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Hawaiian Trust Co., Ltd.
923 Fort Street

A DONATION

By OLIVER J. LARNED

"You think you would make a good burglar, do you—never get caught and all that? I'd like to see you try it. A silk stocking like you would soon be taken. You wouldn't have the coolness to save yourself."

"I wouldn't mind trying it just once."
"I'll give you an inducement. I'll bet you a hundred you won't go into the house of some eminently respectable family—whom you don't know, mind you—and rob them of some article."

"That's just the kind of a job I'd like to try. The danger in it would make it fearfully interesting."

"And if you got caught it would give you an excellent opportunity to show your presence of mind."

"So it would. I think I'll go you."
"Here's my check. We'll put the stakes in Hawkins' hands."

This dialogue occurred between Dick Thurston and Ned Chamberlin at a club, and the next night Chamberlin in evening dress sallied forth to burglarize a gentleman's dwelling. He walked slowly up an aristocratic avenue, and selecting a house midway between two street lamps and standing well back in shadow, he entered the yard and, taking the parts of a burglar's jimmy from his side pocket, began to screw them together in order to secure the length of handle required for leverage. Then, unmounting a side porch, he pried up a window and entered a room.

He stood listening for awhile, but, hearing no sound, began to explore. A faint light from without barely enabled him to move without stumbling against anything, and he got his hand on a large uncovered table. Suspecting he was in a drawing room, he was hunting for the sideboard, when there was a sudden burst of light. A young lady stood at the door of the room, with her finger on an electric button. She appeared astonished, not at finding some one in the room, but some one in evening costume.

Chamberlin braced himself for the encounter. It was his right, under the provisions of the bet, to tell any story he pleased, and he decided to tell the true one.

"I beg pardon for the trespass," he said, "but I am sure—that is, if you are a woman of the world—I shall have your sympathy after you have heard the reason for my being here. Last night at the club I bet a friend a hundred dollars that I would burglarize a dwelling, bringing him some stolen article to prove the robbery. If you will permit me to take away a spoon I will be happy to donate my winnings to any charity you may suggest."

The girl by this time had regained her composure, for Chamberlin spoke softly and did not seem one to be afraid of. Nevertheless she considered him to be one of those villains who dress themselves like gentlemen for the purpose of aiding them to hood-wink whoever they may meet. She pretended to believe his story and, going to a sideboard, opened a drawer and took out a silver spoon with the family initial letter on it. This she tossed on the dining table and stood waiting for him to withdraw. He saw by the pallor on her face and other signs that she was badly frightened, and he felt a pang at having caused her annoyance. So instead of going at once he stopped to reassure her. Taking a card from his pocket and a pencil, he asked her to what institution he should send a donation. She was not especially interested in any and for a moment could not think of any. While she was trying to do so an elderly gentleman, with a gray mustache, stepped into the room.

The girl turned paler still, if that were possible, fearing that the story would not go down with the newcomer and there would be trouble.

"Uncle," she said, "this gentleman has made a bet that he would rob this house."

"Indeed!" said the uncle quietly.
"Yes, at the club. He is to win \$100 and give it to any charity I may suggest."

"A hundred dollars! That's no price for a gentleman burglar to pay for the privilege of robbing a house. He might have got away with \$5,000 or \$6,000 worth of property. Couldn't you make it \$1,000, sir?"

Chamberlin was very rich, but rich men don't like to part with their money any better than poor men. He said he might double the amount of his winnings. The gentleman stepped to a telephone in the hall and called for a police station.

Chamberlin was cornered. He called out that he would make his donation \$1,000.

"I have called the police," said the gentleman; "it will now cost \$2,000."
"Done!" cried Chamberlin, fearing that before he could assent the price of his experiment would go up another thousand.

"All right," remarked the gentleman. "Never mind the police. Have you a blank check in your pocket, sir? If so please make the amount payable to St. Luke's hospital."

Chamberlin, who carried a check-book always with him, wrote a check for \$2,000 and handed it to the gentleman, who took it and said:

"Gwendolin, this is Mr. Chamberlin. I met him once at his club, but he has forgotten me. He can afford to pay for any freak in which he may choose to indulge."

"Goodness gracious!" from Gwen.

Automobile Owners, Attention!

We have secured the sole agency for the only genuine puncture-proof preparation in the market and cordially invite you to free demonstrations at our Garage. The preparation is a powdered substance which when mixed with water and pumped into the inner tube prevents puncture absolutely, be it a nail, an algaroba thorn, a tack or a piece of glass.

This preparation has a cooling effect on tire and tube and lasts as long as the tube does and makes riding easy.

In case of blow-out the powder, which is a clean preparation, being free from sticky compounds, can be washed out and the tube repaired without additional cost.

It is being extensively used on the mainland and will be a Godsend to local automobilists when they find using it here.

We Absolutely Guarantee Satisfaction

Demonstrations Cheerfully Given

Royal Hawaiian Garage,

Sole Agents for the Territory

SPORT

ARNOLD BENNETT

(Continued from Page Seven.)

able, and courses of intellectual study might properly be suppressed. Until that dread hour, I would be inclined to dwell heavily on the admitted fact that a football match is not Waterloo, but simply a transient game in which two sets of youngsters pump up against one another in opposite endeavors to put a bouncing toy on two different spots of the earth's surface. The ultimate location of the inflated bauble will not affect the national destiny, and such moral value as the game has will not be increased but diminished by any enlargement of organization. After all, if the brains of the world gave themselves exclusively to football matches would be immensely improved—but what then? * * I seemed to behold on this field the American passion for 'getting results'—which I admire very much; but it occurred to me that that passion, with its eyes fixed hungrily on the result it wants, may sometimes fail to see that it is getting a number of other results which it emphatically doesn't want."

DURYEA WINS \$125,000 THIS RACE SEASON

H. B. Duryea, who owns Sweeper II, winner of the 2,000 guineas and favorite for the Derby in which he ran unplaced, has returned to this country from France.

He says that Sweeper II retired from racing on account of a bowed tendon and is now in France, but will, Duryea hopes, be well enough to be raced next season in England.

The stable of horses owned by the American turfman won this year in France more than \$90,000, which places Duryea very high up in the list of winning owners.

Added to this is Sweeper II's earnings in the 2,000 guineas and other races, and this makes Duryea the winner of more than \$125,000 in 1912 in the two countries.

The French stable is under the care of Thomas Murphy, who, Duryea said, is a "splendid man for horses."

Murphy at one time was in David Gideon's employ.

Duryea's best colt on the French turf last year was Shannon, by Irish Lad, out of Census, by Ethelbert, out of Calculation, she by St. Llorin, out of Reckon.

On the subject of speculation on the races in France he said that plunging cannot exist, because a heavy bet on a horse cuts down the odds.

"There is none of the heavy betting there that goes on in England and which we had once on the American turf by a few individuals," Duryea says.

Egg sandwiches have jumped from the 5-cent to the 10-cent class in Washington.

ORGANIZED BASEBALL ATTACKED BY WRITER

A writer who signs himself "A Club wner" in an article on the "baseball trust," printed in the Metropolitan Magazine, takes a fall out of what is termed organized baseball. The identity of the writer is kept a secret. Here is an excerpt from the article in question: "Organized baseball as it is called, nothing more or less than a gigantic trust—and such a trust! Air-tight and steel-jacketed!

"Understand me, I am no bleacher, theorist with a superficial knowledge of the inner workings of the baseball machine.

"For the past twenty years I have made money out of professional baseball. I know it from top to bottom; I have been a player, a scout, team manager, owner and league official.

"In point of sentimental affection for the game itself I yield to no man. I have been behind the scenes all the way from a player's uniform to an owner's check stub, and I say that baseball as administered today is a trust, an absolute monopoly fattened

by one-sided legislation. "Organized baseball is the strongest combination ever formed in this land of the free; the only trust which lives because it has been able to secure an absolute monopoly of flesh and blood. The tremendous power of organized baseball does not lie in the real estate which it owns—in its parks or grandstands or franchises—but in its domination over the men who draw the money at the turnstiles—the players."

Western Arkansas is covered with an inch of snow.

THE OUTLET

PERPETRATED BY WALT M'DOUGALL

