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**BEFORE ADAM**



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By the time we had paddled well into the current we had drifted so far downstream that we were in full view of the Fire People's abiding place. So occupied were we with our paddling, our eyes fixed upon the other bank, that we knew nothing until aroused by a yell from the shore. We looked around. There were the Fire People, many of them looking at us and pointing at us, and more were crawling out of the caves. We sat up to watch and forgot all about paddling. There was a great hullabaloo on the shore. Some of the fire men discharged their bows at us, and a few of the arrows fell near us, but the range was too great.

It was a great day for Lop Ear and myself. To the east the conflagration we had started was filling half the sky with smoke. And here we were, perfectly safe in the middle of the river, close to the Fire People's stronghold. We sat and laughed at them as we paddled by, swinging south, and southward to east, and even to northeast, and then east again, southeast and south, on around to the west, a great wide curve where the river nearly tied a knot in itself.

Then we swept on to the west, the Fire People far behind, a familiar scene opened our eyes. It was the drinking place, where we had wandered once or twice to watch the animals when they came down to drink. Beyond it, we knew, was the carrot patch and beyond that the caves and the abiding place of the horde. We began to paddle for the bank that slid swiftly past, and before we knew it we were down upon the drinking places used by the horde. There were the women and children, the water carriers, a number of them, filling their gourds. At sight of us they stamped madly up the runways, leaving behind them a trail of gourds they had dropped.

We landed, and of course we neglected to tie up the catamaran, which floated off down the river. Right cautiously we crept up a runway. The folk had all disappeared into their holes, though here and there we could see a face peering out at us. There was no sign of Red Eye. We were home again. And that night we slept in our own little cave high up on the cliff, though first we had to evict a couple of pugnacious youngsters who had taken possession.

The months came and went. The drama and tragedy of the future were yet to come upon the stage, and in the meantime we pounded nuts and lived. It was a good year, I remember, for nuts. We used to fill gourds with nuts and carry them to the pounding places. We placed them in depressions in the rock, and with a piece of rock in our hands, we cracked them and ate them as we cracked.

It was the fall of the year when Lop Ear and I returned from our long adventure journey, and the winter that followed was mild. I made frequent trips to the neighborhood of my old home tree, and frequently I searched the whole territory that lay between the blueberry swamp and the mouth of the slough where Lop Ear and I had learned navigation, but no clew could I get of the Swift One. She had disappeared. And I wanted her. I was impelled by that hunger which I have mentioned and which was akin to physical hunger, albeit it came often upon me when my stomach was full. But all my search was vain.

**CHAPTER XI.**  
 Life was not monotonous at the caves, however. There was Red Eye to be considered. Lop Ear and I never knew a moment's peace except when we were in our own little cave. In spite of the enlargement of the entrance we had made it was still a tight squeeze for us to get in, and, though from time to time we continued to enlarge, it was still too small for Red Eye's monstrous body. But he never stormed our cave again. He had learned the lesson well, and he carried on his neck a bulging lump to show where I had hit him with the rock. This lump never went away, and it was prominent enough to be seen at a distance. I often took great delight in watching that evidence of my handiwork, and sometimes when I was myself assuredly safe the sight of it caused me to laugh.

While the other folk would not have come to our rescue had Red Eye proceeded to tear Lop Ear and me to pieces before their eyes, nevertheless they sympathized with us. Possibly it was not sympathy, but the way they expressed their hatred for Red Eye. At any rate, they always warned us of his approach. Whether in the forest, at the drinking places or in the open space before the caves, they were always quick to warn us. Thus we had the advantage of many eyes in our feud with Red Eye, the atavism.

Once he nearly got me. It was early in the morning, and the folk were not yet up. The surprise was complete. I was cut off from the way up the cliff to my cave. Before I knew it I had dashed into the double cave—the cave where Lop Ear had first eluded me long years before and where old Saber Tooth had come to disfigure when he pursued the two folk. By the time I had got through the connecting passage between the two caves I discovered that Red Eye was not following me. The next moment he charged into the cave from the outside. I slipped back through the passage, and he charged out and around and in upon me again. I merely repeated my performance of slipping through the passage.

were in the full swing of a heehee council.

These heehee councils splendidly illustrate the inconsecutiveness and inconsequentiality of the folk. Here were we, drawn together by mutual rage and the impulse toward cooperation, led off into forgetfulness by the establishment of a rude rhythm. We were sociable and gregarious, and these singing and laughing councils satisfied us. In ways the heehee council was an adumbration of the councils of primitive man and of the great national assemblies and international conventions of latter day man. But we folk of the younger world lacked speech, and whenever we were so drawn together we precipitated babel, out of which arose a unanimity of rhythm that contained within itself the essentials of art yet to come. It was art nascent.

There was nothing long continued about these rhythms that we struck. A rhythm was soon lost, and pandemonium reigned until we could find the rhythm again or start a new one. Sometimes half a dozen rhythms would be swinging simultaneously, each rhythm backed by a group that strove ardently to drown out the other rhythms.

In the intervals of pandemonium each chattered, cut up, hooted, screamed and danced, himself sufficient unto himself, filled with his own ideas and volitions to the exclusion of all others, a veritable center of the universe, divorced for the time being from any unanimity with the other universe centers leaping and yelling around him. Then would come the rhythm—a clapping of hands, the beating of a stick upon a log, the example of one that leaped with repetitions or the chanting of one that uttered, explosively and regularly, with inflection that rose and fell: "A-bang-a-bang! A-bang-a-bang!" One after another of the self centered folk would yield to it, and soon all would be dancing or chanting in chorus. "Ha-ah, ha-ah, ha-ah-ha!" was one of our favorite choruses, and another was "Eh-wah, eh-wah, eh-wah-hah!"

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

Organization of a Filipino club will take place at Aiea this evening at the Filipino hall. Preliminary arrangements were made for an organization Sunday afternoon when Paul Steel of the Citizens' Educational Department of the Y. M. C. A., talked to a number of Filipinos on American government. Mr. Steel outlined the work of the department, and consented to come to Aiea every Tuesday evening to talk on citizenship.

**LEGAL NOTICES.**

**NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF LIBEL AND TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING.**

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii—At Chambers—In Divorce. Maggie Muldoon, Libellant, versus John Muldoon, Libellee. Divorce No. 5551.

The Territory of Hawaii, to John Muldoon—Greetings: Know you that a libel for divorce is pending against you in the Circuit Court of the First Judicial Circuit of the Territory of Hawaii, by which your wife, Maggie Muldoon, prays that the bonds of matrimony now existing between you and her be forever dissolved upon the ground that you, although of sufficient ability to provide her with suitable maintenance, have neglected and refused so to do for a continuous period of more than sixty (60) days next preceding the date of the filing of said libel, to wit, the 1st day of October, A. D. 1915, and the hearing and determination of said libel has been set before the Honorable William L. Whitney, Second Judge of the First Circuit Court at Chambers, in his court room in the Judiciary Building, at Honolulu, City and County of Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, on Saturday, the 15th day of July, A. D. 1916, at the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon of that day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard.

By the Court.  
 CHAS. M. HITE, Clerk.  
 Seal, First Circuit Court, Territory of Hawaii.  
 6464—May 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, June 6

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE First Judicial Circuit, Territory of Hawaii—At Chambers. In Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of James Grube, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that A. J. Wilson has been appointed Administrator of the Estate of James Grube, Deceased, and all creditors of the deceased or his estate are hereby notified to present their claims, duly authenticated and with proper vouchers therefor, if any exist, even though the said claims may be secured by mortgage upon real estate, to the said A. J. Wilson at the office of Andrews & Pittman, 37 Merchant Street, in Honolulu, within six months from the date hereof (which is the date of the first publication hereof), otherwise such claims, if any, shall be forever barred.

All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified to forthwith make payment to the said A. J. Wilson at the above address.

Dated, Honolulu, T. H., May 23, 1916.  
 A. J. WILSON,  
 Administrator of the Estate of James Grube, Deceased.  
 Andrews & Pittman,  
 Attorneys for Administrator.  
 6482—May 23, 30, June 6, 13, 20

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