

available. It did not matter where it was so long as it afforded a view of the course. The fringe of humanity around the water's edge made a striking picture, and the scene was considerably enhanced by the many flags that flew from the ships in port. The cares of a dull workaday were forgotten, it seemed, except in the case of the P. M. S. S. Siberia, which poured her oriental cargo out on to the Alakea wharf, and took in another from these Islands.

Of course, the followers of the Healanis and the Myrtles predominated, but there was a fair sprinkling of spectators who sported the black and gold of the Paunene and the blue of the Hui Nalus. The harbor never looked better. The mass of white clothed humanity along the foreshores, and the gay bunting from the boathouses and other points, made an effective setting for the blue patch of water on which were freely dotted the trim motor boats, the rowing boats, the outriggers, tugs and other craft.

The excitement during each race, was intense, and the followers of every club roared their appreciation or their encouragement as the boats fairly flew over the course. The assertion had been freely made by the followers of the Healanis, that they would sweep the board. The Healanis on the other hand, were just as confident that they would take all the honors. There were even some of the Paunenes and the Hui Nalus who thought that they had a chance to win some of the prizes.

Healanis Victors.

The Healanis were nearer to their prophecy than the Myrtles were, for they just missed a clean sweep. It was a great revenge after their years of defeats, and the assembled crowds of Healanis roared their appreciations of

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