

## FAIR WEATHER AND A GOOD TIME IN OLD HONOLULU A LIVELY DAY ON THE GRIDIRON AT PUNAHOU

### How the Day Was Celebrated Here.

### THANKSGIVING IN THE CHURCHES

#### Turkey Feasts in Homes and Hotels — Sports and Drives Enliven the Occasion.

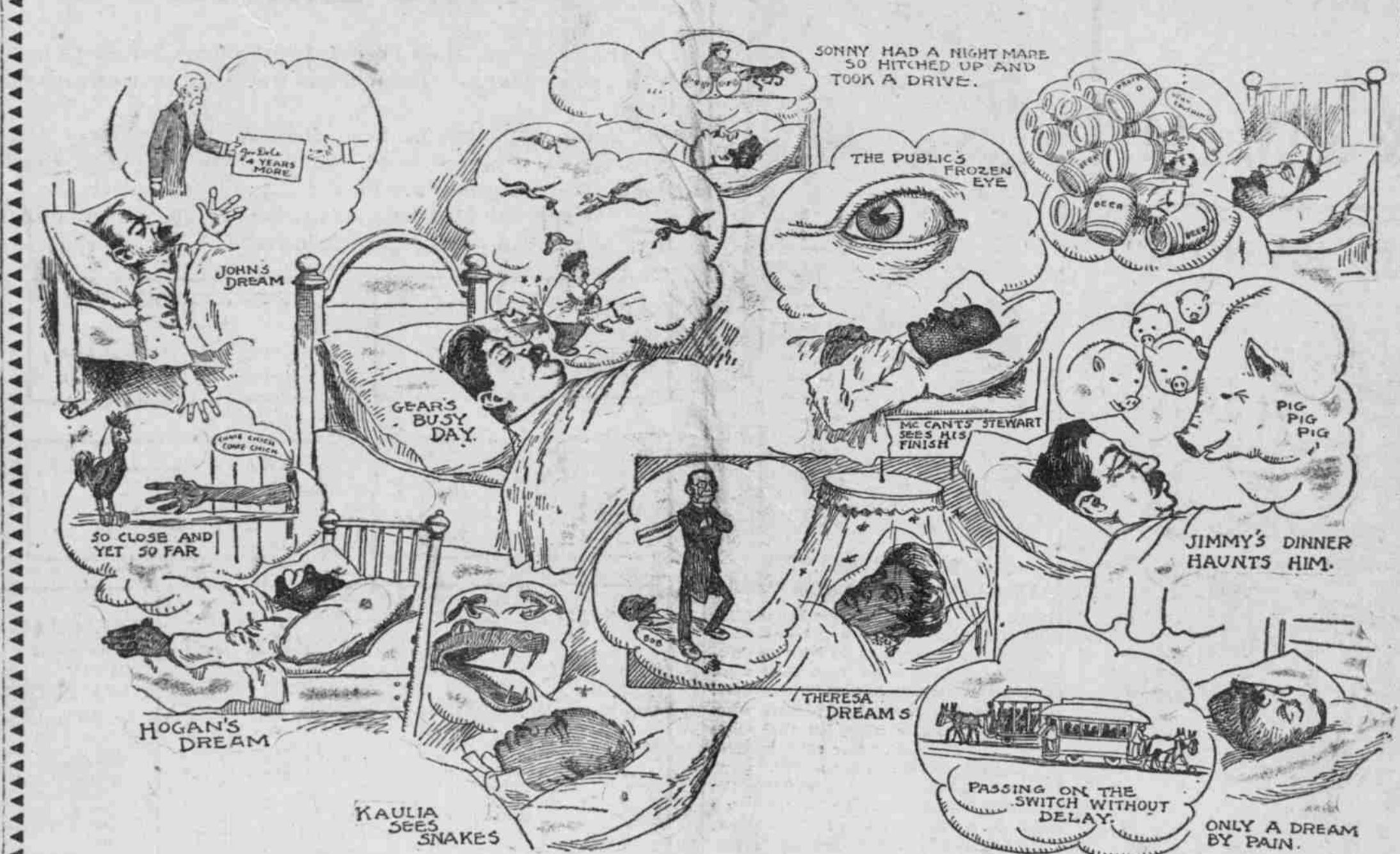
IT WAS not a real old New England Thanksgiving in Honolulu yesterday, but a real Hawaiian day for giving thanks for the plenty and prosperity which has visited these Islands during the past year. But the spirit of the old-fashioned family thanksgiving was apparent in all things just the same, and all that was lacking was the falling of snowflakes, the jingle of sleighbells, the bobbed coasting, skating upon a mill pond and washing the girls' faces with snow to redden their cheeks. These were the elements of the "Down East" Thanksgiving which were not apparent in Hawaii yesterday, but the big, juicy turkey gobblers filled with toothsome dressing, graced the tables which were surrounded by grandparents, parents, and the expectant boys and girls, and there was just as much cranberry sauce, and as many mince and pumpkin pies as were to be found on a New England Thanksgiving table, and in addition, one had but to look out of wide open windows to see a landscape studded with nodding cocoanut trees, swaying palms, a myriad of feathery ferns, rustling bananas and a vista that was all green and tropical and beautiful. Such was Thanksgiving day in Honolulu. But at many a dinner table yesterday there were homesick ones who expressed a desire to again be eating their Thanksgiving turkey in a room where a blazing log-fire crackled and sputtered its warmth around the guests, where the window panes were covered with a thick coating of frost so inviting upon which to trace one's initials, and thence to gaze out upon a landscape white with an ever-thickening mantle of snow. Sweet to these in Honolulu yesterday would have been the distant sound of the tinkle, jingle, tinkle of sleighbells and a glimpse of a cutter swiftly coursing over the white surface behind a steed all a tingle with the crisp, biting air.

But Honolulu was a far different aspect for its Thanksgiving. From morning till night gay crowds of people were upon the streets going or coming from church, making excursions into the country or to the beach to take a dip into the surf at Waikiki, and all were attired in costumes suited to a tropical country and to withstand the fierce onslaughts of Old Sol, whose face beamed never so brightly upon Honolulu and its holiday crowds as yesterday. Many spent the morning in driving to the Pal and to Moanala; climbing to summit of Tantalus and Diamond Head, or journeyed into Manoa Valley, carrying with them well filled lunch baskets.

Morning services were held in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Central Union Church and the Catholic Cathedral, and hundreds were present to give praise and thanks to God for the gifts, prosperity and peace which they had enjoyed during the past year. The services at Central Union were for the Methodist and Christian churches, as well as for the Central Union, and the offerings were divided equally among the churches, and the sums so set apart were used in providing Thanksgiving dinners for many who would perhaps otherwise have gone without them.

In the afternoon all roads led to the campus of the Oahu College at Punahou, where the Thanksgiving football game was played. The electric cars were crowded to their full capacities throughout the day, and for two hours before the game began the cars followed one another out on the line to Punahou in quick succession, several thousand people being thus carried through the city. Carriages, hacks and almost every kind of vehicle which would hold human beings drove but two ways during the afternoon—to Punahou and to Waikiki.

Hardly was the football game over than the dining rooms were thrown open, and by 6 o'clock it is safe to say that almost everybody in town, who was not seated at a luau eating young



### AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

plig. was busy enjoying portions of big, browned turkeys. There were, of course, many large dinner parties, and those who had no special invitations to dine out, betook themselves to the hostesses in town and at Waikiki, and discussed the splendid dinners given there. The Hawaiian Band played morning and afternoon in the Capitol Grounds. The evening was devoted to listening to drama at the Opera House, where the curtain did not rise until 9 o'clock, and to the minstrel performance at the Orpheum, both places being comfortably filled. The weather was perfect for Honolulu, not a shower of rain or even a threatening cloud marred the day.

#### WHERE THEY ATE TURKEY.

The Salvation Army gave its undivided attention yesterday to a big dinner given for the inmates of the Rescue Home. These were made happy by an extra amount of good things to eat, and of turkey there was a plenty. No effort was made by the army this year to give a dinner for outsiders.

The Kawaiahae Seminary girls had no special dinner at the school, as the majority of them dined out with friends.

The newsboys of the city made merry yesterday afternoon in buses, armed with tin horns. They made plenty of noise, saw the football game, had a good dinner, and went home in the evening as noisy as they began.

At Camp McKinley the artillery battalion sat down to a fine turkey dinner provided for liberally from the company mess funds.

The school children will have an opportunity today to recover from the effects of too much cranberry sauce, turkey, mince and pumpkin pies and puddings, as the schools are closed until Monday.

The Hawaiian Hotel gave a special Thanksgiving dinner, both the dining-room and lanch being used by the guests. Long palm branches were arranged over the arches and about the doorways. The tables were prettily decorated with small candle sticks with parti-hued shades. A Hawaiian quintet club played during the dinner and sang the songs of Hawaii-neh. There were a number of dinner parties present. Among them were tables presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. McClanahan, James Neill, Mrs. George S. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, Henry Macfarlane and many others. There were about 160 guests present.

Out at the Moana Hotel, at Waikiki, the Thanksgiving dinner was discussed by nearly a hundred townspeople, and there were several small parties, making a merry crowd of diners. The lanch dining-room was decorated with American and Hawaiian flags, flowers and potted ferns and palms. The tables looked pretty with their decorations of flowers and leis and candlesticks and colored shades. The enjoyment of the evening was further

heightened by the presence of the Moana Quartet, which played in the music gallery during the evening. The menu souvenir card was a neat affair with gold lettering, a small photograph of the hotel being attached to each.

After the performance at the Opera House last evening many people went to the Hawaiian Hotel, where the Quintet Club was in waiting, and dancing was indulged in on the lanas.

#### AT CENTRAL UNION.

Thanksgiving services at Central Union church yesterday morning were under the auspices of the ministers of the Christian, Methodist and Central Union churches. It was a union service in which the congregations of these churches participated. Upon the platform with the pastor of Central Union, Rev. William Morris Kincaid, were Rev. J. P. Erdman, assistant pastor; Rev. George L. Pearson, of the Methodist church; Rev. E. S. Muckley, pastor of the Christian church; Rev. L. M. Hartley, of the Anti-Saloon League; Mr. Bartlett Dyke, of the Kamehameha Boys' School; A. W. Judd. In the auditorium the boys of Kamehameha School were present as a military battalion, the girl students of Kawaiahae Seminary occupying a portion of the gallery.

The special music was exceptionally good and although Mrs. A. H. Odis, the soloist, was unavoidably absent, other selections were rendered instead. Mrs. Yardley carried the solo part of the Te Deum, and Mrs. G. M. Whitney sang a solo with much effect following the delivery of the Thanksgiving sermon by Mr. Kincaid. The services were opened with a violin solo prelude by Miss Iola E. Barber with organ accompaniment.

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ment by Prof. A. B. Ingalls, rendering Scambati's Andante Cantabile, with much credit.

The pulpit platform and organ rail were decorated with ferns, palms and bamboo, only the simplest decorations being used throughout the church. The Thanksgiving sermon was delivered with much feeling by Mr. Kincaid, dealing with what men should be thankful for at this season of the year, and to whom their thanks are due for what blessings they have received. Mr. Albert F. Judd read President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation. The order of exercises was as follows:

Responsive Reading (Psalm 100)—Rev. E. S. Muckley, Gloria.  
Prayer—Rev. G. L. Pearson.  
Response.  
Hymn No. 187—Choir and Congregation.  
Sermon—"To Whom Shall We be Thankful" (Psalm 100:4)—Rev. Wm. M. Kincaid.  
Solo—Mrs. G. M. Whitney.  
Hymn No. 105—"America," Choir and Congregation.  
Benediction.  
Postlude—"Harvest" Thanksgiving March, Calkin.  
Prelude—Andante Cantabile (G. Scambati); violin, Miss Iola E. Barber; organ, Prof. A. B. Ingalls.  
Invocation and Lord's Prayer—Rev. L. M. Hartley.  
Reading of the President's Proclamation—Mr. Albert F. Judd.  
Anthem—Te Deum in D (Festival), (Dudley Buck), Choir.

Mr. Kincaid spoke as follows:

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The grumbler has sorrows more deep than his tears, he grumbles to think he has grumbled for years; he grumbles to think he has grumbled away his home and his fortune, his life's little day.

But, alas! 'tis too late; it is no use to say that his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray; he knows he is wretched as wretched can be; there is no one more wretchedly wretched than he.

And so he continues to grumble away. He grumbles by night and he grumbles by day; he grumbles at life, but to live how he pants! And he'll grumble in heaven if he was half a chance.

The life of the grumbler may be full of blessing, full of good, full of material for enjoyment; and yet he sees nothing for which to be grateful, no cause for thanksgiving either to God or man. You remember the significant story of Haman, in the old Book of Esther, who was the greatest man in the kingdom, next to the king himself, having power, wealth, and every means of personal gratification at his disposal, and yet at the same time sour, disappointed and angry, seeing no cause for gratitude or joy, because there was one man in the realm too independent to bend the knee before him. How many people there are who compare what they have with what they desired to have. As they look abroad over the world, and think of the ten thousand things they hoped to get or hoped to do or hoped to become, a sense of dissatisfaction arises in them, and drowns out any feeling of gratitude. Then there is another class of people who feel that the very attitude of thankfulness has about it a touch of humility that lacks in manliness. Some people do not like to feel that they are under any obligation to anyone, to their friends or neighbors. They do not like to feel that they even owe God very much, because it oppresses them, and they feel humiliated by the thought.

Then there are others—and in these days the number seems to be multiplying—who as the result of the transition of thought through which we are passing, because of their questions concerning God, concerning the meaning of life, concerning human destiny, have been thrown into such a state of doubt that they are asking seriously whether life is worth living, whether there is really any-

As I have studied this subject of thankfulness it has seemed to me to be very largely a matter of temperament—something, however, that, like all other natural faculties, can be educated, made larger, deeper, broader, more fruitful. Some people seem to be born thankful. They go through life cheery, sunny, appreciative, ready to see the good in their circumstances, and to be glad and grateful for it. Oftentimes they are people of little education, whose lives seem very barren and empty, whose homes are of the simplest kind, and who are themselves driven from morning to night with toil, and yet they go on their way singing and glad, apparently thankful just because they are living, because they can breathe the fresh air, see the blue sky, and look out over this marvelous world. On the other hand others seem to be born with just the opposite disposition; they come into the world with a cry, and go through it with a grumble, seeing nothing anywhere for which to be grateful. They remind you of the poet's description of the grumbler:

"The grumbler has sorrows more deep than his tears,  
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REFEREE GEO. R. CARTER.

### A Big Row One of the Leading Events.

### CUNHA AND CARTER MIX-UP

#### Punahou Athletics Outplay the Honolulu at Nearly Every Stage of the Game.

TWENTY-NINE to six in favor of the Punahou Athletic Club was the score at the conclusion of the big football game yesterday, and any doubts which may have existed as to the superiority of the winning team over others of the league were completely swept away.

It was a memorable game in many respects, and while the quality of the football played was, on the whole, disappointing, the contest fairly bristled with sensational incidents, and the huge crowd of spectators certainly got their money's worth of entertainment.

The gathering on the campus was perhaps the largest which has attended a sporting event for many years. When the game started there must have been 1,500 people present, and at the end of the first half the attendance was well over the 2,000 mark. The ropes were lined three deep, and behind were numerous vehicles, each creaking beneath its load. More tickets were sold than there were accommodations provided.

It was essentially a holiday crowd which came to enjoy themselves. It was also a very demonstrative crowd which cheered, yelled and hooted when it thought there was the slightest ground for such outbreaks of favor or otherwise. The majority, probably, would not have passed an examination for an umpire's job, but this in no wise diminished their enthusiasm. They witnessed the effort and its sequel of victory or defeat; the tournament of brain and brawn; the passion and lust of the struggle; and were satisfied.

The scene was a gay one. Everyone wore club colors. The red and white of the Honolulu, the gold and blue of the Punahou, and the bizarre green and gold of the Malle Ilmas, all helped to make a spectacle which was kaleidoscopic in coloring and shifting effects. The colors of the contesting clubs were identical with those of the two great California universities.

Over night the Punahou ruled favorites in the betting, but there was quite a disposition to hedge on the field. The natives were with the Honolulu to a man and did not hesitate to back their choice. Another thing which made friends for the Honolulu was the fact that Henry Cockett was included in the team. His name had been omitted from the lists furnished to the press, and his presence was calculated to greatly strengthen his side. The best team won, and that is about all there is to it. The Punahou developed surprising strength and their opponents equally surprising weakness. The Honolulu were simply outplayed at every stage of the game in the second half, while in the first half they managed to hold their own.

The score at the end of the first half was six all. Morse scored for the Punahou, and Gleason did the trick for the Honolulu. In the second section of the game the Punahou touched down four times, J. Marcellino (2), Soper, A. Marcellino and Morse crossing the line. Goals resulted from five of the six touchdowns, and the kicking was remarkably accurate.

Gleason's great 90-yard run was the feature of the game. Punahou had the ball on the Honolulu's 20-yard line and as soon as it was snapped Gleason broke through center, secured the ball and ran the whole length of the field with it, never being headed. Blaisdel deserves great credit for his superb interfering on Gleason's behalf.

There was trouble galore throughout the game, and George R. Carter, the umpire, had his hands full from whistle to whistle. When the Punahou made their first touchdown the Honolulu protested on the ground that the umpire had signalled off-side against the Honolulu, and then allowed the touchdown, instead of penalizing the offenders five yards. They said that as soon as Carter signalled off-side,

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