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UNITED CHINESE

PLEDGE THEMSELVES

A significant event in Chinatown at noon yesterday was the official hoisting of the revolutionary colors over the clubhouse of the Chinese United Societies, done to the accompanying crackle of fifty thousand firecrackers.

The act puts the official stamp of approval by the Chinese of Honolulu on the republican movement in their home land, the society being one of which all the Chinese of Hawaii are members.

W. Yap Kwal Fong, secretary of the society, hoisted the nine-by-twelve ensign to the top of the flagpole and called for the cheers of the many hundreds gathered to watch the event, the cheers coming with a will.

"And that flag is up to stay," remarked Mr. Kwal Fong afterwards, telling of the ceremony.

SPECIAL SESSION IN CALIFORNIA THIS MONTH

SACRAMENTO, California, November 21.—The special session of the legislature will convene on November 27, it was announced from Governor Johnson's office today.

CITIZENS CELEBRATES SUCCESS OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

"I believe this revolution to be God-ordained for the advancement of humanity. I believe in this revolution because I believe the Chinese people are equal to the task laid upon them. I believe in this cause for I believe only in the republican form of government which has been given to man as the highest ideal in self-government. May the God of Battles grant success to these people in their mighty struggle for liberty. When the long roll of history is read, I believe one of the greatest things that may be said of the Hawaiian Islands is that she gave to China that noble, patriotic hero, Dr. Sun Yat Sen. I had the honor to place in his hands a copy of a volume on American democracy and which I believe has been the foundation for his propaganda for a constitutional government for China."

Young China and old China marched shoulder to shoulder last night through the streets of Honolulu carrying the red flags of the Chinese revolution, both expressive of the march of progress from the ancient customs, government and education, to the modern ideal for a constitutional form of government. As a parade to serve as an outlet for enthusiasm over the success of the revolutionists, the procession was not much, but as an event, it will be regarded as a historical milestone in this city, for it represented an outburst of patriotism in behalf of the propaganda of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who conceived the vast project now being carried out in the Chinese Empire.

There was a vast outpouring of Honolulu's Chinese population into Aala Park before six o'clock last evening, and the adherents of the revolutionary cause were marshaled early in preparation for the parade to follow. Thousands of Chinese gathered in the park, massing about the band stand which was appropriately decorated with the flags of two Republics—America and China. Upon the platform the leaders of the revolutionary party were gathered, and from the stand speeches were made before and after the parade.

Long before six o'clock various organizations filed into the square, all bearing torches or flamebeaux, and every man, boy and child carried a red rebel flag. Hardly a queue was to be seen in all the gathering. While the Hawaiian band played patriotic American airs, a Chinese band near at hand, played airs peculiar to the Celestial Empire. The lack of harmony passed unnoticed. It was noise the rebel sympathizers wanted. The flags represented the harmony. Skyrockets and Roman candles were exploded. Cheers sounded in front of the bandstand. Music was played here and there. Organizations of adults first took their places in the long line whose right rested on King street. Then came clubs of young Chinese, some, mere tots. The boys as a general rule, wore dark coats, white knee pants and white caps, and when they passed through the streets they marched in a soldierly manner.

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WILD DESCRIPTION OF MODERN BATTLE

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

The following vivid description of what actual fighting means is of particular interest at the moment when both in Europe and Asia nations are in the throes of sanguinary struggles.

Private 99203 lay behind his little breastwork nervously fingering his rifle, writes F. B. Austin in the Sphere.

The long hours of inaction and suspense had told upon his nerves as on those of every man in the line. Above all, the constant thunder of the hidden guns swelling momentarily till the very air seemed to shake with their reverberation filled him with vague uneasiness and a curious physical discomfort.

His body somehow seemed to have lost solidity, his stomach trembled, something crept along his spine. The day was already hot but his hands were cold. Anxiously he gazed in the direction of the terrible sound. There was nothing to be seen, not even a dimness on the clear blue summer sky. Then for the hundredth time his eyes ranged the ground which somewhere concealed the enemy. In front of him and below him the grassland stretched uninterupted by hedge or ditch, save where about 800 yards distant a stream wound a course roughly parallel to the position.

He spoke of the honor of having placed in the hands of the Chinese leader a copy of a book on the ideal of democracy and he believed this was the basis of the ideal he had formed for the Empire of China. Concluding, Mr. Damon asked the people, whether Chinese, Hawaiian, Americans, Japanese or whatever nationality they might be, to join him in three cheers for the success of the Chinese Republic.

The cheers were given with a will, and immediately the order was given to the Hawaiian band to strike up the march.

Headed by a squad of mounted police, the procession moved out into King street, crossed the Nuuanu bridge and marched over to Hotel street, up that street which marks the central thoroughfare of Chinatown, to Nuuanu, thence to King, down King to Mauna Kea, thence to Beretania and back to Aala Park.

The procession was a noisy one, for with the Hawaiian and Chinese bands, trumpets and horns, crackle-boxes and ten of thousands of crackers being exploded all along the route, pandemonium seemed to have broken loose. Towering above the paraders were many transparencies and signs, and above them all towered the liberty bell. From the windows of buildings facing Nuuanu avenue long strings of firecrackers were lowered and exploded and finally all Hotel street seemed to be a mass of fire and smoke.

Horses reared and plunged but the riders kept them in line. The gutter water soon turned red from the firecracker coatings. Red was everywhere, for not a Manchu flag was to be seen.

In front of the Liberty News newspaper office the paraders cheered themselves hoarse. The front of the building was decked with American and Chinese Republic flags and an arc light in front gave evidence that there was the hotbed of revolution in Honolulu, for it was in that office that Dr. Sun perfected his final plans for the uprising, before leaving on his world tour preaching the gospel of revolution.

It was a disjointed parade—just a mass of people, young and old, who followed the leader, but enthusiasm pervaded the line. The old men were as enthusiastic as their co-paraders, the little fellows. It was a short-haired parade and the queue was conspicuous by its absence. The paraders had discarded almost every sign of the old order of things. The Chinese musicians who have nearly always been seen—and heard—in Chinese robes, last night wore haole clothes like everyone else.

Whether the murderer had been determined on suicide at the time he contemplated the killing of his former mistress, or whether he did so only when he found he could not escape, will never be known. The former alternative seems the more likely from police experience with similar cases in the past.

The man, Yoshizo Kano, who was out down yesterday morning, has been identified beyond a doubt as he who cut Tsumi to death Monday as she was resting from her work in one of the cane fields. Photographs of the murderer had already been received at Honolulu police headquarters and all officers were becoming familiar with his features when the news of his death was received, writing fails to the case.

Presently he saw a dark figure emerge from it, and then another, and then several, and then many. The sharp-sighted among the men saw them also. The cry, "There they are!" ran along the line. Private 99203 instinctively hid his finger on the trigger of his rifle. Here and there a shot was fired, but the officers intervened angrily. The shrapnel ball beat on the line in savage bursts but in their interest in their own visible foe the men were unmindful of it and its effects.

Enemy Appears at Last. The enemy were forming in dark lines at the edge of the wood beyond effective rifle range. A mass of them appeared for a moment on the road where it turned to the left. "Where are the guns?" he men asked one another in impatient anger. Even as they spoke another volley of crashes was

added to the din, and white puffs commenced to burst over and on the road and along the dark lines. Then the enemy advanced in rushes. The line opened out at wide intervals so that individual figures could be clearly seen, and now lying down, now running forward, they pressed on towards the ridge. A crackling of rifle-fire arose faint in the din of crashing guns and bursting shells. Bits of turf were flung up mysteriously like rain spashes in a puddle.

A humming as of innumerable insects passed over the heads of the regiment. A man raised himself to get a better view of the enemy. "Lie down!" shouted the officers, themselves lying prone. He fell huddled, the blood running from his mouth. Every man in the line was necking to fire, but the officers restrained them almost with entreaties. It was intolerable to lie there and not reply to this hail of death. At last the order ran along the line, "Fifteen hundred yards!" The rifles seemed to go off of themselves with a simultaneous report. Once started there was no stopping the men. They fired until their magazines were empty. Each shot was a relief to their over-taxed nerves.

Gradually the fire slackened and grew steadier. Each man tried to take definite aim. Private 99203 stopped for a minute or two to let his rifle cool. His head buzzed and was very hot. He felt atrociously hungry and thirsty, his lips were cracked, and his mouth was dry with shouting, although he did not know he had uttered a sound. Gazing through the smoke mist at the enemy he was amazed at the small effect of the fire of the defence. Bodies dotted the plain, but great numbers of the dark figures were still running forward. Some had even reached the stream 800 yards away and were firing from the shelter of its banks. Shells were bursting among them and above the rifle fire of his regiment a Maxim was rattling viciously. Still the enemy advanced.

He looked at his comrade on the right. The man no longer fired; his head had fallen on the stock of his rifle. Private 99203 felt suddenly lonely. It seemed to him he was utterly alone, severed from all companionship, encompassed by threatening death. "Fix bayonets!" He scarcely heard the order but obeyed it automatically. The fire of the regiment ceased for a second and then the bullets leaped out again from a glittering line of steel. The enemy were getting very close. The shrapnel hail had ceased he knew not when.

He took careful aim at one of the running figures and saw it fall. A savage exultation filled him. He fired again and again into the oncoming crowd of rushing men. The foremost were already half way up the slope. He heard a volley above his head. The supports were firing from the top of the ridge. Somehow through the din he caught the encouraging voices of the officers. He forgot himself, forgot everything but the necessity of firing steadily into the swiftly advancing figures.

The crowd dwindled, seemed to melt. Each group was swept away by the tempest of lead. Isolated figures turned and ran down the slope. Others followed. Some few struggled on to be shot down. The remainder raced back to the shelter of the stream bank, where meeting their advancing comrades they heaped themselves confusedly. It was the regiment's chance. Desperately, as fast as they could aim and pull trigger, the men poured bullets into the mass. It broke and ran in dire confusion back across the plain, chased by the bursting smoke puffs and dropping dark figures at every moment.

At that moment above the noise of battle the regiment heard a mighty rushing sound. It came nearer, swelling every second, until it revealed itself as a tremendous, soul-stirring outburst of cheering. Swiftly the sound approached. It ran along their line also. The men sprang to their feet waving their helmets in the air, and cheering as they had never cheered before. Somehow, they knew that they had won a battle.

The guns still thundered on the retiring enemy.

CAUSE FOR ALARM. That hacking cough may appear to be of no consequence, but you may be certain that it indicates some derangement of the pulmonary system. This fact in itself is enough to cause alarm. Do not wait until it causes you annoyance, it may be too late then, but get rid of it now. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of coughs and colds and one bottle coating but a trifle may save you any amount of trouble and expense later on. For sale at all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.

NEW ELECTRIC COMPANY FOR MAUI

The Island Electric Company, Ltd., to electrify Maui, has been formed, and yesterday afternoon directors Robert E. Bond, C. H. Olson, A. G. Wheeler, George K. Trimble, and G. G. Irwin, filed articles of association with the Territorial Treasurer.

The principal office is to be in Honolulu, and the objects of the company are to manufacture, and sell electric current for lighting and power purposes in the district of Wailuku, Maui, although provision is made for the company to engage in business in any other part of the United States or its possessions. The company will also undertake to manufacture and sell ice from its plant, while the usual provision is inserted enabling the company to engage in other pursuits so that it can build, buy or hire as may be necessary.

The capital stock is \$50,000, with the privilege of increasing to a sum not exceeding \$500,000. There will be 2,500 shares of the par value of \$20 each, and the corporate existence will be fifty years.

The officers are: president, Robert E. Bond, vice-president, George K. Trimble, treasurer, A. G. Wheeler, secretary, U. H. Olson, and auditor, J. G. S. Smith. The directors had also elected

WILL FOLLOW VANIMAN WITH THE WIRELESS

At the office of Rear-Admiral E. H. C. Leuze, commandant of the New York navy yard, Lieutenant Brown, the commandant's aid, announced that orders had been received from Secretary of the Navy George von L. Meyer to send the Smith, a destroyer of thirty-two knots speed, to follow the light of Melville Vaniman across the ocean from Atlantic City, along with the Salem, a fast scout cruiser.

It is the design of these vessels to go to sea in advance of the start of the balloon and to so distribute electric light that communication by wireless waves be maintained with the shore during the entire voyage. Vaniman's balloon is to be equipped with wireless

WALALUA MURDERED COMMITS SUICIDE

(From Wednesday's Advertiser.)

A circle of armed men waiting around a growth of brush on the Waiulua plantation in the expectation of driving the murderer of Tsumi Watanabe out in the morning, received an unpleasant shock when they finally entered the copse at dawn yesterday and found their man hanging to an algaroba tree, dead.

Whether the murderer had been determined on suicide at the time he contemplated the killing of his former mistress, or whether he did so only when he found he could not escape, will never be known. The former alternative seems the more likely from police experience with similar cases in the past.

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added to the din, and white puffs commenced to burst over and on the road and along the dark lines. Then the enemy advanced in rushes. The line opened out at wide intervals so that individual figures could be clearly seen, and now lying down, now running forward, they pressed on towards the ridge. A crackling of rifle-fire arose faint in the din of crashing guns and bursting shells. Bits of turf were flung up mysteriously like rain spashes in a puddle.

A humming as of innumerable insects passed over the heads of the regiment. A man raised himself to get a better view of the enemy. "Lie down!" shouted the officers, themselves lying prone. He fell huddled, the blood running from his mouth. Every man in the line was necking to fire, but the officers restrained them almost with entreaties. It was intolerable to lie there and not reply to this hail of death. At last the order ran along the line, "Fifteen hundred yards!" The rifles seemed to go off of themselves with a simultaneous report. Once started there was no stopping the men. They fired until their magazines were empty. Each shot was a relief to their over-taxed nerves.

Gradually the fire slackened and grew steadier. Each man tried to take definite aim. Private 99203 stopped for a minute or two to let his rifle cool. His head buzzed and was very hot. He felt atrociously hungry and thirsty, his lips were cracked, and his mouth was dry with shouting, although he did not know he had uttered a sound. Gazing through the smoke mist at the enemy he was amazed at the small effect of the fire of the defence. Bodies dotted the plain, but great numbers of the dark figures were still running forward. Some had even reached the stream 800 yards away and were firing from the shelter of its banks. Shells were bursting among them and above the rifle fire of his regiment a Maxim was rattling viciously. Still the enemy advanced.

He looked at his comrade on the right. The man no longer fired; his head had fallen on the stock of his rifle. Private 99203 felt suddenly lonely. It seemed to him he was utterly alone, severed from all companionship, encompassed by threatening death. "Fix bayonets!" He scarcely heard the order but obeyed it automatically. The fire of the regiment ceased for a second and then the bullets leaped out again from a glittering line of steel. The enemy were getting very close. The shrapnel hail had ceased he knew not when.

He took careful aim at one of the running figures and saw it fall. A savage exultation filled him. He fired again and again into the oncoming crowd of rushing men. The foremost were already half way up the slope. He heard a volley above his head. The supports were firing from the top of the ridge. Somehow through the din he caught the encouraging voices of the officers. He forgot himself, forgot everything but the necessity of firing steadily into the swiftly advancing figures.

The crowd dwindled, seemed to melt. Each group was swept away by the tempest of lead. Isolated figures turned and ran down the slope. Others followed. Some few struggled on to be shot down. The remainder raced back to the shelter of the stream bank, where meeting their advancing comrades they heaped themselves confusedly. It was the regiment's chance. Desperately, as fast as they could aim and pull trigger, the men poured bullets into the mass. It broke and ran in dire confusion back across the plain, chased by the bursting smoke puffs and dropping dark figures at every moment.

At that moment above the noise of battle the regiment heard a mighty rushing sound. It came nearer, swelling every second, until it revealed itself