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RURAL VISITOR AT ROARING CAMP FINDS PACE A TRIFLE SWIFT

(Being the Reminiscences of a Down-East "Rube" who visited "Roaring Camp" on the evening of Feb. 22.)

BY THE CUB REPORTER.

"Approach me, Willie," said the City Editor one morning after the Cub had finished his re-write and was preparing to cover his beat. "I have got a special story for you today and you can let the other dope slide."

The Cub finished rolling a cigarette, lit it, and then drew a chair up near the City Editor's desk and sat down. "Impart me the information," he said. "Senator Busenberry, from Kansas (City or some little town around there), began the C. E., "arrived in town a couple of days ago and attended "Roaring Camp" last evening. Now, of course, we want to get all the opinions of these ear-earners as to what they think of our little city. It would be a good plan if you would drop over and see this Busenberry and get an interview as to the sort of a time he had at "Roaring Camp," and how he enjoyed himself."

The Cub putted slowly on his cigarette for a few moments and then said:

"It seems to me that I have heard of this Busenberry person before. I think that he is the guy who has been knocking the whole doling, or something to that effect. There might not be much of a story in it, but I'll take a fat chance and try to land the goods."

The Cub left the office and made his way up the street until he came to the Gorgonzola hotel, where he went up to the desk and inquired of the clerk if a Mr. Busenberry was stopping there. Upon being informed that he did, and learning the number of his room, the Cub entered the elevator and was taken to the fifth floor. After a little trouble, he succeeded in locating the room, and knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again.

"Now, looky here, you Mamie Gold-links," came a voice from the interior of the room. "I just wish you'd stay away from my room. Didn't I tell you once that I won't flirt with no chambermaids?"

The Cub was rather astounded at this curt reply to his knock. He waited a moment and then knocked again. "Git right away," again said the voice. "Jumpin' Jupiter! Mirandy tol' me that the city was no place for an honest man from the country."

"This was too much for the Cub. "Mr. Busenberry," he called, "this is not a chambermaid; this is William Busharound, of the afternoon Blatenser. I would like to have a short interview with you."

There was a rustling inside the room, and presently the door opened a couple of inches to let a pair of whiskers and a nose protrude through the aperture.

"What's that?" asked the whiskers. "I said," repeated the Cub, "that I am a reporter on the afternoon paper, and that I would like to have a short interview with you."

"Oh! So you be one of them newspaper fellers, be you?" said the whiskers. "Well, I'm durned glad ter see you. Come right in and set down. And he opened the door to admit the Cub. The Cub walked into the room and for the first time got a chance to look over the source from which his story was to come.

Of all the rubes who ever got up in the morning and milked thirty cows before breakfast, Senator Busenberry was the cream of the lot. He was bald, of course, like all rubes should be, and wore a pair of window-panes as big as a dollar. On the bottom part of the side of his head on which his face was located, protruded a seven-years' crop of spinach that reminded me of a last year's whisk-broom. He was dressed in a pea-green vest with pink stripes, which partially covered a red shirt. A pair of trousers which looked like the ones they used to wear about thirty years ago, and a huge pair of carpet slippers formed the rest of his attire. Oh, he was a rube, all right.

The Senator motioned to the Cub to be seated, and after one more gaze at the rube, the Cub fell into a violent fit of sneezing, bringing into play a large white handkerchief to cover up sundry giggles that leaked out.

"Well, Mr. Busenberry," the Cub began, "I understand that you have only been in our city for a few days, and that last evening you visited "Roaring Camp." Now I would like to have your opinion as to what you think of the town and the people in general."

"Well, sir," began the Senator, "when I come to this here town, I had no idea that it was so corrupt. I was a-readin' in the newspapers as how this here city of 'Roarin' Camp' was goin' to commence, and I sez to myself, sez I, that I reckon I'd better go down and take it all in so as I could tell folks about it when I goes back. Come eight o'clock, I ambles around that way, and I no sooner had got near the place than the durnedest bedlam of racket broke out like I never heered before. There was a long fence in front of the place with a lot of little winders in it with fellers a-lookin' out, and another feller was out in front a-shollerin' ter beat the band. "Step right this way, gents," he was a-shoutin', step right this way and for four bits you can see the wonders of a life time. The greatest show on earth. If you don't believe me, ask me."

"I sort of thought that four bits was a pretty steep price ter pay, but after tryin' to jew down the gatekeeper, I opined that I'd have to pay the price, which I does, and goes in. Well, I gets inside, and I sez that all the people was a-goin' to a little place marked bank, and they was a-payin' in a lot of silver money for which the fellers back of the winders was givin' them shipplasters. I asked a feller what it all meant, and he said that I have to change my money fer the 'Roarin' Camp' greenbacks if I

wanted to see any of the shows. Then I learned that there was some crooked work a-goin' on, because I give the feller back of the winder a dollar and he gives me one hundred dollars. Of course I never said nuthin' about his mistake, but it seemed mighty queer that they would employ such careless bankers.

"The place was certainly fixed up some scrumptious, and locked just like the time when I was a waiter in a stable for transient mules at the time of the rush in California. Gosh, but there was a lot of purty girls in there, and one of 'em comes up to me and tickles me with a little feather duster and says: 'Oh, you haysseed! If I hadn't been afraid of the folks to hum a-findin' it out, I would have almost of been tempted to have winked at her. But I reckon that I'm a git-tin' too old to spark with the wimmin folks."

"I looked around all the places, and took in the shows, an' I sure hated to think of havin' to pay as much as thirty dollars to go into one of 'em. A fever come up to me and wanted me to take a chance on one of these here automobiles, but I told his as how I owned an old strawberry roan was good enough for me. The old horse that I've got to him is built for comfort and not for speed. Don't care for speed, nohow."

"Next to the last place I went into was the one what made me open my eyes and look. You won't believe me if I tell you, but it was a gamblin' house. Yes, sir, a real gamblin' house, and there was wimmin folks in there too. And the feller at the door did a lot of gamblin', too, with his soft talk, because he was taxin' everybody somethin' like twenty-five dollars to get in. There they was, three or four different gamblin' games a-goin' on, and you couldn't hear a sound the dealer a-rakin' in the money. They was all playing with paper money, too, and there was a crowd a-waitin' to play. Here was a faro table, here was chuck-a-luck, and some fellers over in the corner was dealin' kiondike. I never seen nothin' like it. Why, even in the little town of Kokomo, where I spent last summer, they didn't allow gamblin'."

"But the worst is yet to come. Over in one corner, surrounded by a mob of men and women with their hands chuck full of green backs, sat a feller who I have read about in the newspapers here as bein' a mighty clever man. He was a-dealin' of faro. Now I hate to tell you who he was, but if you'll promise not to connect my name with it, I'll let the cat out. It was a man named Breckons. Yes, sir, that's the feller. And I op here that he is about as well known in this town as a feller would like to be. Don't it seem a shame that an influential feller like him should go to the bad that way? But that ain't all. No, sir. There was another. Oh, this is horrible scandal, ain't it? I wonder if these fellers' wives know that their husbands is gamblers? Well, as I was a-goin' to say about the other feller. They tell me that he is connected with the Y. M. C. A. and that he goes to church regular and passes 'round the contribution box. Seems to me his name was Towser. No, that ain't it either. Lemme see. Towse! That's the name. He was also a-dealin' in a gamblin' game, and must have been some dealer, because he had a wad of money in front of him. There was several others there, too, but I can't remember their names. I have seen their pictures in the papers, though."

"Ain't there no police force in this town? Why was they allowin' gamblin' there? You bet, that if I was the mayor of this town that I'd send 'em all to jail fer thirty days."

"Where did you go next?" asked the Cub, as the Senator passed to bite the face of a five-cent plug of Star.

"I got right out of that gamblin' place," resumed Busenberry. "You bet I wasn't goin' to take no chances of bein' caught there if the police raided the place, which I expected to see 'em do every minute, because there was a big, important lookin' feller with a star on standin' just outside the door. But I suppose the feller at the door was a-slippin' him some money to hush him up. I went out and looked around for a while and finally saw a place that looked like a saloon, and feelin' sort of dry, I reckoned that I'd go in and see if I couldn't get a glass of hard cider. I walked into the place and up to the bar, where there was a bunch of young fellers. One of 'em stepped up to me, and when I asked him for what I wanted, said that they didn't have any. I asked him for a little red likker and he said that they sold only soft drinks there. He was an awful congenial feller, and he winked at me like as if we was old cronies. Of course I winked at him and told him to hand some ginger ale. He winked at me again and smiled, and just to be jolly I winked back at him again."

"Well, sir, he brought me a drink of ginger ale, and it certainly tasted good. The realistic surroundings made it taste just like real red likker. I started out of the place, and then went back and had another, because the first tasted so good, and then I went back again. I guess I must have been in there about ten times after that ginger ale. And every time I went in there the same feller waited on me and always winked me and I winked back. He sure had a jolly disposition."

"Bout ten o'clock I started for the hotel, and then decided that I would walk around for a little while. I had been going for about ten minutes when my head began to feel funny and my legs commenced to get weak. Felt just like the time I had a touch of the dropsy. I commenced to get dizzy and the lights started to go around and it was all I could do to stand up. All of a sudden the sidewalk rose up and hit me a wallop on the ear and that was all I remembered until I woke up here at

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LAZY FATHER FLEES TO HONOLULU, BUT IN VAIN

SACRAMENTO, Cal.—Three times has Otto Gurtz, convicted "lazy father," violated his parole, and it is safe to say that if he is captured again he will not get another chance to repeat it. Gurtz was found guilty of failure to provide for his family and sentenced to the county jail.

He was given a chance to earn money and released, but he did not remain in the city long. He was captured and sent back to the county jail. Sheriff Ahern still believed that Gurtz was of more benefit to the community earning a little outside the jail and so he was given probation a second time.

Gurtz got the moving spirit and went to Honolulu as a cook on a steamship. Again he was arrested on his return to San Francisco and lodged in the county jail. This was about five months ago. Last Monday Sheriff Ahern decided to give him another chance. Ahern found him a position in a local hotel, gave him money to rent a room and turned him out. Gurtz showed his gratitude by not reporting for work. It is the last straw for Sheriff Ahern and he is determined to hunt Gurtz down.

Edward Mylius, the English journalist who was jailed for slandering King George, and whose entry in the United States was prevented, carried the matter into the courts and won a victory.

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