

UNCLE SAM'S ISLAND CHILDREN

SOME HAVE GAMES IN THE PACIFIC SURF, RIDING THE GREAT ROLLERS IN CANOES

In the past four years Uncle Sam has taken under his care many thousands of children living in far-off islands set in shining seas where the coral reefs along the shores turn the waters to pink, purple and orange as they reflect the tropical sunlight—lands where the cocoanuts fall with a thud from the tall palms, and the bananas ripen on the trees. It is always Summer in these islands and not a child of the thousands ever had an overcoat in his life. Not one ever had to wear thick shoes; in fact the vast majority of these island children do not wear shoes at all and there are whole villages in which there is not a child who possesses a single pair of stockings.

Some of these island children, of course, dress just as you dress in the warm Summer time, but the majority of them, when they wake up in the morning, if they are boys, take a plunge in a neighboring pond or river, or in the sea, then jump into a shirt and a pair of trousers and are ready for the school bell.

The little girls devote more time to their toilets and put on curious dresses of easily colored calico or clove woven of the fiber of native plants. But, however, they dress, and wherever they live, they hurry off to school in the morning just as you do, for it is one of Uncle Sam's inflexible rules that every child who lives under the Stars and Stripes must go to school.

It is a rule which the island children obey willingly, for before Uncle Sam took them in charge, very few, with the exception of the children of Hawaii, had any schools to go to.

Vacation is all very well for two months in the year, but suppose it were vacation all the time, and you had to grow up without learning how to read, write, or cipher and knowing nothing of geography or history, how would you like that? That was the condition of these children a few years ago. But now the same flag that waves over your schoolhouse waves over hundreds and hundreds of schoolhouses scattered among the islands lying thousands of miles away in the tropic seas, and black, brown, white and copper-colored children in Porto Rico, Guam, Tutuila, Hawaii and the Philippines are puzzling today over the same sum in decimal fractions that you are.

If you will look at your geography you will find, near the middle of the Pacific Ocean, a group of islands called Hawaii. The larger islands lie just south of the Tropic of Cancer, while some of the smaller ones extend north of it. Though these islands had been seen by white men before, it was Captain Cook, the man who first sailed around the world, who brought to the attention of the people living in other lands. It was while our Revolutionary War was going on, and the very year that Washington and his Army suffered so in the hard Winter at Valley Forge. The



DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN THE BREAKERS WITH SURF-BOARDS

captain landed on the islands later, and was killed by the natives, who were savages ruled by many savage chiefs. These natives worshiped hideous wooden idols, to which they offered human sacrifices; and they had many other terrible practices. If a chief was taking a walk, and a man stood in such a position that his shadow fell across the path of the chief, the man was killed.

Whalers from New Bedford and Nantucket on their way to catch whales far in the North Pacific began to visit the islands, and with the whalers came the missionaries, who converted the natives to Christianity, and civilized them. Then people from other countries began to settle in the islands, and when, during the Spanish War, the United States annexed Hawaii, it was a prosperous and civilized island nation.

There are 15,000 children going to school in the Hawaiian Islands now. Every child in the islands has to go to school when 6 years old, and must stay in school until the age of 15. The schools in Hawaii are just like the

schools in the United States, the very same school books being used. But the surroundings of the schoolhouses are vastly different.

There are great mountains all around, and near the schoolhouse door may be a coffee plantation with its rows of trees about eight feet high, covered with white flowers or little red berries, or perhaps there is a field of pineapples with long, prickly leaves, or a grove of banana trees with the fruit hanging in great bunches upon them.

Hawaiian children have their football and baseball teams just as children in the States do, but those of native blood and other sports peculiar to themselves. Chief among these is surfing. A Hawaiian child is perfectly at home in the water, and will swim like a duck. There are few harbors in the islands. The long swells of the Pacific come thundering in upon beaches miles and miles in length, the great waves changing into breakers as they near the shore. Hawaiian boys will get into a canoe, two working the paddles and one steering, and

take her out beyond the line of breakers. Then, turning the stern of the boat toward the sea, the steerer will watch until he sees a particularly big wave approaching. When he will cry out: "Hoi!" "Hoi!" which means "Paddle!" "Paddle!" and the strong young arms will send the canoe shooting ahead at a rapid rate toward the beach. It must travel fast or the incoming wave will swamp it and send it whirling ashore, leaving its occupants to swim to the beach as best they can. But if the canoe is carefully steered and the boys work their paddles quickly enough, the wave will pick it up gently and send it darting to the beach on an even keel. From the time the wave picks up the canoe it is like coasting down a hill of water, as the boat flies down the foaming crests of the shining, sandy beach.

In old times the men and boys used to go out beyond the breakers on boards and ride the incoming waves to shore. So expert were they in handling these boards, that sometimes, when they were on the crest of a wave they could even stand up on them for a few seconds. In the more remote parts of Hawaii boys may still be seen disporting themselves in the breaker with these surf boards, but in the more populous regions canoes are generally used for the game.

When Hawaiian boys play a native blood wrestle a mat is placed on the ground and the two wrestlers stand facing each other. Then they raise their arms, and, clasping each other's hands, try without touching any other part of the body to push each other off the mat. The one who succeeds wins the bout.

Another Hawaiian game which used to be popular, but which is fast disappearing even in the remote districts before the superior attractions of baseball and football, was the bowling of flat, round stones between two sticks struck upright in the ground, a few inches apart, about 50 feet away from the bowler.

Hawaiian boys used to be very expert at throwing the javelin, a long, slender piece of bamboo. Two boys would face each other, one distance apart and one would hurl the javelin directly at his opponent. The other boy would endeavor to catch the piece of wood and throw it back, without touching his body. This game seems to have died out in later years, its place being taken by handball, or "catch."

The Hawaiian child's favorite delicacy is poi, a kind of food made of the root of a plant called taro, which is a tough, stem-like root, cultivated in Hawaii just as potatoes are here. The taro root is pounded in wooden troughs with a wooden pestle until it is like foam, and then mixed with water and made into a paste. It is said, but true, that most Hawaiian children eat this poi with their fingers, instead of using a fork, which shows they have something yet to learn.

But even if they do eat poi with their fingers, the Hawaiian children, especially those of native blood, are always polite and respectful to their elders, and the boys are taught to lift their hats to strangers whom they meet riding along the country roads.

Among the children attending school in Hawaii are more than 100 Chinese boys and girls, and the teachers say they are among the brightest pupils. There are also about 500 Portuguese children whose fathers work on the big plantations.

FAN-FAN, THE FAIRY

NOW A GOOD BUT POOR KING LIVED ON BREAD AND WATER • THE LAST TALE

For years and years the crops in Jolly Land had been good and the people contented and happy. But one Spring it rained almost steadily from the breaking up of Winter to the month of July. Whatever had been sowed or planted rotted in the ground, and the meadows were covered with water many inches deep. When Fall came no one had anything to sell, and King Goodheart had to send a far off into Egypt to buy food for his people. He managed so that no one starved, though many were hungry from week to week.

"Never mind what we suffer now," said the people as they ate their bread and were thankful to get it. "Next year will be a great one for crops, and we'll all be happy again."

But when Spring came again there was great lack of rain. Instead of having too much there was too little. The earth cracked under the hot sun and none of the seeds or roots sprouted into life.

In all that long Summer there was no rain in the valleys, and if the people did not driven their sheep and cattle to the mountains all would have perished. Of course, there was loud complaining and sickness was everywhere, but the King did the best he could for all. He even sold his horses and jewelry to buy food for his people, and he sent many messengers among them to console and encourage them; but when Winter came even people who had been considered rich had sometimes only bread and water to dine on.

Once more Spring came around, and the people began to hope that every body was hopeful. But hardly had the peasants begun work in their fields when the rain came down. The histories of Jolly Land record that it rained more or less every day for 32 days. The seed rotted again, and now the disheartened people cried out to each other:

"Alas! but a great famine is upon the land! Before another season comes few of us will be left alive. It seems that a curse has been put upon us."

To show how poor the people had become I will tell you that even the King himself had only bread and water and potatoes on his table. A loaf of bread cost \$1, and it was hard to buy even at that price.

The man who had potatoes to sell could get 30 cents for one. There were no eggs, butter or milk.

The King said he could do no more, as his money was all gone, and he advised his subjects to drag themselves down into Egypt or Arabia and trust to the generosity of the more fortunate persons there. A few went, but only a few, as the distance was great and hunger had weakened the strongest.

When it seemed as if things could be no worse, the King was informed that a little girl desired speech with him.

"A little girl?" he replied. "It is some poor child who has lost father and mother by starvation, I suppose. Let her come in, but I can do nothing for her, except to speak kindly."

Evelyn began the girl as she came into his presence, "I am Fan-Fan, the fairy. I have heard of the blight put upon your land, and I have come to remove it."

"Alas! But what can be done?" sighed the King.

"I will do as you say," replied the King, "but I cannot hope that much will come from it."

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the King. "Not even a fairy can stop this rain from coming down."

"But I will make the rain save your people. I have here a hundred seeds in a bag. Divide them into equal portions, and send them to 10 different places. The people who receive them must drop them into rivers and lakes."

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In a week the people were bringing back their cattle. These soon fattened up, and then there was meat to eat. The Arabs and Egyptians heard of the wonderful crops, and they came with wheat and corn and other things to exchange, and when Winter set in again the people of Jolly Land had enough of everything once more, and not a complaint was to be heard in the Kingdom.

"It was Fan-Fan who brought all this and saved our lives. Let us do her great honors," said the people.

"Yes," it was Fan-Fan, replied the King, "and I will give her a chain of gold and let her live in the palace."

But no one could find the fairy. She had appeared and saved the land, and then she had gone quietly away, nor has any one of the grateful people seen her since.

HOW BASIL BECAME A KNIGHT . . . By Eleanor Waddle

THE CAT and the boy were flung together into a heap of prostrate misery on the conservatory floor. The boy was sobbing as if his little heart would break, and the cat was playing chief sympathizer.

"I don't care," moaned Basil, burying his tear-stained face in the cat's tiger-striped hide. "It's a mean shame to disappoint a fellow this way, after you've done things! He told me I should have a pony if I'd study—boo-hoo—and I have studied, too, and passed, and everything—boo-hoo-hoo—and now he says I shan't have it—boo-hoo—and it isn't fair—un-goo—and I know what I'll do to him—boo-hoo-hoo!"

The cat lying there in his favorite Sphinx attitude, blinked wisely and purred sympathetically.

"Ow-oo! Ow-oo!" howled Basil, getting louder, and giving the cat a vicious pinch. "If he thinks he can treat me this way, I'll just show him what I can do! I can run away to the Rocky Mountains—and be a cowboy—boo-hoo—and ride a burro—and carry a shotgun—and shoot jack rabbits, and coyotes, and antelopes—and maybe after awhile—a bear!"

This last word, uttered in an awestruck sob, made even the cat grin, for the thought of a bear, especially after 6 P. M., filled Basil with terror.

The door opened with a swift flourish, and a good-looking young fellow who evidently had been disturbed at his breakfast, for he carried his napkin elegantly swayed in his fingers, stared in, angrily. "Get out of this room!" yelled Basil.

"See here, young man!" replied the other sternly, "you stop that roaring this minute, or you'll get something with a slipper that you won't like so well—great big baby that you are!"

This was too much for the aggrieved Basil. Rising to his full height, he shouted at his tormentor:

"Don't you speak to me that way—don't you dare to speak to me, at all! I won't stay under the same roof with a sneak who makes promises and breaks 'em! I'm going away to the Rocky Mountains, and you'll never see me again until I come back with a bag of gold eagles! So there, now—you know what to expect!"

"You don't say so!" it takes nerve to be a cowboy, Basil, and you haven't got it, answered the other.

This was really more than Basil could stand, and, picking up an empty flower pot, he threw it with excellent aim toward the figure in the open door. It crashed against the lintel, dangerously close to the head of the person for whom it had been intended.

"Ah, that's the game, is it?" shouted Basil's uncle, taking after him.

But Basil was too quick for him. In a second he had jumped through an open window and vanished amid the shrubbery, the cat flying at his heels. His pursuer was completely baffled.

"That impudent young rascal—I'll cowboy him!" muttered Uncle Jack, glancing his napkin an angry shake as he returned to his interrupted breakfast.

Meanwhile Basil and the cat continued their mad rush through the garden and orchard until they had reached the open road that led to the beech woods above the river. When he reached the woods he flung himself down at the foot of a tree, perfectly exhausted. The cat soon fell asleep, with the cat for a pillow. The wind sighed a soft lullaby.

A few moments later a young woman arrived in the woods, and she came not far from the sleeping boy. She painted industriously. Presently, she was joined by another young woman in a riding habit and leading a black horse. "I think I shall walk up along the river, Alice, dear, and get the view at the bend," said the girl with the horse. "Jack telephoned that he could not ride this morning! It's that troublesome nephew again!"

"What a shame, Evelyn, to have your engagement summer spoiled by that detestable youngster! Be careful about snakes in the long grass, dear."



moment Basil was rubbing his eyes to remember where he was.

"Who are you?" he asked the girl invader.

"Oh, I'm just somebody who lives across the hill, not very far from here. 'You are Jack Haywood, isn't it? And your uncle's name is Basil, isn't it?'"

"Yes, do you like him? His name is Diavolo, which means devil, you know."

"Basil had arisen and was stroking the horse's mane. Then he looked from the horse to the girl, and he loved her instantly, but he loved her all the better for owning a horse. That made her a sort of divinity. She was small, not much taller than the boy. She seemed the Princess of his fairy-tale dreams."

"Shouldn't you like to try Diavolo?" she asked gently. "Here, I'll give you a mount. Put your foot in my hand."

"Oh, easy! In another moment the delighted boy was astride of her saddle and being carried through the deep green shade of the beech woods, in happiness too deep for words."

"Why, Basil, where did you learn to ride so well?" she asked him, when he had trotted back to her side.

"Oh, just picked it up."

"Well, where did you pick up that ugly old cat?"

"Tiger cat!" replied the boy. "He's the nicest cat I ever lived! If I didn't have the meanest uncle in the world I'd have a pony, too."

"How is that, Basil? Tell me about it."

"Well, you see, he's my uncle Jack (the girl's eyes opened wider). And I used to like him pretty well, 'cause he can do high jumps and a lot of things, but he's such a cross old bear ever since he's been in love (Aunt Sophy says that's the reason) that everything I do is wrong, and it's 'Basil, dear, till I can't turn round. You just ought to see him lick me!'"

"Hurt! Well, I guess—with all that muscle! He never licked me but once, and that was for telling him a whopper, but I'll pay him back for it! My, what a beast! I'll give him the day I'm twenty-one."

This thought gave him such satisfaction that Evelyn laughed heartily.

"Now, just to show you how the hateful old thing can act!" he went on. "He promised me last Spring that if I'd study hard and pass I should have a pony of my own; and I did pass; I won that pony fair and square. But just because I ran away to Jim Slukey's yesterday (Jim was having a circus), when he told me to dig

baits for him, he took it all back. . . old Injun-giver, and says I shan't have it at all! Now tell me, honest, was that treating a fellow right?"

"See here, Basil," said the girl, with a laugh in her eyes. "Your name is Basil Haywood, isn't it? And your uncle's name is Jack Haywood, and you live with him and your aunties, don't you? And you got angry at him, this morning, and threw a flower pot at his head, didn't you? And then you ran away from home and hid in the woods, didn't you?"

"Yes," assented Basil, in slow surprise; "but who told you?"

"Never mind that, Basil. I'm your friend. I like boys, and I wish I had a little brother just like you! Wouldn't I kiss him and love him?"

Basil looked at her for a minute, and then his little hand slipped softly into hers, and he said:

"Would you? I'd like to be kissed and loved."

"And see here, Basil, I shouldn't go to the Rocky Mountains, if I were you. It's so awfully far off, and there's snow on the tops of them, and the other cowboys might steal all your money; or starve you; and there are rattlesnakes in the long grass, and sometimes bears."

"I don't believe I want to go. . . very much!" he said slowly.

"O, Basil, dear, it's wicked to hate anybody! You must love even your enemies!"

Basil stroked the cat's yellow head, nestled against his shoulder and said: "The kids ain't built that way. . . is we, Puss?"

"Do you think you could love me, Basil?" she asked.

"Yes, without trying!" was his frank answer.

"Now, Basil," said she, "I'm going to try and play the part of peace-maker between you and your uncle, but you must not even tell the cat!"

Basil picked the cat up and squirmed like a reluctant martyr.

"You shall be my own true knight!" she said, kissing him upon the brow.

"And you shall ride forth on my black steed to where your uncle lives! You're to walk up and ring the bell like any other horseback visitor—and—"

"Uh!" said Basil gloomily. "Uncle

Jack would come chargin' out of the library like a cyclone, and there'd be no time to beg pardon—he'd just shed his coat and go to work! O, I know him!"

"Not if you were my rose, Basil. Go and present it to him, and say that Miss Evelyn Morris sent him that, with her compliments, and that she begs him to listen to you. Then tell him you're sorry, and that you're willing to submit to any punishment he thinks proper. If it's a whipping, take it like a man and a knight (for the knights were not always victorious, Basil), but first, he must bring back my horse to me here in the woods for I shall be waiting to see him! Will you go and tell him that?"

"It's awful rough on a fellow," groaned Basil, "but I'll do it. You don't know Uncle Jack's temper, or you'd never think a rose could hold him back!"

Basil had turned Diavolo's head and was just about to canter away through the woods on Evelyn's errand of peace when he lifted his eyes and beheld a well-known figure approaching him from the shade of the beech trees. It was Uncle Jack, and he had a fine rage on. Basil reined in his horse, grew white around the mouth and waited.

Evelyn saw the emergency and came forward with a smile on her sweet lips. Standing between the man and the boy, she faced the latter.

"Be brave, my knight!" she whispered. "Remember that it requires more courage not to tell a lie and to take just punishment, sometimes, than it does to win a battle with swords!"

Basil sat his horse as thought petrified. Must he submit to the insult of being thrashed before the eyes of the lovely lady who had just chosen him for her knight? He had never heard of a knight who had been spanked.

"Evelyn!" cried the man, suddenly forgetting all about Basil, "how do you happen to be out here with that incorrigible boy? Then, turning to Basil angrily, "Get down from that horse instantly, and go straight home, sir!"

Evelyn's knight looked to her for protection at this dread crisis. He slipped down from the horse, but he had no thought of tears.

"I'll go home and take my punishment, all right, Uncle Jack," said he, facing his stern relative bravely, "because she's been telling me what a kid ought to do in my place, but I want to lay plain some plain first. I'm sorry I threw that flower pot. I'd have been glad this mornin' if I'd split your head open, 'cause I was feelin' pretty mad about that pony, Uncle Jack, but things is different now."

He looked across at the girl with boyish love and trust in his eyes, and she placed her little hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Come, come, Basil," said his uncle, impatiently, "you're showing me up in rather a bad light to Miss Morris."

"Oh, she knows all about our scrap," replied Basil airily. "She's a peace-maker, dear. She's a peace-maker, too. She makes crazy quilts!"

Evelyn burst into a peal of hearty laughter which Jack echoed.

"Dear Basil, she criticizes you're such a delicious real boy treasure that I shall have to steal you!"

"Uncle Jack," said the boy, "you haven't seen Diavolo for a week, have you?"

"I forgive you, Basil!" repeated Uncle Jack, looking slightly bored. "Now run along home. Remember, you're to stay in your room all day and have no lunch except crackers and water."

"All right, sir," with military acquiescence. "Good-by, Miss Morris!"

"Good-by, Basil, dear," said she, kissing him on the forehead. "But don't forget to send word to your uncle through the beech woods that you love him and that you're sorry."

You don't understand that little fellow, Basil. He's so innocent and so proud that he has no light struggle for him to conquer himself and beg your pardon. He must have the pony!"

"I can deny you nothing," replied Basil, "but I'll do it. It'll take me to care for his uncle indulgently."

Basil had struck out to the highway from the woods, and had gone about two-thirds of the