertaken."

BERLIN IS THE WORLD'S MUSICAL CENTER

Eight Hundred Concerts Held There During a Recent Season.

BERLIN—Berlin may justly be called the musical center of the world. Last season there were held in this city over 800 concerts—an average of from five to seven every night. This was exclusive of the operas, of which there are three that run eleven months in the year, with a repertoire including practically every opera that was ever written. A number of the more popular Wagnerian pieces, such as Lohengrin, Tannhauser and the Meister-singer, were given several times. Last season every noted cellist was heard in Berlin inside of four weeks, while 150 of the world's most famous pianists, and practically all the great violinists of Europe, appeared here during the concert period.

Berlin has 120 musical schools, and the American pupils in these institutions outnumber every other nationality except the Germans. Every year we send over about 2500 students, whose total annual expenditures are estimated to be from two to three million dollars. When it is considered that Berlin is only one of many musical centers in Europe to which we send scholars, it will be seen that our national outlay in this respect is enormous. Aside from providing the bulk of the patronage for European conservatories, the United States is the most profitable field for foreign performers. Every artist who can secure continental endorsement at once makes for America to realize his harvest.

PIANO IS MOST POPULAR.

There are more students taking piano than either violin or vocal, probably as many of the first named as both of the others together. American-made pianos rank with the best produced by any nation, and are used by most of the great teachers and performers of Europe. Xaver Scharwenka is probably better known to Americans than any other piano instructor. He is a jolly, fatherly sort of man, whose acquaintance is not at all confined to the people of any one nationality. Not long ago two young girls coming all the way from New Zealand to study, knew little about the many other shining lights in the musical world of Berlin, but they asked immediately for Scharwenka.

Among the great pianists Paderewski is doubtless more popular in America than any other. He is the greatest advertiser of them all and has probably earned more money than any other performer on this instrument. He made \$250,000 on his first trip to the United States, and even now commands \$5000 for a single performance. But it must not be understood that the earlier pianists did not earn large sums of money. Franz Liszt was the premier pianist, and although he earned enormous sums, he was so extravagant that he never saved a cent. Probably his most profitable performance was one in St. Petersburg where he received \$11,000 for a single engagement. Mozart, who was the most spontaneous genius and greatest all-round musician that ever lived, died of poverty at the age of thirty-five. Had his works been protected and exploited according to present standards, the earnings from his talent would have amounted to millions.

While he has nothing like the technique of several well known contemporaries, D'Albert is at present the drawing card among the pianists in Berlin. When the brilliant Frenchman toured America the venture was little better than a failure. It seems that the adverse criticism he received at that time had a good effect on him, for he rolled up his sleeves and went at his practicing until playing showed a pronounced improvement. Aside from his talent, he is a character in himself. He wears his hair long and throws it back from his face like a lion shaking his mane. His clothes look as though they were made for someone two or three sizes larger than himself. Notwithstanding that he has been married four times, D'Albert is still a very young man. When he went to have the birth of his first boy registered he looked so young that the officials asked him: "Why did you not send the father of the child?" D'Albert was a favorite pupil of Liszt.

ROSENTHAL'S TEST OF MEMORY.

Arthur M. Abell, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Musical Courier, tells of an incident which shows the remarkable memory of Moritz Rosenthal, who will tour America this year at a salary of \$1000 a night. One evening when this performer had some friends in to dinner, he sat down to the piano and began to play. He executed piece after piece without notes, until someone remarked on his wonderful memory. "If you think that is wonderful, let me show you something," said Rosenthal. He then took down three volumes of Chopin's works and asked one of his guests to select any page in either of the books and cover up everything but one line. From this meager suggestion he played the piece through to the end without an error. The experiment was tried again and again with both Chopin and Beethoven, but as many times he succeeded in demonstrating that he had the masters at his fingers' ends.

Leschetizki has the reputation of being so crabbed and irritable that those who have not been to him have a horror of the first interview. When Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, the well known American pianist, first played in his studio he stormed and railed at her, telling her she had better go home and study the rudiments of music before she came to him for instruction. Mrs. Zeisler listened calmly through the tirade, and when he had talked himself out, she told him that if he had entirely finished she wanted to take lessons and they could now begin. She said that she was aware of the fact that he knew more than she did, and that was why she had come to him. Leschetizki admired her spunk



A CONSERVATORY OF BERLIN.

and at once cooled down and proceeded to business.

JOACHIM OBJECTS TO INTERVIEWS.

Joachim, the great violinist, is another nervous and irritable personality. He is now seventy-five years of age and has been before the public since he was eight years old. He is like Liszt in his distaste for interviews, and one must be properly heralded to be well received. Like all the great artists, Joachim will not take beginners. Once a young American, fresh from the backwoods, applied to him for instruction. The master asked him how much progress he had made, and the boy replied that he was not advanced at all. "Can't you play anything?" queried Joachim, his temper rising at being approached by a novice. When the embryo musician admitted that he could not play at all, he was bodily ousted from the great teacher's presence. A young man from Portland, Oregon, went to the famous instructor and wanted to play for him with a view to entering his class. When the American took his violin out of the case Joachim, who was standing across the room from him, remarked immediately: "Hello! I see you have an American fiddle." He recognized instantly that the instrument did not show a master hand and would not dignify it by the name of violin.

In speaking of teachers who have grown gray in the service, one can not overlook Manuel Garcia of London, who recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday. His father was the man for whom Rossini wrote the famous Barber of Seville. The first

performance of this opera in America was in 1825 and Garcia sang the part of Figaro. In the same cast his sister, the celebrated Malibran, took the part of Rosina. She died in 1836, while her brother is still teaching in London. He was a famous singer before Abraham Lincoln was ever heard of, and Lincoln has been dead forty-one years. Not long ago a lady went to Garcia with the intention of taking lessons with him. After trying her voice he said: "You are not ready for me yet; come back in three years' time and then I will take you," thus intimating that although he had just celebrated his hundredth birthday he had no intention of dying yet awhile.

AMERICAN GIRL AT COURT.

Prominent among the American singers who have made reputations abroad is Miss Geraldine Farrar, a beautiful girl from New England. Her father was a professional baseball player in America, and is something of a wag. When Miss Farrar was commanded to sing before the Emperor the adjutant who came to apprise her of the summons found none of the family at home except Mr. Farrar. The emissary of the Kaiser said that the court was in mourning and the prescribed dress was black with long sleeves. The Yankee ball player put on a serious look and said that he thought Geraldine had a black dress with at least one sleeve in it. Miss Farrar acquitted herself so well before the Court that she has since fulfilled an engagement at the Royal Opera House, a distinction which few Americans have ever enjoyed.

Not to be outdone by the Kaiser in

showing attention to one of our artists, President Roosevelt reciprocated by entertaining Humperdinck, the author of Hansel and Gretel. The famous composer gave the President an autograph copy of his opera, and the Executive returned the compliment by presenting him with one of the Roosevelt books on western life. When Hansel and Gretel was recently produced in New York by Conreid, Humperdinck was given a big sum to sit in a box during the first performance.

As a rule musicians who desire to become professionals try to make their first public appearance in Berlin. If they can gain applause here it is not difficult to find engagements elsewhere. The leading musical organization of the world is located in the German capital. This great bureau has over 500 artists on its list, and its operations extend to all countries.

Among the American students abroad who give promise of great things may be named Arthur Hartman, violinist, of Philadelphia, who will tour America this year. London critics say that Richard Buhlig, a budding pianist of Chicago, has made a success not equalled since Paderewski won recognition. Myrtle Elwin of Chicago made a profound impression when she played at the Philharmonic in Berlin. Augusta Zugermann, a protégée of Daniel Frohman, and Adelaide Norwood, who sang with the Savage Opera Company, have both made distinct successes. A notable exception to the idea that a performer must be trained in Europe to succeed is shown by the experience of William A. Becker, the Cleveland pianist, who had no foreign training at all, and yet who has made a tremendous success in Europe. He completed his studies in America under Mason.

COST OF MUSICAL EDUCATION.

It is estimated that the least upon which an American student can meet expenses abroad is \$1000 a year, and to become properly trained one should stay not less than four years, so that \$5000 is about the minimum for which a foreign musical education can be consistently obtained. But no matter how much money a student may be willing to spend, it does not follow that he will be able to receive instruction from the best artists. Unless a pupil is particularly well advanced he is quite likely to be turned over to one of the assistants of the great teachers. These assistants generally give less proficient instruction than might be had in America for half the price.

It is certain that Americans who want to play merely for the pleasure of their family or friends have no occasion to come to Europe for instruction. Even if they do acquire unusual ability from their foreign experience they cannot put it to any use at home. Any person who invests from \$5000 to \$10,000 in a musical education has small chance of realizing on the investment. Nearly all the successful performers of the present time have pronounced business ability along with their artistic skill, and it is generally conceded that a combination of these traits is essential to success when counted from a financial standpoint.

WHY NOT STUDY AT HOME.

One of the arguments that is set forth to induce people to come to Europe to study is the musical atmosphere that is provided in the continental centers. Here concerts are so numerous that they are veritably an embarrassment of richness. But there is really no occasion for the American to leave home to hear the best performers because all of the premier artists invariably find their way to the United States. Although it has long been presumed that Europe has a monopoly on all things musical, the fact remains that the average music-loving American has no need to go abroad, either for instruction or for entertainment. When indulgent fathers and mothers get over the idea that it is fashionable to send their daughters to Europe, their attention may be focused upon the fact that home institutions are offering them equal facilities at much less cost.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

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\$2.25 CORSETS NOW.....\$1.50
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\$1.00 VEILS	65c
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This necessity causes overstocks in many departments. The old time business methods would say 'carry them over.' Not so here; we must clear the decks for the holiday season.

This is the reason for our great mid-summer clearance sale. We shall offer two weeks of bargains that will set a new standard in liberality. We will sacrifice our present stock in order to have plenty of room for new goods. These bargains for cash only. Come early! Come often!

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Black Alpacas, regular price, 75c., now.....45c yd.
Black Figured Alpacas, regular price 75c., now.....25c yd.

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In Silk and Mull, sizes from 32 to 42, all new goods.....75c and up

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18x28.....\$1.10 doz.
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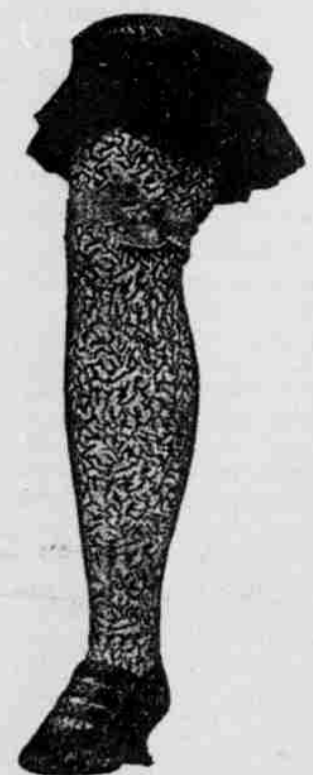
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14x30.....65c doz.
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16x32.....\$1.25 doz.
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White Wash Belts, 1 inch to 1 1/2 inch wide.....2 for 25c

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A large assortment to choose from.
PLAIN AND DROP STITCH, in black, regular price, 35c. and 40c. pair, now.....25c pr.
PLAIN BLACK HOSE, regular price, 20c. pair now.....10c pr.
WHITE HOSE, regular price, 25c. pair, now.....10c pr.
COLORED HOSE, regular price, 25c. pair, now.....12 1/2c pr.
A large assortment in children's Black, Tan and White Hose.....10c and 12 1/2c pr.

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Fine Bathing Beach

Around the Globe at 75

By REV. J. W. WADMAN.

Last Tuesday a gentle knock came on my study door and upon opening it I was greeted by a handsome little lady, dressed neatly in black, with her white locks falling loosely from below a very becoming soft felt hat, tied prettily with black ribbons. Her face was beautiful—a picture—with a decidedly pleasant twinkle in her friendly eyes.

Upon entering and accepting the easiest chair of my room, the conversation began. "Just arrived from New South Wales."

"Indeed! Have you had a pleasant voyage?"

"Exceedingly smooth and pleasant."

"Traveling alone?"

"All alone."

"Do you remain here long?"

"Till the Alameda sails."

"Any friends in Honolulu?"

"None whatever. Am a Methodist and so looked you up."

"What you you think of our city?"

"Never saw anything so beautiful."

"Ever been here before?"

"My first ocean voyage."

"Where is your destination?"

"London."

"London? Do you mean England?"

"Yes; England."

"Have you any friends on the way?"

"None save a distant relative of my husband's, living on Fifth avenue, New York. A millionaire, they say, upon whom I shall call, and if kindly received may bide a while."

"Please madam, under ordinary circumstances it would be exceedingly rude for me to enquire of a lady's age, but I should like to know just how old you are?"

"What do you think?"

"Perhaps 65."

"A diplomatic guess. I am 75 next birthday."

"Seventy-five, and on the way from New South Wales to London alone?"

"Yes, and returning the other way round."

"Were you seasick?"

"Not for a minute. I was the first lady on deck every morning during the two weeks' voyage and never lost a meal. I entered several of the races on board and won first prize in all."

"Have you a family in the South?"

"I had a husband, who died just before my seventh baby was born—died with a broken heart, so to speak, at the loss of his wealth, and I was left alone and in straitened circumstances to bring up my children, all of whom have done well, though. Three are gone home to heaven."

"I do hope the King may hear of you and have the good fortune to meet you while you are in London."

"I shall meet the King."

"You will! How?"

"Lady C. has already arranged for it. She and I are warm personal

friends. You know, her husband was our former Governor General."

"This has been a great pleasure. I hope to see more of you while in the city."

"Thank you. The pleasure will be mine likewise."

"Good morning."

"Good morning."

DOES ANYBODY KNOW THIS JOHN CUSHMAN

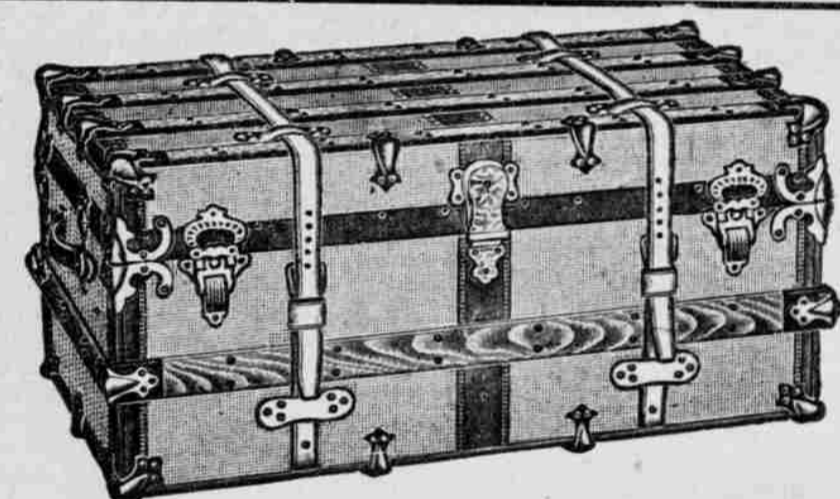
OAKLAND, July 17.—Lying helpless in an apartment at 403 Seventh street, the condition of which rendered it absolutely unfit for human habitation, John Cushman, who is believed to have come to this city from the Hawaiian Islands, was found this morning stricken with leprosy. As soon as the



"I'm sorry, my dear, I can't find what's wrong. I'm afraid you'll have to walk."

"Why, George, I wouldn't ask the dog to walk on roads like this. You'll have to push the car, that's all."

—Fictorial Comedy.



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THE TWIN PETERS

By John Fleming Wilson.

It is unforgettable, like a sudden perfume of spices borne on an offshore breeze. I shall remember it always, not slowly and continuously, but by gusts, by sudden moments. As the very last, even if it be in the very hottest toil to save my ship, I know that it will come back before me, just as it was. I shall be on the old Algaroba once more. I shall hear the creak of her rudder head, the wildgoose of the gaffs swinging overhead against the dry masts, the clink-clank of the traveler blocks. I shall see her huge bowsprit holding out like a hand the slender jibboom; the clumsy anchors on the fo'c'sle head; the cook shifting his galley pipe while we tacked ship; the carpenter smoking in the door of his room; the man at the wheel cocking a lusterless eye up at the topsails. Yes, it will all come back, even to the huddled form of the captain, eternally pouring over the grimy chart pinned down on the cabin table.

At the last, the very last, in the flash of a shutter, I shall see the Twin Peters, squatted on the soaring jibboom amid the tatters of the headsails, dumb, deaf, sightless, clinging to that perilous perch over the sea that split against the derelict Algaroba's stern and threw her staggering skyward. I came aboard the Algaroba in the afternoon. She lay at the wharf at the foot of Powell street, and as I trod the crazy planks I saw, when I dared look up, Alcatraz island and the squat ferryboats crossing the bay from San Francisco to Sausalito. I looked down on the littered deck of a schooner. A heavy-faced man stared up at my hail and another climbed slowly up the companionway from the cabin. This last man nodded at me. "Here's the second mate, mister," he explained to the heavy-faced man, the mate. Then he nodded to me again. "I was expecting you," he remarked hesitatingly, as if that were not what he really meant to say. I dropped down on the deck and my bag followed me. My porter knelt on the stringer and passed down with great care my sextant case and a roll of charts.

"Huh!" ejaculated the captain from the companionway. "It will be something new to have a second mate who's a navigator. Huh!"

I blushed. I had never been an officer before. I suddenly struck me that I had been presumptuous, that after all I had set too high an estimate on my own dignity. What was an officer of an old schooner, any way? What was a second mate? I blushed again. I paid the porter double what I owed him. I stood on that dirty deck like a dumb fellow, my sextant under my arm.

The captain bellowed for the boy. He came hastily and picked up my stuff. "He'll show you your cabin," said the captain. "I'm glad you know navigation. Huh!"

As he made way for me to pass down into the cabin he exploded again in a husky and interrogative, "Huh!" as if he were undecided and amazed.

It was all so commonplace. I was sick to think of the dreariness of the voyage ahead of me. The cabin smelled of musty days, of damp and miserable calms, as if no fair and impetuous wind ever blew roughly through it. I stumbled on down and turned into the little room assigned to me on the starboard side. I changed my hat for a cap, my coat for a jacket. Then I went on deck, ready for work.

The captain was lounging on the poop, one arm thrown across the spunkier boom, still in the crutch. "I think we shall get away today," he said briskly. He started up. "Is the cargo all in, mister?" he bellowed to the mate. The mate threw up his hands in assent. "Please see that the hatches are put on and battened," the skipper continued. "I think the wind will hold fair. We will use this tide."

As I left the poop I heard him shift his position. I heard, too, a grunt. "Huh!" It struck me as queer. It denoted bewilderment and uncertainty. I started to work and suddenly fell to humming to myself. The men answered my orders nimbly. I was an officer! For the first time I was out of the fo'c'sle and I waited for the final degree. It came. The skipper came down off the poop. He called to me. "Mister! get the covers off the sail!" Yes, I was Mister now. With dignity I pulled on a lacing. It gave and I stepped back. Let the hands do the work. I was Mister.

We got the old Algaroba ready for sea. A tug came puffing alongside, took a line from our bow and we swung stern to the channel. The tide caught her and I saw the skipper throw off the cowling, himself. We were off. We hoisted the sails to my call. They rose creakingly, the gaffs complaining as we tugged. The wind from the north filled them. I went to the poop with my men and we flattened the spunkier sheet. The captain stared up. "I think you'd better set your topsails," he said. "Hook the sheets on the port side. Huh!"

I set the topsails, hoisted them high, sheeted them down till they sprang in the breeze. The mate came by, putting on his jacket after a wash in the main hatch. "I'm hungry," he said. "I'm going to eat."

I went to the poop. The captain was staring into the compass. A channel buoy lifted alongside and bobbed astern. "Keep her full," he said. "I want to make a straight course for Honolulu. I will—if I get a good start, huh!" He went below slowly, leaving me to watch the schooner.

The jibboom pointed into the eye of the sun and the breeze listed her ever gently. The topsails shook a little. "Keep her off," I cautioned the man at the wheel. "Keep her off," he responded gently. "Keep her off!" echoed a shrill voice from behind me.

I jumped around. A small boy was climbing out of the lazarette hatch. He raised his chubby face to my eyes and

smiled. "You're the second mate?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I'm Peter," he replied, scrambling to his feet. "My father's the captain."

It was not hard to see. Captain Finn had a big, ungainly form with a heavy and undecided face. His very mustache seemed uncertain, his whiskers nothing at all. And here was his son, big of face, awkward, with the same deep perplexity in his blue eyes. Then that "Huh!" quite the same.

"What were you doing in the lazarette?" I inquired.

"I was putting Peter to bed," he answered. "Peter always sleeps there in cold weather."

"But you said you were Peter," I insisted.

"He's Peter, too. Don't you know Peter?" Without waiting for an answer he sniffed the air. "Oh!" he shouted. "Supper's on! Why didn't you ring the bell?" He ran to the companionway and scuttled down.

The man at the wheel shifted it a spoke and looked at me apologetically. "That's one of them," he said gently. "I've been on the schooner before. They're the Twin Peters, sir."

"The Twin Peters?" I echoed.

"The other one isn't rightly a twin," the man explained. "It's a rum business. He's a monkey, sir."

I laughed heartily. I knew perfectly well the joke. I saw in my mind the chubby-faced boy and the small, wizened monkey trotting beside him. What a conceit to call them the twins—the Twin Peters!

The mate came up the companionway, puffing at his freshly lighted pipe. He stumped up to the poop deck and grunted, like a man filled to the throat. "Southeast by south," I said. "Southeast by south," he responded, peering into the compass. I was still chuckling, and he grinned sympathetically. "Dinner's pretty good," he said.

The carpenter and I ate in silence. As we were at the last of our meal the boy came in laughing. He stopped to talk to me when his father passed through. Instantly I caught the prodigious resemblance between them. It was amazing. I shall never forget it.

"The wind is hauling. Huh!" said Captain Finn. He looked at me undecidedly. "If it hauls into the south, we're in for a blow." He paused, then came the expected "Huh!"

"How's the glass, sir?" I asked. The question seemed to flurry him. He hadn't looked within an hour. One couldn't trust the glass. He thought it must have fallen. He passed on, leaving the boy behind.

"Have you seen Peter yet?" the lad demanded.

I had not. He could call Peter. Peter understood everything like any boy. Only he couldn't talk. He was born that way. It was too bad, huh? Then Peter, the boy, went and tapped on the bulkhead that divided us from the lazarette. There was a scratching like that of a dog, a rustle and a skipping overhead. Down the companionway came a monkey. He jumped from the bottom step to the chair at the captain's place and nodded at me most familiarly, poisoning himself on the back of it.

"That's Peter," said the boy. "Isn't he all right?"

I looked over at the grotesque hanging to the high rail of that chair and suddenly guffawed. Of course he was all right. These were the Twin Peters. But my laughter ebbed. The monkey straightened himself a little and thrust a blue, hairy paw out to me. I shook it. There was firmness in that paw, sinews in those fingers. Little as they were, the grasp was significant. I drew back and the carpenter grinned. "Shakes hands like a stevedore," he remarked. "This Pete's the real man of the family. He goes ahead without any hums and huns and does what he thinks is right." The carpenter got up and went to his room, wiping his mustache. The monkey looked at me humbly and repeated "Chips's" gesture to the life. Then he laughed noiselessly, as monkeys laugh.

In two days I knew the Algaroba like a book. She was a bit odd, a bit tender. Her gear was some of it good, some of it bad. Captain Finn would look at me when I said the foretops'l halliards were no good and debated it with me several times. "They're soft as putty," I protested. "How am I to tell when they'll give and somebody get hurt and we lose gear?"

"They look tender," he admitted. "But then looks don't always tell. Huh?" He stared at me in perplexity. "I think I'll overhaul them," I said.

Finally, he looked relieved. "Of course," he assented. When I had run the new ones I saw him picking at the old rope, puzzled. I came by and said, "They needed to be renewed, didn't they?"

He pulled at his beard, and as I passed aft I heard him grunting by himself.

We ran the Algaroba down into the trades and the nights grew soft. The flying fish scuttered away to windward, the big sunfish dipped to safety as we blew along and the Twin Peters slept together on a tarpaulin in the lee of the wheelbox.

More interesting to me than the captain and his unseamlike qualities was the monkey, Peter. As the days went on, he held us in their vast and tropic circle, I grew to watch him fascinatedly. He was so small, so self-contained, so vigilant. Many a time in the middle of the night I would see his dark figure on the weather rail, poised there determinedly. Once in a great while he would suddenly emerge from some shadow and thrust his head into the binnacle and stare at the compass with profound and inscrutable sagacity. While the other Peter slept on the deck, stirring childishly in his slumber, the ape kept me company. Did the change of wind justify setting the spinnaker, I would wipe my face after hauling lustily to find his dark, hairy form beside me on the fo'c'sle head. Even up aloft, sometimes, I would feel his swift passage in a mere brushing of his hairy coat across my wrist. But let the boy Peter awake, call or cry, and the Twin—so we came to call him—would rush back as though driven by furious anxiety. He would drag the tarpaulin smooth, with infinite little dabs of the paw pat out its wrinkles and then hold the boy tightly in his meager arms until he slept again.

Spare of words, intently ruminating, bent his thoughts on this. "That monkey is more a man than the lot of the Finn family. The Twin is Peter's guardian," he said. "I never recollect seeing a monkey so affectionate and over-seeing in general. Little Peter says 'Huh!' just like the old man. If the Twin talked he'd never say 'Huh!' He's too set in his ways. That monkey, mister, is a darned sight more of a man than either the skipper or his boy."

It was a long passage, and we grew very silent as the days went on and the stars of the tropics burned more brightly in the sky. Gradually the captain had fallen into letting me navigate the schooner. He gave some excuse about his eyes, or something. But, though I do not think he ever fully trusted my reckonings, he cunningly concealed the fact. I became sure that he could not trust his own; not for lack of knowledge, but because he was forever hesitating. I never knew a man so incapable of immediate address and skill.

We were only a few days' run from Koko Head when Captain Finn came on deck in his pajamas during the middle watch. It was very dark. The Algaroba was plunging a bit in a cross-sea and I had taken in the tops'l, feeling too much weight in the shifting wind. "I don't think it will blow any. Huh!" said the skipper. But his face, as he peered down into the compass and the light struck upward on it, was wet with sweat and not the face of a man at ease. "It looks to me like a gale," I said. "More, there's an ugly sea getting up. I don't like to push her too far."

"Keep her going," he said curtly. Then he trailed off. "I see it's freshening. I wonder how much she would carry. Somebody that had her before told me the Algaroba was tender."

Before the words were well out of his mouth I saw something that brought the blood into my eyes. Half an hour later the Algaroba was hoove to, careening dizzily up the slopes of the huge seas that foamed from the darkness, roared down and thundered past. I stood at the wheel myself. The mate was forward, trying to save the remains of the gear. The captain clung miserably to the rail, balancing himself with difficulty in that hot and howling storm.

The sailor at the wheel with me worked spasmodically, as we tried to keep the schooner from diving completely under the sweeping surges. He nodded to me from time to time. We both knew she had too much salt on her. The captain seemed helpless. The mate was still forward trying to save the headgear. Until he had finished

there was no chance of reefing the foresail down, and it needed all our strength to hold the Algaroba in control so that none of the combers should crash over her and wash the men at work over the side. Suddenly the mate shouted. He dropped one arm swiftly from the wheel and an instant later jammed a soft body against my legs, between us on the grating. I looked down quickly. It was the Twin Peters, the boy huddled in the small and wiry arms of the monkey. There they stayed during the last hours of darkness.

With the dawn we saw our plight. The mate came dripping aft, waving his arms feebly. When he reached the poop he looked sharply at the skipper and then stumbled against me. "She's leaking like a sieve," he bellowed. "Opened up!" His voice died hoarsely. The wind dropped. The seas rose less threateningly. But the old Algaroba did not recover. Her leaps were springless; she rolled sluggishly, the water running oodily across the deck.

The sun came up and we grew dry in its warmth. The captain came over to the wheel and stared into the compass. "We're off our course," he said futilely. "Huh?"

"We're sinking," said the mate. "She won't last an hour. We must provision the boat. We must get away."

"I think she's making better weather of it," the captain continued slowly. "Don't you think so? Huh?"

We looked at each other, the mate and I. He went forward again, calling to the men to get the boat stowed over the galley ready to launch.

In an hour they had the long boat out of her chocks and balanced on the rail, now only a few feet above the sea. We had tried the pumps. They were useless against the inflow. "All that saves us is that fore-dred full of empty oil barrels," said the mate. "She'd have gone down long ago. She'll go yet."

He got the boat over. The time had come. The cabin boy and the cook ran wildly out with provisions and tumbled them into the boat. The crew came up on the poop, now but a bare fathom out of the water. The Twin Peters clung to the lashed wheel. The captain stumbled around the little deck, his ungainly form coming between us and our work, his mouth opening continually to emit a puzzled, distracted "Huh!"

"We'd better get away," said the mate. "Those oil barrels are keeping her for us. But she's going by the stern, fast. There ain't no time to lose."

Everything stopped for a moment. Captain Finn stood outside the huddled crew. He stared knowingly up at the topsails bundled against the masts, his eye ran along the deck, clear to the jibboom, forking out wildly as the waterlogged schooner wallowed in the sea. We waited. He was the captain. There was not a sound except the scrape of a boot on the deck as we tried to keep our balance. The skipper seemed at a loss. He scanned us questioningly, shifted his hands. Still we waited for him to give the word for us to take to the boat. It came at last, slow, inquiringly, as if the problem was too deep. "Huh?" Then, again, "Huh!"

We piled ourselves down into the boat like school boys. We tumbled over the seats, we pulled frantically at the lashings of the oars. We seemed panic-stricken. And on the deck above the old man loitered, undecided, quite oblivious to the haste that the moments called for. He even gazed down on us, profoundly, as if he would read our souls. We shouted up at him, shook our fists wildly, swore tumultuously. We could not leave him. It was seconds. He still stayed.

The Algaroba careened far to leeward, her rail dipped underneath our boat, then the stern rose ponderously, sucking us under the counter. "She's going!" bellowed the mate. We pulled frantically away.

We rested on our oars a cable's length away. The schooner was still afloat, her masts still stiff against the sky. We saw the big figure on the poop and shouted at the top of our pipes. He made no response. A sailor stood up in the rocking boat and tossed his arms up. "The Peters!" he cried. "The Twin Peters!"

It was true. We had forgotten them. They were on the sinking schooner. We paddled about, headed our boat for the wreck, and struggled over the high seas.

We were helpless. Suddenly we saw the schooner roll her tall masts far

(Continued on page 8)

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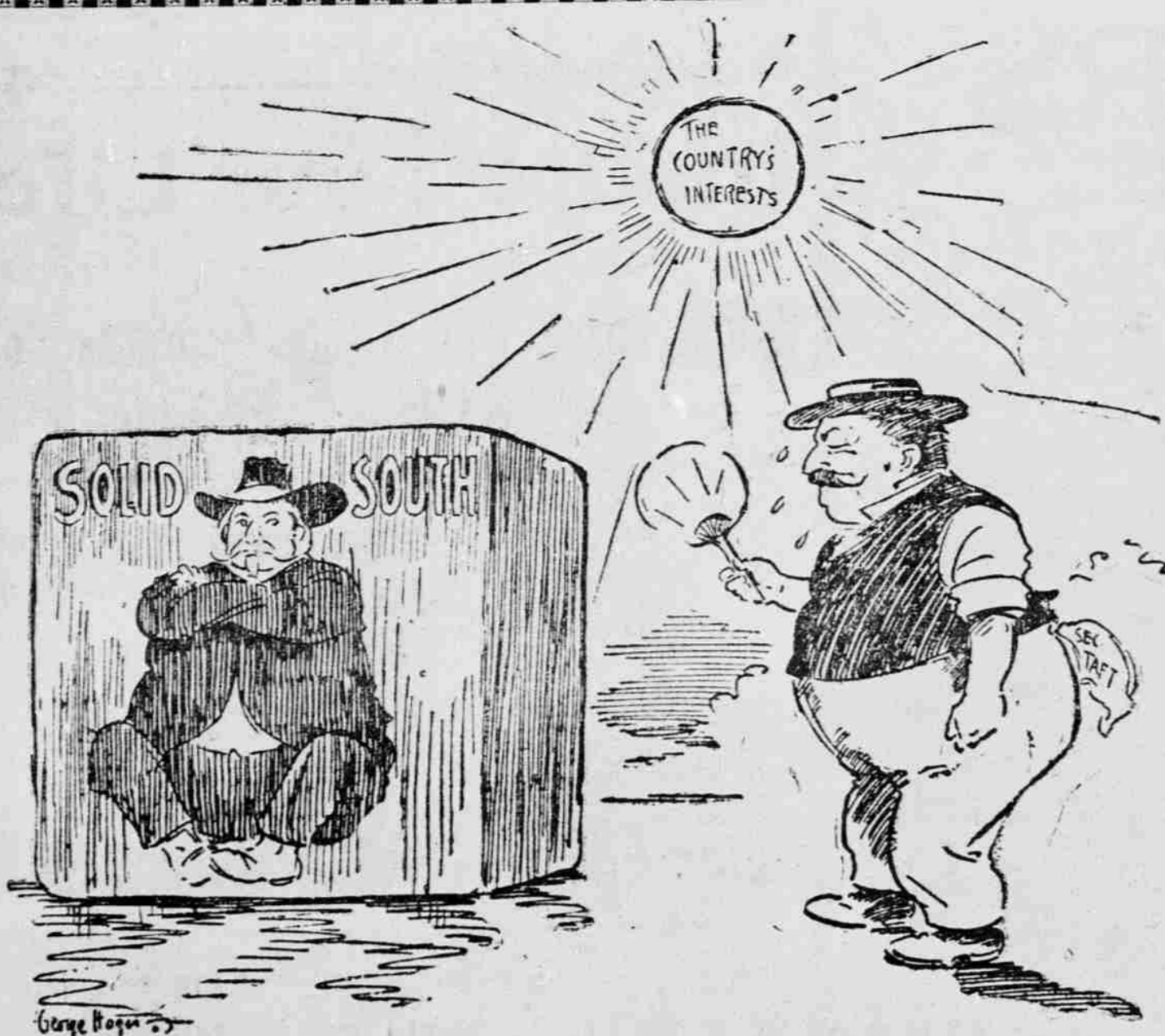
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SEC. TAFT—"SAY, I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD MELT."

THE TWIN PETERS

Continued from Page 7.)

over, her jibboom heave high into the air, the rags of the headsails flutter a last time in the breeze. We stopped rowing and looked into the bottom of the boat.

But we could not lose the Algaroba. When we looked again she was still there. She drove her fo'c'sle head clear of the seas for an instant and we saw the brine fall white and foamy over the catheads. She went down and down until over the blue and sparkling ocean we saw, as we thought, her masts dip for the last time. How often we stopped rowing to watch that old schooner's last agonies, I do not know. And all the time we were getting farther away from the wreck, driven down the wind in our clumsy boat. We seemed to strive to get closer many times. We tore at the oars and flung oaths out over the brilliant sea. But it was in vain.

In that afternoon breeze, on that sapphire sea, we were like men paralyzed inwardly. Our gestures, our words, were those of resolve. We would save them, by Heaven! We cared nothing for that reeling hulk's menace on the seeline. And yet, when those thin masts flung wildly over, and the seas poured like cream from the poop, we stopped. Our arms refused to struggle. Our minds became vacant of courage, and we stared, groaning, shifting in uncertainty on our seats while that awful agony went on in the silence under the purple eastern sky. And all the time we receded, as if by some irresistible impulse, until we no longer saw the surging hulk, but only the tapering masts, moving faintly.

Night came with her burning stars

and the moon rose delicately. The Algaroba was swallowed up at last. We bent our sail in silence and I took the helm while the wearied men sank into sleep. The mate, only, kept awake with me. He looked at me continually and wagged his head. A dozen times he reached over, whispering hoarsely, "We oughtn't to ha' forgot the Twin Peters!"

The morning came again and we saw nothing on the horizon except a feather of smoke rising out of the southeast. "That's a mail boat," said the mate. "We'll signal her and get aboard. It's luck, ain't it?"

It was luck. Two hours later the big liner China flung her side ladder over and we grasped at it. We clambered up on deck. We reported the loss of the Algaroba. It was all over in fifteen minutes. The tragedy was finished. I sat down in the third officer's room to pull off my boots. My host stood over me comfortably with a whiskey bottle. "All saved?" he inquired.

I hesitated. I suddenly saw the Twin Peters, the huge bulk of the captain. "The captain and his son went down with the schooner," I said. "Ah!" he ejaculated. He seemed to think awhile. He glowed. "It was a bully thing to do, wasn't it?" He took a personal pride in that gallant captain, who lived straitly up to the ideals of the sea.

At noon a steward put his head in at the door. "You are wanted on the bridge, sir," he said. "The captain asked me to present his compliments, sir."

I went on deck, to the bridge steps, then up, very slowly. As I passed up, far on the starboard bow, four masts tossed slowly above the sea line. I ascended.

Your schooner over there?" he de-

The captain nodded to me. "Is that manded,

I stared for a long time. It was the Algaroba, still on the sea, still struggling for life. "It is," I said.

"I believe the captain stayed on her?" he pursued.

"He did."

"I think we'd better run down and see if there's life aboard." He altered the steamer's course.

The China stopped a half mile from the derelict. A boat was called away and I asked to go in her.

We pulled out for the schooner. She lay in that burnished sea as if in agony. Her stern was all submerged. Her bows were out, and the rake of her masts indicated but a few moments more of life. The officer in the boat spoke to me. "I don't wonder you quit her," he said. "Looks to me as if we'd have to be careful ourselves. There's no one alive there."

But we pulled on. We came up within a hundred yards. We yelled. There was no response. A creamy sea broke over her and the spume boiled under our gunwale. We pulled closer. And then —

I see it yet. The strong arm of the jibboom thrust valiantly out of the ocean, the rags of the headsails beating against it like a torn sleeve, and far out on it, a huddle that was not gear. Another sea broke over the after part of the schooner and its weight propelled the bows out, in all their vast bulk, their wooden strength grimly holding out that jibboom, as if for the last time, a final and resolute gesture.

We shouted in response to that dumb call. The huddle on the soaring spar stirred, disintegrated. A small, dark arm was thrust out. We cheered. "Run her up, men!" thundered the officer. "The boat sprang forward. A sparkling wave lifted us, as a man lifts his son, up to that strong jibboom. The arm became two; a small figure untangled itself from a piece of rope. The wave slid from under us and we dropped. We rose again, the officer shouting. As we hung under the dripping bows a sailor drove his arm out. Instantly there was a cry. He thrust out his other arm, and the small figure above us sprang into life. It tugged wildly, it leaped with incredible quickness over the rest of the huddle while we panted in that swinging boat. We dropped away a third time, and the huge bows of the Algaroba drove furiously out of the sea that seemed determined to plunge her under. Once more our boat rose to the jibboom. A small body fell off the spar. The sailor in the bows caught it. It was a boy, thrust from his dizzy perch by the little arms that had held him so long. It was Peter!

Without an order the men surged the boat under those towering bows again and a brown, hairy body tumbled among us. It sat feebly up in the bottom of the boat and, as we pulled furiously away, turned white-lidded eyes up to us. "A monkey!" yelled one of the men.

The Twin paddled weakly with a blue paw, turning around on the boards. He saw Peter curled up in a jacket between the officer's knees. He stumbled to him. Peter stirred. A shivering paw went trembling round his neck and the Twins slept.

The liner's officer swore deeply and gently. He swung his boat round once more. "We must get the skipper," he said. A sailor pointed out toward the schooner. We stopped rowing. The jibboom was pointing straight to the sky, as if suddenly fixed in an irrevocable gesture. "She's going this time," said the officer, under his breath. With the swiftness of a hand withdrawn the jibboom slid down into the sea, a rag of headsail fluttered white in farewell. The ocean was vacant, except for the liner riding a mile to windward. The officer turned his gaze down on the Twins at his feet. "I'm sorry we didn't get the old man. I wonder what became of him." He raised his eyes to mine, as if hugely puzzled. Then he looked down again. As he turned the boat's head toward the China he looked at me directly. He shook his head slowly. His breath came shortly, finally, as if expressing the ultimate doubt of our life, half contemptuously, half in amazement. "Huh!"

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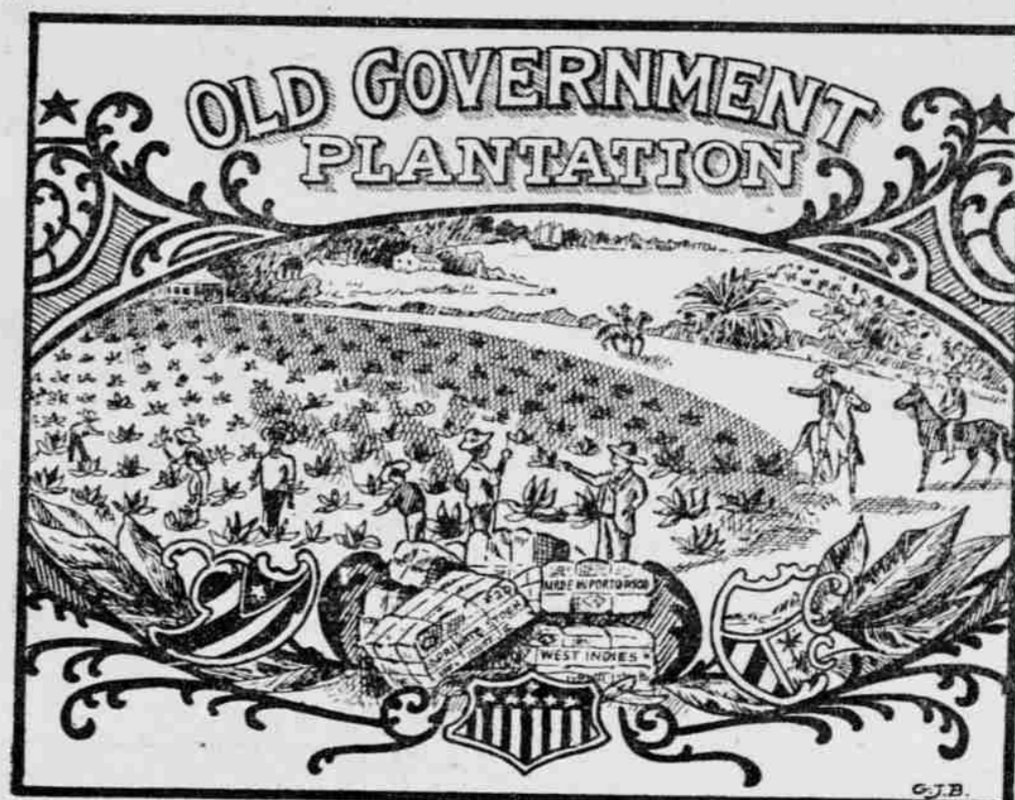
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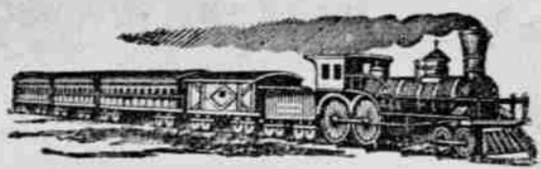
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THE MAKING OF MACAROONS

By Amelia Sulzbacher.

It is generally supposed that in making macaroons, special utensils and a particular kind of an oven are needed, thus precluding the possibility of their successful preparation in the home kitchen. This, however, is a mistake, and few things are more easily accomplished as the following simple rules will attest, and if the instructions given are carefully followed, the result should be most satisfying.

Almond paste for making macaroons is put up in five-pound tin pails, and during the cold weather it will keep a long time after it has been opened. Smaller quantities may usually be obtained at the leading bakeries or confectioners'. Although it may be made at home, it is not nearly so satisfactory, therefore it is advisable to buy it when possible. When it cannot be purchased, it may be made by the following rule:

Almond Paste:—Blanch a pound of best almonds, and to lessen the tendency to oil during pounding, throw them into cold water for several hours, then drain and wipe dry. Put them into a mortar, a few at a time, and pound to a smooth paste, adding a few drops of water occasionally to prevent oiling. When all have been reduced to a paste boil four cupfuls of granulated sugar and a cupful of water together until the syrup will snap when tested in cold water; then remove from the fire, add the nut paste and stir continually until cold; pack in an airtight jar, cover with heavy dark paper to exclude the light and keep in a cold place.

Almond Macaroons:—Half a pound of almond paste, three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, a level teaspoonful of flour, the whites of four eggs and vanilla to flavor. Mix the almond paste, sugar and flour and work together with the hands until well mixed and free from lumps; or, better still, if an almond grater is at hand, mix them and run through the grater; then add the whites of eggs and vanilla and knead to a smooth paste. Line shallow baking pans with paper and drop the mixture upon it in small piles from the end of a spoon, allowing plenty of room for spreading.—The almond mixture should be stiff enough to hold its shape, but in baking it spreads.

Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a slow oven; when done lay the sheet of paper containing the cakes upon a board saturated with water and in half a minute or more, by gently using a knife, the macaroons may be easily removed. If desired stick two together while the flat, under-surface is still moist.

Date Macaroons:—Six ounces of almond paste, six ounces of powdered sugar, three ounces of seeded dates, finely chopped, a very little grated orange rind and the whites of three large eggs.

Mix the almond paste and sugar and work together with the hands until fine and smooth or run through an almond grater. Add the dates and orange rind and mix well; then the whites of eggs and knead to a smooth stiff paste, using if necessary, a little more white egg; drop on paper in shallow baking pans; brush with beaten white of egg; dust with powdered sugar and in the center of each stick a small strip of date; bake in a slow oven and remove from the paper as directed for almond macaroons.

Cocoanut Macaroons:—To whites of three eggs add a cup of powdered sugar and beat until very light; then flavor with vanilla and add a half-pound package of prepared cocoanut; drop the mixture about the size of a large hickory nut upon buttered baking pans and allow plenty of room for spreading. Bake in a slow oven.

Hickorynut Macaroons:—Mix a cup of sifted confectioners' sugar and a cup of finely chopped or grated hickory nut meats and make to a stiff paste with the unbeaten whites of two or more eggs; flavor half of the mixture with vanilla and the remainder with ground cinnamon; drop upon buttered pans about the size of a hickory nut and allow plenty of room for spreading. Bake in a slow oven.

Chocolate Macaroons:—Put three ounces of unsweetened chocolate into a saucepan and stand it over hot water until melted; add a pound of sifted confectioners' sugar and mix thoroughly; then add the unbeaten whites of three eggs and vanilla to flavor, and stir, using a strong spoon, to a stiff paste.

Butter some baking pans and drop the mixture, about the size of a small hickory nut, from the end of a teaspoon upon them; allow ample room for spreading and bake in a slow oven until firm to the touch; when done, remove from the oven; let them stand in the pan half a minute or more and they will slip off easily, by gently using a knife to loosen them.

sardonyx, etc. This bracelet coils around the arm from the shoulder to the elbow, and with the present decorative styles and very small shoulder straps, after the fashion of Greece and the empire, has an extremely fascinating effect.

SUPERSTITION ABOUT STONES.

Emeralds are a spur to ambition, and promote the spirit of a leader.

A piece of jade worn in a bracelet clasp or vinaigrette ring will drive away bad luck even more effectively than the rabbit's foot or horseshoe.

In the moonstone the wearer has an aid to beauty and the gift of pleasing. Under this stone's influence she sees everybody and everything about her in the best aspect. Some ancient writers believed the moonstone cured epilepsy; others that its powers waxed and waned with the moon.

The topaz banishes melancholy and imparts serenity and a contented mind. If a young woman wears an amethyst, she has an amulet against tightness and folly.

If she wears a sapphire, she will be proof against deceitful suitors, no matter how artful their wooing may be.

If she wears a ruby, she has a charm against rheumatism and kindred diseases, and a promoter to vivacity and fascination of manner. Failing the ruby, the carbuncle and the garnet will exert a similar influence.

In the turquoise the wearer has a talisman for self-possession. The pretty blue gem will enable her to think clearly and keep her presence of mind under the most trying circumstances.

TO RENEW A MIRROR.

To renew a mirror keep for this purpose a piece of sponge, a cloth and silk handkerchief, all entirely free from dirt, as the least grit will scratch the fine surface of the glass. First sponge it with a little spirits of wine, or gin and water, to clean off all spots; then dust over it powdered blue tied in muslin, rub it lightly and quickly off with the cloth and finish by rubbing with the silk handkerchief. Be careful not to rub the edges of the frame.

FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS.

White centers with narrow colored borders represent the latest vogue, a lace border having for the moment been regarded as out of place for day wear. Motifs, medallions and diamonds of fine malines lace are, however, inset into the corners of the handkerchiefs, while in the case of those destined for mourning wear incrustations of Chantilly lace are considered in the best taste.

COILS UP HER ARM.

An original bracelet consists of a sea serpent, the head and fins of massive gold, the scales of gold and silver, each one set with a different precious stone—emerald, opal, sapphire, amethyst,

FOUR PARTY MENUS.

By Mrs. C. F. Spensley.

I.

MENU FOR COLD SUPPER.

Iced Consomme,
Celery, Salted Wafers,
Lobster en Mayonnaise, Brown Bread Sandwiches,
Cold Fillet of Beef,
Saratoga Potatoes, Jelly, Brandied Cherries,
Tomatoes Stuffed with Celery, Green Peppers and Cucumbers,
Chicken Salad,
Roquefort Cheese, Toasted Crackers,
Ice Cream in Cantaloupes,
Fruits, Crystallized Candies.

II.

GENTLEMEN'S CARD PARTY.

Oysters in Block of Ice,
Celery, Stuffed Olives, Salted Wafers, Rum Omelet,
Cold Ham, Cold Tongue, Olives,
Pate de foie gras Sandwiches, Rare Beef Sandwiches,
Roquefort Cheese,
Grape Fruit Salad.

III.

MENU FOR BALL SUPPER.

Oysters or Clams on Half Shell,
Celery, Crackers,
Mock Turtle Soup, Clear Consomme, Croutons,
Fish Chops,
Brown Bread, Cucumbers French Dressing,
Roast Squab,
Bread Sauce, Currant Jelly, Olives, Almonds,
Pressed Chicken with Aspic Jelly,
Fresh Lobster Salad served in Lettuce Leaves,
Cheese, Canapes,
Ice Cream Served in Molds,
Coffee, Chocolate,
Crystallized Wafers, Fruit and Flower Forms Filled with Candy.

IV.

MENU FOR LADIES' CARD PARTY.

Salpicon of Fruit with Maraschino,
Bisque of Tomato, Warm Rolls,
Lobster a la Pompadour,
Olives, Brandied Figs, Almonds,
Sweetbread Patties,
Asparagus Salad, Cheese Canapes,
Ice Cream, Mint Wafers,
Coffee, Chocolate.

Rum Omelet:—It is better to make several small omelets than one large one, using three or four eggs for each omelet. Beat the eggs just enough to streak them—the rule is twelve beats. To three eggs add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little sugar, a dash of pepper and a half teaspoonful of butter broken into small bits. A teaspoonful of milk may be used or not. Have the pan evenly heated, but not scorching hot. Put in a half teaspoonful of butter and let it run evenly over the pan, but not burn. Turn in the eggs with a knife or fork, break the cooked surface in several places quickly, so the egg from the top may run to the bottom and cook; this must be done in the beginning so as to not make the surface uneven. When the egg is cooked, but yet soft on top, lift the pan on one side, slip the knife under, and carefully roll the omelet to the center. Let it cook a moment to set any egg that has run out, and if the color is not right, add a little butter and let it run under and slightly color the omelet. Place a hot dish over the pan; and turn them together so the omelet will fall in the right place. Press it into good shape, doubling it under on the ends if necessary. When ready to place on the table, pour over the omelet a few spoonfuls of rum or brandy and light it.

The parting shot: Clara (after a tiff)—"I presume you would like your ring back?" George—"Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring, unless she wore it on her thumb."—Tit-Bits.

Does Cleanliness Count With You?

Think of this when you order soda water!

Come to the Fountain Soda Works any day you choose and note how spick and span everything is. Your own kitchen couldn't be cleaner.

Then visit some of the other places where soda water is made. The comparison will be enough.

If you want clean, wholesome, pure soda water of any flavor to suit your taste order from

Fountain Soda Works

R. RYCROFT, Prop.

'Phone, Main 270.

CHICAGO
IN LESS
THAN
3 DAYS

and over THE ONLY DOUBLE-TRACK RAILWAY between the Missouri River and Chicago.

THREE FAST TRAINS DAILY.

VIA
SOUTHERN PACIFIC, UNION PACIFIC AND
CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAYS

Overland Limited. Vestibuled. Leaves San Francisco at 11 a. m. daily. The most Luxurious Train in the World. New Pullman Drawing-room and State-room cars built expressly for this famous train. Gentlemen's Buffet and Lady's Parlor Observation Car, Book Lovers Library, Dining Car, Meals a la Carte. Electric Lighted throughout.

Eastern Express. Vestibuled. Leaves San Francisco at 8 p. m. daily. Through Pullman Palace and Sleeping Cars to Chicago. Dining Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars.

Atlantic Express. Vestibuled. Leaves San Francisco at 9 a. m. daily. Standard and Tourist Sleepers.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSIONS
Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. The best of everything.

R. R. RITCHIE, G.A.P.C. CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RY.

TEMPORARY OFFICE, 425 14th Street, Oakland, California.
or U. P. Company's Agent.

**FRESH ON ICE
FROM CALIFORNIA**

CELERY, CAULIFLOWER, PEACHES,
PLUMS, TURNIPS, FROZEN OYSTERS,
LIMBURGERS, SWISS CHEESE AND
FOIL SAUSAGE.

LEWIS & COMPANY, LTD.

FOOD SPECIALISTS.

169 King Street Telephone 240 Main.

ISLAND CURIOS AND SOUVENIRS

make unique and good
presents for your
friends. Best stock in
town at the.....

Island Curio Store.

Steiner's, 516 Fort St., McInerney Bldg.

To Enjoy
the Day

ORDER A RIG FROM

The Club Stables.

Fort Street. Phone Main 109.

FURNITURE

AT YOUR OWN PRICE

The old established furniture house of J. HOPP & CO., the store in the Young Building, which recently bought the stock of furniture which belonged to the Porter Furniture Co. which is retiring from business, will place on sale at J. HOPP & CO.'S store this morning, the entire stock of Porter's at prices which have never been placed on furniture here before.

J. HOPP & CO. carry on their own account a large stock of furniture and they have no room for Porter's stock, so they will almost give away the latter. Bring your money with you and the price will be less than you expect to pay.



CLOSING OUT THE STOCK

The Porter Furniture Co. had a stock which included some high grade goods. We will "murder" these. We have a new lot of new furniture due to arrive here and must put Porter's stock out of the way.

The stock includes everything you can use in your house. Now is the time to buy it.

PORTER'S STOCK AT YOUR FIGURES

REMEMBER THE PLACE !

J. Hopp & Co.

1053-1059-1065 Young Building, Bishop Street.

MORGAN

KAIMUKI

Lot and House

Size of Lot 15,000 square feet.
One Block From Car.

The Last Ad!

Working Men

If you are paying
\$15.00
a month rent to a landlord,
You Are Cheating
yourself—your wife—your family.

Every Time

you weed the garden, or cut
the grass, plant a flower, or tree,
or clean up, or water the lot.

You Have Invested

in a lawn-mower, a garden hose
and tools, also you

Pay Water Rates for
the Benefit
Of Another Man

If you keep a few chickens, put
up an extra shelf, drive a nail,
make a fernery, use a pot of paint,
or spend five cents—it is for

The Other Fellow

WHY? TAKE A TUMBLE!

JAS. F. MORGAN,
AUCTIONEER.

Sale of Bankrupt's Property

IN RE HART & CO., LTD., A
BANKRUPT.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant
to an order made by the District
Court of the United States for the Ter-
ritory of Hawaii, Honorable Sanford
B. Dole, Judge thereof, presiding, on
July 19, 1906, in the matter of Hart &
Company, Limited, a corporation, a
bankrupt, there will be sold at public
auction at the Elite Ice Cream Parlors,
on Hotel street, opposite the Young
Hotel, in Honolulu, Oahu, on Monday,
July 30, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said
day, the following property of said
bankrupt:

All of the store fixtures, furniture,
kitchen utensils and other property
and appliances of the bakery, candy,
restaurant and ice-cream departments
of said bankrupt's business; all of such
stock in trade, consisting of candies,
cakes, provisions, cigars, tobacco, etc.,
as may be on hand on the date of sale;
all other property owned and used by
the bankrupt in connection with the
business, heretofore conducted by it
and now being continued by the said
trustee on the premises at and near
Hotel street, in said Honolulu, of man-
ufacturing and selling ice-cream, can-
dies, soda water, cakes and other ar-
ticles of consumption, of selling cigars
and tobacco, and of maintaining and
conducting a restaurant; and all out-
standing accounts due to said bank-
rupt's estate and which on the day of
sale shall remain uncollected and un-
paid.

All of said property will be sold free
from an alleged lien for the sum of
Sixty-eight Dollars (\$68) claimed by
one F. D. Wicke.

All of said property will first be of-
fered as a whole at the upset price
of Five Thousand Dollars (\$5000). Fail-
ing such bid, said property will be of-
fered singly or in lots.

Instruments effecting sale at ex-
pense of purchaser. Payment, 25 per
cent cash on fall of hammer, balance
on approval of sale by court. Sale
subject to approval of court.

For detailed inventory of property
or other information apply to Bishop
Trust Company, Limited, Trustee,
Merchant street, or to J. F. Morgan,
auctioneer.

Dated Honolulu, July 19, 1906.
BISHOP TRUST CO., LTD.
Trustee of said Bankrupt.

COUNTRY CLUB IS
COMING TO ITS OWN

Unless there is an unexpected hitch
in the negotiations the Country Club
will secure possession of the Roanoke
property in Nuuanu Valley tomorrow.
An impasse had been met through the
English owners wanting rent for the
time consumed in the putting through
of the deal, something for which the
club refused to stand, but this was
smoothed out at a meeting of the club
members last night, at which a com-
munication, from Holmes & Stanley,
representing the owners, was read, offer-
ing to meet the club on its own
terms.

The communication was to the effect
that an option to purchase for \$5000
would be included in the lease, good
for five years, and the attorneys offer-
ed to see that the claim for rent
prior to July 1 would be discharged.
Acting on this letter, the meeting last
night authorized the treasurer to pay
the first month's rent on Monday and
receive a transfer of the lease from
Wade Warren Thayer, in whose name
it had been drawn.

The meeting was presided over by
the club's president, E. Faxon Bishop.
Jesse Young acting as secretary pro
tem. It was moved by Governor Car-
ter that a manager be engaged at once
to oversee the work of clearing the
grounds and rushing things so that
the members could have the advantage
of the club at the earliest possible
date. This was seconded and carried,
the salary of the manager being lim-
ited to \$100 a month.

Governor Carter also moved that the
capital stock of the club be increased
to \$20,000. This was necessary to al-
low those who wished to join to do so.
The present capital stock had all been
taken up with the exception of 25
shares. This motion was also carried
and Mr. Thayer named as a committee
of one to draft the necessary amend-
ments to the articles of incorporation.

There was a lengthy discussion of
the section in the club by-laws allow-
ing the free use of the club to all
ladies connected by blood or marriage
with any club member. It was de-
cided that this privilege should be
confined to the nearer relatives of the
members, one member finally moving
that "the wives and children of any
member be allowed the use of the
club." This very nearly passed until
someone objected on the grounds that
the amendment was incriminating. It
was reworded and passed.

MR. SHORTRIDGE
KICKED THE COOK

"Me no explessman, yessum; me
cook."

This is the way the Japanese steak-
broiler and custodian of the hot plate
department of Samuel M. Shortridge's
residence replied to Mrs. Shortridge
yesterday afternoon when she politely
requested the son of the Tea Isle to
move a trunk from one room to the
other.

When Samuel M. Shortridge returned
from his day's legal trials he looked
over his glasses and pointing to the
trunk said to young Togo: "You will
please do me the favor to haul that
leather affair from this room into the
other, as it is unsightly, impossible,
impractical in this apartment."
"No explessman, nossir, yessum. No
haul, nossir. Me go, yessum."

It is related that Mr. Samuel M.
Shortridge kicked the steakbroiler
into the street then and there. The
trunk was moved, but no Jap did the
moving.

At a late hour yesterday the Jap was
said to be attempting to get a warrant
for the brilliant lawyer's arrest, but
the police reported that none had been
issued.—San Francisco Call, July 21.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA
AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY
IN INDIA.

Mrs. Sd. L. Hiscoks writing from
Clare Road, Bysulla, India, says: "I
have used and still require a good
many bottles of Chamberlain's Colic,
Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and
have found it invaluable as a cure as
well as preventive of cholera. I have
found it most successful and so far
have never known it to fail if given
early in the stages." For sale by Ben-
son, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Ha-
waii.

Without Exception

The finest 1-4
Sawed Oak

Showcases,
Counters, Tables,
Mirrors,
Soda Fountains
In Hawaiian Islands.

For Sale

MONDAY, JULY 30, 1906.
AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

HART & CO. ELITE ICE
CREAM PARLORS, Opposite
Young Hotel.

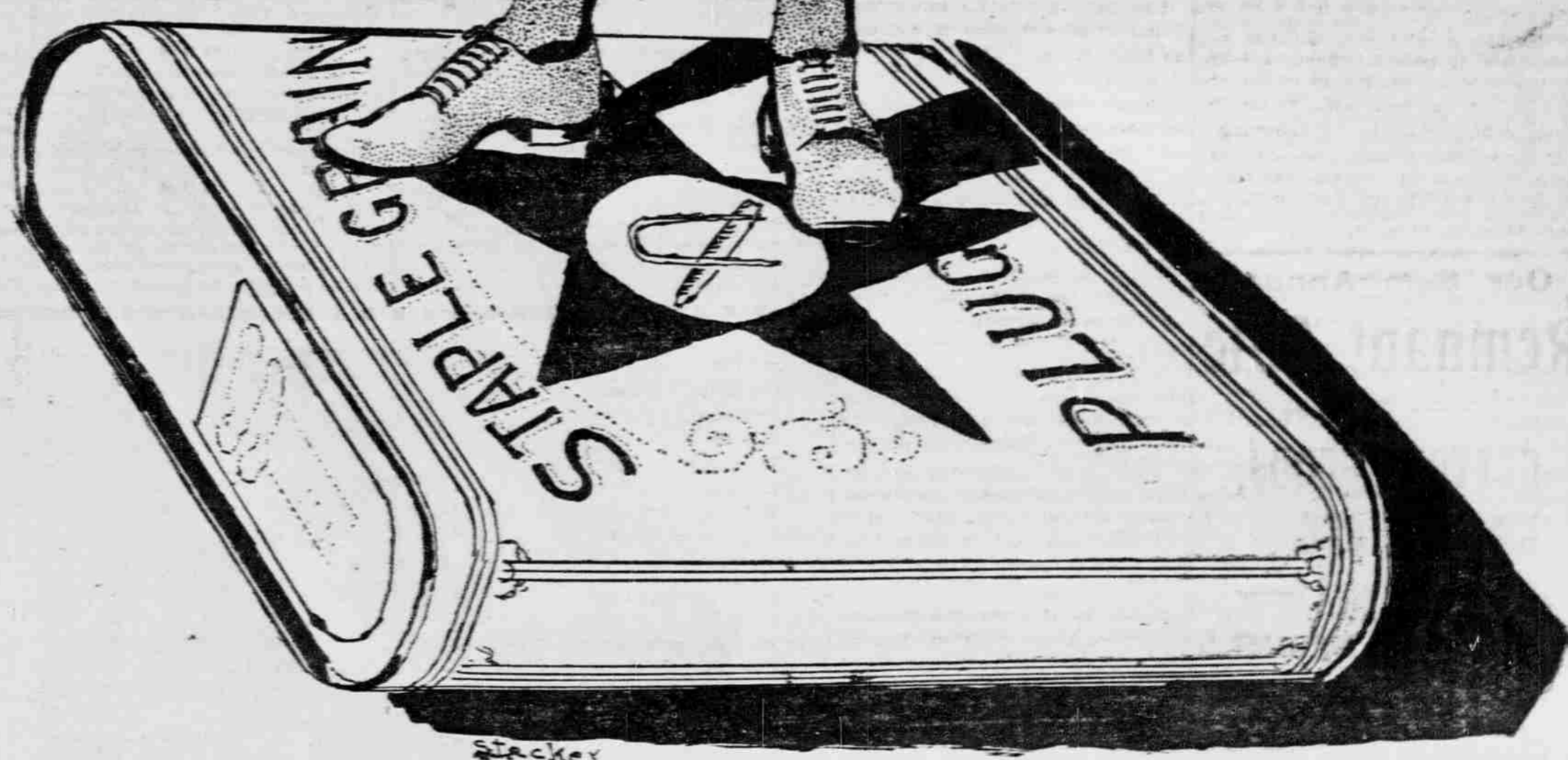
JAS. F. MORGAN,
AUCTIONEER.

ON A FIRM FOUNDATION . . .

STAPLE GRAIN PLUG CUT

The most delicious
and only real non-
tongue-burning To-
bacco on the market

The only
Cut Plug
that does
not re-
quire
rubbing
between
the hands

A Blend of
Pure Leaf

that smokes freely
and gives the smok-
er a taste of pure
Tobacco absolutely
free from any kind
of adulteration

A Pocket tin
full for a
dime ---- A
bag full for
a nickel

GUNST-EAKIN CIGAR CO. Honolulu,
Sole Agents, HawaiiTHE BYSTANDER
(Continued from Page 4)

Although the English language has had convulsions ever since Jack Lucas
went into the Board of Supervisors and in hot weather has smelt horribly of
sulphur, I am still sorry that Jack is going. I want to say right here that he
is one of the few men in public place who has hustled his job and earned, at
plain journeyman wages, a lot more than his pay came to. Getting up in the
morning with his coat off and his boots on, Jack has telephoned for Sam and
away they went, careering in the county automobile, from one part of the town
to the other—using the newest paved streets wherever they could do so with
safety to their tires. And they raised dust, too. It got so that the road
gangs, sleeping in the shade, had to put pickets out to watch for Jack and
Sam; and the slumbers of the whole crowd, pickets included, were often dis-
turbed by Sam's honk-honk and by the explosion of Jack's sparker, coming
all at once. I tell you that the bedroom population on the payroll will be glad
to see Jack go. He was a heap too omniscient for them and much too easily

understood when he got up in the automobile to make a few appropriate
remarks about the past and future of the deceased.

My strictures on restaurants last week brought me invitations to some of
the smaller ones, with assurances that I would find everything all right. In
one, the waiter began by bringing me a tumbler of water with his thumb and
finger clasp the rim of the glass, where I was expected to drink. What a
miserable cuss the average restaurant waiter is! I left the Cafe de Thumbmark
at once and went to another, said to be the real thing. Well, there was no
general dining room, as I had hoped, but a series of small airless private dining
rooms where I was tete-a-tete with one man I didn't know and another whom
I knew too well. A menu of the previous day was stuck in the corner. The
waiter brought me three courses at once, left them on the table and then went
away and forgot me, letting down a red curtain before my door to keep the air
from coming in and to assist him in not remembering my whereabouts. Finally
I raised a din and got pie and my check. The check was small, so I really
shouldn't kick; but I am a kicker by nature and long habit.



Volcano House, July 26, 1906.

We at the Volcano House laugh and take on flesh, unless we diet rigorously, or do severe penance in the sulphur sweat box. But seldom are we so vast, substantial a smile as we were Wednesday evening. The fun that bubbles up like vapor from the steaming pits had been compressed into the single outlet of a masquerade.

At eight o'clock as the maskers marched down the staircase and into the parlor, the laughter was roof-raising. Little Evelyn Breckons was in the lead, a dainty Japanese girl in a red kimono, Elinor Castle, a merry Colonial maiden was with Clarence Dyer, who like "Little Min Brag" in Eugene Field's poem, laid much stress on the privileges of a girl's gingham dress.

Then on they came pell-mell, Hilda Smith, the perfect hula girl, her sister Elsie, a "cow-girl," who with Florence Hoffman, the effective "Hay-seed," and Edna Craig, the Punahou Football boy, might have dared tackle any bull lock from Kapaemahu Ranch. Then there was a fascinating group of dandies: Nellie McLain was Dinah, and Jessie Kennedy was Topsy, and both girls were completely disguised. They were accompanied by their partners, Rastus (Lewis Renton) and Sambo, (Wilhelmina Tenney)—all four perfectly irresistible in their bursts of enthusiasm and in their cake-walk attitudes.

Mr. J. J. Meyer was a buxom Mammy, who seemed to have trouble in taking care of the joyous group of children—all large for their age! There was Mollie O, with curls (Miss Grace) Little Lord Fauntleroy (Stanley Kennedy) almost ready to doff sashes, Bruce Kennedy with Hazel Heilbron, Baby girls, carrying dolls and bottles.

Miss Daisy Schaefer was a charming Dolly Varden, and Miss Annie Whitney, a Lady Washington, sweet and dignified. Mrs. Holland, with smelling salts, was a Red Cross Nurse, followed by Mr. D. S. Bowman, who carried a bundle of washing and made a capital Chinaman. Mr. J. U. Smith of Hilo was in sheet and pillowcase, a ghostly, horned monster, who represented "Cards."

Perhaps on the whole, the most overwhelming characters were George Renton as "The Summer Girl," and Robert McCriston as "A Country Girl." They strove in vain to be serious and lady-like under the unaccustomed burden of frills and veils and petticoats. Like the diviners of ancient Rome, they could not look each other in the face without a conscious smile. The Virginia Reel afforded new and grotesque groupings of the merry crew, especially as the music naturally changed, to rag-time when the dusky quartet had the floor, and in a short cake march these artists displayed their histrionic talents.

A souvenir of the occasion was deemed worth the price of the flash-light. So everybody submitted to the shock of the explosion, and the resulting photograph was an amusing study in expressions.

Mr. Demosthenes Lycurgus very kindly supplied the claret punch. The kindness was appreciated by the young people as their toast to him evidenced.

Then came that lively dance known as "Dan Tucker." Under ordinary circumstances it is hilarious enough, but this night it became almost a romp from the fact that, for our lives, we could scarcely tell whether the partner we "swung" was boy or girl.

Later in the evening were the ordinary round dances, and, later still, the lusty singing about the piano of popular songs in vogue today or yesterday. The ten cent "admission fee" was donated to the Hilo Hospital, which

Our Semi-Annual Remnant Sale

—OF—

**COTTON GOODS,
LINENS, ETC.,**

—BEGINS NEXT—

**Wednesday, August 1,
at 8 a. m.**

Thousands of choice lengths of Lawns, Batistes, Organdies, Dimities, Madras Shirtings, Percales, Calicoes, Piques, Denims, Silkolines, Cretannes, Swisses, Gingham, Sheetings, Muslins, Grass Linens, Brown Linens, Table Linens, etc., etc., will be sold at prices that will close them out with a rush.

Come early if you would have a Good Selection, for good things don't last long at an Ehlers' Sale.

EHLERS'

GOOD GOODS.

realized precisely \$6.35 as the tangible record of the frolic.

Mrs. Creighton was a moving spirit in helping with the costumes. Mrs. Noonan and Mrs. Tenney were doorkeepers and Mrs. Frank Halstead, Miss Heilbron, Miss Whitney, Miss Meyer and Mrs. Castle played for dancing. Besides those taking part, the following persons were present: Mrs. J. A. Kennedy, Mrs. Z. K. Myers, Mrs. Breckons, Miss Sackett, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Hansberg, Misses Gilbert, Halstead, Reid and Rouse; Messrs. Halstead, Tenney, Woon, Giffard, Perkins, Hansberg and Lycurgus; Masters Halstead, Tenney and Dyer. M. W. C.

Judge J. S. Chapman, of Los Angeles, a through passenger for the Coast in the Manchuria, gave a dinner to a number of his fellow passengers and Honolulu friends at the Young Hotel, on Thursday, during the stay of the Manchuria in port. Those present were Judge Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, Miss Anna Chapman, Miss Mary E. Chapman, Miss Frances E. Coulter and Mr. and Mrs. McCutcheon, of Los Angeles, Mr. Otto Meister, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Garland, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Brock, of Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lord were the entertainers at a pleasant dinner given on Thursday evening at the Seaside Hotel, at which a number of their friends, passengers on the Manchuria, were present.

A card party, with five tables, was given at the Seaside Hotel on Thursday evening by Dr. and Mrs. C. B. High.

A charming dinner was given on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. George Cooke for Messrs. Ferdinand Hedemann, Henry Damon, Chas. Hartwell, Charles Judd, Wilfred Greenwell and Harold Dillingham.

The marriage of Miss Nellie White to Dr. Brinkerhoff, which is to be solemnized at St. Andrew's Cathedral on the 21st of the coming month, will be a quiet affair, followed by a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Castle. Since the date of the wedding has been announced, Miss White has been the recipient of a great many handsome presents.

Mrs. F. M. Hatch is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Rice of Marion, Mass., who are well known in Honolulu and who will probably spend the winter here.

Misses Elsa Schaefer, Linda Schaefer, King, Adelaide King, Catton, Hartwell and Schweitzer; Messrs. Gerrit Wilder Ferdinand Hedemann, Edmund Hedemann, Erling Hedemann and Schaefer were the guests at a bathing party given at Sans Souci by Mrs. A. G. Hawes for Miss Thillie Neumann, Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Hill. After spending an hour in the swim, the guests were served with refreshments at the residence of Mrs. Hedemann. Mrs. Hedemann, Mrs. Gerrit Wilder and Mrs. Jack Hawes chaperoned the party.

The second annual Chinese fair is being prepared, and from present indications will probably be the largest as well as the first of all church fairs of the season. St. Andrew's will probably not give a fair this year, so St. Peter's, which is the Chinese Episcopal church, is receiving the undivided attention of the ladies from both congregations. Oriental booths, decorations, refreshments, costumes and many interesting features of Celestial life lend a charm quite different from our usual tropical surroundings. Contributions for the finance department and articles for the different booths have come in from interested friends out of town who can not take part this year and any others wishing to continue the good work may communicate with Mrs. Kong, Vineyard street, Ewa of Nuuanu.

The following is an incomplete list of ladies on the different committees: Fancy table—Mrs. W. M. Giffard (chairman), Miss Mary Kong, Mrs. Melanthy. Flower table—Mrs. T. J. King (chair.), Mrs. C. M. V. Forster. Plants—Miss Schaefer. Doll table—Mrs. Lees (chair.), Mrs. Ault. Paper flowers—Mrs. G. Augur (chair.).

Ice cream—Mrs. H. B. Restarick (chair.), Mrs. E. W. Jordan. Lemonade—Mrs. T. A. Ping (chair.). Candy—Mrs. Fyler (chair.). Children's booth—Mrs. Foss (chair.). Chinese hot cakes, or shan ban—Mrs. E. T. Young (chair.).

Chinese bride and groom—Sen Sang (chair.). Trolley slide—Ivan Montrose Graham (chair.). Reynold McGrew, Gustave Ballentyne.

Decoration committee—Mr. Chang Kim, Mr. Lee Young, Mr. Men Tet Kong, Mr. Sook, Mr. Joseph Jane, Publicity—Mrs. Wm. Montrose Graham.

Mrs. F. T. Kong is chairman of the fair and is assisted in the management by Miss Lily Kong and Mrs. W. M. Graham. The Chinese secretary is Mrs. L. Asen and Miss H. K. Lizzie Kong is English secretary.

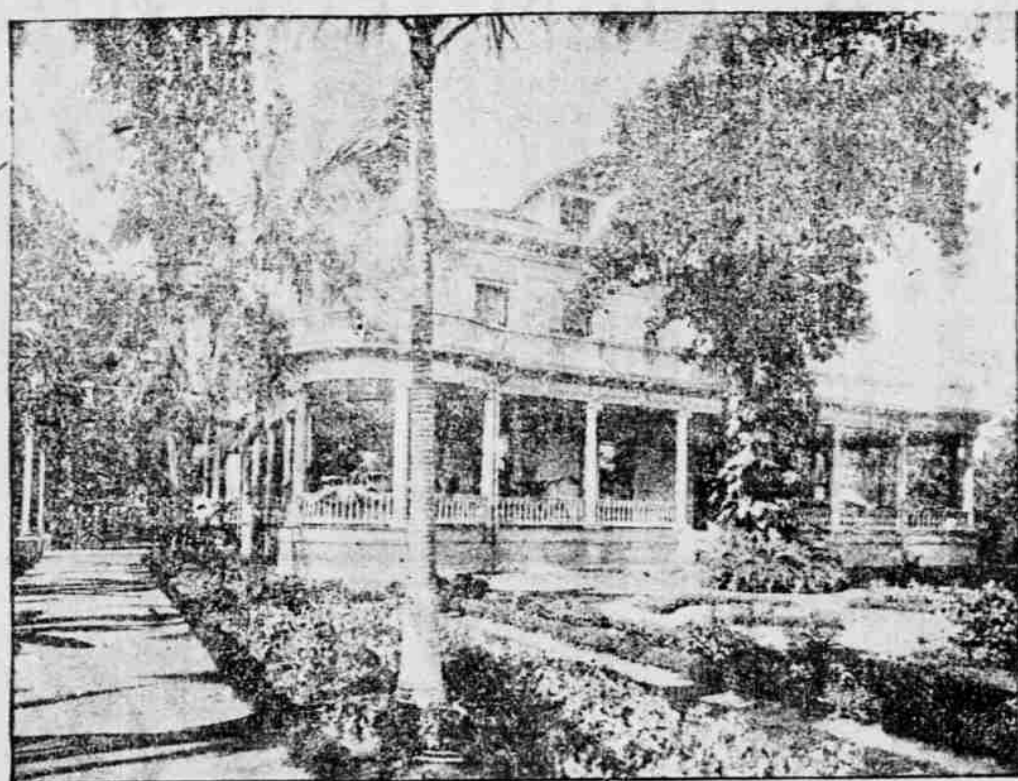
Miss Alice Hedemann, who has been the guest of Mrs. Wells during her visit on Maui, returned during the week.

Mr. Frank Thompson was one of the departing passengers for the Orient on the Mongolia on Thursday. Mrs. Thompson is visiting at the Coast.

A dinner in honor of Mrs. Macaulay was given at Sans Souci on Wednesday evening by Mr. Sidney Ballou. The other guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Tenney Peck, Judge and Mrs. Frear, Governor and Mrs. Carter, Miss Nellie White and Dr. Brinkerhoff.

Mr. J. Wichman, San Francisco's foremost house decorator is doing most artistic work on the interior of the Dreier home. The drawing room, library, dining room and breakfast room are about completed and are rare studies, giving further elegance to the already beautiful home and its surroundings.

At the pretty luncheon given in honor of Miss Nellie White by Miss Margaret Castle, on Monday, red car-



AUGUST DREIER'S MANSION.

"Ululani," the palatial home of the Dreier family on Beretania avenue has been active in many little social events, during past few weeks, in honor of Mrs. Florence McKernan of Vallejo, Cal.

Nations and maidenhair ferns were effectively used as table decorations, while each guest wore red leis. The guests were Mrs. George Potter, Mrs. Harry Macfarlane, Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mrs. Ranney Scott, Miss Marion Scott and Miss Drusilla Marx.

Mrs. Percy Benson sails for the Coast on the Ventura. Mr. Benson will follow later.

Miss Helen North, of the younger set, will return from her vacation at Wahiawa on Tuesday.

The other day Ellen Beach Yaw surprised her friends in Los Angeles by giving them a treat at Mason's Opera House. Ten years ago this young woman was heralded all over the country as a freak who could reach one note higher than any one else living, and higher than any prima donna in history. She has returned from Milan, and, if the press is a reliable mirror, she has put in the time to good purpose. It is said that she has put in the years to perfecting her voice, and may now truly claim to be one of America's prima donnas.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Mays left on the Maheno last Wednesday, for a two months' vacation, proceeding to California after a week's rest in the mountains at Banff.

On last Thursday Miss G. E. von Hooyer of Canon City, Colorado, was married to W. R. Coombs of Lewers & Cooke.

A very enjoyable surprise party was given for Miss Agnes Smith at Wahiawa last Tuesday. The young people went on a hay ride and then returned to H. C. Brown's home for refreshments. Those present were: Misses Helen North, Edith Smith, Miriam Clark, Hazel Buckland, Vivian Buckland, Dorothy Effinger, Leslie Clark, Alfred Eames, J. Staff, Kenneth Winter and David Townsend.

Rumors have reached the city of the engagement of J. Tarn McGrew to an American heiress, long resident in Paris.

The Gulicks, of College Hills, are spending some time with the Browns, at Wahiawa.

General MacArthur was entertained as much as the shortness of his stay would permit by civil and military friends here.

The Misses Williams, of Walkiki, are soon going to Boston for a year. They may also travel in Europe.

Mrs. J. J. Dowling entertained Major and Mrs. Fuller at dinner at the Hawaiian Hotel on Friday.

Mr. J. S. Frost, of New York, was the guest of honor at a dinner given on Friday evening by Manager and Mrs. Bews, of the Hawaiian Hotel. Among the other guests present were



MISS FANNY DUPRE, A NEW STAGE BEAUTY.

who has been the guest of Mrs. Dreier for some weeks. Mrs. McKernan departs for her home on the Coast next Wednesday, and during her stay here has made many friends.

Mrs. Salter, Messrs. H. H. Williams and A. H. Moffat.

Mrs. Captain Slattery entertained General MacArthur and his party at a dinner on Thursday at the Alexander Young Hotel.

Mrs. Miss Mist and Mr. Robert Mist were passengers in the Maheno for Victoria. Mr. Mist will make the round trip on the vessel.

Miss I. M. Waterhouse, sister of Emil and Clarence Waterhouse, arrived in the Alameda from San Francisco to visit here awhile.

Mrs. T. E. Wall and Miss Wall are spending a few days on Tantalus as the guests of Mrs. Dr. Cooper.

The Misses Rutherford, of Hilo, are spending the week in Honolulu, guests at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Brock gave a dinner on Tuesday for Mrs. Macaulay, who left on Friday in the Manchuria for her home in Kentucky. Those present were Mrs. Finson, Judge Dole, Mr. and Mrs. L. Tenney Peck and Dr. Augur.

The management of the Seaside Hotel has announced that a regular monthly dance will be given at that popular resort, timed to take advantage of the full moon, when the beach and groves there are at their best. The first of these affairs will be given on Tuesday evening in honor of Captain Dowdell and the officers of the Alameda.

Mr. Norman Watkins gave a most enjoyable dinner on Saturday of last week at the Seaside, at which Mr. J. T. Crawley and the staff of the Hawaiian Fertilizer Company were the guests.

Mr. L. Schweitzer, the retiring secretary of the Honolulu Brewing Company, was the guest of honor at a twelve-plate dinner given at the Seaside hotel on Thursday by the office staff of the company.

A large number of Honoluluans were the guests of Mr. J. M. Dowsett at his beautiful place at Waianae during the early part of the week, when a luau was given in honor of the homecoming of his son, Herbert Dowsett.

Among the returning passengers from the Volcano yesterday was Mrs. A. Haneberg, who had spent the week at the popular resort.

One of the most successful and enjoyable hotel dances given in Honolulu for some months was that at the Hawaiian Hotel on Friday night. At times there were over forty couples on the floor.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Lowrey entertained at Niniko on Saturday afternoon for Mr. Gorton James of Boston who came out to spend the summer with Frederick and Sherwood Lowrey. It

REMNANTS

OUR
ANNUAL
SALE
OF

REMNANTS

BEGINS

MONDAY MORNING, JULY 30th.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE.

N. S. SACH'S DRY GOODS CO., LTD.

WHITNEY & MARSH

OUR SEMI-ANNUAL REMNANT SALE

—OF—
**COTTON GOODS
AND
WOOLENS**

BEGINS MONDAY, JULY 30TH.

Thousands of choice lengths of LAWNS, BATISTE, ORGANDIES, DIMITIES, ALPACAS, SUITINGS etc., will be sold at prices that will close them out with a rush. COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.



SAYEGUSA

The Leader in all things Japanese, Nuuanu street, above Hotel street.

KIMONOS,

Silk and Cotton Crepes.

**Embroidered
Shirt Waist
Patterns**

Fine Bits of Porcelain.
Old Ivory-Bronzes.

was a supper under the koa trees and a delightful affair it was. Among those present were the Misses Margaret Castle, Constance Restarick, Irmgard Schaefer, Elsa Schaefer, Nora Sturgeon, Madge McCandless, Justine McClanahan, Violet and Vera Damon, Charlotte Dodge, Ada Rhodes, Lorna Lauke, Katherine Smith, Florence Hall, Charlotte Hall, Miss Brown, Miss Koch, May K'uegel and Messrs. George Brown, Gorton James, George Fuller, Derwent Kennedy, Henry Damon, Edwin, Harold Giffard, Allison Jordan, Guilford Whitney, Mr. Macintosh, Frederick Sherwood and Alan Lowrey.

A supper and week's end party was given last night by Miss Soper.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Taylor, guests at the Moana Hotel, spent the week's end at Haliwa.

A house party, from Saturday until Monday, is being given at Judge Dole's bungalow by Miss Linda Schaefer.

Miss Ruby Burpee, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edward Watson for the past few weeks, sailed on the Sonoma for the Coast.

The beach at the Seaside and Moana Hotels is growing in popularity with the social set. Nearly every afternoon between two and four o'clock the place is gay with bathers and onlookers.

Mrs. A. Lewis gave a very pretty luncheon on Wednesday for Miss Madge McCandless. The guests were Misses Thillie Neumann, Ella Wight, May Schweitzer and Irene Fisher.

Miss Florence McKenna, who has been the guest of Mrs. August Dreier for some weeks at "Ululani," her Beretania avenue home, will return to the Coast on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Renton will pay an extended visit to the Coast, sailing on the Korea.

A luncheon in honor of Miss Fannie Hart was given by Miss Claire Williams, at which the exquisite hand

painted place cards were the work of the hostess. Miss Hart, who sailed on the Manchuria, will spend the coming year at Mills College. The guests at the luncheon were Misses Lola Lucas, Ada Mutch, Lucille Mutch, Alice Hedemann, Eunice Pratt, Lydia Wagner, Marion Green, Edith Williams. After luncheon the guests were taken surfing.

Mr. and Mrs. Damon and Miss May Damon are at their country home "Moanalua" for the summer.

Mrs. M. M. Estee, who suffered severe losses by fire while living in the Bella Vista Hotel, has removed to Alameda to live. For a while she was with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Deering, whose home, being in the Western Addition, was happily out of the track of the flames—Call.

Oahu Railway TIME TABLE.

OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waihua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 9:30 p. m.
For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—10:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 12:15 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
For Wahiawa—9:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

INWARD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waihua and Waianae—8:35 a. m., 5:31 p. m.
Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—10:46 a. m., 8:35 a. m., 10:38 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.
Arrive Honolulu from Wahiawa—8:35 a. m. and 5:31 p. m.
Daily, except Sunday, and Sunday Only.

The Haleiwa Limited, a two-hour train (only first-class tickets honored), leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:22 a. m.; returning, arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waianae.

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

SPORTS

OAHUS IN A CANTER

Kams Defeat Punahou After a Splendid Contest.

SECOND SERIES.
 W. L. P. C.
 Kamehameha 3 0 1,000
 Punahou 3 1 750
 Honolulu 1 2 333
 Oahu 1 2 333
 Maile 0 3 600

Twelve hundred people flocked to the ball ground yesterday afternoon and were rewarded by seeing one of the prettiest games that has been played here for several seasons.

The Honolulu and Oahu were first on the bill, but, contrary to expectations, the game resulted in a runaway win for the Reds. Hampton was in poor form and was knocked apart. That briefly is the story of the game. The Honolulu played on tiptoes and only made a single error. Joy pitched one of his best games, striking out 11. Louis handled his bat as if it were a magic wand.

White of the Oahu did the star fielding stunts. Over in the left tarpitch he nailed three catches, for each of which he got a liberal hand from the stand.

There was no betting and little visible profanity. One old Yank remarked that he "never seen such ball players as them Honolulu, by ginger spruce," and was warned by a policeman to be more moderate in his language.

The first run of the game was scored by the Reds in their first inning. Jimmy Williams hit to Hampton, who threw wild to Gorman at first, the ball bouncing over the fence and rolling among the rigs. Jimmy made the circuit of the bases while the ball was being retrieved. Quantities of firecrackers were ignited by H. A. C. rooters when the run was brought home.

The third was a sacchariferous inning for the Honolulu, netting 4 runs. Gleason was thrown out at first. En Sue made first on a bunt and stole second. Fernandez struck out. J. Williams went to first on a safe hit to left and stole second. Louis' three-bagger to left scored En Sue and Williams. Aylett hit to right and Louis came home. Joy went to first on a hit and A. Williams safe hit to right. Joy going to third and Aylett scoring. A. Williams stole second and Soares fled to Vannatta. It was a fine exhibition of clean hitting with two men gone.

The Oahu scored theirs in the fourth.

Ringland struck out. Vannatta fled to center-field. Kia got a ticket and stole second. "Old Pal" Gorman smote one to center and Kia came in, Gorman dying at second. McQuade fanned.

In the fifth Evers popped a fly to Joy, who threw to first, catching Hampton, a nice double.

The Honolulu singled in the fifth. Louis two-bagger and Aylett died at first. Joy hit hard to second and Louis tallied.

The only other scoring was done in the second of the seventh, when trouble followed the Oahu like a tame chicken, cackling loudly when all was over for 4 runs.

Louis two-bagger to right. Aylett hit safe to center. Joy's hit to right made Louis a homester. A. Williams fled to White. Aylett coming in. Soares batted out a ball to right which broke a board off the fence and hurt a small boy who was peeping through a knot-hole. It was a home run. Joy also scoring. Gleason struck out and Evers supplanted Hamp. En Sue got to first on a hit to pitcher. Fernandez fled to Bob White, a long, well-judged running catch.

Summary:

H. A. C.
 ABR B H S B O A E
 En Sue, 3b. 3 1 2 1 0 1 0
 E. Fernandez, lf. 3 0 1 0 0 0 0
 J. Williams, 2b. 5 2 1 1 4 1 0
 Louis, rf. 5 3 4 0 1 0 0
 Aylett, cf. 5 2 2 1 1 0 0
 Joy, p. 5 1 4 0 2 0 4
 A. Williams, ss. 4 1 1 0 13 0
 Soares, c. 3 0 0 0 7 0 0
 Gleason, lb. 3 0 0 0 7 0 0
 Totals 37 10 17 3 27 9 1

OAHU.

ABR B H S B O A E
 Davis, 3b. 5 0 0 0 2 3 1
 Hampton, p-ss. 4 0 1 0 0 1 1
 Evers, ss-p. 3 0 0 0 0 3 0
 White, lf. 4 0 0 0 0 5 0
 Ringland, c. 4 0 2 1 2 3 0
 Vannatta, 2b. 4 0 1 1 5 3 0
 Kia, cf. 3 1 0 0 1 0 0
 Gorman, lb. 3 0 1 0 9 2 0
 McQuade, rf. 4 0 2 0 0 1 1
 Totals 34 1 7 2 24 16 3

H. A. C.

123456789
 Run. s 000010000-1
 B. H. 01111011-7

OAHU.

123456789
 Run. s 000100000-1
 B. H. 01111011-7

Two-base hits—Louis 2.
 Three-base hits—Louis.
 Home run—Soares.
 Wild pitch—Joy 2.
 Base on balls—Joy, 2; Hampton, 2.
 Sacrifice hit—Evers.
 Struck out—Joy, 11; Hampton, 1; Evers, 1.

Double plays—Joy-Gleason.
 Hit by pitcher—Joy, 1; Hampton, 1.
 Balk—Joy 1.

THE SECOND GAME.

This was a peach of a game, with brilliancies galore. There was only one error and both pitchers were equally effective. Three to 1 in favor of the Kamehamehas was the verdict and the score should have been even closer than that.

It was a pitchers' battle and luck helped Renter to victory, not but that he deserved all that came to him.

For five innings not a run was registered. Then a shower fell, changing the order of things. Kams led off in the sixth, Sheldon hitting safe to short and gaining first. While trying to reach second, Catcher Meyer overthrew to J. Williams at second and Sheldon headed for third. The ball rolled to left-field and George Desha further complicated matters by overthrowing to Steere at third, letting Sheldon in and notching the game's first run. Lemon fled to Clark at center, Miller struck out and Jones fled to second.

The Puns were abreast of their rivals the very same inning. Woods bunted and perished at first. Jack Desha whiffed. Brother George went to first on a safe hit to center and stole second. Brother Ed went to first on a safe crack to center, scoring "Keoki." Ed Desha stole second and Ahrens fanned.

Neither side scored in the seventh and excitement was intense when Sheldon trotted to bat in the eighth. He expired second to first. Lemon walked and stole second. Miller struck out. Jones connected with a weak one of Desha's and made a home run of it. Lemon also registering. Renter hit to center and went to first and Hamakua fell, pitcher to first.

The Colts made a game effort in the eighth, but it availed them nothing. Woods walked. Jack Desha fled to short, who dropped the ball, sending it to second in time to pinch Woods. George Desha doubled to right. Eddie Desha hit hard to Sheldon, who made a phenomenal stop, returning it to the plate in time to nip Jack, who was sailing in a whooping. George going to third. With a run in sight Ahrens struck out. Earlier in the game Renter made a magnificent stop of a seemingly impossible ball.

This ended the run-getting.

Summary:

PUNAHOU.

ABR B H S B O A E
 Woods, lb. 3 0 0 0 6 0 0
 J. Desha, ss. 4 0 0 1 2 2 0
 G. Desha, lf. 4 1 3 1 3 0 0
 E. Desha, p. 4 0 1 1 0 1 0
 Ahrens, rf. 4 0 0 0 2 0 0
 Meyer, c. 3 0 0 0 10 1 0
 Mark, cf. 3 0 0 1 2 0 0
 J. Williams, 2b. 4 0 1 0 2 3 0
 Steere, 3b. 3 0 0 0 0 1 0
 Totals 32 1 5 4 27 8 0

KAMS.

ABR B H S B O A E
 Sheldon, ss. 5 1 1 1 0 2 0
 Lemon, lf. 2 1 1 1 0 0 0
 Miller, 2b. 4 0 0 0 1 2 0
 Jones, c. 4 1 1 0 15 3 0
 Renter, p. 4 0 2 0 1 1 0
 Hamakua, cf. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0
 Fern, 3b. 3 0 1 1 1 1 1
 Kaanohi, rf. 4 0 0 1 1 0 0
 Lota, lb. 4 0 1 0 8 0 0
 Totals 34 3 7 4 27 9 1

PUNAHOU.

123456789
 Run. s 000001000-1
 B. H. 000002110-5

KAMS.

123456789
 Run. s 000001000-3
 B. H. 001001221-7

Home run—Jones.
 Wild pitch—Desha 1.
 Base on balls—Desha, 3; Renter, 1.
 Passed balls—Jones 1.
 Struck out—Desha, 11; Renter, 15.
 Hit by pitcher—Renter 2.

SPORT NEWS OF ENGLAND

A budget of very interesting English sporting news came to hand by the last boat from the Colonies, having been received by cable by the Auckland Weekly News and printed in its issue of the 12th inst.

The cablegrams follow:

THE TURF.

LONDON, July 5.—At the Newmarket meeting today the following was the result of the principal event:
 The Princess of Wales' stakes of 10,000sovs., the owner of the second

horse to receive 1500sovs. and the owner of the third 750sovs; the nominator of the winner 400sovs, and the nominator of the second 200sovs out of the stake. For four-year-olds, and upwards, Special weights, with penalties and allowances. One mile and four furlongs.

Mr. Reid Walker's br h Dinneford, 4yrs, by Dinna Forget—Gracie, 8st 12lb, including 3lb penalty..... 1

Mr. L. Neumann's ch h Llangibby, 4yrs, by Wildfowler—Concession, 9st 2lb, including 6lb penalty..... 2

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b h St. Amant, 5yrs, by St. Prusquin—Lady Loverule, 9st 12lb, including 14lb penalty..... 3

Llangibby, ridden by Maher, recently won the \$50,000 Eclipse Stakes run at Sandown Park. St. Amant won the English Derby in 1904.

LAWN TENNIS.

LONDON, July 5.—H. L. Doherty having beaten F. L. Risley in the match by three sets to one, retains the tennis championship.

July 6.—At Wimbledon today the doubles championship was won by S. H. Smith and F. L. Risley, who beat Doherty Brothers, the holders, by three sets to two.

In the mixed doubles A. F. Wilding and Miss D. K. Douglass beat A. W. Gore and Miss Thomson by two sets to one.

Doherty is in his 30th year. He began his remarkable tennis career at the age of 15, and after distinguishing himself in many competitions won the championship in 1902. In that year he displaced Gore, who the previous year had won from R. F. Doherty, the holder for four successive years. Since 1902 he has retained the championship, and until the match reported above had not lost a single set in defending his title. With his brother, R. F. Doherty he has held the doubles championship since 1897, except for one year. He and his brother brought the Davis Cup from America, and he has also held the American singles championship, the Irish championships (singles and doubles) and other championships. During the present season he has won the covered courts championship for the sixth time in succession.

Miss Douglass held the ladies' championship in 1903 and 1904, but was beaten for it last year by Miss Sutton, who is the American lady champion.

AQUATICS.

LONDON, July 4.—In heats of the Diamond Sculls at Henley Regatta R. T. Blackstaff, of the Vesta Rowing Club, has beaten Harrison Bourke (Tasmania), and D. C. Stuart, Trinity Hall, defeated Roy Adcm, of Melbourne.

July 6.—The Diamond Sculls has been won by Blackstaff.

The Ghent Rowing Club has won the Grand Challenge Cup. In the final they defeated Trinity Hall, and the latter had defeated the Toronto Argonauts in the semi-final.

Blackstaff was second to Kelly last year for the Diamond Sculls. This is the first time the Grand Challenge Cup has been won by a foreign crew.

CRICKET.

LONDON, July 6.—Hayward, the Surrey cricketer, in consecutive innings has made 144 against Derbyshire and 208 against Warwickshire. His aggregate for the season is 2142 runs and his average 85 1-2 per innings.

LONDON, July 8.—Notts has beaten Yorkshire by 25 runs, and Surrey now heads the list for the counties, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Notts following in that order.

Cambridge has beaten Oxford University by 94 runs. Young, of Cambridge, made 150.

Fry's leg has again given way and it is improbable that he will be able to play again this year.

Godfrey for the Advertisers struck out six men against Alameda's two. A two-base hit was credited to "Peanuts" Oge.

Next Saturday the Advertisers play the Star's aggregation of alleged ball experts.

1:45 p. m.—Midwinter League Baseball at League Park. Diamond Heads vs. Metropolitans.

1:45 p. m.—Riverside League baseball at Aala Park. Chinese Athletics vs. Japanese Athletics.

3:30 p. m.—Midwinter League baseball at League Park. L. A. C. vs. Alohas.

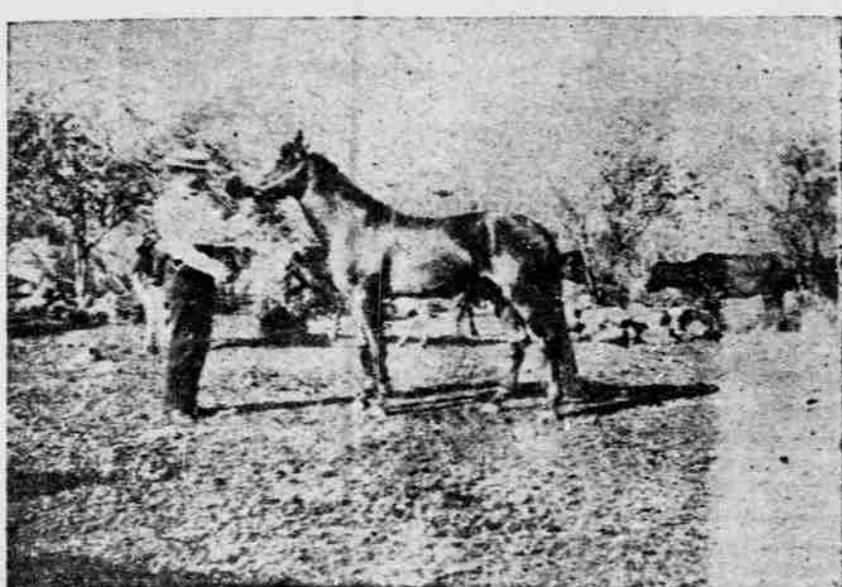
3:30 p. m.—Riverside League baseball at Aala Park. Chinese Alohas vs. Palams.

Today's Baseball.

Game of the Season.

The Hackfeld Warehouse Smashers and the Hackfeld Office Ink Slingers will cross bats again at 9 o'clock this morning, July 29.

A feature of this game will be the reappearance of Mr. Dunkhase, who on account of illness was unable to take part in the last game. He is a strong acquisition to the "Ink Daubers."



A PROMISING COLT.

W. E. Bellina's two-year-old colt, by Carmelita—Welcome (2:10 1/4). The colt was born in Honolulu and Bellina will keep him here and break and train him. If he shows speed he will be sent to California and raced.

TO RACE TO RABBIT ISLE

Crews of Yachts Which Will Race to Puuloa.

The yachtsmen are all eagerly looking forward to the "sealed packet" race which starts from the Grill next Saturday evening at 10 o'clock.

After a supper the race will be declared on and the yachts will sail to Rabbit Island, take a sealed package aboard and proceed to Pearl Harbor where the race will end.

It is expected that the yachts will arrive at Puuloa about 10:30 a. m. on Sunday.

A chowder will be served at the headquarters of the Hawaii Yacht Club at noon and as soon as possible after 1 p. m. the second-class yachts will start on their race.

Judge Dole, Governor Carter and Admiral George Beckley have been invited to grace the occasion and an enjoyable time is assured.

The crews of the competing yachts in the big race will be as follows:

Hawaii—J. A. Lyle, captain; O. Sorenson, 1st mate; Geo. Crozier, captain of the watch; L. Scott, chief bottle washer; Chas. Crozier, cook and keeper of the corkscrew.

La Paloma—C. W. Macfarlane, captain; Geo. Turner, 1st mate; Walter Macfarlane, captain of the watch; P. L. Weaver, bottle washer; T. H. Petrie, cook and general flunky.

Gladys—T. W. Hobron, captain; Albert Waterhouse, 1st mate; E. O. White, captain of the watch; E. A. Mott-Smith, bottle washer; Geo. Fuller, cook and keeper of the corkscrew.

Helene—Fred Whitney, captain; Laurence Robinson, 1st mate; W. Jenkins, captain of the watch; M. Hill, bottle washer; Wm. Savidge, cook and keeper of the corkscrew.

Kamehameha—Robt. Scott, captain; Chas. Lewis, 1st mate; A. W. Neely, captain of the watch.

Kapolei—Lewis Renton, captain; Geo. Renton, 1st mate; L. A. Thurston, captain of the watch; G. A. Jordan, bottle washer, cook and keeper of the corkscrew.

'Tiser Nine Beat Bulletin

The Advertiser newsboys played a game of baseball with the Bulletin nine in Queen's yard, yesterday. As usual, the Advertiser's representatives put it all over their opponents, winning by the score of five to three.

The game ended in a fight. At the end of the fifth the Bulletin saw that they were getting licked and started to make a noise like a calf in distress. First of all they wanted the umpire changed. They objected to him because he was against county government. Then they demanded that a new ball be introduced into the game. The Advertiser's, they said, had kahunaued the old bit of leather.

Always willing to oblige, the little hustlers of the Advertiser team consented to a new ball being used and furnished the same themselves. Even this did not tempt the Bulletin to continue the game and the whole nine quit, yelling about what a splendid victory they had won.

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Next Saturday the Advertiser play the Star's aggregation of alleged ball experts.

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1:45 p. m.—Riverside League baseball at Aala Park. Chinese Athletics vs. Japanese Athletics.

3:30 p. m.—Midwinter League baseball at League Park. L. A. C. vs. Alohas.

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COMMERCIAL.

(Continued from Page 4.)

lands in Hamakua, 15 years at \$1651.90 and \$306 respectively per annum; ease from E. S. Cunha to George D. Lyeurgus, Union Grill premises, King street, Honolulu, 20 years at \$200 a month; deed from T. Awana and wife to Jose F. Phillip, lands in Kula, Maui, \$6000; deed from Lee Chu and wife to Sandwich Islands Honey Co., Ltd., four lots in Kapahulu tract, \$500; deed from A. Mott-Smith and wife to Thomas K. Clarke, 26,160 square feet land, Fort street, Honolulu, \$3000; deed from Florence Harlan and husband to Edwin J. Stone, lot in College Hills tract, \$2350; deed from Charles F. Peterson and wife to N. G. Peterson, three lots in Pearl City, \$1500 and mortgage \$3000.

W. W. Hall is about to retire from the active management of the house of E. O. Hall & Son, Ltd., which he has held throughout a long business career. He will remain the president of the corporation, but E. O. White, vice-president, and Edwin H. Paris, treasurer, have been elected managing directors. Mr. Hall's son, E. O. Hall, grandson of the founder, will shortly enter the business. Owing to the company's purchase of a large portion of the stock of the Pacific Hardware Co., Ltd., about to disincorporate, an important remodeling of the Hall building interior will be made.

The old firm of F. A. Schaefer & Co., plantation agents and liquor merchants, has been incorporated for \$300,000, of which \$225,000 is paid up in the net value of the concern. F. A. Schaefer, president, holds 2996 of the 3000 shares. Wilhelm Lanz, vice-president; J. W. Waldron, treasurer; Frank P. McIntyre, secretary, and Henry Holmes each hold one share. Messrs. Schaefer, Lanz and Waldron are the directors.

Through the intermediation of Robert W. Shingle of the Henry Waterhouse Trust Co., the business of the Porter Furniture Co. has been bought by J. Hopp & Co. After doing business about eight years the Porter concern, headed by Kirk B. Porter, closed its doors at noon Wednesday and the taking of an inventory of the stock-in-trade for the purchasing firm began.

PUBLIC FINANCES.

Auditor Fisher's comparative annual statement of Territorial finances shows total receipts of \$4,665,186.40 for the year ending June 30, 1906, against \$3,355,813.02 for the previous year, an increase of \$1,309,373.38. The increase is largely but apparent, owing to the change, begun this year, of having two general tax collections a year instead of one. Thus the 1906 period includes the bulk of taxes for eighteen months. Total expenditures for the year just past were \$3,786,508.18, as compared with \$3,108,489.90 for the year ending June 30, 1905, or an increase of \$678,018.28. The past year's outgo is divided between \$2,513,877.08 (being \$267,446.69 more than the previous year) out of current revenue and \$1,172,631.09 (being \$310,571.59 more than the previous year) out of loan fund. There was paid to the counties, their first year in existence, \$867,461.41. The current cash balance June 30, 1906, was \$335,331.37, against \$59,408.49 June 30, 1905. The loan fund cash balance at the end of the past year was \$806,399.56, as compared with \$653,491.18 at the end of the previous year. Outstanding bonds June 30 last amounted to \$3,861,000, against \$3,137,000 June 30, 1905, indicating an increase of \$724,000 in the Territory's bonded indebtedness.

PROMOTION AND PROGRESS.

At a meeting of the Hawaii Promotion Committee on Thursday, gratifying reports were submitted, showing a widespread and growing interest on the mainland relative to these Islands. A large party is coming here in September, in the excursion of the Southern California Editorial Association. An expedition hither of members of the Portland, Ore., Chamber of Commerce is promised. The National Irrigation Congress invites "a big delegation" from this Territory at its fourteenth annual meeting at Boise, Idaho, September 3-8. A two-column summary of Park Expert Robinson's report on "Beautifying Honolulu," written by Miss Katherine Pope, has been syndicated for two thousand newspapers on the Kellogg list. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce is interesting itself in promoting closer business relations with Hawaii and its secretary is trying to bring about an excursion hither of the Washington State Editorial Association. Invitations are being sent out, with good promise

