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THE
INTERNATIONAL YOUTH.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1907. NO. 1.

Published Monthly by The Alpha Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

"THE RINGER"
BY
Henry M. Davenport.

CHAPTER I.

"See here Garden, we've simply got to beat Rexton at foot-ball!" exclaimed Kirke Day. His chum Garden Carson evidently agreed with him, ejaculating in decided terms,

"I know it old man. Why those fellows have beaten us so much lately that even coach Benson is discouraged."

"Well it is going to be a different story this year. Old Dexter will win, and you can take my word for it!"

"Beat Rexton? Well that's a good one. Don't you know they've got the best team in years?" demanded Carson incredulously.

"That's all right, I don't care how good they are! I'm tired of these continual defeats. Dexter will win this year, by fair means or foul!" replied Kirke decid-

edly.
"Hope your right old boy, but remember it's always been our policy to play our games squarely,—win or lose. Take my advice Kirke and let the matter drop, for the time being at any rate," warned his chum earnestly, you've been a different fellow entirely since they made you manager of the beastly team. Forget the old team for a while and get out your books. Don't believe you've seen the inside of one except in the classroom since the season opened. You only need a few more 'E's' to be dropped to the junior class."

"I'll go to my dormitory if you want," replied Kirke sullenly, but I don't see how you can expect a fellow to go back on his team."

"You've got the wrong idea of what I mean!" replied Carden hotly. But Kirke had turned and was walking rapidly towards his dormitory.

For three years Rexton had beaten Dexter decisively in almost every contest of any kind. Another defeat, thought the fellows would be more than they could stand. Of these discouraged ones Kirke Day, recently elected manager of the foot-ball team, was perhaps the most

rabid. Bitterly he denounced the ill luck that followed constantly the wearers of the blue and gold. To make matters worse, the number of students began to decrease, and from an Academy renowned in athletic circles, Dexters fame began to wane. Something must be done, the worm must be made to turn, but how?

Kirke brooded in his room that evening, refusing even to join some class-mates in the initiation of an overbearing "freshie."

"7--56--13--91!" shrilled the quarterback, eleven sinewy athletes muscles growing tense as the figures cut the air.

"19--65--31--7!" continued the quarter snapping the ball swiftly to the crouching full-back. Seizing the tightly blown pigskin and hugging it close to his chest, the big man dashed behind splendid interference around right end. Time and again this play was repeated, the coach watching critically all the while. Suddenly his face darkened and he shouted angrily, "Here Billings get under that play, UNDER it I say! Don't think you can stop that man by looking at him, and you YOU Thompson are playing like a 'stiff.' Too polite to hit the line hard, or 'fraid of soilin' your pants?" Billings took his rebuke without a murmur, but Thompson who was a new player and did not understand the fiery little man, replied hotly,

"See here I'm a gentleman and a southerner. Out our way they'd lynch a man for less'n you've done!" The coach glared. Such independence could not be tolerated for an instant.

"Powell" he called sharply. A commotion on the side-lines and from a bunch of substitutes, a tow-headed figure appeared.

"Take Thompson's place at half!" Powell obeyed gladly. Muttering angrily to himself Thompson left the field. If he had expected any sympathy from his team-mates he failed to get it, for as they were used to such language they merely looked at Thompson with surprise and said nothing.

Among those on the side-lines was Kirke, his head bent over and his brows contracted as though in deep thought. He felt that being manager of the team, the boys felt him responsible for the teams showing. Suddenly his face brightened and he jumped to his feet in delight.

That evening immediately after study period, Kirke put on his overcoat, turned up his collar and jamming his felt hat down over his eyes set off for a portion of the town little visited by the students. Here in a little ram-shackle building lived one "Beefy" the pride of the local high

school. Kirke knocked and was at once admitted by the renowned "Beefy" Peters himself. When Kirke stated his mission, Peters eyes bulged, "Well pard" he ejaculated, "My old woman sure needs the money. As for myself, I've got a grudge against the Rexton left tackle!" Kirke smiled. Things were to be easier than he anticipated.

"That's the talk" he laughed, "Now be on hand at two thirty sharp! Remember if you fail us, Dexter's name is mud."

Kirke tossed in his bed that night, for somehow he couldnt sleep. Getting up the next morning late, he hurried into his clothes and bolted for the dining room.

"Bud" Harris met him on the stairs and noted his heavy eyes with surprise.

"By jimminy! old boy, you looked clean fagged out!" he cried, "Anything gone wrong, or has Handcock put you on his "extra study" list?"

"Oh, I'm alright!" replied Kirke hurriedly, "Look out old boy I'm due for about twenty "marks" as it is!" A minute later he was at his seat and sank wearily into. Chum Carden sat directly across the table and saw at once that something was up, but no amount of pumping could make Kirke reveal his secret. A half hour later the meal was over and the boys filed laughing and talking out of the room. A crowd at once gathered around Kirke, demanding eagerly the latest news of the team. When the possibility of a Rexton victory was discussed, Kirke for the first time in several weeks seemed confident of success. The majority of the students however failed to agree with him. Rexton's team might be held down to a small score they thought, but the possibility of Dexter scoring seemed almost impossible against their opponents un-scoged-on team. As before there was a great deal of grumbling, one lad hinting that the team might have some show with a hustling manager, but under the present circumstances--!

"That's all the thanks a fellow gets, for trying his best!" muttered Kirke disgustedly. The study bell rang a few minutes later and the boys tramped noisily for their "morning study" session.

(To be continued)

THE BOY MECHANIC.

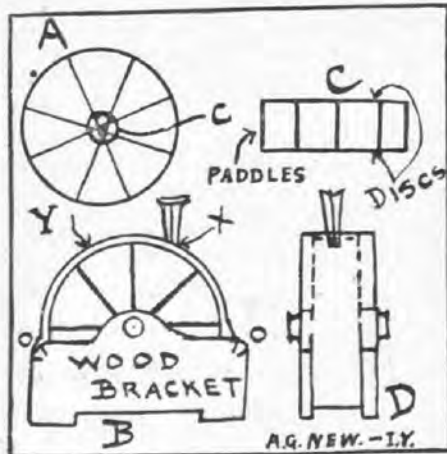
HOW TO MAKE A WATER MOTOR.

By A. G. NEW.

Many boys have a great desire to make a home made water motor, that has strength and durability. The directions here, if followed closely will develop an excellent motor.

Procure from a tin-smith 2 pieces of tin 10 in. square. Find the center by scratching lines from corner to corner and from center of opposite sides dividing the tin into eight parts. See Fig. A.

With one leg of a compass on the cen-



ter perscribe a circle 10 in. in diameter on both pieces. Thus making two 10 in. discs to be cut with a pair of snips. Punch a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. hole "C" Fig. A, on center for axle. This done, get a piece of thin wood 3 in. wide and long enough to make eight pieces $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. long for paddles.

Take the paddles and nail them along lines on disc keeping them on edge of

axle hole, "C," Fig. A. Take second disc and lay on paddles, and nail, see Fig. "C."

Your paddle wheel made, you are now ready for a stand. Take two pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wood 6 in. long and 10 in. wide and cut somewhat like shape shown in cut. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. from to bore a 5-16 in. hole for axle. Procure a piece of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wire 6 in. in length and put trough axle-hole and paddle wheel with one wood bracket on each side. A wood sheave can be put on each end of axle, the axle being slightly upset to keep all in place. Now get another piece of tin 4 in. wide and about 15 in. long, see Fig. B. Cut a round hole $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter, Fig B, bend around paddle wheel leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ in. distance between them and nail on base at OO Fig. B on each side.

Get the end of an old funnel and solder it on hole X.

Put under faucet, turn slowly and the motor will run any small dynamo or motor.

NOTICE!

We want our readers to help us with practical notes. If you have some new way of doing something, some practical device to make work easy, let us have it. If it needs a drawing, send a rough sketch if you can not make a good one. But we want something practical and usefull, not copies of something you have read elsewhere.

We will publish those which seem usefull and send you something to pay for your trouble.

We want this page to be the best Mechanical page in print.

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Delicate Senses.

A traveler, stopping at a small hotel in Germany, arose from his bed one night to examine the weather. Instead of looking out of the window he thrust his head thru the door of a cupboard.

"Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather. The night is as dark as Egypt and smells of cheese."

An Aching Void.

"What's that you were speaking of, Miss Pert?"

"Aching voids."

"Oh, I thought you were speaking of headaches; I have one."

"It amounts to the same thing."—
Houston Post.

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THE BOY ELECTRICIAN.

NOTES.

By M. Garnette Watkins.

The simplest experiment in electricity is as follows:

If a stick of sealing wax is rubbed vigorously with a woolen cloth it will be found capable of attracting small shreds of paper.

Another good experiment is to take two pieces of glass and electrify them by rubbing each with a distinct piece of resin. The pieces of resin will also be electrified, and it will be found (1) that the pieces of glass repel each other; (2) that the pieces of resin repel each other; (3) that each piece of glass attracts each piece of resin.

Thru these experiments we are led to the following conclusions. Repulsion exists between bodies which are similarly electrified, and attraction between bodies which are oppositely electrified.

The above experiments show the simple facts of electricity. We will endeavor to publish experiments each month, gradually developing them from the simple to the more complex problems. We will be glad to receive any experiments or electrical matter from our subscribers and will pay liberally for all that are accepted. If you happen to have anything, sent it at once and we will recompense you according to its merit.

The word ELECTRIC was coined in the 16th century by William Gilbert, from the Creek elektron, v'amber'.

A good way to sharpen knives.

Go to any store that sells hardware and get a sheet of emery cloth, then procuring a piece of soap, rub it lightly over the cloth. Taking a strip of this emery cloth, lay it on the edge of a table or bench and hold it down with your fingers. Then rub the knife over this very briskly and you will soon have a razor edge. Other tools may be treated in the same manner J. K.

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Wireless Telegraphy on Railroads.—

The administration of the Prussian railroads has recently experimented with wireless telegraphic signals on the line between Berlin and Beelitz, employing a train of four cars carrying antennæ and and receiving apparatus, the transmitting apparatus being installed between Berlin and Sangenhausen. The transmitting wire was suspended upon telegraphic poles for a distance of 200 feet, about a foot beneath the ordinary telegraph-wires. Within a distance of about seven and a half miles, on each side of the transmitting station, the signals were clearly and distinctly received on the moving train.—*The Youths Companion.*



The Caspian Sink.—It results from the careful measurements of level recently made by Lieutenant-Colonel Parisky along the line of Transcaspian railway that the level of the Caspian Sea is 83 feet below the level of the oceans. If the Caspian Sink were filled with water up to ocean-level, the town of Krasnovodsk, which stands on its shore, would be submerged, for the mean elevation of that town is between 63 and 64 feet below ocean-level.—*The Youths Companion.*



A FAITHFUL CANINE.

—by—

RAYMOND J. KELLY.

In years gone by, there lived in a little hut by the side of the mountains, two very fond brothers. They were the owners of a very fine Newfoundland dog, answering to the name of Jips, and who followed them daily to their work which was that of woodcutters.

Ben, the elder of the two, was compelled to stay at home one day to repair an axe which he had broken the previous day, so Fred, the youngest brother shouldered his axe and departed for his days labor with the faithful Jips following closely at his heels. He was soon lost to sight among the thick foliage of the primeval forest.

Arriving at his destination, Fred lost no time in discarding his coat and setting to work. He worked manfully for a couple of hours, succeeding in having down several large trees, and quite a few small ones.

After having rested for a short time, and refreshing himself with a drink of cool water from a nearby spring, he set to work cutting down a large pine tree. He had almost completed the work of felling it, when his attention was attracted by a noise of breaking twigs behind him. He turned just in time to see a large wild boar, rapidly heading for him, and having no time in which to form a method of defense, he lifted his axe high in the air, and let it fly at the wild boar with all the force of a youth of 20. His aim was uncertain, and he missed his mark. Seeing this he started to climb the tree upon which he had been working, but only succeeding in attaining a height of about 8 feet when the tree gave away and fell to the ground with a crash.

Fred was not hurt in the least by the falling tree and would have escaped unharmed, had not the boar at this time made a rush which laid him flat and knocked him senseless.

Jips was not idle during these proceedings, but had been trying to divert the boar's attention to himself, by jumping in front of him and barking furiously. He was unsuccessful at first, but after the boar had knocked Fred out, he jumped at his throat and set his teeth into the flesh as deep as he could. It was only after a vigorous shaking that Jips was made to let go, and when he did, he made straight for a large oak tree, which he quickly jumped behind, leaving only his head to view.

The boar now thoroughly enraged made a mad rush at the dog, and not being able to check himself, his tusks were driven firmly into the tree, behind which the dog stood.

Jips, seeing this, trotted home as fast as his legs could carry him. Ben was alarmed when he saw the dog coming, more so when he saw the dog running backward and forward from him to the edge of the woods, barking as loud as he could, so he took up his gun and followed the dog into the forest, to the place where Fred lay stunned.

He arrived just in time as the boar, although nearly completely exhausted, was beginning to get his tusks loosened. Ben, as soon as he had taken in the situation, killed the boar, and then carried water from the spring to bathe Fred's face.

Fred was soon brought around, and, although at first a little dazed, he was soon able to walk home.

After a few days, when Fred was entirely well, he and Ben erected a fine new Kennel for the faithful Jips.

Years later, Fred and Ben, through honest labor became quite wealthy, but their kindness toward the faithful canine never ceased. One thing they wanted him to do was talk, but God had not given him that power.

STAMPS, POST CARDS,



COINS & CURIOS.

EDITORIAL.

We will endeavor, so far as possible, to publish the latest stamp, coin, and Post Card news, in these columns.

If you have any news or article which is suitable for this page, be sure and send it to us and we will pay you for your trouble, providing the article is accepted.

Address all communications to "The Stamp Editor," The International Youth, Alpha Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

The youngest post card collector in the world lives in New York state. He began to collect when but 8 months old. He is three years old now.—*Star Monthly*

A newspaper report is to the effect that among the recent Kingston Relief surcharge of Jamaica, one sheet with inverted surcharge was printed in error(!). A collector bought up the lot at about one dollar each and when the Governor of the colony heard of it he ordered 6000 copies additional with the surcharge inverted printed. Such a proceeding is without parallel, but it is said the official disapproved of the idea of speculation in the stamps and took this means of rebuke to the collector who cornered the stamps.—

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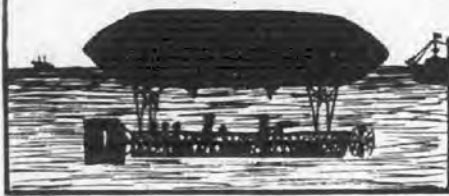
VOLUME I

FEBRUARY, 1908

NUMBER 3

"A Man Against a Nation"

BY
WASHINGTON O'CONNOR.



CHAPTER I.

JAMES HANLON was somewhat eccentric—so was his father. The father lived a sort of a hermit life, and when James was at college he generally avoided participating in the pranks and games indulged in by the other boys. Instead, he studied industriously, and at the age of twenty-two, graduated at the top of the list from our foremost college of technology. Although the boys considered him peculiar, they did not dislike him, and they all had to admit he was exceptionally bright. But perhaps his smartness was partly hereditary, as his father was a successful inventor and had accumulated about a million dollars from his inventions. When he saw this amount to his credit, he ceased his labors, and bought a tract of ground near a seacoast city. Erecting thereon a suitable dwelling, he made his home his castle and kept aloof from his neighbors.

He once remarked that a half million or a million was enough, if not too much, for any man to possess, and for this reason he decided to rest the balance of his days. He was right; and if others who cheat and lie, and crush opponents in their mad rush for millions, could be persuaded to look on matters as the inventor did, we would have a better world.

After James graduated, the father gave him half his wealth without any restrictions as to its uses; he merely mentioned: "It is unnecessary for me to tell you that if you decide to spend it freely, that it must be for some specific purpose that will benefit mankind."

The year was 191—and at that period the flying machine was approaching perfection. Ever since the fiction of Jules Verne, inventors worked with more or less success, but it remained for young Hanlon to build the best type of a controllable and powerful machine, and he used it to good advantage, as the sequel will show.

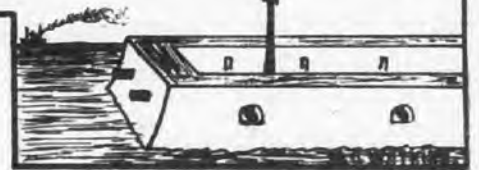
He carefully discovered the weak points of the inventions of the great men who emulated each other, in order to produce something satisfactory, and he benefited by such drawbacks. Even at that period, the great nations of the earth, while not neglecting their armies and navies, were spending millions, experimenting with aerial flyers, as they realized that sooner or later, missiles hurled from the clouds would annihilate ships and men.

On the highest point of the tract of land purchased by his father, James decided to build his machine. Therefore, one morning the neighbors witnessed the sight of a hundred carpenters building a double wood fence about fifteen feet high and a hundred and fifty feet square. The idea of a double wall was, if any people wished to spy on his labors, they could not cut through both walls without being detected. The walls were three feet apart.

To insure the safety of his secret, men patrolled outside the enclosure day and night.

When the walls were finished, team after team load of machinery or castings, carefully boxed, were carefully deposited inside the enclosure, and then the sound of clanging steel told the work of constructing the monster had begun.

Perhaps it might be well to state that at that period the map of the civilized world was undergoing changes. Russia, after a long period of strife and bloodshed, had become a republic, and, being prosperous and united, the people resolved to win back what they had lost to Japan in 1905. Hastily constructing another track of railroad across Asia, they hurled their troops against the Japs and drove the latter out of Asia. Not being content with their victory, they still had a grudge against England for aiding Japan, therefore England was astonished to wake up one morning and hear that fifty thousand Russian soldiers were on the Indian frontier. Too well England knew that she never could cope with a united Russia, and she appealed to the other European powers to preserve the bal-



ance of power by demanding the withdrawal of the Russian army. But Germany would not agree to any such intervention, consequently the British lion had to prepare to meet the enemy. To add to her troubles, the Boers were again all powerful, and with three hundred thousand able-bodied men waiting the word to strike, English statesmen were almost paralyzed, and the wonderful empire was rapidly tottering. To make matters worse, Ireland was still fighting in the House of Commons for her freedom, and it was this latter country and her troubles that roused young Hanlon to action.

Although the name Hanlon is very much Irish, yet Hanlon, senior, when once asked if he was of Irish descent abruptly replied, "No sir, my grandfather told me almost fifty years ago that he could not trace his ancestors back to Ireland. We are Americans and are satisfied with our nationality."

Still it is probable, if the grandfather could look back a hundred years or more, that he would find his ancestor, perhaps a landholder, in that little isle beyond the sea. And, although the Hanlons denied that Irish blood flowed in their veins, they inwardly felt sympathy for Ireland, and thus it was that young Hanlon resolved to build a machine and free Ireland, for he felt he could do it, although it would be "a man against a nation."

Newspaper men made several attempts to discover what was taking place inside the wooden walls, but were unable to make any headway. Every Saturday at noon the half dozen mechanics who were employed, left for their homes and returned Monday morning to stay inside the enclosure during the week. At the hour of their coming and departure, the reporters flocked around them and even followed them to their homes; pleading to expose the secret of their work, but the men were dumb—not a

word from their lips. They were sworn to secrecy and were true to their word. One indefatigable reporter tried to bribe the wife of one of the mechanics, but regretted his actions very much as he was seen rapidly retreating from the house with the family dog in pursuit.

Two weeks before the "Invincible" (this was the name of the airship) was ready for her trial trip, father and son were in the library of their mansion.

"I have just written to the king—do you want to know what I have said?"

"Certainly, my son, I will be pleased to hear it."

James Hanlon extracted a letter from an envelope, all ready to be mailed, and read:

"To his Majesty, Edward VII:

"Having heard of the wrongs done to Ireland, I am determined that you must free her from the rule of your cunning lawmakers. Up to now it has been might conquering right. You and your subjects, who boast of your freedom, are not willing to grant like freedom to an unfortunate country, that you conquered centuries ago. How would you and your people like to have a foreign power invade your land, and after bringing you to your knees, rule you with coercion, same as you have done to Ireland?"

"You would immediately ask for the powers to interfere, just as you have done in regard to the Russian troops now threatening India.

"Let me tell you that this letter is not the work of an anarchist or a crank—it is from one of sound mind and steady nerve. Therefore, I advise you to immediately call your officials together—let them peruse this—and act on it immediately, by granting to the Irish whatever measures they ask for. Failing to do this, let me tell you what the sequel will be.

"I have designed and built the most powerful airship ever attempted. It is capable of traveling sixty miles an hour. It is, from the nature of the material used, bullet proof against not only rifle fire, but also from rapid fire guns, unless the latter are close to the airship, and then the missiles are not effective unless they strike the machine at right angles. This may seem impossible, but ten days from now you will read in the papers what the 'Invincible' will be capable of performing, for by that time the world will know of my invention, and my trial trip will be given.

"Failing to do as I order, I will immediately cross the Atlantic, and drive every soldier from Ireland. How? Having also invented a powerful explosive, made of very simple materials, I will hover over your military barracks and when least expected, will drop one of my missiles—then what will happen it is unnecessary to describe. I will not be three days on the island until you will be glad to do as I demand.

"In conclusion, I will, when the 'Invincible' is ready, proclaim to the world my intentions—the United States government will make an effort to prevent me from doing as I say, but they will be absolutely powerless. No power on earth can stop me. Inside of three weeks

the world will hear of the unhampered success of

'A man against a nation.

Ireland must be free.'

"Yours for peace or war,

JAMES HANLON."

"My son, I am afraid you will never convince England that she wrongs, or has wronged Ireland—and further, her king and statesmen are so haughty, and pride so much on their army and navy—and not least of all, on their prestige and success in the past, that you will discover they will pay very little attention to your letter. I am sorry you have undertaken such a mission, think of the bloodshed—"

"Enough, father—blood has been shed to free our own country—human life must be sacrificed as long as kings will not listen to the voice of justice. For over a century Russia has been a hot-bed of wrong—innocent lives were sacrificed and now she is a republic. I do not want bloodshed, and before any is shed I will, when I reach Ireland, demonstrate what I can do, and show England how helpless she will be, before a human life is sacrificed."

So saying, young Hanlon proceeded to the post office and mailed his package, and he computed that in eight or nine days, the package would be in the hands of the king.

In due course the package reached its destination. The private secretary opened it, and, after perusing it, was about to consign it to the waste paper basket, for scarcely a week passed without receiving messages of the same nature from his dissatisfied subjects across the channel. But just as he was about to do so, the aged king, accompanied by the minister of war, entered the room. The minister, the Right Honorable Astwith, whose eyes were rather sharp, saw the drawing of an airship on the letter, and immediately asked—

"What is that you have now?—some other inventor submitting his designs for a flyer that will conquer the world?"

"Not exactly," came the reply, and the secretary was about to tear up the letter when he was interrupted by Astwith.

"Not so hasty—his majesty is entitled to know of the contents of letters of this kind—let me have it."

Reluctantly the secretary turned it over to him.

The king seated himself and through his glasses watched the features of Astwith. As the latter read, he turned pale, and did not finish the letter before he turned towards the king.

"Your majesty, here is a most extraordinary communication: I believe it is the work of a crank, but yet, as our secret service has advised us that the party whose name is signed to it has been secretly working at some invention for three months, it is only just that we read the contents to you."

The king listened. At first an expression of humor and contempt overspread his face, but as Astwith finished he was pale and curiosity possessed him.

"Astwith, how many such letters have you received in the last year?"

"Probably fifty, your majesty."

"What do you think of this one?"

"Well, as to the man's threat, from what we have been told of him and his father, I believe he is sincere, and will make every effort to do as he says—if his machine will allow him to do it."

"That is just as I feel about it," replied the king, "but the important questions are—has he perfected such a machine and has he invented such an explosive—and allowing if he has done both, have we a machine that is capable of giving him combat?"

"Your majesty, I can answer your first question tomorrow—"

"Why not now?" impatiently replied the king.

"Because, tomorrow, Hanlon is to have his trial trip."

"Ah! I see. Then we can wait, as it is quite certain we will get full details from our secret service men. But how about our own flyer? Will it be a success?"

"It will be controllable, of that there is no doubt, but as to its speed, it is doubtful if it can exceed forty miles an hour, therefore if the claims of Hanlon are true, he can play hide-and-go-seek with us."

"Confusion," exclaimed the king. "I must know by tomorrow what our 'Dreadnone' can do. Send a messenger at once to the inventor and tell him that inasmuch as the flyer is ready, we must have the trial trip tomorrow at sunrise."

Astwith knew the temper of the king. He would like to offer a suggestion, but the king waved his hand and this meant "go and obey."

CHAPTER II.

The inventor of the "Dreadnone" was somewhat surprised when told that the king had requested to send the machine on its trial trip in the morning. True there were certain parts not complete, but these were very insignificant and, as the propelling machinery and the screws that forced it to ascend and descend were all ready, he sent word that his majesty's wishes would be attended to.

It is an old saying that "Great minds run in the same channel," and never was it more exemplified than in the building of the Invincible and Dreadnone. Built by two men who were unknown to each other, one machine was almost a facsimile of the other, as to shape, and practically the only difference from an outside view was, the Invincible was much larger, and consequently it was much more powerful. The Yankee inventor also had the advantage from the fact that, as previously mentioned, he claimed his machine was immune from injury when fired upon by small arms, whereas the Englishman could not boast of this.

Let us give a brief description of the flyers. The upper section, which was fifty feet in length, was somewhat of a wedge or bellows shape, with the narrow point to the front, thus insuring the least resistance when in its flight.

This section was filled with gas, which aided in floating the flyer. To this bellows-shaped compartment was attached four strong steel straps, at the lower

(Continued on page six.)



THE BOY MECHANIC

By A. G. NEW



HOW TO BRAZE.

CLEAN article thoroughly, and better to polish with sandpaper. Fasten the parts to be brazed firmly together, so they will not part when heated in the fire. Place over a slow fire of charcoal or well coked coal. Place on the parts to be brazed a small quantity of pulverized borax; as soon as this is done boiling and has flowed to all parts, then put on the spelter; when spelter melts it will generally run in globules or shot. Jar the piece by gently striking with a small piece of wire; this will cause the spelter to flow to all parts.

DRILLING LUBRICANT.

GLASS can be drilled with a common drill very readily by using a mixture of turpentine and camphor. When the point of the drill has come through it should be taken out and a hole worked through with the point of a three-cornered file, having the edges ground sharp. Use the corners of the file, and scraping the glass, rather than using the file as a reamer. Great care should be taken not to crack the glass or flake off parts of it in finishing the hole after the point of the drill has come through. Use the mixture freely during the drilling and scraping.

The above mixture will be found very useful in drilling hard cast iron. Tempered steel can be drilled by making the drill very hard and using mixture.

HOW TO SOLDER.

CLEAN the parts thoroughly from all rust, grease or scale, then wet with prepared acid (an excellent receipt for same given below). Hold the soldering copper on each part until the article is well tinned and the solder has flowed to all parts.

IMPROVED SOLDERING MIXTURE.

Muriatic acid 1 pound; put into it all the zinc it will dissolve and 1 ounce of sal ammoniac; add as much clear water as you have acid; it is then ready for use.

TINNING SURFACES.

ARTICLES of brass or copper boiled in a solution of cyanide of potassium mixed with turnings or scraps of tin in a few minutes become covered with a firmly attached layer of fine tin.

A similar effect is produced by boiling the articles with tin turnings or scraps and caustic alkali, or cream of tartar. In either way articles made of copper or brass may be easily and perfectly tinned.

SHOP NOTES FOR 1908.

NEVER pull a wrench backwards or from the jaws. Always pull towards the jaws, otherwise you are very likely to bend the bar of any wrench made.

GLUE—A little powdered chalk added to common glue makes it much stronger; and a glue that will resist the action of water may be made by using skimmed milk instead of water.

Never screw pipe together for either steam, water or gas without putting white or red lead on the joints. Many times in taking pipes apart the joints are stuck so hard that it is impossible to unscrew the pipe; heat the coupling (not the pipe) by holding a hot iron on it, or hammer the coupling with a light hammer, either one will expand the coupling and break the joint so it can be easily unscrewed.

Put a piece of rosin the size of a walnut, into your babbitt; stir thoroughly, then skim. It makes babbitt run better and improves it. Babbitt will run in places with the rosin in it where, without it, it would not. It is also claimed that rosin prevents blowing when pouring in damp boxes.

Platinum is the most ductile of all metals.

To sharpen dull or worn out files:—Lay in diluted sulphuric acid (one part acid to two parts water) over night, then rinse well in clear water; put acid in wooden vessel.

To harden small tools or articles that are likely to warp in hardening, heat very carefully, and insert in a raw potato, then draw temper as usual.

Hard cement is made with 16 ounces of fine cast iron borings and 1 ounce of sal ammoniac; wet with water to consistency wanted.

In laying out work on planed surfaces of steel or iron, use blue vitriol and water on the surface. This will copperplate the surface nicely, so that all lines will show plainly. If on oily surfaces, add a little oil of vitriol; this will eat the oil off and leave a nicely coppered surface.

Put hard soap on lag screws, wood screws, or any screw for wood. It will surprise you how much easier they will turn in.

In 1832 the first steamboat reached Chicago, the Sheldon Thompson, on board of which were General Winfield Scott and troops for the Blackhawk war.

Rosin on the blacksmith's forge improves and toughens steel. When the tool is hot, dip it into the rosin, then hammer.

Never say "Can't" because you have nobody to help you. Help yourself.

THE DOORSTEP.

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story.
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were
gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was
beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dis-
sembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it.
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over.
—Selected.

BOYS GET BUSY!

On April 1st, 1908

we are going to give away a fine

Pair of Telephones

with a large coil of wire, an electric bell and a switch, to the boy sending us the largest number of yearly subscriptions to THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, by that time. **Remember**, this offer does **not** interfere with your receiving any of the premiums mentioned on page 8, but is a **special inducement**, having no connection whatever with our other offers.

Start **at once** to canvass your town or neighborhood, for someone may get ahead of you. Some lad will be the lucky one, why not **YOU**? Send the subscriptions in as soon as you receive them; we will keep a record of the number you get.

These Telephones are strongly made, and will last an age. They will work perfectly at a distance of 500 feet, and can be operated with common dry batteries.

The International Youth

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

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The International Youth is an illustrated monthly magazine for boys and young men.

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M. GARNETTE WATKINS President and Editor
CHAS. S. WATKINS Vice-President and Asst. Editor
EDW. S. WATKINS Secretary and Treasurer

EDITORIAL.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago William P. Hall, a poor farmer boy then known as "Billy" Hall, began swapping plugs over on a little farm four miles east of Lancaster, Mo. That town was then a little hamlet composed of a little old-fashioned square courthouse, with a few stores scattered about it. Today there is a magnificent modern building for official business, "the square" is built up with handsome new mercantile houses, there is a fine electric-light system and every adjunct to a hustling American city.

Mr. Hall's home is still at Lancaster, and "Billy" has become the largest individual, horse, mule and wild animal dealer in the world. From 18,000 to 20,000 animals pass through his stables every year, and the normal population is from 1,500 to 2,000. Mr. Hall has a branch station in Cape Town, South Africa, which is under the personal supervision of his brother, Louis J. Hall. In that country the Missouri mule is regarded as a great feature of American splendor, and commands an exceedingly high price.

"Billy" is now 40 years old, and through his experience from boyhood, he can judge a horse, as he says, largely by the looks of the animal's eye.

"When you meet a man of nerve," he says, "there's something about his eye that tells you he's a stayer in an emergency. It is the same way with a good horse. His eye shows his blood."

We hope a great many of our boys will succeed as well in life as "Billy" Hall has.

IN THE DAYS OF THE RED MEN

By LEVERT L. DOLSON

I was visiting in a small town in Iowa and one day met an old friend of mine. He was an ardent collector of Indian relics and was always getting lost in some pre-historic cave or something of the sort. "Hello, Jack!" he cried when he saw me, "when did you come to town? My wife and I were just talking about you today; come over to dinner, won't you?" I readily consented, for I knew what kind of dinner Fred's wife prepared, and after completing some business which I had to attend to I started for his house. I arrived with a tremendous appetite and just in time for dinner.

I did ample justice to the meal, and after it was over we went to Fred's den. It was fairly lined with cases of all sorts of relics—spears, arrows, spades and old pottery were piled in every corner. But the worst of all was a skeleton in a glass case; by the receding forehead I knew it to be a red man. The thing had an ominous grin on its bony face, which made me shudder. "Where did you get that grinning ape?" I asked Fred. "Oh, that is my latest acquisition," said Fred. "Did I never tell you about my finding him?" I told him he had not, but if the story was interesting, or as gruesome as the skeleton, he might tell it to me.

"Well, I was out in the southern part of this state," began Fred. "I was working for a fellow out there, and near the town where I was staying was a large mound. This mound some people said was an Indian mound, but no one had ever taken the trouble to dig in it. As soon as I heard about this mound I was fairly wild, so the first nice Saturday that came around, I got away from my work and went out to the mound. It was about two miles from town and was located between two large hills. I was armed with an ax and spade, also some of my other instruments for cleaning relics should I find any. When I arrived at the place I found it to be somewhat larger than I thought it was; however, I climbed to the top and began digging down in the center. I dug about two hours until I had quite a hole running down into the mound. I stepped down into the center of the hole and began chopping with the ax; I gave a hard lick and the ax disappeared, and before I knew what was happening I followed the ax."

"When I looked around I found myself in a cave about ten by twelve, and on looking up saw the light glimmering in at the hole I had come through. On further investigation I found the wall was lined with skeletons—horror of horrors! I was in, as you might say, an Indian coffin or grave.

"The foul air soon began to affect

me and my senses to leave. My mind wandered, and I imagined I heard a voice,—yes, it was the tall Indian greeting me, he reached out his bony hand to clasp mine, I reeled forward, clutching at one of the skeletons and grasped the tall one by the hand—we both fell to the floor in a heap; after that I knew no more.

"When I came to myself again, I was lying on the ground near the hole I fell in at. One of my friends from the town was energetically fanning me and pouring water down my throat. I was soon strong enough to begin the journey homeward, and on the way home he told me how he found me. It just happened that he was hunting near the mound, and his dog which had run along in advance of him, came upon my coat and set up a tremendous howl. This called my friend to the spot; and on finding the hole, and a spade lying near, also my coat which I had taken off while digging, he thought something must be wrong. He lit several whisks of hay and dropped them into the hole. They did not burn very long on account of the bad air, but long enough to reveal my prostrate form to him.

"He then ran to a nearby farm house for help and a rope. The people were not at home, but he found a rope, and hastily making a loop in it as he ran, came back and then began the tedious job of getting the loop about my body. He finally succeeded and pulled me up. I was still clasping the Indian's right hand, which had pulled from the body, and only released my hold on it when he lifted me into the light.

"The next day I went back and fished out the skeleton of the Indian who had been so willing to shake hands with me in my hour of need. I thought, 'A friend in need was a friend indeed,' so I brought the old chap home, and that's him in the glass case."

I thought Fred's experience quite exciting, and with one last look at the "bony box," bid my friends good-bye, very readily promising to return again, especially if it was for dinner and in time to hear of some of Fred's various and exciting experiences.

HEAD EXPLOSIONS.

MANY mechanics have had their patience sorely tired when pouring lead around a damp or wet joint, to have it explode, blow out or scatter from effects of steam generated by heat of the lead. The whole trouble may be avoided by putting a piece of rosin the size of a man's thumb into the ladle and allowing it to melt before pouring.

WATCH US GROW

STAMPS, POST CARDS COINS AND CURIOS

STAMP DEPARTMENT.

Edited by L. L. Dolson, Geneva, Iowa, (Dept. I. Y.) to whom all correspondence relating to this department should be addressed.

IT is with great pleasure that I take the helm to guide this department, as it is left as my worthy predecessor surrenders it to me. I, as the editor of this department, ask the support of every reader. Let us all co-operate and make this one of the main features of this magazine. Remember, "In union there is strength."

Stamp collecting is one of the greatest of all hobbies, or as has lately been proclaimed, among the greatest of all sciences. We need new recruits in this science; if you are a collector you should consider it your duty to get others interested in the prince of all hobbies, for I am prone to class so interesting a study among the dull name of a science.

I want you to take an interest in this department, write me and tell me about your collection. I will select the best letters each month and they will be printed in this department. It makes no difference whether you are interested in the collecting of coins, curios or post cards, we will find room for your letters in this department. Make your letters short and interesting, in no case over 500 words in length. Address your letters to the editor of this department, and don't forget to put "Dept. I. Y." in the lower left hand corner of my envelope, as by doing this you will confer a favor upon him.

I will also answer all questions beginners may wish to ask, either through this department or by personal letter; send return postage if by the latter way. This department will also be open to advertisers along this line; advertisements will be accepted at the regular rate, as per editorial page. Send all advertisements to the publishers of this magazine.

Now, as we have no letters to insert in our department this month, I will use the extra space for a short stamp story. This story was written by a crazy author in Geneva, who afterwards swallowed a tape measure and died by inches. Don't forget to write us a good long letter for our next issue. Do like the Germans do, "stick side by each," and we will make this department a great success.

"A LUCKY FIND"—I GUESS NOT.

BY L. L. DOLSON.

THE stamp dealer sat in his well worn chair, looking gloomily out of the window and wondering where his next meal was to come from, for he had only ten cents and that he must use to buy stamps with.

His reverie was interrupted by the opening and shutting of his office door. On looking up the dealer saw a small boy walking importantly up to his desk, in one grimy hand holding a bundle of papers and in the other a soiled envelope.

He handed the envelope to the dealer with a "What will you give me look," and then sat down and waited for the dealer to look at it. The dealer glanced at the stamp on the envelope and then chuckled gleefully to himself, for—the engine was upside down. "Here, kid, I'll give you a dime for this," said the dealer patronizingly.

The boy's eyes sparkled as visions of candy piled as high as a mountain rose before him, then grasping the coin hastily departed. The dealer, seeing the bad condition of the envelope, soaked the stamp off and lo!—the neatly patched engine came off, too. "Stung again," muttered the dealer, then he sat down and meditated.

HOW TO ANNEAL BRASS AND COPPER.

IN working brass and copper, it will become hard and, if hammered to any great extent will split. To prevent cracking or splitting the piece must be heated to a dull red heat and plunged into cold water; this will soften it so it can be worked easily. Be careful not to heat brass too hot, or it will fall to pieces. The piece must be annealed frequently during the process of hammering.

MR. IRVING KIMBALL, a young Boston inventor has brought the reproduction of music to a state of perfection with his new invention, the "Phonograph Symphony," that has heretofore been looked upon as an impossibility. The harsh, grating noise of a phonograph is entirely lost to the ear, and the music, whether the delicate and soft tones of the orchestra, or the beautiful work of an individual instrument, is wafted to the ear in all of its beauty and splendor, when Mr. Kimball's device is used. Mr. Kimball is a subscriber to the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, and we are very proud to say that we have so excellent a young man on our lists.

WATCH US GROW

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PENNANTS!!

Every Race has a Flag but the Coon.



WHAT ARE YOUR COLORS?

Every boy should have a College, School, or Society Pennant. We now offer an all-wool FRENCH FELT PENNANT, stitched in silk, the regular 75c style for 50c.

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(Mention The International Youth.)

25 Foreign Stamps Free! All different Rare India, Japan, Mexico, etc. Send five one-cent stamps to pay postage and cost of handling. CORDRAY SUPPLY HOUSE, 2292 Congress St., Chicago.



A RACE WITH THE BLACKFEET

By HOWARD BANNON



IN the fall of 1811, John Farland and Tom Wilds went to the head waters of the Missouri to spend the winter trapping. They had soon built them a cabin and set a large lot of traps. One morning late in October, as they were ascending a creek in their canoe, they heard a great noise resembling the trampling of animals. They could not see what was causing the noise, as the high banks on either side of the creek obscured their view. Wilds immediately pronounced it to be caused by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Farland who insisted the noise was caused by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes their doubts were removed, however, by the appearance of about four or five Indians on either bank of the creek, who beckoned for them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Wilds turned the canoe toward the shore, and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Farland; but Wilds who was a remarkably strong man retook it and handed it to Farland, who remained in the canoe, and on receiving it pushed off into the stream. He had scarcely quitted the shore when an arrow was shot at him. He immediately leveled the gun at an Indian and shot him dead. This angered the Indians and he was immediately pierced by dozens of arrows.

They now seized Wilds, stripped him naked, and began to consult on the manner he should be put to death. A chief seized him by the shoulder and asked if he was a good runner. He now knew that he would have to run for his life, with all of the Blackfoot Indians after him, and he cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although in truth he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Wilds out on the prairie about four hundred yards and commanded him to save himself if he could. At the instant the war-whoop sounded in his ears, he ran with a speed that surprised even himself. He proceeded toward Jefferson's Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with prickly pear, on which he every instant was treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half-way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered and that he was gaining ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Wilds; this hope caused him to exert himself to such a degree that blood gushed from his nostrils, and soon covered the forepart of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he could hear the sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned around and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised at the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Wilds, also attempted to stop; but exhausted with running, he fell while attempting to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground and was broken in his hand. Wilds instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pinned the Indian to the ground, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped a few moments and then continued the chase. Every moment of this time was improved by Wilds, who, though faint and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton-wood trees on the border of the Forks, to which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this point was an island, against the upper end of which a lot of drift had lodged; he dived under the drift, and after several efforts got his head above the water, among the trunks of trees covered over with smaller driftwood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself when the Indians arrived on the bank, screeching and yelling like so many devils.

They were frequently on the drift during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Wilds. In horrible suspense he waited until night, when hearing no more from the Indians, he dived from under the drift and swam down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and traveled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, he was hungry and at a great distance from the nearest settlement. Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Wilds remained unshaken. After seven days' sore travel, during which time he had no food except roots and bark, he arrived at a fur-trading post on the Yellowstone River.

"FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD."

DUEL AVERTED.

Carducci, the great Italian poet, came near having a duel one day. He possessed a fine spirit of contradiction and had the characteristics of a fighter. Once while traveling in Lombardy he was in a railway compartment with an army officer, who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odes Barbares," which had just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer, with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius, the greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself."

"Humph!" said the other. "A genius? That's too much to say. I find him mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir! You don't know anything about it."

"Oh, you are incapable of judging."

"I?"

"You!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

The officer handed his card to his disputant. The other smiled. "There's mine." And on it was the name "Giosue Carducci, professor at the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, politely bowed.—Le Cri de Paris.

A COMMON EPITAPH.

It's hard to feel, when life is sweet,

That all is for the best.

He tried to walk across the street,

And the auto did the rest.

—Harper's Bazaar.

(Continued from second page.)

end of which was attached another chamber containing the dynamos that propelled the machine. The propeller was almost similar to that on a steamer. Perhaps this was the weakest point of the invention, as in order to give it full play it could not be very well protected at all points, from any missiles hurled against it.

On the outside of this lower chamber were a great many screws with blades attached, which forced the flyer to ascend or descend rapidly. These contrivances were amply protected from outside interference.

Ample room was allotted for explosives and, in addition, each machine carried a small cannon capable of hurling a sixteen-ounce ball. The object in carrying the cannon was not to inflict injury on an enemy on land or water, but was for combat in the air, as all inventors knew that the flyers of any two unfriendly nations would necessarily have to meet in battle in the air. A wireless telegraphic instrument was carried by each.

A suitable location in the vicinity of London was selected for the trial trip and, long before the Londoners were astir, the machine was ready for its maneuvers.

(To be continued.)

The Boy Electrician

ELECTRIC HELIOGRAPHY.

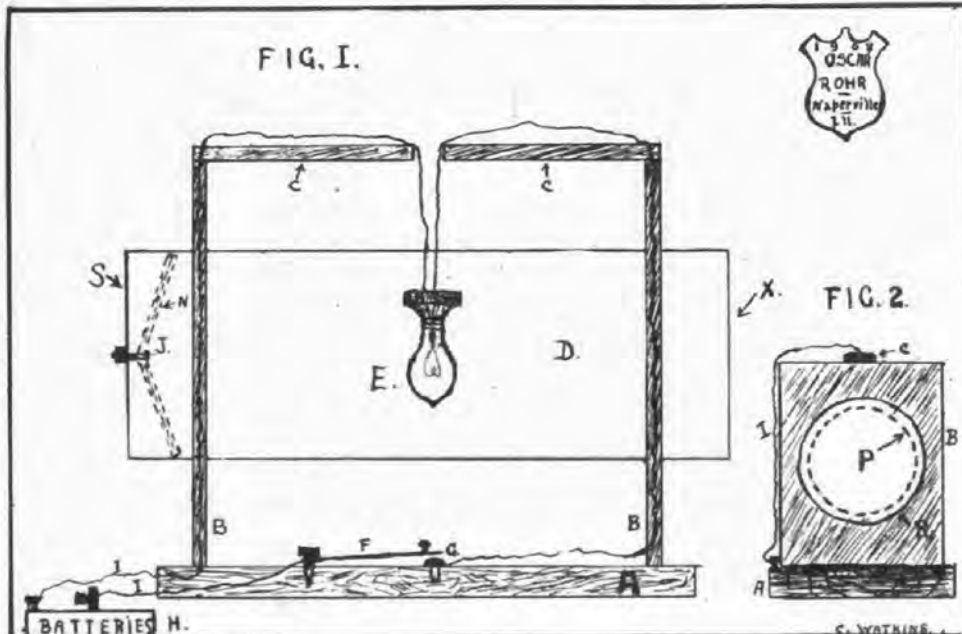
How to Make an Electric Heliograph.

By OSCAR A. ROHR.

FIRST secure a board like that shown at A, Fig. 1, measuring 6 in. x 4 in. x 1/2 in.; then secure two boards, B B, Fig. 1, measuring 4 in. x 3 in. x 3/8 in.; next secure two strips C C, Fig.

distance. You can use the Morse alphabet in sending messages. In order to send message, which can be done only at night, place your "machine" in the desired window, extinguish all lights, and you are ready. Make several long flashes until your chum across the field or road comes to the window with his machine and answers you.

The light you use should be a common battery light of about 3 or 4



1, 2 1/2 inches long and 1/4 in. wide. Having collected these articles, fasten them as shown in design. Cut a circular space 2 in. in diameter in the center of boards B B, as shown in R, Fig. 2.

Next secure a tin tube, D, Fig. 1, 7 in. long and 2 in. in diameter. The one end S, Fig. 1, must be closed, and inside at same end a small reflector must be fastened, as shown by dotted lines at N, Fig. 1. This reflector can be made from a shiny piece of tin, cut and bent to desired angle, and can be fastened to the end of the tube by a binding post, taken from an old battery, J, Fig. 1. The other end X, Fig. 1, should be open or you may have it 1 1/2 in. in diameter, as shown by dotted line, P, Fig. 2.

Next comes the most important parts, the batteries and the light. Place the light as shown at E, Fig. 1, and connect by wires as shown in design with batteries at H, Fig. 1.

Then cut from a piece of tin a strip 1/2 in. wide and 2 in. long. Fasten on baseboard A, as shown by F, Fig. 1. A nail head, G, Fig. 1, may be used for the contact. The machine is now complete.

By pressing the key F upon the contact G, the light E will light, and the reflector N will throw the light for some

candlepower. These lights can be purchased from any reliable dealer at from 20 to 40 cents. We will be pleased to recommend a dealer to any reader not knowing where to purchase.

To operate this light you will need about three or four batteries. If these directions are followed closely you will have no trouble in making a perfect instrument, for they are mechanically right.

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Puzzledom

BY GRANDPA PUZZLER

RULES.

Address all communications for this department to Grandpa Puzzler, care of Alpha Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Always write in ink, and never write on but one side of the paper. Number your pages and put them in order before you send them in. We cannot accept any but original puzzles, neither can we reply personally to letters, or return rejected puzzles.

H. P. Vandercook, 213 S. Park Ave., Austin, Ill., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the January puzzles. Christ. Swanson, 8924 Superior Ave., South Chicago, Ill., wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

A prize of a fine jack-knife will be given for the best list of answers to the February Puzzles.

A prize of a fine jack-knife will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for the March issue, sent to us before February 28th.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

1. Julius Caesar.
2. Hamlet.
3. Merchant of Venice.
4. Hamlet.
5. Merchant of Venice.
6. Merchant of Venice.

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY.

1.

The following is a quotation taken from Shakespeare's plays, with the vowels dropped:

Bttscmmnprf.
 Ththwlnsssyngmbtn'slddr.
 Whrtthelmbpwrdrtrnshsf;
 Btwhnhnctntstphmstrnd,
 Hthunthlddrtrnshsbck,
 Sksntheldsscrnngthbsdgrs
 Bwhchddscnd.

2.

1. Trebly behead an American poet and leave a crawling insect. 2. Trebly behead to give and leave a tax on a conquered country. 3. Trebly behead an associate and leave to bellow. 4. Trebly behead to perplex and leave a burden-bearing animal. 5. Trebly behead a part of speech and leave a part of speech. 6. Trebly behead to deduct and leave a space of indefinite extent. 7. Trebly behead to wander and leave yes.

The initials of the answers to the above spell the capitol of Georgia.

3.

The following is the name of one of Shakespeare's plays and can be read by substituting one letter of the alphabet for another by a uniform and simple rule.

Tlyd Zbs Zaspj Gsjdygw.

4.

ROMAN ARITHMETIC.

Example:—Subtract five from frolic and leave a spool. Revel — v = Reel.

1. Add one hundred to a light-giving vessel and get a fastening. 2. Subtract nine from sixty and leave a pig-pen. 3. Subtract fifty from a fastening and leave a place where troops lodge. 4. Subtract ten from to entice, add fifty to the remainder and get a fuel. 5. Add one hundred to the whole and get a summons. 6. Subtract five from five and leave an exclamation of dislike.

5.

The initial letters of the answers to the following, taken in order as numbered, spell the name of a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet.

1. A President of the U. S.
6. A naval school in the U. S.
3. A city in Great Britain.
4. An army officer.
5. An independent country of Europe.
6. A naval school in U. S.
7. A province in Canada.
8. A Civil War general.
9. A famous Civil War battle.
10. A military establishment.
11. A country in Asia.

READERS!! ATTENTION!!

We want articles for our electrical page. If you can make something in the electrical line a little different than the "next fellow," write out your plans and send them to us. We will pay for all articles accepted.

MANUSCRIPTS

wanted, by the publishers of this magazine. We want a larger amount to select from. Always enclose return postage. Failure to do this will *not* guarantee its return. Address,

"THE EDITOR,"

ALPHA PUBLISHING CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

WATCH FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE
AND THE NEW STORY

"Billy's Reward"

A STORY OF THE MINES,
BY THE EDITOR.

OUR EXPANSIVE LANGUAGE.

"Are you afraid of those little boys, Georgie?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't afraid of 'em. But I jes' know they're waitin' to lick me."

"But you mustn't show you are afraid. When you meet them you should pass them by with dignity."

"I know a better way than that."

"What is it?"

"When I meet 'em I dig."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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5 Subscribers—Cowboy's Pride, extra fine 3-blade knife.

4 Subscribers—Fine Paint Box containing 20 colors.

2 Subscribers—A good 2-blade knife.

WATCH US GROW

The International Youth

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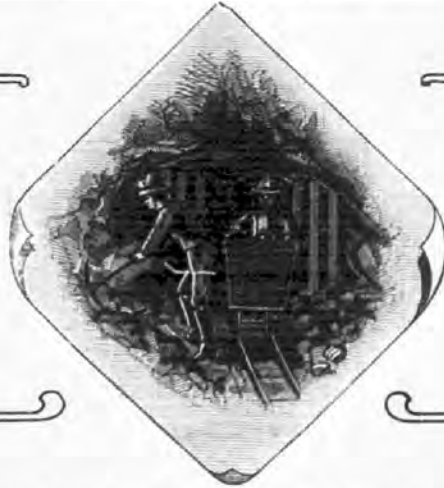
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under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME I

MARCH, 1908

NUMBER 4

Billy's Reward



By
FRANK LYNN

"I HAIN'T never been in serciety, an' I hain't got no edgycation to speak of, but ye see its dis way, Mr. Baker: Ma says, as how we hain't got much money left in de bank and de young'uns at home needs some clothes and things, an' we all needs grub, so I jes' cum to see if ye wouldn't giv' me a job down in de mines. We been havin' a hard time gittin' along ever since Dad got killed in de 'Big Star' last year."

William, the twelve year old son of Widow Larkin was the speaker. He was talking to the foreman of the Waller Mining Company.

About eight months before the time this story opens, Billy's father had been killed by a cave-in in the "Big Star," the largest mine of the three owned by the company. Ever since that time, the family, which consisted of a mother and her five children, had found it quite hard to get along. They had spent the scanty little sum of insurance money which they had received, at the time of the father's death, and had also drawn nearly all of the money from the bank that had been placed there years before by the honest and saving father. Now came the time when poverty was staring in their faces, and after a great deal of begging, Billy was permitted by his mother to seek employment. She had told him to try to find work in the stores if he could, for she dreaded to have him work in the mines. Billy had gone to every store in town, but all in vain, for every position was filled.

With a sad heart, Billy was now facing the foreman of the mines, seeking employment in them as his last resort. He trembled, as the foreman put his writing aside and turned to listen to him, lest he should not be accepted as an employee. But he had no need to do this, for Mr. Baker, known as the warm-

est hearted individual in Leland Junction, turned to him with a smile on his face.

"So, you are seeking employment, are you," he asked warmly, "don't you think you are too young to work in the mines? By the way, how old are you, Billy?"

"Most thirteen, sir," answered Billy promptly, "and the reason I cum here wuz cus' I couldn't git work in none o' the stores er nothin', and I jes' got to work somewhere. Ma's most dead now frum washin' an' ironin'."

"Well, I will see what I can do for you, my young friend," said Mr. Baker as he looked over the list of employees. After a few minutes had elapsed he asked, "Can you drive a mule?"

"Most on 'em, I kin, I reckon, cus' I uster drive old Jim Cole's mule, with Jim walkin' 'long side of me, when I went down in de mines with Dad."

"How long ago was that?" interrupted Mr. Baker.

"Reckon that wuz erbout nigh onto a year ago, and now, bein' that I'm older, I'm most sure I kin drive one now," went on Billy.

"Well, you can bring your lunch with you in the morning, and I'll let you go down in the new section of the 'Midget' with Jim Cole. He is working down there now, having been transferred from the 'Big Star' about two months ago. You can get a lot of pointers from Jim and you will probably get along all right with his help. I will give you \$3 a week to start, and increase your wages later on. Good-by, Billy," and with this, Mr. Baker turned again to his work.

Although Billy was sad and nervous when he entered the offices of the Wal-

ler Mining Co., he emerged from them with a smiling face and a happy heart. He could hardly wait, until he reached home, to let his happiness out. He knew he was getting higher wages than most boys did at the start, but he realized that Mr. Baker felt sorry for him, in his earnest desire to obtain a living honestly.

Even as he opened the door of the rude, but comfortable little hut, in which he lived, he burst out with, "Got a job, Ma. Got a job. I cu'dn't git any work in town, but Mr. Baker gimme a job in de 'Midget' wit Jim Cole, and jes' think he's goin' ter gimme tree dollars a week, fer jes' drivin' de mule cart; tru' dat new patch dey got down 'air. Hurry up an' gimme a bit o' grub, ma, cus' I want to see Jim tonight an' let 'im know."

Billy's mother was glad that he had obtained employment but she hated to see him go down in the mines. There were so many poor men killed from time to time, and she was afraid that Billy would meet the same fate.

Billy ate the few articles set before him, and, grabbing his cap, dashed thru' the door and down the road to Jim Cole's house, which was situated about a quarter of a mile to the east of Billy's home.

Having been admitted by Mrs. Cole, and finding that the Cole family had just finished their evening meal, Billy and Jim went into the front room (which was used as a sitting room, parlor and bedroom altogether), and sat down to chat. Jim's two children followed them into the room, but at a word from their father, they ran into the kitchen to their mother.

"Well, what news, Billy?" asked Jim when they were alone.

"Jolly good news, lemme tell ye," answered Billy hastily, "Mr. Baker gimme a job down in de 'Midget' wit' you, Jim, and he says as how he's goin' ter lemme drive de mule cart all alone, as soon as ye gimme a few pointers, golly, won't dat be great, an' jes' think, I'm goin' ter get tree dollars a week fer dat ter begin wit'."

"That certainly is good news. I am glad that you will be near me, as I will be able to help you considerably with your work," and with that Jim turned the conversation into another channel, and the pleasant evening passed away quite rapidly. Billy did not remain at Jim's house very late as he wanted to get up early in the morning, and he knew it was best to get to bed early in order to do so.

* * *

The sun rose bright and early the next morning, and so did Billy. After having finished his breakfast he took his lunch-basket and started for the mine in which he was to work. He stopped at a store to purchase a lamp and then headed for shaft No. 3, at which place he knew he would find Jim.

Jim was waiting for him when he arrived at the shaft, and they immediately descended into the depths of mother earth, and went to the stables to harness the mules.

"Nick," the stable boy, had just removed the feed boxes, when he sighted Billy.

"Lawsy me!" he yelled, his eyes bulging out in his excitement, "what yo' doin' down hyar? What yo' mudder done tole yo' about comin' in de mines? Huh! tell me dat?"

"Yaw! you vos right ven I don't say dot, yes, ain't it?" spluttered "Dutchy," the helper.

"Gwan! what's de matter wit you fellers. Can't ye see me lunch can. I'm goin' ter work down here wit Jim. Mr. Waller gi'n me job drivin' a mule cart," retorted Billy.

"Wondah yo' wouldn't tell a fellah, 'st'd o' comin' down hvar wif yo' mouf closed lak a oyster shell."

"Uf you don't vos close dot trap uf yours, you blackfaced, Shon'ger, I'll shust slam you one by the left sight uf your right eye, already vonce. Pilly vos mine frendt, und I vos going to stick py him, like der skin to a bologna sausage. Uf you don't pelief me, shust ask mineself," and with this "Dutchy" shook his fist in the darky's face and then returned to his work.

Jim and Billy laughed heartily at the expense of "Nick," and then hitched the mules to the carts.

The new section of the "Midget" was to the south of the stables, and having seen that their lamps were in proper shape, Jim and Billy started off down the track with the carts to where the men were at work.

Everything passed along all right with Billy right from the start, and he was soon capable of doing his work himself. He made friends with all the miners, thus deriving pleasure from his work, instead of contempt for it. Jim Cole, altho a miner, had had the benefit of a

good education when young, and he now induced Billy to come to his house every evening to study the books which he had kept since boyhood. Thru these efforts on the part of Jim, Billy, after about six months, had learned to speak correctly. His mother and his friends praised his work, and this encouraged him so that he resolved to keep studying until he had learned all that Jim knew.

Jim was foreman of the drivers, and in this position he could quickly tell whether or not a man was a good, steady worker. Thus it was that he found Billy's many good points, and went to the foreman one day, to speak to him about the boy's advancement.

"Billy has been working in the mine about ten months, I think, and he ought to have his position changed," he said, speaking to Mr. Baker.

"Yes, I was thinking of that 'he other day'" answered Mr. Baker. "I met him in town and stopped to speak to him. He does not seem to be the same boy any more. He speaks quite correctly now, and acts as tho he had a good education, thanks to your teachings. Send him up here in about an hour. I am a little too busy to see him now."

Jim left the office and went back to his work. After a lapse of about an hour and a quarter he sent Billy up to see Mr. Baker. The outcome of his interview was the promotion of Billy to the position of assistant foreman of the drivers, with increased wages.

Another year passed quickly by. Billy is now quite a man, altho he is just nearing his fifteenth year. He has never failed to do his work well and has gained the praise and admiration of all who know him. His faithful studying has developed his brain power and now he can speak fluently on almost any topic. Such is the development of the frail, ignorant, half-starved boy, who had obtained employment in the mines hardly two years ago.

* * *

The snows had been heavy all winter, and now the warm spring weather had come, and with it the great torrents of rushing water from the myriads of mountains.

It was the season of the year which the miners feared, and why not? They had reason to fear it, for did not the water soaking thru the earth, drip down in the mines and flood them to the extreme and did not great pieces of earth cave in at times, endangering the lives of hundreds and thousands of men, and sometimes killing scores of them.

It was a beautiful morning in the latter part of March, that Billy, on his way to the mines, was attracted by the mad roar of the water as he heard it thundering down the mountain side in its wild rush toward the sea. "There's going to be trouble somewhere," he said to himself as he neared shaft No. 3, "and the way that water has been dripping down in the new section, it seems pretty close."

Mr. Baker came out of his office as Billy drew near, and accosted him. "Tell your men to keep their eyes and ears open down there, Billy, and watch out

for yourself also. There's no telling what will happen, the way the water is soaking thru, this year," he said.

"All right, Mr. Baker," answered Billy, and then disappeared down the shaft.

About 10 o'clock, as Billy walked around in the new section he noticed, in a low place, near the entrance to a sub-section, a great crack in the upper part of the earth, which extended for quite a distance. He immediately went to Mr. Baker to report on it. Mr. Baker directed him to return at once and notify all the miners working in that sub-section, to gather up their tools and leave. Billy returned, and as he passed the crack he looked at it again.

"Horrors!" he shouted at the top of his voice, as he saw that the crack was now twice its former size, and that small pieces were commencing to break off and drop. Knowing that there was great danger of the piece falling before he could warn the men, he ran as fast as he could until he reached the spot, where they were working.

"Grab your tools and run for your lives!" he shouted breathlessly as he came upon them.

They needed no second warning, but picked up their things and ran toward the main section.

Billy hastily glanced around to see if all were gone, and then followed. About twelve of the fifteen men got thru, but the other three, who were somewhat slower than the rest, and Billy, who was the last one, were still about ten feet from the danger point, when the braces split and with a terrific crash the huge mass of earth fell to the ground pinning the four men in the sub-section. The others, seeing that there had been a cave-in, rushed for the shaft and were taken to the top. They then headed for the office to notify Mr. Baker.

"How many men are there in the sub-section?" he asked excitedly, when told of the awful happening.

"Young Larkin and three other fellers," answered Charlie Laurence, one of the men who had escaped.

Mr. Baker immediately sent a rescuing party down, to work on the mass of earth that had separated the husbands from their wives and children, and a boy from his mother and brothers and sisters.

In an hour the whole village of Leland Junction had heard of the cave-in, and people flocked to the entrance of the mine to await news of poor, buried miners. Whether they were dead or alive no one knew.

The rescuers drove a three-inch pipe, over fifty feet long, thru the wall of earth, by putting a pointed cap on one end of it. The men in the sub-section noted this with happiness, for now they could speak to the outside world. They took the cap off and hollered thru the pipe to let the rescuers know that they were all there. This good news was quickly d'spatched to the foreman, who in turn assured the anxious families that the men would soon be out.

Poor Billy had broken his leg running after the men, and he suffered

(Continued on page 4.)

THE BOY MECHANIC

By A. G. NEW

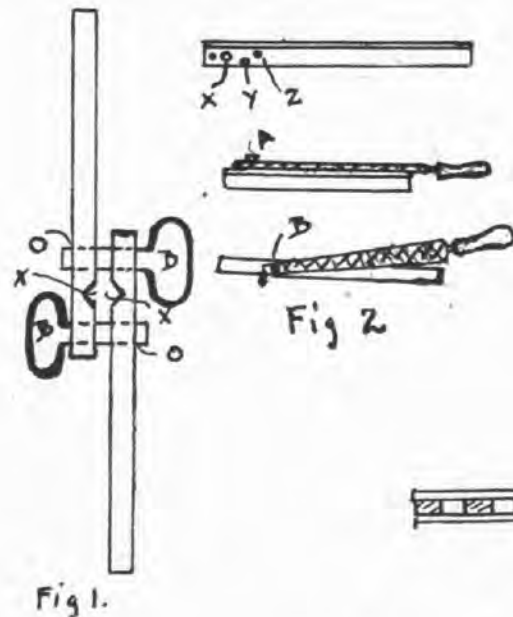


HOW TO MAKE A TAP WRENCH.

PROCURE two pieces of $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square iron from a nearby blacksmith or machine shop, about 5 or 6 inches long; $\frac{3}{8}$ inch from end of each piece drill and tap a hole for a 3-16 inch thumb screw. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch from center of this hole drill and tap another hole of same size, oo, Fig. 1. File a V-shape in each piece midway between holes, xx, Fig. 1. Now procure two 3-16 inch thumb screws, B, Fig. 1, about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long and screw in holes oo. Place your tap so to fit V-shapes and tighten up thumb screws until tap is held firmly in place. This will prove a useful wrench for amateur mechanics.

A HOME-MADE RIVET CUTTER.

GET a piece of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch angle iron about 15 inches long. One inch from one end drill a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole and tap for machine screw. $\frac{3}{4}$ inch from



this hole drill a hole that will receive a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch rivet, X, Fig. 2. One inch from this hole drill another to receive a 3-16 inch rivet, Z, Fig. 2. Between these drill a hole to receive a $\frac{1}{8}$ inch rivet, Y, Fig. 2. Find among your tools an old file and tap a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch hole in end, A. Screw a $\frac{1}{4}$ inch screw through this and into angle at B. When cutting rivets push through hole they fit to the desired length and cut off by drawing around on screw A, until it passes over rivet.

A HOME-MADE RAILROAD.

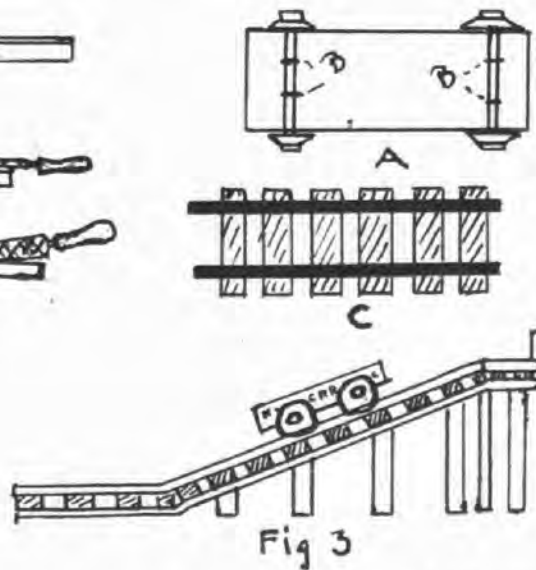
AT almost no expense you may become a miniature railroad magnate. All you need is to be able to use a few common tools found in every home, and understand the forthcoming directions.

1. Get two factory spools that are about 7 inches long and saw them in half in middle of cylinder of spool; these are to serve for the wheels.

2. Get two iron axles, such as are used on children's express wagons, to be about twelve inches long. Put a half spool on each end of these axles, see A, Fig. 3.

3. Next get a box that will set between wheels (or spools) on the axles, with four wire staples and secure axles to bottom of box, B, Fig. 3.

4. Next get some planks about 1 x 4 inches for the track, cutting them to desired length of hill you wish to have. Take some 1 x 2 inch lumber and cut to about 8 inches longer than your car is wide. These are to be used to hold



L.Y. - A.G. NEW - 1

track proper in place and should be about 5 or 6 inches apart.

5. Now you are ready to nail track in place on your ties and must be the distance apart that your wheels are.

BOYS next month's issue will contain full directions and complete drawings for making a toy Steam Engine. Be sure and get it!

6. Procure some stakes about 2 x 4 inches and drive into the ground about two feet apart, each one being 7 inches shorter than the next, thus forming an incline. When your track reaches ground you may have it run along the ground for as far as you think the speed made coming down the incline will send you.

Now take your car, climb up a ladder to top of incline, place car on track, give your danger signal and you are off for a fast spin.

You can earn your pocket-money by charging outsiders a small fee to ride on your railroad.

THE OPEN DOOR.

"Within a town of Holland once
A widow dwelt, 'tis said,
So poor, alas, her children asked
One night in vain for bread.
But this poor woman loved the Lord,
And knew that he was good;
So, with her little ones around
She prayed to him for food.

"When prayer was done her oldest child,
A boy of eight years old,
Said softly, 'In the Holy Book,
Dear mother, we are told
How God, with food by ravens brought,
Supplied his prophet's need.'
'Yes,' answered she, 'but that, my son,
Was long ago, indeed.'

"But, mother, God may do again
What he has done before,
And so, to let the birds fly in,
I will unclothe the door.'
Then little Dick, in simple faith,
Threw ope the door full wide,
So that the radiance of the lamp
Fell on the path outside.

"Ere long the burgomaster passed,
And, noticing the light,
Paused to inquire why the door
Was open so at night.
'My little Dick has done it, sir,'
The widow smiling said,
'That ravens might fly in to bring
My hungry children bread.'

"Indeed, the burgomaster cried,
'Then here's a raven, lad;
Come to my house, and you shall see
Where bread may soon be had.'
Along the street to his own house
He quickly led the boy,
And sent him back with food that filled
His humble home with joy.

"The supper ended, little Dick
Went to the open door,
Looked up, said, 'Many thanks, good Lord,
Then shut it fast once more.
For though no bird had entered in,
He knew that God on high
Had hearkened to his mother's prayer,
And sent this full supply.'

NOTICE!

We want our readers to help us with practical notes. If you have some new way of doing something, some practical device to make work easy, let us have it. If it needs a drawing, send a rough sketch if you can not make a good one. But we want something practical and useful, not copies of something you have read elsewhere.

We will publish those which seem useful and send you something to pay for your trouble.

We want this page to be the best Mechanical page in print.

WATCH US GROW

The International Youth

A Magazine for Boys and Young Men

Entered at the Chicago, Ill., Post Office
as Second-class Matter.

Subscription.—United States and possessions, 25c a year in advance; 3 years for 50c. Foreign and Chicago subscriptions, 35c a year in advance; 3 years for 75c.

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The Alpha Publishing Co.
408 So. 44th Court
CHICAGO, ILL.

M. GARNETTE WATKINS President and Editor
CHAS. S. WATKINS Vice-President and Asst. Editor
EDW. S. WATKINS Secretary and Treasurer

EDITORIAL.

An interesting fact about the Post Office building at Augustine, Fla., is that at one time it was the residence of the Spanish Governor.

Fort Marion, the old Spanish fort, St. Augustine, Fla., is built of coquina. It was begun in the year 1565, as Juan de Pino by the first negro slaves brought to America; finished as Fort San Marcos in 1756, and changed to Fort Marion in 1825.

Did you get those new subscribers?

Our paper is now entered as second-class matter, and we will soon be able to give our readers a sixteen-page, illustrated paper of interest to all.

Wallace Evans, a 20-year-old youth, living in Oak Park, Ill., is the proud and happy owner of a large pheasant farm. His farm contains 4,000 birds and is the largest in the country. A short time ago Mr. Evans sold 900 of his birds to the Illinois State Game Commissioner, being paid an average of \$6 a pair for them, or a total of \$2,700 for the entire lot. Several hundred of the birds were exhibited at the National Poultry Show in Chicago, Jan. 22 to 29, in an endeavor to interest poultry raisers in pheasant breeding. Wouldn't it be fine if all of our boys could earn money in so legitimate a way? Boys, why not try poultry raising?

Beginning with the April issue, we are going to devote a portion of the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH to the girls. We will call this department the "Sisters' Club," and want all the girl readers to write us a letter. The best letters will be published each month.

Puzzledom

BY GRANDPA PUZZLER

RULES.

Address all communications for this department to Grandpa Puzzler, care of Alpha Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Always write in ink, and never write on but one side of the paper. Number your pages and put them in order before you send them in. We cannot accept any but original puzzles, neither can we reply personally to letters, or return rejected puzzles.

James E. Shields, 328 Union Street, Springfield, Mass., wins the prize for the best list of answers to the February puzzles.

Conrad Hoff, Brookings, So. Dakota, wins the prize for the best lot of original puzzles.

A prize of a fine jack-knife will be given for the best answers to the March puzzles.

A prize of a fine jack-knife will be given for the best lot of original puzzles, suitable for the April issue, sent to us before March 28th.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

1.
But 'tis a common proof,
That loveliness is young ambition's
ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his
face:
But when he once attains the upmost
round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks into the clouds, scorning the base
degrees
By which he did ascend.

2.
Initials of remainders spell Atlanta:
Bry—ant. Pro—noun.
Con—tribute. Sub—tract.
Fel—low. Str—ay.
Bar—ass.

3.
Alphabet for third puzzle:

a=z	j=e	s=q
b=a	k=w	t=j
c=y	l=f	u=p
d=h	m=t	v=k
e=x	n=g	w=o
f=c	o=s	x=l
g=w	p=h	y=n
h=d	q=r	z=m
i=v	r=i	

Answer—"Much Ado About Nothing."

4.
1. Lamp + c=clamp.
2. Sixty—IX=sty.
3. Clamp—L=camp.
4. Coax—X=coa + L=coal.
5. All + C=call.
6. Five—V=fie.

5.

1. Washington.
2. Indiana.
3. London.
4. Lieutenant.
5. Italy.
6. Annapolis.
7. Manitoba.
8. Thomas.
9. Antietam.
10. Fort.
11. Turkey.

The Initials spell William Taft.

PUZZLES FOR MARCH.

1.
Unite the short word blanks in each case to form the longer blank following:
And she bent over her— with a
brown—astray,
Beneath a great— at close of
day.

2. Sliced Word.
Add decay to a vehicle and make a vegetable; a Spanish title of honor to a number and make a sinew; an avoir-dupois to a small bed and make a fabric.

3. A Ship's Anatomy.
1. The masts, of a ship, that box.
2. The mast that assists the judge.
3. Part of a ship that is useless.
4. Part of a ship that is a pack of cards.
5. A sail that castigates.

4. Drop-letter puzzle.
My whole means to enter; drop a letter and I become a part, drop another and I am a copper coin; drop another and I am good to eat; drop one more and no printer is glad to see me.

5. Divided Word.
I never saw a - - - - - so industrious as he.
When there is such a - - - - - cannot fish.
I saw him - - - - - other sail.

BILLY'S REWARD.

(Continued from second page.)
terribly while the earth was being removed. The men helped him as much as they could and fed him from their scanty supply.

Two days and a night had passed before the men were set free. When the last shovel of earth was taken away, the men were quickly taken to the top to return to their loved ones. Billy was taken home and the surgeon took charge of him. After about six weeks he was allowed to sit up and read.

One day Mr. Baker came to see him. "Well, I see you are getting along nicely," he said.

"Yes, I will soon be able to go back to work again," answered Billy joyfully. "It was very nice of you to pay the doctor bill, Mr. Baker. It saved us a lot of money."

"Don't mention it, Billy, and by the way, you are to work in the office with me after this. Your salary is now fifteen dollars per week. Now, my young assistant, hurry and get well, so you can help me," and with this, Mr. Baker left for his home.

Such is the reward of faithful service.

STAMPS, POST CARDS
COINS AND CURIOS

I AGAIN greet the readers of the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH and the Stamp Department again appears. We were forced on account of other affairs to get out this department a little early, thus missing the many letters which I am sure are on the road, from collectors telling about their favorite hobby.

Next month we are going to have a great, large department, chuck full of good letters. To induce a greater number to respond to these summons, I am going to publish a "Philatelic Roll of Honor." To get your name in this roll of honor you must send us a good letter, and if the letter is published, your name will be inserted in this "Honor Roll."

As we have no letters to publish this month, I am going to fill up the rest of our space with short notes on various subjects, relative to this department.

On Aug. 9, 1906, the Philippine Commission passed an act whereby it became unlawful to either deposit or take from mails any lottery ticket or the advertisement of a lottery company.

The first post cards were published about 1870.

Many new stamp papers make their appearance during 1908. "Philatelic Flashes" published by the editor of this department, comes out this month.

The Denver Stamp Journal made its initial appearance in January. Dekay's Stamp Circular came to light in February.

Don't forget to send a good long letter for the next issue. Your name should be in the "Philatelic Roll of Honor."

Dont's:
Don't write with a lead pencil.
Don't forget to put on Dept. I. Y.
Don't write on both sides of the paper.

There are said to be over 100,000 stamp collectors in the U. S.

To clean coins, purchase 5 cents worth of alcohol, a piece of absorbent cotton and rub the coin gently with the alcohol and cotton.

A black cash box which can be purchased for about 35 cents, makes an ideal coin cabinet.

According to The Stamp Collector of Birmingham, there is somebody at Santa Domingo who has one of the original cliches of the "Un Beal" 1865 of the Dominican Republic who is trying to get reprints made "on paper of the proper color, having the appearance of

age, and using old ink." Look out for them when they appear!

Somehow or another, the fact of the issue of the one-cent stamp in booklet form does not seem to be generally known. The wide-spread popularity of the picture postal made this almost a necessity.

A WORD FOR THE BOY.

A boy at 15 years of age is at the most important period of his life. He is at the forks of the road. What he needs more than anything else is sympathy and advice. It would be strange indeed if boys did not build "Castles in Spain" at that age, and what they need is the practical suggestion of someone who is himself a success in life, to guide them. Most people think that boys do not need either sympathy or advice. It is a great mistake. They need it as much as girls. We have never known one of them to refuse to take advice if it were tendered to them at the right time, in the right spirit. The mistake that most people make in talking to boys is that they lecture them in season and out, persecute them with all sorts of foolish suggestions, and expect more from them than they would from a man. If I had any word of counsel to give it would be: Don't lecture a boy. Don't nag him. Don't persecute him if he has done wrong. Don't laugh at him if he has failed, perhaps in some over-ambitious boyish schemes. Don't crush him. Don't break his spirit. Give the boy a chance. Show him his mistake and then tell him what he should do. When you crush a boy's spirit you have ruined the boy. In all probability he will blossom into a first class dude.—Fraternal Record.

A tombstone in South Carolina bears the following epitaph:
Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin';
Stranger tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you are gone, by
thunder.

SAINT PATRICK.

He came among the rustics rude
With shining robes and splendid crosier,
And swayed the listening multitude
As breezes sway the beds of osier.
He preached the love of man for man,
And moved the unlettered Celt with
wonder,
Till through the simple crowd there ran
A murmur like repeated thunder.
He preached the grand incarnate Word
By rock and ruin, hill and hollow,
Till warring princes dropped the sword
And left the fields of blood to follow.
For never yet did bardic song,
Though graced with harp and poet's
diction,
With such strange charm enchain the
through
As that sad tale of crucifixion.

STAMPS AND COINS

2	Varieties Foochow, China.....	05c
100	" U. S. 51, 69.....	15c
50	" U. S., many rare.....	05c
100	" Foreign, Egypt, etc.....	04c
7	" Greek Olympic Games 1906.....	12c
6	" Greek Olympic Games 1896.....	10c
7	" Greek (Mercury 1902).....	03c
2	" Tasmania Pictorial.....	02c
3	" Roman Coins 1800 years old.....	25c
1000	American die cut Hinges.....	06c
4	Varieties Old Ala. Paper Money.....	10c
5	" Old Cretan Stamps.....	10c
10	" Old Peru Unused Cat. 46c.....	10c
6	" Guatemala Pictorial New.....	10c

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I will start your collection. Album, Packet of Hinges, and 50 Foreign Stamps for a dime and 2 cent stamp. Address F. E. ROBERTSON, Marlin, Texas

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"Philatelic Flashes"

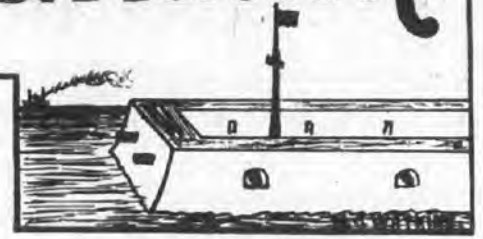
Is the paper that serves you right. It's the paper for both professional and amateur collectors. A stamp paper from cover to cover. It's not the largest in the world but it will grow. Only 15c per year. Dealers should send for advertising rates. Address L. L. DOLSON, Mgr., Geneva, Iowa.

AIR SHIP easily built by any boy at small cost. Will carry any one not exceeding 140 lbs. Complete set of instructions and blue prints sent upon receipt of \$1.00. Address, Box 108, Dayton, Ohio.

Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements.

"A Man Against a Nation"

BY
WASHINGTON O'CONNOR.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[Hanlon, a young American, invented a powerful airship and sent notice to the King that with the ship, he would cross the ocean and free Ireland—unless home rule was given the island. The King ordered one of his powerful flyers tested, to see if it could cope with Hanlon's.]

CHAPTER III.

IN a very few minutes the "Dreadnone" was in motion, and then was witnessed a thrilling and interesting spectacle. The English inventor certainly had a very perfect machine. It worked with half of the screws in use. It ascended and descended rapidly, and all maneuvers were performed to the entire satisfaction of the spectators. But now the principal test had to be gone through. The maximum speed of the machine had to be determined.

The idea was to run it for about five miles, using the reserve motor the last two miles. Forward it went, and very soon had attained a speed of 30 miles an hour. In a few seconds this was increased to 35; then to 40; and then the operator clicked that it was running at its maximum without the aid of the reserve motor. "Use the reserve," was clicked back. On the machine flew recording forty-three, then forty-five, and when forty-six was reached, the unwelcome message came that the extreme limit of speed was almost reached. Still it kept onward and at last forty-six and a half miles were recorded, but it failed to go beyond this.

This of course was wonderful speed, but if the claims for the Invincible were true, then the Yankee flyer could play hide-and-go-seek with the Dreadnone.

That the king was a good and just man was well known, and he hoped that war would be avoided between all nations, as war was merely an echo of past ages, when kings battled for gain. Now, seeing that flying machines could perform great deeds, he wanted to render the machine helpless, and for that reason in his sincerity, he, after the trial trip of the Dreadnone, suggested to the cabinet that all the powers meet and make a final effort to put into effect a law compelling arbitration of all national disputes. His cabinet members were thoroughly satisfied, but when he mentioned that the little sister island across the channel should be given freedom, the cabinet objected, claiming that Ireland had good and ample laws now, to meet all emergencies, and they did

not see that anything further was necessary. At this he threatened to appeal to the House of Commons, as this body had to pass such laws, anyway, and his cabinet told him to go ahead. He did as he said, but while they were wrangling, news flashed across the water of the trial trip of the Invincible. It had attained the speed of 62 miles an hour, and therefore something must be done to meet this enemy, if home rule was not granted in the meantime. That the United States government did all possible to prevent Hanlon to cross the ocean, was well known, but he laughed at them. Even they sent one of their best flyers after him, shortly after the trial trip, and although the government machine was a fast one, it was no match for the other. The government operator fired several shots at the Invincible but none took effect.

At last Hanlon fixed the day to cross, and he gave a statement out that his intention was not to shed a drop of blood, that he could do as he claimed, without any loss of life.

At last he started, and now the question arose was he alone? If so, how could he get along without sleep? He was human, and humanity requires rest in every twenty-four hours. But he had it all calculated accurately. When he wanted sleep, he arranged his machinery so that the Invincible could run at a very slight speed, and, through the aid of sensitive instruments, that were controlled by air pressure and temperature, he was enabled to float at a certain distance over the water.

In this manner he could sleep, say for eight or nine hours, and then run for fifteen or sixteen hours. Another feature was, everybody wondered how he could get along alone in a land that was strange to him, but he had figured up everything to a nicety before he undertook his trip.

The English inventor was now remodeling his flyer, and if the Invincible did not make a sudden descent on the Irish coast the Englishman hoped to perfect his machine so as to cope with the other man in speed.

At last the Yankee started, but as for three days nothing was heard from him, it was presumed his ship broke down or some calamity befell him, and that he was now resting at the bottom of the sea. The ships on the water did not sight him, and they flashed aerograms to that effect, and as some were sent in plain words, Hanlon managed to catch them, and he chuckled at the theories advanced by people, as to his position. Just as the papers had given out that he was lost, an aerogram was received, "Do not worry, I am coming, kind regards." Then it was that the Eagle, a powerful British flyer, but not a very fast one,

was sent to patrol the west coast of Ireland, and give battle to the invader.

It was a fine summer day in the ancient city of Galway. It was an Irish holiday, and the streets were fairly well crowded. And when word reached the wireless station there, that the invader was soon due, and when the Eagle was seen to soar over the city, all was excitement, and the people hoped that if the Yankee should arrive that day that it would be in that neighborhood. A battery of the Border regiment was at practice at a short distance from the city, and when they were told of the enemy being near at hand, they immediately masked their field pieces, so that if the Invincible should come within range and the Yankee did not notice the masked batteries, it certainly would be disastrous for him.

The police and soldiers in the city were all under arms, and sharpshooters were dispatched to eminences here and there, to be ready to send forth a deadly bullet if the Invincible came near enough to mother earth.

And this state of affairs did not apply to the city mentioned, but to all military and police barracks throughout the land. Everything was being prepared to give a hot reception to the daring man of the air.

Suddenly the Eagle clicked that an object was visible, and in ten minutes there was no doubt as to what it was. Through his glasses, the operator clearly made out the outlines of an airship, and while there were several then owned by the government, he was positive it was the American ship. Therefore he at once clicked, "Who are you?" but he had to repeat this several times before the answer came:—"The very man you are expecting."

Then a battle of words was kept up, the Eagle's commander stating in plain terms that he would contest every inch of ground, or more appropriately speaking, every inch of air, before the invader could fly over the land. But on came the Invincible and the people expected very soon to witness an exciting time.

Slowly the Eagle began to retreat. This was a very clever ruse. It was done with the intention of drawing the foe within range of the masked batteries, but whether Hanlon noticed the ruse or not, remains to be seen.

On came the Yankee, now at reduced speed, as if feeling his way, as he at last began to wonder why it was that the Eagle should show flight after wir-

(Continued on page 8.)

The Boy Electrician

HOW TO MAKE A RHEOSTAT OR CURRENT REGULATOR.

BY LAURENCE HANKE.

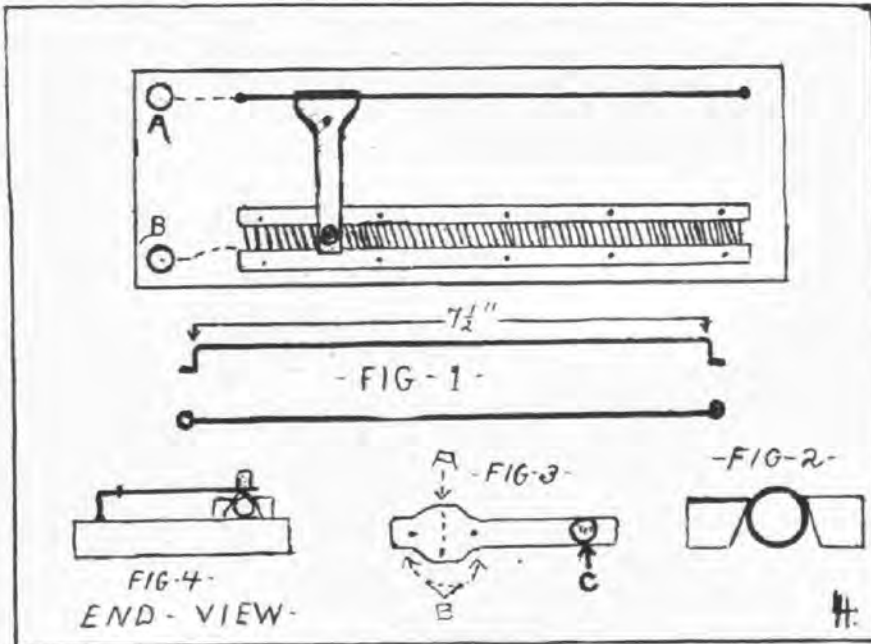
IN using the motor or other electrical apparatus, the young electrician will find that he is greatly handicapped unless he has a rheostat to regulate the speed of his motor and to regulate the current. The rheostats, with acids or water, are liable to spill or freeze and with some rheostats you must break the current before you can regulate it. One that will neither freeze nor spill and with which you can regulate the current gradually and accurately can be made as follows:

First procure a white pine board 3 inches wide, 9 inches long and 1/2 inch

base parallel with the copper wire (Fig. 1) and 2 inches from it, and then nail the strips of wood down beside it so it holds the coil firmly.

Take a piece of sheet copper and cut in the shape like Fig. 3. Bend at A so it will slide easily but rigidly on the copper wire. Then rivet at B. Screw a small wooden knob on at C for a handle. Attach an insulated copper wire to the end of the coppered wire and lead to binding post (A). Take the wire leading from the coil and attach to binding post (B).

When the lever (which should touch the coil as shown in Fig. 4) is at a point nearest the binding posts, the resistance is the least and increases as you move it away. The rheostat may be used as a switch by lifting the lever off the coil.



thick. One-half inch from each corner, on one end, bore a 1/8-inch hole, in which put a brass binding post taken from an old dry battery.

Next get a piece of coppered wire, No. 12, and bend it into shape shown in Fig. 1. Screw this down on the base with round-headed screws.

To form the resistance we must have a substance that will resist or oppose the passage of the current, and for this we will use a coil of soft iron wire, No. 18, or better still, of some resistance wire. Take a 3/8-inch iron rod and wind the wire tightly about it.

When you have a coil 7 1/2 inches long, cut the wire off about 2 inches from the end. To hold the coil down make two sticks 7 1/2 inches long. Plane one edge down as shown in Fig. 2. Lay the coil down (with the wire on the end of the coil toward the binding posts) upon the

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

Just a little target rifle,
Just a pretty little boy,
Just a cinch that mamma's darling
Has to have a little toy.

Just a little weeping willow
Bending o'er a little mound,
Just a little headstone telling
How the hidden load was found.
—Kansas City Times.

READERS!! ATTENTION!!

We want articles for our electrical page. If you can make something in the electrical line a little different than the "next fellow," write out your plans and send them to us. We will pay for all articles accepted.

WATCH US GROW

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INGRAM, VA., Jan. 7th, 1907.

Gents:—From having my name in directory I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mail, and still they come, scores of papers, samples, magazines, etc. for which I have often paid 10 to 25 cents each before.

R. T. JAMES.

Send twenty cents at once to ALLEN THE MAIL MAN, Dept. Y, Kenedy, N.Y.

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Anything you

may desire in the electrical line for Amateur or expert electrician; for experimental or practical use. Our latest illustrated price list sent upon receipt of stamp. One order convincing. Address

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"THE EDITOR,"

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Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements

PENNANTS!!

Every Race has a Flag
but the Coon.



WHAT
ARE YOUR
COLORS?

Every boy should have a College, School, or Society Pennant. We now offer an all-wool FRENCH FELT PENNANT, stitched in silk, the regular 75c style for 50c.

Arm Bands, 15c up. Address

COLLEGE SUPPLY HOUSE

Bridgman, Mich.

(Mention The International Youth.)

A MAN AGAINST A NATION.

(Continued from page 6.)

ing that every inch of space would be contested.

Suddenly the Eagle stopped retreating, and made a dash to meet the enemy. The people held their breath. The Invincible was noticed to decrease its speed. Then a puff of smoke was seen, and a report rang out. The first shot was fired—the Eagle had opened the battle by hurling a missile at the Invincible. Then the Eagle stopped, and hurled several shots in rapid succession, but with what effect, none could say.

The people of course were anxious to see their ally get into action, but he remained silent.

"For the love of heaven, me bowld American, show us what you can do!"

"Why is the boy so silent?" "Why doesn't he show his Yankee grit and courage?"

These and like expressions came from the people, but their friend was silent.

The reason was, Hanlon was thinking. He did not, on his reaching Ireland, expect to be opposed by an airship. True, he knew that England had a few, but it was a remarkable coincidence that one of them should be at this particular place at this particular time, and it was out of curiosity that he approached the Eagle. He wanted to find out her speed, otherwise he would have flown away north or south when he first noticed her. Then again he did not intend to begin active work for a few days, hoping that the English would listen to his request.

Seeing that the Eagle was rather slow, Hanlon spoke to her commander, and asked him "where he found such an old tub."

The commander was angry at this, and advanced full speed. Hanlon slowly drew away, at which the spectators grew disgusted.

"Shure is it a coward that he is, to run away loike that! By the hokey, he can't be a Yankee—Yankees don't take to their heels, even if they see they are in for a good batin."

A continuous fire was kept up by the Eagle, as she advanced full speed. Suddenly a report was heard, coming from the Invincible. Hanlon with unerring aim, had fired and disabled the fore-propeller of his enemy. He did not aim at its commander, otherwise he could easily have killed or injured him.

Up to now, he kept well behind the walls of his steel cage, but now, in order to further tease his opponent, he stood well into view, waving an American flag. He had figured that as the Eagle was partly disabled, that her commander would discontinue the fight. Therefore, Hanlon became rather reckless, and approached his enemy. This was almost disastrous. Another shot sped from the Eagle, and being well aimed, it struck the upper portion of the steel cage, glanced, and struck the powerful telescope which Hanlon held. The instrument was shattered, and the particles struck the young hero in several places, one striking his forehead and almost stunning him.

A cry of disappointment escaped the spectators. The Invincible, apparently disabled, or else its occupant wounded, was what the people thought as she descended rapidly towards the earth.

Suddenly the masked batteries opened fire—the cage of the Invincible was struck, the flyer trembled and continued in its descent, disappearing behind a nearby hill.

Horses were hitched to the field pieces and a squadron of dragoons that were in hiding now came into view and all dashed forward madly, expecting to find the Yankee dead or dying.

The people were heartbroken. Their hopes were dashed to the ground. Either the Yankee was a bluff or did not use common sense, in allowing himself to be thus led into a trap. They ran after the militia—and if they only had arms, a rebellion would have been started then and there.

The soldiers cheered loudly as they galloped forward, and occasionally uttered jests at Hanlon's expense, for it certainly looked as if the boy from across the sea was not the terror that he said he was, and his mission apparently was a dismal failure.

(To be continued.)

MISSOURI EDITOR'S MOURNFUL NOTE.

Never judge a man by his clothing. The man with the ragged suit, slouch hat, and worn-out shoes may be the editor of your local paper, while the man with the stylish suit and patent leather shoes may simply be one of his delinquent subscribers.—*Seneca (Mo.) Hustler.*

GAME OF HUNT THE FOX.

Partners are chosen and stand in two lines, partners opposite. The fox at the head starts and runs down the line and back, pursued by his partner, the hunter. He can pass through the line, in and out, but the hunter must follow him. When caught, the couple take their places at the foot of the line.

SUN-BRONZED BOYS.

Commend us to the clean bright, wholesome, rollicking, frolicking, sun-bronzed boy with his hoop and stick, his kite, marbles or base ball. Of such our future presidents, governors, statesmen and captains of industry are made.—*Reo.*

THAT BOY OF OURS.

Gone aloft is little Johnny;
In the pantry ne'er again
Will he gather mother's pickles,
To his little stomach's pain.
From the topmost shelf he tumbled,
Crashing, down he fell ker-slam,
And a petrified cucumber
Pierced him through the diaphragm.

TIP TO THE WISE.

There are poolroom tips, both large and small,

That circulate each day;
But the greatest poolroom tip of all—
Is the tip to keep away.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

WATCH US GROW

Notice those owning chickens! Send 25c for the best recipe for chicken cholera ever known. You have it right in the house. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory after trying it.

CHAMPION SUPPLY CO.

102 A

Kenton, O.

ADVERTISERS!

NOTICE is hereby given that the advertising rates of the "International Youth" will be raised to 7½ cents per line and \$1.00 per inch (14 lines) on April 1st, 1908. Our circulation is growing so rapidly that we are compelled to make this change. All contracts opened now will be taken at the old rate of 5 cents per line and 70 cents per inch.

YOUR LAST CHANCE

BOYS GET BUSY!

On April 1st, 1908

we are going to give away a fine

Pair of Telephones

with a large coil of wire, an electric bell and a switch, to the boy sending us the largest number of yearly subscriptions to THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, by that time. **Remember**, this offer does not interfere with your receiving any of the premiums mentioned before, but is a **special inducement**, having no connection whatever with our other offers.

Start at once to canvass your town or neighborhood, for someone may get ahead of you. Some lad will be the lucky one, why not **YOU?** Send the subscriptions in as soon as you receive them; we will keep a record of the number you get.

These Telephones are strongly made, and will last an age. They will work perfectly at a distance of 500 feet, and can be operated with common dry batteries.

Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements

The

International Youth

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ALPHA PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered as Second-class Matter, February 17, 1908, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME I

APRIL, 1908

NUMBER 5

"A Man Against a Nation"

BY
WASHINGTON O'CONNOR.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

[Hanlon, a young American, invented a flying machine which he called the Invincible, and he immediately proceeded across the Atlantic to free Ireland unless the English people granted the island home rule. As he flew close to the city of Galway he was opposed by the English airship Eagle. Hanlon became reckless on seeing the Eagle could fly but thirty-five miles an hour, whereas the Invincible could fly sixty-two. He exposed himself and was wounded by a shot from the Eagle. Then he was fired upon by a masked battery and the Invincible dropped behind a hill. The English troops and the Eagle, (the latter partly disabled by a shot from the Invincible) immediately hurried to where Hanlon fell.]

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Hanlon was struck, he foresaw it was better to retreat, as blood flowed freely from his wounds, and it was only a matter of a few minutes until he would become unconscious, unless he could stop the flow of blood, and this he could not do and fight at the same time.

Previous to the opening of the battle he noticed two men working in a field behind the hill, and about two miles from the scene of action. He hoped that the men would be of benefit to him, hence his reason for regulating his machinery so as to alight by them.

At the same time the disabled Eagle was very slowly following him, and he also saw the troops advancing at break-neck speed.

The two farmers—father and son—were surprised to see the airship approaching and more so when it drew close and its occupant waving an American flag, to attract their attention, shouted rather feebly: "Come quick and

help." The Invincible rested on mother earth within two hundred feet of where they stood, and they rushed forward.

"Quick," came the word from Hanlon—"jump into the cage with me, press number three and four—then number six—full speed to sea—quick—water"—

This was all he said, but the young farmer knew what was wanted; and although he knew it would mean imprisonment for life to aid an enemy of the king, he was willing to suffer in order to aid his country. If he had any cause for hesitation, the father would have dispelled it.

"Hurry, my boy, here comes the Eagle and troops—push the numbers and then throw water on the American's face, for he is in a bad faint—tie his wounds."

While he was talking, the machinery whirred—the Invincible rapidly arose, and then apparently the young farmer becoming acquainted with the steering gear, he headed for the Atlantic, traveling at a tremendous rate.

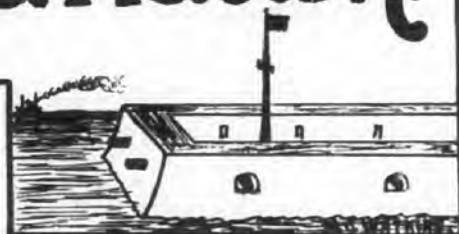
The Eagle, under difficulties, was approaching, and although she opened fire, her shots did not hit the mark.

Very soon the troopers appeared over the crest of the hill, and were deeply chagrined at seeing the Invincible flying rapidly away. And while the commander of the troops and Eagle closely questioned the farmer, they did not learn from him that his son had aided Hanlon.

"Ye see, yer honor, when that big thing dropped, whoever was in it changed his mind. He done something in a jiffy that put the monster up in the air again. Upon me word I'd swear there wuz two men in it, instid of wan, when it flew away."

"Just as we thought," escaped the lips of both the Eagle's and troop's commander. "Hanlon is a bluff, as they say in the States—he has a helper with him so that his claim of a single 'man against a nation' is not true."

The farmer was happy as the soldiers went their way. He had not told a lie—but as the reader is aware, he did not tell the whole facts in the case. True enough, he testified to two men, but he



was careful not to say that one of them was his son, and now he had hopes that they would not discover the trick that had been played upon them.

The young farmer—by name John Kelly—was rather clever, and by experimenting with the buttons and levers he very soon had complete control of the Invincible.

In a few minutes Hanlon opened his eyes, whilst young Kelly was carefully binding his wounds.

It is unnecessary to say that the Yankee warmly thanked the boy for his aid, adding that if he refused to help him, the air castles built by our hero, would entirely be a mere dream.

While the wounds were painful, they were not dangerous. It was just a matter of giving them plenty of time to heal. Hanlon knew enough of surgery to be able to take care of himself, by instructing the other man what to do.

And now that they were free from pursuit, a council of war was held. It was decided to skim the coast slowly until nightfall, and then settle down on the crest of one of the high hills that lay near the coast. The boy knew the place well, and he was sure there were some depressions or hollows on the tops of the mountains where the Invincible could rest secure from view, unless of course the Eagle should sight the place.

Here they remained two days and now Hanlon felt that his friend was not needed any longer. It was a sore disappointment when the young fellow was told that he could not accompany Hanlon.

"It will be 'a man against a nation' and I will have to succeed or fail alone. My dear friend, I am sorry therefore that I cannot take you along. But remember one thing that you will never regret the day that you aided me."

So that night the young farmer went
(Continued on page 5.)

A Mystery of the Sea

By MARGARET VANDERCOOK.

Although it was nearly the end of October, the old "Ocean View" Hotel still boasted a solitary guest, a young man who had, however, sufficient years in his credit to have brought him a judicial amount of wisdom and money. The loneliness and wildness of the sea in its autumn fury, evidently appealed to whatever love of nature the strenuous and sordid details of business life had been willing to leave him.

One cold and stormy morning, when the sun had utterly forgotten its existence, Ralph Patten, for it was he who favored the hotel so late in the season, started for a stroll down the beach. It proved rather to be a struggle against the elements, for the wind blew like a gale and the monstrous, foaming waves rushed in raging swirls onto the shore, churning the sand into angry whirlpools. His hat blew off and after a hard, maddening chase down the beach in pursuit, the worthless thing blew out to sea, where it tossed with aggravating meanness until a repulsing wave swept it under. This wild but fruitless chase had carried the young man so far from the hotel, which was now gloomily receding into the fogging distance, that he decided to continue his rather exhilarating stroll, bareheaded.

Once, mingled with the roar of the wind and waves, he thought he heard a queer little taunting laugh. Indignantly he drew himself erect and glanced quickly around, but there was no one to be seen. Again came the laugh, incongruously from the howling storm and Patten started forward, as though in protest. A great, white-capped wave rushed furiously over his feet, wetting them thoroughly and, with an angry toss of his head, he stepped back, but stopped as his glance fell on the sand at his feet. For there, half-buried in the wet sand by the last receding wave, lay a crystal of a clear, sea-green color.

Eagerly Patten picked it up, wondering at its flawlessness and purity.

He had almost forgotten the mysterious laugh in his childlike admiration for the lovely gem. Unconsciously he started for the hotel and it was only when he had reached his room that he remembered the wild, little laugh of the sea. All day it haunted him, and through the long night its memory disturbed his slumber. The fascinating aquamarine, for such the crystal proved to be, though carefully packed away in a suit case, was constantly before his puzzled mind. He fain would have revisited its lonely birth place, but business was imperative and the morning train found him speeding toward the city.

Patten's first deed when there was time, was to procure a fitting resting place for his beloved jewel which, in so short a time as one night, had grown priceless

to him. He guarded it with jealous care, locking the little silver casket which held the aquamarine, with greatest solicitude, whenever he left his rooms. The wonderful little stone, though but semi-precious, seemed to hold Ralph Patten enthralled.

He spent his evenings gazing at its depth and clearness. He became absent-minded to an alarming extent and his business consequently suffered. He struggled vainly to rouse himself from the curious lethargy into which he had fallen and at least to dispel this absurd fancy for an inanimate mineral, but he could not and for days this blissful yet annoying sensation continued.

Late one night, after a long but fruitless struggle to free himself from this foolish fascination, Patten threw himself wearily on his couch, so tired that he even forgot to lock the silver casket with its precious contents. There it lay on its side, just as he had dropped it, in the big morris chair, as carelessly as any worthless object.

The intense stillness of midnight had come and its black darkness was only broken by a faint glow from the gas grate burning low in one corner of the room. Sleep was silently creeping over Patten when softly, but surely, through the still night came that mysterious little laugh of the sea. He sat up, rigid with wonder, gazing awe-stricken at the doorway. There enveloped in a cloud of soft green light, stood a strange maiden. Flowing raiment of evanescent sea green fell from her shapely shoulders and a file of silver, studded with glowing aquamarines, bound back a wealth of black hair. Her face was almost lost in the haze of light which surrounded her, yet occasionally her features shone with wondrous clearness revealing their strange, pale beauty. A silver necklace with pendant aquamarines, encircled her slender throat. Suddenly Patten started up as he noticed the center stone was missing, and as soon forgot his discovery as with a tremulous laugh the girl advanced toward the chair wherein the casket lay. Her tiny, sandalled feet made no noise as she sped smoothly over the floor and fearlessly picked the gem from its silver hiding place. With a cry of joy she fitted it into her necklace and hurried back to the door. There she turned, held out her white arms for a moment toward Patten and then disappeared. An echo of her sweet laugh floated back to him through the faint fragrance of the sea, which still filled the room. He stood up excitedly, attempting to cry out but the sound stuck in his throat and he fell back senseless on to his couch.

When Patten awoke the sun was

(Continued on page 4.)

INTERESTING ITEMS

By OLIVER COOK.

The oldest light house in the world is believed to be that at Corunna, Spain. It was erected in the first century of the Christian era, and rebuilt in 1634.

A ton of water from the Atlantic Ocean, when evaporated, produces 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds, and water from the Dead Sea, 187 pounds.

Carbolic acid is produced from coal tar.

One pair of rabbits can become multiplied into 1,250,000 in four years. Only a few years ago they were introduced in Australia and now 6,000,000 rabbit skins are shipped to England annually.

According to Clark, the equatorial semi-diameter of the earth is 20,926,202 feet or 3,963,296 miles, and the polar semi-diameter is 3,950,738 miles. One degree of latitude at the equator is 68,704 miles.

Belgium is the most densely populated country. It has a larger population than any country its size. In 1896 the population was 6,030,043, and the area is but 11,373 square miles, not as large as the state of Maryland.

As sea powers of the world Great Britain ranks first; France, second; Russia, third; Germany, fourth; United States, fifth; Italy, sixth, and Japan seventh.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are held good in law.

The free delivery of mail matter in the United States, at the residences of the people desiring it, is required by law in every city of 50,000 or more population, and may be established at every place containing not less than 5,000 inhabitants.

The month of February this year had five Saturdays. This happens but four times in a century and will not happen again till 1936.

Ice, two inches thick, will support a man; four inches thick will support a man on horseback; five inches thick will support an 80-pound cannon; eight inches thick will support a battery of artillery, with carriages and horses; ten inches thick will support an army, an innumerable number.

By the term horse-power is meant a power that will raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

The great wall of China, which was built 250 B. C. to protect that kingdom from the fierce Tartar hordes of the north, excites wonder. It is 1,500 miles in length and is broad enough at the top for an army to march on, ten abreast. There are also turrets along its whole length, from which archers used to shoot at the enemy below.

Norway excels all other countries in the making of wrapping papers.

Two men played poker in Mississippi the other day and the jack-pot was a girl. In the fight that followed the coy maid seized a gun and shot one of them for cheating. We presume the girl's name was "Kitty."

THE BOY MECHANIC

By A. G. NEW



FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE NOTICES

Notices will be inserted under this heading at the rate of TWO WORDS FOR ONE CENT. Advertisements under Ten Cents not accepted. CASH WITH ORDER. Figures and initials count as words.

LOOK for our advertisement in this issue. It will pay you to read it. THE TIMES, Coal City, Indiana.

BOYS, have your name and address neatly printed on 50 fine white cards. It will only cost you 20 cents. Send copy today. Samples 2c. Address No. AAL, care of The Alpha Publishing Co.

TO EXCHANGE—A fine set of Encyclopedia Dictionaries, in perfect condition. Will trade for a six-volt storage battery (60 hour). Douglas Warwick, 5708 Ohio St., Austin, Ill.

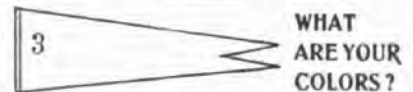
FULL SIZE working drawings for 1½ H. P. two-cycle marine motor, \$1, post-paid. Also castings for above motor. Address AA2., care of The Alpha Publishing Co.

SEND IN YOUR ADVERTISEMENT FOR OUR SPECIAL JUNE ISSUE.

DON'T DELAY.

PENNANTS!!

Every Race has a Flag but the Coon.



WHAT ARE YOUR COLORS?

Every boy should have a College, School, or Society Pennant. We now offer an all-wool FRENCH FELT PENNANT, stitched in silk, the regular 75c style for 50c.

Arm Bands, 15c up. Address COLLEGE SUPPLY HOUSE, Bridgman, Mich.

(Mention The International Youth.)

The Times COAL CITY, INDIANA

"The Warmest Baby in the Bunch"

Here is the paper you are looking for. Each issue has a fine story, money-making formulas and plans. Review of papers, crisp editorials. Eight pages of interesting reading. Send 10c to above address for one year's subscription. You will be pleased. Money back if not satisfied.

FREE! To every subscriber sending us a one-cent stamp for postage we will send, absolutely FREE, a package of Foreign Stamps.

Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements

HOW TO MAKE A TOY STEAM ENGINE.

MANY boys have been inspired by the accomplishments of Watt, when he solved the steam problem, and have not found anything in mechanical publications where the demonstration was explained. It is for the especial benefit of these boys that the mechanical editor writes this article.

This engine can be made from materials found in nearly every home, and a few spare minutes of the inquisitive boy.

The cylinder U, Fig. 3, is an old bicycle hand pump cut in half, using the half with closed end. A 3-16 in. hole must be made in the end for steam to

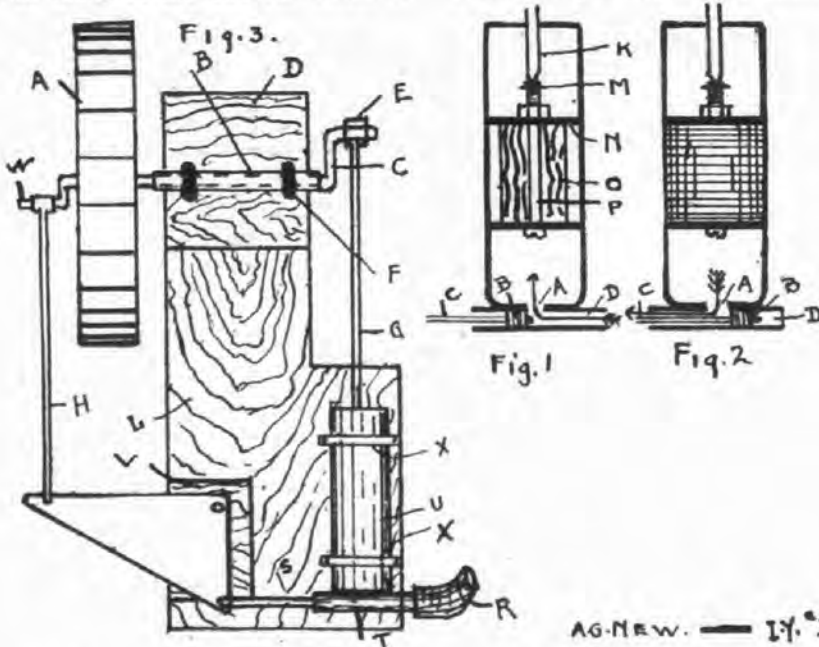
When bent, fasten in position by staples F, Fig. 3, on block D, which is 3/8 in. thick and nailed to base L, Fig. 3.

Put flywheel on one side and connecting rod G on other.

The base is made of wood and has two blocks, V and D Figures; 3/8 in. thick to support bearing B and valve crank J, which is a triangular piece of tin or zinc. The hose R, Fig. 3, is any pliable tube that will fit over chest T and connects same with boiler.

The clips XX, Fig. 3, are soldered to cylinder and nailed to base.

The valve motion is shown in Figs. 1 and 2. In Fig. 1 the steam is entering cylinder and forcing piston up; in Fig. 2 the valve B has stopped the steam entering, and is allowing it to escape, as shown by arrow. This motion is re-



AG-NEW. — 17-3A

enter cylinder from chest, see A, Fig. 1.

The steam chest T is a piece of the piston tube of some pump, about 1½ in. long, a 3-16 in. hole being bored to match hole A in cylinder, Fig. 1, and soldered in place.

Save a piece of this piston tube as it can be used for shaft bearing B, and crank bearing E, Fig. 3. The flywheel A, Fig. 3, can be any small sized wheel; either pulley wheel, sewing machine, or any available wheel (we used a 2½ in. sheave).

If the bore in wheel is too large for shaft, it may be bushed with a piece of wood and bored to size of shaft.

The shaft is made of heavy wire, the size of hole in bearing B, Fig. 3. One end is bent to go through flywheel and make crank W, Fig. 3. The other is bent in the opposite direction to make crank C, Fig. 3. It must be put through bearing B before this bending is done.

peated each time the flywheel makes a revolution.

The piston is made of a stove bolt P, Fig. 1, with two washers H, and a cylindrical piece hardwood O. This is wound with soft string and soaked in oil. A slot is cut in the end of bolt E, to receive the connecting rod K.

The valve B is the spoke of a bicycle wheel, with nut cut in half and wound with soft string, then soaked in oil as was piston.

The valve crank J, Fig. 3, is cut out of tin or zinc and is moved by a small crank on the shaft. This crank should be at right angles to main crank.

The boiler can be an old tea kettle or oil can, with a tube soldered to it, and is connected to engine by a piece of rubber hose.

The heat from a small burner will furnish enough steam to run engine very fast.

The International Youth

A Magazine for Boys and Young Men

Entered at the Chicago, Ill., Post Office
as Second-class Matter.

Subscription.—United States and possessions, 25c a year in advance; 3 years for 50c. Foreign and Chicago subscriptions, 35c a year in advance; 3 years for 75c.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Change of Address.—Always notify us of any change of address, giving old as well as new address.

Remittances.—Always send U. S. money order, foreign postoffice money order, or one-cent U. S. stamps when remitting. Foreign stamps or coin not accepted.

Silver sent through the mail is at the sender's risk. It is liable to be lost or stolen.

Advertising rates on application.

Address all communications to

The Alpha Publishing Co.

498 So. 44th Court
CHICAGO, ILL.

H. GARNETT WATKINS President and Editor
CHAS. S. WATKINS Vice-President and Asst. Editor
EDW. S. WATKINS Secretary and Treasurer

EDITORIAL

Hurrah for the Ohio boys. They are certainly good workers. Master Stephen Moran, 31 Roanoke Building, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio, is the happy winner of the Prize Telephones. Master Moran is only 12 years old, but he is certainly a worker. We will soon offer another Special Prize. Watch out Ohio boys, California was a close second in the last contest!

A new invention of recent date is the electric plow. The newspaper man who wrote up the article does not seem to know much about farming for he claims that it costs a farmer \$2 per acre to plow his land in the ordinary way. What do you know about it, farmer lads? We would be pleased to hear from our farmer boys concerning the matter. With the electric plow land can be plowed at a cost of 46 cents per acre. The prices of the machines are from \$1,500 to \$2,000 each.

We have several subscribers in the U. S. Navy. Boys, let us hear from you!

Well, boys, this month there is a small portion devoted to the girls. Show it to your sister. Tell her to show her friends and get them to subscribe. We will soon give a full page to the girls, but in return we want them to write us letters, the best of which will be published each month.

Don't worry boys, we are soon going to start a club for you which will be better than any that were ever organized. It will be interesting and have everything the way the boys like it. It will require an exceedingly large amount of printed matter to start this club, therefore we urge all of our young

friends to get as many subscribers as possible in order to start our club at an early date.

A few of our readers wrote to us concerning the story, "Billy's Reward," which was in the March issue. They had noticed in the February issue that the story was written by the editor and they wanted to know who "Frank Lynn" was. Don't worry young friends, that was just an assumed name used by the editor.

Boys, why don't you write a letter to the "Stamp Editor," Mr. Dolson. He would be pleased to hear from you and would probably place your name on the Philatelic Roll of Honor.

A neat paper which comes to us regularly is *The Times* of Coal City, Indiana. Mr. S. L. Walls, its editor, certainly knows how to make a paper interesting, for it is "chock full" of good things.

We were forced to drop the puzzle department for a short time, but not for long.

THE SISTERS' CLUB

EDITED BY AUNT MARY SIMPSON.

Well, girls, here we are with the first edition of the Sisters' Club department, but we want it to be continued, therefore every girl that reads this should send in a letter to help the good work along. The best letters will be published each month. If you know of something that would be of interest to other girls, don't fail to let us have it for publication. Write your letter now for the next issue, which will be out in about two weeks as this issue is late going to press. Address your communication to "Aunt Mary Simpson," care THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, Chicago, Ill. The following may be of interest:

An excellent way to make fudge is in the following manner:

Place two cups of sugar in a pan and add to it 1 cup of milk, nearly a cake of chocolate, and butter the size of an egg. Boil this for about 10 minutes or more, or until it makes a soft ball if placed in cold water. Take from the fire and stir, then cool and cut in squares.

A PRETTY CHAIR SCARF.

Take a yard and a half of cream-colored bunting, or a piece the desired width and length, make a hem an inch and a half wide. On one end embroider pinks in shaded red crewels, with their leaves and stems in green. Finish the ends with tassels of olive and green crewels.

FAN BASKETS.

A pretty thing in baskets is a dainty affair in yellow and white. Imagine four large wicker fans painted white and gold, and fastened together so that

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

(Continued from page 2.)

high in the heavens and was pouring its golden rays with incongruous competition beside the gas grate which still burned steadily in the corner of the room. Dazed and confused he sprang up, clutching his watch. Then, with cruel clearness, the memory of the night swept over him. Was it all a dream, a vision of his disturbed mind? He rushed trembling to the chair and grasped the casket but it fell with a crash from his nerveless hands, for the jewel was gone.

A drop of water rolled out from the fallen casket, glittered a moment in the sunshine and then sank into the wool of the rug.

FINIS.

IDLE CURIOSITY.

"Why are you calling up the various hospitals?"

"My friend Snigglebat assured me he'd pay me that \$5 today or break a leg, and I want to find out which leg he broke."—*Kansas City Journal.*

they stand on the handles. Broad yellow and white satin ribbon tie these fans at the sides, and there is space between them for a bag, or deep pocket of white China silk figured with yellow. An ingenious girl could make a similar basket out of large Japanese fans.

SACHET BAGS.

Take two squares of tissue paper, one pink and the other blue, about twelve inches square. Take them by the centers and pull through the hand until they are all in little creases, then place the pink inside the blue and sprinkle a piece of batting with the powder, put down in the bottom and tie with a piece of stout thread, leaving the crinkled ends of paper sticking up. Make a cluster of paper roses, and fasten on one side with two or three green leaves.

OPEN TO QUESTION.

The principal of one of the largest and best-known girls' boarding-schools in the country was a splendid woman, says *Lippincott's Magazine*, but one whose discipline was not always appreciated by those directly under its sway—as often happens. Being called out of the city unexpectedly one time just before time for the weekly evening prayer service, her absence left those next in authority unprepared to take her place. But the assistant principal thought of a brilliant way out of the difficulty, and, rising, she gravely announced, "Since Miss — has unexpectedly been called away, I think under the circumstances it will be most advisable to hold a praise service of song."

STAMPS, POST CARDS COINS AND CURIOS

Edited by L. L. DOLSON, Geneva, Iowa (Dept. I. Y.), to whom all correspondence relating to this department should be addressed.

This department makes its third appearance under my management. We have no letters this month as the printer neglected to put my name and address as editor of this department and collectors did not know to whom their letters should be sent. We want to have a big department next month and in order to get collectors interested in it we are going to give a packet of stamps catalogued at 50 cents to the person contributing the best letter describing his or her hobby. As stamp notes are always acceptable we will fill the rest of the space with notes. Don't forget that letter and don't forget to address your letter to: L. L. Dolson, Dept. I. Y., Geneva, Iowa.

The lower postal rates, which went into effect October 1st, 1907, awaken a joyful echo all over the world among those who make use of the international mails. The philatelic press, as well as newspapers in general, show that the change is received with great gratification. The reply coupon also receives a good deal of attention. *The Cape Times*, a large South African paper, devotes nearly a column to it, and other postal changes. Some papers predict penny

A MAN AGAINST A NATION.

(Continued from page 1.)

down the mountain side and headed for his home with a comfortable sum of money in his pocket. At least Hanlon handed him an envelope, which he told him not to open until he reached home. He knew the farmer was very poor indeed, and he took this opportunity to help him.

"Here is a present for your mother—tell her I am proud of her for raising such a son. And remember when my mission is ended that I will have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Then they parted.

Hanlon now had to replenish his food supply, therefore after sunrise he went down the mountain and headed for the nearest town. It is unnecessary to say that he looked like a genuine Irish farmer, so thoroughly was he disguised.

He had no trouble in buying everything he needed, and incidentally he heard the gossip of the day.

The government officials reported that Hanlon was either killed or dangerously wounded and that he and his machine would be taken had it not been for an assistant who accompanied him.

And while soldiers were scouring hills and woods in search of the Invincible, yet everybody was of opinion that the Invincible was on its way to America.

Hanlon laughed at this turn of affairs, and he hoped that in a day or two he would be able to dispel the news that was going round.

Back he went towards the mountain,

postage between Great Britain and the United States. Thus the world is contracting!

The Metropolitan Philatelic Association is becoming the most popular stamp society for the younger collectors. It now has nearly 500 members. Surely that does not look as though philately was decreasing.

A limited collection might be built up of stamps recognized by the Universal Postal Union, or of stamps not recognized by that body. In either case the line of division would be instructive.

Dealers who have used these columns to advertise their goods, state that it payed them well. Why not insert an ad. in the next issue?

The number of pieces of mail handled annually in the United States amounts to more than 20,000,000,000 or 57,000,000 daily. Just think of it!

Are you going to win that packet of stamps? If so, better sit down now and write us a good long letter. Don't put it off 'til tomorrow, you may forget it.

but he was very much surprised to see squads of soldiers here and there.

His heart leaped. Could it be possible that young Kelly was taken by the soldiers, and had told them where the Invincible rested?

"No—impossible? That young fellow would not wilfully betray me—but it may be that to some of his friends he gave the information, and in this way the soldiers learned of the secret!"

Hanlon sat down. For the first time in his life he felt uneasy, and his strength seemed to desert him.

But at last he arose, and keeping as far as possible from the soldiers he began to climb the hill.

Upwards he went, and now another fifty feet and the Invincible would be in sight—step-step-step, and at last he peered into the crater-like basin.

An unexpected spectacle greeted his eyes, and he immediately crouched down behind a rock.

Six of his majesty's soldiers were calmly surveying the outlines of the Invincible. They had just reached there a few minutes before Hanlon, and one of them, who had some knowledge of telegraphy, was trying to operate the wireless instrument.

Again Hanlon peered over the rock and a gleam of satisfaction overspread his countenance. The soldiers who had climbed the opposite side of the mountain apparently did not take the trouble to look around for Hanlon or his assistant, otherwise they would have easily

(Continued on page 6.)

STAMPS AND COINS

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ESTABLISHED 1884

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This packet contains 25 stamps of the finest grade. 10 unused, 15 used. All in fine condition. Some catalogued 6c and 10c. You need this packet. Price 10c.

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Is the paper that serves you right. It's the paper for both professional and amateur collectors. A stamp paper from cover to cover. It's not the largest in the world but it will grow. Only 15c per year. Dealers should send for advertising rates. Address L. L. DOLSON, Mgr., Geneva, Iowa.

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504 W. Oak Street, LOUISVILLE, KY.

25 stamps cat. val. 50c. and over, for 10c. 105 all different, some unused, 10c. You want to send for our great price lists, MANY bargains, sets from 1c up. We give a fine stamp free with every order. Approval books at 50 per cent off sent on reference only.

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The Haw Co., 1931 Broadway, Dept. Y., N. Y. City

Post Cards! 5 beautiful views of Louisville, "The Gateway to the South," only 10c. JOHN S. BURKS, 504 W. Oak St., Louisville, Ky.

Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements.



Rayson's Pluck

By BASIL PITHER.



On Saturday the rival teams of Rayville and Stanton were to meet at Morton, neutral ground, to determine the season's championship. Neither team had lost a game so far, so it looked like a fierce battle would take place.

Thursday, Rayson, Rayville's star pitcher, sprained his wrist, working in the gym, and the doctor declared he would not be able to compete in the great game. This fact depressed the Rayville students, while the hopes of the Stantonites soared high.

Friday evening, at the baseball meeting in Captain Gibson's room, it was decided that Burke, the best "sub" pitcher, would pitch.

"Lemons!" exclaimed Burton, the catcher, "Billy can pitch rings around Burke. But," he added resignedly, "he's the only one to take Rayson's place."

The day of the game dawned bright and clear. The diamond had been rolled and put in perfect condition for a fast game.

At half past two the students of both universities had arrived, and, the stands being packed, some were out on the field. The east side of the field was a waving mass of blue and white, Stanton's colors, while the west side flaunted the orange and black of Rayville.

Exactly at three o'clock the teams came onto the field amid the cheers and applause of their respective supporters.

Each team practised fifteen minutes and then the game was started, Rayville, having won the toss, taking the field.

After five innings had passed with no score for either side, and the players playing clean, fast ball, the audience in the stands saw it was going to be a close game.

"Burke is pitching some today, all-right," remarked Gibson, when Rayville came in for their half at bat in the sixth inning.

"You bet!" answered Haley, to whom the remark had been addressed. "I guess Harry is not so sorry after all that he is catching Burke's lemons."

Just then their attention was called to the game as Johnson drew a pass. Burke then sacrificed. The next man struck out. Harris then came up and hit for two bases, scoring Johnson. Stanton's pitcher grew excited and passed Thompson. Wilson then singled over second scoring Harris. This tied the score, and then how the Rayville hordes shouted and cheered, danced, threw hats, canes and banners into the air. But their joy was short lived and died with a groan as Burton struck out.

Then Stanton came in to break the tie, but succeeded in getting their men no further than second. Rayville made nothing in their half either, so at the first of the ninth Stanton came in deter-

mined to do something for it was their last chance. Burke, under the oppressive strain, blew up. The first man singled, then the next got his base on balls. Johnson fouled out to Burton. Dalton then hammered the ball for two bases which scored the first man. Then it was Stanton's turn to cheer. They were mad with joy. If they could hold Rayville now the game was theirs. Their joy was increased as Burke passed Overton filling the bases.

Then Gibson walked over to the bench and said to Rayson:

"You'll have to pitch, Billy, I guess."

"I just guess he shan't!" cried the doctor, jumping up. "He'll ruin his arm."

"I'll pitch if you need me, Gibson," said Rayson, quietly, and stood up.

The doctor started to speak, but the cheering of the crowd drowned his voice and Rayson walked onto the field with Gibson.

Burke had gone to the bench.

Rayson started to pitch now and the first ball was a strike. Then came a ball and strike in succession. At the next pitch the batter swung with all his power and—

"Batter out!" cried the umpire.

The crowd cheered loudly at this, for the situation was much improved; two outs, but still three men on bases.

The next batter struck at the first ball pitched and raised a long fly to Morgan in left field, which the latter "froze" onto.

A great sigh of relief went up from the Rayville contingent, as their men came into bat.

Stanton's pitcher now began to feel the great strain also. Gibson, Rayville's first batter walked. Morgan struck out. Johnson then sacrificed Gibson to second.

Now the critical moment had arrived; two men out and one on base. Rayson came up to bat. He waited, and after having two strikes and three balls called on him he struck at the next with all his might.

Crack! went the bat. Rayson was as surprised as the Stanton's pitcher, though by no means as unpleasantly, to see the ball going flying over center-fielder's head. On, on, it went over the fence. Rayson circled the bases mechanically, and when he reached home plate again he was conscious of hundreds of voices shouting his name and shaking the ground with their tremendous cheers. Then he fainted.

* * *

Rayson was laid up three months with a bad arm, but he often remarked that it had been worth it.

Job's boils are to be dramatized. Hope the play will have as good a run as the boils did.

A MAN AGAINST A NATION.

(Continued from page 5.)

discovered him. They, on reaching the scene, were somewhat excited and surmised that Hanlon was hidden in some farm house, undergoing medical attention. Hence their indifference. And as Hanlon saw their arms were laid aside, it was his opportunity.

Jumping on the rock, he held a powerful revolver in one hand and in the other a small bomb.

"Hands up," he shouted, "move an inch and I'll blow you all to pieces."

All obeyed but one. He was in charge of the others and, rather than to have to tell at headquarters that Hanlon had conquered six of them, he made a dash for one of the rifles. But Hanlon's pistol spoke and a bullet grazed the man's nose.

This halted him.

"I could have killed you, but I could not hit a brave man. Now, my dear man, you are dangerously close to the rifles—therefore, if you force me to fire again, I will put a stinger through your hand or arm. I must preserve my life—now remain still."

The brave corporal had to stand motionless, humiliated, but with fire in his eye.

"I am Hanlon, although my dress is that of a farmer. I was just in town and heard that I was either killed or dangerously wounded—but you see I am yet full of fight. Next time, when you go in search for the Invincible, do not throw your rifles to one side. Now, about face—hands up—march down the hill."

The men obeyed, at a steady pace. When they were two hundred feet away, Hanlon stepped into the cage and in ten seconds the Invincible was sailing through the air.

"Goodbye men, if they court martial you, I will see that you are exonerated. See you later."

Then the Invincible flew north, headed for Castlebar, where Hanlon expected to open hostilities in earnest.

In an hour the town was sighted and Hanlon was in touch with the commander of the troops.

All was tumult and excitement. What was to be done? Cannons were pointed skywards, but what effect could they have on an object two or three miles from earth?

The commander of the troops was puzzled. On came the Invincible, until at last it hovered over the town.

"What do you propose to do?" clicked Hanlon.

"To fight," came the blunt reply.

"Go ahead and fight."

But to this the commander did not reply.

The Invincible soared over the town as if on a tour of inspection.

Soldiers and citizens were anxiously awaiting developments. They did not wait very long.

"Order your men out to the open space and instruct them to bring along their rifles and cannon—and also all ammunition in your barracks."

"What if I refuse?"

(Continued on page 8.)

The Boy Electrician

AN ELECTROTYPING APPARATUS.

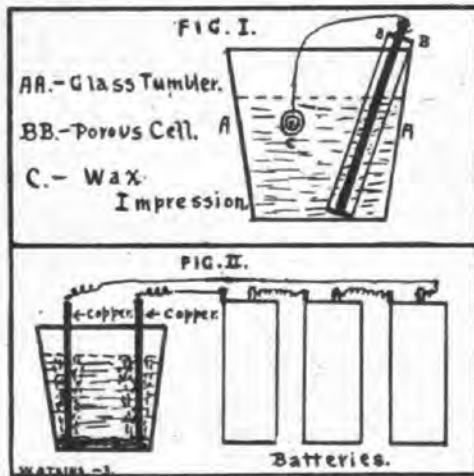
By EDW. M. TEASDALE.

Fine electrotype copies of wax impressions can be made in the following manner:

Procure an ordinary tumbler and fill it with a strong solution of sulphate of copper made by dissolving two cents worth of blue vitriol in a half pint of water. After this is done, make a porous cell by rolling a piece of brown paper around a stick; fasten the edge with sealing wax and fix a bottom to the cell by the same means. Next make a solution of one part of Oil of Vitriol and five parts of water and pour this mixture into the porous cell.

Now take a strip of zinc and wind the end of a copper wire around the end of it, and place in the cell. Attach the other end of the wire to the wax impression, which must previously be coated with black lead and polished.

A fine copy of the seal or coil will be found on the wax impression after the apparatus has been running for twelve hours, more or less. See Fig. 1 for copy.



AN INTERESTING ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENT.

By EDW. M. TEASDALE.

Any boy can perform this experiment who has batteries giving not less than 3 and not more than 25 volts.

Take an ordinary glass tumbler and fill it within an inch of the top with a strong solution of salt and water. Place two strips of copper in the solution (see Fig. II.) and connect them with the poles of your batteries. After the current has been applied for a few minutes the solution will become colored, and a deposit will form in the bottom of the tumbler.

This deposit will be of a yellowish blue on a 4 volt current and the color varying with the strength of the current.

HOW TO RENEW DRY BATTERIES.

After dry batteries have been used for some time and become weak, there is no need of throwing them away, as they may be renewed and used nearly as long again.

Following are three simple methods of renewing them. The first two ways are for batteries that have a slight amount of strength left in them, and the third is for batteries that have lost nearly all or all of their strength:

First.—Remove the paper covers and put the batteries into a tub of warm water, entirely submerging them, and leave for about six hours, or over night, as you wish; remove and replace the covers.

Second.—Put the batteries in a warm oven until they are quite warm, but do not warm them too fast. After being warmed they are again ready for use.

Third.—Remove the covers and drill or punch a number of small holes on the sides of the batteries near the top, and a number near the bottom. Put some sal-ammoniac into a large can or jar and mix it with water until dissolved. (One part sal-ammoniac to 10 parts water.) Put your batteries into this and leave them over night; then take them out, plug up the holes with sealing wax and replace in the covers. —H. Peirce Vandercook.

A GOOD, STRONG HOME-MADE BATTERY.

All that is necessary to make this battery is a glass jar at least 5 inches long and 3½ or 4 inches wide, piece of wood a little longer than jar that will fit on top, 2 inches wide and ½ inch thick, with 2 holes, ¼ inch in diameter, bored near center about 2 inches apart; 4 pieces of carbon 6 inches long, 1¼ inches wide, ¼ inch thick, with holes in center near top; carbons from old dry batteries are just the thing and can be secured from any electrical supply house.

Screw 2 carbons on each side of board ½ inch apart, put 2 round amalgamated zincs in the holes and your battery is made and ready for use.

"Electropon" fluid is used instead of sal-ammoniac solution to give a stronger current and can be made by anybody as follows: Mix 1 pint commercial sulphuric acid and 3 pints of water; then in separate vessel dissolve ¼ lb. of bichromate of potash in 1 qt. boiling water, mixing the whole thoroughly together, when cold, it is ready for use. To amalgamate zincs immerse in a solution of dilute sulphuric acid and then in a bath of mercury or you may rub them to reach all points of surface.

A Special Bargain



Never before has such a bargain been placed on the market, as is offered here, considering quality, at this price.

These Telephones are known as Special Small Residence type. Designed for use where only a small

cabinet is desired, and where the batteries are placed at some point away from the 'Phone. Standard equipment is mounted in same, and it is a complete Magneto Telephone, but without the batteries.

They are Series, having 80 ohm Ringers, 3 bar nickle-plated Generator, solid back, long-distance Transmitter and a Single Pole Receiver. These 'Phones have been in use a short time only. Working qualities are perfect.

Cash with order, each... \$2.50
Batteries extra, per 'Phone. .50

MURRAY E. MAIN, Delaware, Ohio.

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YOUR NAME and address printed 10,000 times in our "Mailing Directory" and sent to 10,000 firms "all over the world" so they can send you free Samples, Catalogs, Magazines, Books, Papers, etc.

We invented this and have satisfied 200,000 customers.

Send twenty cents at once to be in 1908 BIG issue and get a BIG MAIL FREE.

INGRAM, VA., Jan. 7th, 1907.

Gents.—From having my name in directory I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mail, and still they come, scores of papers, samples, magazines, etc. for which I have often paid 10 to 25 cents each before.

R. T. JAMES.

Send twenty cents at once to ALLEN THE MAIL MAN, Dept. Y, Kenedy, N.Y.

CASTINGS

or finished parts for Standard Commercial Motors ¼ to ½ H. P., Dynamos 2 to 10 lights, Voltages 50, 110, 220. Complete finished machines at low prices.

We furnish Armature discs from 2 in. to 6 in. diameter. Commutators ¾ in. to 3 in. diameter, 12 to 60 bars.

F. E. AVERILL

367 7th Street - Buffalo, N. Y.

"How to Make a Water Motor"

as given in the December issue of the "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH". We will send complete designs and full directions for five one cent stamps. Every boy should have a set of these plans. Address

ALPHA PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. W. M. CHICAGO, ILL.

Always mention the "International Youth" when answering advertisements

A MAN AGAINST A NATION.

(Continued from page 6.)

"If you refuse there will be a funeral, I am very much afraid."

"Then there will be a funeral. Do your worst."

Now Hanlon was puzzled. The brave but stubborn commander was willing to sacrifice his men rather than surrender.

How could he convince the Englishman of the ridiculous stand he was taking?

At last his eagle eye detected a masked battery of cannon, and the gunners carefully concealed on one side, ready to spring up and fire if opportunity offered.

Now for active work. Soaring directly over the cannon, he carefully eyed the earth below. His wish was to hurl an explosive and destroy a gun that was isolated from the others. He was quite sure that there was no soldier near it.

The suspense was awful as the Invincible was noticed to come to a standstill. The commander watched it carefully with his powerful field glass.

He could see the occupant in the steel cage as if he was only two hundred feet away.

Then he saw him abstract something from a package and, extending his hand outward from the cage, prepared to let it drop.

(To be continued.)

HARVARD AND YALE.

In times of athletic rivalry no sentiment expresses the thoughts of a Harvard man better than "to hell with Yale," says March Lippincott's. Dean Briggs of the faculty and the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, veteran clergyman and chaplain of the United States Senate, once went down to Soldiers Field together at such a time.

"Where are you going, dean?" asked a friend.

"To yell with Hale," answered the smiling Briggs patriotically and with diplomacy.

They do things differently in Japan. Seventeen thousand depositors over there have asked the President of a bank to commit suicide.

12 Post Cards

In gold and colors.—All the finest views of **Chicago**. Its tall buildings, beautiful parks, etc., and views of Lake Michigan. All for 25c. in stamps or sent FREE for 3 yearly subscribers to the "International Youth." Address, The Alpha Publishing Co., Stamp Dept., Chicago, Ill.

25 Foreign Stamps Free! All different Rare India, Japan, Mexico, etc. Send five one-cent stamps to pay postage and cost of handling. **CORDRAY SUPPLY HOUSE,**
2292 Congress St., Chicago.

Announcement Extraordinary

THE JUNE ISSUE

of

The International Youth

Will be a double issue, superior to any previous number in general make-up, illustrations, mechanical designs, philately, and good stories. In addition to our regular paid subscription list, which is growing with each issue, we will mail as many extras to prospective subscribers, from lists secured by country school teachers—making it invaluable to our advertisers.

SEND IN YOUR COPY TODAY.

Forms will close May 25th for this issue.

RATES:

One page (27 inches).....	\$15.00
One-half page (13½ inches)...	8.00
Single column (9 inches).....	\$5.75
Per inch (14 agate lines).....	.70

The above Rates will hold good, to those contracting now, till January, 1909. Our increased circulation will justify our making another jump in rates July 1, '08.

THE ALPHA PUBLISHING COMPANY

OUR PREMIUM LIST

We will give you any of the following premiums for securing New Subscribers.

Boys, Get to Work!

PREMIUMS —FOR— SUBSCRIBERS

- 30 Subscribers—A Stradivarius model violin and complete outfit No. 10, with extra strings.
- 25 Subscribers—A fine Mandolin with pearl position dots.
- 15 Subscribers—Full set of boxing gloves or League base-ball.
- 10 Subscribers—Fine printing press with complete outfit, or a Daisy repeating air rifle.
- 8 Subscribers—Fine nickel-plated watch, stem wind, stem set, or a single shot Daisy air rifle.
- 5 Subscribers—Cowboy's Pride, extra fine 3-blade knife.
- 4 Subscribers—Fine Paint Box, containing 20 colors.
- 2 Subscribers—A good 2-blade knife.

OUR BOOK LIST

- These books are all good, durable, cloth bound books.
- 15 Subscribers—Shakespeare's complete works (6 volumes).
 - 8 Subscribers—Any of the following sets:
 - 1—Tom Brown's School Days.
 - Tom Brown at Oxford.
 - 2—French Revolution, Vols. 1 and 2.
 - 3—Washington and His Generals, Volumes 1 and 2.
 - 5 Subscribers—We will give any one of the following books:
 - 1. Around the World on \$63.00.
 - 2. Nye and Riley's Wit and Humor.
 - 3. Wild Life Among the Red Men.

The International Youth

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ALPHA PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered as Second-class Matter, February 17, 1908, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME I

MAY, 1908

NUMBER 6



The Call of the Wa-shone

An Episode of the Westward March

By JEROME F. STRAUSS



THE moon still shines on the valley of the Wa-shone, and the Wa-shone rushes on. It leaps the dams and turns the mill-wheels of the white man with the same resigned celerity as when, forty years ago, it carried food for the red. The mills are there by the river, houses line the well-paved streets, and waving fields of wheat surround the outskirts of the prosperous town. But the forests are gone. No more the Indian camps guard the fast-flowing river; no more the graceful canoe glides silently among the bends, the rocks and the rapids; and no more the bright camp-fires illumine the primeval wilderness. For the great White Hand points westward and the Indian must go. The redmen go, the hunting-ground is tilled and made fertile, and great stretches of grain grow where once roamed the wild bison. Over the mountains and farther west are the ranches. The old camping sites are fenced with barbed wire, and sleepy cattle graze where once the unmolested deer pulled daintily at the long grasses.—And all these changes have been wrought in the last fifty years. At that time frontiersmen, harbingers of the oncoming tide, had paused as though for breath at the foot of the Divide; and no other white men had lived permanently in the valleys beyond.—Mountains, river, and landscape were still in the same state as when nature made them.

It was a bright moonlit night, many years ago,—years before the invasion of the white man. All was quiet save nature's voice: the rushing river as it struck the rocks and the groaning and creaking of the pines in the wind. There was no warning that night that this very spot would, in a half century, become the center of the manufacture and industry in the great Northwest. So Kalitan and Monawah, walking together slowly through the forest, had no cause for worrying of the future. Of the present they were satisfied. So far as they knew there were no white men

west of the Black River. They had seldom seen any of the palefaces, but had heard of ten of the civilization over the mountains, and though they felt and feared the oncoming tide, this night they were happy.

Kalitan, the tall sleek-skinned warrior gazed thoughtfully into the eyes of the beautiful girl, Monawah, beside him.

"You have had gifts of beads and skins from the young men of this and other tribes, while I have given you nothing—nothing save the moccasins which you are wearing. I am poor, Monawah,—I cannot understand—"

"The Great Spirit works wonders," replied the girl, laughing. "He has given me a nature which cares not for riches. I have made my choice. The warriors, young and old, have come to woo me, but the bravest and handsomest came not until tonight. A man must not belittle his achievements or his attainments. Come,—were you not sure I cared for you, even before you asked me?" She lifted her head and glanced archly at him.

The Brave seemed dazed and did not answer. She laughed gaily and he murmured:

"I am the happiest of men, Monawah!"

On and on they walked through many a bend and twist as the narrow path avoided the trees and the boulders, and, they neared the end of the beaten trail which led to the Great Boulder, he repeated several times, "The happiest of men, Monawah!"

He did not doubt but what this was true, nor did he guess how long it would last, but if the two crouching white men who were noiselessly following them, at a safe distance under cover of the underbrush, had understood the warrior's thoughts, they would have ventured to state that his happiness would be of short duration.

"I have heard that you go on an important mission tonight," said the girl

as the Boulder came in sight. Then, after a pause, "Where?"

"To the Red-feathers, with a treaty of peace," answered Kalitan.

"Peace at last!" sighed Monawah. "Is it not grand to think that the wars are over, that now we may hunt and fish in safety? We Wa-shones love peace!—Think of it, Kalitan; you will never have to leave me. Our happiness will be unending."

Just then, high above them in a tree-top, the shrill cry of an owl rang out through the night air. The girl clutched her companion's arm wildly.

"An owl's cry! How it frightened me!"

Kalitan answered gravely: "The Old Man of the Valley says it is an evil omen to hear an owl's cry when one talks of happiness,—a foreshadow of misfortune and death."

The girl shuddered. "Perhaps that is but one of his fantasies," she said, endeavoring to be merry, though her eyes had filled with tears. How the slightest jar upsets one's happiness!

They reached the Boulder and paused by its side. The moon high in the dome of night threw a pearly mantle over maid and man and valley. Monawah turned and faced the warrior. "I shall worry about you now, Kalitan; worry has taken the place of happiness in my heart.—You will return soon?—You will come back to me?"

"Come back, Monawah?" he whispered gently, smiling at her earnestness. "I would not stay away from this valley. When I journey to other tribes, in war or in peace, it seems as if I cannot wait till I come home; the woods, the river, the odor of the pines and the bit-ter-sweet,—the whole valley seems to call to me. And now that there will be some one waiting for me when I come—"

"The moon is high, Kalitan, you must go."

"I cannot leave you."

"Go, Kalitan, your mission is of great

importance to the tribe. Hurry, or the moon will set, and leave you to journey in the darkness."

"You care for me, Monawah?"

She stamped her foot impetuously, but it was only to hide her own emotion. She smiled as she answered:

"Go, Kalitan!"

There they stood, outlined against the moonlit side of the Great Boulder, gazing at each other with a silence which outspoke words. That is the way the Indian said "goodbye."

* * * * *

Back in the shadow of the boulder stood McCabe and Dugan, recruiting officers for Colonel Stewart's United Wild West Shows, one with a coil of hemp rope, the other with an old meal sack. They understood no word of the Indian jargon or of the pathos of that parting. They were there on a strictly business proposition, which included neither sympathy nor softheartedness.—They had little interest in the tall sleek-skinned warrior, though they understood vaguely that the Indian was going away; and indeed, they were quite anxious to have him go, for the savage standing so still and direct in the mellow moonlight, threw a feeling of uneasiness over the two ambushed whites.

It was the maiden they wanted, Monawah, whose beauty was known in all the neighboring Indian tribes. They had heard of her in the mountains, and had quickly decided that she would make an ideal queen of the Indian Village for Stuart's United Shows.

Out in the moonlight there was a final embrace and the warrior departed, his moccasined feet falling silently on the narrow trail which led up the mountain. The girl followed him with her eyes, till he was lost among the shadows; then she turned and slowly walked homeward, and McCabe and Dugan came quietly out from behind the boulder.

So they followed her along the winding path, back to the smoldering fires of the Indian camp. At a dark bend they overtook her. There was no struggle. A handkerchief tied over her mouth, her arms bound behind, the meal sack thrown over her head.—

II.

The roads of Duquesne County, at least those which lead to Duquesne itself were crowded with vehicles of every sort, laden with gaunt muscular farmers, their corpulent, over-dressed wives, and bright shining children, all bearing on their faces the pleasant smiles of anticipation. There is only one regular event in Missouri which can bring such a crowd together and that is the State Fair, so once again sleepy Duquesne awoke from its dormant state. The hotels and lodging houses of the little town were full to overflowing, and the main streets were noisy with the rattle of the big farm wagons and carry-alls, and with the squeaks and groans of the buggies and phaetons of the more prosperous farmers.

Within the gates of the fair, from early morning till late at night, there was more activity. Mingled with the shouts of the visitors and merry-makers

were the sharp coarse cries of the barkers who endeavored to attract the attention of the public to "The best show on the grounds." Venders in shrill voices called their wares, and little children, squeezing in their red sticky hands the remains of multi-striped candy, joined in the melee of sounds with sobs and wailings.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth day since the opening of the fair. On a little platform, in front of the concession of Stuarts United Shows sat Monawah, the Indian maiden, thinking and dreaming. Ever since that night when McCabe and Dugan had brought her from the mountains she had been in such a state. Her eyes no longer sparkled, and her cheeks were wan and thin as she sat there from day to day, tasting of little food, taking but little sleep and staring with unseeing eyes at the thousands of spectators which crowded around her platform. Her mind was full of thoughts of Kalitan and the mountains. She seemed to feel some irresistible force drawing her to the valley and day by day she grew more lonesome for the Indian camp and the fast-flowing river. But there seemed no hope. She was thinking as she sat on the platform late that afternoon that she would never see the west again; that she would die soon and never be able to view the clear skies and the glorious sunsets of the Wa-Shone Valley. She was thinking too of Kalitan and the sorrow she had caused him, and of his loneliness, how she had entered his life and gone out of it in those brief moments on the mountain path. Little did she dream that he was at that minute but a few miles distant from where she sat.

She did not know that on a lonely country road which led to the town, just as the sun sank beyond the horizon, tinting the clouds a crimson blue, a tall awkward figure was slouching wearily along,—a strange man to be in such a place. His hair was long and black and shiny, his skin a reddish brown, his cheekbones high and pointed. He was dressed in a baggy sack coat and blue corduroy pants and on his head he wore a dilapidated stiff hat of some out-of-date fashion. He walked with a slow but steady pace, squirming uncomfortably in his peculiar garb. It was a ludicrous figure and would have been the target for many quips and insults had natives chanced to pass him on the road.

Toward eight o'clock in the evening, within the fair, festivities were at their height. Monawah was still sitting on the platform where numerous arc-lamps threw their rays upon her. She was still thinking and dreaming, unconscious of the gaping crowd that stood before her.

Suddenly at her side she heard a voice, strangely familiar, speaking in her native tongue: "The cry of the owl is an evil omen, Monawah!" She started; it must have been a dream; her sorrow and melancholy were playing with her. The voice spoke again, more softly, "The cry of the owl foreshadows misfortune and death, Monawah!" She lowered her eyes to the

place from where the voice seemed to come, and looked straight into the eyes of the Indian.

"Kalitan!" she murmured.

"Monawah, who took you from me? Who took you from the valley?"

"Kalitan!" she repeated. "The Great Spirit is good!"

"Who are the pale-faces that took you from me?" he asked again. Two men who were standing at the further end of the platform explaining to the public the merits of the wild west show. Dazedly she nodded toward them, and when she looked again to the Indian, he was gone. All evening she waited for him to return, but he came not.

And now events hurry and crowd themselves into my narrative. I can but follow Kalitan as he set about that terrible night's work. Beneath the platform he lay the rest of the evening waiting till the crowd thinned and disappeared, till the barkers and venders ceased their racket, until he heard the Wild West building locked for the night. Then he arose, and gave a low cat-call, and a face appeared at a half-open window in the second story.

"Be ready to leave when the moon has set," he warned her, in a low voice, using the Wa-Shone language. He walked to the door, pried open the latch and then left hurriedly and followed with noiseless steps the two men who had locked the door of the reservation. All was darkness and quiet, but the keen perceptibility of the savage divined the direction the men had taken, and a few noiseless strides brought him to a few feet from them.

They had paused before the entrance of McKeever's Hotel, where McCabe, the taller of the two, handed Dugan a leather pouch of jingling coins,—the receipts for the day at the Wild West Show. The red man hid himself in the shadow of the building, taking from an inner belt a shining glittering thing, which he raised at arms length, aiming at the taller figure. As Dugan took the money the Indian fired;—two shots in rapid succession, disturbed the clear silent night. One of the white men fell lifeless on the walk, the other staggered through the door of the hotel. Near the building lay a smoking revolver, and far up the street the red man was running toward the fair.

* * * * *

In a dark ill-smelling cell sat Kalitan, sorrowing. Not because he had killed a man, nor that he feared the noose, but because of the girl,—Monawah, journeying westward alone. The heart of the red man pained with sorrow and longing as he sat, still and silent for hours, studying a slip of paper,—directions which the Old Man of the Valley had given him that he might find her.

But he was not always thus. At times he raved in his cell like a madman. With a loud coarse voice he cursed the night he set out for the country of the Redfeathers; he cursed McCabe and Dugan who had robbed him of Monawah, happiness and life; and there were moments when he cursed himself for his carelessness in not killing both these men.

(Continued on page 5.)



THE BOY MECHANIC

By A. G. NEW



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Notices will be inserted under this heading at the rate of **TWO WORDS FOR ONE CENT.** Advertisements under Ten Cents not accepted. **CASH WITH ORDER.** Figures and initials count as words.

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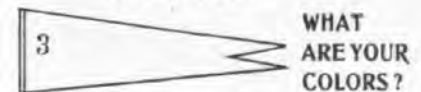
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Chicago, Illinois

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HOW TO BUILD AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

THE following article will be of much interest to the amateur mechanic who has been enthralled with accounts of such men as Morgan and Harriman, as with a little time in the shop you can be as great a railroad magnate as either of the above men.

This electric railway may be made from material found in every boys' "junk" box.

pully on axle, a piece of cord serving as a belt.

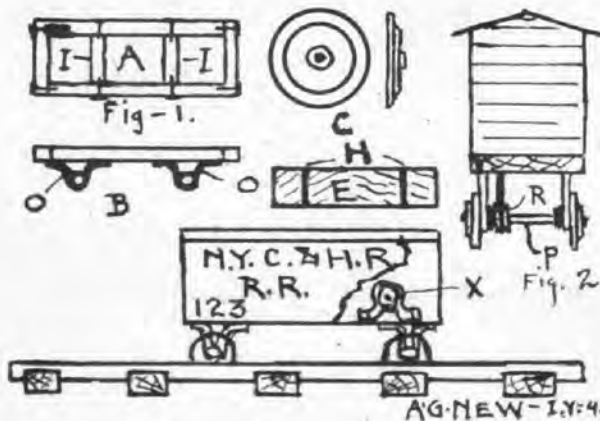
You will have to have your wires running from one side of car to motor and a wire from opposite side to motor.

You can make a top for car out of tin as shown in cut.

Your ties for track can be made from 1x½-inch wood with two slots "H" Fig. E about 3 inches apart to hold track.

Your track can be an old clock spring and you may have any shaped track you desire.

At end of track put your battery the



The wheels of the car "C" are made of lead. A mold can be made in plaster paris, of a wheel from an old toy engine you may have and with a solder ladle you can melt the lead; pouring slowly into your mold which must be perfectly dry.

The base of the car "A" Fig. 1 is made of ½ inch square wood and fastened together by nails. It should be about 3 inches and 7 inches long with two intermediate bars to hold motor "I" Fig. 1.

The axles "P" Fig. 2 are stiff wire about 3½ inches long. When wheels are cast put on axles so the rims are about 3 inches apart; on one axle put a small sheave for driving belt "R" Fig. 2. This may be a small spool with a groove cut in it.

When wheels and sheaves are on wind some light wire on inside of same to keep in place.

The braces "O" Fig. B are made of stiff wire bent around the axles and bent to fit base as shown. This may be fastened to base by staples. Spring these over ends of axles and they will stay in place, by the tightening cause by being sprung.

Your running gear ready you can now start on the propelling apparatus.

A little Ajax motor will serve very good. Fasten on running gear so the pully on motor will be in line with the

positive on one side of track and negative on other.

You will find the car will travel very rapidly.

Here is a startling statement—Galveston is now the second largest exporting city of the United States. In ten years the value of her exports has jumped from \$61,000,000 to \$197,000,000, which sends her far ahead of New Orleans and Boston. When last heard of up here she was practically off the earth in the most awful inrush of waters ever known on this continent. Her imports amount to only \$3,000,000.

NOTICE!

We want our readers to help us with practical notes. If you have some new way of doing something, some practical device to make work easy, let us have it. If it needs a drawing, send a rough sketch if you can not make a good one. But we want something practical and useful, not copies-of something you have read elsewhere.

We will publish those which seem useful and send you something to pay for your trouble.

We want this page to be the best Mechanical page in print.

WATCH US GROW

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A Magazine for Boys and Young Men

Entered at the Chicago, Ill., Post Office
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EDITORIAL

McKinley Edmiston, fifteen years old, a student at a St. Louis business college, knows what it is like to have his father and big brother work for him. He also enjoys the experience of studying business methods after he has made a success that would make many grown men proud. He came home one night about two years ago and said to his father:

"I'm going into the newspaper selling business. I've got three dollars; will you lend me five?"

His father, J. C. Edmiston, at that time chief clerk and registrar of the office of the State Inspector of Grain for Illinois, made the loan.

McKinley made use of the basement of his home for a distributing station. His business grew until he had thirteen boys working for him. He paid back his debt. When trade grew too large for the basement Mr. Edmiston purchased an old street car and had the station moved. McKinley made use of modern methods in interesting the boys working for him. He gave them a banquet at his home one night and planned other amusements for them.

Before long the street car was also outgrown and a newly built store rented. About that time Mr. Edmiston gave up his office, which paid him \$150 a month, in order that he might help his young son. McKinley Edmiston was able to pay his father a better salary than the state of Illinois. Fruit, candy and notions were added to the newspaper trade.

Mr. Edmiston and another son, Clyde, will take care of the business until McKinley has finished his business course. He is a brother of "Chick" Edmiston, third baseman on the Kansas City baseball team.

Our electrical page was omitted this month as we were somewhat cramped for space, but in our big issue next month we will have some of the best electrical ideas for boys that were ever in print. We want you boys to send in contributions for all departments of this paper. We will pay for the best ones received each month.

The Times comes to us this month in full form. Its columns have some of the best reading matter in them that can be found. Keep the good work up, Brother Walls.

We will probably start a press exchange in *THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH* next month.

The magazine world is growing wonderfully during the present era. New

papers are springing up every week, probably every day. Not many years ago it was thought impossible for a boys' paper to exist. Men were afraid to attempt the publishing of one, but Mr. Hunter, of Oak Park, Ill., in a daring way broke thru the line of fear and started the publishing of the *Star Monthly*. No doubt all of our readers know what the *Star Monthly* was. A better paper for boys could not have been found in its time, for after it was started many did spring up, only to die again. About nine years ago the *American Boy*, a paper of world-wide circulation, undertook the great task of interesting the youth of the globe. Today it is the greatest paper in the world for boys. It struck the right spot in every boys' heart and therefore has been crowned with success. It has built a solid foundation, a foundation which we are endeavoring to build, and thereby succeed also. Altho there are many publications for boys today, the *American Boy* is king of them all.

THE SISTERS' CLUB

EDITED BY AUNT MARY SIMPSON.

Well, girls, here we are again with the Sisters' Club department, but we are sorry to say that you girls are slow. None of you told us how your fudge came out. We want to hear from more of you. Owing to the lack of space we cannot print any of the letters which reached us during the past month, but will promise you more space soon. Just watch for the June issue and see what happens. We would like to have you all write to us and send a good recipe or something interesting for the girls. Address your communication to "The Sisters' Club," care of *THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH*, Chicago, Ill.

Maple Cream is a delicious article and can be made in the following manner:

Take one-half as much water as maple sugar, cook without stirring and when nearly done put in a small piece of butter. When it begins to harden take it off the fire and beat it rapidly until it becomes a waxy substance. After this is done divide into balls and if desired, enclose each ball between two halves of English walnuts. Set in a place to cool.

FANCY WORK NOTES.

Concordia canvas is a new textile fabric for embroidering upon, and has won much favor. It comes in single and double widths; the latter, forty-five inches wide, makes pretty table covers. Concordia fringed scarfs, tidies and toi-

let sets are novelties, and take readily to darned embroidery.

Among novelties are bed spreads in Bolton sheeting, with the embroidery commenced. Cotton moquette is another new fabric to be embroidered, among other purposes, for bed-spreads and portieres. Hemp braided bureau and lamp mats are also novelties. A pretty hemp fringe comes for decorating them. The yellow, green and garnet mats are pretty for many decorative purposes.

One can make a novel and pretty lamp shade in the following way: Cut five pieces of stiff white net, such as is used in making summer bonnet shapes, in the form of a flower petal, an elongated rose petal, or a short water lily petal. Next, cut sprays of gay pink flowers from cretonne, and paste one on each shape, after covering them on both sides with pink muslin, buttonholing the front and back linings to the shape. Next, overcast the five pieces together with pink silk, and trim around the five scallops forming the bottom of the shade, with a frill of soft, deep cream lace. Put a frill, or pleating, around the top, to stand upright, then trim down the joinings of the five shapes with cascades of loops and ends of rose pink ribbon. Leave one seam half open at the top, so the shade can be slipped easily over the usual wire frame, and tie together with ribbon.

WATCH US GROW

STAMPS, POST CARDS COINS AND CURIOS

Edited by L. L. DOLSON, Geneva, Iowa (Dept. I.Y.), to whom all correspondence relating to this department should be addressed.

We are in receipt of a very interesting article from J. W. Kays. This is an interesting article and one well worth reading. I think you will all agree with me in saying that Mr. Kays deserves first place in our monthly "Philatelic Roll of Honor."

HOW TO START A STAMP COLLECTION.

There are a great many people who are about to start collecting who would like to know the most advantageous method of starting, and how to obtain the best value at the beginning. No beginner should start a collection by ordering from a catalogue, as the cost soon runs up to a large amount, even when buying the cheapest stamps as the lowest price for one single cheap stamp from a catalogue is one cent, whereas if he starts with cheap packets, it is only a fraction of that unit. He should at first purchase a large packet, the more stamps it contains the better value he will get for his money. He should then arrange them in his album. This done, he will then be able to see where he stands, and from just what countries he needs stamps and should then buy in sets (a list can be obtained from any stamp company free of charge), which he can get from 25 to 50 per cent discount less than regular catalogue price. He can select just those stamps that will make a neat display in his album and when he has filled up certain countries in this manner, he can then turn to Scott's Catalogue, and order any particular variety he may be short of in his collection.

Every collector should have a copy of Scott's Standard Catalogue. It can be purchased anywhere for 50 cents, or 58 cents postage prepaid. It gives the value of every stamp issued by every country in the world, from date of the first issue, up to the present time. Armed with this catalogue, you will be able to hunt the stamps out and find out what they are listed at, thereby knowing the value of your collection.

J. W. KAYS.

Mr. Kays says he can furnish us with more articles if we wish them. Do we wish them? Well, I should say. Send them along. We want at least two or three letters for next issue. Wake up, ye collectors; send us something good.

PHILATELIC NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Messrs. Pierce and Zahn of Denver, suffered a loss of several cases of valuable coins by burglary last week. However, as this firm has just picked up

two 1907 \$20 gold coins and retailed them at \$40 apiece the law of compensation is evidently working in their favor just now. The coins stolen were all coppers and silver U. S.

Never put a three-cent stamp on a letter. It is two centsitive.

Our silver quarter contains the figure of the American eagle, which is all right, but wouldn't it be appropriate to put a dog on the (s)cent instead of an Indian?

PHILATELIC ROLL OF HONOR.

J. W. Kays, 43 North Park street, East Orange, N. J.

The Call of the Wa-shone

Continued from page 2

Yet, often, in the dead of night, when he awoke from uncomfortable sleep, his thoughts wandered westward. There he saw the girl sitting weary, and lonesome, and—waiting. He heard the rushing river as it hammered against the rocks; he heard the coyote call, and saw in startling visions, the wild deer leaping among the trees of the forest, and his nostrils quivered and dilated as he imagined the odor of the pines.

And so he dreamed and waited.

Back over the hills to the narrow Wa-Shone Valley, went Monawah, alone; back to the mountains, the river and the boulders, and through the long years that followed she waited, the lights no longer glistening in her eyes, the music no longer in her voice,—waiting for the warrior who did not come. They of the tribe knew of her abduction and Kalitan's pursuit; more than this they did not know, but their intuition hinted at some dark tragedy and they held their peace, calling her Alorah, "The Sorrowing One." And the days sped into months, and the months into years as the dull monotony of waiting continued.

But she knew now what Kalitan's longing had been for the forest and the valley,—the loadstone to draw him back to that glorious spot in the mountains. The rushing river seemed to beckon one to swim or fish in its waters. The forests whispered of the balm of the pines mingled with the roaming deer and black bear. The odor of the bittersweet inspired life into all that lived in the valley.

At last she knew—she understood the call of the Wa-shone.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

[James Hanlon, a young American, invented a powerful airship and flew across the Atlantic, determined, single-handed, to free Ireland. On reaching the Irish coast, he was met by an English airship, and as Hanlon went rather close to earth he was fired upon by a rapid fire gun and wounded. A farmer and his son aided Hanlon, so he was not captured. Hanlon and the young farmer flew away and at night time rested on the crevice of a hill. Hanlon's wounds were not severe, and in three days he decided to begin his campaign. Six soldiers discovered the airship in its hiding place, while Hanlon in disguise, had been at a nearby town purchasing supplies. Hanlon came on them unawares, and covering them with his revolver, and threatening them with a bomb, he marched them down the hill. He immediately flew to a place called Casselbar and asked the commander of the garrison to surrender. The commander refused. Then Hanlon, seeing an isolated cannon, with no gunners near it, hurled a powerful explosive at the cannon.]

CHAPTER V.

THE commander, by the aid of his glass, knew what was coming. His bugler immediately blew the "gunner's retreat," and the men who were hiding near the other cannon, left their position. In a few moments the explosive fell close to the isolated cannon—a loud report was heard, and the cannon was a shattered mass.

Then, seeing the gunners had deserted the other cannon, Hanlon resumed his work, and in a minute the heretofore deadly pieces were now perfectly harmless.

Cheer after cheer escaped from the people who hastily had gathered on the scene. Surely, Hanlon was a wonder, and they forgave him for his defeat the day he reached Ireland.

The commander was furious and so were his brave men. Willing to fight but no opportunity to do so, put them into a furious temper.

"Will you surrender now?" came the aerogram.

"I suppose I must—and if I do what will you do—slaughter all my men, seeing you can't take them prisoners?"

"I am no murderer," came back the reply. "I am angry at such a remark. Americans never treated their fellow-men dishonorably, whether they were

friends or foes. Do as I tell you. Pile all your arms and ammunition in the open field in front of the barracks. Now go ahead."

Reluctantly the commander obeyed. The troops sprang to their arms—marched in platoons to the spot designated, and hurled their weapons to the ground. Rifles, swords, bayonets, explosives, cartridges and everything used in warfare lay there ready for destruction.

The Invincible hovered over the scene, its occupant looking through his glass.

He noticed that the peasantry were getting uneasy and looked as if they were ready to close in on the troops, but Hanlon stopped this. His ship descended slowly, and at last he spoke through a powerful megaphone.

"Citizens, in a few moments the instruments of war will be destroyed, but I caution you not to injure any of the soldiers. If you do I will destroy every one of you. From now on the soldiers cannot injure you, as in addition to destroying their arms, I will make them take oath not to again take up arms in any part of Ireland. Remember, I want you to do as I say—I do not need your help."

Very much dissatisfied the peasantry threw away the spades and forks and other articles with which they were arming themselves.

Then Hanlon began his work. With bowed heads officers and men witnessed the destruction. The commander shed tears—twenty-five years fighting for the flag—this certainly was a humiliating end to his military career.

At last the work was done and the soldiers pledged themselves not to carry arms again in Ireland, and promised to leave the island as soon as possible.

Hanlon, fearing no treachery, descended to Mother Earth and asked the commander to step into the cage of the Invincible.

Whatever passed between them nobody could hear, but apparently, Hanlon was rather clever as a diplomat, for when they were parting, everybody was surprised to see both men indulge in a hearty handshake.

And now Hanlon addressed the soldiers and people.

"Officers and Soldiers—I hope that you will soon enter civic life and never again wish to become military men. In fact, I think I will demonstrate to you before a month is over, that soldiers in the near future will be unnecessary—that battleships will be sold for old iron. And to you citizens I want to again warn you not to perform a single act to injure an officer or soldier. They were amongst you to do their duty and could not prevent their presence here.



Henceforth let you and them be friends. Celebrate together tonight and let peace and good will prevail. Good bye all."

A shout went up—the people rushed forth and grasped the hands of the soldiers. Even the commander condescended to grasp the hand of one of the prominent merchants of the town.

While this scene was being enacted, the Invincible ascended rapidly, and another mighty cheer went up, as Hanlon waved the English flag, then the Irish flag and finally the stars and stripes. Through the megaphone they could hear his "goodbye" as he flew rapidly towards the north.

Meanwhile, the defeated commander was forwarding the sad news to London. It caused a hurried meeting of the Cabinet. Surprise and dismay were depicted on each face. Inside of an hour, "extras" were on the street telling of the humiliation of the English arms. The commander of the Eagle was censured for not making an effort to checkmate Hanlon. In fact, somebody had to be blamed. Somebody had to be made a scapegoat, but above all the commanders of the three airships then in Ireland were ordered to seek and give battle to Hanlon. Easier said than performed. The English airships were slower than Hanlons, by ten miles an hour. But still, like Micawber in one of Dicken's stories, everybody hoped "something would happen" to defeat Hanlon.

Garrisons rushed their field pieces here and there, and hid them. Chance might bring Hanlon within range, and then he would be a defeated man. Sharpshooters ran hither and thither, three, four and five miles away from their base. The island was being actually dotted with soldiers. If Hanlon should descend to earth, his chances were slim. But he fell into a trap once, and was exceedingly careful.

He gradually slowed down and scanned all quarters of the sky, but not an airship in sight. Then he came to a standstill and endeavored to get into touch with the war office, but did not succeed.

He heard press news, however, flying through the air, and he learned that a cabinet meeting was called to again consider the matter of Home Rule.

Perhaps it was better to await the result of the meeting before attacking another garrison, as the cabinet might now grant this measure to the island. Therefore Hanlon, to use a common expression, "took it easy" for awhile. For

three or four hours the Invincible lay still in the air, but at last Hanlon became impatient. It was now evening and unless some news came from the cabinet in a few minutes he had decided to swoop down on another garrison.

But the news came at last. The meeting had adjourned, and not a word could be learned as to what had been done. One member merely remarked: "Let Hanlon keep on, some day he will come to grief."

From this the English newspapers were hopeful that the cabinet had some new ally to oppose the Yankee.

The papers guessed correctly. Just as the cabinet were in the midst of a fiery argument, and the majority, to prevent further humiliation to the soldiery, had urged the granting of Home Rule, a messenger was ushered into the chamber.

He brought in the glad tidings of the completion of a powerful flyer, in Ireland, and all its inventor needed was word to give battle to Hanlon.

If the cabinet had given the word to go ahead, it would have saved them another blow, as will be seen later on. The usual red tape had to be gone through before final orders were issued and by that time Hanlon had struck another blow.

On hearing of no decision by the cabinet, Hanlon vowed that he would not under any circumstance grant any grace in future. He then resolved to push on with his work.

The large city of Bellslow was only a hundred miles distant, and he at once steered the Invincible in that direction.

It was dark when he hovered over the town. He carefully consulted a map of the city, and it was not a difficult matter to locate the garrison on King street.

Close to the earth he soared, and was rewarded by seeing the infantry in the barrack square. Also he saw some field pieces and other objects that led him to believe were nothing else but light cannon, covered for use in case Hanlon should come within range.

Click! went his wireless instrument and very soon he was talking to the general's quarters.

At that very moment the general was talking to London. The war office there told him to investigate a flyer made in his immediate vicinity and to report.

Now, if they told him to immediately accept the services of the flyer it might have been very unpleasant for Hanlon.

Just as the general was sending his adjutant to the address given by the war office, Hanlon's message was handed to him. It read: "Surrender immediately. Collect your cannon, rifles and all ammunition, and other instruments of war, and pile them on the barrack square. This is imperative."

"Ask him for two hours to consider," replied the general.

By that time he expected his adjutant would have reported on the other flyer, and perhaps he could hurl it against Hanlon.

Hanlon quickly replied: "I will not listen to any delay. Refuse, and innocent blood be upon your head."

"Give us an hour," went up the reply. "I give you one minute to have your buglers gather your troops. I give you two more to begin the work of collecting your arms. Useless sending any more pleas. I am in no humor for any such nonsense."

The general again tried to talk to Hanlon, but the latter would not reply, except that Hanlon's instrument clicked off the seconds.

It was a hard pill to swallow, but Hanlon had to be obeyed. The bugles sounded and soldiers who were away from the barracks ran towards it in all haste, and as they ran, they saw in the heavens rockets shooting back and forth, and as they exploded the word "Hanlon" floated in the air.

On the barrack grounds, the soldiers were not idle. Cannon were wheeled to the open square, rifles were thrown with the cannon, and in less than ten minutes the general notified Hanlon that all was ready.

It is unnecessary to state what followed. Then Hanlon had the officers and men pledge themselves not to take up arms again on the island.

Just as this was done, the adjutant returned.

"Too bad, too bad," he cried. "I can secure the services of the flyer and its inventor, who without compensation will give battle to Hanlon, and he is confident of success."

The war office was notified, and in a very short time the general was told to accept the inventor's service, and just as the war office ceased speaking, a man with his face covered with beard, and without a hat, rushed into the square.

The people, who in that city were very loyal to the Crown, rushed in upon him. Some had an idea he was Hanlon, and had it not been for the soldiers they would have killed him.

"Mine friends, you are all wrong. I am Levinsky—I have a big flyer ready to fight Hanlon. Why? Because I am a Russian Jew. I was persecuted in Russia—I went to America—I could not stay there—the children pelted me on the street, and I was subject to other indignities, but I came to live under the English flag, and am respected. Now get ready a gatling gun and plenty of ammunition, and I will be here in a minute."

He at once disappeared, but very soon a dark body was seen in the air. It approached rapidly and settled down on the square.

Fortunately, one of the rapid fire guns was not demolished, and this was quickly put into the cage of the flyer, and then Levinsky, kissing his hand to the crowd, disappeared from sight. Meanwhile, Hanlon not dreaming of such a formidable enemy springing up so suddenly, had steered the Invincible in a southerly direction. He wanted to go "into quarters" for the night and had yet to select a place. He knew the Mourne mountains were not far distant, and he decided to head for them.

Why should he not stay in the air, and sleep there?

(To be continued.)

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These Telephones are known as Special Small Residence type. Designed for use where only a small

cabinet is desired, and where the batteries are placed at some point away from the 'Phone. Standard equipment is mounted in same, and it is a complete Magneto Telephone, but without the batteries.

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as given in the December issue of the "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH". We will send complete designs and full directions for five one cent stamps. Every boy should have a set of these plans. Address

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The above Rates will hold good, to those contracting now, till January, 1909. Our increased circulation will justify our making another jump in rates July 1, '08.

THE ALPHA PUBLISHING COMPANY

Money Value of a Technical Education

TECHNICAL training may be self-acquired or obtained through instruction. The ability to drive a nail properly, or to design and construct the most wonderful and complex of structures or devices, is the result of technical training in but different degree. Up to a very recent date, and within the memory of most of us, the apprentice system and that of independent delving represented the sole methods of acquiring training. Research and investigation carried on in individual lines, with varying degrees of success, depended upon the mental makeup of the individual, were the means of acquiring theoretical technical knowledge. The blending of these two methods developed the earlier mechanical engineers and will even in the future, enable those sufficiently gifted by nature and habits to attain eminence. The progress of the world, however, calls for a better and more speedy way of producing trained men than could be developed by the method of self-instruction. The individual, striving for manual skill, attains his desire under the old apprentice system. Individuals sufficiently gifted rise above their fellows, and become the leaders in their calling. The gratification of a mechanical appetite and the desire to earn more money than his fellows are the two moving causes which impel a man towards technical training. A generation or two ago, the universal belief was that the sooner a young man entered upon his apprenticeship, or began practical manual work, the better and more rapid be his progress in the mechanical arts, and book-learning was derided as being purely theoretical, and of little practical value.

Obtaining data from which incontrovertible conclusions can be drawn is now comparatively easy, as Science and Craft brings it out, but a few years ago was practically impossible. We are all prone to take extreme cases of success or failure as the basis of our opinions, and lose sight of the fact that it is the average man whose career shows the true force and direction of the current. For convenience of comparison, I will outline the actual progress made by four groups of men working in the mechanical arts—the unskilled labor group, the shop-trained or apprentice group, the trade school group, the technical school group—and give the results attained. Each group I will refer to as an individual.

The first is the laborer with but primitive and redimentary training, working under the immediate and constant supervision of a boss, and earning, as the line on the chart indicates, (chart will be shown next month) \$10.20 per week at the age of twenty-two, his line remaining horizontal thru the period of his usefulness. Data are lacking as to his progress before he reaches the age of twenty-one.

(To be continued.)

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- 8 Subscribers—Fine nickel-plated watch, stem wind, stem set, or a single shot Daisy air rifle.
- 5 Subscribers—Cowboy's Pride, extra fine 3-blade knife.
- 4 Subscribers—Fine Paint Box, containing 20 colors.
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These books are all good, durable, cloth bound books.

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 1. Around the World on \$60.00.
 2. Nye and Riley's Wit and Humor.
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THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH

VOLUME I

JUNE, 1908

NUMBER 7-8



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ALPHA PUBLISHING COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
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ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1879.

(Continued from page 3.)

The Captain ground his teeth, but said nothing. He was fairly consumed with hate and rage.

Their rapiers crossed. The grating of steel followed as the Captain lunged viciously at young DeClaronaisse. The thrust was deftly parried by the Vicomte's dagger, as, with the speed of an arrow, his own rapier darted forward. The Captain regained himself in time to avoid a serious injury, but not in time to prevent his opponent's rapier from cutting a gash in his right shoulder. The Captain had been rash. He had rushed too carelessly and madly into the fray. His temper cooled off and he became more wary. He realized he had met his match at last, where he had expected a novice. As for De Claronaisse, he leaped with more ardor into the battle, determined on revenging his father's death at the hands of his assassin. Blood was in his eye. Woe to his antagonist if he made the least slip! Back and forth they stamped, breathing hard, nostrils distended, eyes snapping and marvelously alert, following each others movements with inconceivable rapidity. Their swords bent and struck fire, clashed and rang through the low hall with a sound that struck chill to the hearts of many, wound and twisted around each other, only to end in the slithering sound of steel upon steel and the clash of thrust and parry. The movements of the thin ribbons of steel were so swift that they became invisible to the spectators, who saw only the flashing of the blades as the lights reflected upon them. All that was heard was the active tramping of the duelists, their heavy breathing, the clashing of steel, and as if keeping time to the deadly combat, the tall old clock in the corner ticked forth the seconds that went by like hours. The now sober bystanders watched each movement as if they themselves were the combatants, with breathless interest; and as the battle approached too near, they would turn and slink into a corner, or make themselves as small as possible to avoid danger.

But this terrible pace could not last long. Bleriot slipped on some of the spilled ale and fell to the floor with a crash. De Claronaisse, in the act of making a thrust, lowered his arm, and waited patiently till the Captain could arise and continue the duel. As the Captain rose the Vicomte bowed and de Bleriot glared in return. Both were angered at the delay, so they went at each other again with redoubled fury.

The gash received by de Bleriot at the very first of the fight was beginning to tell on him. Slowly, but surely, De Claronaisse forced the Captain backwards, not for a moment desisting his ferocious attack. The course of the duel might have been traced by the drops of blood from Bleriot's shoulder. He was getting faint from loss of blood. His eyes looked wild, his parries became wider and his thrusts weaker.

Then the sword-arm of De Claronaisse gave out rapidly. He muttered

between clinched teeth, "D—m that old wound!" The Captain could not help but notice this and wild hopes sprang into his eyes. He increased his weakening attack to the utmost of his strength, and with a leer upon his face, drove the Vicomte steadily back the whole length of the room. Then the look of despair in the Vicomte's face changed to one of determination. With a sudden movement exceeding all others in rapidity, Le Claronaisse dropped upon one knee, and mustering all the strength left in his arm, he put the whole weight of his body into a sudden terrific lunge at Bleriot, at the same time parrying with his dagger a vicious thrust of the Captain's, who, deceived by the Vicomte's fall, thought to end the combat then and there. The Vicomte's deadly lunge broke through de Bleriot's frenzied guard, and his blade passed through the body of the Captain clear to the hilt. He sank to the floor without a sound.

De Claronaisse rose and drew out his rapier with his left hand. He stood over the dead body, gazing into its staring, upturned face, as he said to himself:

"Father, I have fulfilled the oath I made at your deathbed. If I have done wrong, may God forgive me." Then a sad smile lit up his features as he thought: "He said he would give me a lesson in fencing. He did not do that, but he has taught me a lesson worth a good deal more, and that is, Revenge is not so sweet as I imagined."

HER PAPA'S SERMON.

The teacher was trying to explain to the class the indestructibility of matter, says the Youth's Companion.

"Nothing is ever wholly annihilated," she said. "It may change its form so that you see it no longer, but it still exists. A solid may become a liquid and a liquid change to vapor, but it is just as much a part of creation as ever. Not a particle of it has been lost."

"It is so, as I believe, in the world of mind. No spoken word, no thought even, fades away into utter nothingness. It lives on, whether for good or bad. A minister may preach a sermon and see no effect from it, but that sermon is not lost. No sermon is ever lost."

"I know papa never loses any of his," spoke up a little girl, the daughter of one of the local pastors. "I know where he keeps 'em. They're in a barrel in the back attic."

THE BOY WITH THE AMATEUR PRESS

About twenty amateur publishers and writers of Chicago will travel to Milwaukee to attend the convention of the United Amateur Press Association on July 1 and 2.

Earle H. Bean, age 13, is conceded to be the youngest editor in the New England States. He is editor of a very interesting monthly called the "Boys' Journal," which is the official organ of the Massachusetts State Branch of the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association.

Herman Bernhard of 419 E. 78th St., New York city, although but 17 years of age, is a poet of great promise. His verses are eagerly sought after by the best amateur publications and a bright future seems to be in store for him in the field of rhythmic fancy.

Ed. J. Hollahan, although still in his teens, has made an enviable reputation for himself in the publishing field. He has just added another publication to his list entitled "The Boy's Companion," which has been selected as the official organ of the New York State Branch of the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association.

John W. Smith, publisher of "The Amateurst" and President of the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association, will leave Hudson Heights, N. J., about June 20 for a trip to Milwaukee to attend the convention of the National A. P. A., which will be held there on July 2, 3, 4. Mr. Smith expects to meet many of the amateur publishers en route.

Washington, D. C., has the proud distinction of having a local amateur press club composed almost entirely of girls. Two papers are published, "The Washingtonian" and "Hours of Ease," whose literary contributions are the work of its girl members. This should prove an inspiration to other girls with literary talent.

From the far Northwest we hear that the "A. Y. P. Exchange," an interesting stamp paper, will be greatly improved and that descriptive literary matter pertaining to stamps and post cards will be a principal feature. Mr. E. Campbell of Seattle, Wash., the editor, is also publisher of an advertising sheet styled "Western Breezes."

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If your subscription is a renewal, cross out the word New. If not, cross out Renewal. If for 1 year, cross out the 50 Cents and 3 Years. If for 3 years, cross out the 25 Cents and 1 Year.

The International Youth

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JUNE-JULY, 1908

NUMBER 7-8



At the Gold Seal Tavern

By G. P. KENT



AS Captain Gourdan neared the end of his tale, the face of the young man directly across the table from him could be seen to pale perceptibly, and a smouldering fire leap into his steel-gray eyes as he listened, with his eyes fixed on the glass of red wine in front of him. When the Captain had finished, he assumed an air of carelessness, and was about to speak, when the tall clock in the corner of the room began tolling the hour of twelve.

The roisterers about the tavern table loudly applauded the Captain's story, and at the same time called for more wine. Most of them were three-quarters drunk and growing merrier every moment, goading themselves on with fresh tankards of foaming ale and old wine.

The merry group clamored for another story, and as the Captain was about to respond to the hearty request, the young man opposite him asked in a careless voice, "What, Monsieur Captain, did you say was the name of that fellow who formed that cowardly plot against you?"

"I thought I mentioned no names, monsieur," answered the Captain, roughly. "But if you must satisfy your curiosity, my young friend, his name was—ah—de Puyson. Did you think you knew him?" added the Captain, with a slight sneer, looking keenly at the young man.

"I know no one of that name, monsieur," was the answer in a low, steady voice, as the tall young fellow stared fixedly at his wine glass, slowly revolving under the nervous movement of his fingers. "But," he added, leaning forward and looking the Captain full in the face, "Didn't that man monsieur, have another name?"

The Captain paled a trifle, but he forced a careless laugh and answered, "I suppose he did, I never asked him. Perhaps you can remind me of it." His eyelids were half closed as he studied the strong, handsome face across

the board, with a trace of apprehension in his countenance.

The steel-gray eyes threatened as they glared into those of Gourdan. "The name has slipped my mind, but I may remember—Bleriot!" The Captain started, tipping over his wine glass, at the sound of the name so abruptly spoken.

"Ah! I see you know the name, monsieur," came in a tense voice from the young man. "I warrant you remember the name of De Claronaisse still better, and the Blue Bottle Inn! Coward!" fairly hissed the clear, ringing voice. "What makes your hand shake so, your face pale? A guilty conscience! A new name, a distant town, was not enough to hide from the world your cowardly crime! Where did you get that scar on your forehead? Look closely at me, Gourdan, Bleriot, or whatever your name is; do you not see a resemblance between the man you—"

"Stop!" came from the Captain in a choked voice. Then rallying wonderfully, he changed from a pale, trembling man, to a calm and collected one, frowning fiercely at the face transformed with anger and hate. "What are you talking about? Keep your mouth closed or your tongue will get the better of you, young man. You may say something you will regret. Even if you are young, I will not stand an insult from you."

Somewhat taken aback, the angry young man was at a loss as to what to say. But he soon found his tongue. "Now you are showing your true colors," he commenced, leaning back with a sneer upon his face. "No wonder you try to bluff it out. From a man who did what you did, what could you expect but a bluff? You are a coward! you are afraid to fight! That's how it is. Or else would you sit there like a lamb taking talk from me, or any other man for that matter. To show you my opinion of you, take this!"

And he leaned over the narrow table and slapped the Captain in the face.

"Thunder!" roared the Captain, leaping to his feet with an oath, tipping over his chair, and ripping out his rapier. "You young upstart! you puppy! you bigoted fop! I'll show you who I am! Draw! and fight like a man. I'll teach you a lesson, I will! *Mon Dieu!* Clear out a space here; you blockheads! Push back those tables and chairs and keep out the way! Now, my young cock, I'll give you a lesson in fencing! Are you ready?" He was white with rage.

As a space was being cleared by the more than willing spectators, the tall man who had caused all this disturbance by his words and actions, occupied himself with displacing certain garments that would impede free movement, and with the rolling up of his sleeves. He watched the Captain's ranting with a scornful smile, at the same time studying him narrowly. His preparations finished, he drew his rapier and dagger, both splendid weapons, and advanced toward the Captain.

"That made a neat story, Monsieur de Bleriot," said he, scathingly, "with you posing yourself as the hero, the victim of a cowardly plot, but escaping through your own marvelous efforts. A fine story, indeed! But you made a few slight mistakes, my dear sir. If you but put the feeble, old Comte de Claronaisse in the place you put yourself in your tale, have him murdered instead of escaping by bold exploits, and then put yourself in the shoes of the coward who planned the dastardly thing, your story would have come nearer to the truth. On guard, monsieur!"

The Captain, blind with fury, stepped up to the cool, smiling young man with an oath: "Say your prayers, fool!"

His answer was a bow and a smile, "Nay, monsieur, 'tis you that need them," he said.

(Continued on page 2.)



Well, boys, the "expected" has happened. We are, with this issue, organizing what we expect to be, in the near future, the greatest society, for boys and young men, in the world. The only way to make it the greatest is to "get busy." Tell your chum about it. Get him interested. Get him to tell other boys, and you do the same. Let us see if we cannot get 10,000 members by January, 1909. That number looks big, doesn't it? But we can do it. Let us try!

A WORD ABOUT THE SOCIETY.

Membership in this society is open to ALL white boys of good moral character, 12 years of age or over. The society is a secret society adapted to boys and young men, and is built on the same foundation as the Masons, Regular Order of the Red Men, Odd Fellows, etc., are built on. Therefore, why need you hesitate in joining?

The teachings of this order will make any boy a broad-minded, patriotic and intelligent man. Nothing in the order conflicts with your religion, your duties to your parents or your country.

Lodges, or camps, as we will call them will be started everywhere as soon as there are enough members in each locality to start one.

Five members are required to start a camp. When five members get together to start a camp they will send their names and numbers to the head officers at Chicago, who will send them

a charter fully signed. The name of the camp is selected by the members forming it and is written on the charter by the head officers. Names of the new camps will be printed in the "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH" each month.

A password will be printed in the "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH" by a secret code of figures, (known only to members), each month for the month following.

REQUIREMENTS.

All that is required of you, is: That you be a white boy of good moral character, 12 years of age or over; that you promise, on your word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to anyone not a member in good standing, and that you send 25 cents for a year's subscription to the "INTERNATIONAL YOUTH," and for the member's outfit.

The outfit consists of a beautiful membership certificate, a beautiful pin (like above design) to represent the order, a copy of the members secret work and a traveling card, with which you can visit other camps.

If you are already a subscriber to the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, all you have to do is to send the small sum of ten cents and we will send you an outfit free, the dime paying only for the handling of it.

This outfit ought to be the pride of any boy and is worth three times as much as the cost of the subscription.

The manufacturer of the pins will have them ready for us about the 15th of July, so that everybody joining NOW will get the other parts of his outfit at once and the pin right from the factory.

ABOUT THE CAMPS.

When enough members are gotten together to form a camp, the following officers are chosen:

1. Sachem.
2. Sagamore.
3. Chief Scribe and Wampum Keeper.
4. Medicine-Man.
5. Guard of the Forest.

The term of office is six months. THE DUTIES OF THE OFFICERS ARE:

Sachem.—Presides at all meetings; appoints the different committees, and, under the guidance of Robert's Rules of Order, decides all points of order.

Sagamore.—Assumes the duties of the Sachem in his absence or inability to act. Assist him with his duties and is chairman of membership committee.

Chief Scribe and Wampum Keeper.—Keeps complete record of all meetings, and of all money received and paid out. He must demand a receipt for all disbursements. All camp regalia should be given in his charge. He must have a complete roster of members, with the date of expiration of their subscription to the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, and must notify all members of the expiration of their subscription one month ahead of time. He must report four times a year to the Great Sachem at Chicago, namely in March, June, September and December. In his report he must state the membership, give the names of all officers and members, names of those who have moved or were dismissed, and deaths, if any. He must forward the applications of candidates voted on and accepted by the local camp, endorsed by the Sachem and Chief Scribe, together with the name of the member who

I. O. J. R. M.

Membership Application Form

H. BENTON HONANS, Great Sagamore.

I. O. J. R. M., Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sir:—I hereby make application for membership in the I. O. J. R. M., solemnly affirming that I am a white male 12 years of age or over, and I promise, on my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the order in good standing.

Enclosed find 25 cents to pay for 50 cents

1 year's subscription to the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH, the official organ of the Order. Also send me full member's outfit. If expelled from the Order for cause I am to forfeit my outfit.

Name

P. O.

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Age State



BOYS we will give this gold fountain pen mounted with two wide gold bands chased barrel away for a few hours of agreeable work. It costs you nothing, everything furnished free of charge, write to-day for particulars. CARLWIL SUPPLY CO., Unice., Dept. P. 580 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ills.

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THE BOY MECHANIC

By A. G. NEW



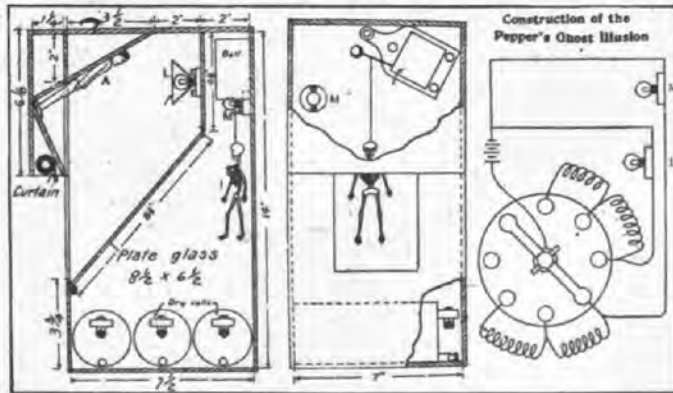
"PEPPER'S GHOST" ILLUSION.

NO doubt a great many of our readers have seen a "Pepper's Ghost" illusion at some amusement place, and have had a desire to make one.

The explanation is very simple, says the Model Engineer and Electrician. Between the audience and the coffin is a sheet of transparent glass, inclined at an angle so as to reflect objects located behind the scenes, but so clear as to be invisible to the audience and the man in the coffin. At the beginning the stage is lighted only from behind the glass. Hence the coffin and its occupant are seen thru the glass very plainly. The lights in front of the glass (behind the scenes) are now raised very gradually as those behind the glass are turned down, until it is dark there. The perfectly black surface behind the

skeleton is made of papier mâché, and can be bought at Japanese stores. It should preferably be one with arms suspended by small spiral springs, giving a limp, loose-jointed effect. The method of causing the skeleton to dance is shown in the front view. The figure is hung from the neck by a blackened stiff wire attached to the hammer wire of an electric bell, from which the gong has been removed. When the bell works he will kick against the rear wall, and wave his arms up and down, thus giving as realistic a dance as anyone could expect from a skeleton.

The lights L and M should be miniature electric lamps, which can be run by three dry cells. They need to give a fairly strong light, especially L, which should have a conical tin reflector to increase its brilliancy and prevent its being reflected in the glass.



glass now acts like the silver backing for a mirror, and the object upon which the light is now turned—in this case the skeleton—is reflected in the glass, appearing to the audience as if really occupying the stage.

The model, which requires no special skill except that of carpentry, is constructed as shown in the drawings and described below.

The box containing the stage should be 14 in. by 7 in. by 7½ in., inside dimensions. The box need not be made of particularly good wood, as the entire interior, with the exception of the glass, figures and lights, should be colored a dull black. This can well be done by painting with a solution of lampblack in turpentine. If everything is not black, especially the joints and background near A, the illusion will be spoiled.

The glass should be the clearest possible, and must be thoroughly cleansed. Its edges should nowhere be visible, and it should be free from scratches and imperfections. The figure A should be a doll about 4 in. high, dressed in brilliant, light-colored garments. The

Since the stage should be some distance from the audience, to aid the illusion, the angle of the glass and the inclination of the doll, A, has been so designed that if the stage is placed on a mantle or other high shelf the image of A will appear upright to an observer sitting in a chair some distance away, within the limits of an ordinary room. If it is desired to place the box lower down, other angles for the image and glass may be found necessary, but the proper tilt can be found readily by experiment.

The electric connections are so simple that they are not shown in the drawings. All that is necessary is a two-point switch, by which either L or M can be placed in circuit with the battery and a press button in circuit with the bell and its cell.

If a gradual transformation is desired, a double-pointed rheostat could be used, so that as one light dims, the other increases in brilliancy, by the insertion and removal of resistance coils.

With a clear glass and a dark room this model has proved to be fully as bewildering as its prototype.

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LOOK for our advertisement in this issue. It will pay you to read it. THE TIMES, Coal City, Indiana.

BOYS, have your name and address neatly printed on 50 fine white cards. It will only cost you 20 cents. Send copy today. Samples 2c. Address No. AAL, care of The Alpha Publishing Co.

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EDWARD SHORE

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Chicago, Illinois

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A Magazine for Boys and Young Men

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A blue "X" in this square is an indication that the term for which your subscription was paid has run out with this number. THREE full years' subscription for only 50 cents.

EDITORIAL

On one of the most beautiful market-places in Brunswick, Germany, is a fine residence, very curiously ornamented. On the most conspicuous corner, facing the market-place, is a life-sized statue of a ragged beggar-boy, placed just above the first-story window. The holes in the knees and elbows are so perfectly cut in the stone that you would almost think that you were looking at Carolo himself. Over each window, of the first and second stories, a beggar's hat is carved in the stone, instead of the ornaments usually placed there.

The gentleman who built the house did this, because he wished never to forget that he had been a poor boy, and to remind all who saw it that "Honesty is the best policy."

A great many years before, a German count living in the same town, took a journey into Italy. One day, while driving through the streets of Rome, he found himself pursued by a crowd of half-famished children, begging for money. He took no notice of them, and by degrees they all went away but one, little Carolo, who, perhaps more hungry than the rest, persevered until the count, to get rid of his cries, threw out a handful of small coin into the boy's ragged hat. The boy, turning away satisfied, sat down in the shade to rest and count his money.

As he took the coins one by one out of his cap, to his surprise he found a large and valuable gold-piece among them. The Italian children are too often thieves as well as beggars, but Carolo was not. His mother had taught him to be honest; so his first thought was to find the gentleman again, and return the

gold-piece. All day long he ran through the streets, and at last, towards night, he found again the gray carriage of the count standing before a shop.

The gentleman was so pleased with the honesty of the child that he obtained the mother's consent and took him with him to Germany. There he educated him, adopted him as his own son, and finally left him all his large fortune.

Carolo has been dead many years, but the old house still remains, keeping ever fresh the story of his early need, and the pure teaching of his humble mother; proving too the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."

Chicago's child losers to slot machines are able to read an interesting lesson from the successful efforts of Kankakee (Ill.) school children to save their pennies.

These children have deposited \$3,800 in the banks of Kankakee in one year, and it was all saved in pennies that otherwise might have gone into slot-vending machines placed everywhere within reach of child spenders. The greedy maws of gum and peanut sellers that automatically grip every penny that a child on tiptoe may feed them, might have taken every cent of this money. Instead, it is now in safe banks drawing interest and forming nest eggs for increased savings.

Superintendent Franklin N. Tracy says that he originated the plan in Kankakee in 1907. In a measure it was patterned after those used in other schools and modified to suit local conditions. The deposits would have been much larger but for the stringency of the times, Mr. Tracy believes.

The total enrollment of the Kankakee schools is 1,634. Of that number 905 children are young bankers today.

Teachers are provided with penny stamps and these are sold to the pupils. The children paste the stamps on cards, which hold fifty. When the card is filled the child takes it to a bank and a bank book is issued. There are seven public schools in Kankakee and all of them are working this plan to encourage economy and to discourage unnecessary and wasteful expenditure.

The London Saturday Journal, in describing the weird rites at a Chinese funeral, remarks that in the usual topsyturvy way of the Orient the Chinaman enjoys himself even at obsequies. The Journal adds: "The coffin is placed beside the grave, and food placed upon it. A white cock, alive or dead, is usually there to lure the spirit of the man who has died abroad back to the home of his fathers. Whisky and tea and a bowl of rice, with chopsticks, are there, so that the corpse may not starve in the next world. Gin and tea are then sprinkled over the coffin, and the bottles thrown away. The mourners stand round laughing, enjoying the fun. The coffin is lowered, candles are lit, a suit of paper clothes is burned, and some paper money. Thus the corpse is assured of clothes in the next world, and pocket money to put in them."

President Harahan of the Illinois Central railroad yesterday received a letter from Norman Wilson, a six-year-old of Rosedale, Miss., requesting that the company send him an old engine to play with and incidentally solve the mysteries of locomotive driving. Mr. Harahan replied that the company had no available engine it could send him, but inclosed a large photograph of one of the big locomotives attached to the St. Louis limited as the next best thing.

Our readers will, no doubt, wonder why we are combining the June and July numbers of the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH. In explanation, we will say that since the first month the paper has been coming out late each month and we are combining this month in order to get the August number in the hands of the readers the latter part of July. Subscriptions will be extended one month.

Owing to lack of space the Sisters' Club was omitted this month. However, we will give it full space next month.

INT. ORDER OF JR. RED MEN.

(Continued from page 4.)

induced the candidate to join. He must read all letters at the meetings, translate the password each month and carry on all camp correspondence.

Medicine-Man.—Is chairman of the entertainment committee, director of the initiatory ceremony, seeing that all candidates are on hand for initiation. Must make quarterly report of entertainments to the Chief Scribe of the lodge, who in turn sends it to the Great Sachem. He also attends to the advertising of camp events.

Guard of the Forest.—Must have key to the camp and be on hand early at all meetings. Must know all members and their standing.

A Prophet may be elected to open and close the meetings with prayer.

ABOUT DEGREES.

Degrees will be conferred on active members. If a member succeeds in getting five new members he will receive a card from the Great Sagamore at Chicago, showing that he is a fifth degree member. He will also take the fifth degree initiation at his home camp. The same will be done with the 10th degree. If a member gets ten new members he will have the 10th degree conferred on him.

In closing this department for this month we will say that we would like to hear from every reader. Surely you cannot afford to lose a chance like this, of joining what will be the greatest organization of boys on the globe. Fill out the blank below and send it in today.

The names of the head officers at Chicago are: M. Garnette Watkins, Great Sachem, and H. Benton Honans, Great Sagamore.

Get to work!

STAMPS, POST CARDS COINS AND CURIOS

Edited by L. L. DOLSON, Geneva, Iowa (Dept. I. Y.), to whom all correspondence relating to this department should be addressed.

WE have no letters this month and we are very much disappointed. We thought all the readers of the INTERNATIONAL YOUTH (who are interested in stamps) would send an article for this, the large June issue which has been prepared for you at great expense in time and money.

We will fill up the balance of our space with a few notes.

PHILATELIC NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Ewen's Weekly Stamp News, No. 445, says that "aus" on the stamps of Iceland is an abbreviation of "ausas," the plural of "eysis," which latter is abbreviated "eys." Ey has the sound of the English "ey" in they, while "au" resembles the German aj. The same paper gives a pretty long list of English railway stamps. In its No. 442 the same paper illustrates the Antarctic Expedi-

tion or King Edward VII. Land postage stamps and cancellation. The stamp is the New Zealand one penny surcharged in two lines "King Edward VII." "Land." The cancellation is a circular date stamp inscribed "Brit. Antarctic Expd." One hundred sheets aggregating 12,000 expeditions, and as postal curiosities they may become much sought for and valuable. The Australian Philatelist denounces them as an injustice to philately.

Fuller's Twentieth Century Philatelic Directory is to appear shortly. It was to go to press on the 31st of March.

Don't forget to send a long letter for the next issue.

Dr. Rommel of Leipzig, Germany, issues a unique paper "Des Philatelische—Litteratur Sannuler," printed in facsimile hand writing; it contains principally wants and offers of Dr. Rommel, especially in philatelic literature. No. 7 contains a list of 116 philatelic papers that were being issued at the beginning of 1908. Dr. Rommel desires to hear from all new papers that may be issued.

Uncle Sam burns quantities of silk, linen, cloth and leather cards every month, because a one cent stamp is used and the sender's address is lacking.

WATCH US GROW

200 Mixed Foreign Stamps, inc. Cuba, Egypt, Japan, Jamaica, etc., 1,000 hinges, 8c; 1 Confederate stamp, 3c; 1 Dominican, 2c; 1 Montenegro, 2c; 1 Panama, 2c; 1 Siam, 2c; **GLOBE STAMP CO.**, Dayton, O.

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TRY my approval sheets. **AGENTS WANTED** to sell Foreign stamps for me at 50% commission.

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STAMPS—COINS 100 diff. Ceylon, Egypt, etc., and Dime Album only 5c. 10 diff. Animal Stamps, 10c. 1000 mixed Foreign Stamps, 12c. 100 all diff. U. S. Stamps, 25c. 1000 diff. Stamps mounted in Book, \$4.00. We buy Stamps. Buying List, 10c. 10 diff. Foreign Coins, 15c. Big lists of Stamps, Coins and Albums FREE. Premium List of Coins, 10c. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.**

ALL FOR 10c and names and addresses of 2 honest stamp collectors. 100 varieties used stamps, 1 package stamp hinges, 1 pocket stamp album, 1 set Venezuela, 2 varieties, 1 set Ecuador, 2 varieties, 10 var. letters unused stamps. **LAKE VIEW STAMP CO., Hillsdale, Mich.**

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STAMPS Souvenir Post Cards given Free with purchases from my Approval Sheets or Packet Lists. Send for Big List. **C. C. SMITH, Tarrytown, N. Y.**

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Stamps Great value, sold to advertise old company. Established 1881. 5 Var. Corea 8c. Agents wanted. **Importing Company, 128 Bridge St., Salem, Mass.**

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Post Cards! 5 beautiful views of Louisville. "The Gateway to the South," only 10c. **JOHN S. BURKS, 504 W. Oak St., Louisville, Ky.**

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"A Man Against a Nation."

BY
WASHINGTON O'CONNOR.



CHAPTER VI.

TO do so would mean danger, as any of the enemy's flyers would catch the sleeper unawares.

In selecting a suitable place to land he was quite successful, but unfortunately, in alighting, a projection of rock came in contact with one of the propelling shafts, rendering it useless; also in trying to avoid another projection one of the blades was partly put out of business. This worried our hero very much. He had an extra shaft, which of course he could use, but if there was any further trouble with the shafts, he would be severely handicapped, and it might mean capture and disaster. He tried by means of electricity to straighten the injured shaft, and had succeeded when it snapped, therefore there was nothing to be done but to make an effort to procure another, and thus have one in reserve.

Hoping that the Invincible would be safe; he descended the mountains to the nearest town, the lights of which were visible about two miles distant. He knew if he could but enlist the aid of a blacksmith it would be an easy matter to fulfill his mission.

Reaching the outskirts of the town, he had to be extremely cautious, as the soldiers and police were on the alert at all points.

Fortune favored him; just on the edge of the town he saw what turned out to be the sole smithy of the town. Now, if he could only find the proprietor and learn whether he was loyal to the king, or else favored the freedom of the country.

Now what was his next move? He at once decided. Close to the shop he noticed a small residence, which he concluded must be the home of the smith. He knocked at the door. In a few moments he heard a sound inside, then the unbolting of the door, but before it was opened a voice said, "Who is there?"

"Hanlon," came the reply. He was determined to find out at once whether the Irishman was a friend or foe. If an enemy, he knew he could handle him single-handed, in case the unknown showed fight.

The door was quickly opened. "Hanlon? What Hanlon do you mean?"

"The man who came to free your country."

"By the powders of war but this is great! Come in." And grasping our hero's hand he pulled him into the house.

Then Hanlon told of his trouble, but it was dangerous to make the shaft dur-

ing the night. They had to wait until early morning.

Morning came at last, and the smith hastily performed his task. It was a small piece of steel four feet long and weighed only twenty-five pounds; and when finished Hanlon took it and was about to depart. But on looking through the window, he saw a troop of cavalry coming down the road, only two hundred yards away.

"Through the back door with you and creep along the high fence so they will not see you, and by my word if they discover you I will die in your defense—go!"

The sight of a man leaving the smithy ought not to attract attention, but Hanlon and his friend did not want to run chances.

The soldiers trotted up to the shop and stopped. One of the horses' shoes was hanging loose, and had to be fixed. As the trooper waited while the smith was performing the work, his eye rested on a circular piece of green paper on the floor. He stepped forward and picked it up.

His eyes flashed fire—his cheeks turned pale.

"What does this mean? Where did this come from?" His comrades heard his words and all trooped into the shop.

The blacksmith was dumbstricken. On the paper was printed, "Ireland must be free."

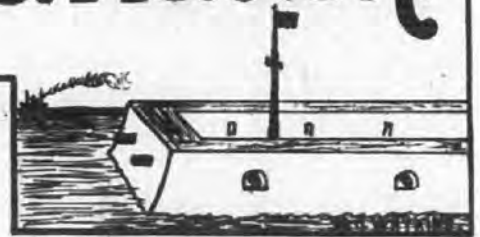
"Faith, I don't know where it came from; I know nothing at all about it."

"Why have you opened the shop so early, and had you any visitor here this morning?"

The blacksmith was now sparring for time; each minute added to Hanlon's chance to escape. He now figured that Hanlon must have accidentally dropped the slip of paper on the floor.

"Well, I started to work early because I had some extra work to do. You see it was this way—look out for that horse, sir, he's getting uneasy at that dog interfering with him—as I said before, it was this way: About a half hour ago a knock came at the door, and when I opened it a wild-looking man grabbed me by the throat. 'Come,' says he, 'I am in awful trouble, and if you don't do as I say, I will blow your head off—' Well, sargeant,—kick that dog out or he'll raise trouble with your horse—so he pulled me in here and he told me to make him a shaft, and when I asked him what for, he said, 'None of your blamed business'—Get out of there, ye spalpeen of a dog! Well, sergeant, I had to do as he said, and when I got through and asked me pay, he says, 'I'll pay you when I free Ireland—'"

"Where is he gone to? It's Hanlon—we heard he was near here last night—"



quick, man, or I'll shoot you on the spot. Where is he?"

"Well, sergeant, on my word I don't know; he left here and went down the road ten minutes ago, and you should have met him—"

"Out, men, out! Look round for him. If we are careful he is ours."

Some mounted their horses—the others ran across the fields on foot, whilst the sergeant mounted the roof of the shop and surveyed the country around.

Almost a minute elapsed, and then an exclamation escaped his lips. His keen eye discovered a speck in the distance. "There he is, about three-quarters of a mile away, close to the base of the hill."

Raising his rifle he fired, and as the troopers galloped in pursuit they fired also, but Hanlon was too far away—the shots did not tell.

Grasping a bar of iron the sturdy blacksmith brought up the rear. He was willing to die if necessary in defense of Hanlon.

Forward dashed the troopers, gaining rapidly on Hanlon, and at last their bullets began to whistle close to his head. If he could only reach a cleft in the side of the hill he would be safe, but it was still two hundred yards distant and now the horsemen were only three hundred yards behind. But the ground was uneven and rocky and they had to move slowly.

Dashing from rock to rock, Hanlon moved on almost out of breath, but he had to be careful; the troopers were excellent shots, and one ball struck the shaft he was carrying. Having only small arms he could not return the fire at long range.

He dropped behind a rock. The soldiers thought he was wounded, and dismounting they dashed forward, but as they approached they moved with caution. Hanlon had taken off his coat and placed it so part of it could be seen; then creeping slowly he gained the cover of another rock, and prepared to make a dash for the gully across an open space. It was a risk of five or six seconds. Meanwhile, two hundred yards away, the soldiers were closing in on the rock where his coat lay. They were careful. They concluded that he was either wounded severely or shamming.

"Surrender or we will fire!" But no response from the supposed enemy. Neither did they fire—it would be murder to shoot if the enemy was wounded and helpless. One, by careful maneu-

(Continued on page 10.)

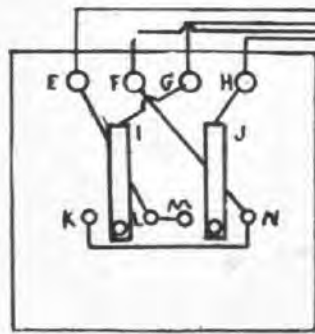
The Boy Electrician

HOW TO MAKE A CURRENT REVERSER.

BY ARTHUR DU BOIS.

A GREAT deal of trouble is often experienced by the amateur who wishes to reverse his motor. Motors that have permanent fields are easy enough to reverse, but when it comes to the electro-magnet motor it is no simple task without the right apparatus.

The first thing to procure will be the base. It is made of white pine or oak, 4 inches long, 3 3/4 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick. Three-eighths of an inch from the top of the long side four holes are bored, the first one being 7/8 inch from the edge and the rest 3/4 of an inch apart. Into these holes are inserted



A

binding posts E, F, G and H, which are taken from old batteries. One inch from the top and 1 1/8 inches from the side, another hole is bored. One and five-sixteenths inches from this another hole is bored.

Two pieces of sheet copper or brass 1 1/2 inches long, 1/4 inch wide and about 1-16 inch thick, with holes drilled in each end, are then fastened by binding posts at I and J. On the other ends little knobs are fastened by screws for handles.

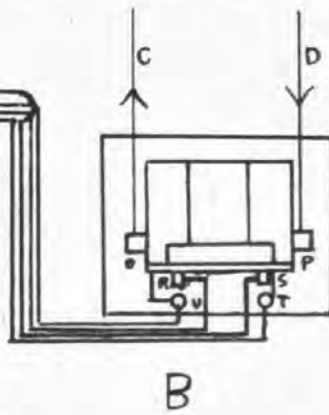
One-half of an inch from the bottom small holes are bored, the first one being 15-16 of an inch from the edge. The next one is 3/4 of an inch from the first. The third one is 3/4 inch from the second and the fourth 3/4 inch from the third. The reverser is now complete.

The next thing is to wire the motor so the reverser can be used. In the first place the wires leading to the brushes are taken off and fastened to the two binding posts U and T. These binding posts may be fastened on the base of the motor by a small piece of wood in which three holes are bored. In the two end holes fasten the binding posts and in the middle hole put a screw to fasten it to the base.

The last thing is the wires connecting the motor and the reverser. The straight lines from E to L and L to M, from F to N and from N to K, from G to I and from H to J are wires which of course are insulated and are on the under side of the board. The wires from E, F, G and H to R, U, S and T, if insulated, may be bundled together and wrapped with string to form a cable.

To start the motor ahead, place the left hand switch on K, and the right hand on M. To reverse the motor place the left hand switch on L and the right hand on N.

The wires C and D are the battery wires. With this apparatus and the rheostat described in the March issue, one has complete control of his motor.



B

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"What's your name, sir?"
 "Wood."
 "What's your wife's name?"
 "Wood, of course."
 "H'm; both wood. A-ah, any kindling?"—Success Magazine.

"You must keep your mouth shut when you're in the water," said the nurse, as she gave little Tommy a bath. "If you don't you'll swallow some of it."
 "Well, what of it?" demanded Tommy. "There's plenty more in the pipes, ain't there?"—Lippincott's.

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A Man Against A Nation.

(Continued from page 8.)

vering, crept rather close and saw the coat without the man. He shouted the discovery. This was what Hanlon was waiting for. He hurled an explosive with all his might. He wanted it to alight on a rock within a hundred feet of where the soldiers were gathering. His aim was true. A tremendous explosion followed. The soldiers of course were not hurt, but fearing a repetition they dodged to cover, as they saw the rock blown to pieces. Across the open space dashed our hero; he was sighted and the rifles were levelled at him, but as the bullets sped, he was under cover and safe. Up the gully he dashed, the enemy blindly following. Into the cage of the Invincible he jumped, and as he did so the troopers fired until he was out of range.

Waving the Yankee flag, he sarcastically shouted goodbye.

It took but a short while to put in the shaft, and he again started on his campaign. Meanwhile news had spread that Hanlon was sighted near the Mourne mountains, and Levinsky started forth to give him battle.

In less than an hour Levinsky saw an airship ten miles away. He flew towards it full speed. It was almost motionless. Levinsky uttered a yell of delight. It was the Invincible.

"Gracious mine, there he is, waiting for his beating. I will show him that the Yankees are not the only people who can build sixty-mile-an-hour ships. Who are you?"

"Hanlon—what do you want?"

"I want you—better surrender before I fire and hurl you to the earth."

"Yankees do not know what surrender means—what's the matter with you doing the surrendering?"

"Foolish boy—I count thirty, and if by that time you do not surrender, I will shatter your ship to pieces."

"Save your counting," replied Hanlon. "Start the ball now. You are Levinsky, I hear, but I am sorry for you—"

"Bang!" Levinsky had fired.

"Bang-bang!" Hanlon had returned the fire, then he wheeled and darted away, Levinsky in pursuit. He wanted as a matter of curiosity to see if Levinsky's ship could race the Invincible. It undoubtedly could.

Suddenly stopping, Hanlon made a rapid descent. A very clever maneuver. It enable him to take better aim. Bang! The cage of Levinsky's ship was struck. Bang! again. Hanlon could hit wherever he wanted to. Levinsky was a poor marksman, and the battle was almost won. Hanlon drew closer and disabled his enemy's propeller, then he played havoc with other parts of the machinery, and Levinsky hoisted the white flag as his ship, badly crippled, gradually descended.

"I was afraid I would hit you," said Hanlon as he grasped Levinsky's hand as they both stood on mother earth.

Tears stood in Levinsky's eyes; he was grieved over his failure, and as Hanlon demolished the crippled airship, Le-

vincky looked on without saying a word.

"Your ship was a good one—but your shooting was poor. If you had practised shooting, I believe we would have had an interesting time."

Hanlon made Levinsky promise that he would not build, or in anyway help to build an airship for England, and then both entered the cage of the Invincible.

"You have won," said Levinsky. "England must grant home rule. Better get in touch with the war office before you attack any other barracks."

Hanlon did as he was told, but could not get much satisfaction. He told them Levinsky's ship was scrap iron, but they did not believe it; therefore in order to convince them he flew to the nearest garrison, intending to have Levinsky in person tell of his failure.

Suddenly two airships appeared, headed for the Invincible.

"Another fight," said Hanlon to Levinsky. "What shall I do? Avoid them, or let them know how good I can shoot?"

"Avoid them, by all means—don't waste your time with such slow tubs," came the reply.

But a surprise was in store for both men. One of the ships moved at a rapid rate, and then it was that Levinsky hinted that the London inventor whose ship showed almost fifty miles during the trial test before the king, must have hastily improved on his invention, and had now a flyer capable of equaling the speed of the Invincible.

However, acting on Levinsky's advice, he dashed away from the oncoming ship. But, fast as he went, the other one seemed to be gaining. Hanlon had not yet used his reserve motor, and did not care to do so unless absolutely necessary. A couple of minutes elapsed and the other ship kept coming closer.

If Levinsky was not with Hanlon, then our hero would not show flight; but now how could he fight with a possible chance of Levinsky being hit or killed by his own friends. Therefore he spoke to the English ship, and then it was agreed that its commander would not draw near until Levinsky was put on earth. This did not take very long, and as both the Yankee and the Englishman were aching for a fight, they prepared for action. Each was confident of crippling the other. Silently they hovered slowly around, each preparing for a battle that from that day changed the military condition of the whole world. Both were cautious. Both had the speed, although Hanlon still felt if he used his reserve power that he could show a clean pair of heels to the other man. He heard the Englishman clicking words in cipher to the war office. No doubt they were to the effect that he expected to capture the Yankee in a few minutes.

Through his powerful glass he saw the English ship was a powerful one, built almost on the same lines as his own. He also saw that three men occupied the cage. He rather expected one was the inventor, another the telegraph operator, and the other an expert gunner.

(Concluded in next issue.)

THE AUTO FIEND.

BY HERMAN BERNHARD.

When I'm lazy and weary, and feeling quite blue,

And I can't for the life of me think what to do,

My garage-door I'll open and steal right inside,

And I'll take out my car for a nice auto ride.

And chuck! chuck! goes the vapor, and puffs from behind,

As I'll pass some good neighbor who'll warn me: "Be kind!"

But I care not for life when I'm out for a ride;

For I've killed scores of people, and not even sighed!

As I fly o'er the country as fast as the wind

I will not even bother to look right behind;

Though I kill ducks and chickens, and green-colored toads,

I hold it's their business to keep from the roads.

When I'm out in the country few people I kill;

When they hear that I'm coming, they all sit stock still.

Though they know I am breaking their old country laws

Not a housewife nor farmer will venture out-doors!

When I come near a city, or some country town,

I then speed all the faster to knock people down;

But a sheriff or constable I rightly fear,

And I generally slow up when said persons are near.

But sometimes I can't tell if maybe there'll be

Some old sheriff or constable waiting for me;

And my efforts to kill will quite sure come to naught,

For it's fifteen to one that I'm bound to be caught.

What's the use of complaining? I just say, "Oh, well,

This isn't the first time I've slept in a cell;"

For an automobilist has such episodes

To reward him for speeding o'er bad country roads.

In the morning the judge'll say: "Ten dollars fine;

And please see that this thing doesn't happen next time;"

If you're lazy or sleepy, why just go to bed,

And if that doesn't suit you, take shots at your head.

And in leaving the court-room I'll say: "That's quite nice,

But I thank you, your honor, I'll ignore your advice."

Then I'll jump in my car, and when I'm out of sight

I'll turn on the speed lever with all of my might.



Money Value of a Technical Education



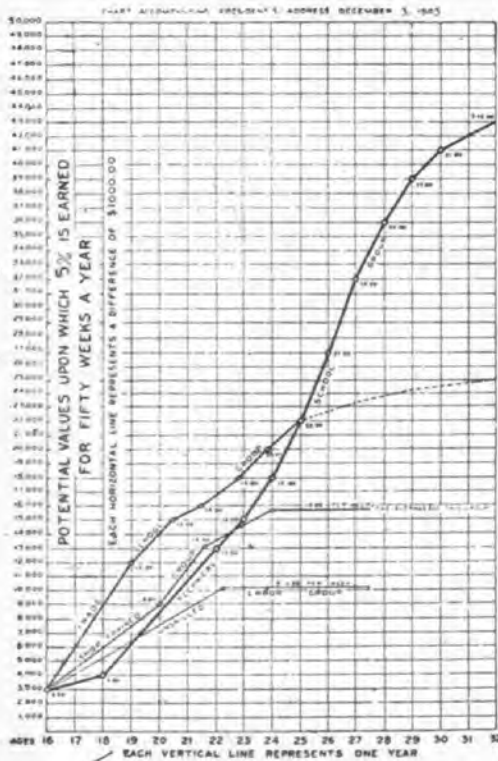
THE second, the apprentice or representative of the shop-trained group, of good health and habits, entering a machine shop at the age of sixteen, earns an average wage of \$3 per week for fifty weeks per year, which is about the number actually worked, amounting to \$150, or 5 per cent. on \$3,000. This, then, is his potential or invested value, upon which he draws his interest on pay days.

On the chart accompanying this paper, ruled horizontally, are lines representing amounts increasing from the lower line upward by \$1,000 each, starting at \$1,000 and terminating at the top at \$50,000, these representing potential values upon which 5 per cent. is earned for fifty weeks a year. The vertical lines each represent one year in time, beginning at the lower left hand corner at 16, and progressing in regular order until, at the lower right hand corner, we have 32, representing in all a lapse of 16 years.

To illustrate the progress of the four groups graphically, we indicate on the line representing 16 years of age, and opposite the figure \$3,000 the young man just entering his apprenticeship. We will consider him typical of the shop-trained group. Following the line to the right we see his average progress in earning capacity through the ensuing years, noting that at the age of twenty he is earning \$9 per week, which is 5 per cent on \$9,000, he having increased his potential or invested value in four years by \$6,000.

We now note that his accumulated experience enables him to make more rapid progress for the next year and a half, and from the age of from twenty to twenty-one and a half years of age we find that his pay has increased to \$13.20 per week, and his potential value to \$13,200. He is now approaching his goal, and his line of progress does not continue at the same angle that it followed for the past few years, but deflects toward the horizontal; and at the age of twenty-four we find him earning \$15.80 per week, and his potential value \$15,800. In other words, in eight years he has increased his potential value \$12,800. Observation shows that 5 per cent. of the apprentices acquiring the machinist trade rise above the line made by our average man, while 35 per cent. follow the line closely; that during the period of training 20 per cent. leave of their own accord, and, as near as can be ascertained, go to other shops to continue in the line originally selected; 40 per cent, however, are found unworthy or incompetent, and are dismissed, probably never rising to the \$15,800 line.

those fortunate enough to have had the opportunity of entering a trade school, which they do at sixteen years of age, devoting the next three years of their lives acquiring a trade under competent instruction, and at the same time adding to their store of rudimentary theoretical education. At the age of nineteen a trades' school man enters the machine shop and can command \$12 per week, equal to the apprentice at twenty-one years of age, and very quickly makes his employment profitable to his employer. The three years in school have increased his potential value from \$3,000 to \$12,000, a gain of \$9,000. Thus he has caught up with the apprentice entering the shop at sixteen, and who has



been working for five years. Progress of the trades' school group now follows a line which diverges from that of the regular apprentice, and by the time \$15.80 is earned by the regular apprentice, the trades' school graduate is earning \$20, with a potential value of \$20,000, or \$4,200 greater than that of the shop-trained man. The trades' school line continues at substantially the same angle up to an earning capacity of \$22 per week, and a potential value of \$22,000. Data are lacking as to the further progress, but the presumption is that this line will bear off more toward the horizontal, eventually paralleling the line of the shop-trained man, but much higher on the chart.

(To be continued.)

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By DOUGLAS E. WARWICK.

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Old gentleman—And if you had five hundred dollars and multiplied it by two, what would you get?

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Stella—What is the rule of three?

Bella—That one ought to go home.

—New York Evening Sun.

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THE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH

Volume I.

SEPTEMBER, 1908.

Number 10

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The Plantation Treasures

OR

Mort Freeman's Fortunes



CHAPTER I.

Right at the point where Reeves creek empties into the big Mississippi is where the Larkin boys built their cabin. The town of Reeves is just up the river about a quarter of a mile, and all the land between the cabin and the town is a big flat marsh which is covered by water during the flood time. All the rest of the year it is dry except for little ponds here and there. The whole flat was covered with hummocks, that make walking impossible. The only way to reach the cabin is by a boat, and this is the way all of the boys come down from town.

The sawmill is up the creek in a sort of bayou where the creek widens out. This little lake is usually full of logs when the mill is running. Some of the boys make their spending money by going out in their skiffs and towing runaway logs into the creek. It was good fun to catch these derelict logs as they swung sluggishly down the Mississippi, and it was still better sport to jump on them and ride into the creek while one of the fellows rode the skiff and towed the log along.

Pete Larkin and "Baldy" and I used to do this every Saturday afternoon, and we'd sometimes get as much as half a dollar for working two or three hours. Mr. Cederston, the sawmill boss, seemed glad enough to get the logs, and he wasn't afraid to pay us a real good price for the work we did for him.

Baldy Larkin was as fat as a horse chestnut and he always had his hair cropped off short like a convict's. His head was perfectly round, like a full moon, any way you looked at him. We called him Baldy on account of his hair, or rather his lack of hair, and he didn't get mad, only at first. One of the fellows wanted to call him "Baldy Sours," but we all agreed that just Baldy was enough. Pete Larkin was just a little bit older than I. He nicknamed me "Step-and-a-half," but the other boys said it was too long, so they just called me plain Step. My father didn't like it a bit. He said that Hal Ford was good enough for anyone, and that it was a better name than most people had. I think that when they picked my name and my face the Lord's sample book was pretty well used up, and they chose the best that was left.

When the Larkin boys, Pete and Baldy, built their cabin from some of

the logs they hooked out of the river they let me buy a third share in it for two dollars and a half. Then I had to help build it, besides. We spent my two and a half for glass windows and made it look real fine. My real home was up in town. It is the cabin with the red gray slate roof and the little pier that runs out into the river. I built this pier myself and father helped me build the clinker skiff that is tied to it.

One hot day in the first part of September I hauled the boat up on the pier and was just going to daub the bottom seam with some white lead when I heard the squeak of new shoes behind me. I looked around and was so surprised I could hardly say anything. There stood Morton Freeman! I hadn't seen him for nearly two years, not since he moved away from Reeves.

"Hallo, Mort!" I yelled, and grabbed his hand.

"Hallo, Step!" he answered, and gave me such a squeeze that my fingers ached. "Where did you get those long pants?"

I felt funny for a minute, for I hadn't been wearing long trousers only a month, and I wasn't quite used to them yet.

"Oh, I stole 'em," I replied, and we both laughed.

"Are you going to live here now?"

"Yep," he answered. "You know father is dead now." He wasn't smiling then, and his face looked awfully sad.

I knew he was alone in the world, and didn't have any folks, for his mother died when he was only a little fellow. I felt awfully sorry for him.

"I'm sorry, Mort, very sorry," was all I could say, and he squeezed my hand again.

"I've got a couple of hundred dollars, and I've got to get a start. Father left me five hundred dollars when he died, and I've taken two hundred of it to see if I can't make some more with it."

"How are you going to do it?" I inquired, as we sat down on the bottom of the upturned boat.

"I don't know for sure. If I could get to Texas I'm sure I could make a 'go' of it there."

"It will take all you've got to get there and live until you get a job." I wondered how he was going to do it. It's not easy for a fellow to tackle the

world with just a little money in his pocket.

"I know it will," he answered, soberly. "But I've got to do it."

"You might go down on a cattle train," I answered, hopefully.

"Nope, that wouldn't do. They ship cattle from Texas; not to Texas." He laughed, and I felt ashamed for not knowing better.

"You fellows don't use what privileges you have." He stopped, for a shrill whistle came from behind the house. Mort jumped up.

"I'll bet it's Baldy and Pete," he cried, and sure enough it was. They saw him and gave a yell as they came down the walk.

"Baldy—Pete," cried Mort, "you old fat-head. Gee, but you've grown. He slapped Baldy on his close-cropped head and yelled "Cover the block."

"Ouch, Mort," squealed Baldy and Pete and I laughed.

"You're just the same old boy," Mort said. "Fat as ever. Long pants. Whew! My, but you all are getting big."

"Yes, and so are you, Mort," replied Pete. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen," laughed Mort.

"Say," broke in Baldy, when he had taken in enough breath to his big fat body to allow him to speak. "Pete and I've got an idea. Let's build a house boat and go down the river."

"Why not? Sure enough," said Mort, and he looked at me.

"I'd sure like to," I replied. The idea was a dandy.

"The very thing," cried Mort enthusiastically. I can get to Texas that way, all right, and it won't cost much either." Mort slapped me on the back. "Are you game?" he cried.

(Continued on Page Three.)

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THE YOUNG ELECTRICIAN



THE PLANTATION TREASURES.

(Continued from Page Two.)

HOME MADE BATTERIES.

Practically the most important thing in experimenting with electricity is to have some power stowed away, some force with which to make the appliances you construct, work. The power for electrical contrivances, or the energy, is made in many ways. For instance, plain batteries, storage batteries, dynamos, static machines, and other methods of generating or holding energy, are used.

One of the simplest and cheapest form of a battery, and one which will do good service, is the common sal ammoniac battery.

Take a glass jar about 8 inches high and fill it within 2 or 3 inches of the top with water. Then buy at the nearest drug store about 5 or 10 cents' worth of sal ammoniac and let it dissolve thoroughly in the water. About three glasses of water should be used to one glass of the sal ammoniac.

Next take three or four electric light carbons and scrape off all of the yellowish coloring on them. This is copper plating and it must all be removed. Each carbon should be about 6 inches long. Take these carbons and connect them closely together by cutting a groove at one end in each of them and fastening a copper wire about them all. In this manner they are all connected. Then fix a narrow strip of wood across the top of the glass jar and suspend the carbons down, endwise, into the solution. Now get a strip of zinc, narrow, and about one-fourth of an inch thick, or square, if possible. Suspend the zinc strip into the solution in the same manner you did the carbons, but keep it well to the other side of the jar so that the zinc does not in any way touch the carbons. Now, connect a wire firmly to the zinc and another to the carbon and place one of these wires to one bell terminal and the other to the other terminal. The bell should ring, but often it is necessary to wait for some time until the solution takes effect on the zinc and carbon.

This is a very cheap battery and if you don't succeed at first, try it again.

THE LE CLANCHE BATTERY.

This battery is a trifle more complicated than the sal ammoniac cell, yet, the results are so much better than the extra work and expense is justified if you have any intention of keeping up the electrical experiments.

All of the supplies may be purchased at almost any drug store. Take a porous cup, smaller than your big outside jar, and in it place a stick of carbon, being sure to scrape and clean it

well. Then fill the porous cup with small pieces of powdered black oxide of manganese, and also some very clean coke.

The top of this porous cup should then be sealed with a cement made of black pitch and two airholes should be left in this sealing plaster.

Now take this porous cup and place it in the outer jar which should be of same height, and filled with a saturated solution of sal ammoniac. Now insert a zinc rod in the outside solution and connect a wire from it and the carbon in the porous cup, you will have two terminal wires ready to connect on any instrument or appliance you wish to use electrical energy upon.

INCIDENTAL NOTES.

Always be sure that a wire is scraped clean before making a connection with it.

Permanent connections should be soldered and bound with rubber tape to insure good contact and insulation.

A pair of plyers, with good sharp cutters attached, are one of the most handy tools in electrical work.

To thoroughly insulate and waterproof a cell jar, cover the whole jar, both inside and out, with beeswax by dipping the jar in a boiling pot of the liquid.

Wires may be connected to carbons by cutting a groove in the latter and soldering the wire tightly about the carbon.

An enormous amount of fun can be had with a magnet and in our next issue we will give one or two little experiments of this kind.

A QUICK RISE.

"What are you going to do when you are a man, Tommy?"

"I am going to be an aeronaut, like Mr. Wright."

"Why do you choose that profession, my boy?"

"Because it is the quickest way to get up in the world."—Baltimore American.

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Yes, Indeed.

"This article on diet says the onion has many virtues."

"They are strong ones, too."—Houston Post.

"Sure. You bet I'll go! Dad'll let me, I'm sure."

"Let's all go down to the cabin and talk it over," suggested Baldy, who had a smile from ear to ear.

"Good idea," I answered and shoved the skiff into the water. We all got in and soon were shooting down the stream with the current.

The old cabin looked fine inside and we laid around on the benches and cushions and talked the whole thing over.

"It'll be heaps of fun," said Mort, "when we have decided to do it."

"It'll be lots of fun to build the boat, too," said Baldy, who never handled a tool without cutting himself or smashing his finger.

"How long will it take," asked Pete, "to build the old scow?"

"Oh, a week or so, if we work steady," replied Mort.

"Well, let's go home. It's nearly supper time," I said. "I think the folks'll let me go all right." But I wasn't sure of it. But I had hopes. Mort, you come and stay home with me.

"That's kind of you, Hal; I believe I will." Mort seemed mighty glad that he had some place to stay. "After this I'll live in the cabin until the boat is built and we start," he said.

We all went home. The river was full of logs and we had a hard time to keep the boat clear of them. Mother's supper tasted mighty good after the long row and Mort and I laid awake for hours thinking and planning about the trip.

CHAPTER II.

The leaves were all turning a golden brown and the whole country looked like a bronze tinted sunset. Back in the woods the ferns still waved like slender green fans and the October smell in the air gave me the same feeling that I have every year when spring arrives to freshen up the world with its sweet odors of new budding things.

The school had not opened when we expected it would and nobody was sorry. At least I wasn't, and I know that Pete and Baldy weren't. As I had expected and hoped, the people gave their consent for me to go on the trip, and the Larkin boys were just as lucky as I. Of course, Mort had nobody's consent to ask. I've often thought that would be fine, just to do things without having to ask, but when I look at Mort I change my mind. I'm mighty glad I've got a father and a mother, even if they do keep saying "Don't do this" and "don't do that."

For three weeks we worked on the flat boat. Hammer and nails and saws

(Continued on Page Five.)

The International Youth

A Magazine for Boys and Young Men

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A NEW DEAL FOR THE BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS.

The new editor and publisher of INTERNATIONAL YOUTH comes to his task with the determination to give his best and heartiest efforts to really serve and interest the great Brotherhood of Boys.

This Brotherhood means to us the bond of honest admiration which exists in the heart of one clean, upright, active American boy for all the others of his kind. This feeling binds them together in a common brotherhood which needs no badges, countersigns or lodge secrets.

The lists of this Brotherhood are open to the live boy of to-day, wherever he may be, who enjoys knowing what other enterprising boys are doing and thinking, and who likes to help his fellow to get a greater measure of wholesome enjoyment and success out of the problems which really interest active and progressive boys everywhere. And as we shall spare no pains in our efforts to help and to entertain you, we hope that you will forward those efforts by a mention to your boy companions of the things in INTERNATIONAL YOUTH which interest you, and also by writing us about any entertaining experiment in the way of

doing things which you have found pleasant and absorbing. Here are some of the departments which will certainly claim your attention:

ELECTRICITY—This department, under the head of the "Young Electrician," will, from time to time, contain full and complete plans, specifications and directions for the building of many simple electrical appliances and devices which will give you almost endless entertainment as well as helpful instruction. If you, yourself, have any ideas or plans, send them in and the Brotherhood of Boys will thank you, we are sure.

MECHANICS—Under the head of the "Young Mechanic," we shall give the boys who handle tools an opportunity to construct, from plans which we will print, many useful, ingenious and interesting things which may be built cheaply, easily and quickly. Here is an opportunity to develop your talent and skill in the craftsman's art.

STORIES—Of this feature we have only to say: Just watch and see! Already arrangements are being made for one of the snappiest and most exciting stories of exploration and adventure that has ever been written. It is sure to claim your closest attention and make you wish that INTERNATIONAL YOUTH were a daily instead of a monthly publication. All of the stories which, from now on, we shall publish, will be clean and wholesome. They will not be dull, but they will have high ideals—the only kind which really belongs to the great Brotherhood of Boys.

SPECIALS—To keep in touch with the world and its wonderful progress in invention and scientific development is a trait born and bred in every boy. From time to time we will print current reports on the world's advancement along lines interesting to boys who are alive and up to date.

EARNING MONEY—How boys of to-day may and do earn money is a phase of a boy's life that is always interesting. What boy does not like to hear the clink of silver in his pocket? And if you watch closely and read carefully, we may be able to show you, in some of our articles, just how to make a little money as other boys have done. No wild, flighty schemes or misleading ideas, but plans, which by thorough and earnest work have already given results and brought to other boys

plenty of spending money, will be described.

STAMP COLLECTING—This is always of interest, and well it may. Thousands of dollars have been harvested by collectors who have watched opportunities and have steadily and studiously built up their collections. It is a hobby that is intensely instructive and coated with a film of pleasure and interest. In this fascinating pastime you do not realize that you are learning geography and history, but you are, and in the pleasantest way possible.

THE MAN-CARRYING BIRDS.

The past month of August has been a most famous one in the history of aerial navigation, for nearly all of the world's records, in flights through the air, have been shattered—and by Americans. Braving death, hundreds of times, in efforts to navigate the air, the Wright brothers and their famous aeroplanes have succeeded in giving to the United States the world's record for speed and time in aeroplane flights. The best flight by Wilbur Wright in August was a speed of nearly fifty miles an hour, or three miles in three minutes and forty seconds.

Practically simple in construction and much heavier than the air, this aeroplane was under complete control in every flight and responded to every will of its inventor and designer. This flying, or rather, soaring machine, looks very much like a huge box kite, with two planes about forty feet long and nine feet wide, placed horizontally, one above the other, and held about seven feet apart by a series of scientifically constructed braces and uprights. The four cylinder engine is built like a watch, it is so complete, minute and accurate, and is water cooled.

On the rear of this big bird are two wooden two-bladed propellers about nine feet in diameter. These are drivers and are connected to the engine by low-geared sprockets and chains. They revolve rather slowly, being geared 1 to 4 to the engine and seldom make more than 300 revolutions a minute.

Two rudders extend out from the body, one in front and the other behind, and so delicately are they poised that they are as true in action as the tail of a fish in the water.

It is said that this Wright aeroplane is under better control than any other flying machine yet constructed, and strenuous efforts are being made by inventors and constructors all over the world, to interest the various governments in the practicability of their aero-machines.

So far, there has been an active fight for the supremacy of the air between the aeroplanes and the inflated dirigible airships. To determine which of

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(Continued on Page Five.)



The Young Mechanic



CUTTING GLASS.

To cut glass into almost any shape with neatness and dispatch can be done without a diamond or a regular cutter. Simply place the glass under water and be sure to hold it level there. Then take a good strong pair of shears or scissors, not necessarily very sharp ones, and cut away corners and little pieces of glass at a time until the desired shape is obtained. This is an actual experiment and can be done easily by anyone at any time.

THE CARE OF TOOLS.

One of the first qualities for a neat and well-cared for boy's shop is well groomed tools. Never let a speck of rust settle on your tools and by applying a light film of lard no rust will start on them. Kerosene is no good for this purpose and should not be used.

A big cloth cover of some soft texture fitted with straps and cut so as to fold over twice, is a handy and economical case to keep chisels, knives and the smaller keen edged tools.

Tools should be kept in constant sharpness and sufficient oil stones and water stones should be kept on hand to regain lost edges with. Never put a fine edge steel tool upon an emery wheel, for the friction is so great and the emery is so rough that, as a rule, it will take the temper out of almost any tool made for fine work, such as a chisel, draw shave or plane blade.

In your workshop have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. This saves tools and time and imparts an air of neatness that is always respected.

Do not file an edge on a tool. This is as bad as an emery wheel. If the tool contains bad nicks, use a big grindstone, well wet, to wear them out with.

A little hand bracket saw is one of the handiest articles to have about a shop and it can be put to enough good use to pay for its cost. They are very cheap and any boy ought to be able to get one for 50 cents or less, including a dozen or more saw blades.

Unless you are an expert do not try to sharpen your own saws—let someone who knows how do it. It will pay in the long run.

Small turning lathes can be purchased very reasonably nowadays, and many uses can be made of one of these pieces of machinery. However, a lathe may be built by any boy with ambition and fair skill, and in one of our following numbers we will try to give a clear idea of how any boy can make his own

lathe and also some of the things he can do with it.

THE MAN-CARRYING BIRDS.

(Continued from Page Four.)

these two methods of aerial navigation is the most practicable, the United States government has formed a testing body composed of army men and has laid down certain specifications as to testing out the airships.

Thus far the United States has succeeded in obtaining one enormous dirigible airship which completely fills all of the requirements and is a most practicable machine. The required speed to be made is 16 miles per hour or more and a 20 mile flight. However, Captain Thos. S. Baldwin did not make quite 20 miles in his two flights and this fact makes it impossible for the government to pay him the \$8,000 promised for his balloon. He will, however, receive about \$6,000 for the huge, cigar-shaped gas bag which carries about 250 pounds, or two men who will weigh that much.

The gas bag of Captain Baldwin's airship is 90 feet long and numerous planes, rudders and propellers are used to guide the ship.

It is claimed by some optimistic people that airships and flying machines will be as universally used some day as automobiles are now, but many scientists say that while they may become quite common they will never be universally used.

THE PLANTATION TREASURES.

(Continued from Page Three.)

and chisels and finally we had the hull completed. The lumber we bought from Mr. Cederston for six dollars, and he said we could have the odds and ends laying around for nothing. We'll use them to build the cabin.

Mort and I had drawn the plans for the cabin on the boat, and it sure is a dandy. From one wall we are going to have a folding table and all around the inside are lockers that we will sleep on and sit on and use to store our provisions and things.

I walked down to the boat in mill yard and found Baldy putting the finishing touches to a coat of green paint.

"Looks fine, doesn't she?" I said.

"You bet," said Baldy. "We've got to get that cabin made in the next three days, you know. We're going to start Monday."

"Let's get busy," I said, and together we went off and got some big pieces of two by four. It didn't take long to put up the frame work, and by the time Mort and Pete got around we were already to board up the sides.

"We want to get the lightest stuff we can for that siding," said Mort.

"How will this do?" I asked, picking up a board from a pile of discarded pieces.

"Fine," answered Pete. We worked like all possessed for the next two days and finally had our boat finished. For windows we took those out of the old Larkin cabin and they looked dandy on the boat.

"What shall we name her, boys?" asked Mort, when we finally had her floating in the creek, the green paint glistening brightly in the sun.

"Name her Lucy!" suggested Baldy, with a grin. Lucy was the curly haired girl who sat behind him in school.

"Never!" answered Pete. "Why not call her 'Dixie'; that's where she's going."

"Dixie it is," said Mort; "that is, if all the rest of you are satisfied." We were, so Pete got a can of white paint and traced the letters on the side and on the stern.

We all climbed aboard and raised an American flag that Mort had got from somewhere, then we all went home.

We spent the afternoon in stocking up the lockers with provisions and clothes, and each of us had a gun which we hung up on hooks in the wall. We took a lot of cartridges and a couple of lanterns. Mort stowed boxes of something away in one of the lockers, but he wouldn't tell us what it was. There must have been about five big boxes in all, and they were heavy, too.

Finally we had all but one of the lockers filled up and made our plans to start the following morning.

Father gave me some money and Pete and Baldy got theirs.

"Where'll we keep all this?" asked Pete with the roll of bills in his hand.

"I don't know," I replied; "I don't want to carry it in my clothes. Why not hide it in the boat?" A bright idea seized me.

"Good idea," said Mort. "We'll put it right here in the end of the cabin between the locker and the end wall."

"What if the boat sinks?" asked Baldy dubiously.

"Then she sinks and the money goes with it," answered Mort. "It's better than keeping it in our clothes and losing it or getting robbed."

"Mort's right," I said, and we all stuffed but a few dollars into the crack.

"It'll be safe enough there, I guess," said Mort. "Now for a captain of this noble scow, the 'Dixie,' laughed he. "We've got to have a captain, you know."

"You're the oldest. You'd better run things," said Pete.

"I second that, Mort; you're elected," I replied, before Baldy had a chance to throw any cold water on the scheme. "Well, if you fellows want me to, I'll do it," said Mort.

"Wouldn't have asked you if we didn't want you," replied Baldy, who hadn't had a chance to vote, even.

Mort laughed and Baldy looked important when he slapped him on the shoulder and said, "When do we sail, captain?"

"In two hours," said Mort. "So you'd better hurry home and say good-bye to everyone."

Now, if there's one thing I hate to do it's to say good-bye. But we all went home, and after I had received all of mother's final cautions I started back for the creek. Just as I rounded the house I saw Baldy and Lucy. Baldy handed her a slip of paper with a long list of names of some kind on it, then blushed, and said good-bye.

When I passed the cabin in my skiff I thought I saw a green flash among the trees by the sawmill, but I didn't pay any attention to it.

I boarded the Dixie and made everything ready for the final shove-off.

The boys got down at last and we shoved off into the stream. Mr. Cederston waved a good-bye to us and all of the men at the mill cheered. We ran up the flag we had on the little mast, and the men cheered all the more.

Out of the creek we went and floated into the Mississippi with the current. The boat rode the water well and the cabin looked neat and comfortable. There was plenty of room on deck for all of us, and we sat around and watched the town recede from view. I had a sticky feeling in my throat when I thought of the folks and how long it might be before I got back. But the thought of the fun we were going to have more than paid for the pain.

We lost the town from sight when we rounded the last curve and Baldy looked uncomfortable. He kept one hand fidgeting nervously in his pocket.

"What's the matter, Baldy?" I asked. "Something bothering you?"

"Yep. Say, fellows, I ain't going to have all this money with me." He pulled out the five dollars he had kept out when we hid our money. "I'm going to put this with the rest. I won't need it."

"Go ahead," I replied, "there aren't any ropes on you."

He went into the cabin and it was awful still for a minute. Then he yelled. I ran down with Pete while Mort stayed on deck. There was Baldy, his eyes bulging out and his face white.

"What's the matter—look as if you'd seen a ghost," I said.

"The money!" he gasped. "It's gone."

I looked at Pete and Pete looked at Baldy. Something was wrong.

CHAPTER III.

As I stood there with Pete and Baldy I couldn't say a word. I was busy thinking. My thoughts flashed back to the green figure I had seen near the sawmill before we started and I wondered if it had anything to do with the missing money.

"Let's look thoroughly for it," I suggested. "Maybe it's just fallen out or—" I stopped just as I was going to tell them about the green shirted figure I'd seen by the mill.

Pete took the lockers on one side of the cabin and looked through them while Baldy searched the other side. I looked all over the floor and behind everything, but with no luck.

All of a sudden Baldy jumped back. His hair, the little that the barber had left, was standing up straight.

"Suffering cats!" he yelled, "what's this?" He had opened the locker we left vacant and was staring at something within.

Pete and I looked over his shoulder. There, comfortably resting in the narrow locker upon our blankets was a pair of well worn corduroy trousers, a green shirt and a face. Such a face! It was bewhiskered and bemustached until the features were fairly hidden from view. From above this undergrowth a pair of blue eyes twinkled at our three staring faces above. Then the big man rose and seated himself on the edge of the locker. None of us boys said a word until the man pulled out a vile smelling pipe and started to smoke. Then Baldy spoke up.

"Who the dickens are you?" he asked, real bold like, for he had found the green bloused man was human.

"Yes, who are you, anyhow?" I seconded and Pete had to show he had a say in the matter, so he added:

"What do you want here?"

The man didn't answer either of the three questions, but reached out a big caloused hand and smiled. There in his broad palm lay the crumpled mass of paper bills that represented the sum and total of wealth that belonged to the Dixie's crew.

Baldy grabbed for them and gave one of his accustomed grunts which he meant for thanks.

"You boys are a trifle careless with your money. I found it scattered over the floor here when I registered."

"When you what?" asked Pete.

"When I registered," repeated the man. He pointed to the slide wall, where, under a picture of the Dixie that Mort had drawn, his name was written under those of ours.

"Yes," said the man, "when I came aboard I registered like any sailor should when he ships." He smiled and calmly blew a big puff of smoke straight at Baldy, who choked and tried to act as if he didn't mind it.

Pete went over to the picture where the names were and read the man's name.

"Lon Happy, Doctor," he read aloud. "Are you a doctor?" I asked.

"Yes, I am a doctor," said the man. "I don't look like it, I know, but I sure can make pancakes."

"Make pancakes!" yelled Pete; "what's that got to do with a doctor?" I thought for a moment the man was crazy.

"Evidently you don't know what a doctor is aboard a boat," answered Lon.

"What is he, if he isn't the one who prescribes all the vile smelling and tasting stuff that we have to take? Pancakes—our doctor never gave pancakes for medicine," I inquired.

"Well, boys, it's up to me to explain. A doctor on a boat is the cook. I'm the doctor."

I didn't quite know what to make of the man's nerve, but he went on talking.

"You see, messmates, it's necessary for me to go down South, and I haven't too much money. I'm willing to chip in and pay for my share of the expenses and do my share of the work. I'm a good fellow and it'll be a good thing for you to have an older person along. I shan't spoil your fun any, you can be sure of that. Come, now, what do you say?"

He looked at us, and I must confess I liked the looks in his eyes.

"Why, I'm willing, I guess—" I looked around. Pete nodded his assent and Baldy gave his with a grunt.

"Well, here's a starter, then," Lon said, and handed over two five-dollar bills. As usual, Baldy grabbed them.

"That's for my share for a while. When it's gone I'll give you some more."

"What are you fellows doing down there," yelled Mort from on deck. "Baldy, if you're smoking, you'd better stop. You'll be deathly sick."

I went on deck and told Mort the whole story. Of course, after a great many questions he agreed to the proposition. Then I introduced him to Lon, who seemed to take a great fancy to him.

It was nearly dark when we hauled up to shore for the night. We were quite a ways from home in even the few hours we had been traveling, and the country looked different. Mort

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came in when we had tied up to some trees and took his gun down from the rack.

"I'm going to see if I can't shoot something for supper," he said, and plunged off through the fringe of woods along the shore.

Down in the cabin Lon was rattling the dish pans and kettles at a great rate, and I lay on the roof of the cabin and watched the sky way off toward the west, where the last remaining streaks of sunset colored the clouds. There was a gentle wind blowing and it carried to my nostrils the scent of the woods and the strange odors of the river. It all seemed very different from home, and I felt queer and kind of lonesome.

Baldy was snoring peacefully on one of the lockers below and Pete was reading some love story from a magazine he had brought along.

Suddenly I heard three shots in rapid succession. They sounded faint and seemed to be a long way off. I jumped to my feet, and not waiting to disturb the other boys, plunged ashore and ran in the direction which Mort had taken.

Something was wrong, I knew. Mort never would have fired his shot gun, then his revolver, without some cause. I raced through the woods easily, following the trail which I was sure Mort had taken, and finally came out upon the shore of a little inland lagoon. I was breathing hard, and so I dropped to my knees while I looked around the pond.

Mort wasn't in sight. Right before me lay two discharged shot gun shells and one metallic revolver cartridge that had been fired. Nowhere could I see any signs of Mort, and I walked around the pond shouting his name. It was a lonely place, not a house or a farm anywhere around, and in the fast gathering twilight I wished I had brought my own firearms.

Finally, tired and exhausted, I sat down on a big log to catch my wind and to think it over.

The trail lay right before me, and as I sat there I saw something moving between the trees about five hundred yards up the trail.

"It's a green shirt," I said to myself, and sunk to one knee to keep out of sight.

The man with the green shirt came on, dodging between the trees, and finally disappeared from view around a big tree close to a hillside. Then I heard a queer whistle float out on the air three times. I waited for a while, then crept nearer. When I got to the tree no one was there. The hillside was covered with bushes.

Suddenly I heard voices right at my elbow.

"Let the kid go," I heard a rough voice say.

"Aw, you're crazy. We can use him," was the answer.

"I say let him go," the voice repeated. "He's a friend of mine."

There was a harsh answer, and the next moment from out of the biggest clump of bushes sounded blows and cracks and then two figures ran out and crashed away in the woods.

I waited a long time. The men in the bushes talked so low I couldn't hear what they were saying. I was afraid they'd hear me if I moved.

"Do you suppose he'll go and tell everything?" one of the men asked.

"If he does I'll get him so hard he won't forget it," was the rough answer, followed by a curse.

"There's too much in it for him to go blow the whole story. He'll git in trouble if he does, that's all I've got to say," the first man answered.

"I didn't know what they were talking about, so I sneaked away up the trail back to the boat. Mort and Lon were getting supper. They didn't say anything about it, but I resolved to ask them in the morning. I knew that Lon was the man with the green shirt, but how he came to know the other men was what puzzled me. It was a mystery, and I decided to solve it as soon as possible.

(To be continued.)

How It Happened.

"Please, ma'am," said the husky hobo, "would youse help a pore feller wot wuz caught on a ellervator an' laid up fer six months?"

"Certainly, poor man!" replied the kind lady. "Here's a dollar for you. How did you happen to get caught in an elevator?"

"De perlice wuz too quick fer me," explained the h. h. as he hastily beat it.

Small Variety.

The inquisitive stranger stopped in front of the cottage by the roadside.

"Who lives here, children?" asked the inquisitive stranger.

"Mr. and Mrs. Stone," responded the youngsters in the yard.

"Indeed! And who are you?"

"Oh, we are the little pebbles, sir."

Spared the Necessity.

"I hope," said the rich man, "that you will never appropriate to your own use that which belongs to another or tell a lie."

"As you have made my fortune for me, father, I won't need to."—Houston Post.

Hard to Tell.

Millions—Do you think you will learn to like your titled son-in-law?

Billions—I don't know; I can't tell where to place him in my expense account. He is neither a recreation nor an investment.

Others Considered.

She—Singing is awfully hard on my throat.

He—And how much harder it must be on the ears of your neighbors.

Evidence of Failure.



"Is the patient failing, doctor?"

"Yes, he hasn't made a single reference so far, to-day, to the score of yesterday's game."

Not a Kiss.

"I heard him behind the door pleading for just one. They must be engaged."

"Naw, they're married. It was a dollar he was pleading for."—Washington Herald.

All for Him.

"Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own."

"Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.

From His Own Experience.

"Have you 'What Can Be Done with a Chafing Dish?'" asked the customer in the book store.

"No'm," replied the haggard-looking clerk, who had attended a welsh rarebit party the night before, "but I can tell you what should be done with a chafing dish."—Philadelphia Press.

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Susan's Green Bow.

Susan was in the country on a visit to Grandmother Dodge, and the little girl was quite sure that there was no more lovely place in the whole world than the brown farm-house, with the white porch over the front door and the big piazza on the side.

Susan could play about the green yard and in the big barn, and had her playhouse under one of the big trees in a corner of the pasture; and although there were no other children for her to play with, she was never lonely.

One reason why Susan enjoyed her playhouse so much was on account of a goat that was pastured in the next field. A high board fence was between the field and the pasture, and Susan's playhouse was close to the fence.

The goat would sometimes try to poke his head in between the fence boards, but never quite succeeded.

One day Susan tired of playing with her pieces of broken china, her bright tin dipper and the rag doll, Dinah, who was always such agreeable company, and began to wonder what she would do next. She looked toward the high board fence and saw the goat feeding in a distant part of the field, and as Susan watched the goat she remembered how funny it always looked when it tried to get its head in between the low boards.

"I know I could get my head between those boards," said Susan to Dinah, putting up her hands to tie the lovely green ribbon bow more securely. It was a new ribbon. Grandmother Dodge had brought it home from the village only the day before.

"Now watch me, Dinah!" commanded Susan, standing the rag doll where her eyes of black beads were fixed directly on the fence; and then Susan tipped her smooth brown head and slid it carefully through between the boards. Then she tried to lift it a bit, thinking gleefully that she was really smarter than the goat, and hoping the goat would see her.

The goat did see her. The nodding green ribbon waved suggestively between the fence boards. "O-ho!" said the goat. "Another bunch of green grass for me!"

Susan had just decided to go back to play, but, some way, she could not tip her head so easily with the board fence holding it so closely. She moved this way and that, making the green ribbon wave invitingly, so that the goat came faster and faster, and in a mo-

ment Susan felt a fierce tug on her hair.

"Oh!" screamed Susan. "The goat will eat off my head!" And she twisted her head so quickly and screamed so loudly that not only did the goat jump back in surprise, but Susan found her head free again, and stood up straight on her own side of the board fence, and looked reproachfully at the goat, from whose mouth hung an end of her beautiful green hair ribbon!

The goat looked so solemn and chewed on the ribbon so perseveringly that the little girl forgot to be sorry about her loss, and laughed aloud.

"Old billy-goat thought it was a new kind of grass," she confided to Dinah, as she brushed the hair back from her face and started home across the pasture to tell Grandmother Dodge.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Boy Wanted."

"Wanted—A Boy." How often we
This quite familiar notice see.
Wanted—a boy for every kind
Of task that a busy world can find.
He is wanted—wanted now and here;
There are towns to build; there are paths
to clear;
There are seas to sail; there are gulfs to
span,
In the ever onward march of man.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day
And it offers them all it has for pay.
"Twill grant them wealth, position, fame,
A useful life, an honored name.
Boys who will guide the plow and pen;
Boys who will shape the ways for men;
Boys who will forward the tasks begun,
For the world's great work is never done.

The world is eager to employ
Not just one, but every boy
Who, with a purpose stanch and true,
Will greet the work he finds to do.
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind—
To good, awake; to evil, blind—
A heart of gold without alloy—
Wanted—the world wants such a boy.
—The Watchman.

Some Phenomena of Nature.

They were talking it over in the Pullman of an overland train.

"We had a severe storm in our country," said the Texan, "in which it rained tadpoles."

"Huh," snorted the Missouri man, "up our way it frequently rains mud turtles."

The third man sat silent, indicating that he had something up his sleeve.

"Probably you've heard of something more remarkable," they said to him.

"Yes," he answered, "when it rains in Alabama it invariably rains just rain. Ours is now a prohibition State."



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