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ON SHORT NOTICE
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WAILUKU, MAUI
Neat Fit Guaranteed
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**COFFEE SALOON
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Market St., near Bertha's store.
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BY AUTHORITY

WATER RATES.

Wailuku and Kahului Water Works.

GENERAL RATES.

SECTION 1. For buildings occupied by a single family, covering a ground surface of (not including open porches):

Square Feet	One Story	Two Stories
0 to 800	\$ 8 00	\$ 9 00
800 to 900	9 00	10 00
900 to 1000	10 00	11 00
1000 to 1200	11 00	12 00
1200 to 1400	12 00	13 00
1400 to 1600	13 00	14 00
1600 to 1800	14 00	15 00
1800 to 2000	15 00	16 00
2000 to 2500	16 00	17 00
2500 to 3000	17 00	18 00
3000 to 3500	18 00	19 00
3500 to 4000	19 00	20 00

For all houses one story in height, covering a greater area than four thousand square feet, there shall be added one dollar for each additional five hundred square feet or fraction thereof, and the further sum of one dollar for each additional story.

For all houses of more than two stories in height there shall be added to the above table rate one dollar for each additional story.

Where a house or building is occupied by more than one family the general rate for each additional family shall be three-quarters (3/4) of the foregoing rates, except where two or more families occupy the same floor, in which case the rate for each family on the same floor shall be the rate for the floor surface occupied by such family, according to the foregoing table.

NOTE—The general rate includes water for general household purposes, but does not include any of the following specified rates:

SPECIAL RATES.

SECTION 2. For horses, including water for washing vehicles:

For 1st horse	\$3.00 per annum
For 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th horse	2.00 per annum each
For 6th to 50th horse	1.00 per annum "
For 51st and above	.75 per annum "

Same rate for mules

For 1st cow	\$1.50 per annum each
For 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th cow	1.00 per annum "
For 6th cow and above	.75 per annum "

SECTION 3. Irrigation, where confined to such four (4) hours of the day as are published from time to time by the Superintendent of Water Works, at the rate of one-half cent per square yard per annum; no annual charge to be less than (5.00) Five Dollars.

Irrigation, where the hours are not restricted, three cents per square yard per annum; minimum charge as above.

SECTION 4. Stores, banks, bakeries, offices, warehouses, saloons, grocers, eating-houses, barber-shops, butcher-shops, book-binders, blacksmith-shops, confectioners, hotels, lodging-houses, boarding houses, churches, halls, laundries, photograph galleries, printing-offices, steam engines, green-houses, markets, market-stalls, horse troughs, soda fountains, and other places of business, each to be charged according to the estimated quantity used.
Approved June 19, 1900.

JOHN A. McCANDLESS
Supt. of Public Works.

FOREIGN NEWS

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The following dispatches were received at the Navy Department relative to the grounding of the Oregon: CHEEFOO, June 29.—Secretary Navy—Anchored yesterday in dense fog in seventeen fathoms, three miles south of How Ke Light, Gulf of Pe Chili. Sent out two boats and sounded, least water 5 1/2 fathoms. Weather clear. Got under way and struck Pinnacle Rock. Much water in forward compartment. Perfectly smooth. Shall charter steamer if possible at Cheefoo and lighten the ship. Rock through side of ship above double bottom about frame 19. Small holes also through bottom of ship.

CHEENOC, June 29.—Secretary Navy—Iris gone to assistance of Oregon.
Commanding Nashville.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The Navy Department has received the following cablegram from Admiral Kempf:

CHEEFOO, June 30.—Secretary Navy, Washington:—Ministers at Peking were given twenty four hours to leave on the 16th. They refused and are still there. The Peking relief forces got half way. They were attacked by imperial troops on the 18th. McCally was in command. Four were killed and twenty-five wounded. McCally and Ensign Taussig wounded but not seriously. Now over 14,000 troops ashore. Commander Wise commands at Tong Lu, in charge of transportation rail and river. The combined nationalities find it necessary to make use of some civilians to operate the rail.—"KEMPF"

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The following cablegram has been received from United States Consul Ragsdale at Tien-Tsin, dated the 27th inst. nt, being the first communication received from that office in nearly two weeks: "A large force of Tien-Tsin raised. Troops sent for the relief of the legations returned. In vain. Fighting seven separate battalions. A Chinese loss six killed, thirty-eight wounded. On the 18th Ministers given twenty four hours to leave Peking. Refused. Still there."—"RAGSDALE"

TELEGRAPHIC ITEMS

Europeans at Peking are reported safe.

Bryan does not want Hill on the ticket.

Utah is thought to be safe for McKinley.

Japan is mobilizing a big naval force at Taku.

The Boers may make a stand in the Middleburg hills.

The wife of Mark Twain died suddenly in New Jersey.

On June 28th the Khedive visited the Queen at Windsor.

All residents of Pretoria are required to have police passes.

Boers forces eluded the three columns sent to intercept them.

Six English officers and eighty-seven men were killed by Ashantis.

It is rumored that Clark of Montana will give \$1,000,000 to the Bryan fund.

At Chefoo about 160 have been killed. The missions have been destroyed by fire.

F. R. Burnham, the American scout on Lord Roberts' staff, has been invalided.

A Paris paper accuses Bishop Ireland, who is visiting France, of English sympathies.

On June 30 Gov. Roosevelt was en route west to attend the reunion of the Rough Riders.

John L. Sullivan, just out of jail on assault and battery, says he will leave the liquor business.

Laborers in Shasta County, California, say they will fight rather than let Japanese be employed.

It is reported from Shanghai that fugitives have been sent from Peking to a Chinese St. Helena.

Generals Dewet and Botha have agreed that neither shall surrender while the other keeps fighting.

The Canadian steamer Alpha has settled with the American Government and is secure from seizure.

Mayor D. S. Rose of Milwaukee will probably be temporary chairman of the Democratic National Convention.

A new high power trolley with a speed of a mile a minute will take the place of steam cars on a Connecticut railroad.

Stockholm University has granted the first degree of Doctor of Medicine given to a woman in Sweden to Paulina Anna Stekelsen.

Roosevelt denounces the snapshot takers who visit his place at Oyster Bay, L. I., and even take pictures of his family while bathing.

Distinguished literary men met in London June 29th to celebrate the completion of the Dictionary of British Biography. Ambassador Cheate spoke.

Filipino General Piñel Pilar, Conception, Garcia and Alvarez have been released from imprisonment. They took an iron-clad oath of allegiance to the United States.

Lady Randolph Churchill's betrothed, Lieutenant Cornwallis West, has recovered his health and has been ordered to the front. The wedding has, therefore, been postponed.

At the Italian elections there will be some strange parliamentary cantrips. Mascagni, the composer, being to run at Pescara, and thinks he will be elected. He intends to join D'Annunzio in forming a group of 'Intellectuals' in the Legislature.

At Fermon it is proposed to put up a statue to Novelli, the actor.

Some Luther autograph manuscripts have been discovered in the Vatican library by Prof. Flker of Strasburg. There are two commentaries on the Epistle to the Romans, one on the text and the other on the sense, and two commentaries on the Epistle to the Hebrews. They were written in 1516 and 1517, shortly before the sailing of the ninety-five

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BLACK
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DRAB**

TELEPHONE No. 75
Goods will be delivered at Wailuku Monday, Wednesday and Friday; at Waihee Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday; and at all hours in Wailuku.

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LOCALS

Judge J. W. Kalua has received his commission, as Circuit Judge.

Mr. Edward Wilcox has been appointed postmaster at Ulupalakua.

All classes of blanks and job work turned out at the News job office.

Service tomorrow morning at the Anglican church, Rev. W. Ault officiating.

Wailuku weather is divinely lovely these days, and our moonlight nights are simply Persian.

The delay was caused by the change in postmasters at Wailuku, and will not be of long continuance.

15 head of horses have been shot at Ulupalakua, with the glanders, and several more cases are reported.

Mrs. S. D. Heapy and Mrs. G. D. Schrader, of Wailuku, were passengers on the last Australia for the Coast.

Judge Josepa of Hana and Judge Pimamu of Kipahulu came over yesterday on the Claudine, to take the oath of office.

F. Wittrock, deputy sheriff at Hana, goes to Honolulu today on the Kinau to be manufactured into an American citizen.

Mr. H. P. Baldwin, Mr. J. B. Castle and Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Baldwin came over on the Claudine on Wednesday morning.

Wailuku will undoubtedly by a money order office, as soon as the bonds of our new post-master are received and approved.

The business public of Wailuku are suffering considerable annoyance on account of being deprived of the convenience of a money order office.

Mr. J. Thomas has been placed in permanent charge of the Wailuku saloon. Yesterday, stock was taken, and the business turned over to him.

Dr. Shaw, the expert, came over to Maui on Wednesday, to look into the matter of glanders on the Island, and proceeded at once to the Grove Rancho.

Miss McLane and Miss Stack of Spreckelsville were in Wailuku on Thursday, and of course dropped in and looked over the advance proofs of this week's News.

Mr. Lowell, late of Maunalei Plantation, Lanai, has accepted the position of chief engineer at the H. C. & S. Co.'s mill, to succeed Mr. H. G. Boswell who has resigned.

The last quarterly report of the District Magistrate of Wailuku shows an abnormal amount of business. The probabilities are that the next quarter will show a diminished volume of business.

Mr. Kauhimahu, whose unpleasant experience with the Camp 5 Japs, as census taker, helped to make a little recent local history, has temporarily accepted a position as typist in the News office.

Mrs. W. A. McKay, of Wailuku post office, has tendered Uncle Sam her resignation, which has been accepted; and Mr. W. T. Robinson, deputy tax collector at Wailuku has been appointed postmaster.

Over three hundred Japanese have passed through the labor bureau at Wailuku. The Chinese have been forbidden by their bosses to apply to the bureau, as the bosses prefer to contract with the plantations directly for Chinese labor.

A large number of Japanese are leaving the different plantations as soon as paid off. As soon as they become accustomed to the new conditions, there is no doubt but that they will drift back to the plantations and go to work.

Mr. J. W. Marshall, head luna at Spreckelsville, has accepted a like position on the Wailuku plantation, taking the place of Mr. W. G. Scott, who retires on account of ill health. A new residence on Main street, adjoining that of Dr. Weddick, is to be erected for Mr. Marshall.

Attention is invited to the timely suggestions of "Malihini" in another column. A reading room for the Hawaiians was attempted last year by Rev. Mr. Lewis, but did not last long. The leading citizens of Wailuku should go to work at once and organize a reading room for all classes.

Mr. Hoffgard, formerly of Maunalei, has accepted a position in the Kahului store, and is up to his eyes in new goods which are now being replaced in the store since its renovation.

It seems quite like old times at Kahului once more. The rat proof

fences have all been taken down and the wire fences are being removed. Business is booming, and there is the making of a live little town there, if the owners of the ground will permit it.

PLANTATION NEWS

Maunalei.

Work has been entirely shut down, only force enough being kept to irrigate the growing cane. The shutting down was caused by lack of funds, and when the present stringency in the money market is relieved, Maunalei will develop into one of the best little sugar plantations on the Islands.

Pioneer.

The Pioneer mill at Lahaina is still grinding, and will run all summer. The labor troubles are all settled, and everything in moving along nicely.

Olowalu.

Many of the Japanese are leaving Olowalu and this plantation is somewhat shorthanded at present. As soon as the Japs tire of enjoying the giddy whirl at Honolulu, they will probably find their way back to Maui again.

H. C. & S. Co.

There are two or three months of grinding yet ahead of the mill at Spreckelsville. The output this year will exceed that of last year, and if sufficient labor can be had, Manager Lowrie will be handling a 30,000 tons proposition inside of three years.

Paia and Hamakuaopoko.

These two plantations have both done very well this season. The Hamakuaopoko mill has finished its run for the season, and the Paia mill has about four weeks work ahead of it.

Wailuku.

The Wailuku mill has closed its run for the season, with a record breaking tally, — over 8000 tons of sugar. The plantation will do even better next season, and in a few years, when other lands and water belonging to the company become available, the output will be doubled.

Appointments by the President.

- Sanford B. Dole, Governor.
- Henry E. Cooper, Secretary.
- W. F. Freear, Chief Justice.
- Antonio Perry, First Associate Justice.
- Clinton A. Galbraith, Second Associate Justice.
- Abaam S. Humphreys, Judge Circuit.
- R. B. Silliman, Judge First Circuit.
- John W. Kalua, Judge Second Circuit.
- W. S. Edings, Judge Third Circuit.
- Gilbert F. Little, Judge Fourth Circuit.
- J. Hardy, Judge Fifth District.
- Morris M. Estee, United States District Judge.
- John C. Baird, United States District Attorney.
- Daniel A. Ray, United States Marshal.
- E. R. Stackable, Collector of customs.
- William Haywood, Collector Internal Revenue.
- J. M. Oat, Postmaster.
- J. A. McCandless, Superintendent of Public works.
- Alatau T. Atkinson, Superintendent of Public Instruction.
- E. P. Dole, Attorney General.
- Arthur M. Brown, High Sheriff.
- Charles F. Chillingworth, Deputy High Sheriff.

Potter in Paris

Major George C. Potter, secretary of the Hawaiian Commission, has officially notified Governor Dole of his arrival in Paris and the selection of the exhibit space in the Palace of the Trocadero. This letter is dated June 12, four days later than the one written to R. W. Single, which appeared exclusively in the Advertiser of the last Saturday. The exhibit was "still somewhere between Havre and Paris" when he wrote, and the chances are that the Hawaiian exhibit will not be placed before the middle of this month owing to the dilatoriness of the French railway officials.

After writing upon private matters, Mr. Potter states: "Mr. Irwin arrived in Paris two days ago. As soon as Mr. Peck returns from London where he is visiting for a few days, the Hawaiian Commission, will

make its formal call on him and also upon the French Commissioner, General Picard.

"Our exhibit has arrived safely at Havre and may be along though I am informed at the office that the usual time from Havre to Paris for exhibition matter is three weeks. Passengers make the trip in five days. French railway officials are very deliberate and cannot be hurried. The space assigned to us is in the Palace of the Trocadero, a permanent building. It is in one of the quarters between the exhibits of the Islands of Cuba and Ireland, about 40 feet long and 100 feet wide. In this space I think we can make a very creditable showing.

A Fourth of July Picnic.

A large number of the residents of Makawao, Paia, Hamakuaopoko and Spreckelsville assembled at the residence of Dr. E. G. Beckwith to celebrate the Fourth. The grounds were gaily decked with bunting and flags; their spaciousness affording ample opportunity for games and tennis, which were indulged in until the call for lunch. After lunch there were speeches — serious and humorous — and singing of national anthems, when all adjourned to the polo field adjoining. A very spirited game of polo was played between two teams captained by Louis Von Tempky and W. O. Aiken respectively, the former being the winners. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the committee who had the affair in charge, for a most enjoyable and successful Fourth of July.

Proposed Change of Route.

It has been definitely resolved not to rebuild the Paia depot which was burned last week. The reason for this is that the R. R. Co. are planning to make some changes in the line of the road. At present, Spreckelsville is on a spur of the track which leads from Kahului to Paia. The proposed plan is to make the line from Kahului to Spreckelsville the main line and to take up the track from the spur to the present site of Paia station.

From Spreckelsville, the line will run directly to the Paia mill and a new depot will be built just below the mill, some half a mile mauka of the site of the burned depot. From this new depot, the line will probably be extended to the Hamakuaopoko mill and the whole track will be built on the same gauge as the Spreckelsville plantation gauge.

The proposed change will prove highly advantageous both the Paia and the Hamakuaopoko plantation, which at present have long hauls from their mills to the depot. If the proposed change should materialize, the site of the present village of Paia will probably be abandoned by its occupants, for sites near new depot.

**WAILUKU, MAUI
JUNE 13, 1900.**

To the Editor of the MAUI NEWS,
Dear Sir,—One of the things that strikes a new-comer to your city is the way her representative citizens are condemned to spend their evenings.

One may see them every night after business is over, either wandering aimlessly up and down, or gathered in little knots at certain favorite streets corners, or under a well-known flowery canopy and in other places equally unsuitable. Now there seems to be much amity and good-fellowship amongst them—nobody is too big to speak pleasantly, and sociably to every one he meets on the street, every one seems to know a good deal of every body else's business.

Now why in the name of common sense can they not get together, and provide themselves with a public reading room and smoking-room?

When business is over for the day, would it not be a convenience and a source of general well-being if all so disposed could have the chance to meet together in social good fellowship, to discuss the news of the day, the chances of business, politics, literature and the general public good?

New laws, new times, and much change is ahead of us—would it not be well if it were thoroughly discussed and thrashed out in public?—And where could this be done so well, as under the circumstance and surroundings I have just indicated? Will you not weigh these things, Mr. Editor, and lend Wailuku the help of your influence for the consummation of so good a purpose.

MALIHINI

LATE TELEGRAPHIC NEWS

NEW YORK, June 30.—Three great ocean liners—the Maine, Brocken and Shale—burned to the water's edge. Twenty-five million dollars' worth of property destroyed.

Probably 320 lives were lost, while the hospitals hereabouts are filled to overflowing with injured, of whom there are 5000.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—On the receipt today of the important news from Admiral Kempff and Consul Ragsdale at Tien-Tsin that the foreign minister were on June 19th given twenty-four hours to leave Peking, a conference was called, at which were present Secretary Long, Secretary Hay and Secretary Root, representing the Navy, State, and War Department.

The matter before the conference was the obvious implication from Admiral Kempff that the ministers had been handed their passports, which was if true, an actual declaration of war by China against all of the powers represented at Peking.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—The Navy Department entertains the gravest fears that the famous battleship Oregon, which is aground off How Ke Island, will be lost to the navy. Secretary Long, however, hopes that the condition of the vessel is not as bad as the reports indicate.

BY AUTHORITY

Notice.

W. O. Aiken, Esq., has this day been appointed a Notary Public for the Second Judicial Circuit of the Territory of Hawaii

EDMUND P. DOLE,
Attorney General,
Office of the Attorney General,
Honolulu, July 2, 1900.

Notice.

Under the United States law, on and after June 14, 1900, all shipping receipts must bear a one-cent Documentary War Tax Stamp on the original, duplicate and triplicate.

Shippers are requested to affix the stamps according to law, and freight cannot be received other wise.

Shipping receipts must contain a statement of the contents of packages.

INTER-ISLAND STEAM NAVY CO.
WILDER'S STEAMSHIP CO.

BANK NOTICE.

Customers are informed that every check, draft or order, drawn on or after June 14th, 1900, payable at sight or on demand, must have thereon a two-cent U. S. Internal Revenue stamp, cancelled by the initials of the drawer and date of issue before it will be paid, received on deposit, or taken for collection.

The negotiation or payment of any check, draft or order, without such cancelled stamp affixed will be a violation of the U. S. Revenue Law and will render the maker liable to the prescribed penalty.

Stamp for above purposes will be supplied to customers at face value by the undersigned, or can be obtained at the U. S. Internal Revenue office, corner Fort & Allen Streets, Honolulu.

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CLAUSS SPRECKELS & Co.,
YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK,
THE BANK OF HAWAII, Ltd.,
THE FIRST AMERICAN BANK OF HAWAII, Ltd.,
Honolulu June 2, 1900.

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Straight, free from knots.

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Choice Brands of American & Scotch Whiskey.

Beer, Ale and Wine
Ice Cold Drinks.

Lahaina, Maui H. I.

KAHULUI

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Kahului, Maui.

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THE

Maui News

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.

A St. Valentine's Day Story.

By Arthur J. Stringer.

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Professor Edward Wisington, lecturer on practical psychology at the University of Elsewhere, was in a great dilemma. The more he thought over it the greater that dilemma grew. So it ended, of course, in his doing what he always did in such cases—going and asking his sister Frances about it. Frances, or Frank, as he always called her, was such a wise little woman—that is, in most things! She was always disarranging his apparatus and mixing up his papers, and she had some mad idea that a study table ought to be cleaned up at least once a week, and she was a little frivolous, too, and said Hudson's law of psychic phenomena was hosh. But, then, said the young professor, with a sigh, girls would be girls.

But he always called her his "right hand man." This was quite right, for Frances had found she had to watch her big brother like a baby. Sometimes he even forgot his own name, Frances blamed it all on his five years at Heidelberg. He had come home from Germany able to think of nothing but psychology. She had to tell him when to carry an umbrella, and when to wear his greatcoat, and when to come to dinner, and which professor it was borrowed his Baldwin's handbook, and when he had not paid his bills, and when he should and

wisfulness. Frank sighed, too, but said nothing.

"You see, Frank, I've got the first three-quarters of the thing done. I began, of course, with a discussion on 'Asexual Genesis,' then thrashed out 'The Mating of Mammals.' Then I went into 'The Courtship of Song Birds' and reviewed all the animal kingdom except one species. And there I'm stuck!"

"Which species?" said Frank, passing him the sugar.

"Why, the human species, dear—men and women, you know," said the young professor in despair.

"Oh, is that all?" said Frank, with relief.

"Isn't that enough? The most important part of the whole work!"

"Why, Teddie, it's the easiest thing in the world! Get engaged!"

"Engaged? I get married? Why, I—I never did such a thing in my life!"

"Of course you didn't, Teddie, you stupid old fellow! But why not try it now?"

The young professor viewed the suggestion as a working hypothesis for several minutes.

"Really, that seems a rather good idea, you know."

"It's the only idea," said Frances.

"Of course it is when you think it over," agreed the young professor.

"But stop a minute!" He got up and



"TAKE HIS NOTEBOOK, THERE, DOLLY; THAT'LL FIX HIM!"

should not call. So it was no wonder the learned psychologist went to his little sister.

"You see, Frank, it's this way," said he, sinking wearily into a big chair by the fire, while Frances fluttered about making tea. "I've got an idea, you know, a really excellent idea, my dear. You know my first book, 'The Biology of Beauty,' and you remember the supplementary volume, 'The Asexual Function of Affectation?' I got hold of a new field there, an absolutely new field, Frank, and now one more volume along that line of thought would constitute a trilogy of great psychological value. One more volume, my dear, would do it."

The young professor paused and ran his fingers perplexedly through his hair.

Suddenly he looked up and asked, "Frances, were you ever in love?"

Frances blushed crimson, for, be it known, a big undergraduate of Elsewhere had been sending her roses and asking her to football matches for two years. But the young professor was always thinking of his psychology.

"So Frances laughed and said lightly: 'Why, of course, dear. There are 19 of 'em, you know, Teddie, and if I didn't have to stay and take care of you I'd marry 'em all!'"

The young professor looked reproachfully over his glasses at his sister.

"Frances, he said gravely, 'I can find you any frivolous, exceedingly frivolous.' Instead of denying the charge the accused young lady deliberately reminded up the young professor's hair in a most unbecoming manner. She noticed there was just a streak or two of gray coming in it.

"Well, Teddie, dear, what is the third volume to be about?" she finally said, giving him his tea.

"What about? Well, that's just it!" The young professor put down his fingers and checked off something on his fingers. "It ought to be 'The Psychology of Courtship,' you know, but here's just where I'm stuck. The trouble is, my dear, I—I don't know anything about courtship."

The young professor sighed and gazed in the fire with a look of pensive

walked up and down in perplexity. "But it's impossible, out of the question, absurd! Why, there has to be a woman! And there isn't any!"

"How about Dorothea Davidson?" suggested Frances.

It was the young professor's turn to blush. Much to his horror Frances was in the habit of always asking friends of hers in for tea. Among those who came oftener was Dorothea Davidson, Professor Davidson was the head of the moral philosophy department of the university, and of course that was why the young psychologist had treated Dorothea with less absentmindedness and abstraction than he displayed to the ordinary young lady of Elsewhere. In fact, he had even taken her to a couple of polo matches on the university campus and sent her his two books bound in gold and green morocco. But one day the jocular little fellow in mathematics made some sly allusion to the fact, and thereafter the young professor always fled precipitately whenever he found that charming and quite harmless young lady drinking tea with his sister. But Frances was a wise little woman, and she knew what she knew.

So when the young professor considered such an astounding proposal he did so with considerable embarrassment.

"But—er—Frank, the—er—lady herself, you know? She—she mightn't like that sort of thing?"

"Why, you foolish boy, that's where the courtship comes in."

"But, I say, Frank, how—how would you advise a fellow to go about this sort of thing?"

"How?" said Frances. "Why, it's all easy enough. Tomorrow is St. Valentine's day. Send Dorothea a valentine in the first place, a nice one, with a little sentiment in it, you know, to show her you're not a stick."

"Does—does she really think I'm a stick?" asked the young professor, agitated. He had never looked at it in that light before.

"Of course she doesn't! Couldn't you say anything else, Teddie dear? And after you've sent her the valentine, you ought to call or do something like that,

you know, and then I'll ask Dorothea over to tea with us, and then—and then—oh, then you'll have to do all the rest yourself!"

So Frances very wisely brought him his pipe, filled it for him and left him thinking a woman wasn't a bad thing to have about, after all.

The young professor turned to his books and looked up St. Valentine's day and its history. He found the original St. Valentine was a pious old bishop who was put to death in the reign of Emperor Claudius. That didn't help him out very much. He made a note of the fact, however, and said he would see Professor Incheape about it in the morning. But, after all, this had little to do with the matter. He would never get through this thing, he told himself, if he stuck at details. So he took his indispensable notebook and wrote under Feb. 13, "See about valentine for D. D." Under Feb. 14 he wrote: "See Brown about plumbing. Write to Dr. Roberts re mating plumage of *Cinclusurus regius* and *Parus sarpentis*. Ask Dorothea if she will marry me."

That evening he stole out and secretly purchased a gorgeous valentine, a bewitching creation of poetry, perfume and pink and white satin. On the back of it he wrote, "With the very sincere regards of Edward Wisington." That did not seem satisfactory, so he carefully erased it and wrote in its place, "To D. D., with love from E. W." That seemed better. As he dropped it into a letter box he saw a group of undergraduates coming down the street. He turned pink and fled hurriedly up a side street. He felt that the Rubicon had been crossed.

The young professor spent most of St. Valentine's day in the university library. When he came in for tea late in the afternoon, he had forgotten everything in this world but the fact that he had found a most precious German memorandum on the generation of pedunculated cirripeds, and it had given him at least a dozen new ideas.

His jaw fell when he found Miss Dorothea Davidson in the big chair by the fire, with Frances sitting at her feet. The arms of that big chair seemed to hug Dorothea in an almost human way. The young professor did not run away, but he was oppressed with a sense of something forgotten. He felt sure it was something to do with both pedunculated cirripeds and Dorothea, but for the life of him he could not remember what it was.

While taking his tea he decided to slip over to his littered desk and look for his notebook. He felt sure it would be in his notebook. Frances thought he was trying to escape.

"Now, Teddie, you mustn't work when we're here!" she cried, catching him by the contrails.

"No, we really won't let you work!" said Dorothea, holding out her arms and blocking the way to his desk in a very tempting way. The young professor noticed she looked very lovely.

"But, Frank, dear, I—"

"No, no! Teddie, you mustn't! Not today. Take his notebook there, Dolly. That'll fix him!"

Dolly promptly did so. Yet she held it with a certain reverence, for she had always been half afraid of this big young man whose name was known in all the scientific reviews.

"I wonder what is so important, Dolly? Let's find out. Something about isometric projections, is it, dear?"

Dolly ran her eyes down the open page. Then she turned pale, dropped the notebook and said she—she really must be going!

"Why, Dolly, what is it?" said Frances, picking up the fallen notebook. Then she read aloud: "Feb. 14—See Brown about plumbing? That's all right. Write to Dr. Roberts re mating plumage of *Cinclusurus regius* and *Parus sarpentis*. That seems all right. Ask—Dorothea—if—she—will—Why, I—oh, there's, there's—yes, I'm sure there's somebody ringing down stairs, and I must see about it!"

And Frances shut the door quite tight when she went out.

A Joke Cost Chicago the Convention.

Richard C. Kerens of Missouri declares that the little joke of President Miller of the Hamilton club of St. Louis being a suburb of Chicago cost the latter city the convention, which shows that it isn't safe to twig on jokes. Members of the national committee, however, say that Dr. Jamieson is himself responsible for the result. He was one of the two tellers—Mr. Durbin of Indiana was the other—and on the second ballot, being engaged in the performance of his duties, forgot to vote. The polls showed 24 for Chicago, 23 for Philadelphia and 1 (Mr. Kerens) for St. Louis. When the chairman announced that some one had neglected to vote, Dr. Jamieson went over to Mr. Payne, made a confession and asked him to insist upon another ballot, whereupon Mr. Payne suggested that instead of passing the hat around among the members, who were scattered and constantly moving about the rooms, the roll be called and every man step up and deposit his ballot on the table. This was done, and the result was that Philadelphia gained two votes and Chicago gained one. Mr. Kerens and somebody else, who had supported Chicago on the previous ballot, threw their votes to Philadelphia, and the result was a majority for that city.—Chicago Record.

How to Crown Oysters.

Drain large oysters and to the liquor add some dark, well seasoned beef stock; cook ten minutes together and strain. In a spider melt some butter and let it slightly brown; then add half the quantity of flour as of butter, blend and brown without burning to a rich darkness; add the oysters, moving them about gently for a few seconds; then pour enough of the strained sauce to make a sauce of medium consistency. Serve on small rounds of toast.

GRIM SABLE ISLAND.

THIS WRECK STREW SAND BAR IS DOOMED BY THE SEA.

One of the Weirdest Legends of This Ocean Graveyard—A Woman in White, a Bleeding Forefinger and a Ring Sold in Halifax.

"Sable Island belongs to Nova Scotia, 144 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canso," writes Gustav Kobbe in Ainslie's. "It is a treeless, shrubless waste, seamed by wind and wave and of ever changing aspect. A cone shaped hill near the east end, once a mere undulation of sand, is now over 100 feet high and is still growing. Other hillocks are gradually being moved away by storms. The hillocks are liable to be undermined so swiftly and swept out of existence that they are carefully watched from the various stations on the island, there being no certainty how far an inland of the sea will extend after each successful attack. Even the coarse grass of the island grows in a different manner from that of the mainland. It does not bear seed, but shoots up from roots which run along under the sand. During the winter the sand is blown over the grass and buries it sometimes three or four feet deep, but the hardy blades grow up next season, as if the island sands had protected them from the cold of winter in order to make them all the stronger.

The island itself is fighting for self preservation. It seems as if it drew ships into its fatal embrace as rallying points for its loose and shifting sand, thus to protect itself by a bulwark of wrecks against annihilation by the sea. Tradition says that when Sable Island was discovered by Cabot in 1447 it was 80 miles long and 10 miles wide. In 1802, when a rescue station was established there, it was only 40 miles long. Since then it has shrunk to but little more than 20 miles in length, and in width it is only a mile at its widest. Within 28 years the western end lost seven miles. Shoals over which the ocean now surges are pointed out as former sites of lighthouses. One of these was so swiftly undermined by the sea that it had to be abandoned with the greatest precipitation. The spot where once stood the superintendent's house is now under two fathoms of water.

The island, rapidly diminishing at its western end, is slightly gulfed at its eastern. Slowly, like a ship dragging its anchor, it is moving eastward. Will it ever reach the edge of the shoals, stand tottering on the brink of the abyss till it receives its coup de grace and plunge over the submarine bank forever into the depths? Unfortunately its end will probably be less dramatic. There is good ground for believing that this grim sand bar will slowly wear away until it becomes another submerged shoal added to an ambulance already some 69 miles in length, for a line of breakers extends 16 miles from one end of the island and 28 miles from the other.

In the space of a single year Sable Island claimed more than 200 lives. In fact, so many wrecks line the shoals of this ocean graveyard that the new pile up on the old, like bodies heaped in one ditch. The Crofton Hall, an iron sailing ship wrecked a few years ago on the northeast bar, broke in two about amidships. The pieces have drifted together again, and the islanders suppose that she struck crosswise upon an old submerged wreck and is settling over it, which accounts for the two parts coming together. Nor is the island satisfied with the awful tribute which it exacts from the living. The same informant who writes me about the Crofton Hall adds that the bark John McLeod, which was wrecked off Devil's Island at the entrance to Halifax harbor, drifted ashore on Sable Island bottom up, a wreck of a wreck!

One of the grimmest legends of Sable Island dates from the wreck of the Amelia, and there is enough evidence of truth connected with it to show what bloody deeds were added on that occasion to the terrors of shipwreck. Captain Torrens, who commanded the gunboat which was dispatched to Sable Island after the wreck of the Amelia, was one of the survivors of the second disaster. A passenger on the lost transport was Lady Copeland, on her way to join her husband. The captain of the gunboat had been told that she wore on her forefinger a ring of peculiar article.

The story has it that Captain Torrens, wandering over the island one night in search of possible survivors, was attracted by the piteous whining of his dog in front of a small, open shelter known to have existed at that time, but long since toppled to pieces. Approaching the shelter, he was startled to see the figure of a woman all in white and holding toward him the bleeding stump of a forefinger. While he was gazing at the apparition it rose, silently glided past him and dived into the sea. But time and again thereafter the white woman with bleeding forefinger was seen wandering over the sand hills.

"It is probably only part of the weird legend that Captain Torrens, feeling sure that a shocking crime had been committed, tracked the guilty pirate until he discovered his family on the coast of Labrador and learned that the ring had been sold in Halifax. It is a fact, however, that many years after the disaster Lady Copeland's ring was discovered in a jewelry store in Halifax and was returned to her family. From that hour her ghost has ceased to haunt the island."

Snipped.
McSwatters—Where are you going?
McSwatters—I'm going south for my health.
McSwatters—How did your health ever get so far away as that?—Syracuse Herald.

MEET HIM WITH A SMILE.

A Rule That Elicits a Protest From Married Women.

"I do wish some one would write a few rules for men," said a young married woman recently. "I'm awfully tired of reading in magazines and newspapers that I must meet my husband when he comes home from his office 'pleasantly and cheerfully,' that the house must be like a new pin, I must be prettily gowned, the dinner must be daintily cooked and served and that he mustn't be worried with a recital of the troubles of the day, no matter if delirium supervenes for me."

"These precepts are all-right theoretically and under ordinary circumstances are practical. Every woman follows them instinctively who wishes to retain her husband's admiration, but why aren't there a few laws of this sort laid down for men to follow?"

"Why isn't there some one to tell them to look cheerful when they come in and to forbear to grumble if dinner is a trifle late for any good reason, to be a little sympathetic and affectionate and remember that theirs are not the only troubles in the house?"

"According to the ordinary writer, a woman's whole married life should be spent in practicing expedients to keep her husband's love from growing cold, while he apparently may pursue any course he pleases, civil or uncivil, tyrannical or gentlemanly, and be sure of retaining hers."

"This may not be the masculine idea of the case at all; the sterner sex may not really expect to get the whole globe and give nothing in return, but it is not the writer's fault if they don't. I sedulously keep all such articles away from John, for he's a very good husband, and I'm afraid such literature would put ideas into his head and spoil him."

"Now, poor unenlightened soul, he has an idea that my side of the partnership has its own worries, and he tries to help me straighten them out, but who knows how he would change if he ever discovered that he is really made of china and has to be handled with care to keep from being broken?"—Baltimore News.

LIKE THE LITTLE ONES.

Men, as a Rule, Are Fond of the Society of Children.

"There's a very general idea abroad in the land that men don't care to board in a house where there are children," said one of the sterner sex yesterday, "but that is, I believe, a great mistake, just as it is an error to imagine that men generally don't like the little ones. No doubt there are a few crusty old bachelors in the world who would be horribly annoyed by pattering feet and shrill little voices in the halls and on the stairs, but I must confess I like to hear these noises, and I find by questioning a number of my friends—all young, unmarried men—that they do also. The children give a sort of homy atmosphere that's very pleasant to even the most comfortless places."

"Taking one thing with another, I believe men are fonder of children than women are anyhow. What I mean is that more men than women are fond of them. I know plenty of the gentler sex who wouldn't think of going to a boarding house where youngsters were admitted, and I know just as many men who seek out those places and obtain a certain amount of comfort and satisfaction in their lonely lives in making friends with the youngsters and spending valuable time repairing sundry broken toys or telling wonderful stories in which giants figure to an amazing extent."

"A child's affection is a very delightful thing, and most men feel flattered to be the object of even a mild liking on the part of the small tyrants. There are half a dozen little ones in the house where I board, and I am the familiar friend of every one of them. It's a very delightful and absorbing acquaintance, and I'm fast developing into a story teller of such marked ability that I'll make a fortune in this way, no doubt, after awhile."—Detroit Free Press.

A Bismarck Story.

In M. Georges Michel's life of the late M. Leon Say some of the economist's letters are reproduced, and among them is one addressed to his wife describing the reception by Bismarck at Versailles of the war fine of £8,000,000 that Paris had to pay. M. Leon Say was one of the commissioners sent with the money in bank notes to hand it over to German emissaries in Bismarck's presence. The £8,000,000 was counted on a billiard table. When this was done, a receipt was shown to M. Say and then placed in an envelope which was to be sealed. The seal falling to bite into the wax, Bismarck impatiently said to the secretary, "You do not know your business."

He snatched the seal from him, rubbed it for a short time on the hair of his head and then said, "Try now."

The result was a clear impression.

They All Like School.

"I'm not going to school today," she cried jubilantly. "Oh, I'm sorry for you girls who'll have to sit at your desks and study."

"Why aren't you going?" they asked.

"Because," she replied, "I have to go to the dentist's."

Thus we learn the place that education takes in the list of childhood's evils.—Chicago Post.

A Practical Motive.

Ann Gertrude—And what will you do when you are a maid, Tommy?
Tommy—I'm going to grab a brand. Ann Gertrude—Why?
Tommy—Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash.—Columbia Weekly.

HERE'S A NEW IDEA.

Which Would Knock All the Sentiment Out of Warfare.

"A few days before I left home," said a visitor from Washington, "a legal friend of mine called me into his office and showed me a most extraordinary mechanical monstrosity upon which he had just applied for a patent. I suppose the application has been passed upon by this time, so there is no harm in describing the device."

"It was called 'the automatic color bearer' and consisted of a small four-wheeled truck made self-propelling by means of a one horsepower gasoline engine geared to the axles. On the truck was a paper mache dummy of a color sergeant posed in a heroic attitude and waving a flag in the air. A cord was attached to the starting valve of the engine, to be paid out as the machine advanced, so the thing could be stopped whenever desired by simply giving it a gentle tug."

"The inventor, who was an Iowa man, began his written specifications by calling attention to the fact that the flag had disappeared from the modern battlefield. Machine guns and long range magazine rifles had banished it from the scene of action, and it would be courting certain death for any soldier to attempt to carry it through the zone of fire. The consequence was that armies now went into battle 'without the inspiration of their national emblem, and to remedy that grave deficiency the gentleman from Iowa offered his patent automatic color bearer.'"

"His plan was to keep it moving continually in front of the firing line, and he guaranteed it to stand any sort of fusillade without collapse. Being a more shell, the dummy would offer no resistance to bullets, and they would pass clear through it without inflicting any damage except to make a small hole. The truck itself was protected in front by a five-eighths inch steel shield."

"My friend, the lawyer, nearly laughed himself into hysterics while he was explaining the machine, and he said that the inventor fully expects to make a fortune out of it. I would like to see a brigade going into action behind a paper mache color sergeant. It would be an inspiring spectacle and the ne plus ultra of modern practical warfare."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Rather Be Rich Young Widow.

Tess—Old Mr. De Sember is very indulgent to his young wife, isn't he?
Jess—Yes, and I know it just worries May sick.

Tess—Gracious! Why should it if he spends all his money on her?
Jess—Why, she's afraid he won't have any to leave her when he dies.—Philadelphia Press.

Jagsby's Fear.

Jagsby—I'm afraid my wife's eyesight is failing, doctor.
Doctor—I'm sorry to hear that. What makes you think such is the case?
Jagsby—Well, I went home last night about 10 o'clock, and she said, "Good gracious, Jagsby, this can't be you at this hour!"—Chicago News.

Just About the Desired Quantity.

"I don't know what I want," said the dyspeptic guest, looking at the bill of fare. "I can't eat more than about two bites, anyway."

"You might try a couple of our nut-ton chops, sir," suggested the dignified waiter, unbending slightly.—Chicago Tribune.

Proper Place.



Miles—I want to purchase a tbr-ouglahred egg, but I don't know how to look up the pedigree.
Giles—Why don't you look in a cattle-log?

Now We Have a New Word.

"Dear me," exclaimed Old Subscriber, "the paper seems to be made up almost entirely of essays and editorials today! There's practically no news in it."

"It must have been shelterized," suggested Constant Reader.—Chicago Post.

Why He Has Started.

"I notice that Gabber, the great pro-Boer man, is off for the Transvaal at last."

"But he probably won't get there until the fighting is all over."

"Of course. That's what finally induced him to start."—Chicago Post.

Economical Thought.

Wife—My chimney is dead, dear.
Husband—You don't seem to be very sorry about it.
Wife—I'm not very. You see, I can have it stuffed for my Easter bonnet, and then you'll not have to pay quite so much.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Venetian.

Ethel—Did Joe Oose seriously ask you to marry him?
May—He did.
Ethel—Whatever did you say?
May—I told him I despised practical jokes.—Philadelphia North American.

The Flipper and the Sea.

"Sir Tommy Lipton's new hat is to be named 'The Flipper.'"
"That isn't quite so drowsy as the Shamrock."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.