

# HONOLULU BOY HELPED TO FIND BODY OF YOUNG LOGAN

## With Four Others Who Risked Their Lives Adolph Schnack Will Divide a Thousand Dollars Reward.

YOSEMITE, August 14.—Lowering themselves by means of ropes over the edge of the cliff until they hung a thousand feet below the ledge trail at Glacier Point, five Berkeley school boys today, at the risk of their lives, discovered the body of young Horace R. Logan, the St. Matthews' College student, who has been missing for the last week.

The quiet that took the extreme hazard to solve the mystery of the disappearance of young Logan were Adolph Schnack, Frank Warren, Ray Hume, Carl Burke, Alvery Littel and Jack Spivey.

Logan's body was far below the dangerous place on the trail to Camp Curry, where the rill of water leaves the ledge and slides out over the slippery granite in a series of "staircase" falls.

### Keep Doggedly at Hunt.

Although Major W. W. Forsythe, acting superintendent of Yosemite National Park, felt that to hunt for Logan over the sheer granite precipice below Glacier Point was an undertaking too perilous for his cavalrymen, even though they volunteered for the task, the five lads entertained no such fears. Ever since the military authorities abandoned the search they have kept doggedly at the hunt.

They explored a ledge 400 feet below the point where Logan's hat was discovered, and later they went still lower, letting themselves down by long ropes and creeping over the cliff in places where it seemed impossible for a human being to obtain and keep a foothold.

In neither of the two main ledges was any further trace of the lost lad found, and they were beginning to feel discouraged, when they decided to make a final search in the lowest ledge of all. Using their ropes, they let themselves down the wall of cliff fully 1000 feet below the trail, and there, wedged between two boulders, they found the mangled body of the young student.

### Every Bone Broken.

Every bone had been broken in the fall over the precipice and the rocks had torn the clothing from the body until it hung in long ribbons from the corpse. Death was evidently instantaneous, and the tumbling, bounding body had been mangled to a pulp.

The five boys wrapped the body in a sheet and canvas and hoisted it by slow degrees to the ledgetrain, taking their lives in their hands every moment of the arduous and dangerous trip. The young men arrived in camp with their burden late in the evening.

While the search for Logan's body

was being thus successfully ended, Milton Rosekranz, uncle of the lost lad, was speeding toward Wawona, following up a clew which led him to believe that the boy had not lost his life over the cliffs but had gone away with two tramp companions to enjoy a hobo's life for a season, or else to follow unscrupulous captors, who might have learned that he was the possessor of a rich estate and therefore a good prize to hold for a ransom.

The five boys will divide the \$1000 reward which was offered for the discovery of the lost boy by Newton Rosekranz, secretary of Crocker Estate, and uncle of the lad.

### Hoped Until Last.

Miss Idaline Rosekranz, Logan's aunt, with whom he had lived since his mother's death several years ago, was prostrated by the news that the body had been found. She had clung tensely to the hope that her nephew had been kidnapped or that he had gone off on a trip with men in whose company he had been seen. On the receipt of a telegram yesterday from her brother, who is in the Yosemite, saying that he was going to Wawona on a new clew, Miss Rosekranz was extremely hopeful. This was soon followed by a telegram from David A. Curry, announcing the finding of the body.

Logan's tragic death brings that branch of the family to an end. A few years ago an older brother was accidentally shot and died soon afterward. Shortly before that the father, Dr. Logan, a brilliant physician of this city, died after a short spell of insanity due to overwork. His wife was an invalid several years before her death.

## COLLECTOR STACKABLE HAD TOO MANY FRIENDS

San Francisco Call.—Collector of the Port Stackable of Honolulu, who has threatened to arrest the entire crew of the protected cruiser St. Louis for the alleged smuggling of tapa cloth from Samoa, is well remembered by the customs officials of this port for the embarrassment his wholesale hospitality once caused them.

Stackable was a passenger from Honolulu, a year or so ago, on the liner Korea. He devoted his six days on board ship to making friends, and to each new found acquaintance he ex-

tended an invitation to accompany him ashore on the revenue cutter Golden Gate when the ship reached San Francisco. As this meant avoiding the usual delay caused by the examination of baggage on the wharf the invitations were accepted with alacrity.

"I'm collector of the port at Honolulu, you know," he told his friends, "and the Golden Gate will be placed at my disposal. I can save you a couple of hours' delay. Leave it to me."

When Chief Boarding Officer Charles Stephens climbed over the Korea's side Stackable was there to introduce himself.

"It is late and I would like," said Stackable, "to go ashore in the cutter. Could you arrange it for me?"

Stephens surely could.

"And may I take a few friends with me?"

"Yes, I guess we can fix that," replied Stephens. "I'll let you know when we're ready. Better have your friends get their baggage together so as to avoid delay and save attracting too much attention."

Stackable passed the word and ten minutes later the alleyway on the side of the ship to which the Golden Gate was made fast was blocked with baggage and waiting passengers. On every hand could be heard:

"Go and see Mr. Stackable. He'll fix it for you, too."

"Ready now, Mr. Stackable; get your friends together," said Stephens. When Stephens found that Stackable's friends constituted about 75 per cent of the liner's passengers he called a halt. Stackable escaped the storm by boarding the Golden Gate, which took him away, and for two hours after, until the liner was alongside the wharf, Stephens and his lieutenants were kept busy explaining their inability to assume responsibility for the Honolulu collector's impulsive hospitality.

"Yes," said Stephens yesterday, "we remember Mr. Stackable very well."

## FELLOWS SAYS ISLANDS GOT ALL HIS CASH

San Francisco Bulletin.—Al Fellows, the most ardent seeker after new worlds and notoriety that Fisticana has produced in the last decade, blew into town the other day from Honolulu, whither he went a few months ago on a junketing tour in search of adventure. From all accounts, Al found the adventure, but it was not very lucrative, and he arrived in town with a smile and two gold teeth as his only assets. Al dropped into a chair at the office this morning, heaved a sigh of relief and then delivered himself of the following epitome:

"Well, here I am, back in the good old town. Broke, of course—but say, I'd rather be broke in San Francisco than be in New York with twenty dollars a day. Honolulu? Gee, take it away! Did you ever see South Bend, Indiana, on Sunday? Well, it's a wild rollicking fandango compared to Honolulu. Saloons all closed at 11 o'clock, not a soul on the streets but Japs and Kanakas, nothing doing but to sleep and eat.

"The boxing game is fairly good down there now. Jack Cordell and Dick Sullivan, who fought a fifteen-round draw while I was there, drew a nice purse. They are going to fight twenty rounds today. They are pretty fair boxers, but would hardly class with such men as Al Neill, Montana Sullivan, Johnnie O'Keefe or those boys. Maybe it's because they all eat 'poi,' a native concoction that tastes like bilboared paste. The more boxers we can get down there the better, though, for the Japs are flooding the country and if war ever does come it will start right there in Honolulu. At that, I used the islands fine and may go back there in a few months. It's hard for me to stay still and besides, I want to see Japan."

## LORRIN ANDREWS MAY WIELD CANE KNIFE

If the Attorney-General's office wins a suit against the Wailuku Sugar Company filed yesterday by Deputy Attorney-General Lorrin Andrews, Maui is liable to be invaded by the respectable Deputy Attorney-General armed with a cane knife and accompanied by a force of assistants, likewise armed with cane knives, who will begin to harvest the jointed sweetness before its time—that is, if, by any possibility, the company itself should fail to carry out the decree of the court.

"It's the same old story," says Deputy Andrews. "Those people down there have been fencing in a government road and growing cane on it, and we are going to make them give it up."

# We Are Getting Ready For Our Annual Clearance Sale

## Which Begins Wednesday, September 1st **BLOM** Fort Street opp. Catholic Church

## Personal Attention DEVELOPING AND PRINTING AT GURREY'S Given to

### Your Opportunity

—To Buy—

### DEPOSIT SILVERWARE

at big reductions.

They comprise most beautiful and useful pieces at prices within reach.

### J. A. R. Vieira & Co.

Jewelers and Watchmakers, Hotel Street.

### YOUNG LADIES

wanted to learn the hairdressing trade.

### EMRICH LUX

Fort and Beretania Streets, Harrison Block.

### MISS POWER'S

Fashionable Millinery

Boston Building, Fort Street

More than that, however, the Territory claims damages in the sum of \$2500 from the defendant company for the use it has already had of the captured road.

Once upon a time, some years ago, when Charlie Chillingworth was Deputy High Sheriff and Lorrin Andrews was Attorney-General, the two descended upon Maui, Chillingworth armed with a brace of enormous revolvers, each big enough to kill a mastodon, and Andrews with an axe and a spade, and while Chillingworth held the fort with his artillery, Andrews proceeded to demolish a dam which the government claimed had been illegally erected to cut off the supply of water from Lahainuluna. Possibly the remembrance of that occurrence may make the defendants in the present suit throw up their hands and quit early in the game.

Half a dozen steadies were sitting on nail kegs in the store discussing marriage, while Sam, the negro man of all work, was pottering around sawing wood, so to say. Finally one of them turned to him. "What do you think of marriage; Sam?" he inquired. "I ain't thinkin' 'erbout hit a tall, sub, but I reckon hit's de only way," Sam replied listlessly. "Are you married?" asked another one. "Deed I is, sub." Sam responded with quickened interest. "'an' dey aint no potential power on 'is yer uth, sub, dat 'ud git me to do hit ag'in. Dey sho' aint, sub."

Dean Ramsay has a story of that border hostility between English and Scots which used to go to halter lengths. A Scottish drover was returning from the south in particularly bad humor with the English, having done poor business, when he saw in Carlisle a notice offering a reward of £50 to any one who would volunteer for the unpopular task of hanging a condemned criminal. Seeing his chance to make up for his bad market, and comforting himself with the thought that he was unknown there, he did the job and got his fee. As he was leaving he was taunted as a beggarly Scot, doing for money what no Englishman would. But he answered with a cheerful grin: "I'll hang ye a' at the price."

An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a very clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed: "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?" By this adroit stroke of advocacy he turned his failure into a success.

He was a very good, high-bred, and thoroughly trained dog that every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. The farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning. "I wonder," the wife said, "what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently?" "Never thought about that," replied the farmer, "but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it."

"My husband is a great admirer of the clinging gown." "Indeed!" "He thinks the one I have now ought to cling to me for about four seasons." —Chicago News.

# DON'T SKATE

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# SKATERS' JACKETS

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## Headaches Are Unnecessary—Why Endure Them?

No one endures a headache willingly, but merely through a dislike to take medicine, for fear it may be harmful.

And it is wise to be careful about the medicine one takes, for health is very precious.

For nearly twenty years millions of people have been relying on

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to give them relief from aching heads; they have never disappointed them; they are made today from the same pure, simple ingredients as at first; and they have more friends than ever before.

Therefore, you are exercising proper care when you take Stearns' Headache Wafers, for you are using what millions of others have tried and proved best. Don't endure the headache; be kind to yourself—take Stearns' Headache Wafers. And see that you get STEARNS'—the genuine.

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HAVE A DISTINCT APPEARANCE AND FLAVOR THAT CAN NOT BE HAD ELSEWHERE. THEY ARE LIGHT AND WHOLESOME. HOTEL STREET, NEAR UNION.

## SERGES Blue and Black

Some very choice lightweight goods just in that will make very handsome suits.

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# MOTHER'S SALE

School opens September 13th. Are you ready for it? Will your boys leave home as well dressed as you wish? The sale we begin this morning is confined to children's clothing and wearing apparel generally. The goods are priced to meet the purses of men who do not want to go too deep into school expense. It's worth while to look into the lines we are to offer.

- Lot 4177—boys' suit, formerly \$2.25; now.....\$1.85
- Lot 9000—boys' suit, formerly \$2.50; now.....\$2.00
- Lot 2553—boys' suit, formerly \$3.50; now.....\$3.00
- Lot 1184—boys' suit, formerly \$3.50; now.....\$2.90
- Lot 1151—boys' suit, formerly \$4.00; now.....\$3.45
- Lot 1039—boys' suit, formerly \$3.75; now.....\$3.20
- Lot 1089—boys' suit, formerly \$4.50; now.....\$3.95

We have others that will charm the eye and win the dollars from your pocketbooks because their value is immense.

## Boys' Hats, Caps, Waists, Undershirts, Etc. at Reduced Prices

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" WASH SUITS ALL AGES. CHILDREN'S HEAVY RIBBED HOSE AT 20 CENTS A PAIR. BE FIRST, ALWAYS, AND GET FIRST CHOICE AND THE BEST.

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