

FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

Old Friends Renew Memories at the Roof Garden Festivities.

Kamaaina officers of the fleet met kamaainas of Honolulu last evening at the Alexander Young Hotel at an informal hop, the pleasant affair being planned by eighteen or twenty leaders of society. It was a meeting of the higher rank officers of the fleet with Honolulu's 400, most of the officers having been here in past years and on these occasions forming acquaintances, which were renewed again last evening on the beautiful roof garden and in the ballroom. And when an officer greeted such an acquaintance it was often with "aloha" and frequently with some pretty Hawaiian phrase added. Many were present who had not met before in years and there were many tete-tetes behind crotons and palms, while some of the songs of the Hawaiian musicians were those to which they may have danced years ago. Acquaintances were renewed which began away back in the days of the monarchy, even to the time when Kalakaua came to the throne, while others were of the later cruiser Boston and Philadelphia period. Governor Frear and Secretary Mott-Smith came late, having dined with Admiral Sperry aboard the flagship early in the evening. The night was perfect and the roof garden was ideal for the final festivities. Over a hundred officers were present wearing the natty mess-jacket uniform. Altogether, between 300 and 400 guests were there.

FATHER M. C. GLEASON OF THE CONNECTICUT

Father M. C. Gleason, chaplain of the Connecticut, is a man who has peculiar relations to Honolulu. He was chaplain of the battleship Missouri when the double explosion in the turret and the handling room of that vessel on April 13, 1904, killed five officers and twenty-five men, among them Midshipman Edward Neumann, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Neumann, the first naval cadet appointed from Hawaii. Father Gleason proved himself a hero at that time. He was one of the first to rush to the turret after the explosion to rescue any survivors there might be, or bring out the bodies of those who had been killed. At the time the eastern papers were full of accounts of Father Gleason's intrepid action. Father Gleason is as modest as he is brave. Many people here have received letters from friends away from here, asking them to look Father Gleason up during the stay of the fleet. He has had many callers. Father Gleason is a most engaging and polished gentleman and at the At Home given on the Connecticut Monday, by his thoughtfulness and tact, he added greatly to the enjoyment of a great many people at the affair.

THE PYROTECHNICS DREW GREAT CROWDS

The final pyrotechnic display in honor of the Atlantic fleet came off last evening at the Gore, Palace Square, an audience of thousands taking in the bursting rockets in air and the detonating bombs almost under foot. The crowds not only had the fireworks as a diversion, but they included the magnificent display of incandescent electric which outlined fifteen of the sixteen battleships. Hotels, business houses and streets were jammed with humanity. Thousands of bluejackets intermingled with the townsfolk and everybody enjoyed the display. It did not last a great while but the quality of the pyrotechnics made up for any lack of length of time to show them off. The rockets were the principal items of the display and these broke in the heavens sending showers of fiery sparks, or red, white and blue globules, or serpents far and wide. And all the time the rockets ascended the usual chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" echoed from street to street.

CHICHESTER'S YACHT IS NOW A DERELICT

Frank Chichester's yacht, the Nauticus, is drifting off to sea somewhere, while he and four others who went sailing with him yesterday are drying out their clothes and mourning lost coats, watches, cameras and money. The yacht owner, accompanied by M. C. Webster, C. W. Lutz, a sailor from the Kentucky and a Chinese bell boy from the Moana, cruised about among the battleships outside, snapping them. In talking about to recover a hat blown overboard the craft capsized, throwing the five occupants into the water, where they stayed until a launch from the battleship Minnesota and a boat from the lighthouse came to the rescue. All were brought to shore but the capsized yacht was too heavy a tow for the launch and it was allowed to drift away.

MANY SAILORS AT BALL.

The Seaside had as its guests a large number of sailors last night, the occasion being a farewell ball for the men. The scenes of the night before were repeated and the bluejackets danced to their heart's content.

Sports

WRESTLED ROLLER.

Charlesworth of the Georgia, who won from Sailor Roberts last night, wrestled with the famous Dr. Roller of Seattle and it took twenty-five minutes of the hardest kind of work before the sailor was thrown. He is a very classy kid, and if he were ten pounds heavier would quickly settle Roberts' hash.

Short and Sweet

The Diamond Heads' water carnival on Monday practically fell through owing to the slim attendance.

The protest of the Keios is that in Sunday's game with the Diamond Heads, Umpire Bower called a runner out who had been caught off his base after the umpire had declared the supposed strike a foul ball.

Camp Very has a tug-of-war team which is looking for a pull with any of the local teams. W. W. Harper is manager and answers to this challenge should be addressed to him.

Trotters and Pacers

Jack Curry, the famous reinsman, is dead.

Sweet Marie 2:02 and May Earl 2:10½, may be matched.

Isaac Christie has been elected president of the Sacramento Driving Club for the coming year.

Dandy Friseo 2:11½, a well known pacer, is dead.

Major McKinley 2:05¼, dropped dead in Kansas City while going an easy mile.

Sportive Jokes

A SONG OF GASOLINE.

There was a young man from Racine,
Who owned a big racing machine,
His house is in hock,
And he's selling his stock,
For he simply must have gasoline.

This self-same young man from Racine,
Who owns a big racing machine,
Has his wife out to work
As a dry goods store clerk,
For he's still burning up gasoline.

The man's name is Gassoway Green,
He used to be shaped like a bean,
In a week—less than that—
He lost all his fat,
Anxiety made Gasso-lean.

Tommy Burns is going to fight Bill Squires again. Knocking "Bosher" Bill out is getting to be a habit with Tommy.

BATTLESHIPS WERE ABLAZE

(Continued from Page One.)

At exactly 8:30, when the bells were struck, every searchlight was extinguished. This in itself was a surprise to the landsmen ashore, for not only did those aboard vessels inshore go out together, but those in the offing went out at the same instant.

THE SCENE FROM WAIKIKI.
One of the best points of vantage from which the illuminated fleet could be viewed last night was the beach along the Kapiolani Park. There hundreds gathered to marvel at the sight of the floating fiery ships, their searchlights, playing and flickering like the northern lights, their beams stabbing into the clouds, playing along the tree-tops and licking the surf where it pounded over the reef, while dazlingly beautiful against the background of the night the ten battleships were outlined, each the focus point for their twin-searchlight beams.

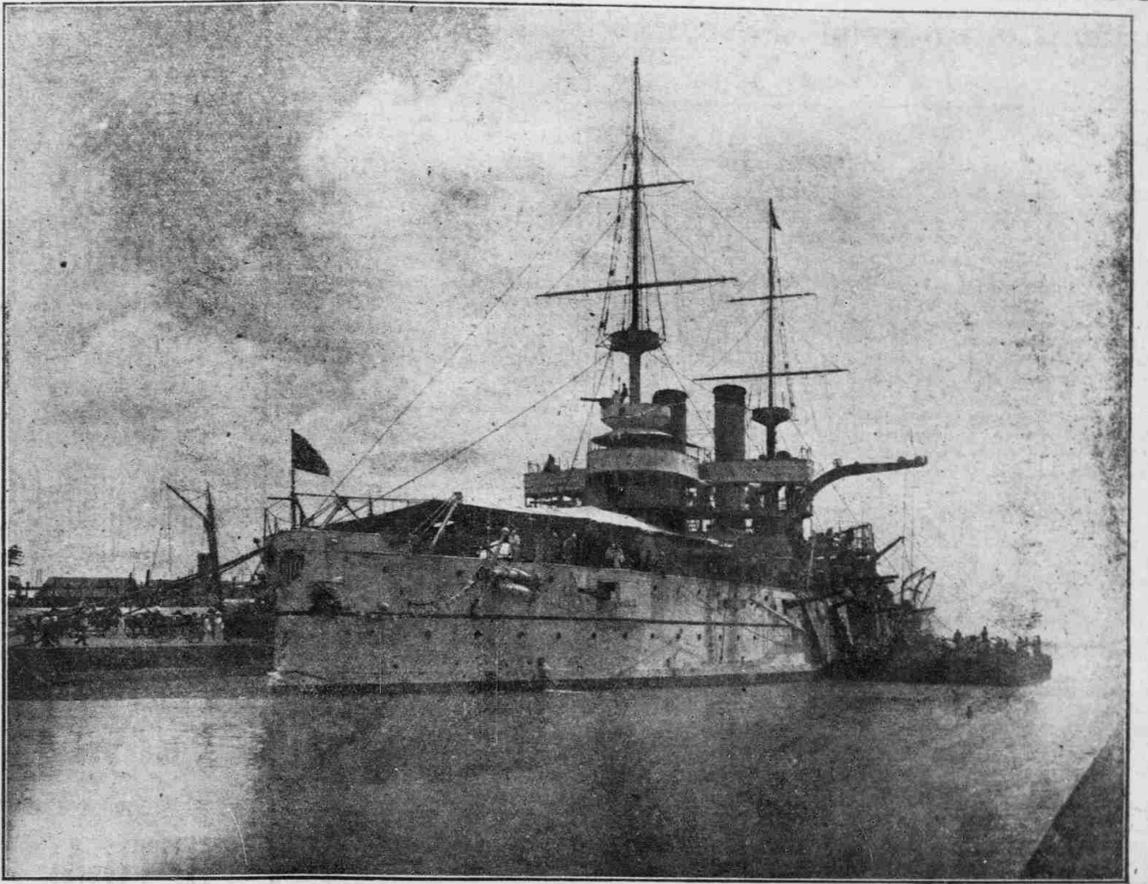
Close at hand gleamed the red, white and blues from the Moana and Seaside decorations, while filling in the gap between these and the glowing lights of the harbor, rockets streamed into the air and showered their bursting fire blossoms into the tops of the waving cocoanut palms, tossing in the beams of the ever-shifting crisscrossing searchlights. It was a scene to be remembered, a display of a magnitude which the mid-Pacific had never dreamed of and which the world's tour of the Atlantic fleet has alone made possible.

MARVELOUS EFFECT FROM THE HEIGHTS.

The city beautiful as seen from the heights mauka was a dream of fairyland. Beyond the harbor lights, like the granu set pieces of a Fourth of July finale, rode the ten battleships; within the harbor half as many more glowed with radiating lights; the whole city glittered in its illuminations, the thousands of incandescents along the streets marking the foreground into lanes of light.

The illuminations of the Alexander Young Hotel outlined that building above the sheet of colors marking Bishop street, giving a Coney Island touch to the scene, while the blazing front of the Hawaiian Electric Company's building, the strings of lights marking the towers of the Capitol, the brilliant effects surrounding the powerhouse of the Rapid Transit Company, and, afar off, softly gleaming among the dark foliage, the lights at Waikiki, all combined to make a picture so dazlingly beautiful that mere words fail in descriptive powers.

From the Pacific Heights, upper Nuuanu, Manoa and College Hills this scene was watched during the evening by entranced thousands, in the memory of whom it will live for a lifetime.



U. S. S. WISCONSIN COALING.

U. S. S. Oklabraska, Experimental Ship

By Wex Jones.

Navy Department, stirred up by criticisms that it lets new inventions go abroad, and is going to try plan suggested by Lieutenant Commander Vogelgesang, will set apart Oklabraska as ship on which new inventions will be tried.

Took the Oklabraska to sea to try plan of coaling from balloons. Pointed out by critics that balloon could take up basket of coal, be pulled along over ship to be coaled and the coal let go. Save a lot of labor.

Balloon rose from collier with ton of coal. Got it over Oklabraska after three hours' hard work. Aeronaut shot the bolt at signal. Most of the coal went down smokestack, some into the water and part scattering on deck. Caused some delay, but inventor, who was on board, said it was highly creditable for a first attempt.

On second try aeronaut made a mistake and let all the coal fall back on the collier, causing exceedingly mutinous conduct on part of the civilian crew who happened to be underneath it.

After basket was refilled, balloon was again brought over the Oklabraska. Man in balloon a bit rattled. Result, ton of coal went through sky-light into officers' mess. Inventor much discouraged by opinions expressed by officers after digging themselves out.

On next attempt balloon got right above the ship, but for some reason began to sink rapidly and aeronaut began wildly to throw out chunks of coal to lighten it. May have been accident, but most of the big pieces went mighty close to inventor, who finally received one on his conning tower and went to sleep.

Last seen of balloon it was drifting rapidly in the direction of Cape Horn.

New invention today—movable armor. When you see a shot coming move your armor to meet it. Couldn't try it, as inventor was unfortunately recaptured by keepers as we were about to sail.

Long Island man received favorable hearing on plan to turn battleships into scooters, so that they could fight on ice. Oklabraska will test the plan next winter. Reported that Russian agents are trying to bribe inventor.

Tested wireless torpedo today. Idea is to turn loose and by wireless waves steer it in any direction. Let one go with full charge at derelict, but it took opposite direction and came straight after us. Inventor explained his wireless had got tangled and he'd have to get a lineman to straighten them out. Torpedo missed us by six inches and blew up a whale which had come to investigate. Magazine expert believes whale to have been in Japanese pay.

Expert has new plan to fool enemy. "They will fire at waterline," he says. "Yes. Then fool 'em; move waterline up and down by having special water-tight doors in bottom. When enemy is aiming at waterline, open doors and ship will sink instantaneously until nothing but masts show above surface. Enemy has no waterline to fire at and goes home in disgust." Doors now being cut in Oklabraska.

Inventor of new airship, called the Flying Death, obtained permission to make tests with Oklabraska. Says battleships are obsolete. Will fly along and drop explosives on deck. Crew does not like this idea, but I told them we must not let these inventions get abroad. Flying Death, loaded with explosives, rose from Oklabraska and circled like a merry-go-round. Inventor shouted down, "Bring your ship under me!" Replied, "No; you must bring airship over us."

Flying Death's steering gear wouldn't steer properly, and inventor dropped out of airship into sea. Unluckily a bomb dropped at same time and hit

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