

THE YACHT LURLINE CROSSES LINE FIRST

(From Sunday's Advertiser)

THE LURLINE'S LOG.

Start	Knots
June 11	165
" 12	265*
" 13	222
" 14	210
" 15	186
" 16	186
" 17	204
" 18	210
" 19	201
" 20	201
" 21	195
" 22	195
" 23	157

*Best run ever logged by the yacht. The average run per diem was 201 knots.

TRANSPACIFIC RACE ENTRIES.
South Coast Yacht Club...The Lurline
Commodore Sinclair, owner.
New York Yacht Club...The Anemone
C. L. Tutt, owner.
Hawaii Yacht Club...La Paloma
Commodore Macfarlane, owner.

TIME ALLOWANCES.
The Anemone gives La Paloma 27 hours.
The Lurline gives La Paloma 16 hours.
The Anemone gives the Lurline 11 hours.

OFFICIAL MEASUREMENTS.
Anemone.
Length overall, 115 ft. 5 in.
Length, load waterline, 91 ft. 2 1/2 in.
One-half overhang, 12 ft. 1 1/4 in.
Racing length, based on load waterline, plus one-half overhang, 103 ft. 3 3/4 in.

Lurline.
Length overall, 85 ft. 10 in.
Length, load waterline, 72 ft. 11 1/2 in.
One-half overhang, 6 ft. 5 1/4 in.
Racing length, based on load waterline, plus one-half overhang, 79 ft. 4 3/4 in.

La Paloma.
Length overall, 48 ft. 6 1/2 in.
Length, load waterline, 42 ft. 11 in.
One-half overhang, 2 ft. 9 3/4 in.
Racing length, based on load waterline, plus one-half overhang, 45 ft. 8 3/4 in.

Commodore Sinclair's smart schooner yacht Lurline brought great honor to the burgee of the South Coast Yacht Club of San Pedro, California, by being the first to cross the finishing line in the first yacht race across the Pacific Ocean. Whether she will win the coveted trophy will not be known until 11 o'clock this morning, for the Lurline has to allow La Paloma 16 hours and for all anyone knows, the tiny Hawaiian craft may be at this moment in sight of the islands.

No one expected the fleetest of yachts to get in before today and when, about 7 o'clock last night, four whistles blew, it was generally thought that an island steamer had been sighted. A little later four more blasts were heard followed by two toots, the arranged signal if the Lurline should be sighted from the Diamond Head lookout first.

Instantly all was excitement in town and the race became the sole topic of conversation. As soon as the news was confirmed, hundreds of people hurried to the waterfront, to witness the last event in the voyage of the now famous yacht.

At Diamond Head, W. H. McNerny of the Hawaii Yacht Club's regatta committee and a number of yachting enthusiasts were keeping vigil at 7 p. m. The burning of a white Coast light revealed the presence of the Lurline, the signal having been previously agreed upon. The yacht was three miles off when identified. As soon as the Lurline came within earshot three cheers were given which were heartily returned. The crew of the yacht took the cheers as meaning that they had arrived at the finishing point of the race, even if not the first to do so.

Immediately the whistles announced the presence of the Lurline, Young Bros. launch The Brothers was got in readiness and T. W. Hobron, H. E. Pickler, Alec Lyle, George Turner and L. de L. Ward, constituting the reception committee, were quickly aboard, as well as members of the press.

The launch went out to the yacht and the committee boarded her. Compliments were paid, congratulations tendered and the visitors given a taste of Hawaiian hospitality.

When the launch sighted the Lurline she was very close to the reef and some of those aboard took her for a steamer, in the dark, or some craft other than one of the racing yachts. The launch's saluting whistle was answered, however, and this cleared away all doubt. Off the harbor the yacht was boarded by a pilot and United States Quarantine Doctor Sinclair. The little craft was given a speedy pratique. While the doctor's examination was proceeding, there were discharged from the Lurline a quantity of very pretty fireworks.

The yacht with sails lowered, was towed into the harbor by the launch Waterwitch, kindly placed at the disposal of the regatta committee by Young Bros. As she approached the wharves in the harbor, the brass cannon aboard was fired three times in salute to the crowds gathered on the docks. A bugler aboard the U. S. S. Manning gracefully saluted the incoming yacht and this was responded to by Eugene Overton, one of the crew of the Lurline who is an expert with the cornet.

As the Lurline drew near the Bishop slip, the crowd on the wharf cheered lustily. Someone started up Hawaii's favorite song "Aloha Oe" and soon hundreds of voices were joining in the haunting, melodious chorus.

The cup races dropped anchor in the basin just off the Alakea street slip and those aboard were speedily conveyed in terra firma in a shore boat, the Hawaiian Hotel being their destination.

Needless to say, everyone was delighted to get ashore and more than pleased that the Lurline was the first



THE LURLINE—FIRST YACHT TO FINISH IN TRANSPACIFIC YACHT RACE.

THE RUN FROM DAY TO DAY

Synopsis of log of schooner-yacht Lurline in transpacific ocean yacht race, San Pedro, Cal., to Honolulu, June 11, 1906, to June 23, 1906.

MONDAY, June 11, 1906:
Crossed starting line off San Pedro breakwater at 25 seconds after starting gun, which was fired at noon. Constant—Ketch Anemone, N. Y. Y. C.; schooner La Paloma, H. Y. C., and schooner Lurline, S. C. Y. C. La Paloma first over, Lurline second, Anemone third. Wind, fresh SW.

Lurline soon passed La Paloma and went through the fleet of S. C. Y. C. racers that were started at same time in a race around Catalina Island, and in ten minutes after the start was well in the lead of everything. Wind fell light, and hauled to SE, in the lee of Catalina Island. At 4 p. m. we were becalmed in a strong current setting to SE, and drifted steadily to leeward, being without drift storage way until 6:30 p. m. At 7:30 p. m. Anemone, having had light breeze for some time, passed out of sight to west, about 15 miles distant.

At 8 p. m. light breeze from west gradually freshening, we kept off south to pass to leeward of Clemente Island. At 2 a. m. east end of Clemente bore north 5 miles distant and we were at sea, with fresh breeze from west, steering south. 6 a. m., changed course to SSW; wind slightly stronger and W. by N. At noon of 12th, civil time, had made 165 miles from start and were in Lat. 31 deg. 19 min. N., Long 119 deg. 29 min. W.

TUESDAY, June 12, noon, to WEDNESDAY, June 13, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.74, wind WNW, fresh, sea moderate; steering SSW, under mainsail, foresail, forestaysail and jib; yacht making 11 and 12 knots since 6 a. m. of 12th; taking on very little water and deluged finely.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.78, wind NW, and moderating; altered course to SW, by S, set both gaff topsails and baby jib topsail.
10 a. m.—Set No. 2 maintopmast staysail.

Noon 13th.—Run for 24 hours, 265 miles; position, Lat. 28 deg. 08 min. N., Long. 122 deg. 42 min. W.
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.75, wind NW, by N., moderate breeze; all sail set; altered course to SW, weather cloudy.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.50, Took in No. 1 jib topsail, set No. 2.
9 a. m.—Altered course to SW, by W.
Noon 14th.—Run for 24 hours, 222 miles; position, Lat. 26 deg. 16 min. N., Long. 125 deg. 17 min. W.
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.82, At 2:30 p. m., having no spinnaker or spinnaker boom, rigged small one from boom topsail and square sail.

Wind NNE, weather fine and warm, moderate to light breezes all day.

4 a. m.—Apparently in NE. trades, wind light NE, x E.
10:30 a. m.—Took in spinnaker, set balloon jib. Altered course to W, x S, 1-2 S. For lack of a good spinnaker boom, we are losing about 2 knots per hour.

Noon 15th.—Run for 24 hours, 210 miles; position, Lat. 25 deg. 21 min. N., Long. 130 deg. 04 min. W.
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.86, wind NE, x E; light, smooth sea.

6 p. m.—Wind freshening; took in balloon jib, set No. 2 jib topsail, also No. 2 maintopmast staysail.
8:30 p. m.—Took in No. 2 maintopmast staysail.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.88.
6 a. m.—Set spinnaker rig again, cloudy, light wind, smooth sea. Wind too far to seaward to enable us to make as much sailing as we desire on starboard tack.

Noon 16th.—Run for 24 hours, 186 miles; position, Lat. 25 deg. 11 min. N., Long. by D. R. 131 deg. 39 min. W. Account cloudy weather, no observation for longitude.

JUNE 16, noon, to JUNE 17, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.87, wind NE, light.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.90, ENE light winds past 24 hours; smooth sea, easterly swell.

Noon 17th.—Run for 24 hours, 186 miles; position, Lat. 25 deg. 14 min. N., Long. 137 deg. 05 min. W.
JUNE 17, noon, to JUNE 18, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.99.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.98, Since noon of 17th, weather has been cloudy, with light showers; wind NE, x E, to ENE, light.

8 a. m.—Set balloon jib as spinnaker, using spare topmast for a boom. Altered course to WSW.
Noon 18th.—Run for 24 hours, 165 miles; position, Lat. 24 deg. 50 min. N., Long. 140 deg. 11 min. W.
JUNE 18, noon, to JUNE 19, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.93.

5 p. m.—Squally; took in spinnaker.
4 a. m.—Barom. 29.82.
8 a. m.—Wind light, NNE, occasional showers.

Noon 19th.—Run for 24 hours, 204 miles; position, Lat. 23 deg. 37 min. N., Long. 143 deg. 27 min. W.
JUNE 19, noon, to JUNE 20, noon:
1 p. m.—Altered course to WSW; set balloon jib and No. 2 maintopmast staysail.

MAY STAND OFF SCHOOL

Governor Carter has been informed that Col. Spalding had refused to give permission for the erection of a school building upon the land which the Molokans had surrendered.

It will be remembered that in the agreement between the Government and Col. Spalding, the latter engaged to waive the unexpired time of a portion of his leases providing the Molokans would cultivate cane on the land affected. This engagement is of course no more binding since the surrender of the land by the Molokans.

Therefore Col. Spalding can do what he pleases with the land until the particular lease expires. If he does not choose to allow a schoolhouse to be erected upon it in the meantime, it is his privilege to refuse the concession. Perhaps Col. Spalding is using his power in this matter as leverage to induce the Governor to concede his claim, reported some days ago, of the right to stay upon his leaseholds until all of the cane planted for the 1907 crop has been harvested.

W. H. Babbitt, Superintendent of Public Instruction, stated that he had received letters from Kauai on the subject, and when asked whether Col. Spalding had stated that under the circumstances he did not desire a school to be built on the lands vacated by the Molokans, he replied:

"Well, Col. Spalding did not state positively, as I take it, that he would refuse to permit a school building to go up. I don't believe that is his final decision."

past 24 hours; smooth sea, easterly swell.

Noon 17th.—Run for 24 hours, 186 miles; position, Lat. 25 deg. 14 min. N., Long. 137 deg. 05 min. W.

JUNE 17, noon, to JUNE 18, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.99.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.98, Since noon of 17th, weather has been cloudy, with light showers; wind NE, x E, to ENE, light.

8 a. m.—Set balloon jib as spinnaker, using spare topmast for a boom. Altered course to WSW.
Noon 18th.—Run for 24 hours, 165 miles; position, Lat. 24 deg. 50 min. N., Long. 140 deg. 11 min. W.
JUNE 18, noon, to JUNE 19, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.93.

5 p. m.—Squally; took in spinnaker.
4 a. m.—Barom. 29.82.

8 a. m.—Wind light, NNE, occasional showers.

Noon 19th.—Run for 24 hours, 204 miles; position, Lat. 23 deg. 37 min. N., Long. 143 deg. 27 min. W.

JUNE 19, noon, to JUNE 20, noon:
1 p. m.—Altered course to WSW; set balloon jib and No. 2 maintopmast staysail.

4 p. m.—Barom. 29.77.

5 p. m.—Took in balloon jib, set No. 2 jib topsail; wind puff, with light squalls all night.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.77; wind hauling to eastward; took in maintopmast staysail and rigged it as a squaresail on foremast.

Noon 20th.—Cloudy; wind ENE.
Noon 20th.—Run for 24 hours, 210 miles; position, Lat. 22 deg. 51 min. N., Long. 147 deg. 12 min. W.

JUNE 20, noon, to JUNE 21, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.90; wind ENE, clear.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.80; wind ENE, light; weather clear and warm.

8 a. m.—Wind freshening slightly and hauling to NE, x E. Since 4 a. m., 20th, have been under same sail—mainsail, foresail, both gaff topsails, jib, jib topsail and squaresail. Forestaysail down, as will not draw.

Noon 21st.—Run for 24 hours, 201 miles; position, Lat. 22 deg. 41 min. N., Long. 150 deg. 50 min. W.

JUNE 21, noon, to JUNE 22, noon:
2:30 p. m.—Steamer, believed to be a Matson liner from Hilo, bound NE, ran down and saluted us, to which we replied by dipping ensign.

4 p. m.—Barom. 29.82.
4 a. m.—Barom. 29.80.

6 a. m.—Set balloon jib as spinnaker.
10:30 a. m.—Wind hauled to squall to SE, then east. Hauled to port tack, first time off starboard tack since 9 p. m. of 11th. Wind light all 24 hours; weather fine.

Noon 22nd.—Run for 24 hours, 195 miles; position, Lat. 22 deg. 28 min. N., Long. 154 deg. 18 min. W.

JUNE 22, noon, to JUNE 23, noon:
4 p. m.—Barom. 29.82. Took p. m. observation for longitude; wind freshening slightly, ENE.

4 a. m.—Barom. 29.81.
5:30 a. m.—Sighted east end of Molokai Island, bearing SSW, about 30 miles distant. Light winds all night; carrying balloon jib as spinnaker all day except during one squall.

9 a. m.—Took in patent log, having recorded 2360 miles since taking departure, June 11.

11 a. m.—Jibed over to starboard tack; wind very light since daylight.

Noon 23rd.—Run for 24 hours, 157 miles; position, Lat. 21 deg. 21 min. N., Long. 156 deg. 53 min. W.

JUNE 23:
1 p. m.—Took in No. 2 maintopmast staysail and set balloon staysail; wind light, NE.

3 p. m.—Sharp squall from ESE, carried away spinnaker boom.
7:30 p. m.—Crossed line at finish.

H. H. SINCLAIR,
Master and Owner Yacht Lurline.

TOUR THROUGH THE CANE FIELDS OF HAMAKUA

By Sol. N. Sheridan.

HILO, Hawaii, June 17.—Two days in the life of a man, is a little while. Two days, in vehicles various and over roads that are a muck of dust where they are not gnarled with rocks, may come to seem like a lifetime—and then some. We were two days from the plantation of Honokaa to Hilo, and by the courtesy of Manager Gjerdrum of Honokaa we were relieved of the necessity of making that distance on horseback.

They do things in a large and lordly way, these plantation managers. My friend, otherwise known in Honolulu as the politically wicked Mr. Achi, once made reference in a speech on the floor of the Senate of Hawaii to the "Sugar Bar-rons"—with the accent on the last syllable—meaning the owners of sugar plantations.

My friend, Mr. Achi, as usual, was mistaken. It is the managers of the plantations who keep baronial state. Take, for example, Mr. Gjerdrum of Honokaa. You come to his place, looking rather like a tramp on horseback, tired and dusty and sore and feeling at war with all mankind—yourself rather more than with any other. If you come, as I did, from Waimea way, over the new road and down past the home-steads in the forest, you will have ridden down a rocky causeway that is like a stone staircase whereof mischievous Titans have removed every other stair, and your tired, footsore horse will have so shaken you at the end of a long day that you will fall rather than dismount at the gate of a mansion set on a hill, from which gleam many electric lights.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

And you will be delivered into the hands of a tall, handsome man in white, who looks like Nansen, and has in his nature that gentle Norse strength that will serve to the end—and do no man harm. You will be delivered into his hands, and will be perfectly content to rest there. It was only in the most casual way, sometime during the second day at Honokaa, that I learned that Manager Gjerdrum had sent the horses that had carried us from Waimea. The knowledge came as no surprise. It seemed the natural and proper thing for him to do, a mere matter of course. He was the kind of man who sends horses and men, here, there and everywhere, to do his will.

His welcome to Honokaa was of the same large, lordly kind. He was the ruler of the land, and we were his guests. Wherefore, we felt that we had acquired an interest of proprietorship, by right of his hospitality. And that, I take it, is the perfection of tact.

Manager Gjerdrum is the real ruler of the plantation on Hawaii that carries the largest burden of homesteaders in proportion to its area. He carries that burden as he carries all the rest. Indeed, if I were a capitalist with money to invest, I think I would put it in Honokaa because of Gjerdrum.

HOMESTEAD WORKERS.

The Honokaa settlers have their homesteads on the uplands and at dinner, after we had been shown into comfortable rooms and had bathed comfortably in the Manager's house—I had very nearly written castle—on the hill, the talk turned upon sugar, of course, and plantation matters and the homesteaders. The Manager was warm in his praises of the Portuguese settlers. He would not have complained if they had turned out badly, but was plainly glad to have the men that he had, although there were not enough of them to do any work in the fields. They were employed, for the most part, about the mill and with the teams.

"They have their own little cane patches up there," he said, "and the women and children take care of them while the men ride down here to work in the morning and ride back again at night. I pay them between \$3.75 and \$4.00 a ton for their cane, standing in the field, we paying all the cost of cutting and transportation to the mill. And we give them all the seed cane they want. There is no profit in it. In fact, we generally make a loss in dealing with the homesteaders. But it encourages them."

The Manager is sure of at least that many laborers, which is a consideration in these times when all the plantations are short of labor. And that fact should lead color of kindness to the plantation spirit in approaching the labor problem in search of a solution. The Manager of Honokaa has seen the storm coming, a long way off, and has shaped his course by the longer view.

In the hands of such a man, it was not at all surprising to rise on the second morning and find that a comfortable survey had taken the place of the subtle horses of the former stage. The "Hawaiian jog" is a comfortable gait enough, when the jogging horse is in harness ahead and not in the saddle under you—and it sets up the long miles.

AN EMERALD COAST.

Most people of Honolulu know that beautiful stretch of green coast that lies along windward Hawaii—eighty miles of sugar cane stretching up the long slopes to the black forest line and threaded with silvery streams leaping from the cliffs into the sea at short intervals. Very few, I take it, have ridden through those green cane fields, mile after mile, as I did, and been fortunate enough to see, as I saw, the whole process of cane growing, from planting to cutting, from fluming the cane down swiftly to the mills to putting the sacked sugar on the ships in the harbor of this town of Hilo.

And, in the fields, I have seen small Portuguese boys plant cane alongside Japanese men and beat them at it, row for row. I have seen a Portuguese, past middle age, cutting the ripe cane in the midst of a gang of Japs and Koreans—and advancing into the mass of vegetation a yard ahead of his fellows all the time. Don't tell me that white men cannot work in the cane fields! That is a fetch, fostered by people who do not want white men there, it may be. I have seen the white man at it, and he and his sons could have worked rings around the Asiatiks. On those upland fields of Hawaii, where the sun is not so hot as in the corn fields of Kansas and Missouri, and the labor no more arduous, any white man can work in the sun and can thrive. The fetch that he cannot do the work has been held before the white man—and the white man of Anglo-Saxon blood has declined to put himself on a working level with the Jap and the Korean. Let the white man of your own blood take a fighting chance, gentlemen, and see where you would land?

Or, if not that, lend the encouragement of your approval to the Portuguese experiment. The Portuguese make good citizens, too, and achieve the Anglo-Saxon standard in time. Nobody will object if you make profit of their growing season.

NO MONOTONY HERE.

fields and across the deep gulches, and by wagons are most interesting. The scenes on the roads are constantly animating. Japs and Koreans and Hawaiians pass along on foot, on horseback, in quaint vehicles and strange dress. Long trains of pack mules, caravans and monotonous, but it does not. There is infinite variety in the cane itself, and on the Hawaiian plantations the various processes of plowing and planting and cutting are going on all the time. The various ways of getting the cane to the mills, by swiftly running flumes, by overhead wires that carry bundles of cane, soaring like birds over the rying bundles of seed cane, trod nimbly off to the fields. The deep gulches into which the road winds are rich with their profusion of tropical foliage, bananas, kukui and breadfruit and musical with running water. In the fields the ripening cane noddy the fields that have been cut the steam plows are dragged forward and back, biting into the rich soil, or some small Portuguese boy shouts shrilly to four strong mules that he drives to a cultivator because they are powerful brutes and he is a son of man. And beyond the cane fields, running downward, the blue sea throws back the shadows of the white clouds of the trades.

All the way from Honokaa to Laupahoehoe, which is known as "Jap Town" in the vernacular of the countryside, the scene changes always, and is always more beautiful. I do not choose, having seen it from the land side, to modify my old opinion that "Jap Town" is a dangerous landing. But I do say that it is a landing that is worth making. It is one of the most beautiful places along that beautiful coast.

BEAUTIFUL IN SLEEP.

Laupahoehoe is not to all appearances, particularly thriving. There is one store, and one hotel, and there are two saloons. There is also the usual complement of Japanese. But the place lies, that part of it not on the main road, upon a rocky peninsula that marks where, in the long ago, the red hot lava ran down from Mauna Kea to leap hissing into the sea and make the reef that makes "Jap Town" a bad landing.

But although it is not thriving, it is extremely picturesque. There are the old stone walls that seem to mark the former habitations of a numerous native population, stone walls now enclosing vacant lots; and a group of rugged coconut trees set against the sea in a wide grassed lot; and a few natives and native dogs asleep in the sun down by the boat landing, while a fussy little steamer Jap, restlessly at her moorings as her native boat crews sleepily work her boats in and out through the surf, discharging cargo.

Laupahoehoe is something of a trade center, says Mr. Barnard, the postmaster and storekeeper and general head man of the place, and it is pretty enough to be attractive—but that, seen from the road cut into the sheer face of the pali as one leaves it, with the little, fussy steamer in the offing and the lazy boats going in and out, it is a picture that will be kept in the mind of a man through one lifetime.

PLANTER'S IDEAL HOME.

And, beyond Laupahoehoe there are still cane fields and more cane fields, with all their processes shown over and (Continued on page 9)