

# MASTERPIECE AT OUTRIGGER SHOW

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There was a crowded house at Bonine's theater last night to extend patronage to the benefit of the Outrigger Club's new big bathhouse. All society was there, and a big S with it. The house was crowded and everybody who went was treated to one of the, if not "the," grandest exhibitions of moving-picture work ever shown on canvas.

Without the least suspicion of exaggeration, it may be said that Bonine's surfing film is a world-beater. How he did it nobody can say, but the pictures are there, and they are so wonderfully lifelike that half the audience ducked periodically so that the waves would not break over them with full force.

Standing on their boards, like young gods rushing out to meet the threatening defiance of the shore, straight out of the picture, come slim youths standing on surf-boards. Behind them the big waves curl over and leave a long track of seething foam. In the whiteness of the foam appear many heads of those who have made a fizzle of the wave, while the successful riders rush gleefully towards the audience. It is a grave disappointment when they dive and recede from view just as they are about to dump themselves among the watchers.

Then there are canoe pictures, with the Outrigger crew coming in ahead at the finish, and all kinds of action in the surf. Smiling youths make faces at the camera and then stand on their heads on the surf-boards. It is an epitome of Hawaiian sport and a masterpiece in the making.

All the other pictures, the music, the singing and appreciation of the audience was good. It was a grand show, altogether, and the two hundred-odd dollars that the Outrigger Club gets from it were more than well gained by such a delightful entertainment.

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