

# Directors and Committee Chairmen of Mid-Pacific Carnival Are Shown in Border Illustrations



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S. AWOKI

## Wet Pavement Reflects Gay Lantern Parade Miles of Dancing Lights Entrance Thousands of Spectators Along the Route

(From Sunday Advertiser.)

**PLANTED** as a musical acorn in the grounds of the Capitol yesterday morning, struggling against a storm, pelted by rain or threatened by clouds, the Eighth Mid-Pacific Carnival budded at high noon, and last night burst into its first great blossom.

The Carnival Spirit, first spread abroad manfully in the showers by the Second Infantry band yesterday morning, would not be denied. It thrived, on dampness and was fostered by the evident displeasure of the god of storms. It defied gloom.

The Peace Pageant, driven from Rocky Hill by the pelting down-pour, was set forward for a week, but the band had already played its subtle entrance march for King Carnival and he would proceed, whether or no. Nothing was missed. The aquatic tournament, the opening baseball battles, the fiery and splendid pageant of the evening, the United Service ball, each a step to the summit of the intoxication of good cheer, was made, the summit stormed.

"We here, they're here, and—It's here!"

King Carnival has arrived! Hurroo! Wela ka hao!

The Japanese and their lanterns, fanciful as a culture imported from a strange land, nodded their colored plumes, their twinkling stamens and pistols, quivered in rustling hesitancy over their line of march.

The Ad Clubbers ushering in the Queens of Carnival, saluting that older, perhaps more regal Queen of Hawaii, and heralding the fantastics of the Circus Comique:

The resplendent joys, the remorseful Gooms, the parade of color, light and fancy,

And the music, from six bands and orchestras, that grew out of the Second Infantry's humble, almost unnoticed acorn.

This was Carnival as Honoluluans, their brethren of the islands and their friends from other climes, renewed it yesterday.

**A LAVA FLOW OF FLOWERS**

The great event of the day, the real beginning of the carnival in all its glory—this was the Japanese Lantern Parade.

Urged on by the committee in charge, headed by S. Awoki, the winding line that has now three times appeared to grace Honolulu's pageants, each time in greater splendor, left its assembly place on time. It traversed Beretania and Nuuanu avenues and King street, passed through the Capitol grounds, saluted Queen Liliuokalani and Governor Pinkham, and dissolved in a gutter of lights.

Down its line of march and in the Capitol grounds the illuminations were turned off as they passed. Here they stood out brightly against the blackness of the storm that, together with the rest of Honolulu, held its breath and

watched them pass. Here their light was reflected on the gay array of decorations and filled the streets with colors.

There was a mile of boys. These were boys from the Japanese High School from the Japanese Y. M. C. A., even from Koolau, marshalled behind strange banners of torches, carrying torches, a living torch in themselves.

There was an Hima let a block long, which looked like a snake, but couldn't have been, because there are no snakes in Hawaii, and it was lit with five hundred glowing lights.

There were floats of new design, whose clouds of lanterns were never stilled, which had tops which turned in ceaseless revolution or paddle wheels of light.

There were lanterns beyond counting. They were piled in heaps, ordered and graceful heaps, or scattered in tumultuous profusion.

There was a Japanese George Washington, who bowed to the Queen on the Capitol steps and sucked in his breath, and there were Japanese Uncle Sams, at every turn.

"We celebrate Washington's Birthday," announced the floats, and if they were in likeness of boats they smoked furiously, or if they were cherry trees they showed down their blossoms, or again if they were laid out in an electric garden they twinkled merrily in this celebration.

And this profusion of light, this riot of color, moved, in a stream that took an hour to pass, in a lava flow of flowers, ruddy, glowing, intoxicating, through the streets.

**THE NATIONS TOGETHER**

In the Ad Club parade, which followed, there were Chinese, Filipinos and Koreans also, and Americans, and two hula dancers on a Japanese float, and others who belong in the Paradise of the Pacific.

The Koreans were out in force. Their marching corps, to the blaze of trumpets, tramped behind them.

Following the Koreans came the Gooms.

Chasing the Gooms there were Joys. The Ad Clubbers—not many yellow sashes dared brave the rain—herded these. The great, the only, the original Jam Johnson led the Ad Clubbers.

And after them came the Queens of Carnival.

**THREE QUEENS**

The Carnival Queens riding in their own triumphal car, manned by doughty guards and attended by pretty pages, entered the capitol grounds to a fanfare of music from a military band, approached the steps and there descended.

It is Ruth McChesney, Queen of the Occident, and Senora Vicenta Cornal, Queen of the Orient, both respectful kneed to Liliuokalani, Queen of Hawaii. Hawaii has one, the Carnival has three queens.

Queen Liliuokalani had watched the procession with Governor Pinkham from the steps of her old palace, and never was a brighter array presented to her. As the transient queen of paganism approached her, she rose delightfully and appointed them in a shower of confetti, carnival paused a moment, and when they coated themselves again, it proceeded.

**FANTASTICS**

In the circus comique there were things that never came out of a book. And there were animals that never went into a zoo. There was a camel, there was a giraffe, there was Uncle Sam and the British Lion, who danced a rag in front of the Advertiser building to prove the entente cordiale. There were troops of cavalry from the United States and they were everything that a marine cavalry should be and more.

Some persons some remis had gathered up a number of wharf rats. There he had endowed with frolic immortality, garbed them in frock coats that their garters exposed below, and crowned them with smug, gigantic

heads. These were the heads of epicures of diners well dined, of men of contentment and enormous wealth; it showed in their every lineament. And these grotesque images danced along on the bare feet of urchins graced with frayed edges of hand-me-downs, tangoing and turkey-trotting, one stepping and maxing in only such inimitable mockery that a Kakaako urchin could be capable of.

There were military bands, each acclaimed, and there were sights and sounds, Tipperary and banquets and good American cheers.

It was the intention of the committee to engage the Gooms and Joys in battle royal before the queens, having first double crossed the Gooms and hired the undertakers in advance.

But the crowd separated them. The Gloom's artillery broke down and Chief Gloom Walter V. Kolb turned and beat a strategic retreatment with the Joys in full pursuit, firing charges of confetti after them that annihilated them, horse and foot.

But the rain, which had hitherto partially held off, now descended. The bands continued their inviting steps but there were a few who danced to them.

With the brilliantly illuminated palace, with the streets still flashing, Carnival was suspended.



A.L. CASTLE, TENNIS



R.R. MCEL DONEY, CARNIVAL OF NATIONS



R.R. CUNHA, SHO-GUN-COMIC OPERA



J.A.M. JOHNSON, FIREWORKS-MOILIILI

## Sunday Honolulu Enjoys Day of Carnival Repose Crowds Seek Quiet Pleasures But Today Festive Spirit Will Be Unleashed

Carnival in suspension; Carnival with one eye on the weather and the other on today's program; Carnival taking a big breath for a full week's spurge—this Carnival occupied Honolulu yesterday.

It was an impatient Spirit. Saturday night's fete whetted its appetite and the rain did not quench its thirst. It awaits the Big Noise. It is Carnival on its toes, despite its observance of the Sabbath.

And its observance was deep and sincere. Sunday was not a hiatus in Carnival week. It was a Carnival Sunday.

There was not a beggar on the streets, nor a person who was ill who had not at his hand a remedy or relief, nor a human in want who did not have some person willing to assist him if he would make himself known.

**Sunday Honolulu Has Spirit**

So Sunday Honolulu, in the fullness of its Carnival spirit, observed its uncommercial gala time, its second day of merriment.

From the solemn mass, presided over by army chaplains in a House devoted to preparation for War, attended by men who had finished that preparation, to the services of the evening where men lent themselves to the Academies of peace or war, this was still Carnival.

Military bands played King Carnival's air and a peculiarly Hawaiian Froespring, escaped from a Pluto of a storm, doused King Carnival's sobers.

It rained last night in a very half-hearted sort of a way but it was gay and bright with nature's festive colors as well as man's yesterday afternoon at Waikiki and those other places where King Carnival elected to hold court.

**Cherche Honor Washington**

Through the inadvertence of haste on the part of managers yesterday morning's mass was announced to take place in the cathedral instead of the Armory. This was a special feature of the special services held in all the churches, and the error was corrected with little inconvenience to anyone. In the Evangelical churches and others the city's pastors devoted their sermons, to the spirit, if not of Carnival, to that of Washington, to whom Carnival itself bends knee, in addition to the first President and what he stood for.

The baseball series was played under happier auspices. The skies smiled for those things, garbed in higher-sounding titles, that delude the learned.

**Carnival Unleashed**

And today is Carnival unleashed! From the "files on parade" and their rhythmic inspired motion, to the cheer of Moiliili—today is Carnival.

We have it on the authority of the official program that this is the third

day of the carnival, and we have it on the authority of our senses that Saturday was the first (for we saw Carnival in a robe of oriental light), so it must be true. But it was not like this!

Oahu's garrison, headed by its commander, Major-General William H. Carter, U. S. A., leaves Aala Park this morning at half past nine to honor, in an outpost of the republic he helped to found, the one hundred and eighty-third birthday of George Washington.

At Kapiolani Park, at ten o'clock, bicycle races, headed by Committee Chairman L. P. George will begin and will continue all forenoon or better.

The afternoon sports will be the continuation of the baseball series, two games to be played, and the walking races from Fort Shafter to Athletic Park.

**Great Hawaiian Pageant**

The Hawaiian pageant—which year by year grows greater and better—is the attraction of the forenoon.

More ambitions this year than it ever has been and with hundreds of participants, it depicts its infancy, which assayed to portray one legend at least, to a spectacle whose scope spans that time when doties walked in the guise of men to the conquest of Kamehameha and the dawn of the new era. This is staged this afternoon on the Punahou campus and will commence at 3 o'clock.

Tonight Wilson's fireworks, as last year, will astonish the Medillians from the ball grounds in a display which "by order" is to exceed anything in that line which has been produced in Honolulu before.

**Carnival Bleachers Safe**

The breaking down of a platform at the dance of all nations Saturday night, with slight injuries to two, was caused by faulty construction in the carnival bleachers. Secretary Raymond C. Brown, in a letter to The Advertiser yesterday, pointed out that this was a temporary structure erected for the occasion by some private individuals and added that the carnival bleachers are very substantially built, have been thoroughly tried and there is absolutely no danger of their giving way under any strain put upon them.

**Director-General's Birthday**

This is Director-General Dougherty's birthday, too, and if the celebration is that of the birthday of another man, the coincidence does not diminish the director's enthusiasm in observing it. Mr. Dougherty will admit, if pressed, that this is not his one hundred and eighty-third. In fact, he can count but thirty-four, for the energy, hard work and loyalty which he has put into the celebration was originated—he says it—in 1881.



MISS JANE L. WAINNE, SCHOOL CHORUS



C.G. HEISER JR, HOTELS



GERRIT R. WILDER, HIBISCUS SHOW



EMIL A. BERNDT, DECORATIONS



JOHN A. YOUNG, WATER CARNIVAL



J.J. BELSER, TRANSPORTATION



KAPELMEISTER BERGER, BAND MASTER



WILL WAYNE, RACE DIRECTOR

## CARNIVAL RIBBONS WILL ADORN DIRECTORS' GUESTS

A distinctive feature of the Mid-Pacific Carnival is to be inaugurated at the grand directors' ball, which will be given next Saturday evening in the Armory, the closing event of the Carnival.

A ribbon in yellow and green will be worn across the shirt front of the men, and snugly ribbons of the same color will be worn by the women, around the wrist or from the shoulder.

They are called the "carnival spirit" ribbons, and to be in proper dress they must be worn by everyone, except at the ball, whether dancing or not. These ribbons will be on display this week in several stores about the city, and Saturday it is planned to have a semi-stress in a window of one of the leading stores, sewing these ribbons of yellow and green together.



PAUL SUPER, MEXICAN PATRIOTIC FEATURES



FRANK S. SCUDDER, PEACE PAGEANT



WM. T. RAWLINS, SWIMMING



M. B. HENSHAW, BASEBALL



LT. N.W. COMYNOLE, MILITARY & NAVAL BALL



L.P. GEORGE, BICYCLE RACES



H.M. AYRES, WALKING RACES



GEO. H. ANGUS, GARDI GRAS BALL