

Maui Racing Association

Thursday, July 4, 1912

Official Program

- No. 1. FREE FOR ALL, running 1/2 mile; purse \$200.
- No. 2. HAWAIIAN BRED, running 1/2 mile; first prize \$200, second \$50.
- No. 3. FREE FOR ALL, running 3/8 mile; for 2 year old, purse \$250.
- No. 4. TROTTING AND PACING, 2:15 class, mile heats, best two in three. Purse \$350.
- No. 5. FREE FOR ALL, running 1 1/4 miles; purse \$750.
- No. 6. PONY RACE, free for all, 1/2 mile. Ponies 14.2 and under. Purse \$125.
- No. 7. JAPANESE OWNED HORSES, running 3/4 mile; first prize \$150, second \$50.
- No. 8. HAWAIIAN BRED, running 1 mile; first prize \$300, second \$50.
- No. 9. FREE FOR ALL, running 3/4 mile; purse \$250.
- No. 10. FREE FOR ALL TROTTING AND PACING, mile heats, best two in three; purse \$350.
- No. 11. MAIDEN PONIES, Maui Bred. 1/2 mile. Ponies 14.3 and under. First prize \$100, second \$25.
- No. 12. FREE FOR ALL, running 3/8 mile; maidens 2 year old, (winner of third race barred), purse \$250.
- No. 13. HAWAIIAN BRED, running 3/4 mile; first prize \$250, second \$50.
- No. 14. COWBOY, three relays of 1/2 mile; first \$25, second \$10.
- No. 15. GENTLEMEN'S RACE, for members only; race horses barred. Cup.
- No. 16. MULE RACE, 1 mile; first prize \$35, second \$15.

A Boy's Reappearance

A Story For Memorial Day
By EDGAR STORMS

It was what was afterward called the battle of Chancellorsville. We soldiers didn't know when we went into a fight whether it was to be a serious matter or a battle. Some of us not yet engaged didn't know that there was anything going on. When one has listened to desultory firing of muskets mingled with cannon for several days—maybe weeks—he doesn't think much about whether it is a campaign, a succession of skirmishes or a battle.

But this is not always so. When one is in the midst of an engagement there is not much doubt as to what is going on. What I knew of this battle I refer to was a demoralizing, a confusion; rather the mingled peckish viciousness of bullets and the sky-rocket swish of shells. A man in the line before me sank down with a faint groan, and I stumbled over him, but pressed on. I had to press on. What else was there for me to do? I couldn't fall out of the ranks, for the officers had their eyes on every man to keep him from breaking and demoralizing the rest. Besides, if I did succeed in getting out of this death snare not a man of my company would speak to me when it was all over.

I have often been asked since if I got used to it. I never did. I doubt if any man in a normal condition ever got used to facing death. But I got mad, and that served the same purpose. Unfortunately I was obliged to get mad in every fight in order to stand the racket. This is my experience; others may be different. Let those sing of the glorious excitement of battle, but only one man, so far as I know, ever described it correctly. General Sherman, when he said, "War is hell!"

If this is doubted listen to an incident told me by a fellow veteran: "After a battle a line of wounded lay in a long line waiting for the surgeons. They were not all waiting, for some of them were dying. In the fight the men, and boys, too, of the country in which it was fought had taken part. I saw a little fellow with a leafy branch keeping the flies off two dead bodies lying side by side. 'Are they any relation of yours?' I asked the child. 'That's my pap,' he answered, 'and that's my brother.'"

To resume my narrative. I was hit. Some men who are shot don't know it for awhile. Not so I, I was shot right through a lung. I sank down, while the others passed over me. I struggled for breath, and the blood, pouring from my mouth, choked me. After awhile I lost consciousness, probably fainting. After that I remember intervals of fighting for breath. What was my condition the rest of the time I don't know. I remember that it was night and it was day, but how many of these changes there were I have no idea. Possibly clotted blood stopped the breathing or some of it.

Opening my eyes, I saw standing over me a small boy. He might have been ten years old or thereabout. "Water!" I said faintly. He went away and presently came back with a canteen full of water. I can never forget that first draft. What movement I made started my wound bleeding again. The little fellow stuffed some of my clothing into it and staunched it. But I choked again. When I had somewhat recovered from this the boy went away and brought some persons, who carried me to a house. There I received medical attendance and in time recovered.

The principal comfort I remember in my war service is that boy. I have never forgotten his face and never shall forget it. For years the desire to go south and find him held possession of me. But such a trip was impracticable. I was not only otherwise engaged, but had not the means to make the journey. But at last I received a windfall and, breaking away, went down to revisit the battlefield and find the boy.

I had little difficulty in finding the house to which I had been carried, but the boy was not there. Indeed if living he was not a boy. I found a man who remembered succoring a number of Union soldiers. His age corresponded to what that of my little friend should be. He thought that he might have been the one I was looking for, but could not be certain. All the boys he had known had been out helping their elders in caring for the wounded.

While we were talking, a boy about ten years old came in.

"There he is!" I exclaimed. "There's the boy who kept me alive. I would know him among a thousand."

"He's my son," said the man I had been speaking with.

He was the perfect image of his father. I took him in my arms and hugged him, while his father looked on and laughed.

"I may be indebted to you," I said to the parent, "but since you have grown beyond boyhood, and in your son I see the little fellow who was so kind to me, you must excuse me for lavishing my gratitude on him instead of you."

Then was I enabled to repay the father through the son, for I could not have bestowed upon the first what I did on the last. The family were poor and could not afford to give the youngster an education. This I did, and he to whom I was really indebted had the satisfaction of seeing his boy take a far different position in life from which he had himself taken.

Memorial by Women to Titanic's Men

THE Woman's Titanic Memorial association has been organized for the purpose of erecting a memorial to the men who went down in the Titanic. A committee of one hundred, composed of representative women, has the matter in charge. Mrs. John Hay, widow of the former secretary of state, is chairman of the association, and Mrs. John Hays Hammond is secretary.

Mrs. William Howard Taft, wife of the president, contributed the first dollar to the fund. She wrote: "It gives me pleasure to start the woman's Titanic memorial fund by giving the first dollar. I am glad to do this in gratitude to the chivalry of American manhood, and I am sure that every woman will tell that the smallness of the contribution solicited will enable her to do the same."

HELEN H. TAFT.

A number of plans have been considered as to the form the proposed memorial shall take, but it has been practically decided that a memorial arch will be built in Washington, to be dedicated as "Woman's Tribute to He-



MRS. JOHN HAY.

role Mankind." Various suggestions as to statues, either individual or grouped, were discussed, but finally discarded in favor of the arch. The memorial is to be erected to the memory of all the men who went down with the Titanic that women and children might have the first chance of safety, and no individuals will be singled out.

Thousands of letters are being sent out, and it is planned to reach all the women's clubs throughout the country with this direct appeal. No donations of money for the memorial fund will be accepted from men, the tribute being altogether a woman's memorial.

Letters already have been sent to prominent clubwomen and others in all parts of the country asking them to serve on a general committee of one hundred, which is to have a large part in the work of interesting the women of the United States in raising the fund for the memorial, and letters have been received from a large number of these women accepting the



MRS. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

responsibility and pledging their earnest co-operation in the work. The members of the committee of one hundred have been chosen from every walk of life, without regard to race, creed or social position, and every state and territory is represented in its membership.

It is hoped to raise the necessary fund in such time as to make it possible to dedicate the memorial before the close of the year.

Edward J. Stellwagen, president of the Union Trust company, who was chairman of the last inaugural committee, will act as treasurer, with George X. McLanahan as general counsel.

Offices, donated rent free, have been fitted up in the Union Trust company building, and a number of prominent business houses in Washington have donated the furniture and office equipment. The funds as fast as they are received are banked with the Union Trust company, drawing 3 per cent interest from the time they are deposited. All the officers have donated their services and will receive no salaries or allowance for expenses, all money received going directly to the fund for the proposed memorial.

Time Table--Kahului Railroad Co.

The following schedule will go into effect July 1st, 1911.

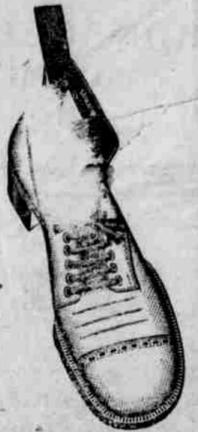
CLASS	Pass.		Pass.		Pass. & Frt.		Freight	
	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	
Kahului	Lv. 6 15	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
Puunene	Ar. 6 25			3 10			9 45	
	Lv. 6 30			3 20			10 00	
Kahului	Ar. 6 40			3 25			10 30	
	Lv. 6 50			3 35			10 45	
Wailuku	Ar. 7 02			2 00				
	Lv. 7 10			2 12				
Kahului	Ar. 7 22			2 20				
	Lv. 7 25			2 32				
Spreckelsville	Ar. 7 37			2 40		9 30		
	Lv. 7 50			2 52		10 00		
Paia	Ar. 8 00			3 05		10 15		
	Lv. 8 00			3 15		10 45		
Spreckelsville	Ar. 8 15			3 30				
	Lv. 8 27			3 42		11 15		
Kahului	Ar. 8 30			3 45		1 00		
	Lv. 8 45			4 00		1 15		
Wailuku	Ar. 9 00			4 05		1 45		
	Lv. 9 15			4 17		2 15		
Kahului	Ar. 9 20			4 20				
	Lv. 9 30			4 32				
Spreckelsville	Ar. 9 45			4 45				
	Lv. 9 50			4 50				
Paia	Ar. 10 00			5 03				
	Lv. 10 15			5 15				
Spreckelsville	Ar. 10 30							
Kahului	Ar. 10 45							

*This train from Puunene connects with trains leaving Kahului for Wailuku at 3:45 P. M.

Kahului Railroad Co.

AGENTS FOR
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Special Notice.

This is not an advertisement but a Fact!

Since the recent installation of a new clarifying plant at the Makawao Winery, the KAUPAKALUA WINE has taken the deserving place of honor, as the most delicious family table wine ever imported on Maui. Convince yourself by giving it a trial. Ring up the M. W. & L. Co., Ltd., and you will be convinced.

The new Union Restaurant on Market Street, Wailuku, will open on Saturday, May 25th, 1912. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights, meals will be served up to 11 o'clock. The new Restaurant is fitted up in an up-to-date modern style, with two private rooms up stairs.

When you feel hungry and want a good meal remember the Union Restaurant. If you want the best plate of ice cream in town (the kind that Blanchard likes) call in at the Union Restaurant.

LODGE MAUI, No. 984, A. F. & A. M.



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MAUI NEWS
COMBINATION

Stated meetings will be held at Masonic Hall, Kahului, on the first Saturday night of each month at 7.30 P. M.

Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

HUGH HOWELL, R. W. M.
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS,
Secretary.