

GUESSING CONTEST



I am looking for an up-to-date man whose wits are alive. To start, I offer a Prize valued at Five Dollars (\$5.00) to the one solving the above enigma. Guessing polls close OCT. 31, 1903. Address all replies to B.A.P., care Bulletin.

WANT TODAY—GET TOMORROW.

If you see it in THE BULLETIN Want Columns it is so. Bulletin Want columns cover every field. When you Want ANYTHING, place your AD. in The Bulletin Want columns—the greatest investment in Want Advertising for the lowest price ever offered in the city.

RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted at:—
Per line, one insertion ... 15c
Per line, two insertions ... 25c
Per line, one week ... 30c
Per line, two weeks ... 40c
Per line, one month ... 60c

This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PACHECO'S Dandruff Killer is a marvelous quick relief for prickly heat and itching scalp; one application allays the awful itching. At Union Barber Shop.

WANTED

AGENTS WANTED.

\$5 A DAY The year round. Office at 275, J. H. Lee & Co. Pub. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Fine corner lot in Makiki. Curbing, water, fruit and ornamental trees and all improvements. Two minutes' walk from cars and Punahou College. Address H. F. this office. 2516-4f

FOR SALE—100 shares Olaa Sugar Co. stock, par value \$20 each; for sale at \$10 per share. Inquire of AUGUST ITEN, 2577-14 Mountain View, Hawaii.

FOR SALE—Waikiki Inn; all in good running condition. Inquire of L. H. Dee, P. O. Box 622. 2535-4f

FOR SALE OR RENT—6-room cottage on Kapahulu road; cheap. Apply J. W. Podmore, 2572-4f

CASH register; cheap; in good order. Automobile office, Merchant and Alakea. 2577-1w

TO LET.

NICE, modern cottages; short walk from town; electric cars pass door; rent reasonable; \$23 and \$28. Inquire 1494 Emma St. 2569-1w

FOR RENT: Furnished Rooms—Nice, cool, mosquito proof rooms. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-4f

FOR RENT—608 Quarry Street, house of 8 rooms for rent cheap. Apply to J. W. Podmore, Bethel and King. 2562-4f

FOR RENT—Cheap; 2-room furnished cottage, suitable for a couple, or 2 or 3 men. Alakea House. 2878-2w

TO LET—Furnished rooms at No. 9 Garden lane. Mrs. McConall. 2563

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Nurse girl to take care of child and attend to light work; German preferred; must have references. Apply at this office. 2574-4f

WANTED FAITHFUL PERSON TO CALL ON retail trade and agents for mail-order business. Local territory. Straight salary. No paid work and expense money advanced. Previous experience unnecessary. Position permanent. Business successful. Inquire self-addressed envelope. Superintendent Travelers, Two Union Bldg., Chicago. 2572-4

TO LET.

FOR RENT—Nice, cool, mosquito-proof room, adjoining bath, and telephone; suitable for one or two gentlemen. Also a two-room mosquito-proof cottage. Apply at 236 King St. 1st house Waikiki of Alakea St. 2573-1m

STORE TO LET—The premises lately occupied by J. E. Morgan as an auctioneers' room, Queen street. Apply to M. W. McChesney & Sons, Ltd. 2551-4f

ROOMS FOR RENT—Small furnished cottage for couple or two or three men. Apply "Alakea House," Alakea, between King and Hotel Sts. 2569-4f

FOR RENT—Large dwelling on Pili-ko near Lunalilo Sts.; \$30 per mo. Honolulu Investment Co., Judd Bldg.

TO LET—Furnished housekeeping rooms; hot and cold baths. Los Angeles, 1543 Fort St. 2535-4f

LOST.

LOST—Many thousands of dollars through neglecting to have stock sufficiently insured. Honolulu Investment Co. represent four of the strongest fire insurance companies.

LOST—At Maternity Home on Saturday evening an enameled butterfly pin set with pearls. Finder return to this office and receive reward. 2578-4f

LOST—A hand basket containing \$28 and children's clothes. Finder please return to Sanitary Steam Laundry and receive reward. 2576-1w

LOST—Pass book No. 1279 on First Am. Savings & Trust Co. Please return to bank. 2567-3w

EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke.

"I won't have her questioned any more tonight," said Kendall, with decision. "I've blocked off a coroner already who was here for an ante-mortem statement, and I am prepared for the next corner. Miss Miller shall not be hurried into her grave, and if any attempt of the kind is made I will show a few points of law that will surprise some of our lit and miss officials in this town. A physician's authority beside his patient can be put into practically form if the individual understands the subject, and I do."

"Your advice goes, with me," Elmendorf hastened to say; "but I don't think the particular question I had in mind could do any harm."

"You may state it," said Kendall.

"It was about a picture that I saw in her room," replied the detective, "a photograph of a painting. I should say, I'd like to know where it came from; how she happened to get it. Ugly looking thing it is, and I couldn't help wondering about it."

"You mean the picture of Tantalus," said Brenda. "I saw it. Why do you attach its importance to it?"

"If I should tell you, you'd laugh at me," replied Elmendorf, "so I won't do it just now. But if you should get a good chance to ask the question—"

"I have already done so, singularly enough," said Brenda. "She was awake when I returned to the room, and we spoke of some things that she wished to have brought here. She asked for that picture. I must have shown my surprise for she immediately began to praise the picture, saying how much she admired the facial expression, having her dreams of tragic triumphs some day, the thing might naturally have appealed to her."

"I didn't think about her being an actress," said Elmendorf. "That explains it no doubt. I like those extreme typical faces. I was foolish to imagine that the picture could have had anything to do with this case."

CHAPTER VIII.

MAKING TROUBLE.

While Elmendorf was speaking Alden returned, bearing a bunch of violets wrapped in such paper as florists use.

"I was gone longer than I had expected," he said. "I did not know just where to find a florist hereabout. They are all covered up, you see. It is an evening that might wither a flower with one breath."

He passed the bouquet somewhat awkwardly across the big table to Brenda, who in the act of receiving it

was so startled by the sudden appearance of the ward detective, Barnes, upon the threshold that she let the flowers fall.

With due allowance for its general lack of intelligence, it may be said that the countenance of Barnes was full of meaning. The man looked self-assertive, confident and pleased.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Who is in charge here?"

"I am for the moment," replied Kendall.

Barnes hesitated, looking sidewise at Alden. Then his glance shifted to the bouquet upon the table and rebounded in the direction of the doctor.

"I'd like to have a word with you," he said.

"Speak up," said Kendall. "What is it?"

"Those flowers are for the Miller girl, of course," said Barnes. "Well, you'd better take a look at 'em before you send 'em in. Oh, they're all right, I guess, but you can't be too careful."

"What do you mean?" demanded Kendall.

Barnes pointed a finger at Alden.

"That man put something into them," he said. "I saw him do it. I don't know what it was, but there's drugs that, if you sniff of them, why, it's your finish."

Kendall was too much surprised to speak. Alden took a hasty step toward Barnes and collided with Elmendorf, who courteously begged his pardon. Meanwhile Brenda picked up the bouquet from the table, and as they all turned toward her she opened the paper over the violets and pressed them against her lips.

"They are very fragrant," she said.

"That's all right," returned Barnes doggedly, "but he put something in there. What was it?"

"This bit of paper, I suppose," said Brenda, taking it in her fingers. "Your message, Clarence?"

"I think somebody ought to read it," said Barnes, looking at Elmendorf out of the corner of his eyes.

Alden thrust Elmendorf aside as if he had been a paper dummy and then checked himself. Barnes was already in the hall.

"I can have no quarrel with this creature," said Alden. "As to my message, I appeal to Dr. Kendall."

"This is more than absurd," rejoined the doctor. "Miss Maclure, whenever you are ready—"

As Brenda stepped forward the bit of paper slipped out from among the flowers and fell to the floor. Elmendorf picked it up.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me," he said. "Perhaps I see farther ahead than you do. If I was in Mr. Alden's place, I'd let somebody read this."

A "PICTURE" HAT



Large hat of black cap, underlined with white moire gauze. White plumes secured under jet Cabochons fall from edge of brim. Puffing of white tulle on bandeau. Band of lace and jet set up round brim, with full drapery of black tulle around the high crown, long black plumes falling over brim from each side front.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

BALLASTING.
HAWAIIAN - JAPANESE BALLASTING CO.—Best black sand from \$2 to \$3 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 820. Telephone Main 396.

BROKERS.
E. J. WALKER—Coffee and mdsso broker. 857 Kaahumanu St.

CLEANING AND DYEING.
T. MASUDA—Clothes cleaned, dyed and repaired. 1416 Fort St. near Vineyard.
T. HAYASHI—Clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. 537 Beretania St.

DENTISTS.
DRS. A. B. CLARK and P. F. FREAR—McIntyre Bldg. King and Fort Sts.
DR. DERBY—Dentist; Fort and Hotel Sts.; Hours 9 to 4.

MESSAGE.
S. OCHIALI—Expert message treatment for sick people. 69 Kukui St.

MUSIC.
JAMES SHERIDAN—Piano tuning and repairing. A piano for rent or sale. White 1371. 343 King St. Leave orders Hawn. News Co., Young Bldg.
ANNIS MONTAGUE TURNER—Vocal Instructor; "Mignon," 1024 Beretania St.
ERNEST KAALI—Music Teacher. Studio, Room 69 Young Bldg.

MESSENGERS.
TERRITORIAL MESSENGER SERVICE—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 261 Main.

PHYSICIAN.
DR. GEO. W. BURGESS—1387 Fort St. cor. Vineyard; 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. and 7 p. m. Telephone Main 128. 3443-6m

STRAW HATS.
E. MORIKUCHI—14 Hotel St., nr. Nuuanu. Felt, straw, Panama hats.

"For Rent" cards or sale at Bulletin office.

ed. soon, that Captain Neale expects to extort an important secret from me by childish tricks of annoyance such as this."

"Certainly not," answered Elmendorf. "Joe Neale is no such donkey. Why, he's worth a quarter of a million dollars, and it's a wise man who can save as much as that in a few years out of a salary of twenty-five hundred. By simple arithmetic it would take a man just a century to do it if he lived meanwhile on what the neighbors sent in, as they used to say in Massachusetts, where I was



"That man put something into them."

brought up. Joe Neale knows that when a man is worried he talks; he must talk to somebody. And the cap would just as soon get your secret out of John Doe as out of you—a little rather, in fact, because then you wouldn't know that he had it. Now, I've said enough to cost me my job."

"Nothing you say to me will ever cost you anything," said Alden. "I'm not a talking man. By the way, who are you?"

"Introduce me," said Elmendorf to Kendall, and the doctor complied.

"I am pleased to meet you," said Alden offering his hand. "If you find out anything important in this case, I want you to tell me first. I'll make it worth your while."

"No, thank you," said Elmendorf hastily. "As a rule I'm as corrupt as the devil—but not this time."

Meanwhile Brenda had delivered the notes to Elsie—who paid had wakened from a little sleep—with the gentlest possible words and ways. She had not at all the manner of a nurse, but rather that of an exceedingly tactful and well bred young doctor.

Elsie took the bouquet and very quietly cried over it for some minutes without discovering the note which it contained. She did not say anything; she did not ask a question about what Alden had said or done, whether he had gone away or was still waiting or whether he had seemed much distressed by her misfortune. Brenda had merely said that he had called, and that he had sent the violets because they were Elsie's favorite flower. This seemed to satisfy the girl completely.

Brenda had supposed that she would see the message at the first glance and indeed believed for some little time that she had done so, but did not wish to read it immediately. Finding this an error and fearing that the sudden discovery of it might startle her, Brenda told Elsie that there was a message and pointed out its place.

Then she turned away, as if unwilling to accept the chance of guessing from Elsie's face what the note might contain. When she judged that the

proper interval had elapsed, she approached the bed once more.

Elsie's eyes were shut. The tears were drying on her cheeks, that were as delicate as rose leaves, and her right hand was against her breast, tightly closed. Thus she remained until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

A FEW WORDS WITH MR. ROBINSON.

Detective Elmendorf was a man who considered himself to be the simple product of chance. He was born in Danbury, Conn., and at the age of nine years he was left an orphan and penniless. Immediately after this misfortune, as he did not like the people with whom he was expected to live, he walked out of town. There happened to be a high wind that day, and the boy walked with it, because the contrary course would have been disagreeable.

No one made any attempt to bring him back, and so he tramped for about a week, eating nothing one day and six good meals the next, according to the varying charity of the people along the road. Finally an eccentric old doctor in a certain small town found the boy ill on his doorstep one morning, and that was a great piece of luck for young Elmendorf. He had a good home in the doctor's house for eight years, without care or labor; enjoyed the advantages of the excellent schools of the village, and was nearly ready to enter college when his benefactor died.

The doctor left a good property, but no will. Relatives swooped down like a flock of birds. Elmendorf had not been adopted. He had no legal status, and one day he discovered that he had nothing at all except a trunkful of decent raiment and the sum of \$3.00. The coincidence that this was the exact fare to New York decided Elmendorf's course. He arrived in the metropolis without a penny, hunted up a boarding house near the station, carried his trunk there on his shoulder and then went out to look for work.

He had many occupations in the next five years, but none to his liking. Finally he became a clerk in a small hotel which was a haunt of ward politicians. Yielding to the temptation thus thrown into his way, he developed into a lieutenant of the district leader, learning more tricks than he had the hardihood to play and prospering the less because of his scruples.

It became a delusion with him, however, that he was one of the most dishonest of created beings; that he would do anything for money, and that only his hard luck prevented him from selling his soul at a good figure. Once when his affairs were at a low ebb his patron suggested the police, and Elmendorf became a member of the force in the firm belief that a corrupt man like himself could make money therein. But he had a perverse way of being dissatisfied with temptation, and he gained a reputation for honesty which his best friends deplored. It was pure chance, a matter not worthy of mention, which secured his transfer to the staff of the detective bureau. He had no appetite for the work, yet he must have possessed a certain fitness for it. Perhaps the advantage of early mental training, added to an unerring memory and a perception of little things that was due to the German blood in him, helped to make a real detective of him.

(To be Continued.)

Blank books of all sorts, ledgers, etc., manufactured by the Bulletin Publishing Company.

A BOY IN SUMMER TIME.



"You just step over that line and I'll learn you that you can't call my little sister a cry baby."—Chicago Tribune.

THE KISS I DID NOT GET.

She gave consent and bent her head—
I thought her strangely kind—
With pouted lips, "Just once," she said,
And then—she changed her mind—
A woman's privilege. Ah, 'twas sad
To relinquish it! And yet
The sweetest kiss I ever had
Was the kiss I did not get.
Then how she laughed—the dainty
sprite—
And smoothed my scowling brow.
I played a churlish part that night—
I scarce forgive her now.
And yet 'twas better far, I'm sure,
Than if our lips had met:
For in remembrance will endure
The kiss I did not get.
So in life; the aims we miss

Will shine forever bright,
And leave a fragrance like the kiss
I failed to get that night.
Ah, years may come and years may go,
But ne'er shall I forget
The sweetest kiss I'll ever know—
The kiss I did not get.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S HANDY INDEX, published in the Saturday Bulletin and the Weekly Edition, gives a concise and complete resume of all legal notices, calls for tenders, judgments, building permits and real estate transactions. Evening Bulletin, 75 cents per month. Weekly Bulletin, 1 per year.

The Weekly Edition of the Evening Bulletin gives a complete summary of the news of the day.