

C. H. COOKE, President. C. D. LUFKIN, Cashier.

COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION

MARCH 31st, 1914.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WAILUKU. LAHAINA NATIONAL BANK. THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PAIA.

Resources.		Liabilities.	
Loans, Discounts, Overdrafts.....	\$295,644 43	Capital Stock.....	\$ 85,000 00
United States Bonds.....	41,250 00	Surplus & Profits.....	56,827 08
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	91,261 86	Circulation.....	41,247 50
Cash & Due from Banks.....	128,861 73	Due to Banks.....	793 92
Real Estate, Banking Houses, Fixtures.....	17,840 73	Total Deposits.....	393,142 15
Five Percent Redemption Fund.....	2,062 50		
	\$576,920 65		\$576,920 65

Territory of Hawaii, }  
Island & County of Maui } SS.  
I, C. D. Lufkin, Cashier of the above named three National Banks, do solemnly swear that the above combined statement is true and correct, to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
C. D. LUFKIN, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me,  
this 3rd day of April, A. D. 1914.  
W. F. CROCKETT, Notary Public. Second Judicial Circuit.

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A Boarding Establishment

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NO. 1 KODAK JUNIOR—Takes a picture 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Holds roll of six films. Weighs 23 ounces. A very thin Camera that slips readily into the pocket. New ball-bearing shutter, opening into star shape. Speed, 1-50 second. Cable release. New style back. Two prices, according to lens used: \$7.50 and \$9.00.

NO. 1A KODAK JUNIOR—Like the above, but takes a picture 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, and has a shutter capable of a speed of 1-100 second. \$9.00 and \$11.00.

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Benson Smith & Co., LTD.

Hotel and Fort Streets  
HONOLULU

"LITTLE FORTY-TWO"

By M. QUAD  
Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Well, now, but weren't we surprised! You see, we had encountered such a run of hard luck up at Point Despair that one morning we packed up, bag and baggage, to the last man, and set off down the trail in search of something better. I well remember—it was a hot July day, and there were exactly forty-one of us.

Seven miles down the trail we came to what was then called Uncle Joe's road, and right at the intersection was where the surprise hit us. An immigrant family had strayed from the main party for some reason which we never ascertained, and right at the crossing they had been attacked by Indians. The wagon broke down there, and there the pioneer made his defense and fired his last shot. That he was game we needed no other proof than that visible to our eyes.

The family had consisted of five persons, and there they lay, hacked, cut, shot, and a shocking spectacle under that bright sun and birds singing around us. It was a horrible heap which we surrounded, and for a minute no one spoke. Then the astonishment and horror of the men brought forth deep and angry exclamations, and amid the rumpus Uncle Ben Turner suddenly called out:

"Stand back—stand back! Here's a live young un!"

There was for a fact. Half hidden under the torn and blood stained garments of its dead mother was a boy about two years old. What could we do with him?

We had no kisses, no pet words, no dainties nor little clothes. We looked from the baby to each other and scratched our heads, and no man knew what another man thought until finally Uncle Ben called out:

"Boys, it's a token of good luck. If this here what d'ye call it don't bring us a rich find then we've all forgot our homes and wives and children."

That's what we were all waiting for. Up went our hats, cheers made the rocks echo, and the little toddler was one of us—of one of forty-two.

When we were ready to go he stood in the circle, screaming out as we coned him in turn, but when old Ben finally advanced the young cub held up his arms and nestled against his shoulder as if he had found his own true father. I believe the rest of us were a bit jealous, but we were also helpless. Ben had a kind, fatherly face, a quiet voice, and the boy had only to look into his eyes to trust him.

As to the luck, the old man was right. Four miles farther down the trail the boy pointed to some flowers growing off to the right, and right there we halted and founded what was known for years as Lost Boy Diggings. It was the richest spot for fifty miles around, and all on account of "Little Forty-two," as we called the youngster.

As to the boy himself, he took to old Ben in such a way that they could not be separated. If Ben wanted a kiss he got a dozen, and all the gold in California wouldn't have bribed the boy off his knee. At night his arm was the child's pillow, and the slightest move of the youngster brought the old man's eyes open. You might have expected that "Little Forty-two" would die on our hands, living as we did, but he never had a moment's sickness. Old Ben had a way of preparing nourishing dishes out of our coarse provisions, and from the clothing found with the wagon he was kept comfortably clad. Old Ben was no dressmaker, and the boy would have looked queerly dressed in the States, but as long as he was comfortable we didn't care for looks.

"Little Forty-two" had been with us thirteen months and was to our figuring a little over three years old when some of the men who had made their stakes announced their intention of going home. Then the question arose, "Whose boy is our boy?" It was a stumper. Each man felt that he owned a share in the little chap, and each man would have been glad to take him home. We argued and discussed without avail, and old Uncle Ben sat there saying never a word, but his face was as white as chalk. "Little Forty-two" belonged to the old man in every sense, but I believe there would have been some trouble if fate hadn't come stalking up the rocky trail and halted at our diggings.

This was the way of it: Some were packing up and some using the pick and bar, and down near the creek powder was being used to blast the ledge. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning, and a blast had been prepared and the fuse lighted when from our retreat, full ten rods away, we suddenly saw "Little Forty-two" turn the thicket and run straight for the blast. He was laughing and shouting, having been playing "tag" with Uncle Ben. We sprang up and shouted and screamed, and the boy halted within ten feet of the blast and waved his cap at us. Next instant he was hidden in the dust and smoke, and when we reached him some of the men sat down and covered their faces. He was dead.

Well, that wasn't the end of it. That afternoon, after Old Ben had made the poor little body ready for burial and moaned over it and while we were digging a grave, the old man went down to the blast, placed the muzzle of a revolver to his heart and was dead before the report reached us. He had lost his boy and found him again.

MAHARAJA HAT.

This Style Gives a Sprightly Look to Face.



OF SATIN STRAW IN BLUE TONES.

This new turban type gives a sprightly look to the face, and its uprising feather lends inches to the figure.

The hat pictured is of satin straw braid in graduated shades of blue, with trimmings of blue and white fancy ribbon and a white wing ornament banded with black.

DON'T BE A FAULTFINDER.

An Easy Habit to Acquire, but Difficult to Break.

It is very easy to get into the habit of finding fault. Nothing can be as easily acquired as the complaining spirit, and nothing is so difficult to rid oneself of as this same spirit after it has once gained control over us. Nothing seems right to some people, and if it happens to be a father who is afflicted with such a disposition his homecoming at night is dreaded rather than welcomed.

Popular people are not chronic complainers.

Go through the list of your friends for proof of this.

The basis of popularity is a cheerful heart and a sympathetic soul, and a carping critic never has either.

What if the chairs do need dusting now and then? There are far more important things in the world than an undusted chair, and to shout about it doesn't accomplish the dusting.

It only accomplishes ill feeling, and ill feeling leads to harassed nerves, and harassed nerves lead to the grave just as surely as does cancer or tuberculosis or yellow fever.

It is selfish to make those around us miserable by our petty faultfinding, and soon our very presence becomes a menace.

Constructive criticism helps; destructive criticism injures.

The Spring Motor Girl.

Buff eponge, or sponge cloth, is the material used for this motor costume. It is in Norfolk style and trimmed with



AUTOMOBILE COSTUME IN BUFF TONES.

metal buttons and a patent leather belt. The little motor bonnet is of deep cream hemp velled with buff colored chiffon and adorned with a fancy feather in buff and white colorings.

For the Breakfast Table.

A convenient adjunct of the breakfast table for two is an electric toaster which will toast most daintily two slices of bread in a minute and a half. The price is about \$5.

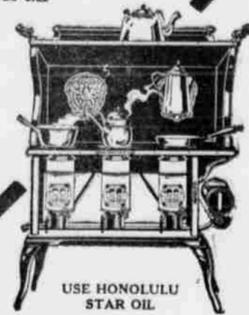
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Toasts

A good oil stove does all that a wood or coal stove will do—and does it quicker and easier. There is no wood, coal or ashes to lug. That means light work and a clean kitchen. The

New Perfection OIL COOK STOVE

burns kerosene, the clean, cheap fuel. It is scientifically constructed. The chimneys direct a concentrated heat just under the cooking utensils. And the heat can be regulated—just like a gas range. The New Perfection is an ideal stove for home, camp or bungalow. It doesn't overheat the kitchen; doesn't smoke; doesn't taint the food. Ask to see it at your dealer's.

Standard Oil Company (California) Honolulu



USE HONOLULU STAR OIL

Time Table--Kahului Railroad Co.

Daily Passenger Train Schedule (Except Sunday)  
The following schedule went into effect June 1st, 1913

TOWARDS WAILUKU						TOWARDS HAIKU					
9	7	5	3	1	Distance	Distance	2	4	6	8	10
PM	PM	PM	AM	AM	Miles	STATIONS	Miles	AM	PM	PM	PM
5 33	3 30	1 25	8 42	6 35		A. Wailuku..L	6 40	8 50	1 30	3 35	5 38
5 23	3 20	1 15	8 30	6 25	15-3	L. Kahului..A	0 6	5 09	0 01	4 03	4 55 38
5 20	3 17	1 12	8 27	6 22	12.0	L. Kahului..L	3 3	6 52	1 42	3 47	
5 10	3 07	1 02	8 17	6 12		L. Spreckle..A	7 02	1 52	3 57		
5 09	3 05	1 01	8 15	6 10	8.4	L. Elsville..L	6 9	7 05	1 53	3 58	
5 00	2 55	0 55	8 05	6 05		L. Paia..L	9 8	7 15	2 05	4 10	
4 58	2 53	0 53	8 03	6 03	5.5	A. Paia..L	7 17	2 07	4 12		
4 52	2 47	0 47	7 57	5 57		L. Hama..A	7 24	2 14	4 19		
4 51	2 46	0 46	7 56	5 56	3.4	A. Kuapoko..L	11 9	7 25	2 15	4 20	
4 45	2 40	0 40	7 50	5 50		L. Pauwela..A	7 33	2 23	4 28		
4 44	2 39	0 39	7 49	5 49	1.4	A. Pauwela..L	13 9	7 35	2 25	4 30	
4 40	2 35	0 35	7 45	5 45		L. Haiku..A	15 3	7 40	2 30	4 35	

PUUNENE DIVISION

TOWARDS PUUNENE				TOWARDS KAHULUI			
3	1	Distance	STATIONS	Distance	2	4	STATIONS
Passenger	Passenger	Miles	Miles	Passenger	Passenger	Passenger	Miles
2 50	6 00	0	L. Kahului..A	2 56	2 23	15	
3 00	6 10	2.5	A. Puunene..L	6 6	1 23	05	

- All trains daily except Sundays.
  - A Special Train (Labor Train) will leave Wailuku daily, except Sundays, at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Kahului at 5:50 a. m., and connecting with the 6:00 a. m. train for Puunene.
  - BAGGAGE RATES: 150 pounds of personal baggage will be carried free of charge on each whole ticket, and 75 pounds on each half ticket, when baggage is in charge of and on the same train as the holder of the ticket. For excess baggage 25 cents per 100 pounds or part thereof will be charged.
- For Ticket Fares and other information see Local Passenger Tariff I. C. C. No. 8, or inquire at any of the Depots.

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