

# THE FOURTH IS HONORED

(From Thursday's Advertiser.)

Because it was a quiet Fourth of July, it does not follow that American patriotism is a lessening quantity. Not at all. It merely means that the American idea of the proper manner of the celebration of the anniversary of national independence is becoming sane—and safe.

This is a condition that has been brought about gradually, although to some of us the manifestation may have seemed to come suddenly yesterday. The same spirit is growing on the mainland. Great cities are tired of holding their fire departments to strict duty on one day in the year, to the end that the balance of the community may effervesce patriotic fervor in burning powder. Underwriters do not like to have the risk of an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration added to the other risks that they run—with no added premium for the insurance.

Also, since the Spanish war, it is not nearly so fashionable to twist the tail of the British lion. We have even come to read a bit of truth into history, and to recognize the fact that the British are pretty good fellows, although Lord North and George III. did try to spank us in 1776. Lord North was an old crank, and George was a German, anyhow. Why should the great American nation, now grown up and in no need of asserting the fact, hold rancor forever against those good chaps who showed us that blood was thicker than water when Europe and the balance of the world was praying that the degenerate Dons might lick us out of our boots? The Dons never had a chance—but we were not so sure of that ourselves, just at the first go-off.

For all of which reasons the manner of the celebration of the anniversary of American independence is changing, of which fact Honolulu had a demonstration yesterday. The town was as quiet as on a Sabbath day, excepting for the effervescence of a few choice spirits seeking to drown their disappointment at the changing times in square face gin. The difference from Sunday lay in the fact that the saloons were open. And that accounted for a part of the only noise in town. The balance was made by small boys, who refuse to surrender their prerogative of making noise to any changing times.

Indeed, the change in the manner of the Fourth of July observance bears somewhat hardly upon the small boy. The small boy's main idea of patriotism is as associated with noise. The small boy's main idea of any good thing is as associated with noise. No properly constituted small boy can enjoy himself without noise. Indeed, when the small boy is quiet, his parents and guardians look after him most closely. His stillness is a portent.

Moreover, the small boy has been brought up through most of his brief years with the notion that the Fourth of July is a time to burn powder, to his own detriment it may be but certainly to the making of loud and explosive noises, and changing times are nothing to him. What does it matter that the gravity of his assembled elders resolves that the celebration of the nation's natal day shall be safe and sane, and as nearly as possible, noiseless? What does it matter that his elders absolutely determine not to give him money to burn? He has always celebrated with noise, and he is aggrieved when his noise is checked. And, indeed, it is hard to begin with him. Pioneers always suffer. The small boy of today is the pioneer of the future time.

Wherefore, in protest, the small boy still explodes cannon crackers when he can get them—aided by a few large boys who never will be grown up—and that accounts for the bombs and things that you heard at short intervals all through the day yesterday—and through the night before, too.

The noise yesterday, however, was as nothing to what it has been in former years. Should the present tendency endure, as seems most likely, the day will be more quietly observed next year, and still more quietly with each passing anniversary thereafter. The tendency of the townspeople to get into the country will be more strongly marked, and healthful out of door sports will continue the vogue.

Almost everybody went to the boat races yesterday forenoon. In the afternoon the baseball games and the cricket matches, and the Zoo, and other places of resort drew largely. In the evening, people enjoyed the cooing of their lanais, and many went to the Young Roof Garden to hear the patriotic exercises. People rested, and reflected upon their blessings. It was all punctuated with exploding bombs and crackers, and after dark with blazing rockets that searched the heavens and outshone the stars for their dazzling moment—but these things were incidental, and not the main purpose of the holiday. The great Yankee Nation has passed its adolescence. Nations, nor men must tell the world that youth is left behind.

## LITERARY EXERCISES IN HONOR OF THE DAY

The broader destinies of America, of tomorrow. To be behind the times her place as a world's power and as a factor making for universal peace, were the ideas brought to the front at the patriotic exercises last night, held under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution. The address given by Rev. J. Walter Sylvester was a looking forward to greater things more than a retrospect of the great things of the past, though the oldtime Fourth of July flavor was supplied in the opening readings and addresses.

It was a large and representative gathering which thronged the roof garden of the Young Hotel and overflowed in the parlors at either end. The dais for the speakers, at the makal end of the garden, faced the initials of the order blazing in red, white and blue incandescence at the makal end. The garden itself was brilliant with numerous lights of the national colors, and the speakers stand was draped with the Stars and Stripes.

Master Richard N. Mossman read the Declaration of Independence in splendid style. Though young, Master Mossman has a good voice and uses it to advantage.

"Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill," a thoroughly patriotic and rousing reading, was rendered by Miss Ray Bell, preceded by the singing of "America," in which all joined, as they did also in "Hawaii Hono." After the applause following Miss Bell's reading had subsided, Comptroller Jones, the chairman, related a story in connection with the battle of Bunker Hill and apropos of the "Bystander's" reference to the battle some weeks since.

An English visitor, who was being shown the Bunker Hill monument, took occasion to remark: "This is where we beat you, is it not?" Whereupon his Yankee guide answered: "Yes, but who's got the hill now?" Comptroller Jones also remarked that his great grandfather was shingling a house in New Hampshire when the first shot was fired.

The address of the evening, "The Course of Empire" was delivered by Rev. Mr. Sylvester, the address being liberally punctuated by the rattle of firecrackers and the crashing of bombs in the streets below.

In introducing the speaker of the evening, Mr. Jones said that Mr. Sylvester was a genuine bean-nating Yankee, straight from New England. When coming to Honolulu he had been preceded by letters from leading men in many denominations in the East, who spoke of him as a leader, a seer and a prophet and as one of the first men among the younger orators of the United States.

"The vision of yesterday becomes the reality of today," said the speaker in beginning his oration. "The visionary of today is canonized in the art and life

(From Thursday's Advertiser.)

MYRTLES AND UNIVERSITY VICTORS.

Seniors—Myrtles defeat Healanis. Juniors—Myrtles defeat Healanis. Clubs—University defeats H. P. O. E.

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Fifteen hundred people, at the least, viewed the double victory of the Red over the Blue in the annual championship boat races on the Pearl Harbor and a half straightaway course yesterday. A thousand or so went by rail from Honolulu. Some few hundreds assembled from the Ewa and Waianae countryside. Family and friendly parties took the high road from town in automobiles and other conveyances. Captain Tutu, of the New York Yacht Club, brought a large party of guests from town in his yacht Anemone under her auxiliary steam. There were also parties on board the tug Fearless, the yacht Hawaii, several motor launches and small yachts.

It was a brilliant scene on land and water. Though rain threatened most of the time, with a few slight drizzles borne upon fresh breezes making the threat emphatic, a majority of the multitude on shore stayed in the open, filling the few benches and squatting upon the grass beneath the shade of the algaroba trees. There was a throng upon the balcony and veranda off the Hawaii Yacht Club house, of which the public seemed to have the freedom without abusing it. Many also gathered under the capacious roof of the recreation pavilion. From these two buildings a good view of the finish, as well as of the greater part of the course, was to be had. Clarence Macfarlane's waterside residence, his yacht La Paloma moored in front, was an open house to many of his friends. Its front was tastefully decorated with flags and greenery. Changing groups without undue crowding all the time occupied the railway and the club piers.

More life and color were evident upon the water than upon the land, apart from the events of the day which produced all the life and color. Most of the vessels, in motion and at rest, displayed flags, pennants and burgees. The Anemone made a splendid picture in herself with her graceful lines of hull and rig, all overtopped with a line of signal code flags from bowsprit to peak. Her deck was crowded with gaily attired guests and from amidst them constantly arose vocal and instrumental music by a band of trained performers. In every direction could be seen white-winged pleasure boats cruising up and down the lochs. Darting back and forth all the time between the larger craft and the piers were the fussy motor boats and row boats, carrying gay parties lither and thither in response to hospitable invitations.

Such a magnificent setting of landscape, also, has the Pearl Harbor regatta scene. Surely no aquatic racing course anywhere has more picturesque environment. Looking out over the broad lochs in three directions the eye meets a border of luxuriant groves, behind which broad expanses of emerald sugar-cane fields stretch—on one side right up amongst the foothills of the Waianae mountains. The serrated ridge and the deep-grooved slopes of the range, upon which gray and purple lights and shadows are ever playing, make a background to the view which is truly sublime. Then, looking opposite toward the east, are seen instantly looming up the diadem of Punchbowl and the crown of Diamond Head, suggesting to the sophisticated imagination the populous city and the commerce-teeming port at the bases of these grand landmarks.

Notwithstanding the dubious weather, again, the appareling of the multitude was little modified from that of Honolulu's ideal gala days. With the fair sex white and neutral tints predominated. There were a few whole red and blue costumes, mostly upon youthful native figures, emphasizing the partisanship of the wearers. Yet there was less flaunting even of party ribbons and sashes by the ladies than of yore. Indeed, the same thing is true of the men and the boys at this year's championship regatta.

As of showing of colors, so it seemed also of display of party enthusiasm. True, there were Myrtle sympathizers, while each race was yet unwon, to sport their respective favorites to greater effect. And there was hearty cheering by the Reds over their victories upon being won. Yet neither was the cheering prolonged nor was loud boasting heard at all on the side of the victors. Another marked contrast to other times was an absence of aggressive challenging to make bets just before and during the progress of races. There may have been a good deal of gambling on the result, but it certainly was neither obtrusive nor noisy.

What a narrow escape there was from an unpropitious day for the only daylight celebration of the Fourth which was worth while this year! The thought of it gives a chill.

It was raining in town at eight o'clock yesterday morning. That was the hour when people living near the farther ends of the trolley lines began to look out for cars that would take them to the railway station in good time to buy their excursion tickets and secure good seats aboard the special train for the boat races. It looked to be raining, too, over on the Waianae mountains, and the green streak of sugar-cane fields this side of the mountains was mottled with white vapors. If it was not raining, also, at Pearl City Peninsula from whence the races were to be viewed, then one of the most perfect rain ghosts ever seen hovered over the beautiful sight.

By the people in the farther suburbs hesitated before going out to hold their cars. As they hesitated they critically scanned the clouds rolling upon the whole coast of the harbor. Their scanning brought to view bright patches of blue sky here and there. Their hesitation was quickly ended. Taking the whole town, however, the decision to risk the weather was slow. Half an hour before the announced

time for the departure of the train ahead now, meant to keep their lead, and they bent their oars. It was the same steady stroke, though, and not a man wilted at his task. Between lines of cheering multitudes the two boats came, the steam of the Myrtles just ahead of the bow of the Healanis, and so they finished, the Myrtles spurring the last three or four strokes, giving them a lead of a full boat and a quarter.

Time—Myrtles, 10:23; Healanis, 10:27 1/2.

THE JUNIOR RACE. As the two crews went back to their quarters they received an ovation all along the line. The Juniors were soon out upon the water and up the course they went. There was little delay in getting into position, and at the start the Healanis caught the water first, maintaining a 32 stroke to the mile flag. The Myrtle's stroke was almost identical. The oars dipped and raised as if each craft was propelled by clockwork. The red and the blue flag went up together at the first post. Then came a pretty race. Nose and nose the two crews pulled steadily to the post. There was no difference. Both caught the water at the same time and both boats held the same impetus. The Blues dipped strong and spurred toward the third flag and crossed slightly in the lead. The Myrtles closed up the gap immediately and again there was fine racing. The crowd along shore understood from the manner in which the flags were raised over the launch that it was an even race so far. At the third quarter they were again nose to nose. If there was any excitement over the Senior race, at this juncture, it faded away in comparison with the perfect regularity with which these two junior shells were propelled down the course. It was beautiful. But the time came when one must defeat the other. The mile post seemed a goal for both crews and they put more ginger into their stroke, and the Myrtle pulled out ahead. The Myrtles had but a slight lead at the mile post, but it was after that that the Healanis seemed to weaken and the Myrtles to maintain their old form. The Reds increased their lead to a length and a quarter. They pulled a beautiful stroke. Now there was cheering everywhere, ashore and aloft and whistles screamed. But the Healanis were not to be beaten badly. Again they spurred and closed up the distance, only to fall back at the extreme end, for the Myrtles, apparently stronger, also spurred and finished one and a quarter boat lengths in the lead.

Time—Myrtles, 10:29 3/4; Healanis, 10:35.

UNIVERSITY vs. B. P. O. E. For the first time in the history of the Fourth of July racing at Pearl Harbor two organizations, not boat clubs, entered crews. The University Club, with some old-time college oarsmen, and the Elks, with old-time Honolulu boat club oarsmen, competed for honors. The crowd was expected over this novel race. If they expected to see a slow race, with no individually to mark it, or encourage the event for another year's trial, they were mistaken. It was one of the fastest races of the day, and was a beautiful one from start to finish. The form of the University crew was surprising. With Harold Dillingham as stroke, that organization had the advantage of a cool, steady oarsman, who won honors in the Harvard Varsity crew.

There was the humorous side to this race, of course. There were plenty of University men down there and many who sported purple stockings and Elks' heads. The Universities were facetiously dubbed the "Highballs" and the Elks the "Cocktails," and the names stuck. Even the great aggregation of femininity which graced the occasion, took these names seriously and knew the crews better by those names than by those which belonged to them. And, of course, their friends knew them better by the humorous epithets.

These crews raced in Australian lap-stroke boats. Both crews were apparently in fine condition. The University had the makal side of the course, nearest the Peninsula and the Elks the makal course. It was a three-quarter mile race, those of the Senior and Junior races being over a mile and a half course.

The Judges' launch took up a position opposite the shells, ready to follow them with a flying start. The Waterwitch is a fast boat, and used to be reckoned a 12-knotter. At full speed yesterday the launch barely kept up with the shells, even up to the finish, so it can readily be understood that the two crews went over the course at a tremendous clip.

At the first flag the boats went across the line, nose and nose. The Universities were pulling a beautiful stroke, solid, easy and resourceful. The Elks pulled strong but not quite so evenly. Dillingham was seen to be in his element and his fellow-oarsmen followed his lead. The U's took a spurt and went down to the second post, passing over a quarter of a length ahead of the Elks. Another spurt and the U's went ahead a little more. Steadily, steadily, the lead was increased, and the Elks made a desperate effort to cut down the lead, but for every new effort put into the Elk blades the U's spurred ahead under the able leadership of the stroke. The U's went over the finish line a length and a quarter in the lead, amid tremendous cheering, whistling and the firing of guns aboard the yacht Anemone.

Time—University Club, 5:51 1/2; Elks, 6:56 1/2.

The race decided the crowd took to its heels and hiked for the train, satisfied with one of the finest cards of racing ever presented on the Pearl Harbor course.

EVENTS SINCE 1896. Thus the Myrtles have added to their prowess a double event, making three years in succession they have accomplished this feat. The record since 1896, is as follows:

Year, Senior, Time Junior, Time. 1896—Myrtle, 10:09 Myrtle, 10:21. 1897—Myrtle, 9:48 Myrtle, 10:29 1/4. 1898—Healanis, 10:05 3/4 Healanis, 10:14 3/4. 1899—Myrtle, 11:09 Myrtle, 10:42. 1900—Healanis, 10:14 Myrtle, 11:14. 1901—Healanis, 10:37 1/2 Healanis, 11:24. 1902—Myrtle, 10:40 3/4 Myrtle, 10:31. 1903—Healanis, 10:05 3/4 Healanis, 10:15. 1904—Myrtle, 10:48 1/2 Myrtle, 11:04 3/4. 1905—Myrtle, 10:34 1/2 Myrtle, 10:40. 1906—Myrtle, 10:23 Myrtle, 10:29 3/4. 1907—University, 5:51 1/2.

THE CONTENTING CREWS. MYRTLES SENIORS. Name, Position, Weight. (Pounds.)

Healanis forged ahead, but the Myrtles, ahead now, meant to keep their lead, and they bent their oars. It was the same steady stroke, though, and not a man wilted at his task. Between lines of cheering multitudes the two boats came, the steam of the Myrtles just ahead of the bow of the Healanis, and so they finished, the Myrtles spurring the last three or four strokes, giving them a lead of a full boat and a quarter.

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L. C. King—Stroke.....150  
E. C. L. Crabbe—No. 2.....168  
C. A. Hartwell—No. 2.....168  
S. Johnson—Row.....155  
L. Hough—Cox.....70

HEALANI SENIORS. Weight. (Pounds.)  
Name, Position, (Pounds.)  
P. J. Jarrett—Stroke.....165  
W. G. Wilson—No. 2.....158  
R. McCriston—No. 2.....158  
A. J. Blackman—Bow.....145  
H. Steiner—Cox.....80

MYRTLE JUNIORS. Weight. (Pounds.)  
Name, Position, (Pounds.)  
A. Ewart—Stroke.....140  
F. Becher—No. 2.....140  
R. Brown—No. 2.....140  
L. Hughes—Bow.....150  
L. Hough—Cox.....70

HEALANI JUNIORS. Weight. (Pounds.)  
Name, Position, (Pounds.)  
W. Dickson—Stroke.....143  
V. Fernandez, Jr.—No. 2.....150  
M. P. Robinson, Jr.—No. 2.....155  
H. O'Sullivan—Bow.....155  
H. Steiner—Cox.....80

ELKS. Weight. (Pounds.)  
Name, Position, (Pounds.)  
W. Holbrook—Stroke.....175  
B. Johnson—No. 2.....170  
G. Angus—No. 2.....165  
C. A. Martin—Bow.....155  
L. Hough—Cox.....70

UNIVERSITY CLUB. Weight. (Pounds.)  
Name, Position, (Pounds.)  
H. Dillingham—Stroke.....140  
L. P. Scott—No. 2.....145  
O. Sorenson—No. 2.....130  
Capt. C. F. Humphrey—Bow.....122  
P. Van Valkenberg—Cox.....60

OFFICERS OF THE DAY. The officials of the races were as follows:  
Judges—G. H. Gere, W. W. Harris and Albert Waterhouse.  
Starter—George Turner.  
Time Keepers—Clarence Crabbe, O. E. McCarthy and Judge A. A. Wilder.

KAUAI PERSONALS. Miss Ethel Gay is visiting Lihue as guest of Mrs. W. H. Rice, Sr. Mr. Hofgaard is having a mountain house built in Waialeale. The place will soon be ready for occupancy, at which time Mrs. Hofgaard will go mauka.

Mr. Paul Isenberg visited the Koloa and McBryde plantations last week, inspecting the progress and enjoying the hospitality of Manager Weinhelmer and Mr. Walter McBryde.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Coney have abandoned the old home on Grove Farm and have moved down to their house at Niumalu permanently.

Mr. C. H. Jennings of Koloa has just finished a new cottage mauka of the store. The new home contains seven large, commodious rooms, and the whole building is up-to-date in all its arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gay arrived Friday morning on the Mikahala after an extended trip to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Wilcox and Kauli and Allen returned from Honolulu by last week's mail. The latter to rest up after a successful year at the Punahou Preparatory.

Messrs. J. K. Farley of Koloa and Thos. G. Thrum of Honolulu were visitors at Lihue last week.

Rev. Mr. Lydgate has finished a large, commodious grass house in the mountains back of the Koloa Gap, and with Mrs. Lydgate and the children, spent an enjoyable week at the new summer retreat.

The Misses Elsie and Mabel Wilcox paid a visit to the Lydgates at their mountain camp last Friday.

Miss Ethel Bishop is at the Fairview resting up after her year's arduous work at the Oahu College.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Andrecht to Mr. D. Rittmeister, both of Makaweli, Kauai.

A number of the younger Lihue generation returned home for a couple of months' rest after a year's arduous school duties, last week and the week before. Among those that came back to their homes were Robert Purvis, from San Rafael, Cal.; Kauli and Allen Wilcox, Lulu Weber, Paul and Maud de Bretteville, from Punahou; Eddie Fountain and Albert Grote, from St. Louis College; Mary Grote, Eva and Anna Fountain, from St. Andrew's Priory; Maria Ellis, Georgiana Sheldon, Louisa Nahlu, Lillian, Hannah and Miriam Munden, Joseph Hoop, James Kala, Wm. Ellis and Hiram Kelley, from Kamehameha.—The Garden Island.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY. The great success of this preparation in the relief and cure of bowel complaints has brought it into almost universal use. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened is pleasant to take. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea. Every bottle is warranted. For sale by all Dealers and Druggists, Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaii.

HONORS TO A PUNAHOU BOY. Another old Punahou graduate has been honored by his professors this year. H. Manoa Davis, a 1903 man, has been appointed captain in his outgoing tour with his junior civil engineering class of Cornell University in their six weeks' survey. This break into the three months' vacation will prevent the young man from getting to the islands this year, but he is to be rewarded by having his sister spend his last year of college life with him. Miss Davis has almost finished her visit to California friends and will soon be in Chicago, where her brother will meet her, and continuing the journey together, will take in Niagara Falls before reaching Lihue.