

# TRUE TALE OF THE SEA

The following narrative, true in every detail, was written by Captain William Ferrie Wood, who at the time of the occurrence he describes was mate on board the clipper bark Windsor Castle.

**L**ATITUDE 40 degrees north, longitude 32 degrees west, homeward bound to Falmouth for orders, the clipper bark Windsor Castle sighted a trim sailer whose general appearance was well found and well kept, but with an indefinable air of something wrong showing even in the set of her sails. Our Skipper, Captain Edward Pilcher, and old sea dog of a school that has disappeared, equaled along his telescope and grunted disapproval, altering his course slightly to pass astern of the stranger.

As the Windsor Castle drew closer a tangle of flags fluttered toward the stranger's peak, bringing forth the caustic remark from our skipper: "She is manned by lubbers or soldiers. Why do they want to hoist flags spaced like that?" A clear-eyed youngster read the letters and danced with impatience as the skipper thumbed through his code-book and translated, "What is your latitude?"

"Latitude? What the blazes does he want latitude for? The sky is clear and the sun at high noon. If it were longitude I could understand their chronometer may be out. There is something wrong on that craft, and, Mr. Morgan (to the mate), clear away my gig and put some boys in her that can pull."

As the Windsor Castle, beautifully handled, crossed the stranger's stern we read her name, "Caswell, of Liverpool," and, taking the weather position, Captain Pilcher hailed them to back their main yard and he would come aboard. The rattle of the boat davit blocks and the splash of the rig along the side were not out of our ears before the skipper was climbing the side ladder, disdaining even to answer the mate's inquiry, "Will I put out the accommodation ladder, sir?"

As we came alongside the Caswell six or eight scared-looking foreigners looked over her forward rail, while one man, who we afterward found was the ship's carpenter, directed a diminutive boy, whose ferret face and cockney accent proclaimed his nationality, to give us a line and throw over the side ladder.

Climbing aboard we were horrified. The poop and after decks were a shambles. By the companionway, on his face, arms and legs spread, lay a powerful-looking foreign seaman with the whole top sliced off his head. The man had never moved an inch from where he fell. In a corner lay another in exactly similar plight, and close to a small scuttle lay another sailor with a boat ax imbedded in his skull, the handle click-clicking on the deck as the ship rolled to the swell and backed main yards.

"What has happened here?" demanded our skipper, grabbing a belaying gun from the rail, an example quickly followed by the boat's crew. "Murder or mutiny? Where are the captain and officers?"

"All dead, sir. Murdered by those brutes there" was the astonishing answer of the powerful-looking carpenter. "They meant to serve me and the boy the same way, but they will do no more harm. There is another on the

## Mutiny on Board British Bark Caswell Was Quelled Only After Ship's Carpenter Killed Four of Crew



Captain William Ferrie Wood

staircase. Come up here and I will tell you all about it."

Captain Pilcher took one good look and, mounting the poop, glanced down the cabin staircase, a murderous-looking ruffian, with a heavy revolver in hand and a wicked-looking knife in belt, lay huddled at the bottom. The upper part of his head was crushed like an eggshell. A broadaxe clotted with blood and hair lay near him. There was no mistaking the means or the sudden manner of their death.

"I see," said Captain Pilcher, grimly, "quick work and well done, but why?" "First and foremost, sir," said the down-looking carpenter, "I am Scotch and was only the ship's carpenter. Now I am captain of this craft and there's my commission."

"I did that," pointing to the three dead on and near the companionway. "The boy got the fourth, and worst, just in time to save me from being taken from behind. They," pointing to the living, "are what's left of the crew, and a white livered lot of curs they are, or all this could not have happened."

"We left our loading port with the rakkings and scrapings of a nigger boarding-house for a crew, and until we crossed the line had no more than the usual troubles, but a fortnight's doldrums hauling and pulling the yard about under a burning sun and not a breath of fresh air blowing the dago crew could not stand the gaff. The skipper and mates kept them at it, and murmuring and discontent were all we heard. These four dead were the ringleaders; the others knew of the plot, but were too scared to tell. Last night when the mate was forward at the jib sheets the helmsman knifed the skipper from behind as he leaned



LOOKING DOWN HE SAW THE MUTINEERS.

over the taffrail. These two with the shackle lashed to his feet. I was the last of the crew cowered in the top of their heads missing tripped the sounding the fore peak and had a forecaste. The boy was aloft stopping up sail

empty bottles that the mutineers had been drinking heavily, but the leader was awake and saw me. Calling the others, I started to board on deck. I let the leader come clear of the staircase. One at a time was my game, and I had no intention of making any mistake. One swing of the axe settled him. The second, close at his heels, got the same medicine. The other two were suspicious and separated, one coming up the small hatch, the other, with knife and revolver, taking the staircase.

"He saw the bodies and halted as I swung, and the halt made me miss with the axe, but a backward swing gave him his finish. Edge or back, it was all the same."

"In the meantime the fourth man was up and made his rush from behind, the boy yelling like an Indian to warn me, and at the same time planting the boat axe just as you see it, and none to soon. It was all over in a minute; four dead men, my axe in my hand all dirtied up, and the boy leaning over-side, sick. It seemed as if I was in a horrible dream and then I saw your sail."

"Well, we must clear up this mess, first," said Captain Pilcher, "and I'll put an officer on board to navigate you in, change some of my crew and we will keep company, anyhow."

"Not on your life, sir," said this extraordinary man. "I have brought her through this myself, me and the boy, anyhow, and we take her home to Falmouth ourselves. I want no outsiders to get the credit. If you will give me course and distance to English land I will get her there myself under easy sail."

"If you won't, I must go my own gait, I thought you were British, so I hoisted the flag. Maybe they are wrong, but I have gone through over-much. The worst is over now. I am no scholar, but I can sail her. I'll thank you for course and distance only."

Our skipper looked him square in the eye and grudgingly allowed admiration to gleam from his own. "Clipsa," said he, holding out his hand, "you're a man! I never make any mistake in that, and if you start to take this ship home by yourself I will show you enough to do it. If you will not let me send her a navigator all that I ask is that you won't let anybody else do so later."

"Give me paper and pen and I will do the rest. Your position is latitude 40 N., longitude 32 W. You know the North Star? Good! Steer north by your compass until that star is 50 degrees high and the third star in the handle of the Dipper is overhead of it. That's your latitude. Turn her east by compass. Keep the star abeam at 50 degrees altitude and sail 1000 miles east to the Bishop light. Remember, 600 miles north, 1000 miles east. We will help clear the decks, sign your log and start you fair, and I think you can do it."

"Get those hounds aft to clear up this mess, make them sign the ship's log book and I will take a copy to clear you when you do arrive home, and good luck to you."

Their work ahead and night coming on, we helped clear up while the skipper wrote out his copy and at nightfall pulled back to our ship. The wonderful part is that this extraordinary man made his port, got his pilot and anchored his ship without any outside help from anyone.



### Feathered Guests

"N OW," said Papa, "here's a little bird's house I bought in town today, and, children, I'm quite sure that if you will put it in the branches of the old maple tree in the yard you'll have a feathered guest or two."

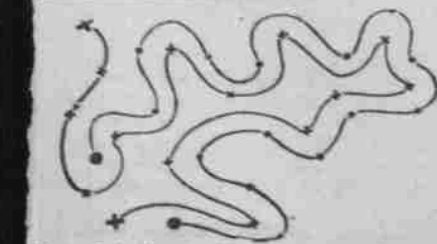
Helen looked puzzled. And as for little Jamie, well—he was such a little shaver that he didn't quite understand what Papa said. "Do you mean, Papa, that if we put this cunning little house in the tree some birds will come and live in it?" "Exactly—exactly!" answered Papa in that half-serious, half-jolly tone he used so much.

"Oh, goodly-goodly!" cried little Jamie, clapping his hands. He understood now—and liked it! So Papa took the box out to the yard and, while they watched anxiously, put it in place in the tree. The next morning both children were up bright and early to see what manner of feathered guests had accepted their invitation to build a nest and make themselves at home.

But, alas, the house was empty! And again on the next morning—and the next—and the next. Poor Helen and Jamie were almost in tears. "Oh, Papa," she wailed, "do you really think they will come? Perhaps they don't—don't like the color of the house. I think myself it would be prettier white than red."

Papa laughed and patted her on the head and assured her that the birds would come. And they did, too—the very next morning! and, goodness me, what excitement there was around the old maple tree! The birds—there were two of them—were busily gathering sticks and twigs and grasses and building themselves a nest within the house. Helen and Jamie spent nearly the whole day watching them.

Then day followed day rapidly, but the children did not lose interest in their feathered guests. On the con-



Solution to Fox Hunt Puzzle.

# For the Young People

### Caught

POOR Tommy! He was in an awful state! He was miserable! And all because of little Clarice.

Suddenly, one morning, little Jamie came running through the house, his eyes wide with excitement. "Birdies! Lots of little birdies!" he shouted, pointing to the tree.

Helen rushed out and, sure enough, there were five instead of two birds in the nest in the house. Papa came, too, to look, and he explained that the new arrivals had just been hatched out.

What strange looking things they were—all mouth, it seemed. The mamma wren and the papa wren flew about gathering bits of food for their babies to eat, and as they returned to the nest the little feathered guests would open wide their mouths to take the food from their parents.

For many days the children found much pleasure in watching the birds; and they were particularly interested in seeing the old birds teaching the little ones to fly.

And then, one morning, to their dismay, they found the house empty! All the birds had gone—and they came back no more.

Papa explained that they had flown many miles away to a warmer clime, but that next year they, or other birds, would come back and be pleased to occupy the house again. So he took it down out of the tree.

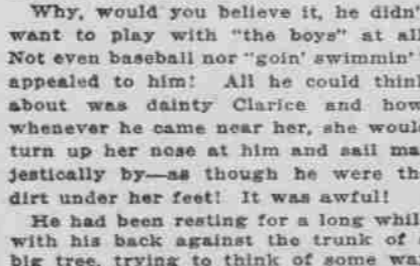
A while later Helen picked up the little house and gazed at it sadly. Jamie, too, felt very sad and he reached out his tiny hand and patted it lovingly.

"Just to think, Jamie," said Helen, "they didn't even say 'good-bye' or tell us they enjoyed our hospitality! They were very rude guests, don't you think? But—but I loved them—and I wish they'd come back—don't you, Jamie?"

Where Real Fear Lies. Short Stories. Evelyn is very cowardly, and her father decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter.

### OUR PUZZLE CORNER

#### FOX HUNT PUZZLE.



The crosses indicate the tracks of the hound and the dots those of the fox. The fox has eluded the hound at every turn. See if you can show how he did it by connecting separately, with a pencil, the tracks of the fox and those of the hound, beginning at the points marked "start" and ending at those marked "finish." But the two trails must not once cross each other's.

THINGS WE SHOULD "LIKE."  
1. A resemblance.  
2. Military or martial.  
3. Another word for probability.  
4. Resembling that which is living.

FIVE WORDS IN ONE.  
There are five words, each having the same four letters, arranged differently.

The first is worn over the face. The second is very repulsive. The third is a boy's name. The fourth is bad. The fifth is not dead.

Hamburg is a city in Germany. The word "Hamburg" comes from Hamburg. In Germany, a proverbial expression for a false report or rumor was called "a piece of Hamburg news."

### Stories of the Great War

#### An Army of Godfathers.

YOUR godfathers and godmothers—you may not even know whether you have any, or not—but there is a certain new little Princess in Germany who can't help knowing when she grows up that she has quite a few godfathers who are interested in her in that capacity. In fact, one would think she would be like "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," and had so many children she didn't know what to do.

For she has an army of godfathers, literally. A German paper announces that "in addition to other persons the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have chosen as god-parents the whole of the Fifth Army, of which the Crown Prince is the head."

This paper thinks it shows "a beautiful relationship of confidence between the leader and his army." Certainly it is a compliment. It all sounds like an old, old fairy tale, like—of course, like the golden-haired girl baby who had 11 good fairy godmothers, and the twelfth came uninvited and spoilt the whole thing.

But all the good soldier godfathers will send good wishes to their god-child, one may be sure. For every single one has been remembered—no one was left out.

Answers. Things we should like—1. Likeness. 2. Warlike. 3. Likelihood. 4. Life-like. Five words in one—Vell, Vile, Levi, Evil, Live.

### For a Rainy Day

THE next time you get a pair of new shoes, save the box they come in, and the first rainy day that you can't go out doors to play, you may have a good time with it. You need a pair of scissors, a few pins, a pencil, an old magazine and some flour paste. First, cut about a third of the box off straight, as in Figure 1. Then cut out the end and move it up to the cut edge, thus making it a smaller box. Clamp it together at each corner with a pin. That is the outside of your house, for that is what you will have when you finish. Now, take the pencil and draw the doors and windows as in Figure 2.

Make as many doors and windows as you like, then draw a line through the center of each window, as the dotted line shows, and carefully cut along the dotted lines, then bend each part back, and you have a window with shutters. Cut along the doors, as the dotted line shows, and there are your doors that open and shut. Now, take the pieces of box that you cut off at first and make the inside walls of the house, with doors going from room to room. The

### School Again

School again! Don't it beat all! Seems like yesterday That we left the study hall For vacation play.

Somehow looks like school begins Just about the time we're home. Fruit is ripe and chinkypins Are a-getting prime.

When the fish are biting fine In the ponds and brooks You may lay aside your line And take up your books.

'Fore you're done one-half the things You had planned to do. That old nifty school bell rings And your fun is through.

Still, I guess it's best to go If smart men we'd be. Then there's Saturday you know, When we're always free.

### Do You Know?

For whom America is named? Amerigo Vespucci.

Who first sailed around the world? Magellan.

Who said, "Don't give up the ship"? Captain Lawrence.

Who rode to Lexington at midnight to tell that the British were coming? Paul Revere.

Who wrote his greatest poem at the age of 18? William Cullen Bryant.

Who was the inventor of the first sewing machine? Elias Howe.

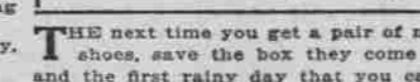
What statesman was killed in a duel? Alexander Hamilton.

Who said, "We have met the enemy and they are ours"? Commodore Oliver H. Perry.

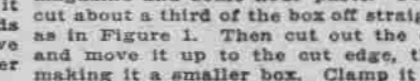
Who was the builder of the first successful steamboat? Robert Fulton.

Who superintended the finances during the Revolutionary crisis. Robert Morris.

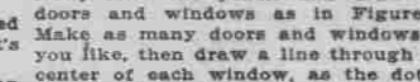
### Fig. 1



### Fig. 2



### Fig. 3



### Fig. 4

