

# DNEY'S GREETINGS TO FLEET

## Entertainment by Our Colonial Brothers.

By Mary H. Krout.

The Sydney newspapers, the Morning Herald and Telegraph especially, with its illustrated journals, The Sydney Mail and Town and Country Life, acquitted themselves brilliantly during the visit of the American fleet. Not only was the writing admirable, as writing, "leaders," reports and so on, but the spirit manifested was of the most friendly and appreciative nature. Even the advertisements were influenced by the occasion. All sorts of commodities were specified as "Fleet Week attraction," while in the large advertisements to the same end, the kangaroo with the head of an eagle, and the eagle with the head of a kangaroo, courteously exchanging salutations might be described as high inspiration. Another represented John Bull standing between the metamorphosed creatures mentioned with a hand on the shoulder of each, wearing a hybrid costume in which stars and stripes and the Union Jack were cleverly combined.

An advertisement announcing the first invoice of Teddy Bears, which arrived simultaneously with the American ships, was also characteristic, the popularity of the toy in the United States being set forth at length, in truly Johnsonian English—graphic, but a little heavy!

One evidence of the rapt attention given the arrival of the fleet was the long column of lost articles advertised the next morning. There were bracelets, brooches, watches, walking sticks and dogs. One gentleman announced the loss of an upper set of false teeth, probably dropped out as the fleet entered the harbor.

The colonial cousins both in Sydney and Auckland apparently had a good deal of trouble in pronouncing the names of the American ships, Connecticut, especially, being a poser. The difficulties were soon mastered, in the reports, excellent and more in fair as they were, one comes across familiar "wa'al," without which Antipodean or English journal would not have faithfully reproduced our peculiar. The honary "I opine," heard by actual Americans, has merrily lived its day and ceased to offend neither officers nor seamen seem we used the term.

As to the impression Australasian ships made upon the American sailors following from the Sydney correspondent in Auckland, the fleet was there, is amusing; it is disconcerting to find that our upsets their gravity. One does think of the Australian accent as English. They do. It led a into one of the many hairbreadth escapes from fights he experienced during the day. "The man there in the beard (he called it paw card) shop," said, "asked me what I was laughing about. I said I was laughing at him. He under looked sickly, so I said I was the sort of man that was amused at the things I saw. I said I daresay he was amused at the way I talked; and we Americans when we're amused don't mind showing it. Say! New Zealand had the biggest advertisement this week I reckon it ever had. I guess postcards have gone to every little town in the States; sent over 100 myself. I s'pose the officers knew the sort of place New Zealand was, but I reckon we didn't. Most of our chaps thought if we climbed a hill we would see over the other side. We reckoned we were

coming to a little island. I have not heard one man say anything against New Zealand yet. Australia! We had most heard of Australia. Australia is more advertised.

"New Zealand's a young country, too. I saw on a newspaper office that the paper was established in 1862. That's not long, is it? But I reckon New Zealand's 'bout discovered now."

The buying of postcards in Auckland, Sydney and Melbourne was prodigious, and the correspondent quoted makes this comment concerning it: "Probably what he (the sailor) said was perfectly true: A whole flood of postcards is pouring through the Post-office. It is quite possible that many an American farm, hamlet, or little wooden home in the deep pine-clad Rocky Valley will hear of New Zealand now for the first time. Our friend said he had two sisters—two little sisters—whom he was keeping at school in Florida. His pay was 40 dollars a month, and he paid 20 dollars a month for their schooling. He had engaged for four years; then left the navy, and paid them a visit in Florida."

"Fleet week" in Sydney was a memorable event for both hosts and visitors, one which must be given an important place hereafter in Australasian history. For the first time since the settlement of Sydney armed men of another nation paraded its streets in festival array.

The great battleships anchored within that incomparable harbor, bristling with guns, fighting machines of the highest efficiency, supplied with every appliance of modern warfare,—were there by cordial invitation on an errand of amity and peace.

The city itself never presented so brilliant an appearance, its great natural beauty enhanced by countless flags, pennons, garlands, mottoes and flowers.

It is somewhat remarkable that more money was subscribed to do honor to the fleet than for the visit of the Prince of Wales—then Duke of York, some years ago. The only discordant notes that were heard in the almost universal welcome were the dissatisfied comments of a few trades unionists of the so-called labor party, and the suspicion of a gentleman from Adelaide who thought that he detected some undercurrent, not wholly friendly, in the speeches of Admiral Sperry and other officers of the fleet—a suspicion as absurd as it was stupid.

It is pleasant to know that this comment was printed in small type and not conspicuously placed, so that it escaped general notice.

As to oratory, whatever benefits the officers may derive from the cruise—and they will be many and varied—they certainly must become proficient in the art of oratory, before they again cast anchor in Hampton Roads.

Apparently, the commander-in-chief did not step ashore, but that he was booked for a speech. The other admirals were just as much in demand, and when the supply of captains and commanders ran low, the tame and necessary paymaster was pressed into the service.

The great functions of the week, the receptions on board H. M. S. Powerful, and on board the Connecticut, the official dinner and ball at Government House, the official dinner given by the Lord Mayor, the garden party at Cranbrook, the residence of Sir Harry Rawson, an admiral of the British Navy, now Colonial Governor, at which his charming daughter officiated as hostess.

There is a disposition in Honolulu to judge all Australians by certain tourists who pass through this port, who, like most tourists of other nationalities, are somewhat unprepossessing and disagreeable.

For this reason, its great social assemblages would surprise those who have never participated in them. The occasions above mentioned must have been unsurpassed in brilliancy, what with the many vice-regal and state officials, consular representatives, soldiers and naval officers in full uniform, contrasted with the brilliant toilets of beautiful women—many of the gowns the handiwork of Paganin and Redfern, imported for the occasion, with a dazzling display of jewels.

One remarkable incident occurred during the street parade of marines and blue-jackets, which should touch every American heart capable of feeling. As they came into view, the colors were greeted with an outburst of cheers and every hat came off.

Of the column as a whole this fine description was given: "As the procession swung out from the Domain gates into Macquarie street a ripple of excitement ran the length of that beautifully-decorated thoroughfare, and when the admirals and the leading marines were well into the roadway, a great cheer arose, which was caught up by a thousand throats, and rolled in a mighty wave of sound along the avenue. Above the two big, dark banks of humanity on either side there broke a fluttering foam of flags and handkerchiefs, while balconies and windows became a blur of widely-waving red and white. It was the beginning of a great warm personal welcome from the citizens, that was to continue till the whole route had been covered. Jacky and his officers were entering upon a veritable triumphal march through the heart of Sydney."

Headed by the great band, squad after squad of the United States Marine Corps wheeled into Macquarie street, and each, as it came, was greeted with fresh cheering. Where had one seen those men before? The kit was perfectly familiar—the dark round cap with a short stationmaster's peak; the sober, dark blue coats, fitting the body like a glove—fastened in even around the hips, below the buttons, by some arrangement of hooks and eyes; the trousers green blue—a real Liberty blue—with a thin red piping; the long buff gaiters, such as children wear in winter, shaped to the shins and strapped under the heels; the square caps, the high checkboots, the brown clean cut boyish faces—where had one seen them before? And then came memories of Vicksburg, pictures of white bell tents, and fierce fighting over hill-sides—grey, half-tone pictures and exciting letterpress—and one had it. They stepped out of the full pages of the American magazines, these men; out of tales of the marches and blockades of the Civil War, and all the other

short stories that call back month by month a great quarrel forgotten and forgiven."

The sprightly bandmaster, whose gymnastics were much observed also: "Another band, and with it the man of the day. He had no gold lace on his shoulders. He had not even a cocked hat, just the ordinary wide topped soft blue sailor's hat of the Americans, with the "Georgia" on the band of it. But he had a long silver baton in his hand. In it! More often than not it seemed out of it. It spun and sparkled like a carriage wheel. It stopped dead, dived, curtsied, was tossed and caught again."

The mounted constabulary of Sydney are a splendid body of men, but the fiery steeds that they selected for the day of the parade, as well as their riders, were somewhat severely criticized, as appears from this: "Those police horses! A mounted policeman seems never to be so happy as when his horse is attempting to stand on one leg and kick three separate points simultaneously with the other three. While the animal pranks thus, the rider looks calmly into the distance as if thinking of the message mother gave him before he left home a bright-eyed lad. What to him that the mob tear at each other in frantic need of removing their brains to safety; that women shriek and stand on fat men's corners; that children bowl when their small bones are racked in the struggle to dodge the prancing of the "John Dun's" mount! A procession such as took place yesterday is no place for those animals of fiery blood; they should be kept for hunting down bush-rangers or some other useful occupation."

With the hospitality that was almost limitless, every one of the 3200 men and officers that took part in the parade was fed. Of this wholesale luncheon the Herald says: "The site selected for the 'luncheon-room' was on the rising ground at Mrs. Macquarie's Chair. The whole of the point from the Botanic Garden's fence to the water's edge was reserved for the troops, and a strong body of police under Sub-inspector Spence saw that none of the public intruded on the privacy of the hungry sailors."

"When the men arrived at the point they saw a huge marquee erected over eight long tables loaded with mysterious-looking packages. Close handy was another tent with tables set out with an ordinary luncheon for the officers. To the uninitiated it looked as if there was going to be some trouble in distributing lunch to the three thousand men who were to be provided for. The work was no sooner started, however, than it was plainly seen that the task was a simple one. As each company of sailors or marines drew up and piled arms they were marched down either side of the tables, and told to take a cardboard box from the huge piles available. No sooner had they become possessed of one of these packages than they were confronted with rows upon rows of pannikins, containing a steaming white mixture. Each man was given one of these, and thus laden he was turned adrift to go where he liked. That was generally not very far for he usually sat down on the first bit of vacant spot he came to. The first thing he did was usually to loosen his belt and have a sip at his pannikin, which he found to contain oyster soup, and very good soup at that. The next thing to be done was to examine the contents of the cardboard box. What was found there evidently proved very enticing, for many a smile was noticed as the youthful 'Jackie' cast his eye over his box. And well might he have smiled, for an inviting little lunch lay before him. First were two sandwiches of ham, tongue, or sardines, then came a four-ounce slice of fruit cake and a huge apple pie, which, according to the contract, to weigh not less than six ounces, and to contain two ounces of fruit. For dessert there was a large navel orange lying in a tin pannikin. There was some speculation as to what the pannikin was for, but that was made clear by the arrival of a number of the Scottish Rifles and Naval Brigade bearing bucketfuls of coffee. As might be expected, after their long march the men did not take long to get to work on the boxes, and it was in a remarkably short space of time the grass was strewn with empties.

"The officers, as soon as they got their men through the tables, went off to another tent and partook of their own luncheon. This was served in good style, but the enjoyment of the meal was somewhat curtailed on account of the men having to stand up to eat—not a nice experience after being on parade all the morning. Still, there was no grumbling, and as there was plenty of good things to refresh the visitors they were full of thanks."

As occurred in Honolulu, the men of the fleet participated very little in the many entertainments given for them within doors. They preferred to go about and see the sights for themselves. Free transportation was given parties of 200 on all the railways to different points of interest,—the Blue Mountains, Katoomba, Bulli Pass on the south coast, a spot of unsurpassed beauty. Every man in the fleet was given at some time one of these outings, luncheons being invariably provided for them.

At a picnic in the National Park the Jackies won the lasting admiration of the mothers present by carrying the babies and small children about, giving the tired parents a much needed rest. Jackie as a qualified nurse made a record for himself.

The special services at the churches, for some reason, were better attended in Sydney than in Honolulu, probably because it was winter weather, and being within doors was not a discomfort. At St. Mary's Cathedral, where Cardinal Moran officiated at high mass, assisted by many eminent clergy, 1200 men were present. The special services at St. Andrew's Cathedral (Church of England) and at St. James' Church were also crowded.

One exception to the slim attendance of indoor entertainments was the "American Program" concert at the Town Hall, famous for its great organ. Officers and seamen in uniform were admitted free, and the rendition of such familiar songs as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Marching Through Georgia" were received with rousing cheers, the men standing and waving in-discriminately American and Australian flags. The best singers, a fine chorus, and orchestra were provided, and the crowd of citizens which attended was so great that hundreds were turned away.

Another act of special courtesy on the part of the government was the authorized acceptance of American money without exchange.

This led to some confusion on both sides, satisfactory arrangements being always made finally. The struggles of the newsboys who visited the ships with the unfamiliar dimes and nickels is thus related by the Sydney Herald: "A large consignment of the morning newspapers was conveyed to the battleships at daybreak yesterday, and to use the words of one of the newsboys, 'They sold like hot cakes.' Everyone on board was anxious to get a copy to send to their friends in America, and there were inquiries on all sides for stamps.

"One of the newsboys subsequently gave his impression of the morning's trade: 'They're boister blokes, those fellows,' he said. 'They've all got plenty of money, too. Why, I sold out my lot of papers—between 400 and 500—in no time. They went off like hot cakes, and I got tuppence-halfpenny for nearly every one of them.

"It was like this, yer see. The steamer left Circular at 6 with 16 of us on board—one for each ship. We each had 500 papers, and we sold them all. Look here," he added, pulling out a handful of American coins, mostly five cents, or nickels, as they are termed in the United States, 'this is what they gave us, one for each paper. They wouldn't take any change. They're red toffs, I promise yer. Some of 'em had sovereigns, too. They call them gold-outs. One bloke says, 'Have you got change of a gold bit?' 'Have I what?' I says. Fancy asking me for change of a sov. Nearly all of 'em paid me in American coin, but it was all right. They won't look at coppers for change—don't like them a bit. It is boister for us fellows. We ought to do all right. They wanted stamps, too.

"After I'd sold about 200 papers on deck they told me to go down below. One fellow offered to mind half my papers while I went down below with the other half. When I came back he gave me a handful of 'em nickels and says they'd all gone.

"Another newsboy of 10 or 11 was selling papers on the Circular Quay yesterday afternoon, when one of the sailors came up to purchase a paper. He tendered a nickel. The youngster looked at the coin and looked at the man, and then remarked, 'Here, what's this?' 'That's all right,' replied the sailor. 'American money's good anywhere now.' 'Haven't you got a penny, mister?' asked the boy. He was about to return the nickel when a bystander told him that he could safely take the coin. 'How much is it worth?' said the boy, still sceptical. Here again another difficulty arose, for the stranger was unable to advise. However, after a lot of talk the value was fixed at twopence, and the boy proceeded to hand over a penny change. The sailor good-naturedly remarked, 'It is all right, sonny; these are no good to me. I don't understand these coins of yours.'

The refusal caused another doubt in the boy's mind. As the sailor left he looked at the coin and then called one of his companions. 'These tarry ropes has got a lot of crook money. Did you get any?' he said. 'Garn,' said the other, who was a year or two older. 'What did he give you?' 'A thing like a sprat,' said the younger boy showing the nickel. 'That's all right,' said the big boy. 'That's an American dollar. It's worth about a sprat. If you don't like the next bloke pass him over to me.'

The following incident, also related by the Herald, shows that the trouble was not all on one side: "An American seaman strolled into one of the police stations the other night. His track was suspicious, his balance doubtful. He carried his luggage in his jumper. 'Sa-a-y,' he drawled, 'I want to know about your buggy fares. How much is a pound and half a pound?' He pulled a long stuffed stocking-purse out of his jumper, cupped gold and silver on the table, and pointed out the coins. 'Thirty shillings,' said the constable in charge. 'Like these. How far did I drive you for that?' 'About a block and a-half,' said the sailor. 'It seems a lot of money, but I don't care if it's any more.' 'You paid him about thirty times too much,' remarked the constable. The seaman considered the matter. Then he said: 'If I ever meet that buggy driver, I'll make sure wish America was never discovered. After that a dead sure thing.' After some conversation Jack was offered a shakedown in the station. 'Now that's a friendly offer,' he said, 'and so—' he rummaged in his jumper again and finally discovered a whisky bottle, nearly full. A corker failing, he knocked the head off with a neat light tap, but in presenting it with shaky hand it fell and smashed. Jack surveyed the ruins, and smelt the odor in a thoughtful silence. 'Perhaps it's all for good,' he remarked at last. 'It'll make less trouble there than where it would have gone; that's sure.' 'But there's smell enough to break my reputation,' objected the constable. 'Seems a pity to have had no run for your money.' More conversation, as the seaman began to turn his jumper inside out, depositing his portables. 'Look here,' he said, 'that little pool over at Auckland was right enough, and so was the way they welcomed us, but this here harbor, and this here welcome—well, why, it's a—it's a— a thundering Rip Van Winkle. Yes, sir; that's what it is—sure!'

The hospital ship attracted the greatest interest, and was visited during the week by medical students from the College of Medicine of the University, and by deputations of trained nurses, all of whom were much impressed by the thorough provision made for the care and treatment of patients.

The Telegraph, whose office like that of all the other newspapers, was finely decorated, gives this delicious little gibe at its own expense: "Several jacksies were viewing 'The Statue of Liberty' outside The Daily Telegraph office last night, when one burst out with, 'Why, there's old Liz.' This, it appears, is the irreverent term applied by the United States Navy men to Bartholdi's famous statue."

Prior to the departure to the ships there was a lively bidding for kangaroos by enthusiastic Sydneyites. The

# HOME RULERS DRAW FIRST BLOOD IN THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN

(From Sunday's Advertiser.)

Wicked corporations in general and the Standard Oil and the Inter-Island in particular caught it from the orators at the Home Rule-Labor rally last night at Aala Park, at which some six or seven hundred listeners howled approval. The meeting throughout was orderly, and the speakers were well received, about the only protests heard from the crowd being when one or two of the speakers launched into English. The crowd was practically wholly Hawaiian and demanded speeches in that language.

All the heavyweights of the party in the county appeared upon the platform. There were Charley Notley, Charlie Achi, J. M. Poeppo, D. Kalanokalani, Henry Vida, Waller Davis, J. M. Kealoha, W. K. Kaleihua, Stephen Umauma, Ben Poeppo, J. S. Kahohalehale, J. W. Kahahawai, Abraham Kekai, S. K. Mahoe, Charles Kaulukukui, Dan Damien and others, while a quintet club did yeoman service between speeches and worked some of the auditors up to the hula pitch. A stern policeman prevented all dancing, however.

Charley Notley Snubbed Laborites. Charles K. Notley, nominee for Delegate to Congress, was the first speaker called upon by Chairman Kalanokalani, Notley making a lengthy speech in which he called down the wrath of the voters upon Republican and Democrat alike. He denounced Kubio for playing into the hands of the rich men and neglecting the poor Hawaiians. He compared the Democratic candidate to the statue of Kamehameha, his promises making him out to be a great and strong man, but one whom the voters would find on careful examination to be hollow and full of wind.

Notley attacked the land policy of the Democrats because of the loss of revenue it would be to the Territory, and condemned the Republican policy because through it the sugar planters got the land and the Hawaiians got nothing. He accused the Republicans of Hawaii of attempting to defy the Federal immigration laws and made a particular attack upon Kubio for not seeing that the Federal law regarding the payment of Federal jurors was extended to Hawaii. "He worked for the rich men at Washington, but you see that he did nothing for you," was the peroration of one portion of the address.

Throughout his whole address Notley did not once make mention of the Labor party nor recognize its existence. He called for votes for the Home Rulers, but made no mention of any distinctly Home Rule candidates nor asked support for any of the endorsed Republicans.

## Beckley's Maiden Speech.

Candidate for Treasurer George C. Beckley was loudly cheered when he came forward to speak. He read first a prepared and written speech, both in English and Hawaiian, then launched into an impromptu addition, calling upon Republicans, Democrats, Home Rulers, Laborites and poolas to vote for him. His written speech was: "I have the honor to appear before you as an independent candidate for County Treasurer. I am an independent candidate, because it is the people who rule, and not the parties, and because, if elected, I do not wish to be under obligations to any machine or ring of any kind.

"The gentlemen opposed to me are capable and honest men, but I know that I, too, am honest and have the capacity to fill this office to the satisfaction of the public. "If I am honored by your votes, I will devote my time and attention to the duties of the office, and will not run it as a side issue to any other business, or as a feeder to a private enterprise. I was born and grew up in Hawaii-nee, and here I expect to live and die; I have property interests in this county, as elsewhere in the Territory, and am concerned in honest and economical government, just as much so as any man in the Territory of Hawaii. I have for more than forty years held positions of great responsibility and trust, have handled thou-

animals were wanted as presents, to take the place of the historic bears, more of which died, adding to the list of casualties reported here. Kangaroos are not so numerous as they were twenty years ago, but it may be taken for granted that no stone was left unturned—behind which a kangaroo might hide—on this account of the final leave-taking, from the Herald, nothing could be added:

"America was saying good-bye—saying good-bye on rather a big scale at Government House; saying good-bye rather more in earnest at the big hotels, where you might see a hundred little dinner parties taken straight from the pages of Dana Gibson; and dozens of farewells in which the square, massive jaws and straight eyes of the Christy man were turned as full and disconcerting as a searchlight on other eyes and chins that would play no second role to the Christy girl. There were good-byes on the waterside and on the streets—the sight of the evening was the cumulative good-bye that ranged itself in the glare of a few crude yellow arc lamps along the waterside walk that runs above the black, restless waters at Man-o-War Steps. Irritable, live, kicking cargoes, kangaroos in crates, have been going off to the ships for a day or two. Yesterday an extraordinary lump of living something wriggled from the Jacky who was nursing it, and dived down Elizabeth street. It bobbed and bounced and hopped like a ball along the tramline. It turned out a wallaby in a sack, which was tied, like a barber's towel, around its neck. "So when they go they will take

## ACHIL, THE TRUST BUSTER.

"The principal question before the people today is 'Shall the trusts rule or shall the people rule, the corporations such as Standard Oil company and the Inter-Island steamship company or the voters?'" stated William Charles Achi, candidate on the fusion ticket for Mayor and champion of the common people against the greedy monopolists. Achi was attired in a Prince Albert coat, beautifully creased pearl gray trousers and a carnation lei and was received with loud cheers.

He spoke first in English, comparing the Republican and Democratic parties of Hawaii with the same parties on the mainland, accusing each party of having adopted the name but not the principles of the mainland parties.

## What Did Bryan Do?

He reviewed the political history of the mainland campaign of the past few weeks, showing that both parties were grappling with the corporations and the trusts. He elaborated on Roosevelt's letter to Bryan, accusing Haskell, of Oklahoma, of being a Standard Oil man. "And what did Bryan do?" demanded the candidate for Mayor. Then he told what he "done" to Haskell. The charges made against Foraker were touched on. "And what did the Republicans do?" What happened to Foraker was related.

## Mutual Benefit from Taxation.

The speaker touched on a variety of subjects, among others the license law. He came out strongly in favor of a system of taxation according to wealth, the percentage to be raised as the assessment values came up. This would bring in a good income and the wealthy people would pay it. "Then we will all benefit," said the speaker, "the wealthy by having good roads to run their automobiles on all round the island and the poor by getting work building those roads."

## Incompetent Candidates.

Achi invited his listeners to look over the lists of men the Republican and Democratic parties wanted to put in the Senate and House. He had examined the lists and was surprised. Among all the Republicans he could find two that had the ability to make a law. These were Dowsett and Long. The Democrats made a worse showing as the only one on their ticket not incompetent was Watson. "But we have here J. M. Poeppo, the brightest legislator in the Territory, at the head of an intelligent ticket," said Achi in conclusion.

Several others spoke, all in Hawaiian, the tenor of their addresses being a request to the voters to elect the fusion candidates and save the country from otherwise inevitable ruin.

## ANGRY JAP USED A CANE KNIFE

HILO, Hawaii, October 1.—Tono Hisakichi, a Japanese working at Wai-naku plantation, has been held for the grand jury on an alleged attempt at assault with a deadly weapon.

The trouble between Tono and Mr. Ebeling is said to have arisen over a deduction of \$2.50 made by the latter in the wages of the Japanese for breaking sugar bags. While Ebeling was on his way home to breakfast it is alleged that Tono met him and threw lime in his face, also attacking him with a stick, and later using a cane knife, which was secured by a Spanish boy who came to the rescue. Tono got Ebeling's finger in his mouth also, but the latter was not keeping quiet all the time, for the Oriental has a bone broken in his arm and a rather severe injury to his nose. Ebeling's son also took a hand in the affair when he heard his father shouting for help.

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"America was saying good-bye—saying good-bye on rather a big scale at Government House; saying good-bye rather more in earnest at the big hotels, where you might see a hundred little dinner parties taken straight from the pages of Dana Gibson; and dozens of farewells in which the square, massive jaws and straight eyes of the Christy man were turned as full and disconcerting as a searchlight on other eyes and chins that would play no second role to the Christy girl. There were good-byes on the waterside and on the streets—the sight of the evening was the cumulative good-bye that ranged itself in the glare of a few crude yellow arc lamps along the waterside walk that runs above the black, restless waters at Man-o-War Steps. Irritable, live, kicking cargoes, kangaroos in crates, have been going off to the ships for a day or two. Yesterday an extraordinary lump of living something wriggled from the Jacky who was nursing it, and dived down Elizabeth street. It bobbed and bounced and hopped like a ball along the tramline. It turned out a wallaby in a sack, which was tied, like a barber's towel, around its neck. "So when they go they will take

## ANGRY JAP USED A CANE KNIFE

HILO, Hawaii, October 1.—Tono Hisakichi, a Japanese working at Wai-naku plantation, has been held for the grand jury on an alleged attempt at assault with a deadly weapon.

The trouble between Tono and Mr. Ebeling is said to have arisen over a deduction of \$2.50 made by the latter in the wages of the Japanese for breaking sugar bags. While Ebeling was on his way home to breakfast it is alleged that Tono met him and threw lime in his face, also attacking him with a stick, and later using a cane knife, which was secured by a Spanish boy who came to the rescue. Tono got Ebeling's finger in his mouth also, but the latter was not keeping quiet all the time, for the Oriental has a bone broken in his arm and a rather severe injury to his nose. Ebeling's son also took a hand in the affair when he heard his father shouting for help.

## WHAT IT WILL DO.

A woman buys a sewing machine or what it will do; not as an article of furniture. A man carries a watch to tell him the time; not as an investment of surplus capital. The same principle when one is ill. We want the medicine or the treatment which will relieve and cure. The friend in need must be a friend indeed, something, or somebody, with a reputation. There should be no guesswork in treating disease. People have the right to know what a medicine is, and what it will do, before they take it. It must have behind it an open record of benefit to others for the same diseases, a series of cures that proves its merit and inspires confidence. It is because it has such a record that

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