

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. That when the natives saw that desecration of their temple, which they held to be sacred, they commenced pelting the vandals with stones, and in retaliation the sailors fired into the crowd with guns, killing many. The shooting caused great consternation, and thousands came flocking to the scene of the melee. That the officers on board one of the ships seeing the commotion on land, fired a broadside into the great crowd on shore, killing scores. The report of the cannon was heard at the coast. Capt. Cook, his officers, the king, chiefs and kahunas rushed to the

scene of conflict and soon all were mixed up in the fight, which finally resulted in the death of Capt. Cook, a number of the chiefs and many of the natives.

"Now," we said, "as we have never heard the particulars of that sad story, by an eye-witness, if you have no objection, we would be pleased to have you give us the particulars, as you remember them." We have no motive, further than to learn the facts.

water." Thus perished the noble Capt. Cook; the first to circumnavigate the globe.

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 their 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.

We said: "It has been claimed, by some writers that the Sandwich Islanders, anciently, were cannibals; is there any truth in such charges?" He replied very emphatically, "No." The only case, he said, where any Hawaiian ever ate human flesh was as follows: "When Lono—Capt. Cook—was killed,

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.

Considering the fact that this man had been sulking for over thirty years, or since the nation renounced heathenism and accepted Christianity, he appeared to be very intelligent, and well posted in the early history of his people.

Having now thrown off this morose and talked freely, we ventured to ask him to explain, if he would, some of their ancient religion, their rites, ceremonies, etc. He seemed rather reluctant to talk on that subject. We assured him that it was not with a view to criticize or revile their ancient modes of worship, but simply for information. So finally he did, answering many questions we put to him. In regard to sacrifice, he said: "Yes, we offered sacrifices of swine, fowls, fishes and many kinds of fruit, to the lesser gods." "You used in your worship images of wood and stone; also worshipped the volcano, sharks, thunder, ledges of rock, etc., we have been told. Will you please explain your ideas in regard to these things. As it has always seemed a mystery to how intelligent persons could believe that Deity could be represented or exist in those hideous idols, or in the volcano, sharp, rock, etc?" At these questions he broadly smiled, and said: "We believe there is one great God, who created the heaven and earth, man and every living thing; we also believe there are many lesser gods and goddesses. When the great God is angry with the people, he sends down fire, or sends them their wickedness, and as a means to that end, he may cause one people to go to war with another, in which many are slain. He may cause the volcano to burst forth, destroy life and devastate the land. Thunder and lightning, cause great rocks to break loose from the overhanging ledges, destroying towns and terrorizing the inhabitants. The voracious shark, to swarm in the bays, eating up the people when they go in to bathe and fish. In paying adoration and offering sacrifice to these instruments of death and calamity, it is simply to appease the wrath of God. As for the images of wood and stone, which we did make with our own hands, and which we place in the Heiau and around the altars, they are simply to remind us of the lesser gods they represent; and who officiate as mediators, in our behalf, with the great God. We do not think those things are gods, or that God dwells in them." From these explanations, we could see why he smiled.

"Did you not offer human sacrifices also?" "Yes, on certain great and special occasions, such as war, pestilence and famine. If a sacrifice of swine, fowl, fruit, etc., would appease the wrath of God, in the case of those poor creatures, you have mentioned, why not in the others?" "You see," said he; "it was necessary to make the sacrifice commensurate with the greatness of the affliction! Offerings of swine, fruit, etc., were more common things, and would not be acceptable to the great God in case of those general calamities. Therefore it required the greatest offering we could make—a human being!"

To the charge of image worship, the Hawaiian will reply: "Are the Catholics also image worshippers? Do they not adorn their cathedrals, and place around their altars, numerous images and paintings, representing various saints; both male and female?" "Do

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?"

Fearing human sacrifice, in the ancient Hawaiian worship, it must be admitted that there was a great similarity between it and that of ancient Israel, in theory, at least. Then, when we consider the sacrifice Father Abraham attempted to make, and that greatest of all sacrifices, when God the Eternal Father, foreordained that his Only Begotten Son should be offered a sacrifice as an atonement for sin, if we are not reconciled to the theory of the human sacrifice of the heathen Hawaiian, we will be forced to the conclusion, at least, that a traditional knowledge of the principle and law of sacrifice, as understood by Adam and ancient Israel, has been handed down to them, through their forefathers.

Again as a mitigation or extenuating excuse for the excesses to which the Hawaiians carried human sacrifices, during the wars of conquest by which Kamehameha I united all the islands of the group under one government; we must bear in mind that the sacrificial altar was substituted by them in lieu of the many other methods available to more civilized nations in disposing of the great generals and rulers when vanquished and captured in war. When it came to the ordinary warriors taken prisoners in battle, having no means of escape, they were forced to die of hunger and waste away from disease, they were quite as humanely disposed of as sacrifices to their gods of war! Contrast the fate of the prisoners taken in Kamehameha's wars, who, from the time of capture were fed and fasted like princes up to the hour of sacrifice! [It was the law that no man should be offered a sacrifice until he had fasted on the best of food a certain number of days.] with the miserable wretches, who, as soon as they were taken in the civil war were hurried off and cast into the crowded, uncomfortable and filthy "Libby Prison," to starve, and by lingering torture of disease and vermin, prayed for death to come, as a happy relief!

In the first case the unfortunate ones, looked upon as an honor to be consecrated to the god of war, while in the other, it was humiliation, inhuman torture and a disgrace to civilization. Let the impartial reader judge of which method, under the circumstances was the more humane?

If you cannot decide in this case, call to mind the pathetic, heart-striving accounts given recently of men, women and children who, while being besieged in the "British consulate" by the savage heathen Boxers within the walled city of Peking. When husbands and fathers; nay, even mothers, declared to the world most solemnly that they had provided themselves with weapons and were fully resolved when there was no longer hope of deliverance that rather than see their wives and dear children fall into the hands of those merciless boxers, where a fate worse than death awaited them, they would themselves take the lives of their dear ones. Consecrate them to a Christian God rather than become the victims of those cruel pagan fiends to be tortured.

How it Will Soon Be—Mr. Sublimis (readily): "Can't 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 for fourteen months ahead, all one wake stands!"—Puck.

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

worshipful air knight commander of the Eminent Nobles of Thingumbok"—Judge.

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

An Indianapolis woman called up her grocer by telephone the other morning, and after she had sufficiently apologized for her interruption, she said: "And what's more, the next order you get from me will be the last I'll ever give you." "It probably will, madam," said the voice at the other end of the wire, "you are talking to an undertaker."—Indianapolis News.

"Pa, what is a philosopher?" A philosopher, Jimmie, is a man who thinks he has got through being a fool."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Benedict: "The new cook rides a bicycle, doesn't she, dear?" Mrs. Benedict: "What makes you think so?" Mr. Benedict: "Oh, her cooking. She seems to be an expert at scorching."—Credit Loan.

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 thrown into great steel boilers or vats, where it steams and stews until every fiber of the wood is soft and almost tender.

All this boiling and steaming prepares the wood for the keen-edged knives and the forms and dies which transform the maple, elm, hemlock, ash and birch into butter dishes, pie plates, berry boxes, washboards, fruit crates and veneers. Some people might be expected to shed sentimental tears over the fate of the forest monarch laid low by the woodman's ax to be turned into butter dishes. But no tears are shed in that Michigan factory which turns out an almost unthinkable number of the oval dishes which are found in every grocery store and which have come to be an essential factor in Sunday school picnics.

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 million mark. One factory in Michigan, for instance, turns out every week over 75,000 of the greenest, smoothest, cleanest, convenient maple dishes in which the family butter is delivered to the market. In addition this particular factory makes daily nearly a quarter of a million dishes and plates for other purposes, something like 30,000 dozen of maple pie plates, thousands of washboards, great piles of maple flooring and other products of hard wood, and several carloads of freewood.

This immense and varied output is made possible by some of the most intricate machinery ever put together. It's a time-honored joke in the Chicago stockyard district that the packers there use every part of a pig but the squeal. Captains of industry have said, it is to them what a vacuum is to a sailor, a thing to be abhorred; so

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 at one side and turn out finished wood-dishes at the other, each machine delivering the dishes at the rate of 100 a minute.

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.

Wooden dishes, fruit packages, boxes and baskets are made from veneers—thin sheets of wood stripped from blocks or steaming. For butter and lard dishes and boxes made from veneer, maple flooring, clothes pins, lumber and freewood. Some sawdust is left, and that is burned to raise steam.

Maple is the only wood used for butter dishes. The maple log is drawn up into the sawmill, where it is cut. The outside slabs are sawed off, and then cut up into lengths suitable for firewood. Next several layers of maple are sliced off by the saw and such boards are dressed down for maple flooring or other product; the curls are sent to the steam-heating machine. After the "waste" is cut off there is left of the log a piece of timber six inches wide and eight inches deep, as long as the log, and this is cut up into blocks, each from ten inches to a foot in length. From these blocks the butter dishes are made.

The blocks are thrown into large steel boilers or vats, where they are softened by steam. When the wood has been boiled enough, the steaming blocks are fed to a machine which literally scoops out butter plates faster than three to a second, or about 200 a minute.

A rapidly revolving curved knife does the trick. As it swings around on its spindle it gouges into the soft block of maple, which is fed up to it by the automatic feeding arrangement; zip, the plate is scooped out, and zip, another knife, which moves up and down, pares off a section of wood the thickness of a plate, so that when the curved knife swings around again it finds a smooth, even surface, from which it bites another plate.

The plates are made then and there; that remains to be done is to dry them, crate them and ship them. As they come out of the machine they fall into a funnel-shaped chute, which sends them to the traveling table in a dry kiln, through which they pass. The trip takes about half an hour, and when they fall upon a long table, at the other end of the kiln, they are ready to be "nested" by girls, who pack them for shipment.

While one group of machines is scooping out butter plates, another group is making "wire-end" dishes out

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 hoops. 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. Peach and other baskets are made in much the same way.

Excelsior, which is shaved wood, generally is a basswood product, although poplar and gum wood are used by some makers. It is used as a substitute for hair and moss in upholstering, but the bulk of it goes for packing material. Immense quantities of it are used, and the sweet smelling shavings, sliced from the trees which made Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota famous, go to all parts of the world.

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.

A connecting rod from a revolving wheel moves the knife rapidly forward and back; the slitting blades cut grooves into the wood and then the slicing blade comes along and shaves off a thin section and the excelsior drops down through a chute into the shipping-room below. There it is gathered up and put into a press, which packs it into seventy-five and 100-pound bales.

Clothespins are a by-product of factories which make butter plates, for they are cut out of curl lumber. The curls are sliced up into lengths clothespin size and girls arrange the blocks on a conveyor belt, which carries them to the turning machine. Here, with lightning speed, they are turned into clothespin shape. The turned blanks are fed to a saw which cuts the beveled slot that makes the fork and then the pins are dried and polished in cylinders which revolve. They then are packed, ready for wash day.

HUMOROUS.

Husband of Gifted Writer—Is your novel nearly done?

Gifted writer—Yes, my dear; but my hero must die, you know.

"Well, after he's dead, will you sew this button on for me?"—Plegende Blatter.

The 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?

Deacon Scrouge—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know the devil never takes one.

Parson Snappish—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

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