

THE TURKEY AND THE TETRARCH

HOW BOB, BETTY AND THE SAILOR MAN TICKLED THE PALATE OF THE BARBARIAN KING

THE Tetrarch glared at Bob and Betty and the Sailor Man, and growled a question to the Interpreter. Then the Interpreter answered: "Oh, most Wonderful One, ruler of the Universe, there lies near the shore a ship with a strange flag, all red and white, with a blue corner covered with white dots. From this ship came these three strangers. What is your pleasure?" Then he bowed very low.

The Tetrarch glared some more. "Cut off their heads!" he ordered, with a grin.

Bob and Betty smiled back at him until the Interpreter explained, and then they fell on their knees and pleaded for mercy. But the Tetrarch waved them away, and in a few minutes they were all three shut up in a hut outside the Palace, with a window that overlooked the gardens.

Well, they were in for it—Bob and Betty and the Sailor Man. When the ship had anchored for repairs off the white, sandy coast, Captain Merritt, the children's father, had given orders:

"No one is to go ashore," he had said. "The people are ferocious and fanatic. It isn't safe, and we sail shortly."

But Bob and Betty had talked to the Sailor Man, who loved them. "Take us ashore. There are banana trees and coconuts, and we saw the gold dome of a palace. Please, please, good, kind Sailor Man."

The Sailor Man, who was very soft-hearted, had consented, and here they were prisoners. They had left the ship in the dark of the early morning, and when their boat scraped the sandy shore, a half dozen soldiers, wearing red caps and loose trousers, had sprung out of the bushes, and the three venturesome Americans had been carried past banana and coconut trees, into the palace with the gold dome.

When the door of the hut shut on the three prisoners, the Sailor Man was the first to speak.

"Get up, cheer up," he said to Betty, who had sunk down in a corner and was weeping. "We ain't dead yet, miss."

Just then the Interpreter entered. He looked around cautiously, then he whispered:

"Can you cook?" he inquired. Bob shook his head dejectedly and Betty shook hers, but the Sailor Man straightened his shoulders.

"Sure, I can," he said. "Then," said the Interpreter softly, "send word to the Most Wonderful One that if he will let you go free, you will cook him such a dish as he has never tasted."

Then the Interpreter went out, and the three Americans looked at each other. "What can we cook?" asked Bob.

The Sailor Man grinned. "Well, I never cooked anything but salt pork, but I wasn't telling that. It's our last chance."

Pretty soon the Interpreter returned. "The Most Wonderful One, who eats forever, is pleased," he said. "He waits with longing the new dish."

Then the Interpreter told them that they might walk out under guard if they wished.

As they went out of the hut, the Sailor Man and the children passed several other similar huts.

"All prisoners," explained the Interpreter, "who will also cook for the Wonderful One. If, on the day appointed, there is one dish that shall satisfy him who Eats Forever, all the prisoners shall go free."

Under guard, they went around the palace grounds. There were flowers and vegetables such as the children had never seen, and beasts and birds of all kinds, but the most beautiful thing that the children saw was a flock of wild turkeys in a wonderful yard, surrounded by a good fence. Their houses were of white marble, and there were two men to attend to them.

"Well, they have all the turkey they can eat on Christmas," said the Sailor Man.

Just then a tall soldier, who had kept very near them, looked at the Sailor Man and winked back.

At the rest of the guard moved on, the soldier and the Sailor Man managed to drop behind.

"They don't eat 'em," said the soldier, pointing to the white turkeys; "they worship 'em."

As he saw the Sailor Man's look of wonder, he explained:

"I'm English. We got caught in a bloomin' storm, and I was the only one left, and they took me in the guard instead of cuttin' me bloomin' 'ead off."

The Sailor Man returned to the subject of the turkeys.

"So they don't eat them," he said.

sacred and were worshipped, and that the Tetrarch knew nothing of the delicious mysteries of roast turkey served with proper accompaniments.

"We can't expect cranberries," he finished, "but if there's a potato in the province, we'll have them mashed."

But how are we to get the turkey? They will kill us if we kill the turkey, and that will make it worse than ever," said Bob.

"You can't have your heads cut off but once," replied the Sailor Man, with a grin, "and we'll try cutting off one of those sacred heads first."

Then the Interpreter came and took back to the Tetrarch this message:

"Oh, Most Wonderful One, the little strower and the big stranger in the 20th cell send the humble message that if you will appoint a day, they will eat before you a dish such as is fit for kings."

The Tetrarch smacked his lips, rubbed his fat chin, and appointed Thursday for the test.

"If we don't have cold weather on Thursday, we're gone," said the Sailor Man when he heard, "for roast turkey on a hot day won't touch the spot."

Every day the three Americans watched out of the window for clouds, but it kept raining, and the three Americans were not cheerful. The Tetrarch's soldiers were pale and pale, and the spirits of Bob and the Sailor Man sank lower and lower. But on Wednesday afternoon Betty looked out toward the sea, and there

off, growled the tall soldier, "but hit's a fine turkey."

The next day the three prisoners were led to the kitchen. They had it all to themselves, for the Sailor Man had told the Interpreter that they could not be expected by having outsiders come in.

How they worked! There was a very good oven. Betty crumbled bread and mixed it with the butter and the season-

ing, and she stuffed the turkey until he was round and beautiful. Then she put dabs of butter and spots of pepper over his breast, and into the oven he went. And every time that she opened the door to baste him, there was a delicious fragrance like a half dozen Christmases rolled into one.

At last it was done, and the gravy was made and the potatoes mashed, and it was the Tetrarch's dinner time. So Betty, with her cheeks very rosy from the heat of the stove, and looking sweet in a borrowed cook's apron and cap, followed the procession which started from the Tetrarch's banquet hall, while the Sailor Man and Bob came behind with the big platter on which the turkey rested in a circle of mashed potatoes.

As they entered the grand hall they were joined by many other people, with all kinds of good things. But the Sailor Man looked at the sweet roaster and the food dishes, and thought of the cold, cold banquet hall without any fire, and then he thought of the good, hot turkey, and he smiled.

The Tetrarch sat alone at a table. He looked very blue, very cross and very cold. One dish after another were set before him.

"Take it away! take it away!" he shrieked, as one cold concoction after another was presented. "Br-br-br-br!"

Last of all came little Betty with her dish of steaming hot gravy, and she knelt as she set it carefully on the table. Then came the Sailor Man and Bob with the great brown bird between them, and they set the platter on the table. The Tetrarch looked at the turkey, and the crisp brown skin cracked, and the Tetrarch smacked his lips. After that the Sailor Man laid the slices of breast on a hot plate and arranged around them a mound of steaming potato. Then he reached for a big silver spoon and plunged it into the turkey. Oh, the mingled odors of sage and onion that floated on the air in a delicate and fragrant steam. The Tetrarch smiled. And last thing of all Betty poured over the plate a lavish supply of gravy, and the Tetrarch reached out his eager hands.

As he put in his fork, all the court and the prisoners leaned forward breathlessly to see the Tetrarch take the first taste. One taste—another—then an eager finishing of the whole plateful!

All the people stood up and shouted. The Tetrarch waved his hands towards the prisoners.

"You are free," said the Interpreter. The prisoners rushed up and hugged Bob and Betty, but the Sailor Man kept on cutting drumsticks and fishing out giblets for the Tetrarch.

After a while the Tetrarch asked a question. "What kind of bird is it?" explained the Interpreter.

"It's the Great American Bird," answered the Sailor Man, pouring more gravy over the Tetrarch's plate.

Just then the tall soldier came and stood at the Sailor Man's elbow.

"Run, run," he said; "they'll want to know where ye caught 'im."

So Bob and Betty and the Sailor Man slipped away, and ran to the shore and climbed into the first boat they found. Just as they were pushing off, the soldier ran down and handed Betty two beautiful, white turkey wings.

"When this you see, remember me," he said. "Come with us," pleaded Betty.

"No," he said, "I'll like the excitement of the dancing waves and the little boat, away from coconuts and banana trees and the palace with the gilded dome, and soon the three wanderers were welcomed aboard a big white ship about which floated red and blue and the dazzling white of the wonderful Stars and Stripes.

Mrs. Secord's words. Then, after a moment of hesitation, he silently turned away and led his followers back along the way they had come. The daughter, thus saved by her mother's ready wit, afterwards became the wife of a British Army officer.

When the Prince of Wales, now King of England, visited Canada he called on Mrs. Secord and presented her with £100 in acknowledgment of her heroism. The old lady, in her fervent loyalty, would have knelt before the Queen's son, but he would not permit it, and gently replaced her in her chair. She died in her house in Chippewa in the late '60s.

A slight skirmish, he captured 500 Americans and two field pieces.

Mrs. Secord once got the better of 100 Indians, led by the great warrior Tecumseh, who had come to her house to carry away her 14-year-old daughter for the purpose of making her Tecumseh's wife. She was alone in the house, and without a weapon of any kind, when the Indians marched up and halted before the front door. But without showing any signs of fear she opened the door, and lifting up her hands as a warning, exclaimed, "Smashup here!" This device had been so fatal among the Indians a few months before that even Tecumseh shuddered at it.

It was in June of 1813, and a few days after she had found her severely wounded husband on the battlefield of Queenstown Heights, that word reached the Secords through spies that the Americans had planned an attack against Lieutenant Fitz Gibbons' force of 250 at Beaver Dams, on the Niagara River, 20 miles away. Against the solicitations of her husband, who said that a trusted messenger with a letter would answer the purpose just as well, Mrs. Secord herself determined, if possible, to warn the British of the prospective attack.

She left her house towards evening in her ordinary dress, not even changing her light slippers for stout shoes, or in any way giving indication of a long and perilous journey by foot. At first she strolled along leisurely and enjoyed an American sentry into letting her pass with a title that she was looking for a stray cow. As darkness fell she began to walk rapidly, taking the most unfrequented and roughest roads, and occasional short cuts through belts of forest. She walked all night of the 24th of June, 1813, and arrived early in the morning in a state of exhaustion at Beaver Dams. The first people that she saw were Indians. They conducted her at once to Lieutenant Fitz Gibbons, who had heard nothing of the danger that threatened. He instantly prepared himself, and that very day, after

For many years wise men were constantly asking the question, "Where does the sun skip a day?" It took a long time and a great deal of discussion to settle the question, but at last it was decided. Chatham Island, lying just off the coast of New Zealand, in the South Pacific Ocean, is the one habitable point of the globe where the day of the week changes. It is just in the line of demarcation between dates.

There, at high 12, Sunday noon ceases and Monday noon begins. Sunday comes into a man's house on the east side and becomes Monday by the time it passes out of the western door. A man sits down to his noonday dinner on Sunday and it is Monday noon before he finishes it. There Saturday is Sunday and Sunday is Monday, and Monday becomes suddenly changed into Tuesday.

Some witty observer has said that people who have lost much time ought to go to Chatham Island, for by taking an early start, there they can always be one day ahead.

Some Little Misses.

This Miss is unhappy—misfortune. This Miss is not always honest—misapprehension. This Miss is uncivil and ill-bred—misbehavior.

This Miss wastes time and money—mispend. This Miss should be shunned by the traveler—misguide.

This Miss gives unreliable information—mislead. This Miss meets with ill-luck and delay—misadventure.

This Miss can destroy the peace of a nation—misrule. This Miss is an uncertain correspondent—misdirect.

This Miss makes trouble wherever she goes—misdoings. This Miss uses sorrow to her mother—misconduct.

This Miss does not value her friends—misappreciate. This Miss is distrustful of human nature—misanthrope.

These three Misses are untruthful—misrepresent, misinterpret, misstate.



THE TETRARCH SAT AT A TABLE ALONE; LOOKED VERY BLUE AND VERY CROSS AND VERY COLD.

UNCLE SAM'S ISLAND CHILDREN

HIS SAMOAN WARD'S ARE BROWN AND CALL THE PRESIDENT "HIS AFIGO"

ALMOST exactly in the middle of those islands which are sprinkled over the South Pacific Ocean to the eastward of Australia, lies the Samoan group, four islands of which Uncle Sam recently has taken under his care.

On the largest of these, Tutuila, he has built a naval station, where men-of-war can get coal and other supplies, and where, in a sheltered harbor, they can take refuge from the fierce storms which sometimes sweep over that part of the ocean. Here flies the American flag, and here American laws and American civilization are gradually winning the natives from their old savage ways of life.

About sixty miles east of Tutuila lies the next largest island, Manua, and near it are the two smaller islands that also belong to Uncle Sam.

There are about six thousand people on these islands, and about a thousand of them are children.

The people are not black, but are of a

two "talking men," whose business it was to make speeches for the king.

All the children of the island had a holiday, and gathered in great numbers to see the conference between the King and "His Suga," the Governor.

The people of Manua never before acknowledged themselves as subject to any government other than their own—Samoa Island rule. They claim to be of an older race than the inhabitants of the other islands, and old King Moe told the Governor that he saw no reason why he should come in under the government of the United States. But Captain Tilley told him what a great and powerful nation the United States was, and pointed out to him that if he did not accept its government some other nation would be sure to come along and gobble him up.

The King thought it over, and finally concluded that it would be a fine thing for the children of the island to grow up under the American flag and have the advantages which would come to them from being citizens of the domains of the United States.

So he sent a delegation to witness the

entrance of the Americans has given them a stimulus to acquire all sorts of information about the outside world from which they have been shut off heretofore, occasional copra-traders and the mission-aries being the only white men whom they met before the Americans came.

As soon as a child of these islands is old enough to work, it leaves school and goes to help the father collect copra, the white meat of which is dried and sold to traders under the name of copra. The children also work at farming on the small plantations where, from the fruit and vegetables are raised for domestic use.

Their homes mostly are mere huts, set in the clearings of the dense forests or stuck away among the trees of a grove of tropical trees.

All the boys are good sailors. They begin to go out on the water with their fathers when they are very young, and by the time they are 10 years old they can handle the native boats with great skill and dexterity.

The natives have long been noted for their skill in handling boats, and for this



light brown and yellow complexion. As it is warm there all the time, they do not bother themselves with much clothing. When the Americans came to the islands they found that, while the children were apparently running wild in the thick, tropical woods, they knew what an education meant, and many of them were attending school.

Missionaries had dwelt there and converted the natives to Christianity, and wherever the missionaries had built a church they had opened a school.

But the missionaries, being mostly English people, had not taught the children much about the history of the United States. Probably the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 were not subjects on which they cared to dwell.

The children are intensely curious about the United States, and ask strangers all sorts of questions concerning the great country of which they are part now. They call the Governor, who is a naval officer sent out by the United States, "Your Suga," and they speak of the President as "His Afigo."

When Captain Tilley, whom the United States sent out as Governor of the islands, first visited Manua, he found a native king named Moe reigning there. Moe journeyed to the principal village to see the Governor. He was preceded by two tall natives bearing conch shells and

raising the Star Spangled Banner at Pago-Pago, the coaling station in Tutuila, and he has been loyal to "His Afigo," the President, ever since.

All the people of the islands of the United States the Tutuila group alone lies south of the equator. Children there, looking into the heavens at night, behold some of the constellations which you see, but they also see many which you can never see—the Southern Cross and all the starry groups of the skies of the Southern Hemisphere, while they miss many which you see every night, such as the Great Bear and the Pleiades.

The children of Tutuila and Manua are fond of singing and reading aloud. The

reason the first man who discovered the group called it the "Navigators' Islands." It will be extremely interesting to see what the boys and girls of Tutuila and Manua will do when they are old enough to study the new conditions which the American occupation has introduced into the islands. Seated in your well-appointed schoolrooms, think sometimes of those other children of Uncle Sam, studying the same lessons that you do, far away on the islands of the South Pacific, lifting their eyes from their books to look out upon shining seas or groves of palm trees, while you look from the schoolhouse windows perhaps upon streets or fields covered deep with shining snow.

SOME BALL GAMES OF BRITISH BOYS

THEY KNOW NOTHING OF BASEBALL, BUT FOOTBALL IS ALL THE RAGE WITH THEM.

IN the main the games of the boys of England are much the same as those of the boys of the United States, but there are some notable exceptions. Most of the ball games which American boys play—baseball, one, two and three-old-cat, etc.—are practically not played by English youngsters. Cricket and variations of it take the place of all of them. To the average American boy cricket would seem like a very slow game, which probably accounts for the fact that it has never gained much of a foothold in the United States.

Football is even more popular among English boys than it is among American boys, however, and the matches between the eleven of the big English public schools create almost as much interest and excitement as do the games between the great college teams on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Still, games played with balls and bats are by no means unknown in Great Britain, and some of them are interesting enough to make it worth while for American boys to try them.

For instance, there is "Town Ball." This is not played with a ball at all like our American baseball, but with a light, hollow rubber ball, invariably white in color. The English boys call this ball a "bouncer." The word "bouncer" has a very different meaning to the English boy than it does to the American boy. A "bouncer" is an unpleasant person.

The boys in British schools who are bullies, or are disagreeable in other ways, are "bouncers." The word "bouncer" is, therefore, used to describe a ball that bounces. The bat is called a "dell," and is flat like a cricket bat, only not so wide. It is less than two-thirds as long as the American baseball bat. It would be easy for any boy who is ordinarily clever with his pocket knife or to make one out of a fence picket, or any like piece of wood, by forming a handle at one end and squaring off the other end and slightly rounding the corners. The bat does not require any such strenuous work as a baseball bat, and therefore, may be made of soft wood.

There is a "home base," as there is in baseball, although it is much larger than an American "home base." The similarity ends there, for there may be as many other bases as the players desire. Thus, the field may be three-cornered; it may be four-cornered; it may be five, six, seven or eight-cornered. In England the eight-cornered, or octagonal, field is generally preferred. The distances between the bases (which the English boys call "places") are about the same as those between the bases on an American baseball field.

The "place" for the pitcher is located with about the same relation to the "home place" as is the American pitcher's position to the home base in baseball. The pitcher is not known as a "pitcher," however, but as a "giver," and his work requires much less energy and skill than does that of an American baseball pitcher, for he merely throws (or "gives") the ball swiftly, overhead to the catcher, aiming to "give" it over the right shoulder of the boy at the bat.

The batsman does not really strike at the ball, but holds the flat bat, or dell, in such a position that the ball will strike it and glance off or rebound to some part of the field vacant of any player on the opposing side.

If the ball touches the bat at all the batsman must run for the nearest "place" to the left—not to the right as in American ball games. In England, you know, many things are done in a left-handed way. For instance, when one drives on an English street or road he must keep to the left instead of to the right as in America, and the pedestrian on the sidewalk must do the same. It is very confusing to the American boy in England.

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on a visit, and not easy to become accustomed to. But to get back to our game of town ball.

The batsman must run whether the result of the "touch" (the term "hit" is not used) be what would be known in baseball as "fair" or "foul." There are no men stationed on the bases, but it is the play of the "outers" to catch or pick up the ball (no point is counted by catching a "fly ball") and to throw it at the fleeing batsman so that it will "pounce" him. An American boy would call this "burning" or "stinging," but the soft ball used in town ball does not hurt.

When a runner is hit he is "without," and so it goes until all the men of one side are "without." Then the "winners" take their places in the field and so on.

When a man is put "without" he retires from the game entirely for that "turn." In fact, and thus the number of "winners" gradually decreases until there is only one "within" left. Of course, there is no hope for him unless he can make what we would call a home run and then they call a "round." This is not often done.

Every American boy has in his youth thrown a ball up against a blank wall to catch it on the rebound. The English boy has a "round" game of this which he calls "Cry Out." In front of a "dead" or "blank" wall three sides of a square are marked on the ground by drawing a line with a stick or otherwise. The wall itself forms the fourth side of the square. The "crier" is chosen by the method which every boy knows—that is, by "hand over hand" on a stick. Most American boys call this "choosing up."

The one who is chosen takes his place in the middle of the square. The others line up on the outside edge.

The crier then numbers them "one, two, three," etc., the number of boys on the line being unlimited. The "crier" then throws the ball against the wall, sometimes on a slant and sometimes straight—quite as it pleases him. He may throw it hard or "peasy," as he pleases. At the instant it strikes he must call out the number of some one of the boys on the line. It does not matter which one, so long as no member is called twice in succession, and so long as all the players are called in one round. The one who is called must try to catch the ball. If he does, then he becomes "crier"—the best place in the game—and remains "crier" until someone catches a ball thrown by him.

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