

sun, and moon, and the law by which they act is the law of gravitation. This law declares that there is a force of attraction between two bodies, or, to put it differently, that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, the attraction depending on their mutual distances and their mass. Taking the moon's attraction first, it is assumed that the whole of the earth is covered by the ocean. The moon attracts the waters, and that layer of water immediately under the moon gets heaped up on the side nearest the moon. High tide will be there.

The waters on the distant side are heaped up also, and this is a little detail that puzzles most people, because here one would naturally expect low water. The reason of the seeming paradox is that the waters on the distant side are thousands of miles further away from the moon than is the earth's center. The earth thus gets more of the moon's pull than the distant waters. These waters heap themselves up away from the earth and moon, and high tide will be there also. The observed tide is the effect of both lunar and solar pull. Of the two, the sun's pull is the weaker, because of its greater distance from the earth. At new moon the height of the tides is increased. Sun and moon then pull in the same direction. At full moon there is also an increased height. Sun and moon then reinforce each other, though they are on opposite sides of the earth.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

William Williamson, president of the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange since March of last year, is a candidate for the House of Representatives on the Republican ticket. He has a host of friends throughout the Islands, friends made largely during the years he taught school in this Territory and toured the Islands as a salesman.

William Williamson is a young man of great energy, undoubted integrity, quick initiative, vigorous application, clear-headedness and clean ambitions. He was born in Manchester, Ohio, thirty-six years ago, and was educated at the Manchester High School and Williams College.

He taught one year in Williams

College, from which he graduated in 1896. For two years he taught in the Kenyon College and Military Academy, Danville, Ohio, then coming to Hawaii in 1899 and teaching for two years at Oahu College, Punahou.

During the troublous plague times here, in the latter part of 1899 and the first few months of 1900, Mr. Williamson was in charge of the Moanalua and Pali camps, assisting materially in the disciplining of those who had to be segregated on account of quarantine. His work was effective and sincere.



A REAL BOY.

There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy—
Just a romping, reckless tyke
That the whole round world must
like;

Freckled, awkward, lank and
slim,

Hat that's minus bank and brim,
With a trailing dog, or pup,
That betimes will trip him up.

In the morning out and gone
At the bugles of the dawn,
Finding wondrous games to play
In each nook along the way,
Wading brooks and climbing
trees,

Pestering the honey bees
Till they sting him in despair—
But what does a real boy care?

In at noon to bolt his lunch,
Then to run to join the "bunch";
Shouts and yells and battle-call
Over strife with bat and ball,
Or a make-believe affray
With the pirates in his play.
Blisters, stone-bruise on his heels,
Scratches that his bath reveals.

Crooning in a sing-song twang,
Horridifying by his slang,
Giving everyone the shakes
By his clumsiness with snakes,
Naming with a careless shrug
Every beetle, bird and bug,
Ruminant upon the grass
Watching all the clouds that pass.

Coming home at fall of night,
Grimed and marred from play
and fight,

Braggadocio, weary—Yes,
With a wondrous weariness,
Dreaming on with smiles and
sighs

After sleep has closed his eyes—
There's a joy that is a joy
In a boy that is a boy.

THE EDITOR'S BRIEF

NOTES FOR OCTOBER.

October is here and in fine shape, cooler and not so aggressive (aggravating) (not so much of a burr), not sticky, like as was September. We have the promise now and the look in the sky of real fall weather. The rainbows presage the coming on of the rainy season that we all enjoy.

October 4.

Secretary Wood says we shall have our sidewalks thronged with tourists and not enough hotels or lodgings for them all. Very well, then, tents can (camps) be put up in our squares and on our hill-slopes; for everyone is now in favor of out-door berths. Are we not right?

In fact, we would like never to go inside, but cook, eat and sleep in the open. In the Adirondacks this mode of living has been enjoyed for many, many years. And they go afishing for their breakfast and then broil and boil (coffee), bake hoe-cake, give thanks (many), and eat with their invited welcome guest, Good Appetite.

It is a tasty meal of Dame Nature's best. "And tell us about the lunch."

Oh, that's another story. Wait a bit (bite). There are nuts to crack in October and pippins and pumpkins and all the merry harvest to lug in, to cover. But this is Hawaii, that knows no heat or cold!

(The green hills all about the town,

About thy feet, the sea.)

Sister Beatrice of the Priory is making some of the most exquisite lace we have ever examined in Honolulu, fine as a fairy's fabric. Go to see her Pandora's box of handiwork.

October 10.

To hear the exclamations of delight from tourists as they ride up into Manoa Valley is very pleasant and sometimes ludicrous. As the car turns from one point to another they often seem amazed.

On returning, they take transfers for the Aquarium to have a look at the marvelous fishes and think the morning's trip is a great deal for the few dimes expended!