

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR.

REMEMBERED CAPT. COOK OLD HAWAIIAN PRIEST WHO WAS ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD WHEN THE BRITISH VOYAGER LANDED IN THE GROUP OF PACIFIC ISLANDS.

Tells a Story of the Visit of the White Men—How the Natives Worshipped and Made Their Sacrifices—Tells of the Fight in Which the Priests Took Part and in Which Many of Them Were Killed, Together With Capt. Cook.

Written for the "News" by W. W. Cluff.

When Lono—Capt. Cook—was killed. You would possibly be about 12 years old at the time? "Perhaps so," he replied, "but I remember it well."

The English history of that sad event does not exactly agree with the accounts we have heard from intelligent natives. The English historians place all the blame on the natives; but the native version shows that while Cook and his officers were being feasted by the king, high chiefs and kahunas, in the village near by, some of the English sailors came on shore to get wood and in passing the Heiau, near the landing, they went in and commenced tearing down and carrying off the wooden railing around the altar.

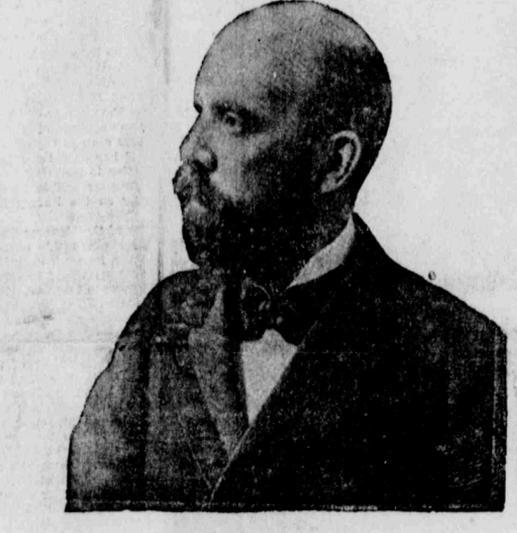
Nothing but a state of frenzy, such as must have existed, would ever have led any Hawaiian to raise a violent hand against their discoverer, whom they looked upon as their long looked for Lono, an immortal savior. As the old kahuna had become so free to talk, we told him we were "Mormon" Elders, but we had not come to talk about religion to him; that he being an aged man, we thought he would be able to tell us about his people, before foreigners came to those islands; that we took a great interest in his race, and wanted to learn about the early history before white men came, and brought those loathsome diseases which are so rapidly decimating their numbers; that we believe they were, formerly, a generous, noble race of people, and we had a kindly feeling for them.

the kahunas, who had supposed him immortal, took his body to the Heiau and flayed the flesh from the bones, which were to be preserved as sacred relics. His heart was placed in a calabash, also to be preserved, as sacred. During the night a boy stole it and ate it, the boy supposing it to be a heart of one of the hogs that had been killed that day, in preparing the feast given in honor of Lono. When it was learned that the boy had eaten the heart of Lono—a god—he was anointed the great high priest—kahuna—of our nation. This statement is confirmed by all the reliable native historians.

not the bishops and officiating priests, bow before those images, in adoration, and with the crucifix and strings of beads, make mysterious signs and significant tokens in their peculiar forms of worship? Do they not kneel before the Virgin Mary and implore her to intercede with Christ and the Father, in their behalf?

In the district of the island of Hawaii, in the neighborhood of the village of the old kahunas, (priest), the only known one of his race who had accepted the Christian religion, refused to relinquish his religion. We thought we would go to this man. The natives told us that it would do no good, but we would not talk with any foreigner, and he called on him, at the same time; but they could not get into the house, or even, seem to notice him. We decided, nevertheless, to go, but only outside of the village. We found him outside the village, reclining in the shade of a tree. He met us with a friendly smile, and we talked to our hearts' content. He finally arose to his feet, and we followed him to a large house, where he had a number of important men, evidently his relatives, with him. He was a tall man, about 30 years of age; he told us, he was 100 years of age.

NEW YORK'S CORRUPT OFFICIALS MUST GO.



The whole country is absorbingly interested in the crusade against official corruption now being waged in New York City. Here is Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, who comes in for a good deal of vilification these days. His term of office is nearly over.

Here is Frank F. Moss, counsel for the Parkhurst society and the man who planned and carried out the brilliant coup which led to the exposure of the actual confederacy between the New York police and the evil resort keepers of the city.

THINGS MADE FROM BOILED WOOD.

Malcolm McDonald Indulges in Some Interesting Shop Talk in the Chicago Sunday Record-Herald Regarding Some Wooden Products.

Millions and millions of feet of lumber are boiled every year in Michigan. Many acres of forest land are stripped of their hemlock, birch, maple, elm and other trees, which are rafted down rivers to be cut into short blocks and boiled. Thousands of cords of hard wood are sawed into great steel boilers or vats, where it steams and stews until every fiber of the wood is soft and almost tender.

of maple veneer. These are sawing machines which use wire for thread and moist, hot maple sheets for fabric. They are marvels of automatic mechanisms. They take strips of maple veneer in one side and turn out finished veneer on dishes at the other, each machine delivering the dishes at the rate of 100 a minute.

of veneer and nails it around for the middle hoop, each nail being clinched by the steel form against which it strikes after passing through the wood. The hoops in place, the basket is turned over to a boy, who puts on the bottom hoop. The handles, which are bent and shaped, are put in place and sewed there with heavy wire. Then the basket is dried and shipped to the fruit grower.

Humorous. Husband of Gifted Writer—Is your novel nearly done? Gifted writer—Yes, my dear; but my hero must die, you know. "Well, after his death, will you see this button on for me?"—Elegante Bawtler.

Humorous. Minister—Mrs. Patterson, really I sympathize with you in your great affliction. Still, you must not give yourself up to grief. You know where to turn for consolation? Widow (sobbing)—That's a vera weel, minister, but wha'll marry a widaw wi' three weans?

Humorous. Deacon Scrouge—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know the devil never takes one. Parson Snappgher—He would, deacon, if you didn't keep him so busy. Jones—Yes, Maria, the infatuation shown by you women for foreign titles is appalling, and if allowed to go unchecked may sap the foundation of the republic. No, I won't be home for dinner; I'm going to be installed grand

It is extremely doubtful if anyone knows just how many wooden dishes are made each year, but it is safe to estimate their numbers swell up toward the billion mark. One factory in Michigan, for instance, turns out every workday over 75,000 of the sweet smelling, clean, convenient maple disks in which the family butter is delivered to the customer. In addition this particular factory makes daily nearly a quarter of a million dishes for other purposes, something like 30,000 dozen washes, thousands of washboards, great piles of maple flooring and other things of hard wood, and several carloads of firewood.

The veneer, steaming hot from the boiler is fed to the machine, which bites off just enough to make one dish. At the same time it cuts out a blank of the proper size and shape, and marks the folds. The steel hands fold the flexible wood to the proper form and hold it there until the ends are firmly sewed with wire. Then the finished plate is delivered to be dried and packed.

Excelsior might be called ribbon veneer, for it is really a wide shaving or slice cut into fibers. The wood is seasoned in the open air for a year or more before using. When dry enough it is taken to the cutting machines. Each cutting knife is made up of a slicing blade and a number of slitting blades. The wood is fed vertically into the machine and the feeding mechanism forces it against the knives, which are set in a polished steel plate.

Humorous. City Barber to Scotch visitor, after shaving—"Little bay rum, sir?" Scotch Visitor—"Weel, I'm na fond of rum; but I wadna refuse a drop whusky!"

Humorous. How it Will Soon Be—Mr. Subitus (bleeding)—Can you help me out for a few days until I make other arrangements? Miss O'Rourke (the cook)—"Not on yer loffe! Me toime is booked solid fer eighteen months ahead, all one wake stands!"—Puck.

Humorous. Sunday School Teacher—"Now, Tommy, you may give your conception of the future state." Tommy—"Please, ma'am, it's a territory."—Philadelphia Record.

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AMALGAMATED ADVISORY BOARD DISCUSSING PEACE MEASURES.

