

**THE MENEHUNES: THEIR
ADVENTURES WITH THE
FISHERMAN AND HOW
THEY BUILT THE CANOE**

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The Menehunes: Their Adventures with the Fisherman and how They Built the Canoe by Emily Foster Day

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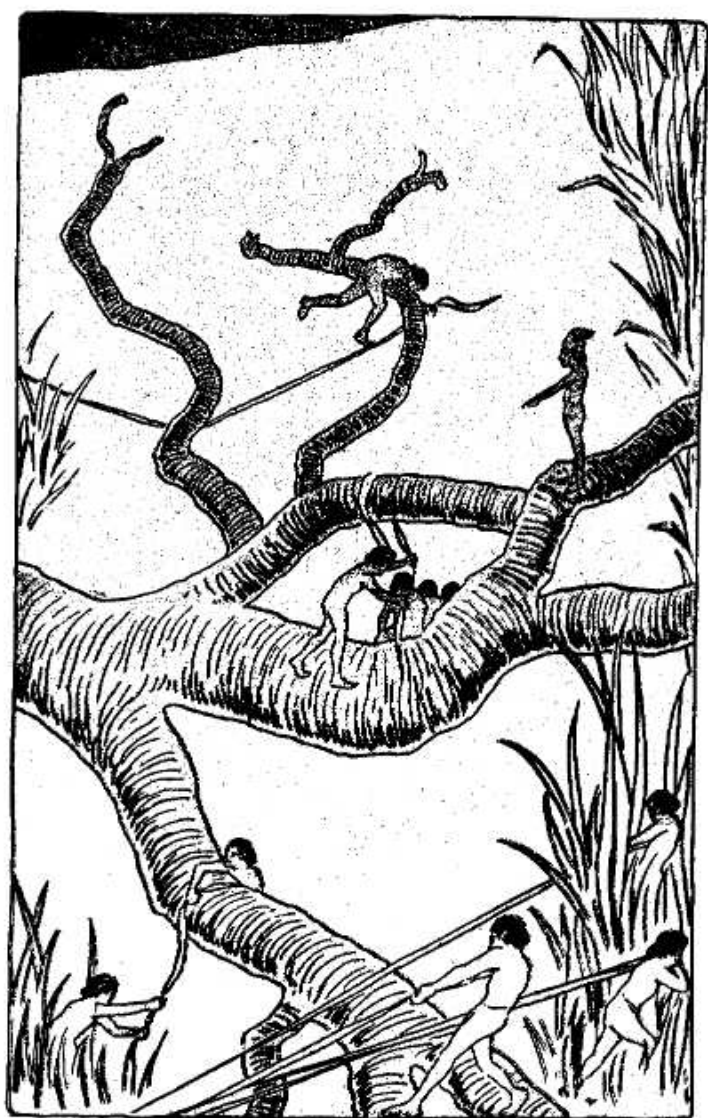
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EMILY FOSTER DAY

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The cover features a detailed black and white illustration of a mangrove swamp. A prominent, thick, winding root system or path curves through the scene. Several figures are depicted: one person is perched on a high branch in the upper right, another is climbing a root on the right side, and two others are walking along the path in the lower section. The background is filled with dense, vertical reeds or grasses. The entire scene is framed by a simple rectangular border.

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BY

EMILY FOSTER DAY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SPENCER WRIGHT

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THE MENEHUNES

Let me introduce to you The Mē-nē-hu-nēs. Every one in Hawaii knows them, and now that they are "annexed" to the United States, with the rest of the beautiful little country, and are good, loyal Americans, you should know them too.

To the best of my knowledge none of my friends—even my Hawaiian friends—have actually seen the mysterious little people of the rocks, but the ancient folklore of the islands is full of tales of their wonderful works; and if any one wants more proof—why, there is the great water-course of Kauai, cut through the solid rock,—no man knows by whom else,—and the Hill of the Shrimps where the Menehunes received their reward from good King Ola and his wise high priest. But that would make another tale.—E. F. D.





THE MENEHUNES

Some one had committed a monstrous crime! Deep in the heart of the forest of Hilo one of the gigantic old *koa* trees, whose leaves were shaped like the new moon, lay prone on the ground, its mighty branches crushed, its sturdy roots hacked and torn from the soil.

For hours it had lain in the blistering heat of the tropical sun, its life-sap dripping from the ragged wounds, its beautiful leaves hanging limp on shriveled stems. At last the lengthening shadows grew thick and dusky, the amber glow faded from the sky, and cool, gentle night wrapped the fallen giant in sheltering darkness.

Then through the still forest there stole a sound like the rustle of dry



THE MENEHUNES

leaves stirred by the wind. The murmur grew, it spread through the woods, and up into the highest reaches of the mountains; the ferns and long grasses swayed in the breathless air, and from the rocks and mossy coverts poured a hurrying throng of Menehunes, the tiny dwarf folk of Hawaii, who planted every tree and fern and shrub in the great, wide woods. Gesticulating wildly the little brown people swarmed about the prostrate tree like fallen leaves caught in a whirlwind. They scrambled into the branches and scolded, they perched on the upturned roots and denounced the vandal who had committed the dreadful deed. From root to crown they covered the massive trunk, and still the forest rustled with their coming.

