



Wherever You Go
You Can Use a
CORONA
The perfect typewriter. Compact; weighs but 7 lbs.
Properly designed.
Carefully built.
Absolutely satisfactory.
See It At The
Hawaiian News Co.
Limited.
Young Bldg. Bishop St.

HANAN'S BEST SHOES
M'INERNEY SHOE STORE
Fort above King St.

LORD-YOUNG
Engineering Co., Ltd.
Engineers and Contractors
Pantheon Block, Honolulu, T. H.
Telephones 2810 and 5487

M'CHESNEY COFFEE CO.
COFFEE ROASTERS
Dealers in Old Kona Coffee
Merchant St. Honolulu

FOR ICE COLD DRINKS AND
14 PER CENT ICE CREAM
TRY THE
HAWAIIAN DRUG CO.
Hotel and Bethel Streets

SEE
COYNE
FOR FURNITURE
Young Building

CURIOS, JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES.
HAWAIIAN JEWELRY & NOVELTY CO.
King and Bethel Streets

While seeing the Volcano stop
At
THE VOLCANO HOUSE.
Hawaiian Tours Co.
26-75 Merchant St. Phone 1923

The Waterhouse Co., Ltd.
Underwood Typewriters.
YOUNG BUILDING

WATCH REPAIRING
WALL & DOUGHERTY

D. J. CASHMAN
TENTS AND AWNINGS
Luau Tents & Canopies for Rent
Thirty Years' Experience
Fort St. near Allen, upstairs.
Phone 1467.

Have You Had Your Feet
"Footographed" Yet?
REGAL BOOT SHOP
Fort and Hotel Streets

DO IT ELECTRICALLY
Hawaiian Electric Co.

PACIFIC ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED
Consulting, Designing and Constructing Engineers.
Bridges, Buildings, Concrete Structures, Steel Structures, Sanitary Systems, Reports and Estimates on Projects. Phone 1045.

PAPER
All kinds of Wrapping Papers and Twines, printing and Writing Papers
AMERICAN-HAWAIIAN PAPER & SUPPLY CO., LTD.
Fort and Queen Streets, Honolulu
Phone 1410. Geo. G. Guild, Gen. Mgr.

K. HIRATA SHOTEN

UNITED STATES TIRES
ARE GOOD TIRES
THE VAN HAMM-YOUNG CO., LTD., Honolulu, Agents

BAILEY Furniture Co.
Love Bldg., 1144-1146 Fort St.

New and Stylish
Patterns in Cravats
by Every Steamer
THE CLARION.

Let us show you some original designs in jewelry set with semi-precious stones.
H. CULMAN CO., LTD.
Fort at Hotel.

"PREPAREDNESS"
That's our business!
BOWERS' MERCHANT PATROL
Phone 2815 1079 Alakea

HONOLULU PHOTO SUPPLY CO.
KODAK HEADQUARTERS
1659 Fort Street

W. W. AHANA CO.
Tailors.
King St., between Fort and Bethel

All the very latest as well as all classical
FICTION
always on hand at
ARLEIGH'S

FURNISH YOUR HOME RIGHT
By fitting it throughout with our dependable electric fixtures.
ELECTRIC SHOP
Phone 4844 1135 Fort St.

HONOLULU MUSIC CO.
Everything Musical
Fort, next to the Clarion

PURE ISLAND MILK AND CREAM
Honolulu Dairymen's Assn.
4676—Phones—1542

SPECIAL SALE
Grass Linen and Pongee Waist Patterns.
YEE CHAN & CO.,
Corner King and Bethel Streets

Y. TAKAKUWA & CO. Limited.
"NAMCO" CRABS, packed in Sanitary Cans, wood lined.
Nuuanu St., near King St.

DEVELOPING PRINTING ENLARGING
Best in the City.
Honolulu Picture Framing & Supply Co.

JORDAN'S WOMENS' APPAREL
1029 Fort St.

CHOP SUI
93 North King Street
(Between Maunakea and Smit.)
Call and see our brand new CHOP SUI House—Everything Neat and Clean.
Tables may be reserved by phone, No. 1713

IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE IN NEWSPAPERS
Anywhere at Any Time, Call on or Write
THE DAKE ADVERTISING AGENCY
34 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Lehua Butter
Parker Ranch Beef
Delicatessen of Quality
Metropolitan Meat Market
Phone 3445

BEFORE ADAM



By **JACK LONDON**
Copyright, 1907, by the MacMillan company.

At last my father joined us. He was extremely angry. I remember the out-thrust of his protruding underlip as he glared down at the wild pigs. He snarled something like a dog, and I remember that his eye-teeth were large, like fangs, and that they impressed me tremendously.

His conduct served only the more to infuriate the pigs. He broke off twigs and small branches and flung them down upon our enemies. He even hung by one hand, tantalizing just beyond reach, and mocked them as they gnashed their tusks with impotent rage. Not content with this, he broke off a stout branch and holding on with one hand and foot, jabbed the infuriated beasts in the sides and whacked them across their noses. Needless to state, my mother and I enjoyed the sport.

But one tires of all good things, and in the end tires of all good things, and in the end my father, chuckling maliciously the while, led the way across the trees. Now it was that my ambitions ebbed away, and I became timid, holding tightly to my mother as she climbed and swung through space. I remember when the branch broke with her weight. She had made a wide leap, and with the snap of the wood I was overwhelmed with the sickening consciousness of falling through space, the pair of us. The forest and the sunshine on the rustling leaves vanished from my eyes. I had a fading glimpse of my father abruptly arresting his progress to look, and then all was blackness.

The next moment I was awake in my sheeted bed, sweating, trembling, nauseated. The window was up, and a cool air was blowing through the room. The night lamp was burning calmly. And because of this I take it that the wild pigs did not get us, that we never fetched bottom, else I should not be here now, a thousand centuries after, to remember the event.

And now put yourself in my place for a moment. Walk with me a bit in my tender childhood, bed with me a night and imagine yourself dreaming such incomprehensible horrors. Remember I was an inexperienced child. I had never seen a wild boar in my life. For that matter I had never seen a domesticated pig. The nearest approach to one that I had seen was breakfast bacon sizzling in its fat. And yet here, real as life, wild boars dashed through my dreams, and I, with fantastic parents, swung through the lofty tree spaces.

Do you wonder that I was frightened and oppressed by my nightmare ridden nights? I was accused. And, worst of all, I was afraid to tell. I do not know why, except that I had a feeling of guilt, though I knew no better of what I was guilty. So it was through long years that I suffered in silence until I came to man's estate and learned the why and wherefore of my dreams.

CHAPTER III.
There is one puzzling thing about these prehistoric memories of mine. It is the vagueness of the time element. I do not always know the order of events; nor can I tell, between some events, whether one, two, or four or five years have elapsed. I can only roughly tell the passage of time by judging the changes in the appearance and pursuits of my fellows.

Also I can apply the logic of events to the various happenings. For instance, there is no doubt whatever that my mother and I were treed by the wild pigs and fled and fell in the days before I made the acquaintance of Lop Ear, who became what I may call my boyhood chum. And it is just as conclusive that between these two periods I must have left my mother.

I have no memory of my father than the one I have given. Never in the years that followed did he reappear. And from my knowledge of the times the only explanation possible lies in that he perished shortly after the adventure with the wild pigs. That it must have been an untimely end there is no discussion. He was in full vigor, and only sudden and violent death could have taken him off. But I know not the manner of his going—whether he was drowned in the river or was swallowed by a snake or went into the stomach of old Snaker Tooth, the tiger, is beyond my knowledge.

For know that I remember only the things I saw myself, with my own eyes, in those prehistoric days. If my mother knew my father's end she never told me. For that matter I doubt if she had a vocabulary adequate to convey such information. Perhaps, all told, the folk in that day had a vocabulary of thirty or forty sounds.

I call them sounds rather than words because sounds they were primarily. They had no fixed values to be altered by adjectives and adverbs. These latter were tools of speech not yet invented. Instead of qualifying nouns or verbs by the use of adjectives and adverbs, we qualified sounds by intonation, by changes in quantity and pitch, by retarding and by accelerating. The length of time employed in the utterance of a particular sound shaded its meaning.

We had no conjugation. One judged the tense by the context. We talked only concrete things because we thought only concrete things; also we depended largely on pantomime. The simplest abstraction was practically beyond our thinking, and when one did happen to think one he was hard put to communicate it to his fellows. There were no sounds for it. He was pressing beyond the limits of his vocabulary. If he invented sounds for it his fellows did not understand the

sounds. Then it was that he fell back on pantomime, illustrating the thought wherever possible and at the same time repeating the new sound over and over again.

Thus language grew. By the few sounds we possessed we were enabled to think a short distance beyond those sounds; then came the need for new sounds wherewith to express the new thought. Sometimes, however, we thought too long a distance in advance of our sounds, managed to achieve abstractions (dim ones, I grant), which we failed utterly to make known to other folk. After all, language did not grow fast in that day.

Oh, believe me, we were amazingly simple. But we did know a lot that is not known today. We could twitch our ears, prick them up and flatten them down at will. And we could scratch between our shoulders with ease. We could throw stones with our feet. I have done it many a time. And for that matter, I could keep my knees straight, bend forward from the hips and touch, not the tips of my fingers, but the points of my elbows, to the ground. And as for bird nesting—well, I only wish the twentieth century boy could see us. But we made no collection of eggs. We ate them.

I remember—but I outrun my story. First let me tell of Lop Ear and our friendship. Very early in my life I separated from my mother. Possibly this was because after the death of my father she took to herself a second husband. I have few recollections of him, and they are not of the best. He was a light fellow. There was no solidity to him. He was too voluble. His infernal chattering worries me even now as I think of it. His mind was too inconsequential to permit him to possess purpose. Monkeys in their cages always remind me of him. He was monkeyish. That is the best description I can give of him.

He hated me from the first. And I quickly learned to avoid him and his malicious pranks. Whenever he came in sight I crept close to my mother and clung to her. But I was growing older all the time, and it was inevitable that I should from time to time stray from her and stray farther and farther. And these were the opportunities that the Chatterer waited for. (I may as well explain that we bore no names in those days; were not known by any name. For the sake of convenience I have myself given names to the various folk I was more closely in contact with, and the "Chatterer" is the most fitting description I can find for that precious stepfather of mine. As for me, I have named myself "Big Tooth.") My eye teeth were pronouncedly large.)

But to return to the Chatterer. He persistently terrorized me. He was always pinching me and cuffing me, and on occasion he was not above biting me. Often my mother interfered, and the way she made his fur fly was a joy to see. But the result of all this was a beautiful and unending family quarrel, in which I was the bone of contention.

No, my home life was not happy. I smile to myself as I write the phrase. Home life! Home! I had no home in the modern sense of the term. My home was an association, not a habitation. I lived in my mother's care, not in a house. And my mother lived anywhere, so long as when night came she was above the ground.

My mother was old fashioned. She still clung to her trees. It is true, the more progressive members of our horde lived in the caves above the river. But my mother was suspicious and unprogressive. The trees were good enough for her. Of course, we had one particular tree in which we usually roosted, though we often roosted in other trees when nightfall caught us. In a convenient fork was a sort of rude platform of twigs and branches and creeping things. It was more like a huge bird nest than anything else, though it was a thousand times cruder in the weaving than any bird nest. But it had one feature that I have never seen attached to any bird nest—namely, a roof.

Oh, not a roof such as modern man makes. Nor a roof such as is made by the lowest aborigines of today. It was infinitely more clumsy than the clumsiest handiwork of man—of man as

we know him. It was put together in a casual, helter skelter sort of way. Above the fork of the tree whereon we rested was a pile of dead branches and brush. Four or five adjacent forks held what I may term the various ridgepoles. These were merely stout sticks an inch or so in diameter. On them rested the brush and branches. These seemed to have been tossed on almost aimlessly. There was no attempt at thatching. And I must confess that the roof leaked miserably in a heavy rain.

But the Chatterer. He made home life a burden for both my mother and me, and by home life I mean not the leaky nest in the tree, but the group life of the three of us. He was most malicious in his persecution of me. That was the one purpose to which he held steadfastly for longer than five minutes; also as time went by my mother was less eager in her defense of me. I think what of the continuous rows raised by the Chatterer that I must have become a nuisance to her. At any rate the situation went from bad to worse so rapidly that I should soon of my own volition have left home. But the satisfaction of performing so independent an act was denied me. Before I was ready to go I was thrown out. And I mean this literally.

(To be Continued Tomorrow).

JESUS' AMUSEMENTS THEME FOR LECTURE

A. A. Ebersole will give a review of the life of Jesus Christ from the standpoint of His amusements at the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow evening at 6:45 o'clock. The topic of the hour will be "Amusements."

The best modern attitude toward pleasures and amusements can be largely determined from this study. Honolulu is particularly concerned with the subject of proper recreation and amusements. With such large numbers of young men in and about the city the community must face this problem continually.

This is the last in a series of 10 talks with discussion given at the Young Men's Christian Association by Mr. Ebersole on the general theme, "The Teachings of Jesus Applied to Present Day Social Questions."

AN-URIC!

The Newest Discovery in Chemistry.

This is a recent discovery of Doctor Pierce, who is head of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Experiment at Dr. Pierce's Hospital for several years proved that there is no other eliminator of uric acid that can be compared to it. For those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as backache, scalding urine and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, it is simply wonderful how surely "An-uric" acts. The best of results are always obtained in cases of acute rheumatism in the joints, in gravel and gout, and invariably the pains and stiffness which so frequently and persistently accompany the disease rapidly disappear.

Go to your nearest drug store and simply ask for a 50-cent package of "An-uric" manufactured by Dr. Pierce or even write Dr. Pierce for a free sample. If you suspect kidney or bladder trouble, send him a sample of your water and describe symptoms. Dr. Pierce's chemist will examine it then Dr. Pierce will report to you without fee or charge.

Note—"An-uric" is 37 times more active than lithia in eliminating uric acid, and is a harmless but reliable chemical compound that may be safely given to children, but should be used only by grown-ups who actually wish to restore their kidneys to perfect health, by conscientiously using one box—or more in extreme cases—as "An-uric" (thanks to Doctor Pierce's achievement) is by far the most perfect kidney and bladder corrector obtainable.—adv.

NEW KITCHEN GOING IN FOR OUTRIGGERS

A new kitchen is nearly finished at the Outrigger Canoe Club, and in a few days half a dozen gas-stoves, to allow the wives of members to prepare, shower suppers and lunches, will be installed. A sink is also to be put in, adding to the convenient arrangements. Formerly the "kitchen" was an open-air affair, which could not be used when it rained, and was too hot to work in comfortably on a warm day, as it had no roof to keep the sun off.

Two convicts, Peter Cullen, a "trusty," and John Boris, escaped from Sing Sing prison. The men escaped separately.

Boys Wanted

TO LEARN THE

Printing Trade

IN THE

Y.M.C.A. Cooperative Trade Schools

HALF TIME IN SCHOOL
HALF TIME IN SHOP
FULL PAY

School opens Aug. 7

Apply Educational Department
Y. M. C. A. TODAY

CO-OPERATING PRINTERS—
Honolulu Star Bulletin, Ltd.
Paradise of the Pacific.
Hawaiian Gazette Co., Ltd.
Mercantile Printing Co., Ltd.

FEDERAL TELEGRAPH CO.

Up-to-the-minute service to the Mainland and steamers Sierra, Sonoma and Ventura at sea.

The Federal Company has been awarded U. S. Government contract to equip all battleships and three of the largest radio stations in the world (including Pearl Harbor) with Poulsen apparatus.

THERE'S A REASON.

628 Fort Street Telephone 4085

10,000 Sq. Ft. of Floor Space

Adapted to manufacturing, merchandising or commission merchant display rooms.

Includes two floors and basement. Premises now occupied by Star-Bulletin, Kerr Building, on Alakea Street.

Inquire Star-Bulletin Office

Bishop Trust Co., Ltd.

STOCKS AND BONDS
REAL ESTATE SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
Authorized to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator or Guardian. Transacts a General Trust Business.

We expect to see you in Honolulu June 11th