

Okame, the Hawaiian Shark Hunter

In the old days when the great chiefs of Hawaii loved shark hunting most of all their sports, and of all the shark-hunters there was none who loved it so well as did King Kamehameha I.

So greatly did he love the sport that he made a pen beside the temple of Kookahi, near Kawaiahae, and there he kept his enemies to serve as shark bait, because it was believed that the big sharks preferred human flesh to any other.

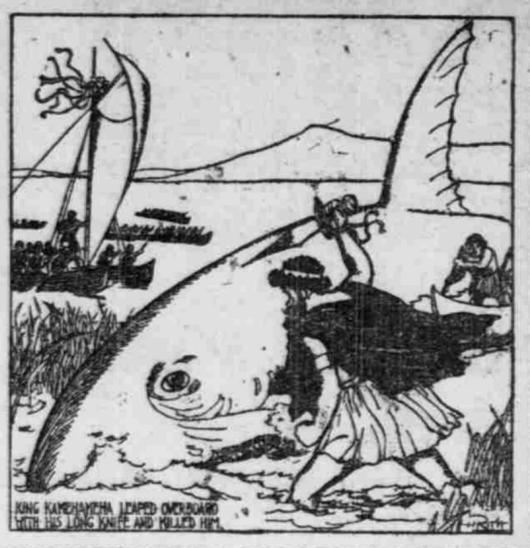
There were five different kinds of shark around the Hawaiian Islands. In those days—the hammer-head shark and the white-fin, which are still seen in the Hawaiian markets today because the people like to eat them; the mano, which was a large white shark; the mano kanaka, or man-shark, which was worshipped by the people because they believed that the mano-kanaka was a man transformed into a shark; and, last, greatest and fiercest of all, the nihi.

The King and his chiefs declined to hunt any shark except Nihi, because that was the only shark that the common natives did not dare to attack. The people spoke of nihi only in whispers, and men used to say that at night a nihi could be seen afar off by the terrible green light of its wicked eyes as it drove through the sea.

One day a fleet of native canoes came scurrying into the harbor and the frightened fishermen reported that a monster nihi had driven their boats from the deep-sea fishing grounds and had pursued them till they reached the inshore waters. So fast was this shark and so savage, according to their description, that Kamehameha became eager to find the huge fish and give it battle. Hastily he gave orders to have his great war canoes prepared for the expedition and to have three prisoners selected to serve as bait. Before dusk the carved boats were speeding over the long rollers of the Pacific Ocean, bound for the distant sea-space where the great nihi dwelled.

Now, among the prisoners in the pen was Okame, a young fisherman from the island of Kauai. He had been sentenced to death by the fierce King because he had insulted the Goddess Pele by venturing to one of the sacred craters and throwing a stone into the middle of the pit of fire.

The men who had selected prisoners to serve as shark bait had left him behind, but he trembled at the thought of what was to come, for he recognized the monster from the description as a fish that he had tried to catch himself, and he knew that there was small chance for the King to



KING KAMEHAMEHA LEAPED OVERBOARD WITH HIS LONG KNIFE AND Mallet.

capture him. That meant that the party would return after they had cut up the three unfortunate prisoners and would try the same experiment with him, for Kamehameha would never give up until he had tried every means to catch the fish, once he had set out to do it.

He thought hard all night. In the morning he called the guards and asked them to help him prepare a bait that would certainly catch the great nihi. The guards, eager for the favor of the King, consented and brought him what he ordered, which was a vast quantity of the roots of the sea plant. He pounded these up with a little water until they made a pulpy mass, and then set them aside in gourds and waited for the fleet to return.

This happened within a few days. The King was in a furious mood. The nihi had appeared and he justified everything

that the frightened fishermen had said about him. His jaws were huge enough to engulf the whole bow of the King's own canoe with the bow paddle, and his dorsal fin stuck out of the ocean like the sail of a white man's ship. But never had a nihi treated a King of Hawaii with such insulting contempt.

When the King's canoe advanced to give battle, the mighty shark attacked with such rage that even the King, brave as he was, had to give way and let his men paddle backwards to avoid the fierce rushes of the terrible fish. After the nihi had driven the other canoes to flight in their turn, he sank under the surface and did not reappear, although the priests cut up the three prisoners and threw them into the water to lure the monster to the surface again.

When the King's men came to the pen for Okame, he said:

"I will go with you willingly, but first tell the King that he will give me a chance I will catch the nihi alive for him and we can bring him ashore in triumph."

The King agreed eagerly and ordered that the young prisoner be supplied with all that he wanted. Immediately he set men to work boiling down the livers of hama-e-ea, a shark near Nihi, till he had enough to load fifty of the largest canoes. Then he loaded the awa root into one of the canoes and the fleet set forth.

On arriving at the place of the great nihi, he began to throw the liver overboard, and within a few hours the oil had spread throughout the water until it tempted the whole bow of the deep-sea cave where he had been hiding. It was night when he came up, but the men could see his green eyes glimmering many fathoms deep until he appeared with a rush and began to gulp down the liver.

The next day the young fisherman continued to feed the fierce fish, but although he became greedier and greedier for the delicacy, he was too cunning to venture near any of the canoes. Then Okame began to mix the pounded awa root with the liver and throw it to the shark. The nihi gulped the awa root greedily till all at once he became stupid. The awa root was delicious, but deadly, and the young fisherman had learned of its stupefying effect.

Soon the shark had become so stupid that he swam almost alongside Okame's canoe, where he finally took bundles of livers and a right out of the young prisoner's hands.

Then Okame rose softly and dropped a noose over his head. The paddlers immediately stopped the canoe, the shore, and the rest of the fleet set up a great shout as they saw the shark following willingly.

As soon as he would start to pull away, but Okame would throw some more liver and saw immediately and the shark would follow on again.

Thus the mammoth nihi was led in triumph to the shore, where he was killed, and there King Kamehameha leaped overboard with his long knife and attacked the big fish and killed him.

Okame's skin and bones were then collected carefully and carried to the King's house, where it was put away in secret places, so that no one except Kamehameha should ever touch them, because the ownership conferred unequalled bravery on the possessor.

The King pardoned Okame and made him a noble of the first rank, and from that time on until the coming of the white men and the passing of the Hawaiian Kings, nihi was always caught as Okame had caught the greatest nihi of all.

Note.—The method described here is the one actually used by the Hawaiians up to the beginning of the century for catching the great shark. Sometimes a hundred canoes would go out for this novel sport of kings, and each fleet was composed of a hundred or more sharks from the deep hiding places.

Captain Tiller's Land Tug



CAPTAIN JOHN TILLER, LAND TUG TO HIRE, AUTOMOBILES TOWED.

WHEN Captain Tiller lost his whole ship on the rocks of Tristan de Cunha he retired from the sea to live on the interest earned for him by all the many whales that he had killed during 30 years of seafaring.

He bought a house in Croville, which was as far from the sea as he could get, for it was almost in the very middle of the United States, and Captain Tiller, like many old sailors, thought that he would be delighted to get away from the ocean.

But the good captain had not lived there many months before he began to pine for something to do. This was not easy, however, because everybody around him was farming, and all that Captain Tiller knew was whaling, which did not interest the people of Croville at all.

He was sitting disconsolately on a fence one day, when an automobile got stuck in the sandiest spot of the sandy roads that were all around Croville.

The captain had seen this happen many times to many automobiles, and had extracted a good deal of amusement out of the futile efforts of the people to pull their heavy machines out of the sand. They did not get as much amusement from it as the captain did, for the sandy roads were not only terribly sandy, but they were terribly long and hot and uphill besides, so that often the poor owners of the automobiles had to pull and push their machines over a mile of road before they reached soil where they could make them go again.

On this day the captain was about to smile as usual, but the next moment his brows furled in thought. Then he struck his knee with his hand and said:

"By ginger, that's the scheme!"

The very next day he called on his neighbor, Farmer Smallquart, and after an hour's bargaining he bought two oxen from him.

That afternoon he nailed up a wooden sign at the very beginning of the

Between the heads of the two oxen dangled an anchor, and on their rumps was a little platform, on which Captain Tiller had arranged a binnacle



"Stop! Stop!"

with a compass, a great tin horn and a speaking trumpet.

As soon as he was abreast of the stranded automobile Captain Tiller let go his anchor. The oxen stopped, and the captain blew a long, mournful blast on his horn. Then he seized the speaking trumpet and hailed the automobile.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Do you want assistance?"

"Aye, ay, sir," said the occupants. "Very well," said the captain. "Under the provisions of the laws concerning derelicts, I could take you into port and hold you for salvage, but I'll be easy on you and tow you through the sand and to the good hard road for \$2 a mile."

"Very well, captain," said the automobilists. "Then till I come alongside," shouted the captain through his speaking trumpet. "Stand by to take a hawser." And with that he threw a line which the owner of the automobile made fast to his vehicle.

The captain hauled in his anchor, blew another long blast on his horn and twisted his wheel, and the two oxen, towing the automobile easily through the sand.

When they got half way up the road the factory whistles blew for the noon hour, and Captain Tiller immediately took out his sextant and took an observation, which he entered in his log. When they reached the good part of the road he threw out his anchor again, tooted his horn and cast off the line. Then he collected \$2 and went off, saluting the departing automobile with three sharp blasts from his horn.

Captain Tiller's land tug brought him a great deal of money, and finally Farmer Smallquart grew jealous.

"See here," said he, one day. "You've been tying up your oxen to my fence for eight weeks and three days. Now if you're doing a tug business, it's the same as tying up to a wharf for you to tie up to my fence, and I'm going to collect wharfage from you at the rate of a dollar an hour."

The captain refused to pay it, and Farmer Smallquart hired a lawyer and brought suit, much to the captain's fright, for he was very timid about lawyers and courts.

He was lying awake one night worrying when he noticed that there was a heavy fog outside, and with that an idea struck him. Before many minutes he had yoked his oxen up and was steering toward Smallquart's farm. He had a bright red light on the horns of one ox and a green one on the other and when he reached the road immediately in front of the house he anchored and began to toot his great tin horn most dismally.

He had not been doing that long before Farmer Smallquart came out and shouted:

"For goodness sake, stop that noise. We want to sleep."

"Can I help that?" said the captain. "You can see for yourself that it's a heavy fog, and as I've come to anchor here to wait till the lightens I've simply got to give the regular fog signals according to maritime law. You ought

to be the last one to object, seeing that you are such a stickler for maritime law yourself as to charge wharfage for tying up to your fence. And the captain refused to blow his fog signals steadily.

He did it all night and next night, which was foggy, too. When the third night came he blew more heavy fog and the tooting began again. Farmer Smallquart could bear it no longer. He ran to the captain, and asked:

"What can I do to have this stopped?"

"Nothing, so far as I can see," said the wily captain. "You know, or ought to know, the rules of maritime law are too sacred to be broken by anybody's convenience. Whenever I have to anchor in the fog in the road, or rather, the channel, of course I must blow the fog signals. It is necessary to be sure, if I were tied up to a wharf I could tie there without signalling; but wharfage is far too expensive around here for that. There's nothing for it except to anchor."

"I'll let you tie up to my fence—I mean my wharf—for nothing," said Farmer Smallquart.

"I'd like to accept your offer," said the cunning captain, "but I daren't, because you know you have sued me for back wharfage and I might hurt my case by making facts."

He began blowing his horn harder and more dolefully than ever, and all the dogs began to bark, and the small cattle bays began to bleat, and even the cattle began to low and bellow.

"Stop it! Stop it!" said the farmer desperately. "If you will promise to stop, I'll withdraw my suit and give you free wharfage forever along my fence."

"All right, my hearty," said the captain. "And just remember hereafter that you can't fool with maritime law."

Tick-Tack's 400th Anniversary.

Exactly 400 years ago, in the year 1505, there was a young apprentice to a locksmith in Nuremberg. His name was Peter Heinlein. He had neither money, friends nor influence, and seemed doomed to remain a simple, poor locksmith's helper all his life.

There were more than 100 locksmiths' apprentices in Nuremberg at that time, and most of them said hopefully that the field was overcrowded. We hear some of them saying that every now and then in these days, too, don't we?

"Nobody remembers the names of any of the apprentices, and except that of Heinlein, he didn't waste any time grubbing and worrying about the 'overcrowded field,' but set down in his spare time to thinking at a certain machine."

When it was finished it was shaped like a drum and was just small enough to go into the big pockets of the coats of that day.

It was the first watch.

There is a general belief that these first watches were of the shape of an egg. This is not so. They were shaped like a drum and were really very clumsy, far more suitable for the capacious costume of a rider than for the more tightly fitting dress of a courtier or a dandy. But they were made and ran 9 hours without needing winding.

The watchmakers of Nuremberg have just erected a fine statue in honor of Peter, the apprentice of the Middle Ages, who found the watch in the overcrowded profession. And there is a big watch exhibition to last until the end of this month, also in his honor.

The Hardships of Farming.

Little Dick has been thinking some time that he would like to be a farmer when he grows up. One other evening he toddled to his father's side on the veranda and asked:

"What do I have to do in the evening when I don't want to be a farmer?"

"Why," said his father, "you have to sit on the porch of your farmhouse, like this, with your feet up on the rail."

Dick watched his father put his feet up and tried to do the same with his very short and fat little legs. The rail was so high that he had to sit nearly on the back of his head in order to get his feet up, and before many moments he slipped down and landed on the veranda floor with a bump.

He got up and rubbed himself. Then he said:

"Maybe I don't want to be a farmer after all. I might change my mind and be something else."

The Dogfish's Desire.

The dogfish sighed: "Oh, how I wish I were a dog with bark and hair complete, and furnished with feet, but feet they don't grow, because I'd bark for her so loud."

The Crazy Canoe.

A man who went in a canoe said: "I hardly know how it will do. But I'm sure I'll die. Because viewed as a ship, it's form makes me feel very blue."

Pioneer Sugar-Makers of the Forest



EACH HOLDING TWO OR THREE INDIANS PASSED THEM AT A FURIOUS RATE.

Chapter IX.

"LOK here, sister," said Will, after thinking for a while, "I think we must change our plans. We have come upon a large tribe of Indians, and are certain to meet some of them in the forest if we keep on. I think the river we saw is called the Grand, and that it flows into Lake Michigan. Down near its mouth is quite a large town called Grand Rapids. If we can get down the river to that town we shall be safe."

"Are we to walk along the bank?" asked Sadie.

"No. We would meet with Indians at once. My plan is to wait here until dark, and then steal one of the canoes we saw on the bank. How far we shall have to paddle I don't know, but I think we can reach Grand Rapids in two days."

The children went farther back into the woods to wait for the coming of night. Their food was all gone, and being so near the village Will did not dare to fire his gun. With his knife he cut some bark from an alpeny elm tree, and they had to chew on that in place of food.

Several times during the afternoon they heard Indian hunters in the woods, but no one came near to disturb them.

They would have liked to take the pony with them, but of course this was not to be done. He would have to be turned loose in the forest, and within a day or two he would probably find his way into the Indian village. They might wonder how he came there, but they would keep him nevertheless.

When darkness began to settle over the forest, the children moved out of the thicket and down the river until they were half a mile below the village. Then they approached its banks. To get one of the canoes they must make their way up stream and perhaps pass some of the wigwams.

They knew that Indians were always watchful, whether they were at war or not, and that an Indian dog scenting a white person afar off.

The pony had been turned loose and they had brought the gun, ax and blankets with them. Sadie began to whimper as she realized the danger, and Will offered to go alone if she would stay behind and wait for him.

This she would not do, and he said: "Then we will go together and you

must try and be a brave girl. Keep close to me and do as you see me do, and we may come out all right. If we run into any danger don't scream out. Even if the Indians capture us they will not kill us."

They were hidden by the bushes until they were almost on the first wigwam. It stood back about 30 feet from the water, and after peering through the darkness for a few minutes Will made out two canoes drawn up on the shore.

He whispered to Sadie that they would take the nearest one, and that they must be careful to make no noise in entering the boat.

The Indian family belonging to the wigwam were cooking and eating back of the shelter, and the light of their fire made things dark around them.

The canoe was reached and the things loaded in without discovery. When the little craft had been pushed into the water Will discovered that there were no paddles. He searched the other canoe, but found none there.

He believed they had been taken to the wigwam, and no matter what the danger was, he must go after them. He began to cry, but he whispered in her ear: "If you make the least noise the Indians will have us. Keep hold of the canoe and don't stir a foot until I return."

With that he crept away, but luck was with him. Half way to the wigwam he found two paddles on the grass, and he was only a minute getting back to the canoe and his sister.

In another minute they were afloat, but just then they heard whoops and shouts from the center of the village, and the light of a big fire they caught sight of Sam coming into the village and leading his pony behind him.

He had got free and followed on after them, and he had been here earlier than he would have overhauled them in the woods.

"Sam will tell them that we are near at hand," said Will, as both piled their paddles. "When he finds that we had let his pony go he must have suspected that we were going to steal a canoe. Do you hear those yells? The Indians are running about to see if their canoes are safe. They will soon find this one gone, and we shall be followed. Instead of keeping on down the river let us paddle backward under the limbs of some overhanging tree."

A mile below where they had taken the canoe they found a tree to give them shelter, and the canoe had scarcely been drawn in among the branches when six canoes, each holding two or three Indians, passed them at a furious rate. Had the children kept on they would have been overtaken before getting away.

"We must wait until they come back," said Will, in answer to the query from Sadie as to what they should do. "The Indians will go down stream in four or five miles, and not finding us will turn back. As they come back we will search out all places where we must hide, but we will have to trust to luck that they don't find us. We must listen carefully now, to hear when they turn back."

(Concluded next week.)

Bunny's Escape From Impending Danger

MOTHER RABBIT sat on the porch of a deserted log cabin in the woods and looked very seriously into the round eyes of Bunny, her little son.

"Remember this," she said. "Of all your enemies the one most to be avoided is man. He is dangerous."

"There's a boat coming across the pond now," whispered Bunny excitedly, cocking his left ear forward.

"And there are men in it. Let us fly!" cried Mother Rabbit, and she and Bunny went leaping through the bushes on their long hind legs.

So the men came and occupied the deserted log cabin. Mother Rabbit and Bunny lived in fear and staid in the deep, deep woods.

It grew rather monotonous after a while, and one day while his mother was away, Bunny said to himself:

"I'm not going to stay crouched up here every minute of this long summer. I'm going out along the trail and see what's going on."

So off he started, hopping leisurely along. The forest was very still. The tall pines had all stopped whispering and were fast asleep. Not one of the waggy leaves on the poplars was stirring. The sun came down warm and bright and dappled the dead leaves on the trail with a lighter brown, and Bunny would have sworn about it he had only known how.

All of a sudden, coming straight toward

him, he saw one of the men. Bunny dared not fly, so he crouched, as his mother had taught him, with his ears laid back and his body flattened till he looked like a broken branch when a fur.

His round eyes never even winked. The man came humming along the trail, carrying a fishing rod, and oh, horror! the great eyes looked straight at him from behind which Bunny was hiding. The horrible creature stooped above him, and spoke in a language strange to the cowering Bunny.

"Why, it's a baby rabbit!"

Then a long arm came out from the side of the man. Bunny was certain then that he would be grabbed, killed, cooked and eaten. His blood froze in his veins; fear stared out of his round eyes; it seemed as if he must jump now.

But he did not. The long arm came lower and lower, and the fingers touched the little gray back. Again the soft caress. Then the man laughed very gently and said:

"Why, Baby Rabbit, you needn't be so scared. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

Somehow Bunny knew then that he was safe. He lifted his ears and with a leap he was gone in the bushes.

But he will always think that he had a narrow escape, and Mother Rabbit said to him afterward:

"It happened to turn out all right, but what if the fishing rod had been a gun?"

The Great War With the Thunder-Birds

MANY, many years ago giant eagles, known as thunderbirds, lived in the mountains on the shores of the Yukon River. But they all disappeared except one pair which lived on a mountain with a round top, from which they swept in search of prey.

Bunny's round eyes grew rounder. You can't run from a gun. You'll either be dead or you won't. Traps are the most treacherous, because you can run into them day or night, and you'll be either killed or maimed for life. See that?" and Mother Rabbit showed her right hind foot where two toes were missing.

"Oh-oh!" shivered Bunny. "How fearful!"

called out the boy, but the hunter was afraid to do so for fear of killing his son.

Watching his opportunity, the hunter now jumped over the edge of the rocky nest and with his war-spears threatened the two young birds.

"If you do not bring back the boy," cried he to the thunderbird, "I will kill your young."

"I will eat both you and the boy," answered the thunderbird and made a great swoop toward the hunter. But the bird's claws were engaged in holding the boy, so that all it could do was to peck at the hunter with his great beak as he passed.

The hunter immediately let drive one of his war-spears and killed one of the young birds.

"Try that again," said he, "and I will kill the other!"

The thunderbird now began to parley with the brave hunter, saying: "What terms can we agree to? I will give you

back your boy if you will go away and spare my young bird."

"You must do that and more," said the hunter. "Give me back the boy and then take your young and fly with it far away to the north and never come back. We want no thunderbirds around here."

Finally the thunderbird agreed to this and placing the boy at his father's feet it took up the young bird on its back and flew far away to the frozen north.

Since that day no thunderbirds have been seen by men, but the natives say that somewhere away up close to the farthest north there are still thunderbirds. Perhaps Peary will find them when he discovers the North Pole.

A Kitchen Talk.

Said the carving knife to the sharpening steel: "You are far too hard with me, I feel."

But the steel replied: "I am afraid that you are such a rude young blade, that you need some polish before each meal."

Peter's Poo Perambulations. No. 5.

The Ironing meets him with a stare
Bot bows with a polite air.
"I'm hot," she said, "and rather blue
And just a little 'bored' er
too."

THUNDERBIRD FATHER
THROW THEM CALLED OUT THE BOY