# THE GREEN PEA PIRATES

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.
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"Well, what's in the wind this time?" inquired McGuffey.

"We're invited to a big feed with the king of Kandavu," replied Captain Scraggs, as happy as a boy. "Hop into a clean suit of ducks, Mac, and come along. Gib's goin' to broach a little keg of liquor and we'll make a night of it."

"Good lord," groaned McGuffey, "does the man think I'm low enough to eat with niggers?"

"Leave him to his own devices," said Mr. Gibney, indulgently. "Mac's just as Irish as if he'd been born in Dublin, instead of his old man. Nobody yet overcome the prejudice of an Irishman so we'll do the honors ourself, Scraggsy, old skitties, and leave Mac in charge of the ship."

"Mind you're both back at a seasonable hour," warned McGuffey. "If you ain't, I'll suspect mischief and—say! Gib! Well, what's the use of talkin' to a man with an imagination? Only if I have to go ashore after you two, those islanders'll daze time from my visit, and don't you forget it."

Upon arrival at the beach the two adventurers were met by a contingent of frightful-looking savages bearing long spears. As the procession formed around the guests of honor and plunged into the bush, bound for the king's wari, two island maidens marched behind the two sea-dogs, waving huge palm-leaf fans, the better to make the passage a cool and comfortable one.

"By the gods of war, Gib, my dear boy," said the delighted Captain Scraggs, "but this is class, eh, Gib?"

"Every time," responded the commodore. "If that chuckle-headed McGuffey only had the sense to come along he might be enjoyin' himself, too. You must be dignified, Scraggsy, old salamander. Remember that you're bigger an' better'n any king," because you're an American citizen. Be dignified, by all means. These people are sensitive and peculiar, and that's why we haven't taken any weapons with

to the ship. He stepped quickly toward the little group around the outraged royal ambassador, and inquired the cause of the disturbance. Quivering with rage, Tabu-Tabu informed him of what had occurred.

Mr. Gibney's rage, of course, knew no bounds. Nevertheless, he did not have to simulate his rage, for he was truly furious. When he could control his emotions, he requested Tabu-Tabu to inform the king that he, Gibney, accompanied by Captain Scraggs, would forthwith repair to the schooner and then and there flay the offending McGuffey within an inch of his life. Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Gibney called to Captain Scraggs to follow him, and started for the beach.

As Captain Scraggs arose, a trifle unsteadily, from his seat, a black hand reached around him from the rear and closed over his mouth. Now Captain Scraggs was well versed in the rough-and-tumble tactics of the San Francisco waterfront; hence, when he felt a long pair of arms crossing over his neck from the rear, he merely stooped and whirled his opponent over his head. In that instant his mouth was free, and clear above the shouting and the tumult rose his frenzied shriek for help. Mr. Gibney whirled with the speed and agility of a panther just in time to dodge a blow from a war club. His fist collided with the jaw of Tabu-Tabu, and down went that savage as if pole-axed.

Pandemonium broke loose at once. Captain Scraggs, after his single shriek for help, broke from the circle of savages and fled like a frightened rabbit for the beach. One of the natives hurled a rock at him. The missile took Scraggs in the back of the head, and he instantly curled up in a heap.

"Scraggsy's dead," thought the horrified Gibney, and sprang at the king. In that moment it came to Mr. Gibney to sell out dearly, and if he could dispose of the king, he felt that Scraggs' death would be avenged. In an instant the commodore's great arms had closed around the king, and with the

Those guns are sighted up to 4,000 yards."

"Kill 'em all," raved McGuffey, "kill all the blasted niggers."

When Mr. Gibney fell under the impact of the earthenware pot he was only partially stunned. As he tried to struggle to his feet half a dozen hands were laid on him and in a trice he was lifted and carried back of the wari to a clear space where a dozen heavy teakwood posts stood in a row about four feet apart. Mr. Gibney was quickly stripped of his clothing and bound hand and foot to one of these posts. Three minutes later another delegation of cannibals arrived, bearing the limp, naked body of Captain Scraggs, whom they bound in similar fashion to the post beside Mr. Gibney. Scraggs was very white and bloody, but conscious, and his pale-blue eyes were flickering like a snake's.

"What's—what's—the meanin' of this, Gib?" he gasped.

"It means," replied the commodore, "that it's all off but the shouting with me and you, Scraggsy. This fellow Tabu-Tabu is a d—d traitor, and his people are still cannibals. He's the decoy to get white men ashore. They schemed to treat us nice and be friendly until they could get the whole crew ashore, or enough of them to leave the ship helpless, and then—O Gawd, Scraggsy, old man, can you ever forgive me for gettin' you into this?"

Captain Scraggs hung his head and quivered like a hooked fish.

"Will they—eat—us?" he quavered, finally.

Mr. Gibney did not answer, only Captain Scraggs looked into his horrified eyes and read the verdict.

"Die game, Scraggsy," was all Mr. Gibney could say. "Don't show the white feather."

"D'ye think McGuffey could hear us from here if we was to yell for help?" inquired Captain Scraggs hopefully.

"Don't yelp, for Gawd's sake," implored Mr. Gibney. "We got ourselves into this, so let's pay the fiddler ourselves. If we let out one yip and McGuffey hears it, he'll come ashore with

All the time the shells from the Maggie II were bursting around them every second or two, and it seemed as if they must be killed before they could make their escape.

As they tore along through the jungle with Mr. Gibney's good right eye (his left was obscured) detected two savages crouching behind a clump of coco palms.

"There's the king and Tabu-Tabu," yelled Scraggs. "Let's round the beggars up."

"Sure," responded the commodore. "We'll need 'em for hostages if we're to get that black coral. We'll turn 'em over to McGuffey."

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"I'd better ease up a minute, sir," said the mate to Mr. McGuffey. "The gun's getting fearful hot."

"Let her melt," raved McGuffey, "but keep her workin' for all she's worth. I'll have revenge for Gib's death, or—sufferin' mackerel!"

McGuffey once more sat down on the cabin ventilator. He pointed dumbly to the beach, and there, paddling off to the Maggie II, were two naked cannibals and two naked white

Detected Two Savages Crouching Behind a Clump of Coco Palms.

"I'll Handle the Gun."

the syndicate which you and Scraggs has just voted me, I will scheme up a fittin' form of vengeance on them two tar babies. However, only an extraordinary sentence can fit such an extraordinary crime, so I must have time to think it over. These two bucks is mine to do what I please with and I'll take any interference as unneighborly and unworthy of a shipmate."

"Take 'em," said Captain Scraggs vehemently. "For my part I only ask one thing. If you can see your way clear, Mac, to give me the king's scalp for a tobacco pouch, I'll be obliged."

"And I," added the commodore, "would like Tabu-Tabu's shin bone for a clarionet. Pendin' McGuffey's reflections on the Hamperin' of crime in Kandavu, however, we'll turn our attention to the prime object of the expedition. We've had our little fun and it's high time we got down to business. It will be low tide at nine o'clock, so I suggest, Scraggs, that you order the mate and two seamen out in the big whaleboat, together with the divin' apparatus, and we'll go after pearl oysters and black coral. As for you, Mac, suppose you take the other boat and Tabu-Tabu and the king, and help the mate. Take a rifle along with you, and make them captives dive for pearl oysters until they're black in the face—"

"Huh!" muttered the single-minded McGuffey. "What are they now? Sky blue?"

"Of course," continued the commodore, "if a tiger shark happens along and picks the niggers up, it ain't none of our business. As for me and Scraggsy, we'll sit on deck and smoke. My head aches and I guess Scraggsy's is in a similar fix."

"Anythin' to be agreeable," acquiesced McGuffey.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## DIDN'T YIELD TO TREATMENT

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## CAT'S SKIN AS PAIN KILLER

Sufferers From Rheumatism May Find There Is Something in Rather Novel "Remedy."

There are more curious cures for rheumatism than any other disease. Bee sting cure has, of course, long been known, and it certainly seems to do good in some cases. Other people wear necklaces of beads—amber or ordinary blue glass—to ward off attacks. The belief that a silver ring with a piece of copper let into the side will cure rheumatism is also very widespread. It is, at any rate, less inconvenient than the Cornish cure, which necessitates crawling under a bramble that has formed a second root in the ground, or drinking water in which a "thunder-stone" has been boiled.

Finally, there is the wearing of a cat's skin, a custom introduced by Belgian refugees during the World war. There would seem to be a sound reason underlying this particular belief.

Stimulate the circulation, and you do something toward curing rheumatism. So if you wear a rough, warm substance like a cat's skin next your body, you reduce your chances of catching rheumatism.

## NOTHING STINGY ABOUT HIM

Generous Man Dead Willing to Let Neighbor Have Anything he Would Pay For.

"Don't tell me we are not a generous people," said the corner-seat passenger on the early car. "I hear so many people complaining how stingy folks are that it's refreshing to see somebody that's got something to give away."

"Well, what for instance?" grunted his seatmate. "Somebody been offering you good advice, or has he only been wishing he could divide his cold in the head with you?"

"Neither one," said the other, "but I've got a big-hearted neighbor who was talking across the fence with me the other day. He had sent for a catalogue of some hardware-clothing concern, and he let me look it all over."

"That was generous," agreed the other. "That was the next thing to giving you something, I'll say, letting you read a fresh new book."

"Yes, but he did better than that," resumed the first. "He not only let me look the book over all I wanted to, but he said, 'You can send and get any-

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## THE SANDMAN STORY

### THE BIRD QUARREL

LITTLE Jennie Wren was not afraid to speak her mind to any-one who happened to get in her way, and it happened one day that handsome Mr. Cardinal bird did this very thing.

He flew over from the top of a tall pine tree to the very tree near the stone wall by the road where Jennie lived, and began to sing while Mr. Wren was singing on a low limb of the tree.

"Such impertinence," sputtered Jennie Wren, flying out of her home in the tree hole. "He thinks just because he is so handsome he can do anything he likes. I will soon tell him, though,

what I think of him," and up she flew near to where Mr. Cardinal was sitting singing merrily.

"You get right away from this tree or stop singing this minute," scolded little Jennie. "This tree is where we

... I do not care for your song at all; we like our own much better."

Mr. Cardinal was so surprised that he stopped singing and listened, and when Jennie Wren stopped to breathe he said, calmly: "Have you heard my sweet-voiced wife sing? You may like to hear her song better than mine; I do."

Jennie was the surprised one this time, and she nearly lost her balance as she angrily hopped about and bobbed her tail, for she had expected Mr. Cardinal to quarrel with her.

"Huh!" replied Jennie, "your poor little wife; I should think you would say something in praise of her. The way you treat her is disgraceful. I know, and everybody must think so, too, that you are ashamed of her because she wears that brownish-gray dress all the time, while you go flying about all dressed up in fine clothes."

"For my part I admire her clothes much more than yours. She shows better taste dressing in such modest colors and, besides, if she did wear red, I guess the Cardinal family would soon come to an end, for she could be seen plainly enough by those who wish to harm birds and get their eggs."

While Jennie Wren was scolding and hopping about, a trim little bird flew to a twig near Mr. Cardinal, and when Jennie again stopped for breath Mrs. Cardinal—for it was she—said in a very sweet voice: "You are wrong, Mrs. Wren; my husband is not ashamed of me. He loves me very dearly and there is no bird that has a husband more devoted in his attentions than my handsome husband."

Again Jennie Wren was surprised, but she called back as she flew down to her home: "You poor thing; I sup-

## Virginia Lee

Many will recall that during the World war there appeared on navy posters seeking recruits a very pretty girl—that was Virginia Lee. During the recent national beauty pageant at Atlantic City, Virginia was selected by President Harding as the most beautiful girl in the U. S. A. For years she has been playing in pictures and is regarded as one of the most handsome of the "movie" stars.

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE HILLS OF SLEEP

## Peanut Pietro

By KAYEM GRIER.

## "What's in a Name?"

Facts about your name: its history, meaning, whence it was derived, significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel

By MILDRED MARSHALL

### ANGELICA

## THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CANDIDATE"

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