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Statement of Resources & Liabilities, June 30th, 1914.

Resources		Liabilities	
Real Estate Owned.....	\$ 8,360 00	Capital Stock.....	\$30,000 00
Bills Receivable.....	25,483 05	Surplus & Profits.....	2,932 08
Cash in Bank.....	549 03	Notes Payable.....	1,400 00
	\$34,332 08		\$34,332 08

I, J. Garcia, Secretary and Treasurer of the Young Men's Savings Society Ltd., do solemnly swear that the above statement is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. GARCIA,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of July, A. D. 1914.
W. F. CROCKETT,
Notary Public.

July 25, Aug. 1, 8.

And now there are

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How to Make a Trip to Haleakala Crater Exciting

(By J. S. S.)

Notwithstanding the fact that the denizens of Maui are living on the slopes and at the very foot-hills of one of the greatest natural wonders in the world: Haleakala and its matchless crater, yet there are a great many of us who have spent a great part, if not the whole of our natural lives, here within full view of that majestic mountain without even mustering up curiosity enough to go up, peek over the edge and see what's there.

Tourists come in from all directions, everywhere from Oskaloosa to Glasgow, Scotch'd, just to get one look into that gigantic sugarbowl, which, by the way, was obliging enough to spill its wealth of sugar far out below, where we can get at it; and yet we are neither grateful enough to up and do honor to that old piece of crockery nor inquisitive enough to find out what Scotchman or Oskaloosan wants with it. Surely we must rise out of this dormancy! And while we're about it, rise good and high, say, a mile above the clouds. Nothing can do this job better than a trip up to Old Haleakala. It's about the most elevating thing you can think of doing. When once you have thus risen in life, you will never sit down again (that is, not until you get over the effects of having Vertebra meet Vertebra.) But this deals with details, so let us pass on, and be thankful we haven't any, especially for our mountain trip.

So now, for the first proposition, my good reader, if I have induced you to start to begin to proceed to commerce to think of taking the trip, and that is: How to Go, Whom to Get to Go, and How to get Whom to Go. All the remaining propositions present themselves along the way almost as frequently as the one-tenth mile-posts. First you decide upon what time to leave, which, depending upon where you live will be anywhere between 6:30 a. m. to 3. p. m. or 3. a. m. to 6:30 p. m. Then you ring up Central and tell him to call up Sam Jones. This is the begining of getting your party together. It is so much more effective to start things, thusly, with a rush than to talk it over with the bunch you expect to take up, say, a week or so before hand. Gets them so much more excited about it, you know.

When Sam Jones answers and says that he's very sorry, and that he would be delighted, but that he can't possibly make it just at present, be sure and don't forget to ask him if you can take his mule (You know mules are quite important, and often quite numerous in mountain-parties; and then you won't miss Sam so much, if you have his presence substituted.) If Sam is agreeable to this, then you have scored one point, and the main point, at that: Getting the party started. Article 1:1 mule.

Then you call up Bill Smith, Ted Brown and Henry Jakins and his sisters and get them interested. And by the time you have run over to Perkinses and down to Hawkinses and up to Ludwigsenses, you will perhaps have enough volunteers to make up a party.

Be sure you give them a very short time limit in which to get ready. For, if they have too much leisure about it, they may stop and calculate upon equipping themselves well enough to be comfortable while up in those frozen heights. And that will never do; this is strictly a "Roughing It" trip.

Under this plan, (which is usual and guaranteed,) in their scramblings about the country, hunting up their riding craft i. e. saddles for their horses and vice versa, they will invariably make a collection of those self-same steeds that once did so faithfully serve His Majesty, Kamehameha the First on his tours about Maui, with saddles and bridles to match, to say nothing of

hitching-ropes whose powers of tenacity have long since died away thru years of active service as a clothes-line. If, in addition to this, the girths and other under-pinnings are doing their duty thru the cooperation of small scraps of top-string or bits of copper telephone-wire, and if the antiquated nags possess on the average of one or perhaps one-half shoe apiece, then you may rest assured that preparations for a gay and exciting trip to the Summit have been well and suitably begun. It only remains now, to load them down with the cooking, eating and sleeping equipment, slip on a riding-pant or -skirt, (whichever the case may be,) snatch a few mouthfuls of breakfast, mount your bony charger, —and you're off!

But wait! Let me hold your horse a minute, while we make a little inventory of the usual things in the line of cooking, eating and sleeping paraphernalia. Do not, by any means, stop to consider any one of those as a special item, but condense them into one inextricable mixture at once, for it must inevitably become a mixture by the time we are camped at the Crater-house, so this saves time. First, you run inside and pull the blankets and pillow off your bed (Be sure and take the pillow along;) roll the blankets up neatly and tie them up firmly with any sort of string, guaranteed to break when not expected; then get together all of your undergarments, old sweaters and holy sox. Make a roll of these. Then carefully untie all the knots on your roll of blankets, unroll them, insert your roll of clothing, roll up the whole business together and tie up as before, very firmly. After this, run out into the kitchen (I say "run," because, at this stage, excitement grows tense, and some one of the party is certain to be ready by this time and sitting on his horse, waiting for the rest of the bunch) and get three cans of condensed milk and two of Vienna Sausage. Untie your bundle of blankets and clothes again and roll them up singly over the cans. Tie firmly as before. After this third operation, the bundle is ready to be wrapped in an oil-skin coat, providing you don't happen to think of sticking in a couple of candles and a pair of field-glasses.

Next, you make a raid of the kitchen, gathering in cooking-utensils and provisions. Always start in by taking the nutmeg-grater. This is a most useful article in mountain trips. Even if you forget to bring nutmegs, it comes in handy for scratching safety-matches on after their box gets wet or worn. Then take the coffee-pot and stuff two or three pounds of Kona-coffee in it. Never mind tying the lid on. It will come off anyway. If the coffee is not ground, take the coffee-mill along. You must take tea, but it's hardly necessary to take the tea-kettle; yet be sure about the frying-pan, and bundle up some eggs and a chunk of bacon with it. Don't bother about spoons or knives until you get on your horse; you can send back for them. Then there's wood to be chopped for cooking up there, so take a hatchet, or preferably, an axe, and the buck-saw, if possible. Kerosene comes in handy for starting the fire. Wrap a bottle of this up securely with two loaves of bread, making sure the cork is not too tight. This done, get the egg-beater, a soap-dish and the dish-pan packed up, and you are ready to tend to the horse-feed. If you intend to stay only a day or so up there, take about four bucket-loads of feed, but if your stay will last a week or more, then pour one bucketful of it into the depths of a gunny-sack, strap it on the beast, and let it go at that; the danged horse will get hungry anyway. At this point you must remember the rice, the sugar and the butter, and oh! yes—we may shoot a goat!—so,

take onions, pepper and—let's see, does vinegar go well on goat-meat? —Well, anyway, take vinegar. Oh, yes! and a bottle of Chow Chow. Put this all in the horse-feed bags. Alright, are you ready? Sure Kela.

You mount your bronco and nestle thankfully in the saddle. As you grasp the reins, you will remember exactly 27 things left untaken which ought to have been taken. Out of this list select the Kodak, a jar of cold-cream and a silk handkerchief to tie around your neck.—And at last you're off!

As you clatter gaily thru your own home town, four or five horses abreast, everybody you meet will know you are bound for the mountain-top, nevertheless, exactly 17 different persons will sing out: "Goin' up to the Crater?" much as tho you were off for Japan on horseback. But do not be disgruntled at this. You must get used to it at once, for when you come down again there will be exactly 34 waiting for you with: "Been up to the Crater?"

After ten or fifteen minutes galloping, out of town, it is time enough for someone to drop a bundle, altho, (in rare cases) it is possible to travel two or three miles without such developments. However, immediately upon leaving Makawao, which is the last point at which supplies may be obtained, and also the last point at which the remaining population of Maui that have not already done so, gets a chance to inquire: "Goin' up to the mountain,?" the package of soda crackers will fling its contents into the middle of a mud-puddle especially prepared for the occasion.

At Olinda the party dismounts for a bite to eat. You select a green grassy spot, and squat about, picnic-fashion, while someone hands out the sandwiches. As you sit there gazing at the green patches of cane-fields stretched out far below, bespangled with innumerable reservoirs, and the beautiful blue expanse of ocean on both sides of the isthmus, appearing placid as a lake in the distance, the charm of the mountain comes creeping down upon you. You are about to pronounce the occasion a success, and start to pour forth your soul to your friends, enlarging upon the beauties of Nature, when suddenly Sally Jakins dis-

covers that the cake of butter has melted out of its wrapping and has attempted to butter up the horse much as tho he were a hot, sweating baked-potato. We make a little investigation of the matter and assume our usual hopeful attitude. However, in this case we realize that, if we hope to ever eat any of that butter, we will have to eat the horse and all, so closely are they commingled. All those present, of course not being in favor of this, signify by mounting their beasts again and proceeding as before.

If some further calamity has not occurred by the time the 6 miles to the Summit-post is passed, it is marvelous, if not miraculous and at the 4th post, stupendous. But, after this, there is no chance for long, fluent adjectives; they become short and explosive. If the "Chow-chow-bottle has not managed to break open and liberate its companions; the sugar and the rice from their paper-sacks, so that the horse-feed becomes more of a salad than a cereal; then Miss Perkin's saddleoverturns and elings serenely to the horse's belly, while he rushes off among the Ohelo-bushes (pronounced: Oh!—h—! Oh!,) bucking and kicking, and scatters the needful baggage far and wide.

After the party has assembled at the Crater-house and recovered from their many manifestations of awe in regard to the grandeur of the crater, it is time for you to wax triumphant and trot out your kodak for a picture of the sunset and a "family-group" of the party.

You gather them together and perch them on a rock at the brink of the crater. Waiting for them to smile as best they can with their cracked and sun-burned lips, you snap it—and it's all over. Then for the sunset-scene. You wait patiently for the sun to fix himself in just the right position among the billowy cloud-tops of the Wailuku Mountains. As you turn the knob of the kodak to make it ready for picture No. 2, you discover that, by the slack way it revolves, something seems to be missing.

Then, glaring savagely into the red-eye of the kodak, where the number on the film ought to (but doesn't) appear, you mutter: "The danged machine has no films in it!"

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