

PAY THE TRIBUTE OF FLOWERS AND REMEMBRANCE

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

Flags at half-mast greeted the eye everywhere in town yesterday morning. Throughout the early hours of the forenoon people carrying flowers could be seen everywhere.

The day was Memorial Day, and besides the formal exercises in honor of the nation's dead, hundreds paid the homage of remembrance to their own departed ones. Graves in all the cemeteries were strewn with flowers and leis. Solon has the day been so generally observed in this respect. Hundreds of graves in the Catholic cemetery on King street bore floral evidence that the dead were not forgotten by the living. In the little mission cemetery in the rear of Kawaiahou there was a wealth and profusion of flowers. In the larger cemetery between the church and Queen street many graves were decorated with flowers. The same was true of Nuuanu cemetery and, in fact, of every cemetery in the city.

The Memorial Day parade and services for the nation's dead were especially impressive. The parade was larger and better than for several years past. The innovation of holding these services in the morning—an innovation here, though customary in many places in the States—was most satisfactory and successful. The procession formed with military promptness, and the march through the town and to the Nuuanu cemetery began promptly at nine.

A squad of mounted police, under command of Senior Captain Parker, led the procession, which was headed by the Second Battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, United States Army, commanded by Major Dunning. The troops from Fort Shafter were in full dress uniforms and made a particularly fine appearance. Major Dunning and his staff were mounted.

The marshal of the day, E. S. Barry, mounted on a handsome bay horse and wearing a blue sash, led the procession.

Next in order was the National Guard of Hawaii, in command of Col. Samuel Johnson. The regiment was led by the Hawaiian band, under the direction of Captain Berger. Colonel Johnson and his field officers marched at the head of the regiment, which was armed with its new rifle, the first time it has appeared in public since that weapon was received.

The boys of the Kamehameha Schools followed the National Guard. The boys, too, were in military organization and wore their gray uniforms. There were about one hundred of the Kamehameha boys.

The veterans of the Civil War, the members of George W. De Long Post No. 6, Grand Army of the Republic, rode in a big tallboy drawn by six horses. They all wore their G. A. R. hats and insignia, the national flag being borne by one of their number. There were eighteen members of the order, veterans of the war between the States, in the tallboy.

The members of Theodore Roosevelt Camp No. 1, United Spanish War Veterans, followed the Grand Army men in a four-horse park wagon. Following in the procession were carriages containing Acting Governor Hunt-Smith, accompanied by Adjutant General J. W. Jones; Captain Corwin P. Rees, U. S. N., the orator of the occasion, with Mrs. Rees; and the members of the Governor's staff.

Throughout the line of march there were large crowds on the sidewalks, and very great interest was manifested in the procession.

At Nuuanu cemetery the ritual exercises of the Grand Army of the Republic were rendered, including the decoration of the graves of the honored dead. After these exercises the Kamehameha boys marched to their school and then to Emma. There the military part of the parade stood at attention while the carriages containing the Grand Army and Spanish War veterans passed. Then the veterans left their carriages and stood at salute while the military passed them in review. The several military organizations then marched to their respective places of disbandment.

At the cemetery the following was the program:

- Music—Organ—Hawaiian Band
- Prayer—P. E. Rider, Post Commander
- Prayer—C. H. Dickcy, Chaplain
- Speech—Post Commander
- President Lincoln's Gettysburg Address—J. Roy Douglas
- Music—"Holy City"—Hawaiian Band
- Roll Call of the Dead
- John W. Francis, Adjutant
- Chaplain
- Reading—"The Ship of State," "Sleep Comrades, Sleep" (Longfellow)
- Mrs. L. L. McCandless
- Decorating Graves
- Fred Turill, Officer of the Day
- Salute the Dead
- Post and National Guard

...Capt. C. P. Rees, Veteran Civil War "America" Audience Benediction—Rev. D. W. Crane The rendering of Lincoln's Gettysburg address by J. Roy Douglas, and the reading by Mrs. L. L. McCandless, were especially effective.

CAPTAIN REES' ORATION. Captain Corwin P. Rees' oration was the feeling address of a man who had shared the perils of war with those whose graves were strewn with flowers. It was as follows:

Commander, Comrades and Friends: God bless the silent soldiers of the Civil War, the noble army of heroes, living or dead, who fought "that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

Blessings to the dead for duties done; joys to the living for victories won. Well earned is the sweet repose of those who have gone before. Fully assured is the fair reward of those who are following on.

Happily may it be said of each and everyone who offered his blood for his country's life, that nobly he fulfilled the injunction of the music-murmuring Bryant.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan which moves to the pale realms of shade where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The great majority have already crossed the Valley of the Shadow of Death and entered the bounds of the beautiful Beyond,—while the surviving legions, with enfeebling years, but hopeful hearts, are pressing to the goal across whose portals shine the campfires of eternal life.

If there is any sure passport to that realm of bliss, it is written between the lines of the honorable discharge of every soldier and every sailor who stood with unconquerable determination between his country's life and his country's death. That passport will carry him through if anything can, and back of that safe-conduct is the flawless character and patriotic purpose which led him to enlist, and which he has never lost.

That safe-conduct many received on the field of battle, many on the march, and many in the fever-stricken camp, while others are patiently waiting for the call between the lines; but the glory of all is in the end alike, and their noble lives and heroic deaths will be a sublime inspiration and a worthy example for generations upon generations yet to come.

I speak more particularly of the veterans of the G. A. R., because they are the representative body of the citizen soldiery of the Union, the backbone of the Nation, the men who have done most to save their country, and who are the honored organization under whose generous and patriotic auspices the ennobling and impressive ceremonies of Memorial Day are so beautifully conducted.

We later ones may have done our duty in upholding the honor of our flag; but our sacrifices, our sufferings, our experiences, are meager compared with theirs. We may rank with the soldiers of the Mexican and Indian wars, or even with the sturdy legions of the Army and Navy of 1812; but the blood-stained heroes of the Civil War will stand through all time as the peers of the patriots who fought from the smoking heights of Bunker Hill till Freedom sang and Victory cheered on Yorktown's radiant plains.

The heroes of the Revolution founded in blood a towering temple, solid and symmetrical to look upon, but whose carefully laid cornerstone rested upon Slavery's sinking stone in which "Man's inhumanity to man made countless thousands mourn."

The heroes of the Civil War, under Lincoln and Grant, and Sherman and Sheridan, and Farragut and Porter, and Meade and Thomas, and Hancock and Logan, and Worden and Winslow, and myriads more of immortal men, caught the crumbling fabric as it was tottering to its fall, replaced its treacherous foundation with a rock of enduring righteousness, girded its weakening walls with the armor of truth and justice, and consecrated and established an immutable Union that shall be the glory of the world and, in every noblest sense, the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave while Nature lasts and Nations live.

But to all soldiers and all sailors of every American war do we pay just tribute; not merely in proportion to their respective achievements, but in direct measure for the lofty purpose and exalted virtue which animated them to answer their country's call. Whether they reached a hero's death on the field of battle, or fell a prey to fever, or never faced a foe; their spirit of sublime patriotism was the same, and they have preeminently earned the gratitude of the Nation and the blessing of Him in whose footsteps they have humbly trod.

The soldier who dies for his country's good gives all he has to give, and seemingly more than he can fairly yield, because of the sorrowing and often needy ones he leaves behind; but the supremely earned immortality following the brief span so rudely shattered glorifies his sacrifice above, and should inspire us with reverence for his name and consolation for his untimely loss.

So wreaths and garlands and chaplets should cover the graves of our honored dead, and blossoms should bloom where our heroes lie. Loving hearts should drink in the inspiration of patriotic deeds, and grateful hands should cull the sweetest flowers as fragrant offerings to those who have taught us bravely how to live and nobly how to die.

Yet this beautiful Memorial Day should not be a day of sadness, but rather one of pride and joy. Pride that we have had the glorious example of patriots brave and true. Joy that their work was well done,—that they have left us a reunited country firmly established on eternal principles of liberty and justice; and exultation that we are permitted here to honor ourselves in honoring them.

I must say another word to account for my enduring affection for the veterans of the G. A. R. With many I have marched—with many mourned. Many with me have shared their blankets, their rations, their last drop of water,—and some have died in my arms. I could not help loving them if I tried, and God knows I will never try.

Now let me enter briefly into the more familiar fields of narration and experience. I have not marked the paths blazed by the pioneers who have preceded me; but it is doubtful whether I can go far wrong, before closing,

in endeavoring to give a few personal glimpses and individual flashlights on the stirring scenes of two wars,—the times that tried men's souls,—and the times that made, not all the world, but all our land, akin.

In the gloomy days of 1861 to 1864, although but a mere boy, I gathered with the grown-up men to do my small part with the fire and drum,—sometimes playing the one and again beating the other,—at the volunteer meetings with which the whole country resounded. It is pleasurable to think that even then I may have contributed in some small degree to the enthusiasm and success of those tumultuous assemblies; but, however that may be, it is certain that from the fervent prayers and speeches and ringing resolutions of those times I drank in the purest lessons of duty and patriotism which I hope I may never unlearn.

Even then in that part of the loyal state of Ohio there was a fire in the rear and a treacherous fusillade of abuse from skulking brigabags behind, who never smelt the smoke of powder burned in battle, that was infinitely more offensive than all the assaults of the misguided but valorous men in front. "Men will love an honorable foe; but a coward and a traitor gets nothing for his pains but abhorrence and contempt!"

One notorious leader of the knights of disunion boastfully declared in public speeches that not one Lincoln soldier should leave the State of Ohio unless he passed over his dead body! His dead body! He was already worse than dead, body and mind, with the most damnable of all loathsome diseases,—the putrid fever of treason! He was finally banished across the lines, but the brave Southerners had no use for him, and he got around into Canada, whence he issued vainglorious proclamations and received dime subscriptions from his wretched admirers, and towards the close of the war, was allowed to return, a despised prophet of ill-omen, accidentally dying by his own hand which he had never lifted in his country's cause.

And yet he and thousands like him heaped the most scurrilous abuse on Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln, one of the noblest, grandest men that ever lived.

We may well pay tribute to that wonderful character who sprang from the wilds of Illinois to the chief magistracy of the Nation and guided the destinies of a bleeding republic through four long years of civil war to complete regeneration and perpetual union; whose wondrous pen, mightier than flaming sword, decreed that three million slaves should be forever free; who fell by the assassin's bullet, and was borne to his tomb amid the lamentations of a weeping world and whose name will live in imperishable glory till the end of time—our martyred hero President,—Abraham Lincoln!

As Secretary Stanton mournfully said, standing by the bed when Lincoln's great soul went up to heaven: "Lincoln belongs to the Ages!" In the early spring of 1864, although not yet sixteen, I could hold back no longer; and, after overcoming some affectionate family resistance I volunteered in the 54th O. V. V. I., 2d Brigade, 2nd Division, 15th Army Corps. Marching, skirmishing, fighting followed the days of the week. At Resaca I got the first glimpse of the glories of battle and the horrors of war. The first awful shock, coming with the screaming of shell and the groans of the dying, is never forgotten.

Following on to Dallas, it seemed through days and nights of battle that hell had broken loose; but still we drove them on. Our flank was turned by a sudden assault, but General Logan headed a brigade held in reserve, and the tide of the battle turned and doubled back on a baffled and vanquished foe.

Then to Kennesaw Mountain where my brave brother fell pierced by a cruel bullet and where, under a murderous fire, he died four hours later in my arms. He was only 22 years old and was the adjutant of our regiment, serving on General Lightburn's staff. A mere boy dying in the arms of a child. It was one of a thousand sights to make an angel weep.

The mournfully inspired lines of a loving mother were silently embroidered in satin and chenille not long afterwards in a simple memorial wreath.— "He died as die the noble brave, He fills an honored soldier's grave; His colors folded o'er his breast, Life's cares no more disturb his rest."

Not only the men were the heroes of these days. The noble women, the mothers and wives, the daughters and sweethearts gave, as yours would give today, their hearts' treasures, their hopes of earthly happiness, their home idols, their all for the glory and integrity of their country, which they held as sacred as their own honor and their own faith in blessed immortality. Man born of woman is only the hero that heroic women make him.

After that a spell of fever, hovering between life and death at Marietta, the battles around Atlanta where brave McPherson fell, the capture of the city, the desperate raid of Hood in our rear, our impetuous pursuit back over a hundred miles already won, the wonderful defense of our beleaguered garrison at Altoona where gallant General Corse with a single division withstood the repeated assaults of a whole army, and wigwagged over their bewildered heads to our advancing column, "Am short a jawbone and an ear, but can whip all hell yet!"

I think that we can afford to overlook a syllable of profanity from a man who is fiercely chagrined at having half his face shot away, and at any rate it is cheering to think that the remnant of his remarkable jaw kept on wagging then and for long years afterwards with an eloquence that moved admiring multitudes.

Next a rapid retracing of our steps back to Atlanta leaving Hood to the tender mercies of General Thomas, who at Nashville smote him hip and thigh, scattering him to the four winds,—our glorious march through Georgia and the magnificent assault of the 2nd Division, 15th Army Corps, of which I had the honor of being an insignificant part, upon the hitherto impregnable Fort McAllister, carrying it, amid carnage and destruction, by irresistible storm and thereby opening our way, at the mouth of the Ogeechee, to the boundless depths and ceaseless supplies of the beautiful sea.

The sea caught my eye, and after further marches and battles I sought it again after close of the war and it became my home.

One glance at another wondrous scene a full generation later, now ten years ago, in the far-away Philippines, when a small squadron sent by the President, commanded by Dewey and guarded by the Supreme Rules of the Universe, reached at early noon the wondering waters in front of the spires and domes and villas and fortifications and fleets of Manila.

Then dawned a combination of sublime beauty and awful fury such as the eye of man had seldom if ever seen. The heavens brightened and the horizon burned with the crimson glow of morning as the six dauntless cruisers swept steadily on in single column to the northward, then swung defiantly around to the eastward under the frowning, bellowing guns of Manila, then again to the southward, following the Olympia in her daring lead over quivering mines, past roaring batteries along the shore, down among the bell of Spanish ships in the din and roar of battle, the mouth of fury and the jaws of death.

The battle flags, which had been rounded up in the darkness, opened like morning glories to the light of day, and those beautiful emblems of Freedom and Liberty and Victory were greeted with ringing cheers from the men behind the guns; for when the crimson folds of the star spangled banner opened to the breeze they floated in majesty and power and glory from every American mast-head, never to know dishonor and never to be taken down!

Where the American flag is raised in triumph and honor let it never be lowered in sorrow nor in shame! The American flag is not only the emblem of freedom and liberty and victory; it is the greatest guarantee of good government on the face of God's green earth.

So back and forth in angry might, The stars and stripes waved on the fight, Mid bursting shells in deadly flight.

The Spanish decks with dead were strewn, Their guns on shore were silenced soon, Their flags were down ere flush of noon.

Their ships, their batteries on the shore, Were gone in flame and crimson gore— Their loss a thousand men or more!

Dawned on the fleet that Dewey led A miracle while Spaniards bled, For on our side was not one dead!

The battle of Manila Bay From mind shall never pass away,— Nor needs of glory wrought that day; For mid that battle's awful roar The Spanish pride, to rise no more, Was humbled by our Commodore.

And Freedom's isles in Orient sea Shall monuments eternal be Of Dewey's Deathless Victory.

That victory gave us an imperial prestige among the nations of the earth, sealed the fate of the sons of Spain and beneficently settled, under the flag of Freedom, the destinies of many millions of downtrodden men.

The map of the world changed colors and new stars gleamed in the azure field of the American firmament; Hawaii brought her beautiful constellation under the flag and the Paradise of the Pacific took on a radiant prosperity that is but a meager dawn to the splendors of wealth and health and happiness yet to come.

But it was your sacrifices, Comrades of the Grand Army and Companions of the Loyal Legion, it was your battles your triumphs which made our victory possible and our Nation an honored master among the wondrous governments of the world.

The consolidation of a mighty, indivisible Union, through your heroisms, presaged the brilliant achievements of later years. Your glory led to our success; your Union to our expansion; your immortal deeds to our Country's eternal progress.

Here let me offer as a closing tribute to you and to all the silent soldiers and sailors of the Republic, these simple

BLOSSOMS FOR THE BRAVE. The fathers who fought for their altars and fires, The sons who are honoring valorous sires, Are marching together in laureate lines And rallying round their memorial shrines.

The shrines where the cedars and jessamines grow, Where zephyrs of incense caressingly blow, Where monuments silent in majesty stand And point ever up to Infinity's land.

For those who have gone o'er the valley before To rapturous homes on Eternity's shore; We'll gather again by the portals they trod, 'Neath evergreen trees on the soft summer sod.

And garlands of flowers in fragrance and bloom We'll tenderly lay on the turf and the tomb, In token of love for our heroes sublime Who live in the land beyond terror or time.

Then cover them over with beautiful flowers— These God-taken, patriot heroes of ours;— And give with each blossom a spirit of love For soldiers immortal in glory above.

And sweetly as perfumes ethereal rise, With prayers floating upward to heavenly skies; So surely will blessings descend on the head Of him who gives flowers to our patriot dead.

May 30, 1908.

MEMORIAL AT PUNAHOU. Memorial Day was observed in the Punahou Preparatory School by a service in Charles R. Bishop Hall on Friday morning at eleven o'clock.

The hall was very tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion by the Seventh Grade. The following program was enjoyed by a large number of parents and friends of the students: Recitation—"Our Flag" Catherine Kerr of the Fifth Grade Recitation—"How Sleep the Brave" Ruth Farrington and Emilian Magaon of the Fourth Grade. Song—"Second Grade Recitation—Excerpt from Oration of Henry Ward Beecher, "Our American Flag" Myrtle Schumann of the Seventh

PROFESSOR KOCH ON CONDITIONS AT MOLOKAI

Prof. Koch, after his visit to the Leper Settlement at Molokai and an examination of a considerable number of patients there, expresses the opinion that the type of the disease, leprosy, at the Settlement is the same as that existing in the leper stations of other countries which he has visited.

The buildings, general arrangements and equipment of the Molokai Settlement compare favorably with those existing in stations elsewhere.

He considers the patients well provided for in every respect, especially in treatment and in nourishment.

The lepers in his opinion have every reason to be satisfied and contented.

Prof. Koch, probably the greatest living bacteriologist, went to the Molokai Settlement Friday night as the guest of W. Pfotenbauer, the Imperial German Consul. Mr. Pfotenbauer chartered the steamer Ke Au Hou especially for the occasion. His other guests were Dr. L. E. Cofer, president of the Board of Health; Dr. Walter Brinckerhoff, the head of the Federal leprosy investigating station, and Mr. H. Focke.

The Ke Au Hou left here about 10 o'clock Friday night and arrived off Kalaupapa about 6:30 yesterday morning. Breakfast was had aboard the steamer and then the party landed about 7:30 o'clock and were driven directly to the site of the Federal station, where the buildings are beginning to make a showing. Dr. Koch said he did not care to examine the building operations to any extent, as he had already examined the ground plans and studied the subject.

From the leprosarium the party at once went to the Baldwin Home for Boys. Here some time was spent. Dr. Koch examined a large number of the boys and made many inquiries both of them and of Brother Dutton.

From there a visit was made to Father Damien's grave, and then the party drove at once across the peninsula to Kalaupapa and visited the Bishop Home for Girls. Here, also, the distinguished scientist examined a number of the patients, likewise asking questions regarding them.

The next place visited was the Bay View Hotel, where a number of patients, many of them in the advanced stages of the disease, are provided for. Here, as at the Baldwin and the

Bishop Home, whenever a patient with a development of the disease that attracted his attention presented itself, an examination was made and questions were asked.

The dispensary was visited, and then the entire party gathered in an office to give Dr. Koch an opportunity to ask any questions that he desired, as in this way there would be some one present who could supply the information.

The whole visit to the Settlement was planned with a view to economizing Dr. Koch's time and giving him opportunity to gain as much information regarding the Settlement as he could. For this reason the people at the Settlement were not apprised beforehand of the intended visit. There was no public gathering of the people and absolutely no speechmaking. It was a novel experience to the people of the Settlement. They had never had a visit of notables and officials before, not even of a committee from the Legislature without a public meeting and speechmaking.

In driving about the Settlement it was planned so that Dr. Koch would be part of the time in company with one man, Dr. Goodhue, for instance, or Dr. Hollman, or Dr. Brinckerhoff, or Superintendent McVeigh, so as to get the widest range of information possible.

Dr. Koch's visit had three principal objects, to see if differences of climate, or race, or conditions, had developed any peculiarities in the progress or ravages of the disease or differentiated it in any way from the disease as it manifests itself elsewhere, and to learn the conditions that existed and whether the lepers were satisfied and contented or not.

After his visit to the Settlement Dr. Koch approved the following as expressing what he had to say as the results of his visit:

"The buildings, general arrangements, and equipment compare very favorably with those existing in the great leper stations in other parts of the world.

"I consider the patients well provided for in every respect, especially in treatment and in nourishment.

"I find the type of the disease the same as that existing in the leper stations of other countries which I have visited.

"The lepers have every reason to be satisfied and contented."

PLUMBER BROWN'S VAIN PURSUIT OF WIFE AND CHILD

"Plumber" Brown, who returned to his old stamping grounds here on the Alameda, announces that he is here to stay and that his creditors in Honolulu will receive dollar for dollar for anything that they have carried on their books for him during the time he has been away. It will be remembered that Mr. Brown left this city very suddenly in pursuit of his wife and child, whom he has not seen nor found any trace of since they left Honolulu. His wanderings have taken him across the United States, through the Orient and back and forth across the Pacific three times since he left here on the Victoria-bound steamer three years ago.

After crossing to the Philippines he thought to stay there, but found little in his line in Manila, where the sewerage and water systems are only now going in at a cost of seven million dollars. When the systems are in there will be something for a plumber to do, but there is nothing at present. The Philippines, in fact, Brown thinks, are good islands for white men to keep away from, anyhow. He did not waste his time there altogether, however, bidding in three old Spanish gunboats, some of Dewey's prizes, when put up at auction by the government. One of these he turned over to the Atlantic Gulf company, for a tender, and the other two he made into junk and sold

in China. From Manila he drifted to Singapore, spending five months in that interesting place, where there are 150,000 people and only sixty-five Americans among them, the local agents of machines and locomotive manufacturers. Close to Singapore is Johore, a city of gambling joints and pawn shops, where the Sultan gets titling from the Chinese gambler proprietors to support the eight wives of his establishment. One of these wives is a white woman.

At the time Mr. Brown was at Singapore the British colony there was in a ferment over the way the Sultan of Johore had introduced some ringers into their exclusive club and skinned them down to the quarter penny coins in their clothes. The Brits tumbled after they had settled their I. O. U's, and formally expelled His Royal Highness from their set.

Mr. Brown comes here direct from Rawhide, Nevada, and has little good to say of the much talked-of mines of that region. He states that prospectors and miners can show assay samples running into the hundreds of thousands of dollars a ton but that these are only found in pockets, no lead of any value having been uncovered. "The Nevada mines are all hot air," is his sizing up of the boom camps.

BRECKONS GETS HIS MESSAGE PRETTY LATE

It was reported around town yesterday that a cablegram, in answer to a cabled protest of some local people against the prizefight, had come from the Department of Justice for U. S. Attorney Breckons, directing him to interfere, and that Mr. Breckons could not be found. It was said he had gone to the other side of the island. Last night late Mr. Breckons was asked about the matter. He said: "I heard of the protest cabled to Washington and before leaving for the country I inquired at the cable office whether any message had come for me. None had. During the day I called up the cable people several times and got the same reply. This evening the department wired me as follows: 'Cable us what is going on.' I did so at once."

"Did you tell them who won?" "No, I omitted that," answered Mr. Breckons. "No pikka. Good night."

Grade.

Recitation and Song—"The Star Spangled Banner" Elizabeth Carter and Genevieve Taggard of the Sixth Grade, with School Chorus.

Reading—"The Second Review of the Grand Army" Marion Brown of the Eighth Grade Memorial Day Song

First Grade, led by Ezra Crane Recitation—"The Blue and the Gray" Ten Boys and Girls of the Third Grade.

School Chorus—"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The exercises concluded with a salute to the flag, led by Miss Bruce, and the singing of "America" by students and guests.

OAHU MURDER NEWS COMES FROM NEW YORK

Does anybody in Honolulu know where Helerrfrunter Metherperperig is? The police would like to know, for one A. M. Fowler, of Bronx, New York City, has written the department making inquiries concerning the alleged death of one Wilbert D. Sleep, whom the New Yorker says was "beaten to death in the woods of Helerrfrunter Metherperperig, sixty miles northwest of Honolulu, by two men—viz., McIntosh and Ross, whom he claims are at present in Winnipeg, Canada. The writer states that the murder was committed on February 9, 1908.

The police figure that "the woods" of the unpronounceable name, if sixty miles northwest of Honolulu, would be somewhere in the Pacific Ocean and to the westward of Waihua. Sheriff Iauka has written Chief of Police Bingham of New York City, enclosing a copy of the Bronx man's letter, asking him to make inquiries at that end of the line.

AN AUSTRALIAN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S STORY.

It is the commercial traveler who finds the many changes of climate and water trying. Mr. Chas. G. Chapman, who represents a large Brisbane concern, had been troubled for years with chronic diarrhoea. On one of his trips a fellow traveler recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and this is what he says of it: "I procured a bottle and experienced great relief after taking a few doses. Before the bottle was finished I was cured and have not been troubled since." This remedy is for sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., Agents for Hawaiian Islands.