

CHRISTMAS EVE IS JOYOUS FEAST

All Turn Out to Honor Natal Day of the Founder of the Faith.

RICH AND POOR TAKE PART

In Every Section of the City Some Notice Is Taken of the Day.

(From Saturday's Advertiser.)

If noise betokens merriment, a Merry Christmas was ushered in last night in Honolulu, the crowd that surged for four hours through the street being one of the noisiest, yet the best behaved, that the old town has ever seen. Fort street, King, Nuuanu, Hotel, Aieka and Bethel drew the greatest number of merry-makers, while smaller but quite as noisy throngs marched and counter-marched throughout Chinatown and along the Nuuanu sections.

Every noise-producing instrument operated by wind, from the vox humana to the languiques, was brought into play to swell the volume of sound that rose and never fell, the ascending racket driving back the clouds that threatened in the early evening.

There were no firecrackers, no bombs and nothing else objectionable, the direct orders of the sheriff and the promptness with which these were carried out preventing anything that favored of hoodlumism, except in a very few isolated cases. There was little drunkenness, little else but good-humored holiday-making, in this respect in distinct advance being noted.

Up to the last minute the stores were crowded with buyers, the fact that no dangerous fireworks were tolerated and that notification to be good had been given the hoodlum resulting in many more than the usual number of mothers and children being with the crowd. Consequently the storekeepers enjoyed the noise and did more than the usual business on the side.

Streets Crowded Early.

The Christmas crowd began to gather early in the afternoon, belated shoppers rushing about to find "the very thing they wanted," and sometimes succeeding and sometimes not. Anxious papas and excited mammas herded flocks of little ones away from the toy counters; the confectionery stores sold out their box goods early and made great inroads on their stock goods. In the various stores the Christmas candles gleamed as soon as there was an excuse to light them, while delivery wagons dashed up and down to make their hundreds of connections with Santa Claus.

Very Orderly.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure and an inch of published warning a few days ahead of time kept the Christmas Eve crowd orderly and with the exceptions of several over-zealous not one out of the several thousands people on the downtown streets got into complications with the police. Several youngsters were out with bomb sticks and fire crackers early in the evening just before the police watch went on duty but they were quickly stopped and the news spread that there would be no monkeying of the sort permitted.

Towards seven o'clock the entire police force, mounted squads and all, reported for duty at the station and were assigned their beats and given their orders. Captain Baker was on duty at the central station but his task was easy for a few drunks were all that bothered him. The officers, before going out on their beats, were told to run in the first person who shot off a firecracker or a bomb but to those who had sticks give a mere warning and then trot them down if they persisted in making nuisances out of themselves.

The mounted officers were placed under command of Hack Inspector Scully and were given particular orders to watch all hacks and automobiles and arrest the first driver of either that attempted to speed to the slightest degree. As all had been well warned there was no occasion for such action although a number of autos were abroad with holiday crowds.

As the police station early in the evening a boy came in seeking permission to burn the fire matches that were so common during the evening. As the matches did not come under the head of explosives and as the sparks from them did not burn, the permission was granted. Some boys began to throw them up in the air later in the evening but this was stopped as it scared the horses.

No Pilikia Expected.

There was not much fear at the police station that the crowd would become disorderly and it didn't, staying safely within the lines that the police laid down. The plain clothes men and the detectives were on the street early, a half hour before the uniform men went on duty, and kept their eyes open for the heart of the evening fall upon them. The uniformed men were watched by any who were inclined to carry the law to dangerous bounds and did it when the officers were nowhere near, so loud and noisy and that sort of thing stopped quickly.

Drunk No. 1.

Early in the evening a Chinaman in a great fright telephoned down to the police station saying that there was a dead man in an alley along Fort street and up which was sent out in the van. The man was dead in the world all right but not too drunk to be

down, but that's about all. He gave his name at the station as Albert Yee, police and appointed directly while the police department held him up.

Much Confetti.

During the night on Fort and Bethel streets, the confetti of the town, which was scattered in the streets, was blown by the wind into the air and fell in a soft shower. The confetti was blown by the wind into the air and fell in a soft shower. The confetti was blown by the wind into the air and fell in a soft shower.

Orders Obeyed.

There was but one offender against the order prohibiting firecrackers, a Portuguese named John Gomes. He was caught by the officers at the corner of Hotel and Fort streets and brought down to the station. Four more packages were found on him and he was expected to have a night of it. He was in a half-drunken condition and was looked for investigation. He has served his time in jail and is known to the police.

The officers expected trouble at a later hour in the night and about midnight began to watch some tough ten-



Big and Little Shopping.

ments on Hotel street where some rowdies have made a practice of looting throwing on previous occasions.

Various Amusements.

A Japanese woman bought her three young hopefuls a box each at a King street store about six o'clock in the evening, and they immediately began to blow their diminutive heads off. They were the first horns on the street, and the smaller crowds were generally minus these interesting instruments of torture. Later, however, they began to discover the intense power of amusement hidden in them and also the places where they were being sold, and in a few minutes anybody without a horn was considered out of fashion and given an extra dose of confetti.

A good many automobile parties began to circle the block, until these were quite a procession of them, with the girls sitting on the back of them generously distributing the paper. Masks and false noses were in great demand, and a few boys took advantage of the disguise to be a little rougher than they should have been. One enterprising young Hawaiian secured a pair of chaps and made up as a cowboy. A few companions also secured costumes and they were followed around the street by an admiring crowd of smaller boys.

At the skating rink a fine bunch of skaters began to get on the floor early and many were able to give practical exhibitions. All were decorated with odd hats, and while the crowd grew larger during the evening, those who started early had plenty of room to distinguish themselves and showed to better form than the skaters there generally do.

Hotel Celebrations.

The strangers within the city gates, far away from home, with thousands of miles of water and land between them and their own firesides, were not forgotten in the Christmas festivities yesterday, and at the hotels special efforts were made to have them feel that Christmas in the frozen climes could have as beautiful a substitute in a tropical setting.

A Christmas tree was the big festivity of the Young, and all the guests were the recipients of little favors from its popcorn-laden branches. The tree was placed in the lounge room, the one place in the hotel which is the common sitting room for all, and was decorated with tinsel and illuminated by tiny candles. About its base were grouped a lot of parcels all nicely tied with Christmas ribbons, and upon tables nearby were packages containing bonbons. There were larger packages containing presents, and then there were the bonbons with gay-colored wrappers.

At nine o'clock a large number of the guests gathered in the lounge room, and while they were there Manager Hertsche engineered the fine new Victor phonograph, and Scott, Caruso and other stars sang for the gathering. Then Santa Claus, said to be G. W. R. King, entered in all the Santa Claus paraphernalia, and after announcing his mission, called out the names of the guests and gave them all tokens of Christmas cheer.

Theories Smashed.

Apparently Christmas eve in Honolulu equals one big noise. Anyway that was the best part of the whole evening as far as the small boys were concerned. Hundreds of them, armed with small musical instruments, paraded the streets for hours and completely put



Did It Out, Man.

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Not Buying—Just Looking Around.

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FAXON OUT OF AND IN PILIKIA

Discharged and at Once Arrested Again—Storm Does Damage in Growing Hills.

REDA, Hawaii, December 22.—The trial of G. H. Faxon, formerly book-keeper for the Hilo Mercantile Company, Ltd., on a charge of embezzling \$100 from that firm, began on Monday morning and went to the jury about seven o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. A verdict of not guilty was returned about an o'clock, it being reported that the jury stood ten to two for acquittal from the start.

Faxon was immediately rearrested on another charge, that of embezzling \$200 from the same firm, the complaint being sworn to by E. E. Nichols. This is the same case in which a nol. pro. was entered during the present term of court.

And All Was Dark. On Sunday and Monday nights of this week Hilo was not as well lighted as usual, nor were the people so happy, some of them being in a condition of utter darkness which caused growling, grumbling and swearing, if not weeping and gnashing of teeth.

It happened this way. There was a little storm flurry soon after five o'clock on Sunday morning when a bolt of lightning proved to be more than a match for the manufacturing part of electricity. The result was that six armature ends were burned out in the large 150 kilowatt generator available for lighting the town, for power and every other old purpose.

Manager Moeline did the best he could for the downtown section on Sunday night, and that wasn't much, while uptown was in darkness. On Monday night there was an improvement, while last night Hilo glimmered again with its usual brilliancy.

Giants Powder Victim. Fishing with giant powder was hazardous for another victim last week, when a Hawaiian, named John Hall, some times called Maluna, a resident of Wainaina, was terribly lacerated by the explosive while he was fishing near Keam.

According to the facts gathered by the police, Maluna and three other Hawaiians were fishing near Keam. Maluna had been using a piece of wood as a fender, and as it did not burn well he started to blow on it. He held the wood in his left hand and kept the stick of giant powder, with fuse and cap attached, in his right hand. As he blew a spark flew from the wood to the fuse, and the giant powder exploded right in his hand. The effects of the explosion were terrific. The unfortunate man's right hand was torn off completely. His head was injured and several holes made in his neck and breast.

He was taken to the Hilo hospital. Thunder and Snow. Last Friday's thunder storm was the most severe that Hilo has experienced in many years. It lasted for six hours, the lightning being very vivid, the thunder at times quite close with a heavy downpour of rain in the evening. Mauna Kea, when visible was seen to be capped with snow and the thermometer dropped to 60 degrees by seven o'clock.

HILONIAN'S COLD ROOM HOTTEST IN THE SHIP

There was considerable consternation among the officers of the Matson liner Hilonian when they opened up the steamer's cold room—not the refrigerator—and found it to be the hottest room in the entire ship, save, possibly, the engine room. There was a quick investigation of the causes leading to this transformation in the temperature of the compartment, and a careful inspection disclosed the brine pipe clogged up so that the fluid could not pass through. The result was that the cooling system failed utterly.

There were a few tons of vegetables, cranberries and berry decorations for trees in the compartment. They were all a sorry mass when the room was opened up. The vegetables had become mushy, the cranberries were fit only for sharks, and the Christmas tree decorations looked like the day after.

The loss of these consignments was felt by consignees who had banked on the staff and claims have already been filed.



He Had His Hands Full.

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Christmas Eve Among Chinatown Playgoers

Leola Harvey-Elder.

I viewed the show from a seat in Nigger Heaven, or, in other words, the Peasant Gallery. Either name would convey your meaning to any youngster brought up in the city. As there seemed to be no ushers, after the map at the door had taken my ticket, I started in the direction of what would lead in any of the America theaters to the orchestra chairs, but found my way blocked by the man at the door, who had left his post to tell me in sign language that I could not go that way, and pointed a determined-looking finger to a narrow stairway which led upward.

When I had purchased my ticket at the funny little hole of a box office, not being able to speak the language, and receiving no enlightenment from the bunch of hieroglyphics on a red lithograph background, which was pasted over the window, I had simply put down my money, taken the ticket and the change handed me, and walked on, taking it for granted that the Chinese ticket seller had learned enough of American ways to sell me the most expensive seat in the house. So, when I found my way blocked and was directed to a queer little stairway leading I knew not where, I was inclined to stop and argue the matter.

However, I found this was useless, so I gathered my skirts and made a make-believe bold, brave dash up the stairs. After two turns, I arrived, but not at the orthodox Nigger Heaven gallery which I had expected. Instead I found a sort of Adamless Eden—that is, a small gallery in which only women, girls, and small children were allowed.

All the occupants stopped their chatter to turn and stare at me and then started to chatter again louder than ever, but whether about me or the performance I was unable to tell. I sat down where I could see the stage and waited for one of the actors to look up and either quiet the women with a look or give them a calling down.

I had once attended a performance when Nat Goodwin had refused to go on with his show until several noisy boys were ejected from the theater and on another occasion had seen Louis James step from a Shakespearean character to quietly call down a box full of giggling, chatting matinee girls. I hated to be one of a gallery full of women to be publicly called down, but I consoled myself by thinking what a novelty it would be to see how a Chinese actor would do it. But the actor who occupied the center of the stage at that moment seemed to pay no attention to us but calmly waved his fan and I was startled most out of my wits by the din which followed.

A Chinese actor certainly has a novel way of calling down a group of noisy women. He simply makes a sign to the orchestra and the musicians drown the women out with a noise ten times as loud and noisy as anything you could imagine. It did not seem to bother him one bit that the noise he had called forth to drown out the women was at the same time ruining his intensely dramatic scene, for he continued to strut and fan and act for all he was worth and no one could hear a word he was saying.

While the actor was strutting to the Inferno music, I looked over the gallery railing to get a view of the rest of the house and found that while the upper part of the theater was very un-American in putting the high-priced purchasers in the gallery, the lower half was very much English for I found myself looking into a regular pit. The pit was filled with a hundred or more Chinamen, most of whom were smoking while some few were watching the performance with interested faces, just as though they could understand what that actor was ranting about with all that music playing. After the actor had decided that we had been punished enough he again waved his fan and the musicians stopped suddenly with the same kind of a startling crash as they had started with, only worse.

When the orchestra had quieted down I picked up enough courage to take a good look at the stage and regretted very deeply that I could not have borrowed the play-writing mantle of Geo. Ade for the occasion. I can think of nothing more comical than an American comedy written and played in a Chinese world. Just imagine attending a performance where there was no curtain used and where there was no scenery and just a few of the absolutely essential props. Where the orchestra sat on the stage with the actors and the property man and the stage hands walked out on the stage and stood or walked up and down as they pleased. Where all the female parts were played by men and where the orchestra blared forth with brass band crashes right in the middle of the dramatic scenes and completely drowned out the actors.

All of these things happened in the Chinese drama. After the man who had called us down had strutted around for a few moments the orchestra struck up what was supposed to be a pretty entrance tune and in tripped two lovely maidens. Now these female impersonators can give cards and spades to some of the best of the American impersonators and then win out with their wonderfully clever, true-to-life feminine gestures and voice tones. After the girls had talked for about an hour and apparently said nothing except to pass the time of day, they took their leave by making pretty bows and handing their fans with a little hand wave for all the world like that stick-out-the-little-finger hand-dropping pose of the Five Actletong.

Following a short scene between the leading man and his mother, one of the maidens again entered but at this time she was supposed to meet the hero on the banks of a river, the property man had to make his appearance to render some assistance.

When it is a river scene? The same two chairs which in their normal positions had served the two actors in the former scene in the house were carried down and placed on the stage on their sides and over them was placed a couple of small mats. After

waiting until the made-to-order bank was ready, the girl came over and sat down and went on with what seemed to be a love scene. Imagine an American stage hero making love under such conditions.

After arriving in the gallery and getting a view of the position of the stage, I knew that the entrance which had freed me to my right after I had entered the outer door led to the stage, and acting on a sudden impulse and a desire to see if the back of the Chinese stage was as much of a novelty as the front, I went quietly down the stairs, determined to sneak by the doorkeeper and explore the passage to the right.

I found when I reached the foot of the stairs that the doorkeeper was dozing on a bench just outside the door, so I stole softly by him and went down the passage to the right. It was rather dark, and I was beginning to believe that I must have been mistaken about the passage leading to the stage door, when I tripped against the lower of a short flight of stairs. I ascended these, and taking a sudden turn to the left I walked directly on to the back of the stage, and there were all of the hangers-on of Chinatown.

They evidently have no rules barring the actors' numerous friends and innumerable cousins from entering the stage door, possibly thinking a stage-door rule unnecessary where there are no girls in the show, these rules being usually made for the Johnnies.

For the same reason, the non-use of girls, no dressing rooms are provided, and the actors make up and dress for the most part in different little corners of the back half of the stage, in full view of their admiring friends and relatives. The costumes and wigs were, however, hung up in a very methodical fashion. On one rack I saw the different head dresses used for royalty, soldiers, gods and kings, and on another hung a row of beards of different colors, one of which was a bright cerise.

A young boy who could speak English explained the clown-like makeup of two of the actors standing nearby by saying that they were the bad men, but whether he meant they were supposed to be playing the villain parts or the part of the devil I could not ascertain.

My informant showed a sense of humor when he turned and pointed to a pretty Chinese maiden, standing just to our right, and asked if I did not think she was a "heap pretty wahine." When I gravely responded that I thought she was very pretty, the look on that Chinese actor's face was a study. Embarrassment and anger struggled for the mastery. He was embarrassed that I should really take him for a woman and angry at his countryman for placing him in such a position. My presence did not prevent his anger from at last winning out, and in a very decided way he snapped out: "He one liar—I did same him."

Rosecrans' New Captain.

The oil steamer Rosecrans arrived late yesterday afternoon from Gaviata with a cargo of oil. The Rosecrans has a new captain this trip, Capt. W. H. Moore. He is making his first visit to this port, and owing to the approaching darkness was a little doubtful as to the expediency of bringing his vessel into the harbor. The vessel was brought in, however, about eight o'clock. Captain Holmes, the former master of the Rosecrans, is now captain of the steamer W. S. Porter.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

Large sums of money are no doubt realized from simple speculation, but the great fortunes are derived from legitimate and honest business—where the goods furnished are worth the price they bring. Certain famous business men have accumulated their millions wholly in this way. Prompt and faithful in every contract or engagement they enjoy the confidence of the public and command a class of trade that is refused to unstable or tricky competitors. In the long run it does not pay to cheat or deceive others. A humber may be advertised with a noise like the blowing of a thousand trumpets, but it is soon detected and exposed. The manufacturers of WAMPOLE'S PREPARATION have always acted on very different principles. Before offering it to the public they first made sure of its merits. Then, and then only, did its name appear in print. People were assured of what it would do, and found the statement truthful. To-day they believe in it as we all believe in the word of a tried and trusted friend. It is palatable as honey and contains all the curative properties of pure Cod Liver Oil, extracted by us from fresh cod livers, combined with the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and the Extracts of Malt and Wild Cherry. It aids digestion, drives impurities from the blood, and is effective in Anemia, Debility, Lung Troubles, Indigestion, and all Wasting Complaints. Dr. Louis W. Bishop says: "I take pleasure in saying I have found it a most efficient preparation, embodying all of the medicinal properties of a pure cod liver oil in a most palatable form." It is a scientific remedy and a food with a delicious taste and flavor. One bottle's contents build by themselves.