

Continuation of  
"Men of To-Morrow"

Bradford 2260

# YOUNG AMERICANS

NEW SERIES MEN OF TO-MORROW

Vol. 37

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**5**  
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The Grand Prize  
Kite Flying Contest

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WM. BYRON FORBUSH

## *The Makers of "Young*

**T**HE editors and special writers are all young people. Don't let the grey hairs of Dr. Marden and Mr. Beard lead you to think otherwise. Remember that real age is not a matter of years. In spirit and sympathies, Dr. Marden and Mr. Beard are as full of youth as Mr. Vonderlieth, who is several years away from his first vote. Thus they understand and appreciate the tastes, the desires, the enthusiasms and all the varied interests and aims of young people. But they are not handicapped by the inexperience that is common to youth, for each has lived long enough to become a specialist in his particular field of authorship. As evidence that the editorial staff are going to cover all the interests of enterprising young people, the following schedule of the plans for the coming months is presented.

### STORIES OF ADVENTURE, ACTION *and* REAL LIFE

Through editorial coöperation with some of the great literary magazines, like "Success," we have exceptional facilities for procuring the highest class of stories. We are selecting only the cream of those we look over—just enough to enable us to publish one absorbing serial and two or three rattling short stories in each issue. Our stories will have as stirring plots and will be as full of exciting, compelling interest as any dime novel; but they will contain none of the mushy sentimentality, the morbid sensationalism or the absurdly extravagant situations found in stories of the "Dare Devil Dick's Direful Deed" class.

### PRIZE CONTESTS TO SUIT ALL TASTES

The variety of our competitions cover every possible interest of young folks, and we offer a greater number of prizes than are offered by any other magazine. These competitions afford our readers both opportunity and incentive to cultivate their talents for amateur photography, drawing, writing stories, essays and poems, solving puzzles, handicraft, etc. In judging the contests, due consideration is given to the difference in the ages of the competitors, therefore the chances of winning prizes are equal to all readers.

### HOBBIES, PASTIMES *and* AMUSEMENTS

No matter what hobby you ride—for you surely have a hobby if you are an enterprising youth—you will find, in our magazine, a splendid riding ground for hobbists, with a competent training master to show you how to get the most enjoyment and benefit out of your pastime. C. E. Severn, the famous editor of "Mekeel's Stamp News," looks after the interests of those who ride the stamp collecting hobby. W. R. Murphy, who bears a high reputation in the junior world of letters, is the training master for those who ride the "Prince of Hobbies"—amateur journalism.

### PRACTICAL POINTERS ON SUCCESS - WINNING

Although our magazine is filled with brightness and entertainment, we do not in any way slight the serious business of aiding our readers to make the most of themselves and to win true success in life. We have the greatest writer on inspiration, achievement and success-winning in the country write a splendid article for us every month. Dr. Orison Swett Marden is the editor and founder of the "Success" magazine and the author of a number of books on success topics, which have had remarkably large circulation. One of these books—"Pushing to the Front"—won words of praise from President McKinley, Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, besides thousands of others, and has been translated into several languages, being used as one of the text books in the schools of Japan.



FRANK L. MASSECK

# ***Americans" and Their Plans***

## **NATURE STUDY *and* POPULAR SCIENCE**

Nature study has passed the period of being a craze and now forms an important part of the education of every intelligent person. The man behind our nature study department is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is well backed up by knowledge. Let J. Carter Beard talk with you on some popular scientific topic and he will make you forget where you are, so intensely interesting are the facts he tells you. And he can write just as well as he talks, and can draw as well as he writes. He is a member of the famous family of artists, one of whom is the great cartoonist, Dan Beard.



**HERBERT  
HUNGERFORD**

## **HINTS *and* HELPS FOR CLUBS *and* SOCIETIES**

Being the official organ of the largest federation of self-improvement clubs in the world, The Success League, and the most interesting and practical organization of Boy's Clubs, the Knights of King Arthur, our magazine will naturally devote sufficient space to club matters. All of the men who founded and developed these two great organizations are members of our staff, and all the practical hints and suggestions gleaned through their experience will be given from time to time in our columns.

## **ATHLETICS, SPORTS *and* PHYSICAL CULTURE**

Of course we shall not neglect the cultivation of "a sound mind in a sound body." In addition to our grand prize competitions for amateur athletics, we shall publish numerous special articles on training for athletic sports, physical culture, home exercises, gymnasium drills and news and notes of athletic events.

## **PLAYS, ENTERTAINMENTS *and* LITERARY PROGRAMS**

We shall describe original entertainments appropriate for all special occasions and events. Short dramatic plays will be published during the winter months and literary programs on various subjects will be given from time to time.

## **CURRENT TOPICS *and* AIDS FOR DEBATERS**

We will help our readers to keep up to date on all questions of the hour and will show them how to discuss such questions intelligently and clearly. Numerous practical hints for debaters will be given. Several of our editors are masters in the art of debate, and one of them, Mr. Hungerford, has written a handbook on debating of which thousands of copies have been sold.

## **Every Other Interesting and Helpful Article We Find**

In addition to the above, we shall publish numerous special articles on various interesting subjects. Since the several members of our editorial staff are connected with various other publications, we are quite likely to run across many articles of exceptional interest and merit.



**ORISON SWETT  
MARDEN**

# "IN THE HANDS OF MY FRIENDS"

## *The Editor's Talk*

It seems to me that the above expression, which is used so frequently by candidates for office, applies with particular emphasis to myself. I am a candidate for the honor of editing the best and most helpful magazine for young people in the world. I fully realize the greatness of this ambition, also my own shortcomings, and the difficulties that I am bound to encounter in trying to win this high honor. But the thing that stands out strongest in my mind is that my only hope of success lies in my obtaining the hearty cooperation and assistance of every reader who is a true friend of the magazine.

The problem of the editor, like every other question, has two sides. On the one side, he must find out the wishes of his readers, and on the other side, he must find the writers who can best supply these wants.

The first part of the problem is by far the hardest. What do our readers want? Stories? To be sure, but what kind of stories? Articles on topical subjects? Of course, but what kind of articles, and what are the most important subjects? Departments? Yes, but departments covering what subjects, and how much space should be devoted to each department? How many readers are interested in amateur journalism? How many collect stamps? How many are members of the Success League? How many belong to the Knights of King Arthur? How many are interested in nature study? How many are inclined towards sports and athletics?

These are some of the questions that the editor must settle, and they can only be decided correctly when he receives letters from thousands of the readers expressing opinions on these and various other matters of editorial policy.

The second part of the problem, that of finding writers, as I have said, is much easier, although it is by no means a "snap." Yet, if you will tell me just what you want, I will not bother you with this part of the problem, but will try to find the writers to supply your wants.

## ARE YOU A FRIEND?

Are you really interested in the success of "YOUNG AMERICANS"? Do you wish to see it grow each month nearer and nearer to the ideal magazine for young people? If so, invest two cents in a stamp, or even a cent in a postal card, and write and tell me how, in your opinion, the magazine can be improved. Before doing this, of course, you should consider the improvements that we have already planned. Look over our programme for the coming season which is given on the two preceding pages. I would be glad, however, to have you suggest any changes in this programme that you may think best, and to criticise as severely as you may choose any faults that you find in any part of our magazine. But above all things, let me hear from you! It does not make any difference how you address your letters, whether to me personally, or to "YOUNG AMERICANS," or to the Success League. If you only write them I will be sure to get them, and I will read them and give careful consideration to everyone's opinion. If at least one-tenth of the readers of the magazine write to me and tell me what they think of the magazine, I will guarantee that within three months the magazine will show fifty per cent. improve.

You may think I am giving too much attention to this question, since my talk last month was practically devoted to the same subject. But if you could realize the vast importance of our magazine, you would not hesitate an instant, but sit down at once and write your criticism.

## ANOTHER WAY

A problem which is of less importance than the above, is the distributing of sample copies of our magazine among young people who are likely to be interested in it. It is not an easy matter to find the names of such young people. So, if you write about the magazine, if you can easily do so, please send me a list of some of the young people of your acquaintance whom you think the magazine would interest. For every name and address, we will send you one of our hand-books which are advertised on another page.

## Young Americans

*A monthly magazine for enterprising young folks*

Official organ of the League of Success Clubs and the order of Knights of King Arthur

HERBERT HUNGERFORD, EDITOR

*Assisted by*

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH,	Department of Boys' Work
ORISON SWETT MARDEN,	Department of Suggestions on Success Winning
FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK,	Department of the Knights of King Arthur
W. R. MURPHY,	Department of Amateur Journalism
C. E. SEVERN,	Department of Stamp Collecting
WALTER A. VONDERLIETH,	Department of Current Events
T. CAREY FOSTER,	Department of Programmes and Entertainments
J. CARTER BEARD,	Department of Nature Study

PUBLISHED BY

## OF HELPING

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BUSINESS OFFICE  
10-16 STATE STREET, ALBANY  
NEW YORK

**THE SUCCESS LEAGUE**

EDITORIAL OFFICE  
UNIVERSITY BLDG., WASHINGTON SQ.  
NEW YORK CITY

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:** In the United States, Canada and Mexico, fifty cents a year; in all other countries of the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year, postage prepaid

# YOUNG AMERICANS

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CASTLE AVILION 138, OF THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. F. W. ROSHAMP, MERLIN. CONNECTED WITH ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

## RUG CAMERON'S FIGHT

STORY OF A BOY WHO DEFEATED THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

By ROSCOE ARTHUR WALES

Ruggles Cameron—"Rug," they called him—left Randolph for the new wild-cat territory on the Fuller farm. The nearest oil well was three miles away; but the Standard Oil Company had leased a few farms near Randolph. Here and there, however, independent companies or private individuals had leased, either with the purpose of drilling some day or perchance selling at an immense profit. The farmers around Randolph were so anxious to lease that some were secured for ninety-nine years or as long as the lessee desired to hold it. A large number of farmers had not leased at all, and for the purpose of securing more leases and ascertaining the value of the production in that region the Standard had commenced to wild-cat a well on the Fuller farm.

Rug's father owned the farm adjoining Fuller's to the south, but on the opposite side of the farm from the wild-cat well. His father was old and very feeble, and cared little for his remaining portion of life, but did desire to see a "hunderd bar'ler" before he died. His farm of eighty acres lay in a direct line from the nearest well, nearly three miles to the south, and the new wild-cat well or "wild-catter," as they called it.

So Rug had gotten it into his head that if he could get permission to drill on the old farm, and then get some one

to drill on shares or until his big oil well came in, he surely could make a fortune and close his old father's and mother's lives happily. But first he must know whether the new "wild-catter" contained any oil. His wonderful future and the happy days for his parents, all depended upon this. He had gone to Randolph that morning to find some one willing to drill his well; but all contractors had shaken their heads and said that it was too visionary or "just wait for the new wild-catter." Now he had left Randolph a trifle "down in the mouth," but still very much determined to win in some way.

He had gone but a short distance when he met Joe Denby, a neighbor boy. He could not wait for the common salutation, but said, "Say, Joe, have you heard anything about the new well?"

"Yes, I just came from there."

"What do you know? What did you see? Did you hear anything?" came from Rug almost in one breath.

"Sit down on this stone and I'll tell you all I know," said Joe; for he knew all about Rug's desires for an oil well.

Both boys sat down on a large "nigger-head" by the side of the road. Joe began, "Well, this morning I thought I'd go over and see if I could see or hear any-

thing new; for you know, Rug, that the Standard doesn't intend to develop this territory at all, but simply to find out whether there is any oil or not; and if there is, to shut down, lease the remaining territory and develop it at their leisure."

"How do you know this, Joe?"

"Why, I heard Mr. Samson, the driller, tell his tool-dresser just as I came into the derrick."

After a short talk the boys went their ways; Joe to his home and Rug to the wild-cat well.

When he came into the derrick he found the driller and tool-dresser much excited and in a hurry to quit work. Rug glanced at the stem and bit which they had just taken from the hole and found it covered with oil. In his over-enjoyment at the find he exclaimed, "Oh! You have found oil, have you?"

"Oh, no!" said Samson, "our water is so low we had to use oil to drill with."

Rug, looking around for oil but not finding any but what was in their torches, knew Samson was not telling the truth and made a hasty departure for home.

Rug racked his brain until noon trying to find some plan to keep the Standard from snatching up all the territory, and to drill his own well. He must work quick for the wild-cat was nearing completion and every moment counted.

His plan was made out. He would call a meeting of the farmers that evening and try to get them to do something. He accordingly wrote out two posters and placed them at various conspicuous places in the neighborhood. They read:

FARMERS, TAKE NOTICE!  
IMPORTANT MEETING  
AT THE CAMERON HOME  
TO-NIGHT.  
EVERY FARMER COME.

That evening about three dozen farmers, boys, women and dogs collected at Cameron's. Some came at five, got tired and went home. Others staid, so that at seven-thirty a dozen farmers, two women and one boy was ready to listen to what might be said.

Rug stepped before the gathering and said:

"Gentlemen,"—he had forgotten the women and they soon slipped out the back door—"we have met for a very important business. In this glorious land of the free, where everybody is born equal to everybody else, we drift around on our liberty and freedom and just let the other fellow get ahead of us every time. Now let's see, right here in our own neighborhood, where everything is quiet and home-like,—too quiet for that means doing nothing—we let the rich business men come in and grab up our land and take from us what we can keep just as well as they. You know what I mean. I mean the Standard Oil Company. Here they have leased acres of land and want to lease more, and in order to do this they are putting in a sham well. If they get any oil, it'll be only a little. Now I propose to do this; organize ourselves into a company, put down a well—for I know they have oil—develop the territory and give every farmer a chance to make the most of his land. What do you say?"

Some received this joyously and seemed to think the plan their only salvation. Others were skeptical. Old Bill Jones said, "I'll put nothin' in till I can see sunthin' coming out." "You can't get me into such a trap and then take all of my farms to git out, for I suppose I'd have to pay the heft of it," sneered Old Josh Slimp. Joe Denby yelled out, "Mr. Chairman, I think your ideas are O. K. Now there are lots of farmers that could put in from one to five hundred dollars and form a company that could soak the Standard very easily. What will it cost, Rug?"

Rug then explained that it would cost about two thousand dollars, and asked for members for the new company. Only five responded. After all had left but these five, with Joe and Rug, they organized a company and called it the "Ruggles Oil Company." Each of the five men was

to put in four hundred dollars. Joe was given a share for the knowledge he had given Rug about the wild-catter. Rug was to share equally with the other five, as it was decided to locate the well on the Cameron farm. And, as Rug had gotten up the scheme he was made president and general manager. Each member was to place his amount in the bank at Randolph at the disposal of the general manager by nine o'clock the following day.

Nine o'clock, next day, found Rug at the bank with a check for the full amount in his pocket ready to do business. On his way from the bank he met Sam Blum, who had refused him the day before.

"Got your well drilled yet, Rug?"

"No, but I'll soon have it down now," said Rug. "What'll you take to put one down, Sam?"

"Seventy-five cents per foot, straight," replied Sam.

"Alright, and if you beat the Standard you shall have two hundred dollars extra."

"What! Boy! Yesterday you had no money and to-day you are offering me a prize if I beat the Standard!"

"Never mind," said Rug, as he showed him his check. "Do you accept the terms?"

"Well, I guess yes! When shall I begin?"

"Right away, no delay, and keep at it every day, is what I say." So happy, he almost shouted it out.

"But, why do you want to beat the Standard?"

Rug wished him to promise that, as Sam was in his employ everything must be kept close between them. Sam promised and Rug told him all. How that the Standard had secured a number of leases around Randolph for almost nothing and as soon as the wild-cat had showed up enough they would secure all the rest as cheaply, and that he intended to let the people know that there was oil there by drilling an honest well. He told how he had found out that the wild-cat did contain oil, and that if he or any one else would begin to drill, the Standard would off-set them and drill their well first and, if possible, make both wells not show up at all or be very small. Many times one well near another will exhause its neighbor or make it much lighter.

Sam saw his reasoning and determined to win the battle for his young friend, and some money for himself.

The little village of Randolph was too small and too far away from the principal oil region to have on hand lumber for a "rig," so Sam and his men were compelled to go to the woods and hew out the foundations for the "rig," a derrick used in drilling a well.

This was done and as soon as any of the pieces was finished it was taken to the site selected by Rug for the new well. The remaining lumber was ordered from Oil Center, a town a few miles from Randolph. At six o'clock on the fifth day the rig was ready to commence work.

But what had the Standard done? The Standard's farm boss had heard of the new Ruggles Oil Company, and had ordered two gangs of men to get out timbers from the same woods that Rug's company was using.

The race now began in earnest.

Neither Sam nor Rug could get any more men to help get out timbers. They declared the Standard's farm boss had bought off every idle laborer. And this seemed quite plausible, as all the workmen of Randolph had plenty of work to do, and those that would not work could easily be bought off.

At noon of the same day that the Ruggles Oil Company's rig was up the Standard's rig was finished and ready to be used. The Standard was nearly half of a day ahead, and as it seemed had won the first score. How the workmen yelled and hooted at Rug's men who were just over the line. The Ruggles Company had kept away the traditional two hundred feet from the line; but the Standard pushed its rig so close to the line that one leg almost stood on Cameron soil.

After their defeat in not securing men enough to defeat the Standard in building the rig, Rug and Sam determined not to be out-witted the second time, so that by the time the rig was up they had commenced to rig up for drilling. On the morning of the day after the rig had been completed everything had been put in place, steam was up and the large bit in place ready to spud when Rug, looking through the dim light of the morning, saw the Standard's boiler just being dumped from the teamster's wagon. He yelled, "Hurry up Rockefeller, we've beaten you this time."

Samson called back, "Who laughs last laughs best."

Rug did not get the full meaning of this expression until he saw Sam after he had returned to Randolph. Sam told him that Smith, the coal dealer, had only a small amount of coal on hand, and as he had ordered only a small amount they would soon be out. The Standard's farm boss had bought up all that Smith had ordered for the next fifteen days by giving him a half more than the regular price.

The Ruggles Company was in an awful plight now. Their coal would last for a few days, and then they would have to haul it from Oil Center. This would assure their defeat. What could they do?

Rug thought awhile and came to this conclusion: fight them with their own club. But how? This is what passed through his mind in less than a minute: the ditch that supplied the water for both wells and the now old wild-cat or Fuller No. 1 well, passed to the east of the wells and the water came from the south. He decided that as the Standard had no control whatever over the ditch miles back he would dam it up. This would cut off their water supply but not his.

At the close of the third day of drilling, when Rug's coal would last no longer than one day more, he decided to put his thought into execution. So taking two loads of stones and some dirt he filled up the ditch so completely that within an hour the Standard's men had to shut down.

Now the real test of strength came in. Sampson, almost as strong as Sampson of old, came over and ordered Rug to "Clean out your ditch."

"Not now, neighbor. Your stock seems poorly watered," laughed Rug.

Sampson's temper got the better of him. Grabbing Joe by the arm, he threw him out of the rig, then quickly turning he fetched an awful lunge at Rug, missed him and struck one of the bull-wheels so terrific a blow that one of the hand-holds was nearly broken off.

But Rug was not silent nor inactive in all this. With a "You brute," he landed so nicely under Sampson's chin that as he struck the bull-wheel, Sampson went sprawling in a heap across the floor. In a moment he was up.

"Beg pardon, my friend, that was nicely done. This sort of business won't settle the water deal. Here's my hand. What are your terms?"

Rug took his hand and said, "We'll open the ditch if you'll sell us enough coal to finish our well at the regular price. We could keep you dry until you were hopelessly behind;

for you would have to haul water until you could drill at least three hundred feet to reach water. We could haul our coal from Oil Center, but I want to see a fight. Do you agree?"

"Yes. I see your position and mine. I'll write an order to the farm boss to have Smith give you any amount you want at the regular price."

He did so and handed the order to Rug. But Rug, fearful that some scheme might be worked upon him, sent Joe to Randolph to see about the coal and waited until he returned before he destroyed the dam.

Now the race seemed almost even. Rug's men hitched onto the small stem before Sampson had been two-thirds through spudding. Things were progressing so nicely that Rug said, "We're getting along too nicely. Something must surely happen. Sam, have you any fishing tools handy?"

Sam replied in the negative.

"Well, then, send to Oil Center immediately; for something might happen, you know."

Sam 'phoned to Oil City the next minute, and in three hours the train brought him a complete outfit. While looking them over Joe came running up and said, "Hurry, Sam, we've lost our bit."

"Good," cried Sam.

"Good? You fool! What do you mean?"

"Oh! I mean it's a good thing we sent for these tools."

The tools were taken to the well and, amid the cries and jeers of their neighbors, they worked for three long hours trying to reach the bit. They used jars, combination sockets and every conceivable instrument to reach the bit, a three-foot steel drill screwed onto the end of a twenty-five-foot steel rod or stem. All this labor seemed hopeless.

Their neighbors were working all the harder to make hole and calling their loudest, "Put your foot on it. Run the sand-pump down. Blow it out with dynamite." But Sampson admonished his men to "go easy" as they might "ball up," themselves, some time.

Finally the bit was caught and slowly, slowly, it was raised to the surface. In a short time they were drilling again.

That night slate was struck. Rug sent Old Josh over to get some of their competitors last pumpings; but no slate was found. Surely the Ruggles Company must be ahead. Old Josh whispered into Rug's ear, "If you need any more money call on your Uncle Josh." Rug thanked him and laughed good-naturedly, but mentally thought, "How easily we can get friends when things are coming our way."

Jack Binkle, Sampson's "toollie," was a lazy, careless sort of a man. He worked when he had to and slept the rest of the time. On the eighth day, while sleeping soundly near the engine-house, he was awakened by an awful explosion. He had left off the weights of the safety-valve and the steam, not being properly controlled, burst the boiler and sent one huge piece over Jack's head. It tore the engine-house to pieces, but did no further damage than to stop work until another boiler could be secured. This took them a half day, and by the time they were ready to start Rug's men had struck Trenton rock, at a depth of twelve hundred feet.

In fifteen days from the formation of the Ruggles Oil Company, oil was flowing from Cameron No. 1, and at the close of the fifteenth day a hundred-barrel tank had been filled. Jones's No. 2 was still pounding away. After Cameron No. 1 had filled three tanks, Jones's No. 2 came in with a poor showing, hardly a ten-barreller. Had their scheme of trying to drain their neighbor's territory been reacted upon them?

The great fight was won. The Ruggles Oil Company was master of the situation. The Standard did not succeed in getting another lease, and some of those they had run out; for they had agreed to complete a well in thirty days.

Now the farmers began to open their eyes to their own interests. A boy had taught them that they and not others should do their own business, and by so doing not only save themselves from the richer grabbers but make money for themselves.



A QUIET NOOK NEAR THE BABBLING BROOK—AMATEUR  
PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS ELDRED G. RAY, AGE 17,  
NEW YORK CITY

# "OH, I DIDN'T LOOK THERE"

## A HOW-TO-WIN TALK

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN, EDITOR AND FOUNDER OF THE "SUCCESS" MAGAZINE

We know an office boy who is bright and willing; but if you ask him to find anything, he never quite knows where it is. If you ask him if he looked in this place or that, he replies: "Oh, I didn't look there. I didn't think of that."

Now, this boy wonders why he doesn't get along faster. But there is a great big difference between the boy who finds the thing and the one who "didn't think of that."

It is the boy who takes in the entire situation, who looks everywhere, who lets nothing escape him, that advances. Many a boy has been kept back by: "Oh, I didn't think of that. No, I didn't look there."

A boy trying to get on in the world should make up his mind never to be obliged to say, "I didn't think of that."

These boys who do not think to look here and do not think to do that make the men who do not quite do things. They make up the class of solicitors who come very near getting a customer, but who just lose him. They make up the insurance agents who just barely get a living, but who are never equal to writing an insurance for a difficult subject.

One of the failings of the boys who do not quite find things, and who cannot quite put their heads on the thing they are looking for, is sheer laziness. It is too much trouble to exert themselves. They like to take things easy. It is too great a bother for them to search through all the drawers, pigeon-holes, files and bundles of papers to find the thing they are looking for. If they can find it easily, they do so. But they are not thorough. They do not take the pains to go to the bottom of things. They slide along the surface in an easy-going way.

"He never took the trouble to go to the bottom of things," would make a good epitaph over the graves of ten thousands of failures.

We know a young man who went into the insurance business but a few years ago, knowing nothing whatever about it, who has climbed to the top in a very few years, simply because he is made of the stuff that gets what he goes after. There are hundreds of agents working right alongside of this young man, but he will write more insurance policies than a dozen of

the others put together, because when he makes up his mind to go after a man, he is going to get him, if there is any such thing.

It is no use to try to bluff such a man or try to turn him down, for he has the temper of the Toledo blade and a persistency which knows no retreat. He has the grit to stick and hang when the other agents will give up. He knows very well that there is a certain moment,—just the time when the weak agent gives up—that if he takes advantage of, and persists long enough, he shall win. There is a great difference between him and the man who weakens at the first rebuff, who accepts all the excuses that a man makes. It does not phase this young man for a prospective client to claim that he is short of money, that he cannot possibly take an insurance just now. He convinces his prospective client that it is the best thing

he can do, even under his circumstances, to strain a point and take a policy.

So, when all these weak-kneed, faint-hearted agents are retiring, this man, who cannot be turned down,—the Napoleon of solicitors,—keeps pushing ahead, for he knows that he is near victory when all the others leave the field.

The same thing is true of "drummers." The great majority of them go through life on a small salary because they cannot cover this distance between the fairly hard and the extremely difficult.

This principle of grit and pluck has been illustrated in the men who have tried to reach the North Pole. It is a very easy thing to lay plans for capturing this coveted prize sitting in an easy-chair in a warm comfortable home; but it is a very different thing to leave the ice-bound ship, and, with the dogs and sledges, to try to cover that rough field of ice with the mercury far below the freezing point.

It is the last two hundred and fifty miles that tests the grit, the persistence and the determination of the Arctic explorers.

It is the last few steps in landing the difficult order that tests the firmness and the grit of the agent and the solicitor.

If we should interview the great army of side-tracked and failures, we should find that a great many of them did not like to work very well when they were boys; or were not thorough, did not do things to a finish; that they liked to take things easy. In other words, they were not willing to pay the price for distinction, which cannot be reached except by doing everything to a finish. Thoroughness is the watch-word.

♦ ♦

### A Story of Daniel Webster

One of the stories that Mr. Lincoln told a great many times, and always with much zest, was concerning the youth of Daniel Webster.

When quite young, at school, Daniel was one day guilty of a gross violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned "feruling" of the hand.

His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on the way to the teacher's desk, he spit upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons.

"Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said:

"Daniel! if you will find another hand in this school-room as filthy as that, I will let you off this time!"

Instantly from behind the back came the left hand.

"Here it is, sir," was the reply.

"That will do," said the teacher, "for this time; you can take your seat, sir."

♦ ♦

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to hit one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*



BROWN BESS—PRIZE DRAWING BY ALBERT S. WILCOX,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO



# GRAND PRIZE CONTESTS FOR AMATEUR ATHLETES

We have been receiving a good many inquiries from our readers asking if we were not going to have a department devoted to athletics, sports and physical culture.

Our answer has been that we were surely going to have such a department, but we did not want to start it until we were able to make it something exceptionally good. But that time is now at hand, and here we are with our first announcement.

Believing thoroughly in all sports which tend towards the development of a sound mind in a sound body, YOUNG AMERICANS will do everything it can to encourage such sports. Accordingly, we are going to give some handsome prizes to athletic clubs and to individual athletes in every part of the country. We shall not offer money prizes, because we believe this would too greatly encourage the spirit of professionalism in amateur athletics. And we believe that the trophies we offer will be more sought after, and will afford greater pleasure to the winners than any amount of cash prizes.

## Your Baseball Nine Has the First Chance

Baseball is the thing now. Every young American is brushing the dust off of his mitts, polishing up his bat, and sewing up the rips in his baseball, and generally putting things in order for work just as soon as the snow goes away. Of course we will have to spend a little time at shinney until the slush disappears; but before the end of the month baseball will be in full sway.

Most of us lose a lot of fun at baseball, because we do not get our nines thoroughly organized and a schedule of games properly planned. We spend so much time playing scrub and "choose-up-sides" games that we play comparatively few genuine match games during the season. We all know, of course, that there is more real fun in one first-class game between two nines that are evenly matched as to size, age, etc., than there is in a half dozen games of scrub. We put off getting up our match games through carelessness; but YOUNG AMERICANS offers an incentive that we hope will prevent this.

We will give a handsome championship pennant to every club which wins the greatest percentage of games during the season, playing at least ten games and competing with at least two other nines. Each pennant will be of blue bunting of first-class quality, embroidered in gold-colored silk, blue and gold being the colors of the Success League. The name of the local club, however, will be inserted in any color that may be selected by the pennant-winning club. The wording of the pennant will be as follows:

YOUNG  
AMERICANS  
BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP  
WON BY  
THE KITKAT CLUB  
1904

(Instead of "The Kitkat Club," of course the name of the prize winning club will be given)

## RULES OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

1. All championship games must be reported to YOUNG AMERICANS on special blanks provided for this purpose.
2. Not more than ten clubs in a group may enter in competition for a pennant.
3. Any club competing for a pennant must play at least ten games, the rules of each game to be the same as those governing the National League.
4. At least three clubs in any group of clubs competing for the pennant must be enrolled on the regular entry blanks provided by YOUNG AMERICANS.
5. Enrollment must be made before June 15. The contest will be closed September 10, and all reports must be received before September 25. The awards will be announced in the November number of YOUNG AMERICANS.
6. The reports of all contests must give the names, the ages and the average weight of the competing teams, and the judges will throw out all games in which there is an

unreasonable difference between the ages of the competing teams.

7. The pennants will be awarded October 20.

8. Sportsmen of national reputation will be selected as judges for these contests. The names of the judges will be announced later.

## How to Enter the Contest

Any of our readers who belong to an athletic club, or who wishes to organize one and to enter these contests, should send at once for a quantity of report blanks. In sending for these blanks, please enclose ten cents postage, and mention the probable number of games that will be played and the probable number of competing teams. We will send a sufficient quantity of blanks so that each of these teams may be duly entered, and also a sufficient number of blanks for reporting each of the games.

If any of the clubs want a copy of the rules governing the National League, send ten cents additional. Address all letters, Baseball Competition, YOUNG AMERICANS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

## Other Athletic Competitions Later

From time to time we shall announce other athletic competitions. We soon will announce a series of individual athletic contests of races, jumping, etc. But instead of giving pennants in these contests, we will give medals. During the football season we will announce a football championship contest. We would also be glad to receive any suggestions regarding special contests that might be interesting.

## A KITE FLYING CONTEST

The fun alone will more than repay all efforts and the prizes offered are simply an extra inducement to go in and win.

We shall keep it open from April 1st to October 15th, so that if one meets with a mishap or does not succeed the first time there will be ample opportunity to try again.

Five prizes are awarded in the contest, the same to be selected from the YOUNG AMERICANS Reward List. First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

## RULES

Kites must be up not less than one hour, and must use not less than 20 yards of twine; anything less than the above will not be entitled to consideration.

To enroll yourself as a competitor cut out the following enrollment blank, fill in the spaces and send with twelve cents to our office. We will promptly mail you a kite form.

YOUNG AMERICANS,  
UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE,  
NEW YORK.

Enclosed find twelve cents for which please mail to my address one YOUNG AMERICANS kite form and enroll my name as a competitor in the kite contest.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Date .....

.....

Any one may try as often as he pleases, but to file each claim must fill out the following blank taken from a copy of YOUNG AMERICANS:

This is to certify that I have this day flown a YOUNG AMERICANS kite, using ..... yards (or feet) of twine, and that I kept the kite up for ..... hours and ..... minutes.

Signed,

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

My age is ..... years.

Witness:

.....

Parent or Teacher.

Date .....

In case of a tie, the prizes will be equally divided among those attaining the highest and longest flights, above the limits fixed in our offer.



## Calvin Whitney's Chance

HOW A SLOW BOY BECAME A SWIFT ATHLETE

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

"You're not worth snuff, Cal, or I'd choose you on my side," said Frank Mason, as he glanced about at the group of boyish faces before him. Calvin Whitney, the lad to whom the humiliating words were addressed, edged quietly away, his face red and lips struggling hard to repress a rising quiver. He was big and awkward for his age—seventeen—and although he felt that he was not as good at skating as some of the other lads, this uncalled-for slight left a burning imprint on his mind. He withdrew and heard the names called as the choosing proceeded.

"Wilkins!" called Mason, "I'll take Sam Wilkins."

"Herb Strong!" called Arthur Purdy, who had second choice in the picking of teams.

"Russell!"

"Dicky Hobbs!"

The sides were soon chosen and Calvin watched them separate to their stations for the game—his favorite game, too. As he stood there, he glanced around at the smaller boys who hung listlessly about, having been barred from the field during the progress of the game, and a great lump crept up into his throat. He tried to press it down under pretext of rearranging his muffler, and the effort brought tears to his eyes.

He looked up and the game was in progress. After one long, bitter look the lad glided off around a neighboring headland and sat down on a hummock of ice.

"I'm no good—no good!" said Calvin to himself, as he dug his skate-heels into the crisp ice aimlessly. The thought made the blood surge to his brain and the lad clenched his hands tightly. He looked away up the white bed of the river, thinking furiously. Suddenly he rose and made a sweeping gesture with his clenched right hand.

"Frank Mason, look out for me—I'll make you crawl, see if I don't!" Calvin Whitney's eyes were shining as he skated on up the river.



Sterling was all excitement. The Sterling Hockey Club had posted the highways and byways with flaming sheets announcing a great skating program to take place on January 26th. The sports, which were to occur in the afternoon, consisted of single and relay races, jumping contests, obstacle races and, greatest of all—the third annual contest between the Sterling Reds and the Saugatuck Blues. The two hockey teams had one game each to their credit and rivalry was at high pitch. The evening was to be the occasion also for a banquet to the visiting Saugatucks, followed by a varied program under the auspices of the local club.

Every boy in Sterling was bursting with suppressed emotion. At the last minute—the very day before the great day—word had gone out that a "boy's race" would be included in the list of sports. That day the blacksmith shops were overwhelmed with skate-sharpening orders, and at eleven o'clock 'twas safe to presume that every skate in Sterling was as keen as emery wheel could make it.

The sun rose clear and crisp next morning. It was scarcely an hour high when a force of boys with brooms were hard at work putting the hockey field in the best possible shape. Their unwonted enthusiasm was to be accounted for by sundry promises of oyster-soup and free tickets to be delivered that evening.

At twelve o'clock the south-bound passenger whistled in and a rollicking band of Saugatuck men poured forth. Their colors—blue and gold—were everywhere, on canes, lapels and hatbands. Several tall fellows with grips were in the throng, closely followed by a small colored lad with a bundle of hockey clubs.

"Them's th' players, Bud," whispered Jimmy Whalen, to his youthful chum.

"Gee!" was Bud's reply.

At one thirty o'clock sharp the first event was to be called. At twelve thirty nine out of every ten lads in Sterling were tired of waiting for the rest to arrive. But soon they had fresh enthusiasm added to their veins, as the crowd began to assemble in earnest—in twos and threes, bunches of a dozen, and finally whole crowds.

One fifteen found the starter, Jack Robinson, on the ice and the side lines rapidly filling up with eager humanity. Frank Mason, Sam Wilkins and the rest were gliding easily about the ice, revelling in an ecstasy of anticipation. Each had his eye on some particular race which he meant to win, and each was filled with confidence that he, and he alone, could do the winning.

Far up the frozen river a solitary figure was bearing swiftly down upon the throng. His long, powerful strokes were sending him ahead speedily and gracefully, while the muffled "zip-unk! zip-unk!" of his flashing runners drew the attention of Sam Wilkins, who took a long look at the newcomer.

"Look out for the yellow cyclone!" he called, pointing up the river.

"Climb, boys, climb!" roared Dicky Hobbs, in mock terror.

"Who is it?" asked "Ole" Russell. Chester Russell had earned his nickname from his knack of imitating the Swede's attempts at the elusive English language.

The skater was near enough now for the boys to discern the brilliant hue of his yellow sweater and skating cap, whose long tassel floated on the breeze behind like the plumage of an ancient knight.

"Why, those are Cal Whitney's pants," said Sam Wilkins, "but I can't recognize any more of him."

And it was no wonder—for Calvin Whitney of to-day was not the Calvin Whitney he knew three weeks ago. 'Twas not the bright-hued sweater and cap that made the change, although they aided in confusing Sam's keen eyes. The change was in the poise of the body, the swing of the shoulders, but more specifically in the steel-like sinews and knotted muscles that massed on the lad's sturdy limbs.

A moment and Calvin glided up to the group at a slower pace and stopped.

"H'lo, Cal," called Frank Mason, "can't you ever get onto stopping right? Do it this way—with the side of your skate," and he exhibited the proper method in an extravagant manner. Calvin Whitney made no reply—he was busily turning the rim of his skating-cap up another roll and might not have heard it. But his face was red.

"Out of the way there, boys—give us room!" It was the powerful voice of Jack Robinson and he was getting ready for the first race.

The initial event was a contest open only to business men—the participants being selected with special regard to their known disability on ice. Just before giving the word, Robinson lifted his hand quickly and stepped forward—he had evidently overlooked some trifling detail.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to inform you that Doctor Vanstrum, one of the hockey team's best players, will not be able to contest to-day, as expected. He has just been called to attend an accident case at the rolling mill, and his absence leaves us momentarily without available material. However, we have decided to stake our fortune on one throw and we will put in his place the lad who makes the best showing in the preliminary contests—that is all."

A murmur of surprise swept along the lines. Down at the end was a tall lad whose heart beat fiercely as he listened to the starter's words. His face flushed—his lips pressed closely together and he kicked nervously at the ice with the toe of his skate.

"Quit chippin' th' ice, Cal," called Hobbs, from across the way.

His answer was a quick glance from Calvin Whitney's steel-grey eyes as the lad back-stroked swiftly away.

The business men's race ended amid peals of laughter. The obstacle race, which came after, augmented the general enthusiasm. The jumping contest—first in the list that was of importance to Calvin Whitney—was then called. Sam Wilkins, eager in his confidence, was first to make his try.

"Eleven feet ten!" announced the starter, after a careful measurement.

Defiance was evident in Dicky Hobbs sturdy frame as he got ready for his attempt.

"Twelve feet three!" was the word.

Six lads followed—none reaching the mark set by Dicky. Then Calvin Whitney's tall figure appeared at the starting place.

"Rah 'Rah, Cal's goin' to jump!" called a derisive voice.

With set teeth Calvin flew down to the mark—flash and he was soaring toward the coveted spot.

"Fourteen feet seven!" For a moment all was still—then someone in the crowd cried out,

"He went over the starting line." Calvin's face betokened his dismay at the words. Mechanically he examined the line.

"My stroke is on top," he cried, pointing at the ice. Starter Robinson glanced hurriedly at the criss-crossed marks, then, putting his hand on Calvin's shoulder, said,

"Ability count's lad—jump again, they can't beat you."

Without a word he went back to the starting place. He turned and was off—a long sweep through the air and it was over.

"Fifteen feet four inches!"

Calvin felt something within him that oppressed him mightily—he longed to shout, but he forgot all else when he beheld Dicky Hobbs poised at the starting place for one more trial.

He shut his eyes as Dicky flew over the mark, and waited breathlessly for the starter's announcement.

"Fourteen flat."

There were no cheers to greet Dicky's effort, and he slunk away to mingle with his comrades.

"The skunk has been practicing," said he to Wilkins a moment later.

"That's no name for it," was Sam's potent reply.

There were twenty-one contestants lined up for the next race. The course was straightaway two hundred yards, to the right a like distance, then around behind a small island and so back to the starting point.

"One—two—three—GO!" Twenty-one pairs of skates bit the ice simultaneously. The first stake was rounded by Frank Mason and Herb Strong well in advance of their competitors. Trailing far back among the bunch was the yellow sweater and cap of Calvin Whitney, evidently hopelessly distanced.

At the second turn Dicky Hobbs was showing his metal by a clear lead of three feet. Thirty feet more and he plunged from sight behind the island, followed immediately by the scattered group of panting skaters. Excitement now ran high as the throng awaited the moment when the leading contestant should burst into view again for the homestretch.

Three—six—ten long seconds—then like a flash a yellow-clad figure shot into view and squared away for the home-ward run—a good ten feet to the good.

"Whitney! Whitney!" The words rung in the lad's ears as he sped along and spurred him to greater effort. 'Twas needless—a space of fifteen feet separated him from his nearest rival when he swept over the line, and the ringing cheers that greeted his victory brought a broad smile to his face.

"Where'd you learn to skate?" asked Frank Mason a foot later, as he stood catching his breath after his hard run.

"In a rain-barrel," replied Calvin, with a wink.

"Here, young fellow, ever play hockey?" whispered Starter Jack Robinson in Calvin's ear at this moment.

"Some," replied the lad, glancing at Mason.

"Well, skip over to Plank's boathouse and get ready. The fellow's are there—hurry up!"

Calvin Whitney would have thrown his cap in the air if he had dared. To play against the Saugatuck Blues—him—Calvin Whitney—the fellow who wasn't good enough for Frank Mason's team less than a month before. He paused just long enough to note the woe-begone looks on Wilkins' and Hobbs' faces—then he dashed away.

At three o'clock the Saugatuck team poured onto the field. Great, tall fellows—they glided about limbering up their bodies and flicking the ice with their clubs. The Sterling team, with Calvin at their heels, followed after a brief wait.

"I have the pleasure of announcing that Calvin Whitney will play left back for Sterling to-day."

The boy will remember that speech of Starter Jack Robinson's forever—it burned into his heart. He stretched up to his full height—his bosom swelled as he drew in the crisp air—he was among men—he would act as a man.

He was barely out of this blissful state of emotion when the game was called. From the moment the ball was put in play the lad's nerves became steady and taut as cables—his sinews were alert and ready and his eye quick to guide his strokes. He kept in every play—tapping, lobbing, passing, "babying," striking swiftly and skillfully. He had scores to settle and he meant to settle them here.

The first half ended with honors easy with the score two each. It would have been three for Saugatuck but for a phenomenal effort on Calvin's part just at the close of the inning. The ball was less than a foot from its goal when the lad's long arm swept round like a flail and sent it skimming back safely out of the dangerous proximity, while the cheers of the Sterling admirers rang over the field.

The second half was fast and furious, each team striving with all its power to overcome the other's rushes and secure the coveted goal.

Half the time had slipped by when Sterling landed the prize. Calvin had slid his stick into a melee and abstracted the ball, whence he carried it, nursing carefully, close to the Saugatuck goal. He was too closely pursued, however, to dare the stroke himself, and with rare presence of mind, he passed it gracefully to Rogers, the big Sterling forward. Rogers, with a quick twist, sent the ball spinning through the posts.

"Saugatuck two—Sterling three!" announced the referee. The applause that rang out was quickly stopped. The ball had scarce been touched in play before a lucky Saugatuck forward had sent the ball skipping cleanly down the field straight for the Sterling goal. Hanfield, the goal tend, was in awkward position and was too late to prevent the thing—the score was tied.

"Score, three and three—six minutes left to play!" called the referee, after the roars of applause died down somewhat.

"Go it, Cal, we're counting on you!" cried a voice in the crowd.

And go it he did. The fire of battle rushed through his veins—he became a giant in strength and an eagle in swiftness. The ball slid up in front of him—he stopped it, hooked his stick around it and started fiercely down the field with it. A Saugatuck man loomed up before him menacingly—an abrupt lean to the left and he swept around behind him, still going. Dimly he heard noises—cheers—but on he dodged, a master of agility. Suddenly he tripped, but was up again and luckily just in time to scoop the ball away just an inch ahead of a tremendous stroke from an opponent's club.

Five yards more—seven yards—time to strike home Calvin Whitney!

Two Saugatuck men converged upon the lad like twin flashes of blue, but too late—his stroke was made—clean and clear the ball bounded through the sought-for goal and as he watched it skim along over the ice beyond tears sprung to his eyes. Quickly he dashed them away, however, as he felt himself being hustled along—the center of a shrieking mob of excited Sterlingites.

"Cal—Cal—Cal—Who's Cal?" was the cry that went up, roared from a hundred throats.

"Calvin Whitney!" came the answer with doubled force.

Calvin Whitney is a grown man now, but he grew to manhood that day when the Saugatuck Blues went down to defeat at the hands of the Sterling Reds. He had tried and tested his will and it was true as steel.

# The Insect Net. How to Make It and How to Use It

NUMBER ONE OF A SERIES OF PRACTICAL ARTICLES ON NATURE STUDY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. CARTER BEARD

There are two ways of studying insects. One is by watching them when they are alive and free, and the other is by closely examining the structure of dead specimens and classifying them. Of the two the first is much to be preferred, though scientific entomologists find the latter easier and more convenient. Both, however, are necessary in order to obtain any real knowledge of the subject.

The first thing to do in collecting insects is to procure the right sort of apparatus. There is no need to go to any expense, whatever books on the subject say, to provide these. First, you will need a net to capture butterflies, dragon flies and flying insects.

Make a hoop of stout wire, or of rattan, or whittle down a barrel hoop for the purpose; the hoop must be about a foot in diameter. Fasten the hoop securely to a wooden handle about four feet long, the butt end of an old cane fishing rod, if you can get it, is the best. Bind the ring with a strip of stout muslin, to which sew a bag of mosquito netting, about a foot and a half deep. The bag should have round, not square, corners. There is a great deal to be learned by practice in using a net. Flying insects, most of them, are quick and wary. It is better in most cases to wait until one alights before you use the net, and when used the stroke must be light and rapid. Good results can be had, in walking through tall grass or weeds, by holding the handle perpendicular, net down, at a convenient distance from the ring, and sweeping the net rapidly backwards and forwards over the tops of the herbage in front of you, keeping, of course, the open side of the bag in the direction in which the sweeps is made.

Another way in which the net can be used is to hold it open end up, beneath shrubs and small trees, and then by banging on the trunk of the tree or sapling, knock the insects among the foliage off their feet so that they fall into the bag.

The net, too, can be used in connection with the sheet. A sheet is stretched between two poles planted in the ground. It does not injure the sheet to make this use of it; it can be pinned in place. At night a lantern or two is placed behind the sheet, making a large illuminated space. Any one with an insect net will find his work cut out for him before such an arrangement; he can probably catch in an hour what it would take him a week to collect by the other methods described. Of course, however, a collection made in this way will consist entirely of night flying insects. Subaquatic insects can be as readily captured with a net as any others; these, of course, will consist principally of immature or larvæ forms, as few adult insects live under water.

Hold your net against the bottom, if the stream has a rapid current, and kick over the stones near and above it so as to allow whatever there is under them to be swept into the net. In still water, stir up the bottom, thrash any plants that may be growing there with a stick, and then swing your net to and fro rapidly as instructed to do in sweeping high grass.

A very good way, too, is to take off shoes and stockings,

roll up your sleeves and go into the water; take up handfuls of the dead leaves, mud and growing plants, dump them on the shore and pick over what you have collected. You are almost sure to make a good find.

The use of the net is not confined to insects; an expert netter can catch birds with it. In order to do this it is necessary to approach a bird that is resting on a twig or other support, so stealthily and quietly as not to disturb it, not an easy but by no means an impossible thing to do, and then by a sweep of the net so rapid that the surprised bird has not time to evade the stroke, enclose it in the bag. This can be done much more rapidly with some birds than with others. Small owls, sparrows, humming birds and wrens can be sometimes caught in this way, but I suspect no one ever captured a swallow or a thrush with an insect net. Fish and turtles can be

also taken, and even field mice and squirrels, though these last will be very apt to bite their way through the mosquito netting unless immediately secured. Bats can be caught with comparative ease, and there is nothing better than an insect net to use in catching lizards, frogs and newts. Be careful not to allow leaves or mud to collect in your net and remain there, for such things will quickly rot the fabric of which the bag is composed and render it unfit for use.



Tradition has it that years ago when Benjamin Franklin was a lad he began to study philosophy and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some cephalous mollusks, the old man was much alarmed and seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came in with warm water and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch and shook him, while the old man said, "If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizoned sure." When they were out and Benjamin explained that the articles alluded to were oysters, his father fondled him for a while with a trunk strap for scaring the family. Tradition adds that ever afterward Franklin's language was marvelously simple and explicit.—*Exchange*.

A parrot and a dog were left in a room together. The parrot out of mischief, said to the dog, "Sic him."

The dog seeing nothing else went for the parrot and tore about half his tail feathers out before he escaped to his perch. The parrot, after looking himself over and reflecting a little said:

"Poll, you talk too much."

There are many people, old and young, who would do well to remember this story."

"It is comparatively easy for the recluse to live in the rarified atmosphere of high spiritual thought. It is also easy for the man of pleasure to swing along to the time of the gay world. But the really great man is he who can take with him his highest ideals into the jostling crowd, touching all the world, but yet remaining alone, an individuality, a living purpose."



THE GOLD DUST TWINS—ACROBATS

## BILLY BREEN'S ADVENTURES IN AD-LAND

BY FREDERICK TEMPLE GAINES

### CHAPTER III.

*Synopsis.*—While studying a lesson in a correspondence course in ad-writing, early one morning Billy Breen receives a call from that famous philosopher of good cheer, Sunny Jim, who explains that he is an ambassador from Ad Land, sent by the Queen to invite Billy to visit her realm where it is hoped that he will be able to settle a problem that seriously menaces the happiness of all the inhabitants of Ad Land. Arriving at Ad Land after a very interesting journey, Billy finds himself in a country of many peculiar and interesting customs. The Royal Palace is situated at Spotless Town, the capital of the country. When our hero is ushered into the presence of the Queen at a reception given in his honor upon the evening of his arrival, he recognizes her Royal Highness to be the famous Kodak Girl. At the gathering of the court at this reception, Sunny Jim, who appears to be Her Majesty's Prime Minister, explains that the difficulty which Billy is expected to overcome is caused by a band of marauding gypsies, which has for a great many years lived in a large forest in the northern part of the realm. These robbers are known as "The Frauders," and they are especially troublesome because they have built thousands of caves and hiding places in the forest and have beset it with many hidden traps. They never fight openly; but when attacked by the Queen's soldiers hide themselves and lure the troops into these pitfalls. The members of the court evidently expect Billy to suggest a settlement of the problem immediately and he is much embarrassed until the Queen comes to his rescue by telling her subjects that it would be too much to expect even the wisest person to settle in a moment a problem that has been developing for many years. Thereupon the court adjourns from the Reception Hall of the Palace to Her Majesty's Private Theatre, in which the Gold Dust Minstrels are to give a special performance for the entertainment of the Royal guest.

The entrance of the Royal party was a signal for the performance to begin and the curtain was raised immediately. There appeared about a hundred of the Twins on the stage all clad in their familiar abbreviated costumes.

"I don't suppose you have as yet learned to tell our little workers apart?" said the Queen, addressing her question to me.

"No, your Highness, I have not," was my reply. "I supposed that all the Twins are exactly alike."

"Oh, no," said her Majesty. "Each pair has distinct characteristics, and if you will observe closely you will see that there is a difference between the members of each pair. Do you notice that none of them stand exactly perpendicular. One member of each pair leans in one direction and the other leans in the opposite direction. We call one the Left-Twin and the other the Right-Twin."

At this moment the orchestra struck up the overture and the minstrels began to sing:

"We are the jolly Gold Dust Twins,  
You'll meet us everywhere,  
For work or play or right good times  
There's none with us compare.  
We sing, we dance  
We laugh ha! ha! We laugh ha! ha!  
We work, we play  
We laugh ho! ho! we laugh ho! ho!  
What jolly lads are we.  
Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la,  
Fol did er rol dol li do di do!  
Slap! Bang! Here we are again  
Here we are again, Here we are again,  
The Jolly Gold Dust Twins."

From that moment on there was the most rollicking entertainment I ever enjoyed. The performance was of the usual style of minstrel shows and consisted of songs, dances, jokes, conundrums, acrobatic feats and the like; but the performers were not acting. They seemed simply to be cutting up antics and really enjoying themselves in a merry, care free fashion.

Their jokes were just as old as the usual minstrel joke, but the audience relished them just as though they were fresh and new. The jollity of their spirits was so contagious, that I am sure I never had a jollier time in my life. My sides were fairly aching with laughter, when a messenger came suddenly to the Royal box and handed the attendant a note for me. Asking the Queen to excuse me, I opened the note and read:

"Excuse yourself from the Queen and meet me at the Palace gate at once, where you will find me waiting with my private automobile. The Frauders are making a raid and if you hurry we may be able to capture one of them.  
SUNNY JIM."

Of course, I lost no time in following directions and in a trice I was at the Palace gate, where I found the motor car trembling under the suppressed power. There were two drivers on the front seat and Sunny Jim occupied one of the rear seats. Hastily climbing in beside him, I asked breathlessly:

"Where are they?"

"You'll see in a moment!" Sunny Jim replied, as he nodded to the chauffeur to start the car. At the touch of the lever the car leaped forward and in another instant we were rushing down the street at highest speed. The wind whizzing past my ears made it impossible for me to talk, so I clung to the seat in silence. In almost no time we reached the city limits and soon were tearing along down a country road leading toward the forest where dwelt the Frauders.

I strained my eyes ahead, hoping to catch sight of a fleeing band of Frauders. All at once it struck me that the two drivers of the auto were not Gold Dust Twins. Knowing that it was against the laws of Ad Land for any but Gold Dust Twins to work, I turned toward Sunny Jim and gasped as loudly as I could:

"Why are these drivers not Gold Dust Twins?"

He gave a sudden start at my question and as I looked searchingly into his face, it seemed to me that his expression was not the same as usual. There was something lacking about his famous smile, which now seemed almost like a leer. Then I noticed that a mole which I had observed on the neck of Sunny Jim was missing and a thrill of suspicion went over me.

My suspicions were speedily realized, for without answering my question the bogus Sunny Jim whipped out a big revolver and pointed it at my head, saying:

"Don't you worry about the Gold Dust Twins, for you may have something more worthy of worrying about before you are a great deal older."

The whole plot instantly flashed through my brain, but I saw that it was useless for me to struggle. But again I gasped out:

"I know you! You are old Funny Tim of The Frauders!"

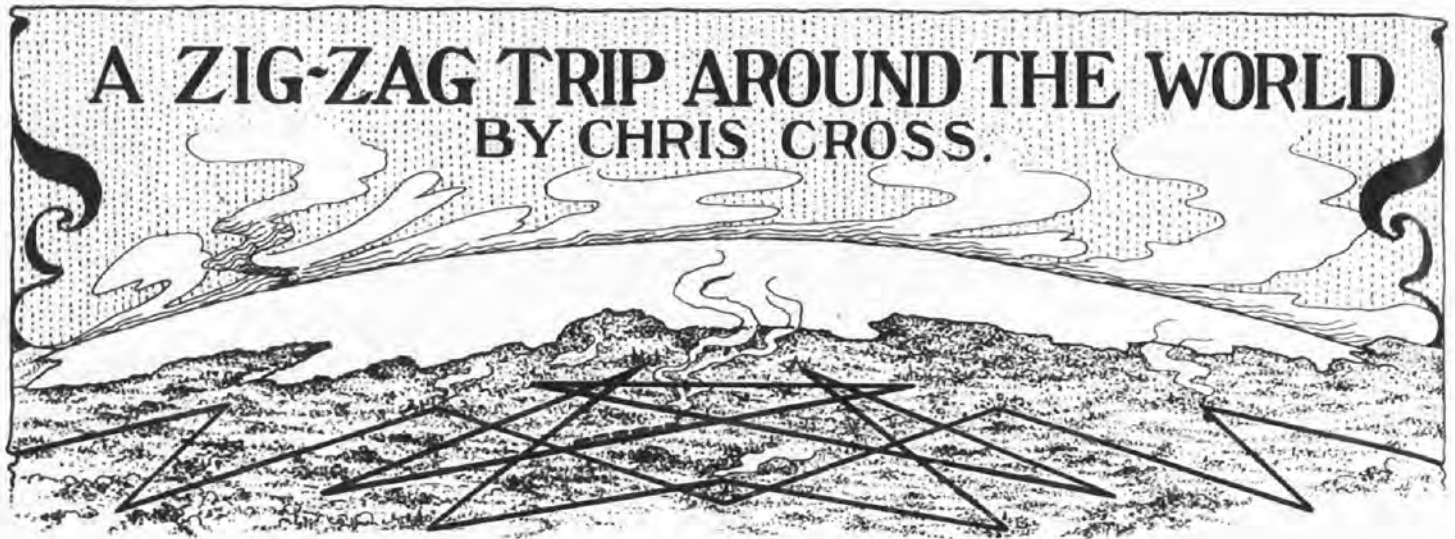
"So you know me, do you?" chuckled the old rascal. "Well, you may know me better before long."

(To be continued.)



You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,  
And the poor man who knows him laughs loudest of all.

—O. W. Holmes.



SECOND JOURNEY

I am glad to report that my trip, which began last month, is proving very popular. Hundreds of enterprising young people have already joined me in taking the trip. Some of them last month did not go to the right places; but I trust they will do better this month. The prize winning travelers and the names of the places represented by the pictures shown in January, will be published in the next issue of our magazine.

For those who did not start with us last month, but who wish to join us now, I give the following explanation of our plans. We started from New York City, and are going in whatever direction our inclinations may lead us. We are not in any hurry, because we propose to see the entire country. Our stopping places are represented by the numbered pictures that accompany this article.

If you want to take the trip, you must first solve the puzzle pictures. Then write the names of the places at the top of a sheet of paper bearing your name and address, numbering each name to correspond with the picture it represents, and then write a description in less than 200 words, of any one of the places represented. Most of the pictures represent cities, but few will be states, rivers, mountains, and places of historic interest.

The five persons who give the best selections of the pictures, and write the best articles, will be awarded the prizes noted under our regular prize contest department on page 93. The same rules covering the other contests will also apply to these. Address all articles and puzzle selections to Chris Cross, care of The Success League, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.



1



10



2



9



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4



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8

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

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DEPARTMENT CONDUCTED BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY

Whew! I am glad it is over, for I never have had such a worrisome time in my life! Talk about reorganizing political parties, I do not believe it is half as troublesome a job as I have just been through with in re-arranging the affairs of our League. For some time past, in the stress of other duties, I have allowed myself to get

rather out of touch with many of the details of Success League work. But about two months ago our League left the old homestead of its foster parent, "Success," and started out independently to make its own way in the world. Right there my troubles began. The League affairs had been running along with such apparent

smoothness, and the organization was becoming so large and strong, that I imagined it would continue to progress and develop almost automatically. But I found out my mistake in about a York minute

First, and of menacing importance, there was the financial problem to solve. I had never before fully real-

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ized the amount of money it takes to look after the interests of the League and maintain the Bureau at headquarters. Bills seemed to fairly rain down,—bills for supplies, salaries, printing, and a thousand and one other things. So I had to set right about to find a way of causing a sufficient amount of money to come flowing into our coffers to meet these various bills. Accordingly our Success League magazine was established and an appeal was made for subscription. This appeal was not in vain, even though the first numbers of our magazine were gotten out so hurriedly that they were not up to the highest standard of quality. But our friends must have understood something about this, and thus they subscribed on suspicion and helped us to settle the problem of finances.

In going over our affairs, I discovered a great many little leaks which needed a stopper of economy, and also that there were many of our methods which seemed to bear the marks of red tape. Therefore, I saw that I must give our plans a general

tending to the various other affairs at headquarters has been thoroughly re-adjusted and revised, so that unless new and unheard-of complications arise, our affairs hereafter will run on ball bearings.

**The Election of Officers**

It is to be regretted that attention to other matters kept us from conducting an enthusiastic campaign for League officers. Still it is not probable that this will be of serious moment, since our campaign is now under way through correspondence, and there is little doubt that we will have a good and efficient body of officers for the coming year.

**Our Convention at St. Louis**

At this writing but very few reports concerning the convention have been received, yet those that have come in are very enthusiastic in their praises of the plan of holding a convention at St. Louis. It is fairly certain, therefore, that such a convention will be held in the latter part of the month of



OFFICERS OF THE IVANHOE SUCCESS CLUB, IVANHOE, ILL.

overhauling and institute a thoroughly up-to-date system.

While these matters were absorbing much of my time and energy, I was, of course, obliged to attend to the publishing of our magazine, and at the same time look after my correspondence. And there is where most of the trouble comes in. The one part of my work in which I take intense delight is my correspondence. I greatly enjoy coming into personal touch with thousands of enterprising young people in various parts of the world by means of letter writing. I might confess that writing articles for publication is the drudgery of my work, while writing letters is to me genuine recreation. So it was a positive disappointment for me to have to give my correspondence slighting attention in order that my time could be devoted to these other matters. The answers to some of my letters were delayed for weeks, until I presume, some of my correspondents were thoroughly disgusted. But now I can heave a sigh of relief, for I have at last caught up with my letter writing, and our system of keeping the records and of at-

September. We have been corresponding with the World's Fair authorities regarding quarters, and are able to secure very reasonable terms. The railroad authorities, also, are going to make large reductions on their rates. So anyone who really desires to attend the World's Fair, and at the same time attend the first convention of the Success League, can readily do so. As announced last month, we shall be glad to explain how any delegate to the convention may earn all of his expenses by doing a little work for our magazine and for "Success." Full particulars will be sent on request.

**BRIEF BITS ABOUT BRANCHES**

We desire to encourage correspondence between branches, therefore we always publish with each item concerning a branch the name and address of the secretary. It is a good plan for the older clubs to write a word of encouragement to newly-formed branches, and, of course, newly-formed branches may sometimes get good suggestions through correspondence with the older clubs.



## CHAPTER TWO

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER

At the opening of the winter term of Weston Academy, there appears a new pupil who promises to afford much diversion to the fun-loving students. He is a lank, raw-boned country youth and gives his name as Jeremiah Amazi Todd, and informs the principal of the academy, Professor Morrie, that his folks live up Stony Creek. A number of the pupils, under the leadership of Jack Saunders, commence to play all sorts of pranks on the "green" pupil. While they are plotting one of these practical jokes, Millie Stevens, the prettiest girl in the school, of whom Jack is a great admirer, objects to the proposed joke on the ground that it is too mean a trick to play upon a stranger. But the plotters continued and the joke is carried out; but it does not end as the plotters anticipated. At the climax the fellow from up Stony Creek seems to have the best of the situation. By his manly action in this joke he wins the friendship of Fred Childs, who is a cousin of Millie Stevens. Jack plans to get even by playing another joke on Jerry, in which Millie is to be included. It being well known that Millie is too sensible to indulge in any such silly thing as a school-girl flirtation, Jack arranged a plot by which Jerry is made to ask Millie for the pleasure of her company at the reception of the Clonian Society. Jerry is trapped into this plot by being made to believe that it is a custom of this school for the boys to select the girls whom they wish to escort to the reception by putting the names of the girls into a hat and drawing them out by lot. Of course the scheme is so arranged that Jerry finds himself elected to be Millie's escort. As his previous experience in such matters has been extremely limited, he worries greatly over what he should say in making his request known to Millie. He keeps putting off the matter until it cannot be put off any longer, and then, becoming desperate, he decides to plunge in and trust to luck for suitable language in which to word his invitation. He hails Millie as she is going down the walk leading from the school, and she answers him in great surprise.



"Jerry's knees shook and every line of his speech flew away"

"I beg your pardon, but did you speak to me, Mr. Todd?" inquired Millie, politely.

"Ye—es," stammered Jerry, "you see—well, er—I, er—wanted to know—that is—"

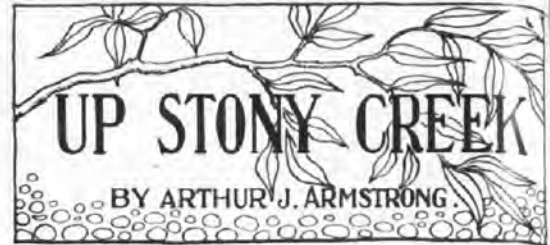
And, as all language deserted him, he stopped in confusion, while the group of pupils around the steps on the walk enjoyed the situation hugely. It was especially embarrassing and annoying to Millie, because Jack Saunders, who was right behind Jerry, grinned at her in a very provoking manner.

"I beg your pardon," she repeated; "I did not quite understand you."

At this some of the pupils snickered aloud, and their ridicule seemed to have a bracing effect upon Jerry, so that he blurted out desperately.

"The fellows said that I must ask you if I could go with you to the Clonian party to-morrow night."

Now this, of course, was hardly the usual way that Millie was asked for the pleasure of her company, but it probably served Jerry's end better than had he used the customary form of invitation. It gave her a hint regarding the situation, and, as she guessed that it was some joke and that Jack Saunders was behind it, she immediately said:



BY ARTHUR J. ARMSTRONG

"I thank you very much for your kind invitation, Mr. Todd, and I shall be delighted to accept it. Please call for me at half past eight. Good evening."

And, with a glance of defiance at Jack and a smile at Jerry, she tossed her head proudly and walked away towards her home.

At the new turn of affairs Jack's face fell; for he had been confidently expecting to have the pleasure of escorting Millie to the reception, and he had also been anticipating great sport in hearing her scornfully refuse Jerry's invitation.

As for Jerry, he had become aware that there was some plot about this invitation which he did not thoroughly understand. Yet, as things seemed to be going very well as far as he was concerned, he did not wait for further developments, but went his way towards his boarding place.

When Jerry arrived at the appointed hour, his presence was startling to Mrs. Stevens, who met him at the door, even though Millie had previously warned her that her escort might not be arrayed in strict accordance with the rules of fashion which prevailed in Weston. In his every-day school clothes Jerry was awkward, and odd enough looking; but when togged out in his Sunday best he was a living caricature. His store clothes hung around him like loose meal sacks. The trousers were too short, while the coat sleeves were much too long, and his ignorance of the little details of dress that are so essential to a good appearance, was almost shocking. He wore a celluloid collar, about two sizes too large, fastened to a blue flannel negligee shirt. His necktie was a flaming red and in it he carried a pin, which, if it had been a real diamond, might have answered for a headlight on an automobile. His hair was carefully plastered down with a strongly perfumed hair oil, and his hat was at least ten years behind the times. Taken all together, he certainly was a "sight to behold."

But Mrs. Stevens hid her amazement, and cordially invited him into the sitting-room, saying that Millie would be ready in a very short time.

As he entered the sitting-room he was introduced to Mr. Stevens, who was also astonished, and evidently amused by his appearance. Mr. Stevens tried to engage him in conversation, but Jerry was so overcome by bashfulness and also by the strangeness of his situation that he answered only in monosyllables; therefore Mr. Stevens gave up the attempt to entertain him while waiting for Millie, and, excusing himself, went into the back room where Mrs. Stevens was tying ribbons and putting the finishing touches on Millie's toilet.

"Well, Millie, girl," said the lawyer in bantering tones, "I see you have made a conquest of the king of the swells. Where in the world did you capture this elegant specimen?"

Millie did not answer, because she was already beginning to repent, since she had gotten a glimpse of Jerry as he came down the walk, and she was thinking of the fun that Jack Saunders would have at the appearance of herself and Jerry at the reception. But Mrs. Stevens was prompt to take Millie's part, and replied:

"Now James, run away and don't tease Millie. The boy is all right even if he is not dressed like a fashion plate. He certainly is not wearing a dyed mustache."

"Why Mother," exclaimed Millie, "he has no mustache at all! What made you say that?"

"Now Jane," said the lawyer, rather discomfited, "do not bother Millie with that old story."



"O please do tell me. What is it?"

"Well," said her mother, giving a rather saucy smile towards her husband, "I once heard of a young fellow who was raising a mustache which for some reason or other bore a very pale and sickly look. With the eye to improving the appearance of this mustache, the young man bought some hair dye and colored it a strong black. On the evening on which he did this he escorted a certain young lady to a certain party. It seems that the dye that this young man used was not a fast color, and when the guests at the party were seated around the table, the young man evidently dampened his mustache with his soup, or in some other awkward way, and the consequence was that when he wiped his mouth with the napkin he made a big black streak across his cheek. You can imagine the amusement of the other guests at this turn of affairs."

"O, Mama," said Millie, gleeful at having the table turned against her father, "that young fellow was Papa, wasn't it? and you were the young lady, weren't you?"

"Well," replied her mother, "I won't say just who they were, but perhaps your father can tell you."

But Lawyer Stevens, like most other jokers, did not relish having the joke turned upon himself, so he left the room.

On the way to the party Millie did most of the talking, for, rack his brain as best he could, Jerry could not think of any sensible remark to make.

Their arrival at the rooms of the Clionian Society created a distinct sensation. Fortunately, however, there were no more snobs in the Weston school than are to be found in the average academy; therefore after smothering the first smile at the oddity of Jerry's appearance, most of the young folks at the reception greeted him cordially and endeavored to make him feel at ease. There were a few, however, and Jack Saunders was the leader among them, who did their best to increase Jerry's embarrassment and add to the blunders that he naturally made. Jack was still smarting under the discomfiture caused by Millie's accepting the company of Jerry instead of himself.

But it was fortunate that Fred Childs had determined to befriend him, because Fred kept near to Jerry during the entire evening, and not only offered him suggestions which prevented his making common blunders, but also frustrated many of Jack's schemes to get Jerry into trouble. Of course this incensed Jack more than ever, until he became absolutely angry, and determined to lay a plot that would be more than a mere practical joke, and the outcome of which would be Jerry's being expelled from the school.

Jerry was by no means a fool, so he of course realized something of the oddity of his appearance, and of course was more embarrassed than ever because of this fact. Still he made a brave effort to hide his embarrassment, and to enjoy the reception to its fullest extent.

Going home after the reception, Jerry finally found his tongue.

"I am awful sorry, Miss Stevens," said he, "that I asked you to go with me to the party to-night. I never knew much about these things, and I am afraid you were ashamed to go with me."

Ordinarily, Millie was a truthful girl, but she thought this was an occasion where the truth demanded to be stretched, so she replied:

"Oh, not at all, I was very much pleased with your company."

"It's nice of you to say that," answered Jerry, "but I am afraid it could not be exactly true. You see, I have always had to work, and back up the Creek, where I came from, they didn't run their parties in the same way that they do down here, and the fellows and girls up there don't dress like they do down here, either. I felt too mean for anything to-night, for I can see that I was not dressed like the other fellows, and I didn't know what to do. I don't know why I didn't think about the matter before I asked you. But when I came down here I promised my mother that I would go in and do everything that the rest of the students did. You see, my mother used to be a school teacher before she married father, and so she knows something about these things, and she was afraid that I would be bashful and keep away by myself."

I presume I would not be here at all if it had not been for mother. I always liked to read and study, and mother has been determined that I would not always stay on the farm and be just a common farmer. She was bound that

I should have an education, and so she and I together have saved up money to send me down here to school. Mother wants me to be a lawyer, like her father was.

Now, of course, I have seen all along that I didn't know much about how you did things here; and I suppose I have made a lot of mistakes that I do not know about, besides those that I have found out about. So I hope you won't feel mad at me because of my asking you to go to the party with me to-night. I know well enough that there are lots of them who will laugh at you about it; but some day—"

And then suddenly realizing that he was actually talking, he stopped in confusion.

If Jerry had already learned the arts of the wily lawyer, he could not have placed his case before Millie in a way surer to arouse her sympathy and friendship. Touched by Jerry's homely and earnest recital of his aspirations, she exclaimed:

"Well, if I was ashamed at the party, which maybe I was, I am more ashamed of myself for being ashamed! I think what you are doing is perfectly splendid, and I am sure that some day you will do something that will make your mother proud of you. I want you to feel always that I am your friend; and if at any time I can help you in any way, I will be glad of a chance to do so."

At this promise of friendship Jerry rejoiced greatly, and he thought of it with a glow of happiness as he walked back to his boarding place after bidding Millie good night at her gate.

While Jack Saunders was racking his brain and trying to devise some scheme that would get Jerry into more trouble than he had experienced thus far, and would put him into disfavor with the teachers and perhaps get him expelled from the school, an event occurred which caused our friend more embarrassment and discomfiture than any of Jack's practical jokes.

Professor Morrie was a great believer in the theory that every well-educated person must acquire the ability of speaking on one's feet, and so he made it an inexorable rule that every student must deliver a recitation or a declamation at least once during every term. Every Friday afternoon a certain part of the students were obliged to give their declamations before all of the other students. The speakers were selected by lot, and Jerry was among those selected for speakers on the third Friday after his arrival at school.

It was with great dismay that he heard his name read off as one of the chosen speakers, and at first he thought of going to the Professor and trying to be excused; but then he remembered his promise to his mother, and decided to stick it out and deliver a declamation, even if he died in the attempt.

The speakers were allowed to choose their own subjects, aided, of course, by suggestions from the teachers, and Jerry selected a passage from one of the famous addresses of the great temperance writer, John B. Goff. He selected the passage because it was about the shortest piece in the declamation book, and it seemed that it could be easily learned. It did not take him long to commit the words to memory, and he kept repeating them over and over again, until when the fatal Friday arrived, he could almost repeat his piece backwards as well as forwards. Still, as a matter of precaution, he gave his "prompt" book to Fred Childs.

After listening to some essays and recitations, the Professor called:

"A recitation entitled, 'What is a Minority?' by Jeremiah Amazi Todd."

The pupils all sat up in their seats, expecting something interesting to happen, and they were not disappointed.

Jerry marched bravely up to the platform, his face as pale and set as though he were going to face the cannon's mouth; and when he turned around and faced the waiting students, he really felt as though he would have preferred a whole battery of cannons in the place of the numerous grinning faces that he saw before him. Never before had he realized that there were such an immense multitude of students in Weston Academy. There seemed to be thousands of them,—a regular sea of heads with upturned grinning faces.

Suddenly he thought himself that he had not come up there to count the heads of the students, but to speak a piece.

But what was the piece? That was the question.

Away back in the dim recesses of his memory he had a dim recollection of having learned a declamation; but just what the words were he could not for the life of him recall. His knees shook beneath him, and he was trembling like a leaf, when all of a sudden the first line of his piece flashed into his head, and so he spoke it out.

"What is a minority?"

His voice was scarcely above a whisper. He could realize this, and he determined to make the second line a little louder. But what was the second line? Some how it slipped from his memory, and so he decided to start over again, and this time he determined to make it loud enough, so he almost shouted:

"What is a minority?"

Again the next line slipped from his memory. The scholars, in the meantime, were enjoying the situation hugely, and the most of them were convulsed in smothered laughter.

Jerry looked desperately over towards Fred, but the latter seemed to have lost the place, for he was hastily turning the leaves of the book backward and forward.

Jerry hesitated a moment, hoping that Fred would come to his rescue. Then, as the silence was beginning to get oppressive, he decided to begin again, and shouted:

"What is a minority?"

This was too much for the pupils, and they burst into

a roar of laughter, while even the teachers were unable to see anything but the comic side of the situation.

As Fred still leaved through the book and remained silent, Jerry made a last desperate attempt, and again, almost in a whisper this time, said:

"What is a minority?"

Whereupon Professor Morrie said:

"I guess we will have to give up the conundrum, Mr. Todd, and if you are not prepared to give us the answer we will excuse you."

Whereupon Jerry slunk back to his seat, wishing that the walls would cave in, or that he could find a convenient knot-hole into which he could crawl.

When he arrived at his seat, Fred said:

"You gave me the wrong book."

But Jerry insisted that this could not be possible.

"Well, then, Jack Saunders changed them," replied Fred. "He borrowed the book just a few minutes before you spoke, saying that he wanted to pick out a piece for himself. I made him promise to return it before it came your time to speak, and I thought he did so, but I guess he gave me another book."

A glance at the triumphant grin on Jack's face convinced both Jerry and Fred that their conjecture was the right one. And Jerry thereupon resolved that he would get even with Jack before the term was over.

(To be continued)

## UP-TO-DATE

BY WALTER ADOLPH VONDERLIETH

- (a). Percentage of negro criminals larger in North than in South.

### BRIEF FOR THE NEGATIVE

- I. Solution must be in accordance with national opinion rather than sectional.

1. Race hatred in South too bitter.  
(a). Frequency of lynching.  
(b). Governor Vardaman's (of Mississippi) recent inaugural address.

- II. Southern treatment of negro makes solution more difficult.

1. Rebellious spirit aroused by  
(a). Disfranchisement.  
(b). Denial of the negro's right (in many cases) to hold office.  
(c). Unfair scale of wages.  
(d). Discrimination against the negro by Southern courts.

- III. South desires to keep the negro in ignorance.

1. The children are debarred from the public schools.  
2. The educated negro demands his rights.  
(a). He commands better wages.  
(b). He has a voice in making the laws.

- IV. Condition of Southern negro should be better.

1. Northern negro more intelligent.  
(a). Colored regiments of the North.  
(b). High standing in leading universities.  
2. Negro of the North a larger property holder.  
3. Statistics show alarming increase of crime.

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"Race question." Outlook, 75:984-6, Dec. 26, '03.

"Should whites and blacks be separated?" J. M. F. Erwin. Harp. W'kly, 47:2070, Dec. 19, '03.

"Social and moral decadence." E. Tayleur. Outlook, 76:266-71, Jan. 30, 1904.

"Unpopular race." J. G. Cruger. Cosmopol. 36:464-5, Feb., '04.

"The negro problem—Can the South solve it—And how?" Joel Chandler Harris. Sat. Ev. Post, Feb. 27, '04, pp. 6-7.

The following speeches in Modern Eloquence will be found especially helpful on this question:

"The New South." Henry W. Grady, vol. viii, p. 579.

"The Race Problem," Henry W. Grady, vol. ii, p. 534.

"Progress of the American Negro," Booker T. Washington, vol. ix, p. 1136.

"Toussaint L'Ouverture," Wendell Phillips, vol. vi, p. 846.

"Modern Eloquence," (John D. Morris & Co., Pub.) referred to above, is undoubtedly the finest collection of after-dinner speeches, lectures, addresses anecdotes, etc., ever published and makes an excellent addition to any library, not only as a valuable work of reference, but also as a veritable storehouse of instruction and entertainment.

Although the interest in the Russo-Japanese struggle continues unabated, other questions of vital importance are beginning to occupy the public mind. The "Race Problem" has, for some time, been a question of national importance, and one of such moment as might well baffle the intelligence of the most brilliant statesman. It has, however, again been brought to the fore by the immoderate utterances recently made in his inaugural address by Governor Vardaman of Mississippi.

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(c). He has improved morally.

- II. The North can not understand negro situation.

1. If the South does hate the negro, it is not without cause.  
2. The negro never can be on an equality with the white man.

- III. South bound in interest and by honor to solve the problem.

1. She is bending every energy to accomplish this object.  
2. Her agricultural interests demand negro labor.  
3. Failure will impose heavier burdens upon herself.

- IV. Immediate solution impossible.

1. North expects too much.  
(a). The blunder of enfranchising four millions of illiterates will require years to repair.  
2. The South's ability to cope with the gigantic race problem in the past sufficient evidence to guarantee her ability to do so in the future.

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## THE COLLECTOR

EDITED BY  
**C. E. SEVERN.**

There is nothing stamp collectors hail with greater joy than the conversion of an erstwhile scoffer and Philistine into a collector; in a way there is no more unselfish creature than the stamp collector, for he is never so happy than when he can initiate a new recruit into all the mysteries of philately. Let us hope, therefore, that not a few of our collecting readers may know the joy of guiding some hitherto non-collecting friend of theirs, and reader of ours, into the pleasant paths of our hobby.

slight the foreign press; on the whole they know more of philately over in Europe than we do here. If you cannot afford more, take at least one of our leading weeklies: "Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News," of New York, or "The Philatelic Era," of Boston. They will keep you posted.

Let us take the case of some reader who may not heretofore have seen anything in stamp collecting, but who now has experienced a change of heart and is deliberating with himself: "What if I were to begin a collection too?" How shall we advise this beginner so his collecting career may become a successful one? What must he learn; what must he choose and what avoid?

"Now," says your beginner, "I have heard all about catalogues and papers, but what should I do about stamps?"

It is rather a large order to condense all this into the frame of a short article, and we can deal here with only a small part of the advice needed by the beginner. Fortunately the part of the beginner is made comparatively plain by the great and ever increasing literature of our pursuit. The very first thing, therefore, recommended to the new recruit, is the purchase of a standard catalogue. To be sure the standard catalogue of any one brand—for there are several "standards"—will at first bewilder the new collector with its superabundance of detail, and for this reason a simplified catalogue, such as is now issued by several European houses and is now in contemplation by an American dealer, would be a good investment for the beginner.

Next comes exchanging. This is no collecting, when it was one of the chief means of increasing a collection, but even now it is still an important feature of philately. Of course exchanging will usually not avail the beginner much, for the simple reason that he will have nothing worth exchanging except with other beginners; nevertheless, even then it is pleasant to swap duplicates. Later, through the purchase of packets, through occasional finds and the like, the beginner acquires a better class of exchange material and will then do well to enter on exchange relations. Haphazard exchanging will seldom amount to much. If one's duplicates are at all valuable, the best means for utilizing them will be found in the exchange department of some good society. It will save

Nevertheless in a little while he will have acquired the proper collecting appetite, and will then probably decide that it is better to know too much than too little; so the simplified catalogue will not suffice him and he will plunge into the ocean of details of the standard catalogue. We should recommend the beginner to study the catalogue assiduously, so as to get a general survey of the field. The average beginner—instead of the usual advice, "study your stamps,"—should be advised, "study your catalogue."

Next, of course, comes the stamp paper. That is simply necessary to the beginner, who would become a successful collector, as necessary as the stamps themselves. To become a successful collector nowadays without being a diligent reader of the philatelic press is almost impossible; one is simply lost without this guiding star. So that is the next advice: subscribe to and read as many stamp papers, domestic and foreign, as you can afford; it is money well invested. Do not

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you money. It will give your duplicates far wider circulation than you could give them yourself, and it will in turn bring you much larger variety to select from. For this reason (and a number of others), you should join a good philatelic society early in your collecting career. The novice usually feels important when he has acquired his first foreign correspondent and justly so, for one of the chief uses of philately is in bringing the ends of the earth closer together, in bringing people of different nationalities into close relations on a common ground, and in thus contributing towards that great goal, the universal brotherhood of man. If one could get all the stamp collectors of two hostile countries to trade stamps together, the chance of war would be materially lessened. Nevertheless, the novice is doomed to many a disappointment in expecting great enrichment of his collection from foreign exchange. Rarities are hardly ever obtained in this way, as they find a far better market in their home country than elsewhere. Foreign collectors are usually well aware of the value of their stamps and usually ask more in return than they are worth. Foreign exchange is thus not always productive of the results the beginner may expect when he mails his first selection over seas; from some countries it seems almost impossible to get returns. There is a fascination of its own about this branch of collecting; stamps seem to have more value, more of a personal equation about them, when they have been sent to us direct from the country of their origin—more so than if bought for cold cash of some dealer here at home. It is pleasant to receive personal letters from out-of-the-way corners of the globe.

After all, the chief and to many the only way of adding to a collection, is to buy your stamps. This is so wide and so important a field that it may be better to deal with its aspects in a separate article.

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Red Star Castle, No. 165, Marshall, Texas, held the first conclave of the year at the Masonic Institute, Thursday evening, the 7th inst. The main feature of the meeting was an instructive and inspiring address to the young knights by Rev. J. B. K. Spain, on the subjects of each making his own standing room in the world, and doing faithfully his part in the great plan of God. At the conclusion of the address some business was transacted; and then Brother Spain dismissed the meeting with a benediction. This is the second time Brother Spain has addressed these young gentlemen, and on each occasion they have expressed great appreciation of the honor done them. This castle is composed of small boys, with Miss Sophie F. Marschalk, as merlin, and is one of the best castles we have. At Christmas tide, the Marshall Messenger called for donations to fill the empty stockings of those who might otherwise experience little of the happiness of the blessed anniversary. The members of the Red Star Castle were among the first to respond to the appeal.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Marquis of the Pacific Coast hereby presents his second report:

On the 11th of January I made a trip to the southern portion of my province, visiting castles at Coronado, Pomona and Catalina Island. I found all three in a flourishing condition, and enthusiastically interested in all that pertains to our ancient order. At Coronado I was generously entertained by the Rev. Charles E. Spalding, at Pomona by the Rev. George W. Fuller, and at Catalina by the Rev. Charles W. Williams. The castle at Coronado, being the newest of the three, was most eager and persistent in its questionings. The members wanted information on a great many details about which the Marquis himself felt that he was not qualified to speak, as each castle is a law unto itself in such matters. However, in regard to certain features connected with the conclave, the Merlin was very glad to give the castle the benefit of his experience. The principal feature of the castle at Pomona is the holding of a Field Day, with various athletic contests, under the direction of the Merlin. The principal feature of the castle at Catalina is the Round Table, which is big enough for every member to sit around, as the knights did of old. The members of this castle wear unique costumes, consisting of helmets, capes, swords and shields. With the exception of the capes, all this regalia was made by the members themselves.

The Marquis has had one new castle added to his realm in connection with one of the Methodist churches in Oakland. Another castle is forming at the boys' and girls' playground, San Francisco, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Hutton, who was formerly in charge of a castle in Eureka, Cal. All the other castles of the province are doing well, and growing in membership. Castle Drake has a new merlin in the person of Mr. Cecil M. Mar-rack. At Castle Avilion, Mr. F. W. Roskamp has been appointed as merlin, the former merlin assuming the position of Sir Bleys, Grand Councilor. The castle now has a membership of forty.

Respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM EDWARD HAYES,  
Marquis Pacific Coast.

The Marquis of the Pacific Coast, the Rev. W. E. Hayes, of San Francisco, Cal., has had made a steel die of the K. O. K. A. shield, with which to emboss stationery. He has also designed a very attractive and antique form for notifying Paynims of their election to membership in the castle. Both these may be obtained at the rate of twenty-five for \$1.00, which is only slightly more than the cost.

Montrose Castle, No. 163, Mayfield, N. Y., holds its meetings weekly in the homes of its members. The work is progressing finely. The boys have a basket-ball team. The Rev. D. M. Geddes is merlin.

The Merlin of Canterbury Castle, Rutland, Vt., has originated a splendid idea, a personal letter to each page, who by attendance has become eligible to the degree of esquire, informing him of the conditions for entering this rank, among which is the requirement of a pledge of purity, temperance and reverence. "Therefore," says the Merlin, "I must require from you a vow written in your own hand by which you shall pledge yourself in whatsoever words you may choose to these three things, purity of life, reverence for sacred things and temperance. These things you must vow, and it is upon the keeping of this vow that you shall be judged eligible for the knighthood. Let this vow be made in all seriousness and in sincerity, and let it be a statement in your own words of your determination to live up to a high standard in these things. Of all this you will say nothing to your brother knights, especially to those who have not yet reached the point where they are permitted to advance in the mysteries of the order." The Rev. S. E. Crooker is merlin.

Anthracite Castle, No. 237, Mahanoy City, Pa., with Peter Roberts as merlin, has been in existence four months. The enthusiasm of the boys has not abated. Their membership is twelve, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen years.

Gordon Castle, No. 242, North Troy, Vt., was instituted the second week in October, last, with fifteen members, and now has thirty. The ministers of the Congregational and Baptist churches are united in the work, with a layman, Mr. J. O. Correy, as merlin. The report is: "It is simply wonderful what the castle has accomplished for the boys. Profanity has almost entirely ceased among them, they are much more thoughtful of each other, more helpful, more reverent and far more manly. Eight of the members have become esquires, giving strong pledges after a great deal of study and thought. The attendance has been fine, and the interest is deepening and increasing. One Sunday the members attended the Baptist church in a body, presenting a most reverent appearance. An open conclave was held in the congregational vestry, to which friends were invited. A fine impression was made. A New Year's reception was given the boys by Dr. and Mrs. Page, which was a most enjoyable affair. They went to Newport Centre and instituted Preston Castle. Business men in the town have become impressed with the great value of the castle and are helping it financially."

Heidelberg Castle, No. 251, of Greenville, Ohio, was organized October 16, 1903. Meetings are held fortnightly in St. Paul's Reformed church, of which the boys are sons. A beginning was made with four members, and now consists of nine. Sir Pendragon is elected for four conclaves. A Regent is elected at same time, who rules when Pendragon is absent, and succeeds to the office in proper course. The Rev. Joseph Pierce Alden is merlin.

Castle 270, was organized on the anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, for whom the castle is named. It is connected with the Y. M. C. A. of Montgomery, Alabama, and consists of fifteen boys between the ages of twelve and sixteen. They are very enthusiastic. The condition of advancement to the rank of Esquire has been made, the completion of a Bible study course. Eight of them are already church members, and as soon as possible will be advanced to the rank of Knight. W. F. Fry is merlin.

Dover Castle, No. 283, was organized late last spring, but was not en-

rolled until last month. It is named for the township in which the village of Tom's River, N. J., is located. Dr. Ralph R. Jones is merlin. The boys made spear-heads of metal, which they have placed on handles bought at the store. (Pattern of these spear-heads may be obtained by writing to the merlin.) One boy, thirteen years old, won a boat race last summer, over men and older boys, and has been given the rank of Baronet. The boys are learning the manual of arms of the regular army, using their spears instead of guns.

The members of Castle 284 are making the entire equipment of their castle, even to writing out and illuminating their own copies of the ritual.

Frederick Roskamp, of Castle Avilion, No. 138, has been created Baronet, for distinguished services as treasurer. More recently he has been appointed merlin of the castle.

Mattabesett Castle, connected with the Y. M. C. A., Middletown, Conn., under Thomas S. Cline, merlin, is developing beautifully. They have adopted robes and are gradually enriching the ritual and improving the manner of conducting their meetings. They have a basket-ball team. The Chancellors have arranged a fine series of meetings to continue until May. Meetings are held weekly. The enrollment now includes two knights, ten esquires and thirteen pages.

Castle Scrooby, No. 291, has been organized in the oldest Congregational church in Wisconsin, which was started in a log house in 1838, near the now famous Bethesda Spring, in what was then the village of Prairieville, now the far-famed "Spring City," Waukesha. The boys chose the name Scrooby in honor of the beginning of modern Congregationalism, and the members will assume the knightly names of the old Pilgrims, Brewster, Carver, Standish, et al, all of which will assist in educating them in the early history of their church and country. The boys enjoy a military drill, practising most faithfully "the setting up" exercises, that their bodies may have an erect bearing, fit dwelling places of their pure souls.

An observer of Winnemaug Castle, in Watertown, Conn., says: "The Rev. Wm. T. Holmes, merlin, is doing a noble work with his boys, and the effects are very noticeable in the school-room. I often hear a teacher remark, as she notices a boy beginning to grow more gentlemanly, 'Mr. Holmes has gotten him into the K. O. K. A.'"

Cherokee, Iowa.

I have the honor to be the organizer and merlin of "Epworth" Castle, No. 235, K. O. K. A., under the title of Baron of Cherokee. We organized with ten; we now have an enrollment of about thirty, and are constantly growing. The order is a great success, reflecting great honor upon the founder, and upon all who have the welfare of our growing boys at heart. If I should be properly authorized to organize in the State of Iowa and such adjacent territory as might properly

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come under that jurisdiction, I believe that I could do much to strengthen the movement in this part of the central west. I would like very much to have the honor of "Baronet" granted to—Sir Wilmer Elfrink—who has, in my judgment and that of his fellows, fairly earned the same, having brought more members into the order than any other here, and ranking well in studies, and being withal a most "Christian knight." A patent of such title would be greatly appreciated. I am

Yours fraternally and loyally,

A. LESTER HAZLETT,  
Pastor First M. E. Church.

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Perilous, No. 280, with Mr. Willson Wythe as merlin, in connection with the Methodist church, Oakland, Cal.

St. Mary-Camelot, No. 281, with the Rev. Charles Bubb as merlin, in the Sunday school of St. Mary's Episcopal church, Cleveland, Ohio.

Excalibur, No. 282, by the Rev. Alexander C. Warner, Green River, Wyoming, in the Congregational church.

Dover, No. 283, with Ralph R. Jones, M. D., merlin, in Tom's River, N. J.

Greylock, No. 284, has been organized by the Rev. Francis Treadway Clayton, Williamstown, Mass. Lewis Perry, merlin.

Livingstone, No. 285 Composed of boys in the First Universalist church, Worcester, Mass., has been organized by the Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson. W. L. Robinson, Jr., merlin.

Dennison, No. 290, in the Presbyterian church, Dennison, Ohio, has D. E. Rock for merlin.

Scrooby, No. 291, has been organized by the Rev. I. L. Cory, Waukesha, Wis., in the Congregational church.

Roads, No. 292, has been organized by the Rev. Pliny A. Allen, Jr., in the Universalist church, Marblehead, Mass.

Joyous Gard, No. 293, comes into existence, in the Cumberland Presbyterian church, Paducah, Ky. Wm. D. Watson, merlin.

Lincoln, No. 294, has been organized by the Rev. Thomas B. Thompson, in the Congregational church, Watertown, Wis.

This list shows the applicability of the K. O. K. A. to various denominations of Christians, and shows also the widespread interest in the idea. The question has recently been put to me, if castles are organized only in connection with churches? No. Neither is it absolutely necessary that ministers organize them. Anybody may organize a castle anywhere, in or out of the churches. The reason why so many are organized in the churches and by ministers is this—these men, more generally than any other class, observe the needs of the boys and are trying to meet them. In most instances the castles above named, and others in our list, are officered by laymen and laywomen, whose names are not known at time charters are applied for.

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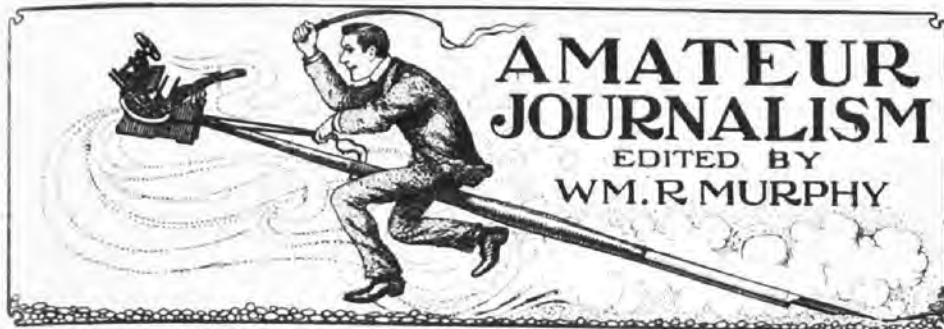
**WHY PUBLISHING COMPANY**

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NEW YORK





AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATIONS AND LOCAL CLUBS

It is only natural that a body of people having a community of interests should be organized. Amateur Journalism is no exception. The social and fraternal spirit of the organized side of amateur journalism is by some considered the most interesting phase of this many-sided institution. Of the amateur organizations the three national bodies are the most important.

The National Amateur Association was organized at the Centennial, and on July 3, 4, 5, last, held its 28th annual convention in Chicago. It is the most diversified in membership, and has the largest roll. After a period approaching inanity, during the years '94-'98, the association has of late years had a revival of interest, though some doubt has been recently expressed as to enlarging the association with uninterested people. The many years' tradition and experience of the association, and the comparatively older age of its members, perhaps make it the representative association. In point of numbers the United Amateur Press Association is a fairly close second. It was organized by the younger element, some of them unaware of the National's existence, in Philadelphia, in 1895. It has always proved the haven of the boy-printer and the newcomers. What it lacked in experience it made up in enthusiasm, and of late years has gained considerable in literary tone, though it still is par excellence the society of the younger element,—many of whom later in their careers join the National as well.

The Interstate, which held its first convention on Labor Day, in Boston, is of course numerically the smallest, though in quality it perhaps averages the highest. It is somewhat restrictive in its requirements, accepting only those who are active and able, but giving every one a chance to come up to its constitutional standard. Nearly all its members are affiliated with one or both of the other organizations and prominent in their work, hence the Interstate can not be considered as a rival. Its projectors evidently intended it to be a sort of "thirty-third degree" for those interested in the literary side of the cause.

In addition to the national bodies, a number of State associations exist, as well as a large group of local clubs in all the important cities. The Philadelphia Amateur Journalist Club, which recently celebrated its fifth anniversary, is the oldest local organization with records of its continuous existence. It is one of the most conservative of its class, and insists on

bona fide amateur journalists as members. It is small in numbers, but strong in the output of amateur papers. Its members hold the record for "laureateships" in the associations. The Hub A. J. C. was organized thirteen years ago, in Boston, and has had an informal existence. It comprises the cleverest element in amateur journalism, many of its members being connected with the Boston professional press. The New York Amateur Press Club has a large membership roll, though not many papers. It has been addressed by Edwin Markham and other men of distinction. The Chicago A. P. C. is also large in membership, and has been reorganized by the Professional Press Club, which has given the junior organization quarters in its building, Baltimore, St. Louis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco also have clubs.

The work of the associations is carried on by regulation official boards, differing as to minor offices, but similar in the main. An important official is the editor, who publishes the "official organ." The "National Amateur" is the largest and best of these and has been published for more than a quarter of a century. It has from eight to twenty-four pages (9 x 13), appears bi-monthly and contains official reports, membership lists, historical articles, and news items from all over the country. The "United Amateur" and "Interstate" are based on the same principles, but are smaller in page-size (7 x 10). The official organs usually contain more than the regulation number of pages as gifts from officers or members. Each association has an elaborate constitution as the organ of government. Conventions are held annually and are largely attended by members from all over the country, local clubs usually doing the entertaining and each city striving to outdo its predecessor. Stay-at home members have a voice in proceedings by a system of proxy-voting—though political dickering at the conventions sometimes violates this privilege.

This brings up a moot question of Amateur Journalism—the value of politics. Each year exciting campaigns are waged for positions on the official boards, the principal "plums" being president, official editor and next convention seat. As is natural, political feeling runs high, and it happens at times, just as in the outer world of serious politics, that "deals" and questionable transactions are in evidence, ranging from the introduction of "deadwood" voters, similar to the "ringers-in" of professional politics,



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The usual features will also appear.

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to the casting out of the proxy ballots. This, when carried to an extreme, is the only defect and yellow danger of Amateur Journalism, but on the whole politics are carried on fairly, and honestly, despite a few serious relapses which did great harm to the cause. The present year marks an emergence from one of these spells, but the vitality of the institution is proof against such rebuffs. All in all, the yearly elections and the incident campaigns, according to those who approve of them, are their own justification in the interest and enthusiasm which they engender.

For those interested in the literary side, the associations conduct "laureateship competitions." In the departments of poetry, fiction, editorials and essays, laureate certificates and honorable mention are awarded the authors of the best articles published during the year. The judges are professional writers of distinction, such authors as Edwin Markham, Edward Everett Hale, Gen. Chas. King, Elbert



THE HAPPY FAMILY

Hubbard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Charlotte Porter, Gelett Burgess, Lew Wallace, Burton E. Stevenson, Amelia Rives, Margaret Sangster, etc., having acted in this capacity.

The work of the local clubs is carried on in the manner usual with literary societies. Much attention is paid to practical articles on journalism and authorship. Practice in parliamentary procedure is a valuable accessory. Music, competitions, debates and addresses by prominent men diversify the programs and help to make the local club an important factor in the culture and character-building of its members. The local club likewise promotes the spirit of fraternity, and almost invariably takes care of the conventions in entertaining the delegates, who are shown "all the sights" and at the conclusion of the convention are participants in a banquet. All of this goes to make "convention week" the red-letter days of the amateurs' calendar.

The organized side of Amateur Journalism thus serves to foster fraternity and social intercourse. It likewise serves the larger purpose of perpetuating the institution.

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## Any Book Published

Books are so numerous and readers' tastes are so varied that we have decided not to prepare a special book list. Instead, we will supply any book published on the following conditions: Select any book you choose from any book catalogue. Send us the name of the book and the publisher and we will supply it to you, counting each 25 cents of the list price 1 point. Books will be sent by express, charges to be paid by receiver. A large book catalogue will be sent to any address for 1 cent postage.

## Supplies for League Members

### Badges

Design and size the same as illustration. Supplied in the following qualities and prices. Postpaid in all cases. All truly loyal League members wear the badge. Solid gold and enamel, \$1.00 each; 4 Points. Heavy rolled-gold plate and enamel, 50 cents each; 2 Points. Solid sterling silver and enamel, 25 cents each; 1 Point. German silver and enamel, 10 cents each; 1 Point. Celluloid in two colors, 5 cents each; 5 badges, 1 Point.

### A Cut of the Badge

An engraving of the badge exactly like the above illustration furnished to any one for 25 cents, postpaid. 1 Point.

### Membership Cards

We supply a handsome card, printed on strong cardboard in three colors, each card bearing the name, address and branch number of the local society. Price for 50 cards, \$1.00, postpaid. 4 Points.

### Rubber-Stamp Outfit

A rubber-stamp printing outfit is indispensable for a secretary, and will prove very handy for any one. The outfit we offer can be used to print letter headings, cards, short notices, etc. It consists of 1 bottle of ink, 1 stamp pad, 1 set of rubber type, 1 pair of tweezers and a two-line type holder. Price, 50 cents, postpaid. 2 Points.



### Certificate of Enrollment

Size, 14 inches square. A handsome and original design. The name of the local branch is inserted by an engraving artist. It should adorn the wall of every club-room. Price, 50 cents, postpaid. 2 Points.

### Card Record Outfit

This is the best method of keeping the records of a society ever invented. It consists of a neat, well-made, cloth-bound box containing 150 ruled cards and two sets of guide cards, one for keeping the names and records of the club members and the other for keeping records of the meetings and other affairs of the society. Price, \$1.00, postpaid. 4 Points.



### Library Outfit

This outfit consists of one set of 100 cards for keeping account of the books in the library, 100 cards to be used by members in loaning out the books and 100 slips to be pasted in the books, containing rules for the usage of them. Price of entire set, \$1.50, postpaid. 6 Points.

### Stationery

We supply stationery, either for League branches or for individuals, size of paper either note or commercial, heading and envelope printed to order according to instructions; paper a good quality of bond. Price for 100 letters and envelopes, \$2.00. 8 Points. For 500 letters and envelopes, \$5.00. 20 Points.

### Chairman's Gavel

We supply a very handsome chairman's gavel of highly polished wood and neatly carved. Price, 75 cents, postpaid. 3 Points.



**Whiteley Vim Exerciser**

The Whiteley Vim Exercisers are known the world over. The one we offer comes complete with foot attachment, door hinge attachment, package of hooks and screws, and with either heavy, medium or light cable. Price, \$2.32, postage prepaid. 10 Points.

**French Compound Microscope**

This Microscope has a magnifying power of 65 diameters, which is equal to increase in area of 4,245 times the size of the object magnified. It comes in a polished mahogany box with one prepared object, two brass slips and a pair of brass forceps. Price, \$2.15, postage prepaid. 9 Points.



**Solid Gold Finger Ring**

We offer this handsome solid gold ring, set with one ruby and one sapphire. Price, \$3.00, postage prepaid. 9 Points.



**Ladies' Hand-Bag**

This Hand-Bag is the very latest style, made either in red, brown or black leather. Each bag is lined with moiré silk. Price, \$2.00, postage prepaid. 8 Points.



**Oil Painting Outfit**

We offer the celebrated Scholar's Box of Oil Colors and Materials. It contains 13 tubes of Prepared Artists' Oil Colors, 1 palette knife, bottles of pale drying oil and spirits of turpentine, 3 sable and bristle artists' brushes, 1 badger blender, 1 palette cup, 1 mahogany palette, tracing and transfer papers, 4 artists' studies and 1 Academy board, complete, in a beautifully polished wood box; size, 6 by 11 inches, and 2 inches deep. Price, \$2.00, express charges to be paid by receiver. 8 Points.



**Water-Color Outfit**

We offer an excellent set of water-color paints in a neat wooden box, 8 by 13 inches, containing 12 large paints, 12 small paints, 1 rule, 2 cups, 1 brush. Price, 50 cents, postpaid. 2 Points.



**Fountain Pen**

We offer the celebrated self-filling Post Fountain Pen, which is generally regarded to be superior to all other self-filling pens. Price, \$3.00, postage prepaid. 5 Points.



**Game Board**

We offer the well-known Crown Combination Game Board with equipment for playing 65 different games. Each board is well made of hardwood and is accompanied by the following equipment: 29 rings, 19 Spider and Fly men, 2 cues, 15 numbered disks, 1 combination back-stop and score-tab, 4 metal spinning rings, 1 rule book and a box containing men, making 72 pieces in all. Price, \$5.00, express charges to be paid by receiver. 15 Points.



**Hamilton Rifle**



We offer the famous Hamilton Rifle, .22 caliber, for either long or short rim fire cartridges, with levered action, automatic shell extractor; weight, 2 pounds; length, 22½ inches, with barrel finished in blue black and handsome walnut stock. Price, \$1.50, receiver to pay express charges. 7 Points.

**Magic Folding Umbrella**

By reason of the folding handle this Umbrella can be carried in a 24-inch suit-case. It is a durable and stylish all-silk umbrella for either a lady or a gentleman. Price, \$3.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 11 Points.



**Skates—Ice or Roller**



We offer an excellent pair of Peck & Snyder all-clamp club skates, with best cast-steel hardened runners, all nickel-plated; sizes, 8 to 12 inches. Price, \$1.25, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 5 Points.  
A pair of Bicycle Roller Skates on single wheels, with rubber tires and ball bearings. Price, \$4.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 15 Points.

**Gentlemen's Pocketbook**

We offer a handsome combination Pocketbook with two stamp pockets, two bill pockets and one pocket with nickel-plated frame for coins, etc., all pockets being lined with fine lambskin, either in seal or morocco leather. Price, \$1.25. 5 Points.



**Dress-Suit Case**

This Dress-Suit Case is made of extra quality russet cowhide leather, with solid leather protecting corner pieces; hand-riveted, round bottom, indestructible handle, double steel frames, four inside straps, and is lined throughout in genuine Irish linen; full standard size, 6 inches deep, 13¼ inches wide, 24 inches long. Price, \$6.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 23 Points.



**Banjo, Mandolin or Guitar**

We offer the following Wurlitzer Musical Instruments: Academy Mandolin, 9 ribs, walnut and maple; mahogany finished neck, patent brass head, nickel tail-piece, solid guard plate, nicely finished. Price, \$4.50, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 18 Points.

The "Cincy" Banjo, 11-inch calfskin head; nickel-covered rim, nickel hook, German silver raised frets, nickel elbow brackets, black pegs and bridge. Price, \$6.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 23 Points.

The Cincinnati Guitar; birch; a very fine imitation of mahogany; celluloid and pearl inlaid edge, nickel tail-piece, steel strings. Price, \$6.50, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 25 Points.



**Pocket Tool Chest**

This is the genuine Miller's Falls Company Holder and Tools. The handle is made of polished cocobolo; the ferrule and jaws are nickel-plated. The tools are made of the highest-grade tempered steel, highly polished. We offer the holder and 11 separate tools, including awls, gimlet, gauge, chisels, screw-driver. Price, \$1.10, postage prepaid. 5 Points.



**Electric Motor**

The little Rex Electric Motor and Fan is small, but very powerful for its size. The size of the fan is 3½ inches. The fan may be detached and a pulley wheel and any other machinery may be attached. Price, \$1.15, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 5 Points.



**Camera**

The Cyclone, Jr., which we offer, is generally regarded as the most practical low-priced camera in the market. It takes pictures 3½ by 3½, and has a capacity of three double-plate holders, an especially constructed automatic shutter for time and instantaneous exposures, and a high-grade Meniscus lens of universal focus. Price, \$3.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 7 Points.



**Striking Bag**

We offer the famous Spalding Upper-Cut Punching-Bag, medium size, substantially made of russet-tanned leather, with bladder, rubber cord for floor and rope for ceiling attachment, packed in box, complete. Price, \$1.25, postage prepaid. 5 Points.



**Pocket Knife**



We offer a splendid two-blade jack-knife, stag bone handle, German silver bolster and name-plate. Price, \$1.00, postage prepaid. 4 Points.

**Nickel Watch**

We offer a Ladies' or Gentlemen's nickel watch, stem wind and set; not a "pocket clock," but a good watch in every particular. Price, \$1.25, postage prepaid. (State whether ladies' or gentlemen's size is desired.) 5 Points.



**Spalding Football**

The Football that we offer is regulation size, made by Spalding, of good leather, well taced and sewed. With each ball we send a book of "How to Play Football," by Walter Camp. Price, \$1.20, postage prepaid. 5 Points.



**Boxing Gloves**

We offer a set of four Boxing Gloves, regular pattern, either men's or youths' size, of dark-colored tanned leather, hair padded, elastic wristbands. Price, \$1.00, receiver to pay express charges. 5 Points.



**Base Ball**

The Ball we offer is the Official League which is used exclusively by the National League and by the minor leagues. This ball is wrapped in tinfoil, put in a box and sealed in accordance with the regulations of the National League and the American Association. It is fully warranted. Price, \$1.27, postage prepaid. 5 Points.



**Pyrography**



The pyrography set we offer is adapted for either amateur or professional work. The platinum-pointed needle is of the best quality, as are the bulb, tubes, bottles and other parts of the outfit. Price, \$1.50, postpaid. 8 Points.

**Indian Beadwork Outfit**



The making of beadwork, such as the Apache Indians used to weave, is more than a passing fad. It is an art easily mastered by any one, and our outfit contains full instructions, equipment and material for making various articles of beadwork, such as belts, collarettes, etc. The beadwork loom in our outfit is one of the best on the market. Price of the complete outfit, \$1.50, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 6 Points.

**Typewriters**



Offer No. 1. The American Typewriter is too well known to need much description. It is doubtless the best low-priced typewriting machine adapted for genuine service on the market. It is as good a machine as one need have for home work, and is even adapted to a limited amount of office work. Price, \$10.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 35 Points.

Offer No. 2. We offer the well-known Dollar Typewriter, which, although not adapted for rapid work, is still much more than a toy, and on it can be written a very neat letter. It is substantially made. Sent postpaid for \$1.00. 4 Points.

**Passé-Partout Outfit**



There is no better and more attractive way of preserving pictures and photographs than by neatly passé-partouting them. The outfit we offer contains everything needed for this work. It includes six colored cardboard frames, six heavy cardboard mats, six heavy cardboard pastes, a roll of tape, a first-class glass cutter, a quantity of wire picture tags and a book of instructions. Price, 75 cents, postpaid. 3 Points.

**Daus "Tip Top" Duplicator**



By means of this invention from fifty to 100 copies can be quickly printed from a single copy either written by hand or on the typewriter. It is invaluable for clubs to use in getting out programs, invitations, circulars, etc. Price, \$5.00, sent by express, charges to be paid by receiver. 17 Points.

**Electro-Medical Machine**



In this machine no battery is required, the electricity being generated by friction. It is a very interesting and instructing piece of mechanism, substantially constructed, and materially benefits those who use it. Price, \$1.00, express charges to be paid by receiver. 4 Points.

**Steel-Engraved Portrait of Dr. Marden**



Dr. Marden was the originator of the Success idea, of which his numerous inspirational books, the Success Magazine and The Success League are important branches. His portrait should adorn the walls of every meeting room of a League branch. Doubtless many others will desire the portrait for their personal collection. It is an excellent steel engraving, printed on especially prepared tinted bond paper. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. 1 Point.

**Printing Outfits**



Outfit No. 1 consists of an "Excelsior" self-inking press, which prints a page 3x5 inches, an assortment of furniture, can of ink, one font type and type case. The above outfit is adapted for printing cards, invitations, labels, envelopes, etc., and by adding an extra font of type or two, it will even print a small paper. Price, \$7.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 20 Points.

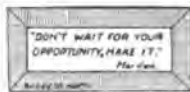
Outfit No. 2 consists of a well-made but smaller hand-inking press, together with furniture, type, ink and type case. This outfit will print cards, envelopes, small labels, etc. Price, \$1.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. 4 Points.

**Electric-Bell Equipment**



By means of this equipment any bright boy or girl can install an electric bell, either for the door or elsewhere. It contains 1 "Mascot" dry battery, 1 bronze push button, 1 japanned iron box bell, with nickel-plated gong, 75 feet of insulated wire and a package of staples and screws; with full directions for installing the equipment. Price, \$1.00, express charges to be paid by receiver. 4 Points.

**Inspiring Mottoes**



The custom of decorating one's rooms with artistically printed mottoes is becoming more and more prevalent. The mottoes we offer have been especially selected by Dr. Marden. Each one contains the true ring of victory. We send five mottoes, size 7x15, tastily printed in two colors, postpaid, for 25 cents. 1 Point.

**Stamp-Collecting Outfit**



We offer a very desirable equipment for a beginner in the field of stamp collecting. It consists of one of Scott's latest complete catalogues and a new large album, 100 different stamps and 1,000 hinges. Price, complete, \$1.50, postpaid. 7 Points.

**Athletic Goods—Ribbed Sweater**

We offer a pure wool ribbed sweater in sizes from 26 to 44, in any of the following colors: Maroon, navy blue, black and gray. Price, \$1.50, by express, charges to be paid by receiver. 6 Points.



**Football Suit**

We offer a football suit, consisting of a jacket made of good quality white canvas and pants made of heavy white drill, well padded. Suit, complete, for \$1.25. Sent by express, charges to be paid by receiver. 5 Points.

**Gymnasium Suit**

We offer a two-piece gymnasium suit, consisting of a sanitary cotton shirt, either quarter-sleeved or sleeveless, and a pair of knee tights made of the same material. Colors: Black, maroon or navy blue. Price, complete, \$1.00, by express, charges to be paid by receiver. 4 Points.

**Steam Engine**



This is a real steam engine, 16 inches high. It can be run with alcohol or coal oil and is made so strongly that it cannot explode, being carefully tested before leaving the factory. Has brass boiler, automatic safety valve, water gauge, steam whistle, balance wheel and book containing full directions for running and taking care of it. Sent packed in a wooden box. Price, \$2.50, express charges extra. 12 Points.

**Indian Basketry Outfit**



The rage for beadwork has also aroused interest in other arts and crafts of the Indians, such as basketry. We have secured a very carefully made outfit for weaving these attractive Indian baskets, including colored reeds, a book of instructions, designs, etc. Price, \$1.50, postpaid. 6 Points.

**PRIZE COMPETITIONS**

- SHORT STORY.** Tell a story in which a trip to some place figures as a part of the plot. The story may be real or imaginary and should contain less than 2,000 words.
- AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.** Subject, A portrait.
- DRAWING.** Subject, A heading for this department.
- POETRY.** Subject, My Pet. Poems of more than four verses will not be considered.
- HANDICRAFT.** Describe and illustrate with drawings or photographs, if possible, how to make any article or articles that will be found useful in camping out.

**TWO SPECIAL CONTESTS**

We make a standing offer to award a prize of any five point article or articles to each person who sends a drawing or photograph that is accepted and printed in either of the following contests:

1. A wild animal photograph.
2. A cartoon on any current topic

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY**

All readers are eligible to these competitions; but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in black,—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled in tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than twelve inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, May 10, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in the June issue of YOUNG AMERICANS.

**PRIZE AWARDS**

Five prizes are awarded in each contest, the same to be selected from the regular reward list given above and on the preceding pages. First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

All articles for prize contests should be addressed, YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITIONS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

# THE NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

## A Child's Education

¶ Wise teachers agree that what children read and find out for themselves forms the best part of their education.

¶ Wise parents buy the NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA as much for the culture and training of their children as for their own use.

¶ Children who have daily access to the New Chambers's Encyclopædia are as certain to be well educated as children who have good food spread before them daily are certain to be well nourished. Using it is not only a delight,—it is a stimulating mental discipline and a training in investigation. All the endless questions of a child are there answered with a satisfying completeness that prompts him to ask a thousand more,—in a word, he or she soon forms the "encyclopædia habit."

¶ For general use the New Chambers's is pronounced by the highest authorities to be the BEST OF THE STANDARD ENCYCLOPÆDIAS; and yet it is sold at about

## Half the Price of Others

¶ The New Chambers's is in ten large volumes, profusely illustrated, with fine modern colored maps, forming a complete ATLAS OF THE WORLD. For the use of the business man, the literary man, the school, or the library, it has always held its original position of superiority for authority, recency, accuracy, and convenience.

**Only \$1.00 down**

*The rest in easy monthly payments*

¶ The complete set of the NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA will be delivered to you on payment of ONE DOLLAR down. You have the use of the work while you are paying for the balance. If, after examining

it, you do not find it PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, it may be returned within ten days, and your dollar will be refunded.

## BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN PAGES FREE

Write to-day, enclosing the coupon below, and our handsome book of specimen pages, including large colored maps, and five full-page illustrations, with the interesting booklet, "The World's Wisdom," will be mailed FREE.

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.**

*Publishers*

227 S. Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COUPON

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia

Please send me Specimen pages of the NEW CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, as advertised in.....

(WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW)



The General Secretary of the League especially recommends the above books for League libraries. Any branch desiring to learn of a plan by which the books may be procured without cost is requested to write to the Success League Bureau concerning the matter.



## Get My Book, if Sick

Don't send a penny.  
Wait until you see  
what I can do.

Let me take all the risk.  
Simply write.  
I ask no more.

I will send you my book.  
I will arrange with  
a druggist near-by so that  
you may take six bottles

# DR. SHOOP'S RESTORATIVE

A month on trial. I will absolutely stand all the cost if it fails. If you say "It did not help me," that ends it as far as cost to you is concerned.

### Do You Understand Me?

I am telling it as plainly, as clearly as I can. I want you to know absolutely and without doubt that this offer is made on honor. I have the prescription that cures. My only problem is to convince you that Dr. Shoop's Restorative will cure—that it is an uncommon remedy.

A common remedy could not stand a test like this. It would bankrupt the physician making the offer. And I am succeeding everywhere and here is the secret of my success:

I found invariably that where there was a weakness, the inside nerves were weak. Where there was a lack of vitality the vital nerves lacked power. Where weak organs were found, I always found weak nerves.

Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital organs' nerves. The inside—the invisible nerves.

This was a revelation. Then my real success began. Then I combined ingredients that would strengthen, that would vitalize, these nerves. That prescription I called a restorative. It is known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

But do not misunderstand my offer. This is not philanthropy. Not free treatment, mind you, with nothing ever to pay. Such an offer would be misleading, would belittle the physician who made it. But I believe in a sick one's honesty, his gratitude. That when he is helped he will pay the cost of the treatment—\$5.50—and gladly.

And I make the offer so that those who might doubt may learn at my risk.

### Thousands Have Written.

Thousands are accepting this offer. And only one in each forty writes me that my remedy failed. Just think of it. 39 out of 40 get well—difficult cases too. And the fortieth has nothing to pay.

That is a record I am proud of. It is wrong to stay sick when a chance like this is open. For I have made all the experiments that you can make. And the methods which failed with me will fail with you. But the treatment that helped 600,000 others will just as surely help you.

So send for my book to-day. My way is probably your only way to get well. Every day that you wait will add a day to your suffering. Write a postal now to learn why.

If well, you should tell others who are sick, of my offer. Don't let a sick friend stay sick because he knows not of it. Tell him. Get my book for him. Do your duty.

You may be sick yourself sometime. Sick people need help. They appreciate sympathy and aid. Tell me of some sick friend. Let me cure him. Then he will show his gratitude to both of us. What greater reward can you have than that—a sick one's gratitude, his everlasting friendship.

Send for the book now. Do not delay.

Simply state which book you want and address Dr. Shoop.  
Box 7261, Racine, Wis.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia  
Book 2 on the Heart  
Book 3 on the Kidneys  
Book 4 for Women  
Book 5 for Men (sealed)  
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

# From Bank Clerk to Western Advertising Manager



LE ROY D. JAMES

Chicago, September 30, 1903.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING,  
Williams Building, City.

GENTLEMEN: I desire to express to you my unqualified approval of your splendid course of instruction—it brings results.

Prior to my taking up the study of advertising under your direction I had had no experience in that line of work.

Your course of study, fitted to my personal requirements, taught me the fundamental principles of advertising and enabled me to successfully engage in the preparation of advertising copy, even before I had completed my work under your direction.

Shortly after graduation I left The Northern Trust Company Bank of Chicago, to fill the position of Western Representative for THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, having been placed in communication with the publishers of the above magazine through your efforts.

In view of the foregoing circumstances, I am a firm believer in the value of your institution.

Wishing you continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,

LEROY D. JAMES, *Western Representative.*

## What His Employer Says:

New York, November 11, 1903.

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING,  
200 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: As has been the custom among all practical advertising men, we are wont to look on all advertising schools with a little suspicion.

Sometime ago, however, we were looking for a man to represent us in the West, and one of your graduates was recommended to us. After a conversation with him we decided to engage him and we must say that we have been more than pleased with his services. Usually it takes months to break a young man into a position, especially one who is new to the business, but we found that the training this young man had received from your hands, and the theoretical knowledge he had gained of the advertising business, enabled him to immediately take hold.

The writer, whose work has been the breaking in of new people, found that the graduate of your college needed no instructions along the different points pertaining to advertising, and seemed to be thoroughly familiar with all the different phases, and also seemed to have a perfect technical knowledge of the business.

We must say that our opinion of the advertising college has entirely changed. We would thoroughly recommend your college to any young man who is anxious to go into the advertising business.

One point about your college which we think excels all other advertising schools is your ability to place competent young men.

Trusting you may have continued success, and with best wishes, we are  
Very truly yours, THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,  
W. J. KENNEDY, *Advertising Manager.*

Why not begin the Study of Advertising TODAY and equip yourself to Command Success?



CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING

563 Williams Building CHICAGO

TEAR OFF this coupon, fill in name and address, MAIL it to us to-day.

I am tired of being in a rut. Please send me your Third Annual Announcement that I may learn how to equip myself to win the greatest possible success in life.

CHICAGO COLLEGE of ADVERTISING

563 Williams Bldg., Chicago

Name .....

Address .....

Business .....



*Brawford 2260*

50  
Cents  
&  
Year

# YOUNG

5  
Cents  
per  
Copy

# AMERICANS

NEW SERIES "MEN OF TO-MORROW"

Vol. 37

MAY, 1904

No. 4



**CAN YOU HIT THIS BULLSEYE?**

Dr. Orison Swett Marden tells you how to do it on page 110

# We Don't Want Your Money

We are after subscriptions and they are worth more to us than money, so we are going to offer you some great big rewards to induce you to take a few subscriptions for us from among your friends. You will notice that in many cases the amount of money you send in in subscriptions is about the same as though you bought the reward for cash. The rewards we show below are but a few of our offers. We have a big list that we will be glad to send you on request. We also furnish you with full outfit for taking subscriptions, including a bundle of sample copies, receipt books, etc.

### THE STANDARD WATCH



We offer a Ladies' or Gentleman's nickel watch, stem wind and set; not a "pocket clock," but a good watch in every particular. Price, \$1.25, postage prepaid, or five subscriptions.

### THE HAMILTON RIFLE

We offer the famous Hamilton Rifle, 22 caliber, for either long or short rim fire cartridges,



with levered action, automatic shell extractor; weight, 2 pounds; length, 29 1/4 inches, with barrel finished in blue black and handsome walnut stock. Price, \$1.50, receiver to pay express charges. Seven subscriptions.

### THE POST FOUNTAIN PEN



We offer the celebrated self-filling Post Fountain Pen, which is generally regarded to be superior to all other self-filling pens. Price, \$3.00, postage prepaid. Five subscriptions.

### BOXING GLOVES

We offer a set of four Boxing Gloves, regular pattern, either men's or youths' size, of dark-colored tanned leather, hair padded, elastic wristbands. Price \$1.00, receiver to pay express charges. Five subscriptions.



### ELECTRIC MOTOR AND FAN



The little Rex Electric Motor and Fan is small, but very powerful for its size. The size of the fan is 3 1/2 inches. The fan may be detached and a pulley wheel and any other machinery may be attached. Price, \$1.15, express charges to be paid by the receiver. Five subscriptions.

### BASE-BALL OUTFIT

Any boy can get his base-ball supplies without spending a cent of cash. We have everything he wants. A regulation Spalding \$1.25 league ball sent postpaid for five subscriptions. A good base-ball uniform in gray, blue or buff, for \$3.00 or for ten subscriptions. A base ball outfielder's glove of a good quality of tan leather, postpaid for 75 cents or for ten subscriptions. A catcher's mit for \$1.50 or for six subscriptions. A first baseman's mit sent for \$1.50 or for six subscriptions. These are our leading offers, but if you want anything else in the line of base-ball goods write us and we tell you how you can get them.



### CARD RECORD OUTFITS

The card system is the up-to-date way of keeping account of one's affairs. By this system you can keep a record of your engagements, you can keep account of your expenses, etc., you can keep a diary of important events, in fact, you can keep all sorts of records. It is especially recommended to the secretaries and officers of societies. It consists of a substantial cloth bound book, contains 150 ruled cards and two sets of guide cards, one being the letters of the alphabet, and the other the months of the year. Price \$1.00, postpaid, or for four subscriptions.



### CYCLONE JUNIOR CAMERA

The most practical low-priced camera in the market. It takes pictures 3 1/4 by 3 1/4, and has a capacity of three double-plate holders; an especially constructed automatic shutter for time and instantaneous exposures, and a high-grade Meusius lens of universal focus. Price \$3.00, express charges to be paid by the receiver. Seven subscriptions.



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## Young Americans

A monthly magazine for enterprising young folks  
Official organ of the League of Success Clubs  
and the order of Knights of King Arthur

HERBERT HUNGERFORD, EDITOR

Assisted by

WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH,	Department of Boys' Work
ORISON SWETT MARDEN,	Department of Suggestions on Success Winning
FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK,	Department of the Knights of King Arthur
W. R. MURPHY,	Department of Amateur Journalism
C. E. SEVERN,	Department of Stamp Collecting
WALTER A. VONDERLIETH,	Department of Current Events
T. CAREY FOSTER,	Department of Programmes and Entertainments
J. CARTER BEARD,	Department of Nature Study

PUBLISHED BY

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## THE SUCCESS LEAGUE

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# A TALK OF MANY THINGS

BY THE EDITOR

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to talk of many things." — *Alice in Wonderland*

**H**ERETOFORE my talks have been in the shape of bullets, but this month I want to try a charge of shot for a change. The first thing I want to do is to thank everyone who has written to me criticising the magazine. My words of thanks, however, are not going to count much; but I am going to show you that I appreciate your criticism by the improvements made in the magazine. I think you will agree with me that this number is a little better than the preceding one. Still I hardly regard any number yet as good enough to brag about. My experience recalls a saying of one of my old teachers:

When I was in the academy, in a teachers' training class, our instructor used to tell us that when we became teachers we must make it a rule that we were always to expect to succeed, but never to think that we had succeeded.

Well, this is the way it is about getting out a number of *YOUNG AMERICANS*. When a number is being planned, I often feel a glow of pride, and say to myself: "This number is going to be a 'hummer,'" and I pleasantly anticipate that when the number is issued I can swell out my chest and point to it with pride and say: "I am the Editor of *YOUNG AMERICANS*." But after the plans are carried out and the first copy of the magazine comes down still damp and smelling of printer's ink, as I begin to go over it the swelling of my head begins to reduce itself. Here I discover one failure, there another, here a place that might have been improved, there something that is positively a frightful error. And so as I go from cover to cover it seems to be full of faults, and instead of the glow of pride, I feel almost ashamed to admit that I have anything to do with the publication. Then after a while comes a feeling, "Well, I will do better next time," and pretty soon I am beginning to swell up with pride in anticipation of the wonderful next number.

Please don't let up on your criticism just because our magazine is beginning to show a little improvement. If we can't improve with each number we shall be seriously disappointed, so we need your criticisms, suggestions and advice as much as ever. We should be especially pleased to have you tell us what you think of our stories. We are arranging for a lot of new stories, and we want to be sure and get the kind our readers like best.

We wish to thank all of our readers who have sent us lists of names of young people who may be interested in our magazine. We find this an excellent means of increasing our family of readers, for our magazine is so young that lots of people have not yet heard of it, and in many cases the mere sending of a sample copy brings us a new subscriber. Send us more lists of names; for every list containing at least ten names we will send you your choice of any of our bound books which you will find advertised on another page.

A certain publisher makes a great cry over the fact that he gives no pictures or premiums with subscriptions to his magazine. His plan is to cut one-third off the price of the magazine itself and endeavor to secure long-time subscriptions. Doubtless this publisher is satisfied with his plan; but as he in his advertising seems to criticise our plan, we want to present our side of the question.

We do give pictures with subscriptions, and we thoroughly believe it is a good plan, for the following reasons: Everybody, now-a-days, wants a bargain; and there are two ways of making a bargain. One is to throw in a little something extra, and the other is by cutting the price. The other publisher believes in the cutting the price plan, and we believe in throwing in something extra.

*YOUNG AMERICANS* is fully worth its subscription price, and we would not cut this price under any circumstances; but, appreciating this bargain-loving spirit, we have a plan by which we can give a bargain and at the same time not cut our price, because we are going to get added value for the thing that we throw in. This is the way we figure that it will work:

You subscribe for *YOUNG AMERICANS* and our great picture, "Training for Greatness." When the picture comes you are naturally surprised to see that it is such a splendid engraving. You probably expected a cheap little chromo or something of the kind. But when you find that the engraving is a splendid half-tone reproduction on heavy proof paper, you immediately have the picture framed and hung on your walls. It is such a picture that it will attract attention, and a friend of yours comes into the room.

"Where did you get that picture, old man," he says.

"I got it with a year's subscription to *YOUNG AMERICANS*," you reply.

"*YOUNG AMERICANS*, what's that?"

"Why, *YOUNG AMERICANS* is one of the greatest magazines for enterprising young people in the world," you answer; or at least we hope that you will answer something to this effect.

Now suppose you have ten friends who visit you. It is not unreasonable, is it, that some of those ten are going to appreciate your recommendation and become subscribers? The fact that the picture itself is such a good one is in itself a recommendation of the magazine. At least, this is our theory, and it is working out very well, and so we shall continue to give our picture with an annual subscription at the full regular price of fifty cents.\*

A good many people are very careful about the front of their house, but extremely careless about the back yard. In magazine parlance the back yard is that part of the magazine in which the advertisements appear, and many publishers are like the careless householder. Anything is good enough for the "back yard." This is not our plan. We try to exercise especial care in our "back yard." We print some of our best features in our "back yard," and we allow no advertisement to appear that is not reliable in every particular. By the way, I trust that all of our readers will remember to mention *YOUNG AMERICANS* when writing to advertisers.

A great many of our readers have told us that "Calvin Whitney's Chance," by Norman H. Crowell, is the best story we have ever published. These readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Crowell has just sent us another story which the editor thinks "knocks the spots off" "Calvin Whitney's Chance." It will be published next month, so our readers can see whether the editor thinks rightly in the matter.

We ought to be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves if we don't make *YOUNG AMERICANS* a great success. Probably no other magazine has ever been started under more auspicious circumstances. To be sure, we don't have an awful lot of spare cash that we can use in getting expensive features and in "booming" our magazine by advertising, but we have something better than cash—experience and friends. As most of our readers are aware, the Success League is not now connected financially with the Success Company, yet the Success Company feels very friendly towards the League, and all of the employees of "Success" are taking a great interest in the new literary baby, and are giving us a great deal of valuable advice and assistance.

\*See offer on next page.

# S U C C E S S A I D S F O R Y O U N G A M E R I C A N S

**T**HE SUCCESS LEAGUE is an international federation of literary, debating and self-improvement clubs. The publishing bureau of the league furnishes all kinds of books, magazines and other things helpful to members. Many of these supplies will be found helpful to all enterprising young folks, whether they belong to the league or not. Some of these are described below.

## HAND BOOKS

Every one of our hand books is written by an expert on the subject of which the book treats. Each book is in pocket size, well printed, and bound in tough paper covers. Price ten cents each, postpaid.

**SUCCESS WINNING**, by Orison Swett Marden, editor and founder of the "Success" magazine. A boiled-down treatise by the greatest writer on success subjects in America.

**CLUB MEMBERS' GUIDE**, by Herbert Hungerford, General Secretary of the League of Success Clubs. A comprehensive guide book of untold value to everyone belonging to any kind of a society.

**AMATEUR JOURNALISM**, by Wm. Robert Murphy, one of the deans of the junior world of letters. Anyone who likes to write or to play with a printing press can not afford to be without this hand book.

**STAMP COLLECTING**, by C. E. Severn, editor of *Mekeels' Weekly Stamp News*. A book almost as valuable to the philatelist as his album or catalogue.

**SUCCESS SPARKS**, by Orison Swett Marden. A classified collection of the most inspiring mottoes and maxims in the world.

**ENTERTAINMENTS**, by Grace Whipple Hungerford. A collection of new and original social and literary entertainments, with special suggestions for programmes and entertainment committees.



**Training for Greatness**

This great picture of the youth, Lincoln, studying before the fireplace, has been pronounced the most inspiring painting of recent years. We offer a handsome half-tone engraving of this picture, on heavy proof paper, size 16 x 20 inches, suitable for framing, sent securely wrapped in heavy pasteboard tube, for 25 cents, postpaid.

## MOTTOES

printed in colors on heavy cardboard. Price ten cents each, or fifty cents per dozen, postpaid.

1. Don't wait for your opportunity; make it.
2. There is some thing better than making a living,—making a life.
3. Happiness is the echo of the pleasant words we speak to others.
4. The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world.
5. Scatter your flowers as you go, you will never go over the road again.
6. Character is the grandest thing in the world.
7. The world makes way for the determined man.
8. We get out of life just what we put into it.
9. He is the richest who enriches man, kind the most.
10. Promise little and do much.

## YOUNG AMERICANS

A monthly magazine that covers all the interests of up-to-date, enterprising young people. Splendid stories. Special departments on philately, amateur journalism, nature study, prize competitions, etc., all edited by experts. Subscription price, fifty cents a year.

## THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE

The leading home monthly of America for every member of the family. The magazine that has grown faster than any other in the country. There's a reason for its great popularity—it contains the best of everything. Subscription price, one dollar a year.

## TWO OF DOCTOR MARDEN'S BEST BOOKS

The two books described below are bound in morocco, divinity circuit, red under gold edges, printed on special imported paper. Presentation edition. Each book packed in neat pasteboard box. Price \$1.75 each, postpaid, or \$3.00 for both books, postpaid.

### PUSHING TO THE FRONT

The best book the editor of "Success" ever wrote. Full of life and inspiration from cover to cover. More interesting than fiction because it tells the romance of reality. A book that President McKinley said "should be read by every American youth." It has been translated in many foreign languages and is used as a text book in the schools of Japan. Thousands of copies sold, and just as popular to-day as ever.

### THE YOUNG MAN ENTERING BUSINESS

Dr. Marden's latest book. A practical guide to commercial success. Contains the result of the author's many years' experience in observing young men and their needs. Putting this book in the hands of any youth is like giving him an insurance policy against failure. An ideal book for a graduation present.

## SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFERS

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A six months' trial subscription to both "YOUNG AMERICANS" and "Success," with a hand book, motto or picture, .....	.60

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# YOUNG AMERICANS

New Series "Men of To-morrow"

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No. 4

## A TEST OF HONOR

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE

BY MAUD FULLER HOPKINS

"YOU realize, I suppose, the enormity of the misdemeanor with which you are charged," said Doctor Benson, tentatively.

"I think so, sir," replied the young fellow standing before him in an attitude that expressed half determination, half defiance.

"There is nothing you will say by way of refutation—denial?" asked the older man, looking at the boy keenly.

"Nothing, Doctor Benson," he replied.

"I, and all the masters as well, believe that, if you would, you could explain away this charge. We stand ready to listen to your explanation. I knew your father, Holyoke, and I am not prepared to believe that his son would do a dishonorable deed."

Doctor Benson paused, but no words came from the tightly-closed lips of Brent Holyoke.

"Have you considered what the penalty must be, since you compel us to inflict it?"

"Expulsion, sir, I suppose," answered the boy.

"Have you thought of the effect of this upon your mother, who is straining every nerve to keep you here?"

"I have, Doctor Benson, and I think she will say that I have done the only right thing." Here the firm chin quivered ever so slightly.

Again the keen eyes of the Headmaster of Heathcote School searched the face of the boy before him, but, seeing no irresolution in the grey eyes that met his unflinchingly, he turned his gaze to the papers upon his desk.

"Since you compel me," he spoke, slowly, "I must tell you that the Overland Limited leaves here for the West at nine to-night; the bus will be ready for you. Should you change your mind and decide to tell me what you know of this matter, come to me here before that hour," and he turned to his papers with a gesture of dismissal.

Holyoke saluted gravely and left the office.

"Just how much of this sense of honor among school-boys is wholesome," muttered Doctor Benson, "I am not prepared to say; it has come to the pass that a boy, to preserve his honor, will suffer expulsion and disgrace to himself and his parents for the sake of a boy who isn't even a friend; if it keeps on it will hinder justice appreciably eventually—but," he added, "you can't help admiring the fellow who has the courage to do it—and it is courage, and not bravado, with

Holyoke. This is one of the hardest things I ever did," he said, as he pulled towards himself a pad of telegraph blanks preparatory to sending a message to Mrs. Holyoke: "I believe I'll wait and see if the boy doesn't come back." And he waited, although he knew right well that the boy was not one to give in at the last, and inwardly, perhaps, he was glad that it was so.

When Brent Holyoke left Doctor Benson's office the world looked very black to him; he had done what he believed to be the only honorable thing to do, and he had come up against a blank wall beyond which he could not see; he suffered from a slight feeling of nausea, and his eyes burned like fire, although there was no suggestion of tears.

He went up to his room. In the corridor he met several fellows who greeted him with an embarrassed, exaggerated friendliness. They read expulsion in his face and were genuinely sorry, and they showed it awkwardly.

Holyoke spoke to them shortly and went on.

"If it wasn't for mother," he said, sitting down by the little window overlooking the parade ground, "everybody else might go hang, but it seems as if the blow were falling upon her, that's what I hate. A fellow doesn't want his mother to suffer for the sake of his honor," he said proudly, "and yet, if I didn't do just this, I could never look myself in the face again, and a fellow's pretty far gone who can't do that."

Then he went over all the facts again, weighing each carefully in his mind.

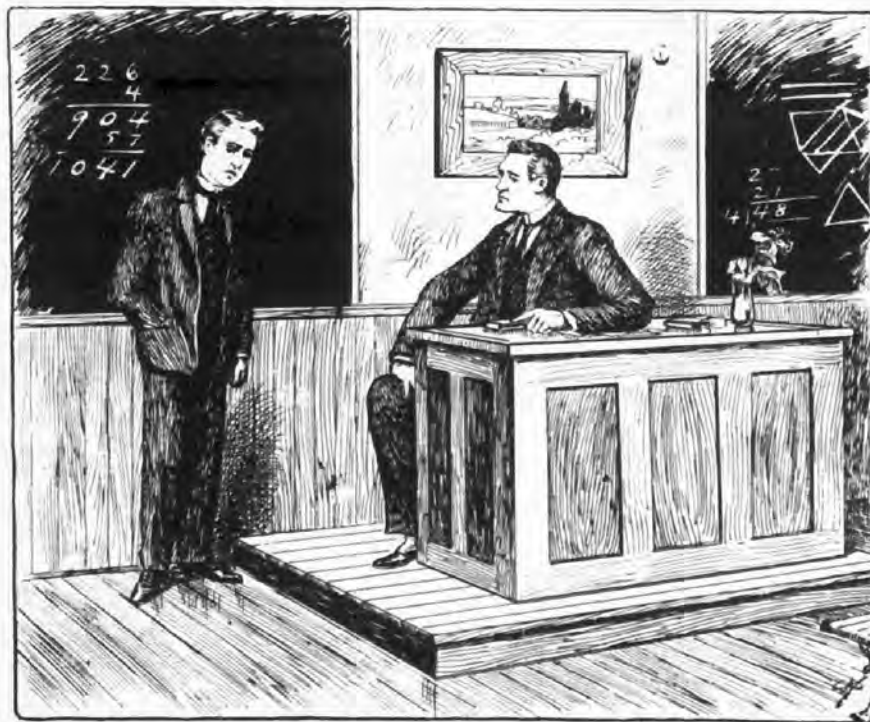
"It's a go, Doctor Benson," he said, as he arose to pull his little trunk from his

closet and to lay out his civilian's clothes.

Three days before there had sprung a report, from what source none know nor could discover, that one of the cadets of the school had been selling intoxicants from his room. The report spread like wild-fire, and it was not long before every one in the school and town had the news; even the *Times* had printed an account of it, which would send it far beyond the confines of the town.

Such a blow had never before fallen upon Heathcote School, and the masters were paralyzed, and the boys talked of nothing else. At first the culprit's name could not be ascertained, but this morning the report had gone out, as insidiously started as the first, that Brent Holyoke was the boy in question.

This reaching the ears of Doctor Benson, the boy was called into his office, where he offered no denial whatever. The



Dr. Benson paused, but no words came from the tightly closed lips of Brent Holyoke

Headmaster was nonplussed. Here was a cadet, who had come to be regarded as one of the best in school, charged with an offense of which he believed him innocent; but he assumed the guilt, and an example must be made, and he had reluctantly expelled him from his school.

Mrs. Holyoke was making enormous sacrifices in order to keep Brent in this expensive school. If Mr. Holyoke had lived five years longer he would have been reckoned among the rich ranchmen of the West, but he had died at a critical time in his affairs, leaving his wife and young son to fight out the battle alone.

They were doing it well when the time came for Brent to leave home for school. His father had graduated a captain from Heathcote School, and his ambition had always been that Brent should go to that same school, and Mrs. Holyoke had entered him that fall, although in doing so she could not see how she could possibly keep him there four years.

There were few boys in the school better born, and none better bred than Brent Holyoke. He had lived the free Western life, and had seen much of cowboys and their roughness and evil, but the keen sense of honor among them—as a class—had appealed to him and had sunk into his character, while the rest had made no impression, counteracted as it was by his home life.

From the first, Holyoke had been unpopular with a certain class of fast boys in the school. They were the boys who persistently kept up the abused system of fagging, and his unpopularity, perhaps, arose from the fact that he usually out-fagged the faggers by promptly knocking them down when they became too insolent.

At any rate, most of the cadets learned to let him alone, and a genuine admiration for him had arisen with a spontaneity customary among boys at some plucky work done by him in the famous football game of the season.

There was one, however, who was still unconquered; this was Gaynor, the richest and fastest boy in the school. Holyoke had knocked him down once too often for friendliness. That he had richly deserved it did not enter into the question.

Now, as it happened, Holyoke's good work in the game, that had turned the tide in his favor, had been done at Gaynor's expense, he having been taken out to make a place for Holyoke. So he and his henchman, Powell, withheld the admiration and adulation that the other boys gave freely, and they had been heard to threaten all sorts of dire vengeance upon the young upstart.

And now Holyoke was to be sent away in disgrace! It was incomprehensible to the boys, and they, with the masters, believed that there were extenuating circumstances that would clear him, if only he would divulge them.

As Holyoke was ostensibly packing his trunk, but really doing more thinking than packing, a knock came at the door. Several had come before, and he had admitted the boys reluctantly, for he wanted to be alone and to think; but this was different, he knew it was no cadet, and he opened the door to admit one of the younger masters, a good friend to all the boys.

"Now see here, Holyoke," he said, cheerily, "you're going to tell me what you know about this business; we haven't much time, but you begin at the beginning and tell the whole story."

"I can't do it, sir," the boy replied; "if I should tell, it would implicate others, and, you see, I can't do that."

"And you will stand by and see justice frustrated?" enquired the master.

"Never your mind about justice, Mr. Roberts, I'll see to that," replied the boy, grimly.

"But, at least, tell me," persisted Mr. Roberts; "it will do you good to tell some one, even if you omit names; can't you clear yourself without bringing others into it?"

"Impossible, sir, you may be sure that I have thought of that; but I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Roberts, I'll tell you on condition that you will tell no one, now, or after I am gone."

The master hesitated a moment, then, thinking of the two, the lesser evil was better, he replied:

"All right, Holyoke, I promise," and the two grasped hands.

"Well, it's this way," began the boy. "Gaynor and I have been pretty bitter at each other ever since I came. He has insulted me every chance he's had, and I've paid him back in my own way. Things were worse than ever after that football game."

Mr. Roberts nodded. "Well, about three weeks ago he and Powell were in the drug store down town when I was getting a prescription filled. The clerk took it, and said: 'Whiskey and quinine, is it?' and went off to put it up."

I thought no more of it. When I was nearly back at the school, the fellows came up with me and asked me, in a friendly way, if I were sick. I said that I had a little cold, and that the doctor had given me some medicine for it.

"Directly after that they began to treat me better and to come to my room occasionally. I met them half way, for I hate a row."

One night, about a week ago, they came in, and Gaynor complained of a cold, and said he'd give a quarter for some whiskey and quinine. Mine not being all taken, I gave him what was left, and they went out, and, after they had gone, I saw that Gaynor had left a quarter on my table. At first I thought I'd take it to him, and I should have done it, but I thought of the money he has to spend, and how little I have, and he had taken about half of what I had paid fifty cents for, and I kept the money and played into their hands.

You see the rest," he went on, as the master said nothing. "I can't tell the story without everybody knowing who these boys are, and I'll go home before I'll do it. It wasn't decent to take the money, anyway, and I wasn't brought up to take money for a favor, and I think it's taught me a lesson."

"My advice to you, is to go straight to Doctor Benson and tell him," said Mr. Roberts, though not very strongly. "It was a dastardly trick, and he needs punishment."

"Don't worry about his not getting it, sir," said the boy. "I'll see to that; I don't want Doctor Benson, or anybody else to administer punishment for me; I'm able to see to that."

He looked so fierce that Mr. Roberts was startled.

"Oh, never fear," laughed Holyoke, grimly, "I'm only going to give him such a drubbing before I go that the previous ones will seem like love-pats," and he fell to packing his trunk vigorously.

"It isn't much to say in a time like this, but I admire you, old fellow," said the master familiarly; "you will come out all right, but I do wish you would let me do something for you."

"It's a good deal to say, sir, and I thank you, but there's nothing you can do," and they shook hands, and the master left reluctantly.

The news of Holyoke's stand in the matter, and his expulsion travelled fast. Excitement was not rare at Heathcote that day.

His trunk was packed. He was just looking around to see if anything had been omitted; seeing nothing, he slowly sat upon the little trunk to press the lock down. He was sitting there, thinking of this ending of his school days, when a knock came again at the door. It was burst open before Holyoke had time to cry: "come in."

"I've been a blasted, blithering idiot, and worse," cried a voice; it was only the voice that Holyoke sensed, the personality of the speaker made no impression upon him.

"I want you to know that two can play at the game of honor; I've been to Doctor Benson and told him the whole story; I'm to go and you're to stay," the voice went on, "and if it isn't too much to ask, I'd like to shake hands with you before I go."

Gaynor had been gone ten minutes when Holyoke awoke to the fact that he was still sitting upon his trunk, gazing stupidly out upon the parade ground.

### YOU WILL MISS THE MARK

If your aim wavers.

If you see a bullseye like this \$.

If you don't keep your eye fixed on the mark.

If you pull the trigger before you are ready to shoot.

If you are so timid that the bang of a gun makes you jump.

If you overload by cramming your brain with too many useless facts.

If you underload by neglecting proper educational preparation.

If you do not heed, with judgment, the instructions of experienced marksmen.

If you try to follow all the rules laid down by different minded advice givers.

If you hit the bullseye once and let this cause your head to swell and become dizzy.

If you expect to become a sharpshooter without spending time and labor at target practice.

If you think you are not cut out for a marksman and give up just because your first shots go wide of the target.

If you try to hit everything by using a scattering charge of birdshot; the concentrated bullet is the only thing that will carry for a long sure shot.



# WITH THE PRIZE WINNERS

## Only Three Cartridges

A prize story, by L. S. Morton, age sixteen years, Marlboro', Massachusetts.

**O**NE DAY, while waiting for my train in the depot of a small New England town, I noticed a man enter and sit down by the stove. As he put his feet upon the fender I saw that one foot was smaller than the other and that it was also deformed and crooked.

I looked first at his foot and then at him. The contrast was so great between this big man—fully six feet tall—and the little foot that I knew that he got it by some accident, and so I was not surprised when he said, "Well, yes, there is a story goes with that foot, d'yer want to hear about it?" As I had a half an hour to wait I heard the following story:

"When I was a boy of about fifteen I went lumbering with my father, who owned a large camp in the Maine woods. I was about the camp most of the time, working around and doing odd jobs here and there, such as chopping dry wood for the cook's fire and helping him wash and wipe the dishes. When my work was done I was allowed to do what I pleased until the next day.

My favorite pastime was hunting and tramping. I had a fine Winchester rifle given to me by an old trapper just before he died. He said it shot like a bird, and I know no better way to describe it. He also gave me his stock of traps, consisting of two huge bear traps and about a dozen smaller ones. There was a large bear and his mate around the camp, and I determined to bag one if not both of them before I returned to school in the spring. So one day I started out.

I traveled along, setting my smaller traps until all at once I came to some of the largest bear tracks that I think I—or any one else—had ever seen. I followed them in and out through the woods until I came to a cave in the side of a cliff. I looked all around, neither of the bears were at home, so I hurriedly set my traps, one near the mouth of the cave and the other near a little clump of evergreens that grew close by. Then I went hoping against hope that I would bag one, if not both, of the bears that lived there. But the next day it rained and I was needed at home, so that I could not visit my traps that day, so the next I was up betimes and after my work was done started out.

It looked very much like snow when I started and father called out that I had better take my snow-shoes along, but I said that I would be back in a little while

and went along. All the trails and roadways were glare ice owing to the rain the day before, and I fell quite a number of times, but this did not dampen my ardor and I kept on.

When more than half way to my traps I saw a muskrat in the brook near by and thought I would shoot him, so I felt in my belt for a cartridge. What was my dismay when my hands struck nothing but empty loops. I had forgotten to reload my belt after I returned from my last hunting trip, and on closer examination found that I was down to three cartridges and my knife.

It had begun to snow, and I knew that if I went back father would not let me go out again in the storm, so I determined to brave it out and see if my traps had caught anything. The snow was coming thick and fast now, and I knew that I would have to make haste in order to get back before it was so deep as to make travel impossible, so I hurried on till I reached my traps.

As I looked, oh joy! there was a huge black mass in the trap nearest the cave. I stopped and shouted, but the mass did not move, and, as I did not want to waste a cartridge, I went up near enough to see that it was a big grizzly. All of a sudden with a growl he started up so unexpectedly that it scared me so that I turned to run, when suddenly there was a click and a sharp pain on my ankle that brought me to my knees, and then I realized what had happened—

I was caught in my own trap.

I yelled and called for help, but to no avail, and the pain in my ankle kept growing worse and worse until my whole leg was benumbed. Of a sudden I heard the rattle of a chain, and turned to see that the bear was slowly but surely digging up the stake which held the trap. He had been at work on it for a day and a night, so now it was pretty well cut through. I looked about for my rifle and saw it sticking in the snow at my left hand. I caught it up and hurriedly wiped it off and jammed in a cartridge just as the bear broke the chain and came lumbering toward me. With shaking hand I took aim right between the little pig eyes and pulled the trigger. If that rifle had missed fire I would not be here spinning this yarn, but the old rifle shot just as the trapper said it would, like a bird, and this time especially, for the great carcass fell over at my side—stone dead.

During this time I had not

### A MISTAKE

Prize poem by Ray Grant Noland, age 13 years,  
Chicago, Ill.

Bill Jones feels quite the biggest chump;  
I'll tell you now just why:  
He met a girl on th' darkened stairs  
And kissed her on the sly.

He thought she was the girl of girls,  
A rosebud sweet as fair;  
She thought he was the man of men,  
So really didn't care.

Bill Jones, he then fished up a match—  
Yet once again he kissed her—  
Then lit the match, and there they stood:  
Bill Jones and—his own sister!

thought of my foot in my excitement, but now sharp darting pains ran up and down my leg and it seemed as if I would faint; but I staved it off and looked for some means of escape, for the snow had been piling up and in a little while I would be frozen to death.

I reached for my knife and tried to chop the ice around the bottom of the stake, but to no avail; and I was about to give up when I turned my foot over and saw the nuts on the bottom that held the springs together. If these were off the springs would drop apart, and I would be free, but how? All of a sudden I thought of a plan. Why not shoot them off?

I jammed a cartridge into my rifle and, holding the muzzle close to my foot, pulled the trigger. When the smoke cleared away I saw that two of the nuts were gone, but there were two more and one cartridge. Could I do it?

I jammed in the last cartridge and, putting it against my foot, pulled the trigger. With the report I heard something jangle and knew that I was free once more. As I started to rise I heard voices and fell over in a dead faint.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I came to I found myself in my own bunk in the camp, with my father sitting near by. He told me, that as the storm increased and I did not return, he sent some of the men to find me; and they did find me beside one of the biggest grizzlies ever seen in those parts. That skin is now in my den at home. My foot was never set correctly, and that is what makes it look the way it does to-day. That was my first and last bear, and when I look at my foot and at the skin it reminds me of the time that I was fool enough to start out with 'Only three cartridges.'

## In a Spanish Prison

A prize story by Stanley G. Swanberg, age 13 years, Worthington, Minnesota.

My cousin, who had been a member of the 13th U. S. Infantry, which had served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, had a host of exciting tales to tell, some of which filled me with great admiration for the relator. One of his most interesting stories I take the liberty to reproduce. It ran as follows:

We were stationed about twenty-one miles northwest of Santiago. It was about the first of June and we were all planning on a way to escape the heat, which was not just to our comfort.

We were not long in camp before the news became prevalent that plans were being made to attack Santiago, which was held by the Spaniards. We were all talking about it and wishing it might happen soon and sometimes we quivered at the thought, for we were lately from the States and had not yet seen any active warfare.

We all began to think of our loved ones at home whom probably we would never see again, which made us feel rather uncomfortable, and sometimes wished we had never left them; but then the heroic spirit awakened in us and we resolved to fight for our country's honor and glory at any cost.

One day five of us were called before Gen. B—, who stated that he had an important message to Gen. W—, which must be brought at all hazard. He said that if we were afraid we didn't need to go, as there were plenty of

available men in camp. As Gen. W—'s camp was on the other side of a line of Spanish cavalry, which we would have to pass, it was pretty risky business. And when he said we didn't need to go if we were afraid we all felt ashamed, anyway I did, and we all said nothing would keep us back. He also requested us to go as near to the Spanish fortifications as we possibly could, and spy out as best we could.

Next morning early we all mounted our horses that we might return before dark. It was a long ride of fifteen miles, and as we rode over the rough unlevelled ground

we could not help but think of our good road system at home. As we approached near the Spanish camp we made as wide a berth as we could to escape detection. As we came upon the main road again about a mile back of the camp, we thought our way safe for the rest of the way and we started our horses on the trot. We had gone about a mile without speaking, when suddenly

I thought I heard the tread of horses' feet in the distance. I reined my horse, stood still and listened. My companions asked what the matter was and said it was but a fancy and rode on, leaving me behind. I rode up to meet them when they heard the steps too. They were a great deal plainer now. We all stopped awhile and as the tread became nearer they said it was but a detachment of Gen. W—'s out skirmishing. I had my doubts as to it and as we were going to move on again a band of about fifteen Spanish cavalry emerged around the curve. They seeing us gave the order to halt. We were so terrified

we did not know what to do. We all broke and ran in different directions. Then the shots rang out and my horse fell wounded and I tumbled over his head. Unfortunately I was the one that carried the despatch and when the Spaniards searched me I felt a sort of quaking. They ripped open my sleeves, lining, heels of my shoes, everywhere except the right place. The fact was that I had never thought of danger, but stuffed the despatch in my deep pants' pocket.

The searchers, who probably thought it would be put in a seam or other secret place as it usually is, swore because they had taken so much trouble when finally they found it in such an open place. The message was written in a system of stenography which the generals used in the official correspondence. My captors, who could not make it out, took me to their commander. He was a stalwart specimen of his race and demanded to know what was in the letter under penalty of being shot. I explained to him that I did not know what the characters signified any more than he did.

He finally sentenced me to prison with orders that I should not be exchanged. I was then tied to a horse and started down the road. I wondered where I was to be confined and was told that I was to be taken to Santiago. I had heard of the dreadful Spanish prisons and wished I were dead. Then I realized that I was not the first soldier who had been in prison.

My cell was a dirty little hole with but a tiny ray of light from a crevice in the top.

When the jailer left me I felt like I was being choked, the odor of filth was so strong. But I knew I had to stand it or die, so I bore it as best I could. It was so lonesome in there and I would sit in the corner and while away the



NATURE'S BEAUTY SPOT—MILTON J. HELMES, SUPERIOR, WIS., AGE 18 YEARS



dreary hours of the long days in solitude. I was continually growing weaker from the atmosphere and food, if you could call it food, which was nothing but a cup of hot water and two pieces of stale bread, which I swallowed with difficulty, a day.

Well, one morning about two weeks after I had been sentenced, I was awakened by the boom of musketry and cannon. What was the matter? From my small cell it seemed like an earthquake when a great ball of flame exploded around my habitation. I was so dazed I fell to the ground and it was several minutes before I recovered my senses. There was a great hole made in the wall of my cell by the ball, and I ventured to escape through it when a fierce looking Spaniard beckoned me back with his rifle. I hardly knew what to make of it. The cannonade became more fierce as the day advanced.

Was it true the Americans were attacking the city? The fact was after I had been confined. I thought of nothing but myself. Presently it all came back to me. I was soon justified in my belief, when with a mighty cheer the boys from the States rushed into the city. I thought I would be safe now, but as the Americans approached the Spaniards guarded the prison more zealously, and it was after quite a skirmish that we were finally liberated. I say "we," because to my astonishment a whole brigade of gaunt, feeble prisoners, many lots worse than I, issued from that merciless dungeon. I was sick for quite a time after, but I shall ever remember July 1, 1898, as one of the epochs of my life.

### An Adventure in an Ancient Tomb

A prize story by E. Darlington Van Deman, age 16 years, 158 West Central Avenue, Delaware, Ohio.

"I WOULDN'T go, Morton. There's no use. The pack will eat you up—look how they grin!"

And the speaker handed his companion a telescope.

He took it eagerly and gazed away across the wastes of sand—sand that extended until it and the azure sky met in a rosy mist. Far to the east an indistinct line of green extended. It marked the great Nile. That was all, except the spot indicated by the speaker. The object of his interest seemed to be the ruins of some ancient temple, and scarcely discernible in the shadow of it, were a troop of dusky horsemen.

"They look fierce—but the temple of Karchta, and the mystery of the affair—I'm going to investigate. The 'cinch' is: those black devils are guarding something, whatever the treasure is, and they seem to be determined

that a foreigner must keep off. Yesterday, I got off with a few scratches; yet I'm ready to risk a lot for this old temple."

"You've a lot of 'grit,' Morton," said the older boy, patting him upon the shoulder—"A whole army of 'grit.'"

The two companions were sitting partially hidden in a crevice between two huge granite slabs, that once had composed the tomb of some monarch, who had lived, enjoyed and perished.

"It's a good thing," said the one addressed as Morton, a young man of commanding appearance and a countenance of determination. Well might we describe him as a wide-awake American boy. "It's a good thing that they don't seem inclined to bother us, unless we go across the 'dead line.'" The boys had called a row of mystic, black stones, scarce a hundred yards from the ruins, the "dead line," and they were not molested by the natives except when they had attempted to investigate the ruins and crossed the "line."

The ancient temple was now the topic of speculation. No sooner had the boys discovered that it was somehow con-

nected with the mysteries of religious rites, and that it was guarded from harm by fanatics, believing that in it dwelt the spirit of Mohammed, than they set about to investigate, and in a manner disastrous to their first attempt. Now, they agreed that the affair must either be dropped or brought to a successful climax.

Morton was a young American, who had accompanied his father, an engineer, to Egypt, and had for the last year spent his life in the birthplace of civilization. He had in the course of his excursions met an English boy, Robert Goodwin, some years Morton's senior. Goodwin was a delicate and sensitive fellow, who was interested in the ruins of the Upper Nile valley and had come from England with his tutor, to gain a practical education from the material itself. However, the tutor went but infrequently with his charge, and so the young man was left, a greater part of his time, to whatever pleased him.

In the person of Morton he had found a true friend and companion—but I must tell my story.

A week after the conversation, that opened our story, had taken place, one might have seen our heroes mounted upon a couple of donkeys trotting in the direction of Karchta. The night was not dark. The stars twinkled as they have done for centuries, and the destination of our adventurers was dimly seen, ghostly and silent in the night.

"You have your pistols loaded,

have you not, Bob?" asked Morton in a whisper. "Yes," replied the English boy with a sort of husky accent. "It makes me feel queer round the stomach—going out a 'ter night like this."



TEDDY—GUESS I'LL MOUNT HIM ONCE MORE—R. V. STAMBAUGH, DEMOREST, GA., AGE 19



PHOTO BY KENNETH GODSHALL, OSHKOSH, WIS., AGE 18

They rode forward silently for a few moments, and then the hush was broken by a long-drawn wail, and a few seconds later, a will 'o wisp light twinkled for a moment, far away to the left and then faded.

"Spooks, I should judge," said Morton, laughing. "Kind of scary?"

"Yes," said Bob, his teeth chattering; but the cheerful tone of his friend reassured him, and his courage revived. "We'll smash 'em," he said.

Nothing more was seen or heard and they soon dismounted near the hiding place—the old tomb—and began to advance toward Karchta. No one hindered their progress and after a most nerve-racking crawl they reached the outer gate of the ruins. Both boys were alert, fearing an ambush; but nobody was to be seen. Everything was gloomy and mysterious. Both were affected; yet neither spoke his fears.

Having gone thro' the outer gate, they found themselves in a sort of courtyard. Ghostly piles of marble images lay everywhere in confusion. Crossing the yard they came to the temple proper. The only door opened into dungeon-like darkness.

"Come ahead," said Morton, lighting his dark-lantern. "Be careful," replied Bob, holding his revolver cocked, and nervously fingering the trigger.

The light of the lantern showed that the door opened into a stairway which led downward.

"It's sort of dark, Morton, and where are we going, anyhow?" (for the stairway suddenly curved and led into a vaulted chamber).

"I don't know," answered the American boy; "but in the words of our minister,—'It's near perdition.'"

"Look out!" he yelled to his companion; for the last step of the stairway was missing, and both boys almost fell. Jumping down they found themselves in a beautifully decorated room of large dimensions. The walls were ornamented with hieroglyphic inscriptions, and a picture representing the "Judgment of the Dead."

"I don't see anything," said Morton, "where is the mystery? This seems to have been looted."

"What are those?" said Bob, pointing to a pile of white clothes in one of the corners. "They're not ancient; sort of recent, I think."

"I have it!" said Morton jubilantly. "These must be the 'holy garments' of some of the priests of the crowd that hold this. Whu! Smell funny! Some kind of oriental perfume."

"Of course! Never thought of it!"

There were six of the garments.

"Well, I'm disappointed."

"Can't help it," his friend replied.

"Jim-in-e-e!" My study is worth something, after all. The only thing I can translate! Listen: "Open to Him—the God of Might—the star, the only One—He that was, before, The tomb of Ostis II."

The inscription was written on a large, pink marble slab, placed in the center of the floor.

"Well!" said Morton, incredulous.

"Lift it?"

"Lift what?"

"Why, this slab."

Both boys took hold, and were delighted to feel it move. Lifting it entirely off the aperture, they discovered a second stairway of stone. They were quick to explore, and when at last a second chamber was reached, an exclamation of awe and wonder came from their lips. The light from the lantern was reflected from glistening bottles and urns of glass. The side walls sparkled with rare gems in intricate patterns, and the floor was of polished onyx. In the center of it stood the sarcophagi, four of them, beautifully ornamented.

"Wonderful!" said Morton. "No man has stood in this room for centuries. Think, we are breathing the air of long ago! Will it not work some awful transformation?"

"No," said Bob, slowly—"But 'Tempus fugit.' Let us examine things and get out.

The sarcophagi were opened. They contained mummies as the boys had expected; but also rare necklaces and chains, and ornaments of gold and glass.

Then filling their pockets, they regretfully left the room, and passed without adventure to the courtyard.

"I guess it's a success," said Bob; but attempting to leave the court, a troop of dusky figures seemed to sweep upon them. A saber flashed in the moonlight. Morton leaped back; but did not lose his presence of mind. Almost instantly his pistol cracked, and with a horrible shriek, his assailant fell backward.

"Retreat to the tomb!" cried Bob, and both boys ran to the stairway. The mob followed; but did not discharge fire-arms, although all were armed.

"What does it mean?" asked Morton.

"Holy ground," said Bob, briefly—"Give it to 'em!" Whereupon the boys opened a fusilade. The desert men withdrew; but only to the outer gate.

"The Rubicon's crossed," said Morton, laconically. "Come, let's go to the second chamber. I have an idea which I think will work. First, we'll stay in the chamber all day to-morrow—I've got my watch. By letting the slab down after we're in they'll have a time finding us. To-morrow night we'll sally forth."



UNCLE SAM'S VISION

Justice: "Uncle Sam, you can and you ought to put a stop to such tyranny."—Ernest H. Baker, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

So let us leave the boys.

The following evening, the hopeful plainsmen gave one frightened look at the procession which came from the tomb; then fled in abject terror. The gods of night were upon them. Away!

And what has caused such a panic among them? From the outer gate came forth two mummies, and in their extended arms they seemed to carry the bodies of Morton and Bob; but if the plainsmen had looked closer, they would have seen that only a change of apparel had taken place. With great care, the boys had wrapped themselves with strips torn from the priests' white robes, and dressing the mummies in their own suits, had ventured forth. The moon was shining very brightly, and the sight could not be mistaken. To this day Karchta is held in respectful esteem by the natives, who keep as far away from it as possible.

Through the influence of Lord Goodwin, Bob's father, the boys were allowed to return and secure the treasure, some of which is to be found in the British Museum. The mummy Morton carried is to be seen in one of the "big" cities of the great West in our own land.

# Danny and the Runaway Automobile

A prize story by Bruce Bliven, age 14 years, Emmetsburg, Iowa.

COLONEL ROBERT HARRINGTON, U. S. V., had left his great touring car at the gate of his home for a moment while he ran up the steps to put his wife's mail in the letter box. He had left the engine going, as he always did, but he was positive that it could not have moved the car without someone to start it. His little four-year-old daughter, Mary, the pride and joy of his heart, sat on the other front seat, crooning softly to herself, but he had long ago taught her never to touch the levers and she obeyed him implicitly.

Nevertheless, as he mounted the steps his heart seemed to stop beating, for above the throb and whirl of the motor, he heard his daughter cry "Papa! Papa!" and, as he turned he saw the car moving down the broad-paved avenue, slowly at first, but gaining momentum every second. He dashed down the steps and across the lawn, and out into the road. He caught a glimpse of Mary standing up in the seat, holding out her arms to him, and he rushed madly along, shouting wildly to a group of men far down the street as he went. They ran out into the street and several attempted to catch the car as it went by. One of them

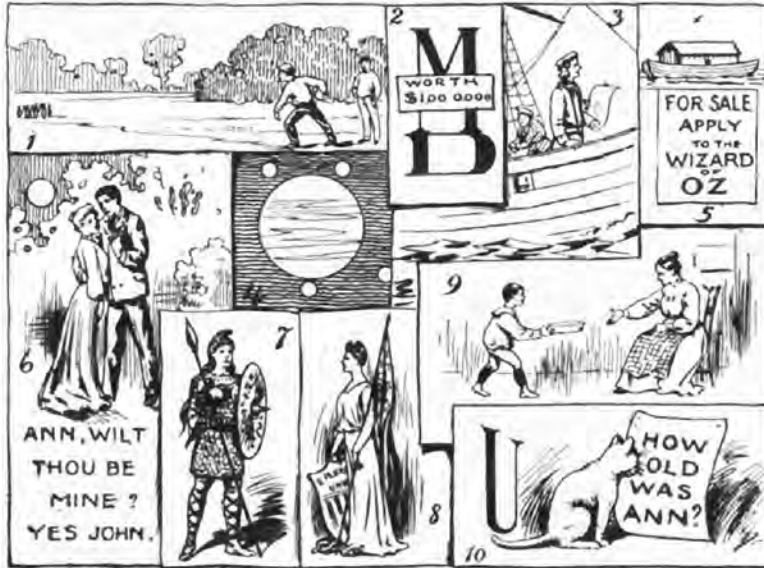
caught for an instant at the back of the tonneau, but was thrown flat on his face in the road. Straight on the auto went with terrifying swiftness, for the steering wheel had an automatic device which locked it stationary. The few people who were lingering along the avenue had hardly time to turn their heads, when warned by the roar of the motor, before the great red auto with the solitary baby

figure on the front seat shot past and disappeared in dust. Danny O'Brien, newsboy and would-be civil engineer, aged sixteen, sat on the edge of the sidewalk, which was at this place supported by posts a full six feet above the ground, about half a mile down the avenue, basking in the sunshine and whistling merrily, with his papers held in his lap. As he settled himself to a more comfortable position on the railing, he heard a sound like half a dozen bunches of firecrackers going off at once, which caused him to crane his neck quickly. Far up the avenue he saw a dust cloud with a tiny red-black dot in the center, which swelled

into the front of a great automobile tearing along at lightning speed, her exhaust grown into a continuous roar. As he looked, he suddenly saw the empty driver's seat, and caught the flutter of a white dress in the other, and then he understood.

The auto was perhaps a dozen feet from the edge of the sidewalk, and was diverging very slightly from a straight line toward the side. Only the extreme width of the avenue had prevented it from striking the side thus far, but Danny knew that if it were not stopped it would soon crash into the curb. Almost before he had thought this out he was balancing precariously on the rail along the edge of the sidewalk. Louder and louder came

the roar of the car, and then, as he stood staring at the ground at his feet it swelled to a demoniacal shriek and he caught a red glimpse. Crash! He leaped and fell flat in the tonneau. Dazed and bleeding from a cut on the face, he sprang up, climbed into the driver's seat and, although half blinded with blood, mechanically grasped the steering wheel. It stuck, but, with a prayer of gratitude for the hours of



PUZZLE PICTURES  
THE ZIG-ZAG TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

## A Zig-Zag Trip Around the World, by Chris Cross

### THIRD JOURNEY

Every month new members join our globe trotting party and they all say it beats the "Cooked Tours" all to pieces. The objection to the "Cooked Tours" is that they are all so "cut and dried" that one has no chance to exercise his originality. One knows just where he is going, just when he will get there and just what sights he will take in when he arrives. But our Zig-Zag trip is much different. It is go-as-you-please from start to finish. You have to guess where you are going and you go in a dozen different directions every week. To-day you may travel south, to-morrow northwest, and the next day due west.

The pictures take the place of our guide book and chart. Each picture represents a stopping place; most of them being cities, although we occasionally put in a state, a lake, a river or mountain or some noted historical spot, just to make the trip more interesting. It will be quite easy to guess the pictures this month, because we are giving the answers to the pictures in our first journey.

In sending your answers be sure to observe the rules governing all our competitions, not forgetting to mention your age and to write plainly. First solve the puzzle pictures and write the names at the top of your paper, numbering each name to correspond with the picture it represents. Then write a description of any of the places represented by any picture in less than fifty words. Use only one sheet of paper and write on one side only. Five prizes will be awarded the same as in all other contests.



1. Newark



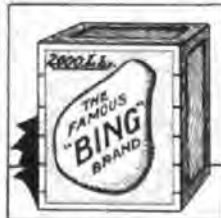
2. Delaware



3. Williamsport



4. Buffalo



5. Binghamton



6. Kingston



7. Rutland



10. Salem



9. Mt. Tom



8. Concord

study which had made him familiar with the workings of all kinds of engines, he released the brake and gave the wheel a half turn. As he did so one of the hubs scraped the projecting edge of the sidewalk. Carefully he shut off speed and turned around and started back, while little Mary, awed into silence by realization of her danger, watched him with tear-filled eyes, and he smiled down on her, finding no words of reassurance.

The Colonel hurried on down the street after the car had disappeared over a slight rise, though he had little hope of the child's life being saved, except by a miracle. As he reached the top of the little hill, some four blocks away, a touring car like his own laboriously panted up the hill towards him. Blinded by tears, he was about to hurry past, when he heard a voice cry "Papa!" And then, with delirious joy, he lifted his daughter down and hugged her to his breast.

A disreputable-looking boy, his face covered with blood, reluctantly let go of the steering wheel and climbed down. Steering an auto is great sport.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Daniel O'Brien is now a student at a large Mechanical and Engineering College.

## An Unusual Adventure

A prize story by John E. Guernsey, age 12 years, Norwalk, Connecticut

EARLY in the fall of 1902 I was rowing on one of the Connecticut's small mill-ponds, when my one oar dropped from my hand into the water. At first I thought I would wait until some one should see me from the shore, or for the boat to drift ashore. But the boat was not inclined to drift, and nobody came my way. I wondered why the boat did not move away but seemed to keep going around in a circle, and where the oar seemed to have gone. I found out later. Then I resolved to swim ashore. I threw off my clothes and jumped in, but though I tried to get to the top, I seemed to be carried downward. Then I remembered. Below the dam stood a small mill, run by water power. So as to get enough power out of less water the owner had put a pipe through the dam, leading into the middle of the pond. The water rushing into this pipe caused a whirlpool. This was the cause of the boat's rotary movement, of the oar's disappearance, and of my going under. It all came back like a flash then. I wondered if the pipe was large enough to let me through. If not, my fate was sealed, and by only merest chance could my life be saved, if it was. Then I felt my feet strike something. It was the pipe! Naturally I grasped for something to hold on to, and got hold of an old water-soaked stump. I was now entering the pipe, and seeing that the stump came with me, let go. The

stump coming in lengthwise, did not shut off much water. I thought I had been down there for hours and wondered how long it would be before I would drown. The slimy walls seemed like snakes, and all manner of reptiles as I glided past. Everything seemed horrible. My foot struck something, it was where the pipe had been put together and had got marked. If I could get the stump turned around and have it catch it would stop the force of the water. I began tugging and it swung around and caught. This lowered the water so that I could

breathe, and only enough ran through to carry me to the end of the pipe, and drop me into the arms of the mill-tender who had come to see what stopped the mill. Then I fainted. When I came back to consciousness I was in my bed with the doctor bending over me. I was probably not in the water much over a minute, but it seemed like hours. I have never been on that pond again.

\* \*

## The Award of Prizes

OUR first prize contest developed in a very eccentric fashion. At the beginning there were so few entries that we had some fears that the competition would not be a first rate success. This caused us to repeat the announcement and extend the time. Yet there was one other peculiar thing about this competition, and that was the fact that in the handicraft and entertainment contests there were not enough entries to make it a competition. In the handicraft there were only three entries, and in the entertainment, there were only five entries. Of course with these few entries it could not be a competition, therefore we have made no awards in the handicraft and entertainment contests and have withdrawn them from our list. At first we thought of making the awards, but we learned that the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a magazine which probably conducts more contests than any other publication in this country, never makes awards in contests unless the merit of the entries justifies such action. This rule also applies with a number of other magazines, and so with this precedent before us, we decided to withhold the awards in these particular contests. In all of the other contests, however, there were a splendid list of entries; so many, in fact, that it was very difficult for the judges to select the prize winners.

Our readers understand, doubtless, that in judging a contest, a great many things are considered, not only the literary merit of the article and its originality, but also the ages of the contestants. This will explain why a story by a competitor nineteen years of age may be a little better than one written by a competitor of twelve years of age, and still win a smaller prize.

## COMPETITIONS

**SHORT STORY**—Tell a story in which some kind of an athletic game is a part of the plot. The story may be either true or imaginary and should contain less than 2000 words.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**—Subject, Athletic Sports.

**DRAWING**—Subject, Flowers.

**POETRY**—A humorous poem on any subject. Must not contain more than five verses.

### PRIZE AWARDS

Five prizes are awarded in each contest, the same to be selected from our reward list, which will be sent to anyone on request. First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

### SPECIAL CONTESTS

We will award a five point prize from our regular reward list to each person who sends a photograph, drawing or article that is accepted and printed in any of the following contests:

1. A wild animal photograph.
2. A cartoon on any topic of current interest.
3. An original joke or funny anecdote.
4. A description of any article of handicraft that can be easily constructed by any ingenious boy or girl. Illustrate with drawing or photograph, if possible.

### AD-WRITING CONTEST

For every original design of any advertisement that is considered good enough to print we will award a five point prize, and we will award a free scholarship in any correspondence school advertised in *YOUNG AMERICANS*, to the person who submits the six best advertisements in our Ad-Writing Contests, before January, 1905.

#### \* READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All readers are eligible to these competitions; but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in black,—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled in tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than twelve inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, June 10, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in the July issue of *YOUNG AMERICANS*.

All articles for prize contests should be addressed, *YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITIONS*, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

List of Prize Winners

Look Out for the Rules

**SHORT STORY.**—First prize, L. S. Morton, age sixteen years, Marlboro, Massachusetts; second prize, John E. Guernsey, age twelve years, 35 West Main Street, Norwalk, Connecticut; third prize, Bruce Bliven, age fourteen years, Emmetsburg, Iowa; fourth prize, Stanley G. Swanberg, age thirteen years, Worthington, Minnesota; fifth prize, E. Darlington Van Deman, age sixteen years, 158 West Central Avenue, Delaware, Ohio. Special, Frank S. Hazen, age fifteen years, Rib Lake, Wisconsin.

**POETRY.**—First prize, Alice F. Grandy, age fourteen years, 4135 Evans Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; second prize, Ray Grant Noland, age thirteen years, 792 N. 40th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; third prize, Roy Martin, age sixteen years, Darlington, Wis.; fourth prize, J. Clark Bills, age seventeen years, Farmer, N. Y.; fifth prize, Emanuel Geiger, age sixteen years, Cleveland, Ohio.

**DRAWING.**—First prize, Rex V. Stambaugh, age nineteen years, Demorest, Ga.; second prize, E. H. Baker, age fourteen years, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; third prize, Henry E. Hendrickson, age thirteen years, Thompson, Ia.; fourth prize, Jas. Bertram Hills, age fifteen years, Vernon, N. Y.; fifth prize, Carl R. Toner, age fifteen years, 9 Fern Street, Auburn, Me. Special, Robert A. Lufburrow, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.; H. Donley Barr, age seventeen years, Turbotville, Pa., and Will Fanning, age sixteen years, 1108 Trumbull Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

**PHOTOGRAPY.**—First prize, A. Mildred Kerner, age fifteen years, Chester, Orange County, N. Y.; second prize, Milton J. Helmes, age eighteen years, 5414 Cummings Avenue, Superior, Wis.; third prize, Jessie Tooke, Sheridan, N. Y.; fourth prize, Ed. T. Rose, age seventeen years, Claremore, Ind. Terr.; fifth prize, Henry K. Mohler, age sixteen years, Ephrata, Pa.

**DEBATING.**—First prize, Fred B. Shoemaker, age sixteen years, Washington, Ia.; second prize, Lilla A. Greene, age eighteen years, 4 Abbott Street, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; third prize, Douglas E. MacVannel, age fifteen years, Box 295, St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada; fourth prize, A. G. Rohlinger, age fifteen years, 220 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; fifth prize, David M. Landis, age eighteen years, New Danville, Pa.

**PUZZLE.**—First prize, Amy O. Norris, age twelve years, 65 Perry Avenue, Corning, N. Y.; second prize, Crawford C. Kidd, age sixteen years, 602 W. 12th Street, Wilmington, Del.; third prize, E. M. Geiger, age eighteen years, New Market House Barber Shop, Cleveland, Ohio; fourth prize, F. M. Myers, age fifteen years, 11 Union Street, Bennington, Vt.; fifth prize, Ed. T. Rose, age seventeen years,

We have a letter from one of our competitors from which we make a few quotations:

"I think since I have been a steady competitor in your competitions it is about time I obtained one. I look at my stories and the ones that get the prizes, and I cannot see where theirs is better."

Now the writer who makes this complaint writes his letter on both sides of the paper, and his article was also written on both sides of the paper. For this one reason

alone his article would not receive consideration, because we receive so many articles that it is absolutely impossible to look them over and make the awards when they are written on both sides of the paper. Moreover, this writer wants us to use a *nom de plume*, which is also against our rules. Two of the puzzle contestants obtained the correct answers and would have been awarded prizes, but for the fact that they neglected to put their ages upon their articles. As anyone can see, it would be unfair to the other competitors for us to award a prize to anyone whose age we did not know. We sometimes,

however, award special prizes in such cases, but always award the full number of regular prizes.

A number of the competitors request us to criticise their articles and to tell them how they could be improved and also why they do not win prizes. We regret very much that we are unable to comply with the wishes of these writers; but when you stop to consider the fact that we receive hundreds of articles, you can see how impossible it would be for us to give personal criticism to each article.

Some of the contestants also want us to return their articles. This is another thing that is impossible for us to do, and we cannot return any articles submitted in the prize contests, except in cases of photographs and drawings. If you wish to submit your article somewhere else you should make a copy of it, and then if it does not win a prize you can submit it elsewhere; but please remember that if you send an article in any of our contests you will not get it back even though you enclose stamps. You may think this a strange rule, but you would understand it if you had charge of looking over the stacks and stacks of articles that are entered in the competition.

stacks and stacks of articles that are entered in the competition.

The Success League Convention at the St. Louis Fair, September 15, will not be exclusively for members. "The more the merrier" is our motto, and we want every reader of **YOUNG AMERICANS** who can get to be with us. Write to the General Secretary about it.

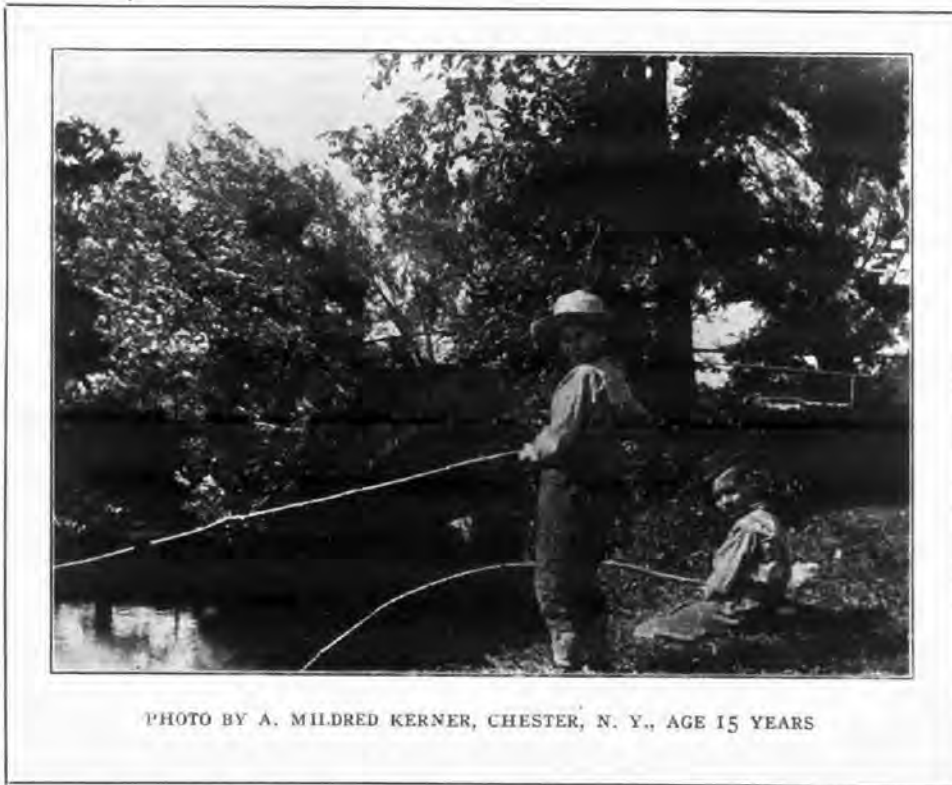


PHOTO BY A. MILDRED KERNER, CHESTER, N. Y., AGE 15 YEARS



"I guess I'll have to hurry, we may need this after awhile."—by Henry E. Hendrickson, Thompson, Pa., Age 13.

# ARE YOU AIMING AT THE RIGHT MARK?

A HOW-TO-WIN TALK

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Editor and founder of "Success" and author of "Pushing to the Front," etc.

"Life is an arrow, therefore thou must know what mark to aim at, how to use the bow, then pull it to the head and let it go."—VAN DYKE.

THE LIFE follows the aim. Purpose is the leader which all the other faculties follow as the flocks of wild birds follow their leader. The direction of the aim determines the direction of the life.

No youth ever accomplishes much without an all-absorbing purpose; and the direction of the aim is everything. It determines the quality of the life. If the needle of your purpose points to money only, the best part of the man—that which is noblest and grandest in him—will be paralyzed, the finest in him will be strangled. For money-getting develops the coarser, the brutal, the grasping, greedy side of the man.

If the aim is turned wholly towards knowledge, the scholar becomes wrapped up in himself, becomes selfish. He may become educated, he may become a great scholar; but if he will be cold, unsympathetic, because he is shut out from his fellow men.

If the aim is turned towards usefulness, if the object is not only to make a living, but to make a life, then all that is best, truest and noblest in the man will unfold. The life will expand and broaden until it reaches its highest expression.

\* \* \*

My young friends you cannot go very far in life with any safety without a fixed aim. Supposing the great ocean liners should start out from New York without any definite port in view! What would you think of the captain who would tell you, when you asked him where he was going, "Oh, I am not quite sure yet. I am going to start out with full steam and make the best time possible. I shall run into the most favorable harbor. This deciding on a port before you start is not a good plan, for we might change our minds. We might run into a storm or come across icebergs and want to change our course, or we might find that some other harbor than that determined upon would be better. So we are going to keep ourselves free. We do not want to tie ourselves up by any particular schedule to run into any special harbor, for when we reach there, the market might not be as good for our cargo as in some other port, and we should suffer loss."

You say that nobody but a fool would start out on any such voyage. But you, my aimless friends, are doing the same thing with a ship far more important than the ocean liner. You started out of the harbor when you left school or college, and some of you have reached middle life and later without a definite harbor in view. You have just been drifting, drifting all these years. First you taught school a while, then you studied law a little until it went hard, perhaps you tried clerking in a store, running a hotel, a little farming; but you have never yet settled with clenched teeth and a determined purpose which knows no retreat, toward the goal you would reach at any cost.

\* \* \*

More than half the world is adrift. Everywhere we see men and women in middle age and even gray-haired people who have not yet found their places, their work, who have no settled aim, no definite purpose in life.

What a pitiable thing it is to see thousands of bright young men and young women in this land of magnificent opportunities drifting aimlessly about, without purpose, without striking any permanent occupation or career. Is it not a sad plight to see men in middle life or later ever shifting about from one thing to another, throwing away the results of their experience in one occupation and entering something new, where they cannot use much of what they have learned before, always laboring under a disadvantage, having to begin over again every time they change their vocation, not taking advantage of the accumulated experience or momentum which they gained in their last job. Everything they do has to be done by main force; there is nothing back of them to push them along.

The shrewd man wants to take advantage of every bit of experience, of every false step, every mistake. He wants to avail himself of this accumulated reserve so that it may add to his momentum in a single line of endeavor so that he will lose nothing back of him. For he knows that every time he changes his vocation he throws away valuable experience which he can never utilize to advantage in anything else.

The drifters in America would make an army infinitely greater than Grant or Napoleon ever saw.

Fix your floating life the first thing you do. Do not drift any longer. Do not float about in an aimless sea without rudder, without purpose,

without compass. Have a clear aim, a definite purpose which will give color, direction, solidity, dignity to your life. And when you have an aim, cultivate it, nurse it, never leave it no matter how dark the outlook.

\* \* \*

Even a temporary purpose, if you cannot decide upon a life aim, will help you wonderfully. It will completely transform your lagging faculties. Supposing you have nothing especial to do on any particular day, no object, no aim in view. You rise in the morning wearily, you feel exhausted, your animal spirits are down, and you have no ambition for anything.

If you ask the aimless man why he never does this or that, he will tell you that he don't feel like it. People without purpose never feel like it. It is the purpose that arouses the faculties and makes them feel like it.

Supposing that on the day you have no object in view, nothing to do and your spirits are all down, you receive a telegram to attend during the day, or during the evening some important function, or to meet some important personage. Instantly everything is changed. New life, new energy has come from somewhere to you, and your mental and physical forces are all ready for action, when, perhaps, an hour before everything within you was at a low ebb and you were drifting. Perhaps it was even a burden for you to move about. All at once there is elasticity in your step, there is fire in the dull eye, there is a new light in the face because there is a purpose back of it.

If a little temporary purpose will thus work such a change in you, what shall we say of the great life purpose, that one unwavering aim which would lead the life and marshal all the faculties into line in their consummate action.

\* \* \*

The first thing in life is to be actuated by a mighty aim, by an all-absorbing purpose which interweaves all the otherwise scattered powers and makes them into a mighty cable of purpose and power.

It is no effort to work when the purpose takes the drudgery out of the task. It is a pleasure to feel all of one's faculties and powers tugging away at the life purpose. Everything seems to want to help you when you have an aim.

But there is no leader in the mental realm when there is a confession of a lack of order and purpose. Then anarchy reigns everywhere.

If we analyze the failures of those who are side-tracked in life's great army, we shall find that the great life's purpose has faded out, the edge is off the ambition, the aim with which they started out has oozed out, the zeal has vanished, the enthusiasm evaporated. And is there a more hopeless creature in the world than the man who has lost his aim? He is a ship without rudder, drifting hither and thither, the victim of the currents or winds. It is the purpose which gives the zest, the power, the efficiency, the stability.

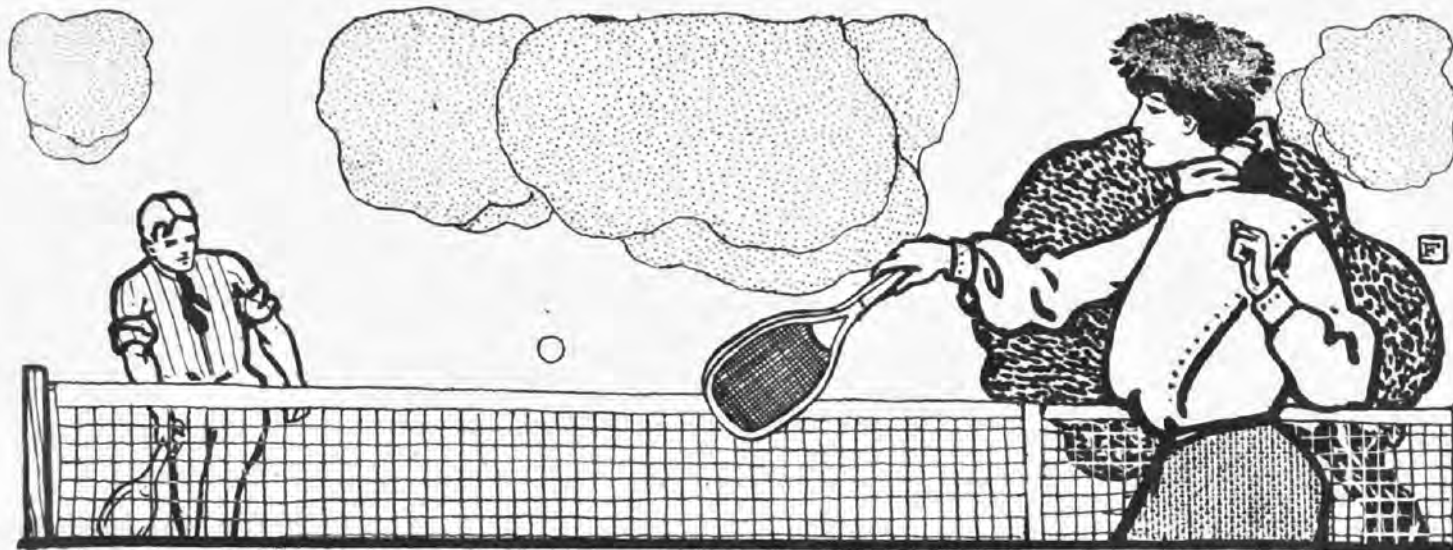
\* \* \*

There is little hope for the youth without an all-absorbing aim, a determination to be something in particular, not something in general. The man with a soul consuming passion for a special mission will generally find a way no matter how thick the obstacles, how threatening the obstructions.

There is nothing which gives such a zest to the life as a clean-cut purpose. It is like a river running through a valley which gives circulation and direction to the water which would otherwise remain stagnant in pools and swamps, and which but for this outlet would swarm with pestilence and all sorts of vermin. The purpose clears up the life swamp, gives direction and meaning to all efforts.

The purposeless life becomes demoralized. There is no aim, no effort, no direction of energy, and the pools of idleness become filled with the fatal enemies of success and happiness. There must be an aim which shall dominate the life, or there will be no health, no harmony, no unity, no efficiency.

How often we see an aimless, apparently dull ambitious youth instantly transformed as if by magic when he has found his place. When he feels a definite purpose stirring within him, dominating his mind, he is a new creature. Everything that slept before has awakened to new life. He no longer dawdles. His work is no longer irksome, for purpose removes the thorns from his task, and takes the drudgery out of it.



# A T H L E T I C S

**W**E SEEM to have hit the mark when we decided to conduct a series of prize competitions in our athletic department. This is evidenced by the fact that we are receiving numerous entries in these competitions, and a good many of our readers have sent us words of praise for the plan. But, of course, in order to make the competitions a thorough success we need to have the co-operation of every reader who cares anything at all about athletics.

Next winter we shall probably give some good articles on physical culture and plans for gymnasium work, but from now until November we are going to boom our prize competitions for all they are worth.

It may be that some of our readers are not particularly interested in athletics themselves; but every reader surely knows a lot of boys who would be interested in athletics, so please call their attention to our prize contests.

## BASEBALL STILL THE LEADER

Of course the big event is our baseball contest, and we shall continue to make this our leader until football time. We thoroughly believe in the great American game, and we are anxious to do everything in our power to encourage interest in baseball, and also to work against what we consider a deteriorating influence; namely, the influence of too much professionalism. The editor of *YOUNG AMERICANS* likes to occasionally occupy a seat among the "rooters" at games of the great national leagues; but he takes a great deal more interest in games of amateur teams. We believe, also, that there is too great a tendency for us to hire people to amuse us; and we should feel sorry for any boy who would rather pay fifty cents to see a game between the New Yorks and Bostons than to participate himself in a match game of amateurs. For this reason we have not offered money prizes, but instead, an amateur pennant, which we hope will be more sought after and will afford greater pleasure to the winners of the championship than any amount of cash.

Each of our pennants is made of a first-class quality of blue bunting, embroidered in gold-colored silk with the words as given in next column above.

The name of the club winning the pennant will be embroidered in any color selected by the prize winners.

We award one of these pennants to every club which wins the great-

est percentage of games during the season, playing at least ten match games, and competing with at least two other nines.

Our object in planning these contests is to encourage high school teams and other amateur athletic club teams to play match games in series; that is, to get out a regular schedule of games with neighboring teams. In other words, we hope to encourage the formation of a number of amateur

YOUNG AMERICANS  
BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP  
WON BY  
THE KIT KAT CLUB  
1904

leagues, each league containing three or more teams. It will be best, however, to limit the number of teams in the league to ten.

For the benefit of our readers who did not note the contest last month, we are repeating the rules. We call attention, however, to one change in these rules; namely, that the time of enrollment has been extended to July 15th.

## RULES OF CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

1. All championship games must be reported to *YOUNG AMERICANS* on special blanks provided for this purpose.
2. Not more than ten clubs in a group may enter in competition for a pennant.
3. Any club competing for a pennant must play at least ten games, the rules of each game to be the same as those governing the National League.
4. At least three clubs in any group of clubs competing for the pennant must be enrolled on the regular entry blanks provided by *YOUNG AMERICANS*.
5. Enrollment must be made before July 15. The contest will be closed September 10, and all reports must be received before September 25. The awards will be announced in the November number of *YOUNG AMERICANS*.
6. The reports of all contests must give the names, the ages and the average weight of the competing

### Entry Blank for Athletic Competitions

EDITOR ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT  
"YOUNG AMERICANS"  
University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York

DEAR SIR:

I enclose.....cents, for which please send me all necessary printed matter for entering the athletic competitions noted below.

.....  
.....  
.....

(Signed).....

.....  
.....

Age .....

teams, and the judges will throw out all games in which there is an unreasonable difference between the ages of the competing teams.

7. The pennants will be awarded October 20.

8. Sportsmen of national reputation will be selected as judges for these contests. The names of the judges will be announced later.

**HOW TO FORM A LOCAL AMATEUR LEAGUE**

Of course, the first thing is to organize your own nine. It is unnecessary to tell any young American how to get up a baseball nine. All that is to be done is to get nine or ten fellows together who can play the game and elect a captain and manager. But organizing of the league is a little more complicated. The first thing is to get a list of several different nines. Then a meeting should be called of the managers and directors of these nines, and plans should be talked over of forming a local league. When it has been decided that it will be the best thing to form a league, a committee should be appointed to draw up a set of resolutions or constitution governing the league. The points covered in this constitution should be the number of games to be played, the amount of the entry fee, the duties of officers, pennant awards, official umpires, schedule of games, etc. It will be a good plan for those forming an amateur league to get a copy of the rules of the National Leagues, which appear in "Spaulding's Official Baseball Guide." If you can not get a copy of this guide from your local dealer, YOUNG AMERICANS will send you a copy for ten cents, post paid.

**HOW TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION**

We give on another part of the page an entry blank which should be filled out and sent to us by anyone who wishes to organize a local baseball league. Please mention the probable number of teams that the league will contain, and also the probable number of games that will be played. We will send a sufficient quantity of entry blanks so that each of these teams may be duly entered and the games played may be duly reported to headquarters.

**KITE FLYING CONTEST**

Our kite flying contest is almost as popular as our baseball competition. Being an individual contest, it allows of a great number of entries, since anyone who can fly a kite is eligible to the contest. The competition was opened April first, and will close October 15th. Competitors may try as often as they choose.

Five prizes are to be awarded, the same to be selected from the YOUNG AMERICANS Reward List. These prizes are articles of merchandise, including cameras, guns, books, printing outfits, musical instruments, etc. This Reward List will be sent on request.

**RULES OF KITE CONTEST**

Kites must not be up less than one hour, and must not use less than twenty yards of twine.

A competitor may try as often as he pleases; but to file each claim he must fill out the following blank taken from a copy of YOUNG AMERICANS.

This is to certify that I have this day flown a YOUNG AMERICANS kite, using ..... yards (or feet) of twine, and that I kept the kite up for ..... hours and ..... minutes.

Signed,

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

My age is ..... years.

Witness:

.....

Parent or Teacher.

Date .....

In case of a tie, the prizes will be equally divided among those attaining the highest and longest flights, above the limits fixed in our offer.

Prizes will be awarded to those who attain the highest and longest flights.

**HOW TO ENTER THE COMPETITION**

Fill out the regular entry blank in our athletic competitions, stating that you wish to enter the Kite Flying Contest. Enclose ten cents and we will mail you a paper kite form containing full directions for making and flying the kite.

**NATURE AND SCIENCE**

**TRUE FISH STORIES**

**A NATURE STUDY ARTICLE, BY HENRY S. HOOKER**

Most of us would be surprised if not greatly startled to see a fish climb a tree, and equally so to see a bird fly under water. The majority of people would be very much inclined to doubt the veracity of any person who would claim to have witnessed any such performance.

However, a fish that climbs a tree is not engaged in a greater feat than a fish that flies; it sounds more absurd, but that is all. That a fish should launch itself out of its native element and fly through the air, would seem like a most unbelievable performance were we not so familiar with the fact; and even as it is, when we see one in flight above the white-capped waves, it is hard for us to realize that the creature is a fish and not a bird. It becomes still harder to realize it when we see a whole school of flying fishes, and when on their travels through the air they come aboard ship—as they often do—we are ready to run forward, and, by personal observation, see for ourselves whether, after all, the new passenger be bird or fish. True, they do not fly so very far, not more than five hundred yards, but then it is flight, and flight is what we do not expect to see in a fish. It is the unexpected, however, that is always happening. We

would hardly expect to see a bird walk and run upon the water, and yet this is a common occurrence on the great Atlantic. I have seen thousands and thousands of jolly little birds running over the ocean highway with all their might. They take a thorough delight in "climbing up the ever climbing wave." Old ocean is never too rough for them, and when the waves are the highest and the white caps the whitest, the stormy petrel is the merriest. It is in its element in the storm and in the mad tossings of the deep when nearly all but it are in trembling fear.

Very much more wonderful, but little known, is the water ousel, a bird which at first fairly thrilled the naturalists by flying not only above, but under the water; and, as if to completely bewilder them, by running along on the sandy bottom of the deep stream. They were not less astonished when they discovered that it was a habit of this bird to build its nest in the rocky recess just back of and under a waterfall, so that to get to and from its brood it had to fly through the leaping water.

Sometimes it looks as though the birds and fishes had decided to exchange occupations for awhile. For instance: We were brought up

to believe that the building of nests belonged exclusively to the birds. Now we know that there are a number of fishes that build nests, not less wonderful in their construction than those made by the feathered architects. One of the principal nest-builders among the fishes is the ordinary stickleback. He builds a lovely little nest. I say he, because it is always the male stickleback that rears the house. Instead of collecting hay and twigs for this purpose, as do the birds, he begins by biting off small pieces of aquatic plants and carries them to the site he has selected. The first pieces he places in an upright position to serve as pillars, then he brings other pieces and glues them to the first with a natural glue which he secretes. To keep it from rising to the surface, he weights the house with tiny pebbles, and after varnishing the inside of it thoroughly with glue, so that it looks as though veneered, the nest is completed, and all ready for the female to enter and deposit her eggs. Our common sunfish, which must be familiar to everybody, also builds a nest. The lamarey eel builds a nest of stones, and when, as often happens, an eel gets a stone too large for it to

(Continued on page 120)



# THAT FELLOW FROM UP STONY CREEK

A Serial Story in Five Parts

BY ARTHUR J. ARMSTRONG

PART THREE

For weeks after Jerry's ignominious failure as a speaker the students nicknamed him "The Minority." On every hand he was greeted with the question in resounding tones, "What is a Minority?" But the good-natured way in which he took their chaffing did more towards winning him friends than anything he had done since his arrival at the academy.

Weston being such a small village, all news, even of small importance, was discussed by all the townspeople. Just a few days after Jerry's recitation—or rather his attempt to recite—Lawyer Stevens, having heard of the affair, attempted to chaff Millie about it. Millie had told her mother of Jerry's conversation with her on the evening of the Clonian reception, and, of course, Mrs. Stevens repeated it to her husband, therefore the lawyer knew something of Jerry's aspirations towards the profession of law.

"Well, my girl," said Mr. Stevens, as they were seated around the tea-table one evening, "I see that your friend, the future statesman from Stony Creek, made his maiden speech the other day. It was what might be called a noble effort, I understand; in fact, if the accounts are true, there was more effort than there was speech."

"Something like your address to the jury in the case of Barcus vs. Benson, was it not, Pa?" interjected Mrs. Stevens, mildly. Mr. Stevens grinned rather sheepishly at this remark, but replied:

"I admire your memory, Jane, but I guess that young Todd's speech was worse than mine. I did make a speech, even if I did get some things mixed up, and all young Todd did was to repeat the first line of his speech several times."

"It was awful funny," admitted Millie, laughing at the recollection. "First he whispered 'What is a Minority?' so low that you could hardly hear him, and then he yelled it so loud that it made the window-panes rattle, and kept on repeating it until finally the professor told him to stop. I was awfully sorry for him, yet I couldn't have kept from laughing if it'd saved my life. But, what do you think, papa," she added with much animation, "Jerry has entered the King Oratorical Contest."

"For mercy's sake," ejaculated Mrs. Stephens, "what is the poor boy thinking of? It is bad enough for him to get up and make himself look ridiculous before the pupils, but at the prize contest everyone will be there, and all the people will think he is a perfect fool. But Professor Morrie won't let him do it, will he?"

"Can't help himself," replied the lawyer. The King Oratorical Contest is not conducted under the school management, and so the professor doesn't have any jurisdiction in the matter. You see, when Dr. King established the fund for the oratorical contests he fixed a rule that any students of the academy could enter it. It is a good rule, and I am glad the young fellow entered it. It shows that he has got the right kind of spunk, and I won't be surprised a whole lot if he wins the \$50 prize, too. I tell you, it takes grit to win nowadays—you remember that Jim Snow who used to go to school with us—boys used to call him 'Boney'—and here the lawyer carried the conversation away into reminiscences of his youthful days.

But Jerry's action in entering the prize contest excited comment in many circles, and opinions generally coincided with

that of Mrs. Stevens. It seemed almost absurd that he should think of such a thing after the abject failure of his first attempt to make a speech.

It especially rejoiced Jack Saunders, who had also entered the contest. That Jerry had the slightest chance of winning seemed to him an utter impossibility; but there were various reasons why he thought he himself would win the prize. He was naturally a good speaker, and, as he possessed a good opinion of himself, there was no danger of his being abashed by the audience. In fact, he already counted his victory over Jerry as an assured thing, and, as he thought this would give him the revenge he was seeking, he relaxed his efforts to a certain extent in trying to devise means for annoying Jerry. Still he resented Jerry's friendship with Millie, and was all the more angry over it because he himself had, in his attempt at a practical joke, brought about the friendship. He finally devised a plan which he thought would "kill two birds with one stone." It would not only cause Jerry a great deal of annoyance, but it would probably break up his friendship with Millie.

Professor Morrie, although a teacher much beloved, was a strict disciplinarian and, like most all teachers, there were some misdemeanors of pupils which he viewed with especial displeasure. His pet abhorrence was the silly flirtations among the older pupils, and the passing of notes he regarded as almost a crime.

Jerry did not know of the Professor's attitude in this matter, so one day, when he happened to find a note on the floor near his desk and addressed to Millie Stevens, he picked it up and considered himself duty-bound to deliver it to her. Shortly after picking up the note he went to recitation, and in so doing he passed by Millie's desk and handed her the note without any attempt to conceal his action. The act did not escape the eye of the professor, who immediately said, sternly:

"Miss Stevens, bring me that note at once."

At first Millie hesitated, and thought of tearing up the note and braving the professor's anger. She, herself, was very angry at Jerry for bringing her the

note, but as she hesitated the professor repeated his command, and through the force of habit of obedience she carried the note to him before she could muster up courage to tear it up. Millie returned to her desk, blushing with shame and anger and refusing to look in Jerry's direction, while Jerry did not understand the turn of affairs and stood in open-mouthed amazement looking more gawky than ever.

The professor took the note, tore it open, glanced through it, and then his face clouded with anger.

"Mr. Todd, you may go to your seat," said he to Jerry. "I wish to see you and Miss Stevens in my office as soon as school is dismissed."

Poor Jerry stumbled to his seat, wondering what in the world had happened, but without the slightest idea of why either the professor or Millie were angry.

When the rest of the pupils were gone and the professor was alone with the two culprits, he took the note from his pocket and, turning to Miss Stevens, said with bitter sarcasm:

"I fear, Miss Stevens, that I interrupted this note before you had the pleasure of learning of the tender message it contains. Of course I will not deprive you of this pleasure," and he handed Millie the note. As she read it her blushes



THE SCHOOL WHICH JERRY FIRST ATTENDED—DRAWN BY RAYMOND VON BRUNN, AGE 14, ST. LOUIS, MO.

grew deeper and she made a mental resolve that she would never even look at Jerry Todd again.

The note was full of sentimental silliness. In it Jerry expressed his undying affection for her in mawkish language.

It not only disgusted her, but was a great surprise, for she had never suspected Jerry of such foolishness. She knew him to be awkward and green, and she even suspected that he thought very well of her, but she never imagined him committing such a silly act.

Meantime the professor turned to Jerry and gave him a severe lecture.

"Mr. Todd, I must confess that I am surprised at you. I have observed your work since you came to the academy, and have taken considerable pleasure in your earnestness, and I therefore regret all the more that I find in you such imbecility. There is nothing in the world that shows less sense than these silly flirtations, accompanied by note-writing, and let me tell you, Mr. Todd, if you remain in Weston Academy it must stop right here. I am also surprised that Miss Stevens has given you any encouragement in such foolishness."

By this time Jerry had recovered somewhat from his astonishment at the professor's tirade, and he blurted out:

"I didn't write any note."

"What!" shouted the professor, while Millie gasped with astonishment.

"I didn't write it," repeated Jerry.

"But your name is signed to it," said the professor.

"Don't care if it is," said Jerry, "I didn't write it. I found it on the floor by my desk."

"Now see here, Mr. Todd," said the professor, more sternly than before, "it is bad enough for you to do the thing, but to deny it and try to creep out of it in such an unlikely story as that is far worse."

"Do you mean to say that I am lying," said Jerry, bluntly, looking the professor straight in the eye. The professor hesitated, and noting Jerry's indignation, which was too strong to be feigned, he said:

"It seems a strange thing for you to find a note signed by yourself, and addressed to Miss Stevens, and for you to deliver this note yourself."

At this moment Millie interrupted them by saying, eagerly:

"Mr. Todd is telling the truth, Professor. He did not write this note, for it is not in his handwriting."

"Then who in the world could have written it, and why should anyone perpetrate such a foolish joke," said the perplexed professor.

Millie handed him back the note, and he compared it with some of Jerry's handwriting, and it was easy to see that the note was a rather stupid forgery.

"I think I know who wrote it," said Millie, "but I do not want to give any names."

"Well, said the professor, "I am very sorry that I have falsely accused you young folks, and I sincerely trust that we may find the culprit who is at the bottom of this affair."

"I'll find him alright," said Jerry, with rather an angry gleam in his eye, whereupon the professor dismissed them and they left the room together.

"Miss Stevens, will you tell me who wrote that note?" said Jerry as they were passing down the steps together.

"I will not," said Millie. "It is all settled now, and we must let it drop."

"Well, I am mighty sorry I got you into this trouble," said Jerry, "and if I can find out who wrote that note he won't want to play another trick like that for some time, I can tell you."

"Oh, you wasn't to blame," said Millie. "Only you ought to know better than to pass notes in school. The professor is very strict about such things."

"I will know better hereafter," said Jerry, "and if I find out who wrote that note there will be somebody else who will know better than to write them again."

"Oh pshaw, let the matter drop and forget all about it," repeated Millie.

But Jerry had no intention of obeying her. His suspicions were already aroused against Jack Saunders, and an idea occurred to him whereby he believed he could detect whether his suspicions were correct or not. He knew, of course, that Millie would be angry at the one who had written the note, and, as she had recognized the handwriting, he felt, by watching her attitude towards the various students, that he could find out who was the guilty party. The next morning his suspicions were confirmed, because Millie persistently refused to look in the direction of Jack Saunders, and once, when Jack spoke to her, she acted as if she did not hear him.

At noon, when school was dismissed and as soon as the pupils were in the yard, Jerry walked up to Jack Saunders and said, in a very cool and deliberate tone:

"Mr. Saunders, if I can have a few minutes of your valuable time I should like to have them, because I am going to thrash you."

"You are, eh? sneered Jack. Well, I don't think you will find it healthy, because I do not intend to allow any country lout to thrash me."

The school-house was situated near a lumber mill, and, without further preliminaries, Jack and Jerry proceeded to the lumberyard, for this was the usual place for the settlement of difficulties of this kind.

Jack was by no means a coward, and, as he had taken boxing lessons, the advantages were in his favor. But Jerry's life on the farm had made his muscles like iron, and, as he was mad clean through, the blows which Jack rained upon him at first did not lessen his anger in the slightest degree. Although his eye was blackened and his nose bleeding, still he fought on until finally one of his blows did strike Jack and the fight was all over.

Jack went down like a log and lay still and white on the ground. This frightened the boys who were gathered around to watch the encounter, and one of the more timid ones ran and told the professor.

"Professor Morrie, come quick, Jerry Todd has killed Jack Saunders."

(To be continued)

• •

The car was crowded. Several women pushed their way inside and grasped the straps with the ease of custom, when two young men rose and offered their seats.

They were nice looking young men and I became interested.

"Never mind," said one jocularly, as he swung on to the strap, "we'll go down to business in our own carriages some day."

"Yes, we will!" retorted the other mockingly. "In Black Marias."

Both laughed.

A moment later the last speaker took a cigarette from his pocket, rolled it, and put it between his lips.

The young man had probably spoken true.—*Common Sense.*

• •

**YOU ARE INVITED.**—The Success League convention at the St. Louis Fair, September 15th, will not be exclusively for members. "The more the merrier" is our motto, and we want every reader of "Young Americans" who can go to be with us. Write to the General Secretary about it.

• •

**DON'T LET A LACK OF CASH KEEP YOU AWAY** from the Success League meeting at the World's Fair, September 15th. Write to the General Secretary of the League and he will tell you how to take the trip without cash outlay on your part.



The little bantam seems to be getting the best of the fight according to latest reports.

Cartoon drawn by James Bertram Hills, age 15 years, Vernon, New York.

# U P T O D A T E

The Problems of the World and How to Understand Them

Department conducted by

WALTER ADOLPH VONDERLEITH

From the present outlook it seems that the coming election is not likely to be such a spirited contest as had been anticipated prior to the death of Senator Hanna, which event changed the whole situation. It would appear, however, that this prediction may fall flat, in the light of recent developments in the Far East, where experience is proving the efficiency of the modern, bulky, and expensive battleship. The question of a large navy is likely to overshadow all others as a real national issue. The country is appropriating \$96,000,000 for the navy this year, and that is merely the beginning. Mr. Hale, in the Senate predicts that, at the present rate of increase our naval expenditures might in a few years aggregate the vast sum of \$200,000,000 a year. If, as some of our legislators at Washington maintain, the battleship is obsolete, we already have a bad investment of \$150,000,000 in battleships, and in that event it would be unwise to continue this useless expenditure. It is for these reasons that we outline the navy question in this number.

*Resolved*, That it is for the best interests of the United States to build and maintain a large navy.

**BRIEF FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE**

- I. A large navy necessary for the maintenance of national respect.
  - (a) To protect Americans and American interests abroad.
    - (1) Madagascar.
    - (2) Bluefields.
    - (3) Colombia.
    - (4) The missionary, Miss Stone.
    - (5) Santo Domingo.
  - (b) To add weight to demands.
  - (c) To prevent insults.
    - (1) Case of Allianca.
- II. It is necessary for purposes of defense.
  - (a) Extensive seaboard of 16,000 miles and Alaska.
  - (b) Scattered territorial possessions, including Philippines, Guam, Samoan Islands, Hawaiian Islands and Porto Rico.
    - (1) Prevent foreign interference.
    - (2) Put down local insurrections.
  - (c) Increasing commerce.
  - (d) Inadequate coast defenses.
  - (e) International complications more easily settled.
    - (1) Spanish-American war might have been avoided if we had had a larger navy.
    - (2) Chile.
    - (3) Great Britain as to Behring Sea.
    - (4) Nicaragua.
    - (5) Venezuela.
    - (6) Monroe Doctrine should be enforced.
  - (f) The Panama Canal.
- III. It is necessary for purposes of offense.
  - (a) Prevention of European interference with America.
  - (b) Necessary in case of war.
    - (1) Comparison of navies.
  - (c) Easier to bring about arbitration.

- IV. Cessation of building would be an abrupt break in the policy adhered to since 1886.
  - (a) Additional ships are being and should be ordered, for
    - (1) The usual time of building a battleship is 5 years.
    - (2) Cramp cannot construct the best in less than two and a half years.
  - (b) Provision for the future is necessary.
    - (1) Sudden shipwreck as in the case of Reima Regente; destruction of the battleship Maine.
    - (2) Ordinary wear and tear.
    - (3) Older ships made nearly useless by modern improvements.

**BRIEF FOR THE NEGATIVE**

- I. Policy of United States opposed to large navy.
  - (a) We are not Pugnacious.
  - (b) We have no entangling alliances.
- II. An increase is unnecessary.
  - (a) Navy is already large.
  - (b) No more ships are needed.
  - (c) No analogy with European navies.
    - (1) Small commerce.
    - (2) Fewer colonies.
    - (3) Isolation.
  - (d) War is not probable.
    - (1) No strong neighbors.
    - (2) European nations desire peace with the United States.
      - (w) Respect our neutrality.
      - (x) War with the United States would precipitate general European war.
      - (y) Great foreign investments in the United States.
      - (z) Arbitration probable.
- III. An increase is undesirable.
  - (a) We already have a deficit.
  - (b) The navy very expensive.
  - (c) Promotes jingoism.
    - (1) Barrundia and Chile.
  - (d) Eight million dollars in a modern battleship a foolish investment.
    - (1) It is inefficient and cannot be relied upon.
      - (x) The accident on the Missouri.
      - (y) Lessons from the Russo-Japanese war.
- IV. Money may be better spent.
  - (a) Encouragement of our commerce.
  - (b) Improvement of coast defenses.
  - (c) Better diplomatic service.
  - (d) Reserves of ordnance.

**GENERAL REFERENCES**

**Affirmative:**  
 "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," by A. T. Mahan, pp. 1-89;  
 Report of Secretary of Navy in "Abridgement of Message and Documents," 1803-1894, p. 424; pp. 393-400; (p. 6, Neg.); (p. 16 Neg.); *North American Review*, Vol. 149, p. 54, (July, 1889); Vol. 159, p. 137 (August, 1894); *Rev. of Rev.*, pp. 402-403, (April, 1904); "Our Coast Defenses" in Pros and Cons, pp. 450-461.

**Negative:**

*Century*, xxxvii., 951 (April, 1889); *Congressional Record*, 1894-1895, p. 2306 (Feb. 16, 1895); "The Chilean Controversy" in "Practical Essays on American Government," by A. B. Hart.  
*Cur. Lit.* "Competition in Extravagance," p. 373 (April, 1904).  
 Daily newspapers.  
 The above brief is adapted from "Briefs for Debate," by Brookings & Ringwalt. It contains seventy-five questions fully outlined, with complete references; and in addition, an excellent treatise on "The Art of Debate," and a select list of 200 questions suitable for debate. This work is indispensable to the advanced debater.  
 Pros and Cons (Hinds & Noble, publishers), contains numerous questions fully discussed on both sides. 250 topics for debate and splendid addresses for special occasions. It also tells how to organize a society and enumerates important rules of debate, besides giving some valuable suggestions which make the book especially helpful to the young debater.  
 Either of these books will be sent postpaid upon receipt of price, \$1.50.

"A Little Garrison," (Frederick A. Stokes Co., Pub.), by Fritz Von der Kyrburg (Lieut. Bilsle), is a true story of German army life, exposing the corruption that has been fostered in her army—the most cherished institution of the Fatherland. The book has created the greatest literary sensation in a generation, the author having been court-martialed and sentenced to six months imprisonment, while the book itself has been suppressed. A review of this book and a closer study of American army life, will show that the conditions in the military of the United States is not so bad as many imagine.

**QUESTIONS WITH REFERENCES**

1. Is the lavish expenditure on College athletics as conducted at present, to be condemned?—*Cur. Lit.*, p. 375 (Apr., 1904).
2. Is so-called "Christian Science" entitled to rank among the sciences?—*Atl. Monthly* (Apr., 1904).
3. Are not the uncertainty of justice and the lightness of punishment the chief causes of lynching?—"Menace of Law's Delay," *Everybody's* (Apr., 1904).
4. Is woman's suffrage desirable?—"Woman Suffrage Convention," *Cur. Lit.*, pp. 386-389 (Apr., 1904).
5. Should children receive any religious instruction in the public schools?—"The Bible in the Public Schools," *The World To-day*, p. 461 (Apr., 1904).
6. Was the "Northern Securities" decision the best that could have been rendered under the circumstances?—*Rev. of Rev.*, pp. 387-391 (Apr., 1904); *Nation*, 77:499-500 (Dec. 24, 1903).

(Continued on page 125)



# THE LEAGUE OF SUCCESS CLUBS

## MOTTO

*Don't Wait for Your Opportunity; Make It!*

Our convention at the St. Louis World's Fair is the topic of all absorbing interest in League circles at present. This being our first convention, it will not be an easy matter to make a big success. Yet we judge from the letters we are receiving that the convention will be well attended, and we are sure of having a splendid programme. Probably all of the officers of the League will be there; besides this, we hope to have an address by Dr. Marden, the editor of *Success*. But the major portion of the time at the convention will be taken up in the discussion of ways and means for the improvement and further development of the Success League.

We hope that every branch will take up the matter in its meetings, and will try to induce just as many members as possible to attend this convention. After much discussion, it seems best to fix the date of the convention Thursday, September 15th.

Of course most of the delegates will be at the fair during the entire week. But probably one day of three sessions will be sufficient to

twenty branches have signified their intention of sending delegates. Of course we are getting further reports from branches every day, and it is probable that at least fifty branches will send delegates. Then there will be a large attendance from clubs that are not far away from St. Louis, so we presume that at least the attendance at the convention will be five hundred. We hope to be able to make it a thousand.

### NO LEAGUE ELECTION THIS YEAR

We regret that it was found impossible to hold a League election this year. The matter was delayed by the general upheaval and change in our plans which we have already told about. An effort was made to conduct the election through correspondence; but as the matter had been delayed so long it was impossible to arouse sufficient interest to make the election a genuine success. It seems best, therefore, that our present board of officers shall remain in office until the period of the next election, and we may all rest assured



A TYPICAL SUCCESS LEAGUE CLUB

cover all of the business of the convention, and the rest of the time can be given up to sight seeing and general jollification. Of course there will be many side-trips in which League members can engage, and probably many little social affairs can be arranged.

The General Secretary wants to hear from everyone who has the slightest wish to attend the convention. If you have some doubts of your being able to raise funds to pay the expenses of the trip, write to the General Secretary just the same, because he will tell you how you can earn your expenses in a very easy and pleasant way. He will also be glad to answer question regarding the cost of the trip, etc., and will send maps of the convention grounds and other printed matter, to anyone who may request it.

Remember, we are not going to place any restrictions as to the number of delegates that will attend the convention. We hope to make it just as large as possible. Thus far, about

that our next election will be announced and will be pushed in sufficient time so that the election will not be a fizzle.

### SOME BRANCHES RECENTLY ORGANIZED

Fremont Success Club, Hubert Mathis, Hoop Pole, Illinois.

Geneva Success Club, Vernon Clark, Geneva, Ohio.

Cloister Success Club, Miss Laura Groff, Ephrata, Pa.

The Hebron Success Club, Leroy L. Spafford, Hebron, Conn.

The Hubbard Success Club, W. T. Thornton, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Sedgwick Success Club, Benjamin R. Stanley, Sedgwick, Maine.

Oaksdale Progressive Debating Club, Orville A. Leach, Oakesdale, Wash.

The Success Society, Ralph W. Nichols, North Haven, Conn.

Henry Clay Debating Society, Otto Engel,

614 S. Michigan Street, South Bend, Indiana.  
Pecos Success Club, Charles Manahan, Pecos, Texas.

Triangle Debating Club, Leo Murphy, care Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.

Merriwell Literary Society, Eric H. Palmer, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rock Port Success Club, G. A. W. Fleming, R. 2, Sherman, Texas.

Wesleyan Literary Society, Ralph Peters, 23 Kuckle Ct., Cleveland, Ohio.

Earl S. Taylor Success Club, Elbert McKenzie, Epworth, Iowa.

The Middleport Success Club, Louis Russell, Box 33, Middleport, Ohio.

Success Club, Miss Maude A. Porter, Fullerton, Cal.

Success Club, E. L. Adams, Cohoes, N. Y.

Baron Steuben Success Club, Monroe D. Ray, Hammondsport, N. Y.

The Oxford Club, Harry E. Parker, 5443 Easton Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

The Baptist Young People's Success Club, T. J. Campbell, Dayton, Tenn.

The Oxford Society, Fred Griffin, Chestnut and Taylor streets, Avalon, Pa.

\* \* \*

The Jamaica Independent Club, Nora Shaw, secretary, Knockpatrick House, Newport Post office, Jamaica, B. W. I., is one of the latest foreign additions to our League. This club is not large, yet its reports are most enthusiastic.

\* \* \*

James Barker, the secretary of the Lincoln Success Club, of Helton, North Carolina, evidently intends to follow the example of the great man for whom the club was named, for he writes to us of his intention to work his way through college.

\* \* \*

Raymond L. Wade, 45 Gothic Street, Northampton, Mass., the secretary of the Onward Club, is requested to read the first part of our League page. Mr. Wade complains, and with justice, we admit, that his letters have not received prompt attention from headquarters; but we assure him that in the future this will not occur.

\* \* \*

Rev. E. F. Wheeler, of Newell, Iowa, reports that the members of their club are very much pleased with the new League organ. He also says that a great deal more interest is being taken in the League than heretofore.

\* \* \*

The Jeffries-Sangster Success Club, Edward Snyder, secretary, 829 Church Street, Wilmington, Delaware, informs us that one of the parts of its work is learning sewing. The members also have various other evening studies.

\* \* \*

The Webster Literary Club, G. H. Ward, secretary, 1211 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, Branch No. 1705, is one of the few branches of our League to devote itself exclusively to literary work. A part of its work is the holding of a senate in which each member represents a State.

\* \* \*

The Sparta Success Club, P. A. Kane, secretary, Inman, Kansas, writes that the members are just about to form a senate in connection with their club.

# THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

## MOTTO

*My Sword Shall be Bathed in Heaven*



WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, PH. D., FOUNDER OF THE ORDER AND MAGE MERLIN, FRANK LINCOLN MASSEK, NATIONAL KING ARTHUR, SPENCER, MASSACHUSETTS

The following very interesting reports show the wide range of work carried on by our different Castles, and illustrate the great possibilities of the organization.

### WOODSVILLE, N. H.

We are about to organize a Castle at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and wish you would send us a complete outfit. We are very anxious to organize a Province, with Astolat Castle at the head. There are already several Castles in this State, and also not far away in Vermont. Our Castle is very prosperous, and the thirteen members are deeply interested in its welfare. Each member has a pair of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, with which we have exercise at every meeting. We have started a Castle library, and already have about 65 books. Five reading courses have just been given out by the Merlin. We have procured robes for the King and Seneschal. We recently gave an entertainment, the proceeds of which, about \$18.00, we shall use for decorating our rooms. We are trying to arrange with the High School Athletic Association for an out-door meet next spring. We hope soon to own a horizontal bar and punching bag.

### MORTIMER LEONARD, Seneschal.

Sir Wilmer Elfrink has been made Baronet Throckmorton, of Castle Epworth, No. 235, Cherokee, Iowa, upon recommendation of his Merlin, Baron A. Lester Hazlett.

Tennyson Castle, No. 196, Spencer, Mass., which has a finely equipped gymnasium, recently gave the following entertainment, being assisted by other organizations which use the gymnasium:

Overture, Orchestra; Plastic Statutes, a Free hand drill, b Dumb-bell drill, c Indian club drill, d Wand drill, e The fencers, f The shot put, g The boxers, h The wrestlers, i The gladiators, j The gladiators; Wand drill, Knights of King Arthur; Aesthetic gymnastics under direction of Miss Mary Bemis, Girls' Class; Club swinging, Mr. W. H. Robertson and Miss Ida Robertson; Dumb-bell drill under direction of Miss Nettie Pease, Young Ladies' Class; Fencing, Misses Lois Trask and Ruth Kane; Exercise on parallel bar, Knights of King Arthur; Selection, Orchestra; Exercise on horizontal bar, Young Men's Association; Rope climbing; High jumping; Parallel bar exercise; Free hand drill; Ladder pyramids, Boys and Young Men.

You may be interested in the methods of Canterbury Castle, No. 211, Rutland, Vt. When we take the boys in here we give them the Novitiate degree (black sash) and put them on probation. They have no vote, but must come six times before they are eligible for the degree of Page (blue sash). They must also prepare a composition about the knight whose name they bear. When they become a Page they are entitled to vote and to wear a military cap. Then before they can become an Esquire I tell them that they must have twenty attendances. But after they get these 20 credits and are cited for 3rd degree, I send them a letter which comes as a complete surprise and which tells them they must also vow "purity, temperance and reverence." This they are to do in their own words, and I have some very interesting pledges in the boys' own handwriting. These are kept, and each time the third degree is given, each Knight's pledge is

read by Sir Kay, and Merlin asks: "Sir—have you kept this pledge?" The third degree entitles the boys to wear the red sash and cap ornament of crossed swords, with K above and A below. These we have made especially to order, and the boys are very proud of them. After taking the third degree, I have specified the first reading course as the requirement for the fourth degree. They must still keep the pledge; this is the chief thing. When they complete this reading course, I shall ask the National King to create them Barons. I have a fine set of boys and they are deeply interested. We are having some wooden guns made and expect to have a *crack company*. The attendance keeps right up to the limit. There are many things of course in the manual which we cannot use here—but we substitute others in their places and suit our customs to our needs.

Very truly,

ORRIN EDSON CROOKER, Merlin.

five cents for each degree. This latter sum is sent to the Saint Andrew's Industrial School for Boys, in Barrington, R. I., an institution which takes homeless boys and gives them a good living and education, at the same time teaching them a useful trade. We are poor boys ourselves, but we feel that we can do that much for others. At most of our meetings the regular conclave work is carried out. There have been a few exceptions to this rule, however. The night after Thanksgiving, our rooms were desired by a society of ladies, so that the Rector invited us over to his house, and gave us a royal entertainment. A few weeks ago, the meeting was adjourned in order to witness an athletic tournament in the St. James gymnasium. February 12th, the Audubon Society (for the protection of birds), gave a stereopticon lecture under the auspices of the K. O. K. A. All business is carried out in parliamentary form, thus giving the fellows



PARALLEL BAR PYRAMID—TENNYSON CASTLE 196, SPENCER, MASS.

Report of Castle Holy Grail, No. 257: October 10, 1903, twelve young fellows, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, assembled in the Parish house of St. James Episcopal Church, Woonsocket, R. I., and organized Castle Holy Grail, K. O. K. A. After getting acquainted with the nature of the work, preparations began for the bestowing of the first degree. As we knew of no near-by Castle, the degree was given to the members by Rev. Wm. Ashton Thompson and S. Burt Bailey, Merlin, already a member of the order. Since that time six new members have received the degree of Page, which is doing well, considering the small number of boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty in the Sunday school. To become a member of our Castle, a boy must be over fourteen years of age and a regular attendant of some Sunday school. The rest depends upon his popularity with the fellows. A charge of ten cents a month for dues is made and twenty-

much valuable practice. Current events are discussed at every conclave. The boys have developed a very good Castle cheer:

"Holy Grail, Holy Grail,  
We will succeed, we cannot fail,  
K. O. K. A.,  
Hurrah! Hurray!"

At some meetings, Merlin assigns to the members different subjects to speak upon, without the least preparation, each Page holding the floor five minutes. Debates, readings and games are also much enjoyed. A new King is elected at the last meeting of every month, and Merlin gives a new password. At present, we have three Chancellors and two Heralds. Members present at each regular meeting during the year will receive their degrees of knighthood free. Five of the members are communicants of the church. "The Boys' King

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Grit Publishing Co., Dept. 7, Williamsport, Pa.

Arthur" is now being read at conclaves. The castle is progressing very slowly, it is true, but at the same time we feel that the self-sacrifice experienced by a new, unaided Castle, will give the Pages that strong steadfastness of purpose which will make them "True Knights" of whom we may be proud. Many thanks are due to our Rector. He is the author of every good thing which has thus far been done by our branch of the order. He has made the suggestions, and we have carried them out, giving us all the credit for what has been his own work. He is an invaluable part of our existence.

"In union there is strength" is not actually our motto, but at the same time it is true that a stronger band of fellowship between Castles would be for their mutual good. We are interested in the Second Degree just now, and if any Castle has anything instructive or interesting to say, we would be pleased to hear from it. Whether you have or not, please write anyway. You know our address now and certainly you can afford us a sheet of paper and a two cent stamp. With best wishes for the national order, we will now conclude.

Yours for loyalty and service,

S. BERT BAILEY, Merlin.

Castle Holy Grail.

Address: 625 Park Avenue,  
Woonsocket, R. I.

The national King Arthur recently enjoyed a very pleasant trip, in the interests of the order, during which he visited two of our newer Castles, which are already making excellent progress in the work. The first Castle was Plymouth, No. 274, in the Plymouth Congregational Church, of Utica, N. Y., which was organized by the Rev. Alfred V. Bliss, who previously conducted a Castle in Ludlow, Vt. A public meeting had been arranged, to which the boys had invited parents and friends. The knights sang their ode in a very delightful manner. They wear a regalia, a shoulder cape, with white maltese cross on the front. They have a beautiful banner. The National King gave a talk upon the work the order is endeavoring to accomplish.

The following afternoon he visited Camelot Castle, No. 260, in Rochester, N. Y., meeting the boys and their pastor, the Rev. Paul Moore Stayer, in the beautiful Third Presbyterian Church. The boys conducted a regular conclave for the benefit of some visitors, and then the National King talked with them for a few minutes.

The same evening the King addressed the session of the Western New York Sunday School Institute, presenting the principles of the order to a company of teachers and others interested in the work for the boys. Plans are under way for a trip through Connecticut, into New York City, and possibly into New Jersey.

Plymouth, No. 295, organized by John E. McClain, in the Congregational Church of Muscotah, Kansas, with a membership of 20.

Berkeley, No. 206, founded by the Rev. Wm. H. Scudder, in the Congregational Church South Berkeley, California, with a membership of 25.

Gordon, No. 297, has been organized by Mr. Carl E. Bannwart, in a Presbyterian Church Newark, N. J., with a membership of 20.

Greylock, No. 298, with Mr. W. Caldwell Plunkett, as Merlin, has been organized in the Congregational Church, Adams, Mass., with a membership of 12.

Goddard, No. 299, has been organized by the Rev. Albert Hammatt, in the Universalist Church, Newtonville, Mass. The Castle was named in memory of Mrs. Goddard, one of the benefactors of the church, whose name and deeds are cherished by all people of the community.

Monument, No. 300, has been organized in Bennington, Vt., among the boys of the Y. M. C. A., with a membership of 20. Mr. J. D. Stehman is the Merlin.  
Girard, No. 301, has been organized among the students of Girard College, Philadelphia, by Prof. Alfred N. Seal, Ph. D., of the Department of Chemistry and Physics. The membership is 24.

**Books**

Merlins of Castles will be interested in the following books which will be found exceedingly helpful in making themselves familiar with some of the literature of the Arthurian legends.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have just brought out "The Book of Merlin and the Book of Sir Balin," from Mallory's King Arthur, with Caxton's preface. Edited by Clarence Griffin Child, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania. It contains glossary, notes and illustrations. The text is modernized. There are references to the poems of Tennyson. The price in paper is 15 cents, in cloth 25 cents. Ask for No. 158 in the "Riverside Literature Series."

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No. 30, in the same series, is Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," with notes and illustrations. Paper 15 cents, cloth 25 cents.

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### TRUE FISH STORIES

Continued from page 112

lift alone, another eel will go to its assistance and help it carry the load. By means of this partnership they have been known to carry away stones weighing over two pounds.

Of all the strange fishes, however, the goby, or jumping-fish is the strangest. To begin with, it has a most singular form. It has a head something like a frog, from which its eyes project so far that it looks as though the creature were furnished with two little telescopes. This fish is also a great nest builder. It collects seaweed and fastens it together until it has formed a large globular house. The eggs are deposited in this mass of seaweed, and very soon after a queer brood of funny little fishes will be seen hovering in its neighborhood. At the least disturbance these curious babies will quickly dart into their seaweed home, which conceals them so securely that it is with the greatest difficulty one can find them. What makes this fish famous in the world of fishes is that it is a great traveller, not only in the water, but on the land also. It has not the least hesitancy in going ashore whenever it wishes to do so, and starting off on a land expedition. It travels over the rocks and over the roots of trees, hunting for little crabs and other good things to eat. Neither is it a slow traveller by any means. Its progress on shore consists of a succession of jumps; but so rapidly does it hop along that it requires a fair runner to overtake it. It throngs the shores in such great numbers that it is hunted by the Chinese and Malays, who consider its flesh a great delicacy. The hunt of the goby is the most novel of hunting scenes. Just think of going fishing without a hook and line! That's what the natives do when they start out to catch gobies. They fish for these curious creatures by running after them with all their might, and instead of swimming away, as fish ought to do, these hop away, and with the greatest rapidity. Here is a hunt both novel and new, applying alike to both pursuers and pursued. To those persons who dislike fishing because they have to keep so very still, a hunt of this kind, over rocks and scraggly tree roots in quest of the goby, might prove an exhilarating sport. Certainly they could enjoy lots of exercise, for quick must be the runner who would succeed as a fisherman by this novel mode of fishing.

There is one fish that can do something the goby can't do—it can climb a tree. The goby can get along very well over the gnarled roots that rise high above the ground, for it can jump from one branch to another, and in that way reach quite a height; but a climbing perch can climb up the trunk of a straight palm tree, and for a considerable distance.

What with fishes climbing trees, birds flying under water and fishes flying above, we might feel as though our early education in natural history was somewhat at fault.

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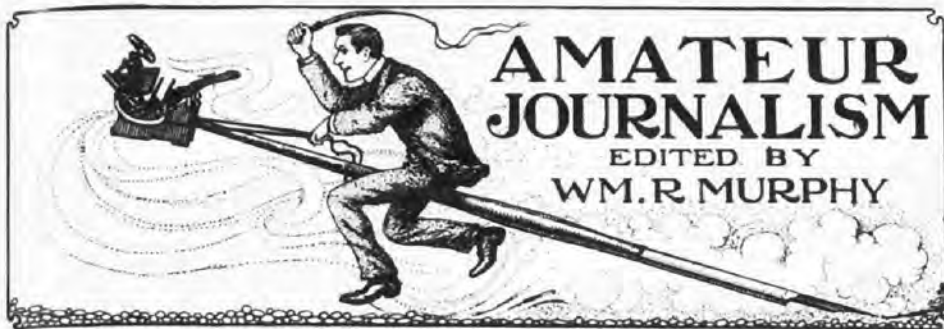
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ASIDE FROM the actual training given in literary composition, undoubtedly the most valuable feature of amateur journalism is the criticism which obtains. Nearly every paper contains a review or critical department, and the comments on the productions of contemporaries are frequently instructive and helpful, fulfilling Lord Erskine's words: "Emulation is stimulated as ability is matched with ability; mind comes in contact with mind, and intellect is sharpened with intellect," for friendly criticism promotes emulation and aids immensely in literary development.

The questions have been asked, what is the most beneficial form of criticism? and how should amateur editors criticise? There are two broad classes of criticism; the textual or didactic and the esthetic or impressionistic.

when there comes within his ken a work instinct with a vitality all its own he may criticise according to esthetic ideals. He should not, however, fall into the common error of elevating what is ordinary above its level, for honest comparison with the standards of good taste will be more valuable. Above all, in no case should he waste space in a mere mention of a work, or a catalogue of a paper's contents, or a perfunctory statement that an article is good or bad without ample reason for substantiating the claim.

NEWS NOTES

July 2 has been set apart by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition as Amateur Journalists' Day. A reunion, exhibit and probably ban-



TYPICAL AMATEUR JOURNALS

One is the criticism of knowledge, the other of beauty. The first concerns itself with the actual and visible subject-matter and style of presentation; the second with the subtle and inherent beauties of the work. Any literary work is capable of receiving textual or didactic criticism, but only that of the highest quality can be properly measured by esthetic standards. Little work produced by amateur writers is adapted to esthetic criticism in the broadest sense, although much is capable of receiving it in part. The kind of criticism which we have called "textual" in that it points out faults of fact and diction is far more valuable than the "esthetic" to the average amateur author, whose work is impressed with errors which are the result of inexperience and which on that account are to be corrected rather than condemned. The critic of amateur letters, then, is in the main safest in dealing with violation of fact, taste, force, clearness and precision. He should be governed by circumstances and

quiet, will be the features. Prospective visitors should communicate with C. W. R. Pinckert, 3542 Itaska Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

The National Amateur Press Association will hold its annual convention the first week in July at San Francisco; the United A. P. A. the second week in July at Baltimore; and the Inter-State A. P. A. Sept. 3, 4 and 5, at New Brunswick, N. J. Further information gladly furnished.

The fifth annual reunion of the Philadelphia Alumni of Amateur Journalism will be held this spring. A reunion of amateurs past and present is being planned in New York for May 28th.

A new idea in amateur club work has been developed by the Philadelphia and Baltimore clubs. This is a debate on a current topic, carried on by mail. Regular teams are chosen and every detail is followed except of course *viva voce* delivery. The plan brings out logic, clearness and research abilities, and should prove successful and popular.

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The competition on this subject brought out twenty-one articles of varying degrees of merit, most of them, however, being very good. The award of the prizes proved a matter of much difficulty, and only after thorough consideration was it decided to divide equally the prizes in each class. Awards were made on absolute merits, and the following factors were considered: number, development and availability of ideas, age and amateur experience of the writers and literary presentation. It is fair to say that while few new ideas were suggested, the contest was valuable as reiterating plans already thought out, and as showing the relative importance of each by a consensus of unprejudiced opinion.

Some of the articles will appear in the next issue, and the gist of others summarized. The awards are as follows:

- 1st—Edith Miniter, Boston; and E. H. Smith, Brooklyn.
- 2nd—Alfred Kohlberg, San Francisco; and Morgan Hite, New Orleans.
- 3rd—Flora S. Emory, Baltimore; and Paul H. Appleby, Sedalia, Mo.

### SOME WELL-KNOWN AMATEURS

W. H. Greenfield (Philadelphia), became interested in amateur journalism about 1894. In 1895 he founded, and was first president of, the United Amateur Press Association, one of the large national organizations. He has pub-



THREE WELL-KNOWN AMATEURS

lished and edited "Greenfield's Monthly," "Senator," "Night Owl," and other papers. He now holds an editorial position on a large Philadelphia weekly and contributes to many of the professional magazines. Mr. Greenfield keeps in active touch with amateur journalism, to which he enthusiastically ascribes his literary success.

Paul J. Campbell (Georgetown, Illinois) is one of the most enterprising of the younger amateur journalists. He became interested about 1902, and soon published "The Scottish Highlander." As co-editor, '02-'03, he helped to issue "The Reflector," the volume containing almost 200 pages (6x9), filled with stories, essays and verses, with special attention to the work of newcomers. In addition he has published several large issues of "Prairie State Journal," devoted mainly to essays and serious articles. Mr. Campbell writes fiction and editorials. He has had some professional success, for which he thanks Amateur Journalism. He enjoys the distinction of being a member of the Interstate, National and United Press Associations.

Chas. H. Russell (Philadelphia) is one of the youngest amateur journalists, but has done good work. Becoming interested in 1901, he soon started to publish "Good Things," which with business ability was made to pay expenses through subscriptions and advertisements. Though only seventeen, he has completed the commercial course at the Central high school,

and is employed as a stenographer. He is at present official editor of the United Amateur Press Association, and is getting out a very useful volume of "The United Amateur." He joined the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club in 1901, and has been vice-president for several terms.

### RECRUITING DIRECTORY

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#### A FEW MORE HINTS FOR BEGINNERS

In telling the new collector just how to enter the philatelic field it is perhaps best to discriminate a little in the "raw material." New collectors may be divided into classes, first the boy who "just collects" and whose only apparent desire is to "get more than Bill Jones has" (and it must be said that some of the older collectors occasionally show a very similar trait), and second the more earnest and thoughtful collector, be he boy or man, who takes up the pastime for what pleasure and instruction he may derive from it. We do not wish to belittle the boy of the first type for he often becomes one of Philatelia's steadfast adherents, but it is for the individual of the second type, naturally, that we are writing, as he is generally glad of advice and help in making a path for himself in his new field.

If the experience of older collectors be taken, it will generally be found that they favor starting as a general collector and not going into it too steeply at first. By this is meant the avoiding of the multitudinous varieties which the catalogue lists and which are only a stumbling block to the beginner. If he seeks simply the straight varieties and tries to gather a representative general collection, instead of bothering himself with too many minor varieties of whose import he knows little, or plunging at once into so-called "specialism," he will obtain more knowledge, both philatelic and otherwise, and better experience toward future plans for collecting. The result will be that he can then "place" himself better when he finds that he has reached certain limitations in his collection and desires to retrench in certain lines and branch out more in others.

The first item in his equipment will naturally be a printed album containing spaces for all the principal varieties of stamps that have been issued by the various governments of the world. This should be the main guide to his collection, as a large portion of the minor varieties are generally omitted from the album; then, too, it gives a better idea of the extent and progress of the collection than a catalogue and blank album would do. There are many good printed albums on the market, and if the novice is really serious in his intentions to make a good collection he wants to get a thoroughly up-to-date one. A standard catalogue should also be obtained to serve as a basis of purchase and exchange, and also because it contains much more information than the album generally gives, and thus unconsciously broadens the collector's knowledge even if he confines himself to the main varieties alone. A handy way of keeping a record of the collection is to check off the stamps in the catalogue by means of a pencil dot beside the price used or unused as it may happen to be. In this way the catalogue will serve a double purpose, as it will include a record of the collection if carried when purchasing, and will also enable one to readily sum up the value of his holdings when he desires.

With these two books to guide him the beginner now lacks only his stamps, and the best

way to start with them is to buy one of the large variety packets offered by many dealers, as he is almost sure to get an excellent selection of the common stamps for the most reasonable expenditure. Several such packets might be selected, knowing the range of each, which would fill in the album to the best advantage and not yield too many duplicates. When this method has reached its limits, the next step should be the purchase of sets of stamps which can be obtained of most dealers. This has a two-fold advantage in that a material reduction of cost is often secured over the purchase of stamps singly, and then one has the set complete, which is certainly productive of much more satisfaction than when several blank spaces appear in the book. A glance at the album will quickly determine what sets are most needed, and when this plan has been exploited the approval sheet or book is next in order. With packets and sets one is at a disadvantage and must take what comes; with approval selections one has the pick and can fill in blank spaces, or replace poor specimens with better or used with unused as desired. "About this time," as the Old Farmer's Almanac says, the collector will find that he lacks certain stamps, perhaps priced very reasonably, but which neither packet, set nor approval sheet ever brings him. Then it is that he makes a note of these, whose blank spaces in the album begin to haunt him, and finally sends his "want list" to his favorite dealer. They are generally stamps well worth looking for, and we have usually found it a good plan to hunt hardest for the stamps that seem determined to escape us.

Pursuing these lines as he has inclination or opportunity, therefore, the collector will find his interest and accumulation increasing together along a comprehensive and definite plan. But there comes a day with most of us when we find it too hard to try to keep up with a general collection. Practically all governments of the world are now issuing stamps and many of them are continually making changes; then the range of values is often a long one ending in high values which the modest collector may look longingly at but finally concludes to pass by. We cannot all be Ferraris and must therefore curtail. Now it is that the collector is ready to "specialize," but this does not necessarily mean that he must buy a monograph on the particular countries that interest him most and search for all the multitudinous varieties that may be therein described—not at all; one can specialize in a modest way just as well by taking a few countries that appeal to him and collecting along the lines he followed previously, *i. e.* without going too far into the minutiae unless he feels inclined to do so. The word "specialism" it seems to us, has been rather overworked until many collectors, when they hear it now, conjure up a picture of album upon album filled with "sheets" and "panes," "blocks" and "strips," to say nothing of the page after page of stamps which appear almost identical and of thamps which appear almost identical and an addendum of "specimens," "proofs," "essays," and what not. Believe us, you can have just

as much enjoyment in specializing in a modest way.

When beginning a collection, and before the novice has acquired much philatelic knowledge, it is a good plan for him to take whatever comes his way. The album will probably provide spaces for all the adhesive postage and envelope stamps, though these latter are omitted from some. But just because one does not find a space for a stamp in the album is no reason for rejecting it, as we have known many a good stamp to be lost to its owner from this cause. Envelope and wrapper stamps should be cut square to fit the spaces provided, unless one prefers to keep them entire. Postal cards should never have the stamp cut out, for it does not as a rule comprise the whole printed design. Keep the whole cards if they interest you. Locals had best be left alone as there are so many reprints and counterfeits, to say nothing of foreign locals made for collectors, that the inexperienced (and others too) are very apt to be taken in.

Most American albums have spaces for our revenue stamps and they certainly are most attractive and many very cheap. Foreign revenues and telegraph stamps are also interesting and many are as handsome as some of our own. Spaces are not provided for these in our albums, but if they strike the collector's fancy there is no reason why he should not put them in a blank book as a side collection, and then if his interest warrants it some day he can turn his attention to them in earnest. Avoid reprints, specimens, essays and the like while you are a general collector. It is when one goes deeply into specialism that these "side issues" become interesting and instructive.

It is by picking up at first most things that come his way that the collector finally learns what branch of his hobby appeals to him most, and so prepares himself for the specializing if he desires it. Then he can revel in shades, types, watermarks, perforations, paper, gum, etc., as he never could before, and the experience and knowledge gained in his general collecting will stand him in good stead. But as we have already intimated, it seems to us a mistake while making a general collection as a beginner and "learning the ropes" to go too far into the minor varieties listed by letters under the major varieties, which are numbered in the catalogue.

One thing, however: Use care in the selection of your specimens. Better a blank space than a torn or heavily cancelled stamp or one with the perforations partly clipped off or otherwise damaged. In some cases of great varieties this rule will not hold good because one is glad to get some of them in any condition, but this class is small, and with the great majority of stamps, particularly the low priced ones, there is absolutely no excuse for any but fine specimens. If the collector takes pride in his stamps, which means he will be careful in collecting, he will find it to pay in the end.

Care should be used in removing paper from the backs of the specimens before mounting them, pulling off hinges, etc., as stamps are often damaged in this way. Most stamps can be soaked, preferably in hot water, and dried on blotting paper; but a few like Russians, early Bulgarians, current United States due stamps, China 1885 issue, recent British and British Colonial stamps having green in their coloring, and stamps printed on "chalk-surfaced" paper are affected by water and should not be immersed in it. A piece of wet blotting paper against the back until the adhering paper is damp enough to remove, is the best way to treat them. Of course mounting is only to be done with hinges, and care should be

taken not to soil the stamps or page when it is done.

Of the question between "used and unused" the collector himself is the best judge. The used are generally cheaper and one's pocket-book must be considered. The unused appeal more to the eye, perhaps, but a fine cancelled copy is almost as good to the true collector who is not carried away by the slogan "Unused only—they pay best!" One satisfactory method is to get the low and cheap values of a set unused and fill out the set with the higher values in fine used condition. But where one can the set should be filled out, or at least filled up as far as it goes, in case the collector stops with a certain face value, as many do. A full set looks better, and is more of a pride and credit to its owner than a broken one, for often the stamp one lacks is the very one that others lack. Carry the same idea into a country, and if you have enough interest in it to collect it at all, then make your collection as complete as possible, depending upon your limits that you may have set.

As a last word, if you desire to get all the pleasure possible out of your collection, study it well. Read the "Hints for Collectors" at the beginning of the Standard Catalogue until you feel that you have mastered its contents, for it is a small encyclopedia of philately. Study your postmarks and obliterations, for they are often of great help in determining knotty points. There is a great deal in a quick eye for a stamp collector. All this you will find comes easily as you progress with your collection. Finally subscribe to a good stamp paper, preferably one that has a good chronicle of new issues, and if you do not then derive knowledge, pleasure and profit from this pursuit it will hardly be the fault of philately.



UP TO DATE

Continued from page 115

7. Is the general tendency of modern education toward materialism, rather than idealism?—*Cur. Lit.*, p. 383 (Apr., 1904).

8. Is the rising aristocracy of wealth an improvement over the dying aristocracy of birth?—*Atl. Monthly* (Apr., 1904).

9. Was Great Britain's recent introduction of Chinese "slavery" into South Africa justified?—*Cur. Lit.*, pp. 380-381 (Apr., 1904).

10. In the present Russo-Japanese war, which power is more deserving of American sympathy?

"American Sympathies in Japan's Struggle."—*Cur. Lit.*, Mch., pp. 257-258;

"Reasons for Sympathy with Japan."—*World's Work*, Mch., p. 4496;

"Russian Bitterness toward the United States."—*Lit. Digest*, Mch. 12, pp. 336-337.

11. Is trade reciprocity with Canada desirable?—*The World Today*, Mch., p. 312.

12. Should a uniform service pension be granted all Civil War veterans?

"A Degrading Conception of Pensions."—*The World's Work*, Mch., p. 4505.

13. Is the final conquest of the air at hand? "Can we Fly at Last?"—*Lit. Digest*, Mch., p. 367.

"Final Conquest of the Air."—*Cosmopol.* (Mch., 1904).

14. Are conditions in the United States Army better or worse than conditions in the military of other great nations?

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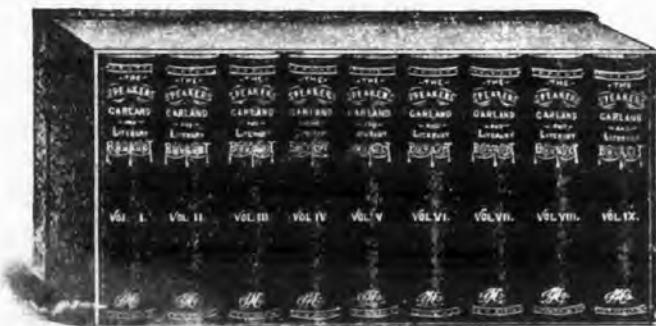
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# AMERICANS

NEW SERIES "MEN OF TO-MORROW"

Vol. 37

JUNE, 1904

No. 5



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*A monthly magazine for enterprising young folks*  
 Official organ of the League of Success Clubs  
 and the order of Knights of King Arthur

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 ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Department of Suggestions on Success Winning  
 FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK, Department of the Knights of King Arthur  
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BUSINESS OFFICE  
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 NEW YORK

## THE SUCCESS LEAGUE

EDITORIAL OFFICE  
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# IF YOU DON'T READ THIS SOME ONE WILL BE SORRY

## THE EDITOR'S TALK

**I**N ORDER to relieve your suspense, I will tell you right off that I am the person to whom the headline refers. I have an idea that most people regard everything that comes under the heading of an editorial as mighty dry stuff, so they skip over it to the story part of the magazine. But I thought if it was possible to catch your eye by my headline, and then get you to read this first paragraph, you might have sufficient compassion upon me to read the whole page. There are a number of things that I would like to say to every reader of the magazine, and I will be truly sorry if any reader refuses to give me a hearing.

Nearly every day someone asks, "How is *YOUNG AMERICANS* getting along?" and I usually reply, "Fairly well, although we are not borrowing wheelbarrows to carry money over to the bank."

Now if you gather from this that I am somewhat disappointed at the number of subscriptions we are receiving, you have guessed correctly. I might say, however, that other publishers tell us that we are doing remarkably well. Dr. Marden says that we are getting a great many more subscriptions than "Success" obtained when it was first started. So this is somewhat of "a balm to my wounded spirits."

But what is the use of talking? People are not going to take the magazine unless they like it; and so it is our business to produce a magazine that people will like. And that brings up the point that I was driving at in the first place. Doesn't this number show considerable improvement? It seems to me that it does; but, of course, my judgment is biased, and I want to hear what the readers think of it. But more than everything else, I want to have the readers tell me ways in which the magazine can be improved still further. You must remember that we have not started to get out a pretty good magazine. Our aim is to publish the best magazine for enterprising young people in the world. We do not mean the best magazine for the price, or the best magazine considering this or considering that. We mean *the* best magazine. It sounds like a big ambition; but

if any of our readers want to clip it out and paste it in their hats, we shall be glad to have them do so.

A fellow wrote me recently: "*YOUNG AMERICANS* is bound to succeed. With such a jolly good fellow as its editor, it can not possibly fail." Now, I suppose, as my grandmother would say, "I ought to have sense enough to keep such things to myself." But I haven't. This letter pleased me mightily, and I am glad that at least one subscriber has sufficient friendliness toward the editor to want to cheer him up. I don't mean to say, however, that this was the only subscriber to write a pleasant letter; on the contrary, eighty-seven others

have written very kindly. I merely mention this letter because its personal tone shows that the writer understands our aims and sympathizes with us in our efforts to achieve these aims.

What do you think of our covers? Do you regard them as alright as they are, or would you suggest that we have a special design made and adopt this as a permanent unchangeable cover?

I have been surprised at the lack of interest shown in the "Zig Zag Trip Around the World" by Criss Cross. I have also been somewhat disappointed, because this was one of my pet ideas; but, as I have determined to be guided entirely by the wishes of the majority of our readers, old Criss Cross will have to stop before he gets half way around the world. Sorry to disappoint the few who have been interested in the trip; but the majority will have to rule. This does not mean the discontinuing of our puzzle department. On the contrary, we are going to start a new puzzle department very soon which will be in charge of a puzzlist of national reputation.

Dr. Orison Swett Marden says that our May issue was a hundred per cent. better than any previous number. This commendation means much to me, for I have been associated with the editor of "Success" long enough to learn that he never gives undeserved praise. It may be well to add, that the doctor says also that we must show this percentage of improvement in each issue, if we expect to push to the front. We started to live up to this rule. Isn't this number one hundred per cent better than the May number?

These days I am "living in my hat" and spending a goodly portion of my time on board the Hudson river boats plying between New York and Albany. Some of you may think it in-

convenient conducting our business in two offices in this way, but it is not, now that we have everything running smoothly. We had a little difficulty at first getting things adjusted, but now I am convinced that we could not possibly have a better arrangement. At Albany where rents are moderate and all other expenses correspondingly low, we have our magazine printed and our business and circulation department conducted in one of the best equipped printing and engraving plants in the state, The Brandow Printing Company. Our situation in New York, fronts on Washington Square, and is right in the heart of the publishing district. Our offices adjoin those of the Success Company and the American Book Company.

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No. 5

## GRANT STIMSON'S TRAP

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL



"No, my boy, there are no vacancies just now. I will be glad, however, to put your name on the list——"

**T**HE PRESIDENT of the Laketown National Bank surveyed the stalwart figure of the youth who stood before him.

"No, my boy, there are no vacancies just now. I will, however, be glad to put your name on the list——"

"I'd rather you would not, Mr. Logan," said the boy, quickly, as he took a step backward toward the door.

"What? Don't you want a place here?" The President's eyebrows lifted in surprise.

"Yes, sir. But I can come again if there is no chance now. I don't want to stand ahead of anyone who might apply in the meantime."

The boy stood, flushed and confused under the President's searching eyes.

"Well, well," said the banker, quietly.

"I think I must go, Mr. Logan," said the boy. "Good afternoon, sir."

"Good day, young man." President Logan whistled slightly to himself—then arose and watched the young fellow stride up the street.

"That young fellow is going to get somewhere," was his

mental comment a moment later. A latch clicked and he turned to see the cashier entering the office.

"Ah, Payson—those warrants, eh? Now let's see." The two men of business became lost in an earnest conversation during which young Grant Stimson's application for a place was speedily wafted from the President's mind.

A few days later Grant passed by the bank, skates in hand, on his way to the lake. He was blithely twirling his hockey club and whistling with the heartiness that only a genuinely healthy boy is capable of. President Logan stood on the bank steps, an amused smile on his face.

"Skating, my boy?" he inquired, glancing significantly at the shining runners.

"Game of hockey, sir. We play the West-enders at three o'clock. I'm going early so I can take Nancy Lee across the lake a time or two first," said Grant.

"Nancy Lee?" queried the banker, wrinkling his brows.

"She's my ice-boat, Mr. Logan," explained Grant, smiling.

"Oh!" The tone indicated relief. Mr. Logan stood a moment irresolutely—then entered the bank.

The Nancy Lee was a trim craft and her well-groomed lines

and angles bespoke long and arduous application. She was painted a bright yellow color—a fancy of the lad's—he hoped to hear her designated in boyish circles as "The Yellow Streak."

As Grant drew the little boat out from the boat-house he inspected it lovingly. He examined the rudder, shaft and foot, the brake and the rigidity of the mast and ropes.

Grant was proud of his boat, for it was the work of his own hands, save for the sewing of the sailcloth and some trifling smithy work. A burgee floated from the masthead, bearing the name, "Nancy Lee," in scarlet letters.

He pushed the boat out onto the smooth ice and took his place on board. The white sail went up and, as its folds stiffened out under the breeze, the Nancy Lee started as if stung by a whip.

Presently the regular zuz-zuz of the sharp runners told that she was rapidly attaining full headway. Two miles is a simple journey for an ice-boat, and almost before Grant realized it he was forced to bring the craft around to keep from running headlong ashore on the farther side of the lake.

Pointing her homeward, Grant would lie low down in the body of the boat and watch the distant shore rush down toward him. By looking intently he could forget that he was moving and imagine that the landscape was bearing down upon him at railway speed. As he drew near the town he saw a number of people, already on the ice in the lee of the steep banks, and it pleased the youth, for he loved to dash in and spin around airily in a spectacular finish. It seemed due to so showy a craft as the Nancy Lee and he enjoyed the unstinted admiration of the onlookers.

When the boat came to rest he clambered out and found the eyes of President Logan regarding him closely.

"So this is the Miss Lee you were speaking of, young man?" inquired the banker, genially.

"Yes, sir," said Grant, flushing.

"A rather lively young lady I observe, too."

"She has some speed, yes sir," remarked Grant.

"Carry double, I presume?" asked Mr. Logan. Grant glanced at the banker's ample figure.

"I—I think she will," he said, hesitatingly.

Amid the laughing banter of his mates, Mr. Logan bestowed himself aboard as Grant directed. When all was ready, Grant hoisted the sail and the boat started—slowly at first, but rapidly faster. Mr. Logan appeared to be enjoying it hugely, and the boy did his best to get all the speed possible out of the light craft. On the return trip the breeze freshened noticeably and the Nancy Lee indulged in a bit of pace that thoroughly satisfied both its owner and cargo as to its capabilities.

"Well, well," remarked the President, as he drew himself out on the ice at the close of the run. "That's very good travelling, my boy, very good travelling, sir."

Grant felt himself amply repaid for the trip, and bowed his appreciation of the compliment.

Two weeks went by. Grant Stimson had not renewed his request for a place in the Laketown National Bank. It had often been uppermost in his mind, but something held him back.

Moonlight evenings were now affording no small delight—Grant relished the daring sweep of the light craft as she sped over the ice, seeming to rival the fleecy clouds that drifted across the pale moon's face. Not once, but twice and three times, he would cross the lake before putting up the boat for the night.

On the day before Christmas a light snow fell, but late in the afternoon a strong breeze sprang up and whisked the flakes from the ice as if by magic. Grant, whose face had worn a melancholy look early in the day, brightened up and prepared for an evening spin. One trip was all he promised himself, as he would then have only sufficient time in which to get ready for the Christmas exercises at the church.

The Nancy Lee was over half-way across the lake when Grant saw, or thought he saw, a light on the shore toward which he was moving. He looked sharply a second time, but could not see it again and was laughing to himself at what he considered a trick of imagination when he suddenly uttered an ejaculation of surprise. By this time the swift-flying craft was near enough for him to distinguish shore objects fairly well, and Grant saw that the light shone from a small window in an old boat-house that stood a short distance back from the shore.

"That's strange!" said Grant, as he watched the light. He was busily cogitating on the puzzling thing when the Nancy Lee suddenly swung around, tipped up on one runner and came down with a

jerk that loosened the sail and brought it running down. "Sand," was the boy's comment, as he picked himself up. A hasty glance showed that the boat was unharmed, and Grant turned his attention toward the old boat-house.

Examining a mystery at a hundred yards' distance is unsatisfactory work to an inquisitive boy, and Grant Stimson was soon quietly approaching the spot. He soon detected voices, and the muffled sound filled him with increased desire to fathom the meaning of the strange rendezvous. Five minutes later his eyes were glued to a crack in the old house, and his ears were straining to catch the conversation going on within. He could see two men, rough-looking fellows—one very tall and boney, the other short and thickset.

"Well, I guess that settles it," the tall man was saying. "Everybody will be off to some Christmas doing, and we'll have a clear coast. Ought to let that Laketown National down at least ten thousand, Bill."

"Easy that. About what time do we git to work?"

"Twelve o'clock'll do, Bill."

Grant Stimson drew a quick breath and removed his eyes from the crack. The scene was suffused in bright moonlight, and he realized that should the men step outside he would surely be discovered. Waiting to hear no more he stole swiftly away toward the ice-boat. Already his nimble brain had formulated a plan and its success hinged solely upon his good luck in getting away unobserved. He gently hauled the craft off the sand, crept aboard and drew up the sail slowly and cautiously. Zuz-zuz went the runners, and he felt himself drawing away from the light, rapidly and surely. Soon he was far out on the lake and going like the wind. A minute more and he rounded up in front of the little boat-house, sprang out and hurriedly shoved the Nancy Lee inside her winter quarters.

A church bell was ringing, its cheery sound sending added impetus to many a youthful pulse. At the sound Grant quickened his already swift steps and scudded like a rabbit along a row of tall cottonwood trees that led to the right along the lake's bank. Presently he plunged through the trees and darted up a dark alley. His father's barns stood on the left hand side of the lane at the middle of the second block, and in a very short time Grant was squeezing through the bars of the gate, panting and eager.

He went straight to the tool-house and opened the door cautiously. Inside all was dark, but the boy stepped firmly across the little room and put out his hand. Something clanked, and he came out carrying a confusing mass of chains and steel spring in his arms.

Not long after a red-faced boy knocked at the door of the Christie family and breathlessly asked for "Jim an' Joe."

Jim and Joe Christie, athletic young fellows, were promptly forthcoming.

"Come out to the alley—quick!" said Grant, excitedly.

"What's up?" was Jim's first words after vaulting the alley fence close upon the heels of the imperative Grant.

"I want you to help me set this trap," was Grant's reply.

The Christie boys stooped over and took a look at the object.

"Say, do you expect to catch elephants around here?" asked Jim, straightening up in astonishment.

"Here's two poles," was Grant's response. "Each one of you take one and stick an end under that shed. Then pry down when I tell you."

They did as directed.

"All ready there?"

"Yes."

"Pry!" Joe and Jim threw themselves on the poles with all their might.

"A little more, fellows. More yet—there!" A dull click sounded.

"Let up easy!" said Grant.

The three lads examined the formidable affair at a safe distance.

"Wha—what is that, Grant?" asked Jim.

"Grandpa's old bear trap," replied Grant. "It's about rusted out, but I guess there's some spring left to her."

"I think there is," remarked Jim, rubbing his palms.

"Well, I must hurry if I'm going to get around to that tree. Good-night, fellows, and much obliged," and Grant carefully picked up the trap and disappeared in the deep shadows cast by a thick willow hedge.

Grant had successfully placed his trap, driven the stake and was congratulating himself on the progress of his plan when he felt himself seized suddenly from behind. His captor pushed him



quickly out of the deep shadow behind the bank into the moonlight and turned the lad's face up to his own.

"Hello! Young Stimson, eh? Now what are you doing back in this alley at this time of night?" Grant recognized the face and voice of Jerry Barnes, the night-watch.

"Nothing, I guess," said Grant, doggedly.

"Well, that isn't a lot, is it? Guess I'll just run you down to Logan's and tell him I found you down here doing nothing. Shall I?"

"You are doing this, I guess," said Grant. It had occurred to him that something might be gained by occupying the night-watch's time in some manner.

"You're pretty chipper, seems to me. Come on!" Barnes started off, holding Grant by the arm.

President Logan was just leaving his house for the church when the two appeared before him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Logan," said Barnes. "Here's a young gent wants to interview you."

The President peered down into Grant's flushed face.

"Why, hello—I presume its about that place, is it not?" The banker smiled benevolently.

"Don't know what it's about, Mr. Logan, but I gathered this lad in a minute ago snooping around behind your bank in a suspicious manner. You can talk it over—I've got to go back," said the night-watch.

"What's this, my boy?" asked Mr. Logan, as Barnes's footsteps became lost in the distance.

"He's right, sir. I was down there on—business."

"Of what sort?"

"I was just setting a trap, sir. You see, there was a lot of tracks—"

"Ho! Ho!" interrupted the President. "Trap, eh? Well, that's a good joke on Barnes. I hope you land something, my boy."

"So do I, sir."

"You're going to the tree, of course?" asked Mr. Logan.

"Yes, sir, and I've got to go home first to change—"

"Yes, yes, run along."

Grant darted away, feeling secretly proud of his bit of diplomacy.

At the church that night Grant's mind would not remain on the program. When his name was called he stood up mechanically and pocketed his gifts with hardly a glance at them. The distribution held the congregation unusually long, and when the exercises closed it was not till considerably after eleven o'clock.

Grant's excitement grew very pronounced, but escaped notice, as his boy friends were equally so for seasonable reasons of their own. The boy met Mr. Logan in the entry-way.

"I want you to come down to the bank, Mr. Logan," whispered the boy, earnestly.

"Why—what?" The President was surprised.

"Something very important, sir," added Grant.

Mr. Logan glanced at his watch.

"Rather late, my boy," he said. "But it's not much out of my way."

A three-minutes' walk brought them to the bank. As they entered, Mr. Logan reached out toward a button to turn on the electric lights, but Grant quickly stopped him.

"No, don't!" said he, imperatively.

Mr. Logan turned and looked inquiringly at the youth. Grant pointed toward the clock.

"It's eleven forty-five now, sir. That trap is supposed to go off at twelve, and I want you—"

The President stiffened up visibly.

"My dear young gentleman," said he, coldly, "I can enjoy a joke as well, I think—"

He stopped abruptly. A sudden sharp metallic sound brought Grant to his feet. Then a confused scuffling, mingled with subdued curses and groans, reached their ears.

"She's sprung! She's sprung!" whispered Grant, hoarsely.

Grant grasped Mr. Logan by the arm and they tiptoed swiftly to a rear room and drew the curtain back a trifle.

"I see nothing," whispered the President. "What do you make of it?"

"It looks like two men in a bear trap," said Grant, coolly.

"Men?"

"Yes. Stay inside, Mr. Logan—I'm going after help."

The boy ran across the street to a restaurant and quickly returned, heading a squad of a dozen men, including Jerry Barnes. The situation was rapidly explained and Barnes hastily lighted his dark lantern.

"Get into that side room—all of you," said Barnes, presently.

Then, shielding himself behind the wall, he threw open the door and directed the rays of the lantern upon the struggling men.

"Toss those guns away!" called the night-watch. "Quick!"

After a pause, Barnes called out:

"All right, boys."

It required the strength of four men to release the captives. Thirty feet away was found a sack containing burglar's tools—thrown there when the men realized there was no escape from the trap.

Jerry Barnes stood gazing at the huge trap in amazement.

"Who put that there?" he asked.

"I did," said Grant.

"So you're the young brat that got away on the ice-boat, eh? We saw her out on the lake, and where she keeled up on the sand, but never imagined you had spied on us," growled the tall captive.

Grant Stimson smiled and backed awkwardly away.

President Logan drew the boy off to one side and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Come around to the bank to-morrow morning, my son. We'll be closed, but I'll meet you at half-past nine. I think I know of a vacancy that needs filling quite urgently."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be there," said Grant.



THE LIFE STORY OF WILLIE WEAK



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Department conducted by

W A L T E R A D O L P H V O N D E R L E I T H

Owing to the fact that very little interest is taken in debating during the hot summer months, we shall depart from the usual order, substituting a brief review of current topics for the customary outline, etc. The debating work has, however, proved quite popular, and will be resumed in the fall.

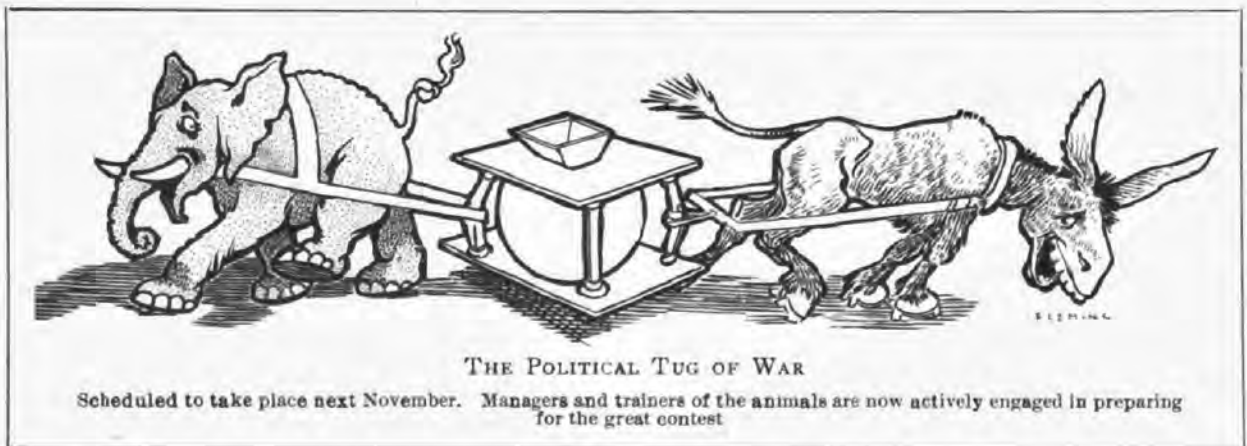
"When the intelligent foreigner comes to the United States, and asks this year, as we are entering upon the preliminaries of a Presidential contest, what clear and marked issues of public policy divide the two great parties," says the *Review of Reviews*, "candor compels the answer that there are no distinguishing issues whatsoever."

If this is the political situation now, what will it be in a few years hence when war, and trusts, and labor troubles, and tariff disputes, and "graft," and all the other "mighty problems" under the heading "et cetera," as mere matters of history? It is an awful thing even to contemplate what a terrible calamity will befall our glorious republic when our two great political parties shall have run out of "para-

mentioned as promising possibilities, but all show a decided inclination to avoid the chances of being laid on the vice-presidential shelf, where the most brilliant may meet his political death. The latest "possibility," and the first to express his willingness to be Roosevelt's running-mate, is Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, for whom oblivion has no terrors.

Joseph Folk, who recently made such a successful fight against the legislative grafters of Missouri, has just won another victory over the machine politicians, who, by fair means and foul, made every effort to prevent his nomination for Governor. The people of Missouri admire a man of virtue and backbone, so there seems little doubt but that they will choose Hon. Joseph Folk to be their next chief executive.

The Philippine question has again been revived, although it is not probable that it will be elevated to the rank of an important political issue in the coming campaign. A number of prominent business and professional men, including college professors, lately signed a petition request-



mount issues." Then we may read in the want columns of our newspapers, ads something like this:

**WANTED**—By a used-to-be-"it"-party, a first-class political issue—anything to make a noise about. A fat job and life annuity to the sender of the right idea. Address Chairman of the Promise-All-Do-Nothing Part.

There are two want signs hung out to-day. The one reads:

"**WANTED**—A man who is a winner, to be our next President. Apply National Headquarters of the Democratic party."

The other:

"**DEMANDED**—Somebody, good enough to fill first place, who is willing to take second place with me. Yours, Theodore Roosevelt."

The present indications are that Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, will be chosen by the Democratic convention, as the man most likely to fill their bill. As to who will be the Republican vice-presidential nominee is more a matter of speculation. Senator Fairbanks, Speaker Cannon, and Secretary Shaw have each at various times, been

ing that each of the leading political parties include in its platform, a plank promising, in the event of victory, to grant ultimate independence to the Filipino. Secretary of War Taft, who is in a position to speak on the subject with authority, firmly believes that the present policy of the administration should be continued, and that it is deserving of greater encouragement from the people of the United States.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, has struck a strong blow at negro education, by vetoing a bill appropriating \$10,000 for the support of a colored normal school at Holly Springs. He states that his action was not prompted by race-hatred, as is critics have every right to assume, but that he simply does not believe in the educated "nigger."

Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, of whom the New York Tribune recently said, "He had no rival and will have no successor," died in London, Tuesday morning, May 10th. His interesting career of remarkable achievements, in spite of early disadvantages caused by extreme poverty and other unfavorable environment, is only another reminder for our young Americans, of what can be accomplished by an unconquerable determination to do something—to be somebody.



# A T H L E T I C S

**Y**OU CANNOT put it off much longer if you are going to have your baseball club try for one of the **YOUNG AMERICANS** championship pennants. Remember that July fifteenth is the last day for receiving entries in this contest. We have already received a great many entries, but "the more the merrier." It makes no difference whether an entry is made early or late, since we shall award as many pennants as there are amateur **YOUNG AMERICANS'** baseball leagues formed.

It is easy to form a league. Of course, there are several baseball teams in your vicinity. All you have to do is to get the captains or managers of these teams together to talk over the plans of forming a league. A committee should be appointed to draw up a set of resolutions or constitution governing the league. The points covered in this constitution should be the number of games to be played, the amount of the entry fee, the duties of officers, pennant awards, official umpires, schedule of games, etc. It will be a good plan for those forming an amateur league to get a copy of the rules of the National Leagues, which appear in "Spaulding's Official Baseball Guide." If you can not get a copy of this guide from your local dealer, **YOUNG AMERICANS** will send you a copy for ten cents, post paid.

### HOW PENNANTS WILL BE AWARDED

Our pennants are made of a first-class quality of blue bunting, embroidered in gold-colored silk with the words as given above. The name of the club winning the pennant will be embroidered in any color selected by the prize winners. We award one of these pennants to every club which wins the greatest percentage of games during the season, playing at least ten match games, and competing with at least two other nines. For the benefit of our readers who did not note the contest last month, we are repeating the rules.

### RULES OF CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

1. All championship games must be reported to **YOUNG AMERICANS** on special blanks provided for this purpose.
2. Not more than ten clubs in a group may enter in competition for a pennant.
3. Any club competing for a pennant must play at least ten games, the rules of each game to be the same as those governing the National League.
4. At least three clubs in any group of clubs competing for the pennant must be enrolled on the regular entry blanks provided by **YOUNG AMERICANS**.
5. Enrollment must be made before July 15. The contest will be closed September 10, and all reports must be received before September 25. The awards will be announced in the November number of **YOUNG AMERICANS**.
6. The reports of all contests must give the names, the ages and the average weight of the competing teams, and the judges will throw out all games in which there is an unreasonable difference between the ages of the competing teams.
7. The pennants will be awarded October 20.
8. Sportsmen of national reputation will be selected as judges for these contests. The names of the judges will be announced later.

The coupon to be used in entering the base ball competition is given on the next page. The fee of ten cents is to cover the cost of printing and mailing the various blanks which are used in entering the various clubs of the local league and in reporting games competing for the championship pennants. Any one who wishes a copy of "Spaulding's Base Ball Guide," which contains the rules governing the National League, may procure it by sending ten cents to **YOUNG AMERICANS**.

**YOUNG AMERICANS  
BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP  
WON BY  
THE KIT KAT CLUB  
1904**

### PLANNING A FOOT BALL CONTEST

We are beginning to lay plans for a foot ball competition in the fall, to be conducted along lines similar to our base ball contest. We should be glad to have our readers write us concerning this competition. If you are at all interested in foot ball, just drop a line to the editor—a postal card will be all right—and in arranging the competition the editor will consult with you about the various details.

### PRACTICAL HINTS FOR BASE BALL PLAYERS

One of the foolish things done by many captains is the arranging of the players in a careless, hit or miss, batting order. The captains of the teams which win pennants always study the batting qualities of their men and arrange their batting order systematically and in such a way as to use each batter to the best advantage. Without taking the space to explain all its advantages, we give herewith a good plan for a batting order.

- First batter—A safe but light hitter.
- Second batter—A safe but light hitter.
- Third batter—A heavy hitter.
- Fourth batter—The heaviest and best hitter on the nine.
- Fifth batter—A heavy hitter.
- Sixth batter } Poorest hitters.
- Seventh batter }
- Eighth batter }
- Ninth batter—A safe hitter.

A little study of this arrangement will disclose its advantages. Especially note that the various kinds of hitters are grouped together. Many a game has been won by the ability of a team to "bunch its hits."

Being able to hit the ball and "line it out into the daisies" does not make a good batter. Good

fielding will prevent a score being made by such batting. The good batter is the man who can, to a certain extent, govern the direction of his hits and send the ball in places where it is difficult to be fielded. Any batter who studies this matter will be surprised to find how much control he can give to the direction of his hits by properly changing his position as he bats the ball.

Being able to throw a curve does not necessarily make a pitcher. The writer can pitch all sorts of curves, outs, ins, drops and shoots, but he could not pitch a winning game against a kindergarten team, because he can not control the ball nor does he have the proper amount of speed. Some of the best pitchers are the ones who can throw straight, swift balls. A straight, swift ball about the height of the batter's neck is harder to hit than any slow curve. Another good trick for pitchers is the alternating of swift and slow balls.



OUR KITE CONTEST IN AFRICA

PICKININNY—"Blame it! What show does us fellows have of winning that prize with these giraffes around everywhere."

KITE FLYING PRIZE CONTEST

This contest does not close until October fifteenth, but the ones who enter early stand the best chances of winning the prizes. Competitors may try as often as they choose, so those who enter now can practice all summer and in the fall they will be in condition to make the big records necessary to land the prizes.

Next month we shall probably begin to publish the records of some of the competitors in this contest. We are receiving new entries almost every day, which indicates that this will be a closely contested competition. It is open to all readers of YOUNG AMERICANS, whether subscribers or not. The only expense is the ten cent fee, which covers the cost of the Official Kite Form, which must be used by all competitors. This kite form is made of strong manila paper and upon it is printed instructions for making and flying the kite. In order to enter, fill out the "Entry Blank for Athletic Competitions," stating, of course, that you wish to enter the Kite Contest, enclose the fee of ten cents and mail blank and fee to the address given on the "Entry Blank."

Five prizes are to be awarded, the same to be selected from the YOUNG AMERICANS Reward List. These prizes are articles of merchandise, including cameras, guns, books, printing outfits, musical instruments, etc. This Reward List will be sent on request.

First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles

Entry Blank for Athletic Competitions

EDITOR ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT
"YOUNG AMERICANS"
University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York

DEAR SIR:

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ cents, for which please send me all necessary printed matter for entering the athletic competitions noted below.

\_\_\_\_\_

(Signed) \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

RULES

Kites must not be up less than one hour, and must not use less than twenty yards of twine.

A competitor may try as often as he pleases; but to file each claim he must fill out the following blank taken from a copy of YOUNG AMERICANS:

This is to certify that I have this day flown a YOUNG AMERICANS kite, using \_\_\_\_\_ yards (or feet) of twine, and that I kept the kite up for \_\_\_\_\_ hours and \_\_\_\_\_ minutes.

Signed,

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

My age is \_\_\_\_\_ years.

Witness:

\_\_\_\_\_ Parent or Teacher.

Date \_\_\_\_\_

In case of a tie, the prizes will be equally divided among those attaining the highest and longest flights, above the limits fixed in our offer.

Prizes will be awarded to those who attain the highest and longest flights.

THAT FELLOW FROM UP STONY CREEK

A Serial Story in Four Parts

BY ARTHUR J. ARMSTRONG

PART FOUR

THE STARTLING announcement that Jerry Todd had killed Jack Saunders, brought Professor Morrie to the scene of the combat as fast as his feet could carry him. But when he arrived, Jack had recovered consciousness and was sitting up and looking about in a dazed sort of way. Jerry had been frightened at the effect of his blow, and when he saw Jack drop he ran at once to the brook which flowed through the lumber yard and filled his hat with water. He was just returning with this when the professor reached the scene.

The professor took in the situation at a glance, and quickly recovered his mental equilibrium which had been rather upset by the incident. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he said:—

"Here Todd, hold that water." Then dipping the handkerchief in the water, he bathed Jack's face and dampened his throbbing forehead. Then noting that Jerry's face was also somewhat bruised and bleeding, he addressed one of the boys standing near.

"Come here, Devers, and hold this water for Todd, so that he can wash his face also."

Without a word Jerry did as he was told and washed away the blood from his nose and lips, which had been cut quite severely by one of Jack's blows. His left eye was also beginning to swell, and as the professor noticed this, he said:—

"Todd, you had better go down to the butcher's and get a piece of raw beef to put on that eye, or you won't be able to see out of it to-morrow morning. Now, I don't know what you boys have been fighting about, nor do I care to know. I guess you both have been punished enough for it anyway.

But one thing I want to say. Let this settle the matter. If I hear of any more trouble between you two fellows, I shall expel you both."

This was said in a tone which made it clear to both belligerents that the professor was in dead earnest, and that he would carry out his threat to the letter.

Neither was yet willing to call quits. Jack was more angry than ever because of Jerry's victory in the fight, and Jerry found that punching Jack's head did not bring him the satisfaction he thought it would. He felt that Jack should apologize or show some indication that he regretted the mean trick played upon him. Yet both boys realized that open battle between them must cease, since neither was willing to risk the penalty of expulsion from school for the disagreement between them.

"Are you feeling better, now, Saunders?" inquired the professor.

"Yes, I'm all right now," answered Jack, rising to his feet.

"Well, I do not think either of you will present a very ornamental appearance in the school room this afternoon, so I will excuse you," said the professor sarcastically, "but, do not forget that this must be the end of the trouble, or instead of excusing you temporarily, I shall do so permanently."

With this parting remark the professor returned to the school-room. When he had gone, Jack said to Jerry in a sneering tone:

"I 'spose you think you licked me, don't you?"

"No, I don't," was Jerry's reply, "but I am going to, before I get through with this matter, and I am not going to fight with my fists, either."

With this remark he turned away, and started toward the butcher shop, intending to carry out the professor's suggestion to put a piece of raw beef on his eye.

"Well, now I wonder what the lunkhead means by that?" said Jack, to a few of his cronies who had witnessed the fight. "If he goes trying underhand games, he'll find that he will have to get up early in the morning if he gets the best of me."

"I don't believe that that was what he meant," said Art Riley, as the group sauntered off. "From what I have seen of the fellow he seems too much of a goody-goody chap to play any underhand games. What I think he means is, that he is going to lick you by beating in the prize-speaking contest."

"O, rats!" said Jack, "I don't believe that is his game, and if it is, he is a bigger fool than I take him for. You know he made a regular donkey of himself when he tried to speak before the school the other day, and for my part, I don't know why he is going in the contest anyway. No, Art, you're off there, he has some other scheme in his head for getting even."

"Well, don't you be too sure of that, Jack," answered Art. "I still think that I have made the right guess, and I would be willing to bet on it."

The events of the following weeks indicated that Art was right. There were many rumors afloat that Jerry was practicing for the oratorical contest almost day and night, and one day Millie's cousin brought the report that Lawyer Stevens had volunteered to coach Jerry.

This bit of news convinced Jack that Art was surely right, so he determined to train harder for the contest. Weston was situated about two miles from the village of Ithaca, and Jack went over to Cornell University and made arrangements with a professor of elocution to tutor him.

The interest in the King oratorical contest soon became the main subject of gossip throughout the village. Quite a number of the pupils had entered the contest, but the rivalry between Jerry and Jack curbed the interest in the other competitors. The sentiment was mostly with Jack, for his speaking abilities were well known, whereas Jerry's failure to make a speech at his first trial day was a strong count against him.

Yet there were a good many of the hard-headed old villagers who took sides with Jerry. Among these was a well-known local character by the name of Henry Dee, but commonly known as "Henky Dee." This old fellow had considerable money, gained by hard toil and careful saving. He had no particular business, but bought and sold almost everything from a horse to a harrow. It was a well-known fact that "Henky" always had ready money, and whenever a farmer or business man needed money he could get it by disposing of some of his possessions to the shrewd old man. "Henky" Dee always drove a hard bargain, and very seldom paid what an article was worth. He disposed of these articles by con-

stantly keeping on the watch for prospective customers, and spent a great deal of time driving around the country in an old buckboard, but always with a first-class horse. In fact, one of his week points seemed to be his love for horse flesh.

"Henky" always took a keen interest in the local affairs, and was one of the leaders in the debates which took place nightly in the village shoe-shop, where the villagers gathered and discussed the various questions, local and national. As a matter of fact, "Henky" Dee had scarcely any education himself—just enough to write a little in a crabbed hand, to laboriously read the items in the village newspaper, and to figure out ways of making money—yet he took a great deal of interest in the coming contest and was one of Jerry's strongest supporters.

"I tell you that lad has got the stuff in him," said Henky,

to the shoe-shop coterie. "I don't care if he did get all balled up when he tried to make a speech in the school. Most fellows would've quit, right then and there, and you couldn't have hired them to make a speech the next time. And the King contest is going to be the next time, and don't you forget it."

"O, come now, 'Henky,'" said Frank Truitt, the proprietor of the "Weston Breeze," the village newspaper. "You don't think an ungainly farmer like that Todd boy is going to stand a chance against Jim Saunders' son, do you? We all know that Jim is one of the best talkers in the town, and, from all accounts, the boy is just naturally taking after his daddy in having the 'gift of the gab.'"

"Gift of the gab, or no gift, he ain't goin' to win that prize," stoutly argued Henky. "It takes grit to win prizes, and Todd has the grit, and is chuck full of it from top toe nail. I've been thinking a bit about this contest, and have been figgerin' on a way to git up some interest in it. Of course, \$50 is a considerable sum of money to fight for, but it seems to me, in an eddicational contest like this there ought to be something up besides money. And now as I was thinkin' the matter over, it struck me that a college education would be about the right thing to have for a prize

for an affair of this kind. As I understand it, all of the lads in the contest are hankerin' to go to college, but some of them won't get there because they ain't got the money. 'Now,' says I to myself, 'what's the matter with you offerin' a college education to the fellow who wins the King prize?' What do ye think of the idea?"

It was such a well-known fact that "Henky" was rather close in money matters and rarely given to philanthropy, that for a moment the company was struck dumb with astonishment.

"Do you mean, that you're going to offer a scholarship as an extra prize to the winner of the King contest?" asked Truitt.

"That's about the size of it," replied Henky.

"Well, I must say, Mr. Dee, that this is a most remarkable



"There is another prize that I am going to try to win someday."

and generous offer, and I should be glad to publish the details in the 'Breeze,' if you would give them to me."

"There ain't no details, all there is to it is that the fellow who wins the King prize can go to any college, and I will pay his bill until he gets through."

"Do you mean that you are giving a scholarship covering the whole four years of the college course?"

"I 'spose that's it, 'though it makes no difference to me whether it is four or five years, my idea is to pay his expenses until he gets through."

"Takes a tarnation lot o' money to send a feller through college," ventured the shoemaker.

"Well, I reckon I can manage to get enough to pay most of the bills," dryly answered Henky, "an' if I need help I'll call on some o' the rest you fellers."

"Oh, I wasn't meanin' that you ain't got the money, Henky," the shoemaker hastened to explain. "I was jist remarkin' about the cost, so that you might not be goin' into this kind o' hot-headed like."

"Well, I guess my head's a little bit too old to get het up by a thing of this kind," replied Henky. "I mean just what I say, and you can put in your paper any way you want to."

The announcement in the "Breeze" of "Henky's" extraordinary offer increased the interest in the coming contest to the highest pitch, and people awaited with much impatience the date fixed upon for the contest.

It was well that the contest was held in the largest building in the village, the Town Hall, for a record-breaking crowd gathered to hear the speaking.

Preliminary to the contest proper a program of music was rendered, then Professor Morrie came upon the platform and, in a few well-chosen remarks in which he mentioned in well-phrased praise the "generous prize of our distinguished townsman, Mr. Henry Dee," he introduced the speakers of the evening.

Probably no oratorical contest would be considered genuine if none of the speakers gave "Mark Anthony's Oration on the Death of Julius Caesar." This was the subject chosen by the first speaker, who rendered it in a stirring and satisfactory manner, making a very good impression upon the audience.

He was followed by Jack Saunders, who had selected as his subject "The Black Horse and His Rider," that vivid descriptive oration which portrays how General Benedict Arnold won the battle of Saratoga. That the Cornell professor of elocution had drilled Jack thoroughly was evident from the start. He had perfect command over himself and his subject from the beginning to the close and he easily carried the audience with him, and when he finished there was a stirring outburst of well-merited applause.

"Poor Jerry!" said Mrs. Stevens, who was seated well up in front beside her husband and Milly. "I'm afraid it will almost break his heart to lose this contest."

"Well, he hosn't lost it yet," tersely replied her husband.

"Why, you don't suppose he has a chance to win, now that Jack has done so exceptionally well, do you?" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens.

"We'll see pretty soon," was the lawyer's reply. "But remember always, wife, that a case can't be judged until the evidence from both sides is in."

Milly said nothing, but she quietly squeezed her father's hand.

There were two more speakers before Jerry's turn came.

There was the usual ripple of laughter over the announcement of his homely name. When he came upon the platform his appearance was a striking contrast to that of his chief rival, Jack Saunders, although he was by no means as "back woodsey" looking as he was when he arrived at Weston. But he had not yet mastered the art of looking at ease, and it is doubtful if any tailor could have fitted clothes to his angular frame in such a way as to give him a genuinely stylish appearance.

The piece he had selected was by an unknown author, and bore the simple title, "Mother."

As he stepped to the front of the platform he was greeted with hearty applause, for he had already made many friends in Weston. The applause interrupted the first sentence of his speech and this seemed to disconcert him. He started to repeat the first sentence, and stammered as he did so. This brought a sudden hush upon the audience, since most of them had heard of the disastrous failure of his first attempt at speaking in public.

Was he going to repeat that failure? It certainly seemed so, for as he stammered the first lines, the blood rushed into his cheeks and a look almost of terror overspread his face. He dropped his eyes down upon the audience and suddenly found his eyes looking into a pair of blue eyes brimming over with tears. The blue eyes did not falter, but looked steadily into his own, and as he gazed into them they gave him a smile of encouragement. It was just a little bit of a smile, so little that the tears almost drowned it. Yet it was enough.

Jerry shook himself together and stood erect. The flush left his cheeks, he stopped stammering, and for several seconds looked straight at his audience without saying a word. Then he began again, this time without a falter in his voice.

His oration was a splendid tribute to motherhood. It portrayed the trials and worriments of the mother over her heedless, wayward boy. It told of her hopes and prayers for his future. It told of her disappointments and of her triumphs, and ended with a touching appeal to young people, urging them to make more earnest efforts to repay the great debt of mother love which demands no return, but which deserves greater tribute than any son or daughter can give.

It was an oration full of humanity and pathos and it touched a responsive chord in the breast of every one present. Jack had won their admiration, but Jerry engaged their sympathy and feelings.

Since then Jerry has pleaded many a case and has won the applause of thousands in many a public address, yet he claims to-day that he has never surpassed the work of that night. When he came to the close there was not a person in the house who did not believe that he justly won the prize and the judges were unanimous in their verdict, awarding it to him.

This first great victory settled Jerry's career in Weston Academy. Thereafter his place in the school was fixed and no one poked fun at his awkwardness, which, of course, gradually wore off. When he was graduated, three years later, he was unanimously elected Class Orator.

After the graduation exercises, before leaving for college, where he was to take the entrance examinations, he went over to say good-by to his friends, Lawyer Stevens, his wife and his daughter, Milly. After the Lawyer and Mrs. Stevens had given him innumerable bits of advice regarding the way he should conduct himself in college, Jerry and Milly went out on the porch to have a friendly parting chat.

"How glad I am that Mr. Dee happened to offer that prize and that you won it," said Milly just as Jerry was about to leave. "Since 'Henky' Dee distinguished himself by becoming a philanthropist, the people no longer used his nick-name."

"Yes," replied Jerry, with a peculiar gleam in his eye. "It was lucky for me, and I'm mighty glad I won the prize, too. But I know of another prize that I'm going to try to win some day."

Milly did not ask him what the prize was. Perhaps she guessed. Anyway, after Jerry had gone down the walk she called after him: "I wish you success!"

(THE END)



SUCCESS CLUB OF THE WEST SIDE Y. M. C. A.,  
NEW YORK CITY

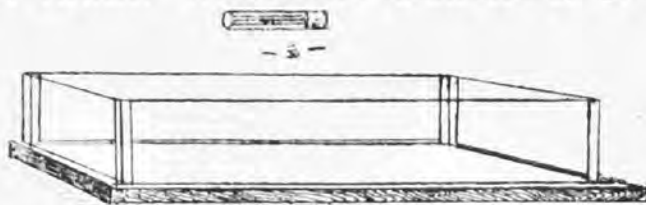
Young Miss Wilgus—"Where are you going, papa?"

Rev. Mr. Wilgus—"To the temperance meeting. We intend to inaugurate a movement to save the young men of the country."

Young Miss Wilgus—"Try and save a nice one for me, will you, papa, dear?"

# THE RIGHT KIND OF AN AQUARIUM

Nature Study Article. Written and Illustrated by J. Carter Beard



— 2 —

they adhere so tenaciously, when you see them put forth their odd, hand-shaped members, and open and close long, slender fingers, as if the animals in the shells were grasping for something in the water. This, in fact, is really what

they are doing, for the hermits in the acorn shaped shells live upon the creatures they thus gather in. They will not, however, live very long in confinement. It is quite necessary to procure a supply of common salt water snails, especially the periwinkles, which are the best of scavengers, devouring decaying vegetable matter. Some of the sea snails inhabit spiral shells. Beware, however, of the pirate commonly known as the "drill" or "Borer," and well does he deserve the name, as he does that of "butcher," which he is also called. Mr. William E. Dawson, who has studied his tricks and ways, writes, "He bores or drills a small, neat hole through the hardest enameled shell, making an orifice as round and perfect as if executed with the modern diamond drill. This preliminary accomplished he sucks his unfortunate victim's substance away, leaving the empty shell upon the beach with his professional death mark on it." A few hermit crabs will be well worth coralling, and the same may be said of the comical fiddlers; only if you keep the latter you must have some place where they can remain for a while out of water. The beautiful anemones, eels, star fish and sea urchins, are interesting and valuable finds for your purpose. Do not attempt to keep bivalves, oysters, clams, or mussels; they are sure to die on your hands, and as their shells are closed you cannot tell whether they are dead or alive until, perhaps, the water is poisoned and your aquarium ruined. All sorts of crabs and shrimps may be made members of your happy family—always provided they are *quite small*.

Be very careful not to overstock your aquarium, a mistake that almost all beginners make. A crowded tank is extremely difficult to manage and in any but the most experienced hands is sure to end in disappointment. Never take your animals in your fingers; use a little dip net when you wish to remove them. Remember, these creatures have to be fed twice a week on finely chopped meat; but be very careful not to allow any uneaten food to remain in the aquarium.

You can make your own aquariums if you do not care to buy one. Those in the shops are not properly proportioned, are apt to get leaking, and in several respects are not so good as one you can make.

Procure a well seasoned piece of flat wood of a kind not liable to warp or split, say two feet long by sixteen inches wide and at least an inch and a half thick, for the bottom of the tank. In each of the four corners bore a hole large enough to admit the end of a piece of broom handle, or other piece of wood. Third. Two pieces of glass for the ends and two for the sides of the aquarium. Fourth. Cement. Ten parts by measure litharge; ten parts plaster of Paris; ten parts dry white sand; one



MARINE SNAIL



MARINE WORM



SHRIMP



SEA HORSE



STAR FISH

**T**HERE ARE few things more entertaining and interesting to nature students than the right sort of an aquarium. I say the "right" sort because the ordinary affair in which a few unhappy gold fish manely chase themselves all day around the inside of a glass globe, is not at all interesting.

What I do mean is a little section of ocean or river life boxed up in glass, where one can see all sorts of queer creatures not being at all aware that they are anywhere else but at home in their native habitat, live their strange lives, go through with all sorts of astonishing transformations, build homes, care for their young, and, in short, act out every part for which they are billed in Mother Nature's program.

Collecting is great sport. Extreme low tide is by all odds the best for the purpose. Old clothes must be worn, since sea water will spoil new ones, and old shoes, or no shoes at all, since salt water ruins leather. A slip or two, or even a tumble amid the slippery weed covered rocks will not matter but only be provocative of fun and laughter. Of course you must be equipped with baskets containing tin pails, cans, or glass jars, and armed in addition with an old table knife, a hammer, perhaps a chisel, and necessarily a dip net made of mosquito netting or some loosely woven material.

As soon as you reach the water, wade right in to your work. Scoop up with your net the sand or mud from the water filled hollows; lift up the stones to look under them, carefully investigate every promising looking bunch of seaweed, and you will soon have enough to stock forty aquariums.

When you have collected sufficient for your purpose sort out your specimens, reject all weak and sickly animals and put those you have selected into tin pails with perforated lids containing sea water and sea weeds. Ordinary tin pails will answer. A ten penny nail can be used in making the perforations. Tins thus prepared can be carried without injury to their inmates for thousands of miles.

Put plenty of sea-lettuce and such other sea plants as you wish to preserve in the salt water contained in the cans; they will serve to keep the water healthy for a long time. Beware of the olive, dark colored fuci, the seaweed that abundantly covers the half submerged rocks. If you should observe amid the dirt in the bottom of your net some queer looking tubes preserve them carefully for they may contain specimens of those odd and often brilliantly colored sea worms found on the sea floor.

The inland collector accustomed to associate the name with nothing but unsightly earth worms, has no idea what beautiful creatures some of these, so called, sea worms really are. Do not neglect to collect a few barnacles for your aquarium; you will find yourself amply repaid for the trouble you have had in detaching them, with the aid of hammer, knife or chisel, from the rock or other support to which



HERMIT CRAB

part finely powdered rosin; to be mixed when wanted into a pretty stiff putty with boiled linseed oil.

Begin by boring a hole large enough to receive the end of one of your lengths of broom stick, in each of the four corners of the bottom of the tank. From each of the holes cut a straight groove or trench one-quarter of an inch deep along the edges of the board to the hole next it, to receive the lower edges of the glass sides. Face off one side of each one of the lengths of broom handle with a right angled V shaped groove or incision to receive the ends of the glass sides. Having secured these little posts firmly in the holes at the corners of the base board, the glass sides, cut to fit, are to be slid in place,

and secured with tacks, as panes of glass are fastened in a window pane.

Prepare your cement and use it freely on the inside, banking it up against the glass as putty is used in setting a pane of glass.

As the four glass sides admit entirely too much light for the well-being of the plants and the animals in the aquarium, it is necessary to cover three sides of the glass with paint—green paint if possible—leaving the remaining side as a window, through which you can see your collection.

Visitors at the seaside by using minnow buckets or the pails with perforated covers, described in the present article, can have maine aquariums in any inland city in the United States.

## LITTLE WATER FOLK

A NATURE STORY BY MARGARET W. LEIGHTON

**B**ENEATH the ripples of the brook that winds its way through my wild garden live a host of curious folk. We are well acquainted with the trout, the turtles, snails and frogs. Would you like to know some of the strange creatures who seldom come up to the top of the water, but lead a jolly rollicking life below? Let us go to a performance given by the water sprites, for most of them are born actors.

The easiest way to do this is to dip up some of the brook water into a shallow dish. If there is a good glass handy so much the better, but if not there is much we can enjoy without it. This is the liveliest kind of a Variety Show, and the performers follow each other in quick succession. First comes a band of Shrimps with their curled bodies and their feathered feet. They jerk themselves across the stage. See their clumsy efforts to scamper away when they think a hungry trout is coming along. The Shrimps are some of the busiest of the water folk. They are always hunting for bits of decaying animals or plants which they devour with great gusto.

The Nematoid Acrobatic Company follow the Shrimps. They are tiny whitish worms no thicker than a cambric needle and about a quarter as long. The stage is covered with them. A half dozen are turning somersaults so fast that you can hardly see them; others are swimming. It is pretty hard work to swim when one has neither fins, arms, legs nor tail, but they manage it in first class style by their wonderful little wriggles. Suddenly every Nematoid stops what he is doing. What can be the matter? Has an electric current shot through the water and killed them?

Ah! a dark shadow appears to the right of the stage. As it comes nearer the Nematoids seem to become re-animated, and they all tumble off at the left as the shadow develops into a fierce "Water Tiger," who is followed by a splendid great beetle, Lord Dytiscus. The "Tiger" has a pair of strong pincers, and he would enjoy nipping our fingers right well. Each nipper is a hollow tube. Here comes a poor little pollywog; the "Tiger" grabs him with his pincers and sucks all the blood from his body through the hollow tubes. There is nothing else he enjoys so much as seizing little worms, fishes and snails in his terrible nippers. After a while the "Tiger" will turn into a beetle like Lord Dytiscus. This young Lord is an athlete and his greatest pleasure is diving. If you understand the dead languages you will know that Dytiscus means fond of diving.

Now comes the jolliest band of all—the Water Skaters. See them play tag, leaping from stones half a foot high and always alighting on their six feet right side up. How gracefully they skate up stream against the strong current! Watch this little leaf hopper that has just fallen into the water. How the clan gathers to feast on him! Poor fellow it was surely an ill wind that blew him into the brook.

The Skaters wear a natty uniform of black velvet and silver. When they are leaping and diving we can see the silver on their under sides. They never get wet, though they live in and under the water, because they are covered closely with downy hairs that shed the water. They are a hardy race, and when almost all the other water folk are taking their long winter's nap the skaters come out on sunny days, even when the brook is fringed with ice,

to practice for their spring skating matches. One of their favorite games is to skate up stream as fast and as hard as they can and drift down with the current. Even the babies have their little velvet waterproofs which keep them always dry.

Here comes the Emerald Hydra Troupe—expert lassosists. They are more wonderful than any of the performers that have preceded them, but so tiny that you will need a good glass to watch them. The slide of a microscope is the best stage for them to play upon. As the curtain rises we see a row of queer little green things shaped like bean pods, with six and eight-rayed stars for covers. They begin to rise, the bean pods turn into tall slender stems and the little stars shoot out their rays into long tentacles. "This is truly magic!" you exclaim. But wait; these tentacles are the Hydra's arms; each one is covered with knobs, and in each knob there is a lasso, coiled up with a sting at its end. Hydra's mouth is in the middle of the circle of arms. A tiny shrimp comes jerking along through the water. Hydra throws out some of his lassos with a steady hand and a sure aim; he never misses. Suddenly the shrimp stops and tries to turn back—too late; the cruel arms gather him in and poke him down Hydra's throat. To-morrow he will come out again looking quite like his little grey-green self, but this is only an empty shell. The Hydra has eaten all that was within.

When the Hydrae wish for a change of scene or water, each loosens his stem, and then some of them drop into the stream and float down till they come to a spot where they wish to stop a while. Some prefer not to trust themselves to the freaks of wind and wave; so they creep along like the inch worms, using their arms for feet, and stretching out one or two in front to see if the footing is safe before venturing their whole bodies.

Here comes a night lover. A very giant he is compared with the tiny Hydrae. He has a golden stripe down his back, and a pair of the brightest eyes you ever saw, and oh, such cunning little hands! He is a Newt and looks very much like his cousins the lizards. He hides himself away under the stones in the day time, but at night he wriggles forth in search of a good supper. His chief accomplishment is fancy swimming, which he performs by the help of his tail. This member is quite as long as the Newt himself and has two filmy fins, one above and the other below.

The Waterboatmen come rowing along on their backs, propelling themselves swiftly by their fringed legs, perfect little oars. The blue-back Whirligig Beetle, though not half the size of the Boatman, comes spinning down on him, whirling round and round, "like a tiny dervish of the waters," captures and devours the poor bewildered Boatman.

The curtain goes up for the last act. We clasp our hands in rapture. The stage is covered with troops of winged creatures, Dragon-Flies, Stone-Flies, May-Flies and a hundred others. Every color of the rainbow glistens in their gowns; black and orange, bronze and white, pale pink, baby blue, black with green, ruby red, every shade of brown, quaker grey with cream trimmings.

They have crept up from the muddy brook bottom where they left their houses of stone and wood, their cracks in the rock and their old larval skins, to fly about in the bright sunshine, all decked in shining robes.

# PRIZE



# CONTESTS

Heading drawn by Ernest H. Baker, age 14 years, Foughkeepsie, N. Y.

## What I Heard in the Barnyard

By Ethel M. Harwood, age 15, North Bangor, N. Y.

IT WAS a lovely evening in late spring; the moon was slowly rising above the horizon; the song of the frogs could be heard from the distance intermingled with the clear notes of the whip-poor-will. But I was tired, and that made all the difference in the world to me. I had been house-cleaning all day, a regular country house-cleaning, and it seemed as if no earthly power could drag me from my bed, even for the enjoyments of an early spring evening.

I retired precisely at nine o'clock, but scarcely, it seemed, was I fairly resting before I felt a light touch on my shoulder.

"Come," a voice said unto me.

"Who art thou?" I whispered, as I sat up in bed, "and where dost thou want me to go?"

"I am the messenger of the fairy protector of animals," said the invisible one, "and I was sent to lead you to them, that you might hear their complaints and, perhaps, do something to better their condition."

"But I am tired," I muttered.

"You will not be when you have started," he replied, "for you will become invisible like myself and I am never tired, come," and again he touched my arm. I arose and followed him.

He led me through my kitchen door and along the path which turned toward the barn. All weariness had left me, and I was enjoying the beautiful spring evening with the delight of a child. Past the barn we glided till we came to the barn-yard bars, and there we stopped to listen.

The cows were standing about the yard in groups of threes and fours; the old horse, with its young colt, stood solemnly under the shadow of the barn; the calves were walking 'round or pulling restlessly on their chains; in an adjoining yard the sheep were contentedly watching their frisky lambs; while from a nearby pen could be heard the grunting of numerous pigs. Even a lonely old cat and a clucky old hen, with her sleepy brood of chickens, were not lacking in the scene.

An old sheep was speaking as we entered the yard, while she watched the gambols of her offspring.

"I suppose," she said, "that my beautiful child will have to be sold this fall, my children always are."

"Aw! your trouble is nothing compared to mine," said the red cow; "it is positively nothing compared to mine. Really, you must not be offended at my freedom, dear friend, but you do not care so very much for your children, when the time comes to part with them in the fall; of course, I will not deny but what it may cause a pang, but think of me. I am usually separated from my child before it is twenty-four hours old. They say, it is better for us to be separated from each other; so I am obliged to listen to its pitiful wails (crying the same as any baby would cry for its mother); perhaps it is only in the next stable, yet I cannot go to it, it cannot come to me. Often I have thrashed my head wildly about in the manger, I have yanked at stanchion till my neck was sore, I have bellowed for my child till my breath was gone, and yet people do not seem to care. They feed and water me regularly; in the winter they give me warm shelter and good bedding; in the summer I am allowed to run in the pasture. 'What more could a cow possibly want,' they say. They do not understand, but a cow as well as a human being wants something to love—something that loves it."

"We calves have no pleasant time, either, after we leave our mothers," said a little, black calf from the stable. "They bring our feed to us in pails and when we do not know

enough to drink it, they push our noses down into the milk. If we do not learn to take it readily the farmer says that he cannot bother with a calf that does not know how to drink milk, and if we are not a very large, fine calf, we are soon killed. After we learn how to eat there is still another thing to bother us. They do not feed us but twice a day. What do you think of that? Then they feed us half a pail of milk. We are so hungry we generally eat it all, though we are apt to feel uncomfortable for an hour or more afterwards. On some farms I have heard they feed calves three times a day; that would be a good deal more sensible and for their own interest, too, for we would grow so much better. There is not another animal on the farm that they use the way they do us.



COYOTE

Photo by Nelson Bartholomew, age 15 years, Heppner, Oregon

All of you have at least three meals a day. They say that is too much bother to feed us so often. How do they manage to feed you then? They say that they are doing the way their fathers always did, and they guess the old way is good enough. What difference does that make? Why should they follow out old prejudices in this age of modern improvement? Just because someone has done a thing wrong for a thousand years, what is the need of doing it wrong for a thousand more?"

"Your fare is pretty hard," remarked an old crow, "are you ever sick?"

"Sick," echoed the calf, "well I guess we are. Some of us are sick nearly all the time. They have no remedy for all times and cases. They hunt up a hen's nest, break an egg and chuck it down us, shell and all. Ough! but it is awful! I wouldn't mind the egg, but the shell, sticking in your throat and pricking your stomach is almost more than one can stand."

"Your tale is a sad one," murmured one of the young pigs, who was rooting with sleepy contentment in the mud. "But most of you have hopes of quite a long life, while I will have to be killed next fall. Perhaps you do not like your rations, but what comfort do you suppose you could take with plenty of good food if you knew it was only to fatten you for the slaughter?"

"Still you seem to take comfort all right," said a beautiful snow-white sheep, as she eyed her filthy companion with contemptuous eyes.

"Oh, yes," replied the lazy one, as he rooted still deeper into the mud, "that seems to be my disposition, to make the best of everything, still sometimes I worry a little over the future."

The old cat now sprang upon the fence, "I am small," she cried, "but I, too, have my tale of grief. Our family does not escape from the troubles of this world no more than the rest of you. Year after year they have taken my children away to be drowned in yonder brook or to have their brains mashed upon some unfeeling stone. It is dreadful! Years ago I used to be a family pet; I was fed well and taken good care of. Many used to stop to caress me in those days and one of my flock was always spared to me; but my friends have moved away, and I am left a wanderer to secure my living as best I may. My children are always killed as soon as they can be found. I have no one that cares for me, no one that I care for; it would be better if I could die, too." With this the cat gave one shrill, hopeless cry of anguish and sprang from the fence.

A long-drawn sigh passed through the yard and murmurs of "We know how to sympathize with you" came from every side.

The noise had roused the old hen from her sleep. "Are you talking about having your children taken from you?" she questioned. "Well, I too, have had much trouble on that point. I am singularly fortunate for some reason or other this year, and have a dozen of the smartest, fluffiest chickens that ever you see, but—it has not always been so. Last year, for instance,

I set for three long weeks upon a batch of eggs. At the end of that time the cold weather or some other similar cause had prevented half of my eggs from hatching, and my mistress took away what chicks I had and gave them to another hen, who also had a few chickens. Then she shut me up in a coop, and when I was again allowed to come forth my chicks were following old Plymouth Rock around the yard and would not heed my call in the least. I call that downright mean, don't you, after I had set so faithfully for three whole weeks?" A faint murmur of assent ran through the yard.

The horse was now the only one left who had not spoken or had her views expressed by someone else. All eyes were turned toward her. "Have you no complaints to make?" they cried.

"Of course, I have had my troubles," she began, in a low, gentle voice, "we all have. One cannot enter this world, beast or human, but what he must have trouble sometimes. I, too, like the rest of you, have been separated from my children, and it has seemed as if I would rather they would be killed than to go forth into a world where I know they will suffer so much. I have been in many places and I know what is before them. I was born on a farm, a great, grassy farm like this one. My mother was a beautiful horse, the pride of my master, and I was beautiful, too—once, but that was long ago. High-drawn check-reins, fast driving and cruel treatment have changed me until I am now a wornout, old horse, good-for-nothing, they say, but to raise colts and take the women driving. If it wasn't for the suffering that I know my children will have to go through I think I should be happy though, for they treat me very kindly here. All of you have many sorrows and many complaints against our owners, but still there are two sides to our case; we look at one; they look at the other. Perhaps we judge them harshly. Some things that we think cruel of them it is necessary for them to do; others, of course, are mere thoughtlessness."

Just then I felt the messenger's touch upon my arm.

"Come, let us return," he said. I turned and slowly and thoughtfully we retraced our steps to the house.

"Think of this and profit by what you have seen to-night," said my messenger and was gone.

I have thought of it; I have tried to do what I could to help them, but it is very little and, as the old horse says, there are two sides to the case.

## How Tom Earned His Vacation

By Albert D. Gilbert, age 16 years, Lawrence, Mass.

It was a cold, starlight evening in December; everything was crisp and still. On a side street in the village of North Ashten was a little, old house sitting back from the road. There was a low picket fence in front, a path leading to a small portico and many lilac bushes about the place.



**SHORT STORY**—Tell a story in which some kind of a vacation adventure is a part of the plot. The story may be either true or imaginary and should contain less than 2000 words.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**—Subject, A Posed Photograph.

**DRAWING**—Must contain animals of some kind.

**POETRY**—Subject, A Jolly Time. Must contain not more than five verses.

### SPECIAL CONTESTS

We will award a five point prize from our regular reward list to each person who sends a photograph, drawing or article that is accepted and printed in any of the following contests: 1. A wild animal photograph. 2. A cartoon on any topic of current interest. 3. An original joke or funny anecdote. 4. A description of any article of handcraft that can be easily constructed by any ingenious boy or girl. Illustrate with drawing or photograph, if possible.

### AD-WRITING CONTEST

For every original design of any advertisement that is considered good enough to print we will award a five point prize, and we will award a free scholarship in any correspondence school advertised in *YOUNG AMERICANS*, to the person who submits the six best advertisements in our Ad-Writing Contests, before January, 1905.

### PRIZE AWARDS

Five prizes are awarded in each contest, the same to be selected from our reward list, which will be sent to anyone on request. First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All readers are eligible to these competitions; but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in jet black,—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than 12 inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, July 25, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in September.

All articles for prize contests should be addressed, *YOUNG AMERICANS* COMPETITIONS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.



Within, a middle-aged woman and a boy were seated before an open fire in the little sitting-room. The boy was about fifteen years old, with dark, brown hair and light, blue eyes. Just now he sat with his head in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. The woman, too, seemed to be thinking as she watched the brightly-burning blaze.

After a few minutes silence the boy said: "You see, Ma, we've got to do something, else we shan't be able to visit Auntie this summer."

"Yes, I know, dear, but something may happen before it is time to go. Now go to bed and don't worry." And bidding Tom good-night Mrs. Erastus prepared to lock up the house.

One day some weeks later Tom came running into the house with a newspaper in his hand. Sitting down by the warm stove, he unfolded the paper, saying, "Here is something we might do, Ma." And he handed her the paper. Glancing over the place he pointed out she said, "And do you think we could sell May flowers as this boy does?"

"No, not exactly that, but we could flowers or plants that we had raised."

"Yes, I suppose we could try it; but we haven't hardly enough money to live on now and I don't see how we can afford to buy the seeds."

"Say, Ma!" said Tom, "you know that new boy at school—well, he offered me four dollars for my rabbits. If I sell them that will buy enough seed, won't it?"

"Well, we'll try," said his mother, and it was settled that the rabbits should be sold. With the money thus obtained Mrs. Eastern bought many packets of nice seed.

There were busy times for awhile around the little house. Tom made a lot of nice boxes which he filled with earth and early in March the seeds were planted.

During the next four weeks nothing of importance happened. Tom went to school and the seedlings flourished.

One evening the last of April as Mrs. Eastern and Tom sat by the fire, Tom said, "I think if to-morrow is pleasant I'll take a walk out into the woods to see how the May flowers are coming on. Mrs. Thompson wants some, says she'll give me a quarter if I'll go." So the next day being Saturday, Tom started off early. When he got home in the afternoon he laid on the table where his mother was cooking one dollar and a quarter.

"Why," said Mrs. Eastern, "where did you get that, my boy?"

"Well," replied Tom, "you see, I got a big lot of flowers for Mrs. Thompson, and while I was on my way to her house, whom should I meet but two fellows on wheels. One of them said to me, 'Say, bub, where'd you get those May flowers? We've been all around here and can't find any.'

"Oh," said I, "I got them back in the woods a pace. 'Why?'"

"We want some if we can get them," said the first speaker. "Tell you what we'll do," said the other man, "we'll give you fifty cents for what you have."

"I can't let you have these, but I can get you some more," replied I.

"All right," they said, "get a bigger

bunch and we'll give you seventy-five cents. Bring them down to the hotel."

So I took what I had to Mrs. Thompson and then got some for the strangers and a few to bring home. But when the men saw them they wanted them all and gave me a dollar for the lot. Not bad for a few hours' work, is it?"

So time went on until the plants were almost ready for sale. Asters were what they mostly relied upon, for there was a large demand for good ones.

A few dozen tomato plants were already engaged to Mr. Brown, one of the village storekeepers. Occasionally Tom got work after school doing odd jobs for the neighbors, thus bringing in a little money. But now it was time to sell the

asters, and he and his mother were full of hope. Mrs. Eastern sent the following advertisement to several city papers:

"Aster plants for sale. All kinds and colors. Ten cents a dozen. Address Mrs. J. Eastern, North Ashton, N. H. Box 93."

For several days they waited patiently; then one morning Tom came home with some letters. Two were for asters, one for four dozen and the other for two and a half. One of the letters was from Tom's aunt, saying she hoped they would visit her in the summer.

The asters were taken up, packed and sent off and Tom was eager for more orders. The next day a Mrs. Jones, of the village, came over and got two hundred plants. That night at supper, Tom said, "I'm going to the city to-morrow, mother, to try a little plan I have in mind."

Bright and early the next morning he was off and did not return until evening.

"Well, aren't you tired?" asked his mother as they sat down to supper.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Tom, "but I'm hungry, though."

"What have you been doing all day in the city?" asked Mrs. Eastern.

"I have been to quite a number of plant dealers to see if they would take our asters."

"And would they?"

"One of them," said Tom, "agreed to take all we have at seventy-five cents a hundred. Is that all right?"

"Well, I guess it is. I didn't expect to sell half of them," said Mrs. Eastern.

So the next day Tom stayed home from school to help his mother with the asters and they had lots of pleasure marking and packing the different kinds. A few days later a check came making in all twenty-one dollars and fifty-seven cents for asters alone. That same day Mr. Brown took his tomatoes, which added several dollars more to the general fund.

"I guess we'll see Auntie, after all, don't you, Ma?" said Tom, as they talked and planned in the little sitting-room that night.

It was now the middle of June, and Tom and his mother were busy packing their trunks for the long hoped for journey. The day they started, as they waited for the train, Mrs. Eastern said, "Aren't you glad to have a little vacation trip, Tom?"

"Yes," replied Tom, "and the best of it is we earned it. Don't you think so?"



THE TWINS IN THEIR FIRST PANTS  
Prize photo. by R. Rossmann, age 19, San Antonio, Texas



Drawing by Delphia Nelson, age 15 years, Galesburg, Ill.

## Chased by a Mad Dog

By Lloyd L. Smith, age 15 years, Fergus Falls, Minn.

My friend and I planned and made arrangements for a trip through the northern part of the state. We were to go on our bicycles and spend at least two weeks on our novel trip.

It was a delightful July morning that we started out with a few provisions and cooking utensils on our backs.

We spent the night in a small town about thirty miles to the north of our home and the next day set out on what was to be the last stage of our trip. We were now in a hilly part of the country and found traveling very difficult and tiresome. We did not get very far that morning.

At noon we stopped for lunch at a shady spring on the outskirts of a small village. The day was very warm and sultry, so we decided to stop a while and rest. "S'pose we take a nap," my friend suggested, and inside of half an hour we were sound asleep.

It was nearly the middle of the afternoon when we awoke and again started on our way. As we entered the village we saw that something was going on, for the people were running in all directions. As we drew nearer we saw the cause of their excitement.

In the center of the road was a dog prancing about and snapping at the air in a mad frenzy. "That dog is mad. We'd better get out of here!" I exclaimed.

We started to pass by, amid the cries of "Mad dog!" "Look out, boys!" and the like. There was no reason why we should have tried to pass the dog, but nevertheless we did. We had barely done so when the dog turned and started after us in hot pursuit. "Look out, Seth!" my friend shouted. "He's after us!"

Before us lay a level road and along this we sped at break-neck speed. My friend was a little ahead of me and as we came upon a sandy place in the road, he slipped and fell, rolling over and over. I whizzed past, and on looking back saw that the dog had paid no attention to him, but was still chasing me.

A little way ahead was a sharp turn in the road. How was I to round this at the rate I was going? I tried to slacken my speed, but it was useless.

As I reached the curve the dog darted forward and I felt myself going through the air and knew no more.

When I opened my eyes I saw a number of people standing about me. My friend stood near by, very much bruised by his fall. "Where's the dog?" I asked.

"He is done for," was the reply. "Wait until we get to the village and I'll tell you all about it."

I was taken to the village in a lumber wagon and by night was able to walk about, although I had a severe headache. It so happened that the dog had been hit upon the head by the pedal of my bicycle as he rushed forward, and was killed almost instantly.

That night we started for home on the train, taking our bicycles and outfit with us.

## My Adventure With the Indians

By Robin L. Woodworth, age 15 years, Montpelier, Vt.

It was in '56. My mother and I lived in a log cabin in the State of Wisconsin, three miles from a neighbor and ten miles from the mill.

I was at the mill one day, having our corn ground, when I heard the Indians were on the war-path and had burned a village twenty miles from there. As I had left mother alone, I hastened to mount the horse that my father had brought with him from the East. After I had gone about six miles, I began to see traces of Indians, such as moccasin tracks.

Soon I entered a ravine on the sides of which were high rocks, and running through it and beside the road, was a small brook.

I was nearing the middle of the ravine, when I was startled by a shot which passed through my cap. My horse sprang around and run for the other end. It was a small party of Indians, as six shots was all that was fired, but one hit my horse. Just as we reached the end of the ravine, he fell from loss of blood.

I had been so startled that I had not fired my rifle. This proved very fortunate, for when I had cleared myself from my horse, the Indians were upon me and I had just sense and time enough to spring into the bushes and run away. I was a very swift runner, so I distanced all my pursuers except one.

As we neared the brook (for the brook turned from its course at the end of the ravine and run at right angles to it, and we had made a wide circuit in our running), The Indian fell, shot through the arm. Leaping into the brook, I hastily followed it for a mile, being careful not to leave any traces which might aid the Indians. Soon I came to a large tree, overhanging the brook, and swinging myself up, I passed from tree to tree and dropped to the ground fifty feet from the brook.

I could not hear my pursuers now, but thinking it best, I made a wide circuit toward home.

I was nearing the clearing, when, to my amazement, I saw an Indian gazing at the cabin. Expecting my pursuers to overtake me any moment, I was in a "fix." Here was this Indian in front of me and more coming in back. I must do something! I was armed only with my empty rifle, knife, and a tomahawk which my father had taken from an Indian he had killed. I had practiced some with this and was quite expert in throwing it. Trusting to my fortune, I hurled it with all the strength I could muster. Either because my aim was not true or because of charm, the tomahawk missed the Indian. Startled, he looked up, and I at once recognized him to be a friend who, it proved, had come to warn us of our peril. We safely got my mother to the nearest settlement, and, when we returned and found our cabin burned, we decided to go back East.



THE INVENTOR

Prize photo. by Ambrose P. Spencer, age 18 years, St. Cloud, Minn.

## MY PETS

Prize poem, by Edward M. Cadence, age 18 years, Rochester, N. Y.

Lone is the life that singly lives  
And had no pet to love,  
No cherished wanderer of life  
To be the guardian of.

A little kitten once I loved,  
With smooth, black glossy hair,  
My little confidante was she,  
She followed everywhere.

And once it was a handsome dog  
That shared his life with mine;  
I often long to see him now,  
And hear his coaxing whine.

But now I have another pet—  
To live with me forever—  
God grant the Death may never come  
My child and me to sever!

## WHEN YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE IT

*A How-to-Win Talk*

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

The youth who can force himself to do a thing when he doesn't feel like it is the man who will win.

It is easy to work when you feel like it,—anybody can do that, but to train yourself to do your level best when you do not feel like it, to force yourself up to standard when all your inclinations are pulling you down, is one of the last lessons of culture, the finest evidence of a trained mind.

The habit of forcing oneself to do one's work whether he feels like it or not, has a wonderful influence on character. It strengthens and solidifies it, and develops the power to do things, to achieve regularly, persistently, each day, no matter what one's mood or environment may be.



"Don't feel like it" has been the grave of many an ambition, the reef upon which many a life has been shipwrecked. The man who has never learned to control his mood has missed the secret of power and happiness.

What a pitiable sight it is to see one of God's children completely upset, rendered unfit for work by a temporary despondency, a feeling of discouragement! Such weakness, such lack of trust in the Power which creates and upholds, such a loss of faith in oneself, is the result of wrong thinking. If we think aright; if we look continually upward, we shall not be hampered by "moods" or environment, or discouraged by a temporary failure or a score of them. When we become conscious that we are centered in the Great Cause of all things, we shall rise above discouragement; we shall be beyond the reach of accident.



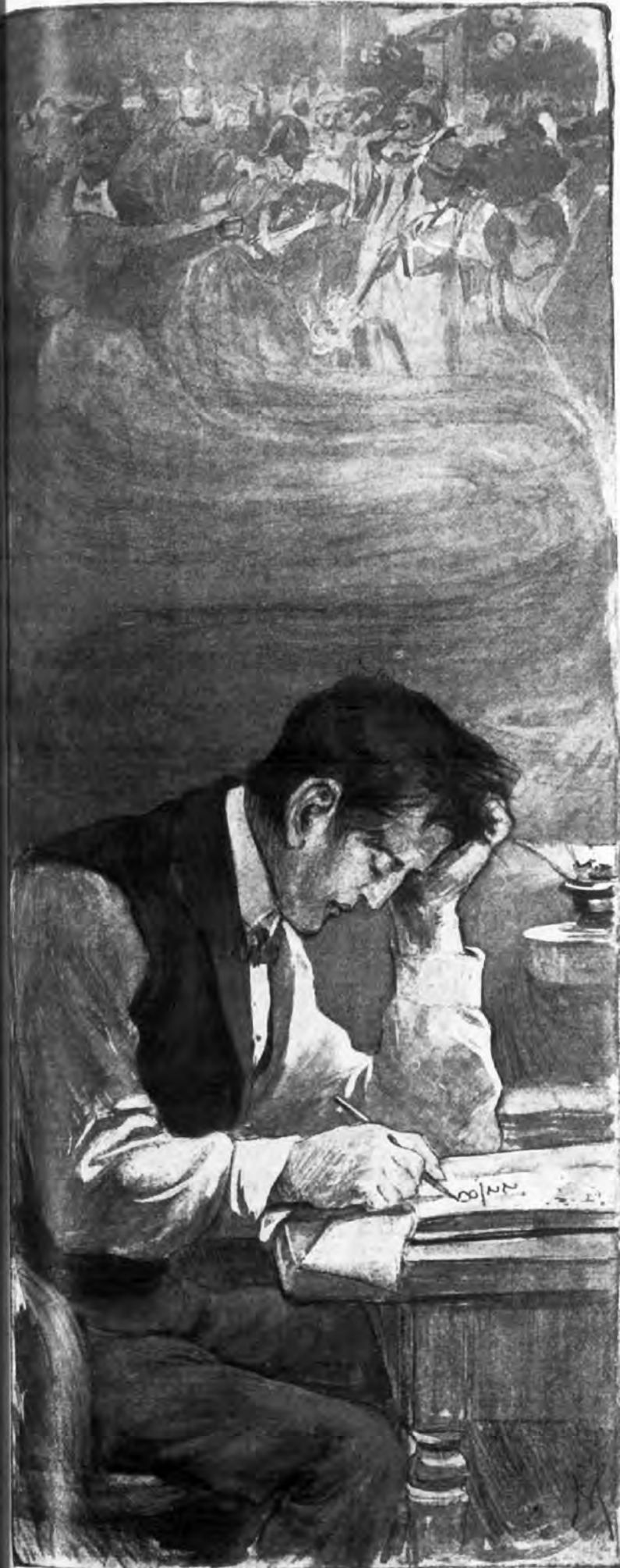
Many of us are victims of our moods, to a certain extent. We are more or less hampered by them. They have kept us from climbing higher, from soaring to the heights where excellence dwells. How many of us could have gotten the position above us had we been able to conquer the "blue devils" which robbed us of the energy and ambition that would have enabled us to press on. Because of the gloom that weighed upon us, we lost strength and sleep and the ability to lay hold of the opportunity which would have placed us on the next round of the ladder.

Not a few of those who are handicapped by their "moods" would laugh at the idea of their being stumbling blocks to their advancement and happiness, yet if they examine their lives they will find that many an opportunity, many a chance to better themselves, slipped from them because they "did not feel like it" at the time, because they were "under the weather," or because "everything looked blue;" in other words, because they had never learned to conquer their moods.



The man who conquers himself is greater than the man who conquers a nation. Many a great general who has won world-wide fame by his conquests has succumbed to his own little temperamental enemies, has fallen a victim to his own uncontrolled temper or moods. He is a king, indeed, who can govern himself. He who has conquered his moods, not he who has taken a city, should wear the royal purple.

In nine cases out of ten the "blue devils" can be traced back to "the night before," and whenever you see a young man with his head bowed despondently down on his desk, you will be pretty safe in guessing that visions of last night's revelry are running through his head, preventing him from concentrating his thoughts upon the book before him. So if you would prevent the habit of not feeling right, be careful how you spend your evenings.



# WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE LEAGUE?

An Open Letter by the General Secretary

**T**HE ABOVE question will be a surprise to many, because very few have realized that there is anything the matter with The Success League. Yet quite a number of our members whose correspondence has received scant delayed attention must have had an inkling that everything has not been going smoothly at headquarters. It is possible, however, that I mistake in bringing to public attention a matter which so vitally affects our organization; yet after much thought, I have decided that it will be better to let everyone interested in The League understand just how the matter stands.

## REPRESENTATION WITHOUT TAXATION IS UNJUST

The American Revolution was fought to establish the principle that "Taxation without representation is unjust." The Success League has just been through a fight of as great importance to us as the Revolution was to the Colonists. They were fighting for their existence as a nation and we have been fighting for our existence as an organization. In our fight we have found that our difficulty comes from the exact reverse of the principle which the Revolutionists established. Our organization has been struggling because we have endeavored to give representation without taxation, which is not only unjust but impossible, for it is an attempt to "give something for nothing."

If some kind philanthropist had left a million or so as an endowment to the League, we would not have met this difficulty so soon; but I am glad that it has happened so, because I do not believe our organization is in need of endowments; it is not an eleemosynary institution. Our form of government is thoroughly democratic; we make our own laws and govern ourselves. Our mistake has been that we have not made provision in our government for the gathering of a revenue adequate to meet the expenses of conducting our organization.

The mistake that brought about this condition of affairs was a natural one. We had a good theory, but it would not stand the test of practice. Our theory was that the revenue from the sale of magazine subscriptions and other supplies could be made to meet the expenses of conducting the bureau at headquarters. We did not impose an obligation upon members to purchase such supplies, and the consequence was that our revenue did not begin to meet expenses. As the League grew larger the burden of conducting it grew heavier, until at last, as General Secretary, I found myself facing the problem either of abandoning the League project, or finding a way of remedying the financial difficulty.

Upon consulting lawyers, I found that our League constitution was not a constitution at all, because it was not in accord with the principal of just taxation for just representation. It is also unconstitutional because it provides for the incurring of expenses and does not provide for the payment of such expenses.

## AN UNCONSTITUTIONAL CONSTITUTION

It may occur to you that there are other organizations which have constitutions similar to The League in this respect. There are many such organizations; in fact nearly all organizations whose growth is fostered by periodicals are somewhat similar to our League. But in two important respects all of these organizations differ from our League, first they do not give as many valuable privileges to members and second, their aim is not as high or their purpose as broad. Take "The Order of The American Boy" as an example. This is doubtless the most commendable of all periodical organizations, yet its privileges amount to very little more than are accorded to every casual subscriber to the magazine; and the most ostensible purpose of the organization seems to be the increasing of the subscription list of The "American Boy."

The Success League, however, is not formed for the purpose of getting subscriptions for any magazine. Doubtless it could be perverted into an organization of this kind and in this way be made a great financial success. But I do not believe any really great organi-

zation can be established on such a principle, and I am sure it would be lowering the high aim of our League if we put into our platform a plank requiring every member to subscribe either to "Success" or "Young Americans." The aim of The Success League is as high as that of any organization in the world. What could be a grander purpose than the uniting into an association for mutual aid and sympathy all the young people of the world who are striving to make the most of themselves and their opportunities?

The privileges of membership in the League are material and of real value. In addition to the fraternal benefits, the privilege of obtaining information on any helpful subject, from a bureau of trained workers situated in the heart of the greatest information centre in the world, is worth a great deal to every ambitious youth striving for success. Moreover, it costs money to maintain this bureau which affords this privilege to League members.

## A NEW LEAGUE CONSTITUTION.

In correcting the above described defect we can not merely amend our constitution but must make practically a new constitution. We are now at work upon such a constitution and when it is ready we will submit it for criticism to all our readers. Meanwhile, we request our readers to express their opinions regarding the following plans which are likely to form a part of our new constitution:

1. A financial plan will be evolved, probably along the following lines: An admission fee of one dollar will be required of all clubs joining our League and a fee of about twenty-five cents per month will be exacted from each branch.

2. The privileges of League membership will be more distinctly enumerated. Each member of a branch of the League will be furnished with a neat membership card on which the privileges of membership and the League constitution are plainly printed.

3. The officers of the League will be elected for a longer period, their duties will be more clearly defined and a provision will be made to reimburse each officer for whatever expense he may incur while fulfilling the duties of his office.

There will be several other minor changes such as the including of our badge, motto and official colors in the constitution, but the three plans above named are the most important. Our new constitution will be submitted to lawyers expert in matters of this kind, and we trust that it will be kept free from technical errors.

I am sending this letter to every branch secretary, and I sincerely trust that all will bring the matter to the attention of their fellow members. The question should be thoroughly discussed in the club meet-

ings and each secretary should report to headquarters the feeling of his branch in regard to the matter. I believe that nearly all branches will be in hearty accord with the plans I have outlined and I am confident that the final outcome will be the making of our League a real organization wielding a great influence in the betterment of the world. Some branches may not like the plan, but I am convinced that a hundred loyal branches solidly banded together with mutual aims and sympathies, will accomplish more actual results than five hundred branches loosely joined in a League that is an organization in name, but not in reality.

Let no one imagine for an instant that a step like this means retrogression. Quite the contrary. It is a great step in advance. Our League has already had a greater growth than any other organization in the world and this plan is intended to make this growth permanent.

No great movement in the history of the world has developed without overcoming obstacles. Our League is not an exception, and the energy we put forth in contending with these difficulties adds strength to our organization.

I would like to hear from everyone interested in the League not merely from the officers and members, but from everyone who will write.

Yours for progress,

HERBERT HUNGERFORD.

## SUCCESS LEAGUE CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS

September 15

Remember this will be our first convention and we must make it a howling success. Dr. Marden has promised to be there and we will have a splendid programme. Send just as many delegates as you can. A visit to this greatest World's Fair will be an event of a lifetime, and it will double the interest of the event if one attends the first convention of an organization that is rapidly becoming world-wide in influence.

## A FREE TRIP

Any club member or reader of our magazine can visit the fair without money. By doing a little work for our magazine all expenses can be earned. We are making an exceptionally liberal offer because we desire to make our convention as great a success as possible. Write for full particulars.

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WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH, PH. D., FOUNDER OF THE ORDER AND MAGE MERLIN, FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK, NATIONAL KING ARTHUR, SPENCER, MASSACHUSETTS

#### WEST GROTON, N. Y.

I herewith submit a report of our winter's work in Winchester Castle, 278. Considering the very extreme weather of all these months and an epidemic of mumps which attacked our ranks, we certainly have had a very successful experience. Our numbers have grown to eleven—the boys bringing in two of their mates. We have had a conclave almost every Friday night, meeting at first in our parlor, and later in the Church dining room, which we transformed into a very attractive Castle Hall, decorated with our colors. Mrs. Ireland was elected as Lady of the Lake, and with myself as Merlin, brings our roll up to thirteen. One of the young ladies has made us a very pretty K. O. K. A. banner and another has made a crown for the use of Pendragon. Each boy has a banner, in the form of a shield, which he wears on the left arm, on which is worked his special "insignia."

Each of the boys has assumed a heroic name, selected from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, History, and modern heroes (Hamelin and Grenfel). Some of the boys have already recounted their adventures to the Conclave.

April 15th, the boys gave a banquet to their parents. After our Conclave was opened in the customary manner, I explained the workings of our order, and Sir Grenfel told of his experiences in Labrador. Then came the banquet at which the K. O. K. A.'s were the Kitchen Knaves, and served as waiters. After the banquet came toasts, which were the remarks of parents on our order, and they managed to sandwich in, between their wit and fun, some excellent advice. The boys would respond with their Rallying cry. It was a very successful event.

#### CONQUEST CASTLE, 241 AND VICTORIOUS COURT, 286

A company of the Queens of Avilion attended by fourteen Knights of King Arthur, gathered in the parlors of Dr. Hannah C. Simmons, Worcester, Mass.

The young people belong to the First Baptist church, and the clubs were organized by Dr. Simmons and William T. Norton. It was the Queens' turn to entertain, and they did it right well.

It was an April fool party, and the young men did not know till they got there what the entertainment was to be. There were progressive games and April fool games. The boys had to choose their partners by their toes. The girls stood in a row with the toes of their shoes peeping out from under a sheet each boy said, "I will take this toe."

There was an initiation game, where the girls again got the better of the young men. The boy had to sit on a chair and a girl came and blindfolded him, then a boy crept out softly and kissed him, much to the amusement of the girls, who were allowed to see the joke, while the boys had to wait their turn in another room.

The boys wore pinks, sprinkled with pepper, but it did not work, not a girl asked to smell

them. They also had little red threads on their coatsleeves, knotted on the inside, but not a girl offered to pick one off.

Refreshments were served during the evening, fruit and good candy, and the doctored April fool kind mixed, which made them eat gingerly. Charades closed the evening's fun.

Castle Camelot, Alameda, Calif., has led to the formation of Castles at Berkeley and Santa Cruz, and is awakening interest all about the neighborhood. This Castle is most active. They are working out very attractive paraphernalia, a national flag, with Castle flag to match spears for sentinel and constable; Castle gowns for all, in color black, with a shield in mold, with colors and bars to denote rank; the King has a cape of white, all adding to the dignity of the Conclave. For camp it is planned to have an inexpensive suit. The pages learn marching drill, Esquires sword drill, Knights fencing. Each member is to become a specialist in character chosen.

Castle Vineland, No. 225, Vineland, N. J., has reorganized with Alfred Charles Whitsitt as Merlin, and is planning to develop into a vigorous organization.

#### FROM THE MARQUIS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

I have just received notice of the organization of Castle Galloway, First Presbyterian Church, San Jose, Cal., and am planning to visit it. I am also invited to organize a Castle in Trinity Church, Oakland. I have visited Castle Hamilton, connected with Hamilton Square Baptist Church, San Francisco, the Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, Merlin. The Castle has a membership of twenty young boys, who have taken hold of the King Arthur idea with great eagerness. Their behavior during the Conclave was commendable. You will probably receive an application for a charter.

Castle Avilion has organized a base-ball team and has played several good games. Lately debates have formed a feature of our conclaves, the subject of last Conclave being "Resolved that base-ball is a better game than foot-ball." Next week they are to debate on the subject: "Resolved that the United States was justified in annexing Panama." Active preparations are going forward for a minstrel performance to be given for the camping trip in June. Mr. Leland S. Ramsdell, who has had considerable experience with boy's clubs in the east, is drilling the boys for the minstrels.

Court Camillard of the Order of the Queens of Avilion has completed its organization by the initiation of eight Princesses. The three ranks of Pilgrim, Lady-in-Waiting and Princess are now represented. Our Round Robin letter to the other Courts is soon to be forwarded to the Reformed Church in Denver which has the next Court on the list. There is a Court at St. Stephen's Church in this city, but it has not yet applied for a charter.

The new issue of "Men of To-Morrow" is an improvement.

W. E. HAYES, Marquis.

Canterbury, Castle, 211, Rutland, Vt.: Two of my boys have completed the "First Reading Course" and I am forwarding herewith their essays which you may wish to see and keep. I make this course one of the requirements for obtaining the Fourth Degree, that of Knighthood. I use the same list of books given in the *Manual*, substituting Howard Pyles' "Knights of King Arthur" for Bulfinch. In this way whenever a boy becomes a Knight he also becomes a "Baron." I now have twenty boys, two Knights (with these) three Esquires, seven Pages, eight Novitiates. Meetings are lively and interesting, boys all there, and I believe every last youngster in town wishes to join. The boys are quite independent now and will only take in the best. I believe that the National Order grants certificates for completion of the reading course. If I am right will you kindly forward. It is not likely that we shall call upon you very rapidly for these for five books constitute quite a task—a task too great for some I am sure. But I believe in making each degree a little harder to earn. Someday I will tell you my idea of the "Crusade or Fifth Degree." This is a great means of working with boys—the best, by far, of which I know.

ORIN EDSON CROOKER, Merlin.

Castle Chester, 279, Chester Depot, Vermont, has been doing good work and now has eleven members. This constitution requires that the members be regular attendants at Sunday school and it has had a very good effect. Most of the boys are taking up the reading courses.

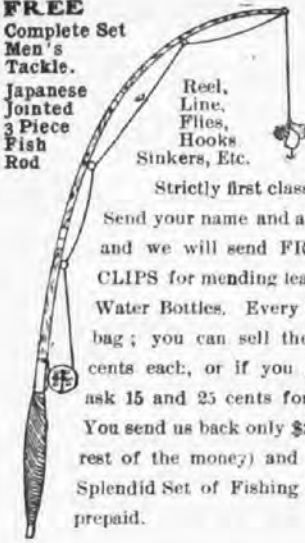
GEORGE F. MARSH, Merlin.

One of the members of Astolat Castle, 208, Woodsville, N. H., has just completed the following reading course, leading to the rank of Baron. 1. Ruth in the Old Testament. 2. Peter in the New Testament. 3. Emerson's essays on "Love and Circles." 4. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." 5. Dickens' "Christmas Carol." 6. Henty's "Through Three Campaigns." 7. Holmes' "Elsie Venner." 8. Davis' "Ranson's Folly." 9. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." 10. Jerome's "Three Men on Wheels." 11. Cooper's "The Spy." 12. Scott's "Black Dwarf." The readers' final judgment was "I prefer 'The Scarlet Letter' because of the beautiful flow of language and the excellence of the plot. 'A Christmas Carol' because of its truencess to human nature. 'Ranson's Folly' because originality and amusingness predominate."

The National King has just returned from a delightful and inspiring visitation of Castles. On April 20 he was received with all honors by Castle Mettabessett, 136, assisted by Castle of the Great River, 269, in Middletown, Conn. The Conclave took place in the Castle hall of the Y. M. C. A., which was most attractively decorated.

April 21, Castle Winnemauw, 204, Watertown, welcomed the King. The regular order of conclave was enjoyed, and the members, led by their Merlin, Rev. W. T. Holmes, gave

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an athletic drill most perfectly. It is interesting to know that out of the work being done in this town by our K. O. K. A. has arisen a desire for a larger work for the boys and young men. So on the evening of the King's presence a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, the purpose of which was to create interest in the establishment of a Y. M. C. A., which he was invited to address in company with the State Y. M. C. A. Secretary and other workers in that organization. Friday, April 22, Castle Windsor, 250, in the town of the same name was the host, entertaining also the members of the Castle Stirling, 146, of Hartford.

Saturday afternoon, Castle Bell, 307, was visited in Rowayton, and though the day was not the best for a meeting, and the hour was inconvenient, due to the limitations of the time of the King, nearly every member of the Castle was present, with friends.

Entering New York City, late in the afternoon, the King was received by the enthusiastic members of Castle Jefferson, 200, at the Grand Central Station, greeted with the Castle cheer, and made to feel at once at home.

The following Monday evening Castle Jefferson was visited, at Bethany Congregational Church, and the following very interesting program was carried out.

**SECOND ANNUAL SPECIAL CONCLAVE**

CASTLE JEFFERSON, K. O. K. A.

Monday evening, April 25, 1904.

- Sir Lawrence, ..... King
- Knights arrive at 7:45 P. M., marching in with banners and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers".....
- Daughters of Ruth march in with banners, singing, "Welcome to our Conclave," song by the Knights of King Arthur.
- Regular opening exercises.....
- Reading of minutes and roll call.....

**SPECIAL PROGRAM**

- Report of Castle..... Sir Morris
- Report of our Collector.....
- Selection ..... Mandolin orchestra
- Recitation, "Charge of the Light Brigade" ..... Sir Percival
- Recitation, "Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address" ..... Sir Hamilton
- Solo, "Crossing the Bar"..... Sir Ironsides
- Recitation, "Fred's Ride"..... Sir Madison
- Recitation, "King Bruce and the Spider" ..... Sir Allen
- Paper, "Commodore Perry"..... Sir Perry
- Recitation, "That Boy"..... Sir Alder
- Dialogue, "The Finding of Sir Owain"..... Sir Lawrence, Sir Hamilton, Sir Laurence, Sir Clark, Sir Wayne, Sir Custer and Sir Ironsides
- Violin solo..... Sir Decatur
- Address by National King Arthur
- Collection, for "Our Bethany Summer Fund"
- Recitation..... Sir Cushing
- "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Part I
- Recitation..... Sir Laurence
- "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Part II
- Recitation..... Sir Putnam
- Selection from "The Holy Grail"
- Song, "The Games We Used to Play"..... Base Ball Team (in uniform)
- Recitation "The Base Ball Crank"..... Sir Standlee
- Violin solo..... Sir Decatur
- Closing exercises.
- Recessional ..... Castle
- "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."

Tuesday evening, Castle Camelot, 194, at Whittier House, Jersey City, entertained a number of friends, in addition to the King.

Wednesday evening, Castle Roseville, 44, the next to the oldest of living Castles, received Castle Gordon, 297, and Castle Camelot, 194 and friends.

Every one of these Castles conducted the exercises in a delightful manner, and each had features of merit, all demonstrating the varied forms which may be observed in conducting Castles, and showing the wide application of the ritual of the Conclave. In every instance the boys were very enthusiastic over the order, and the Merlins were unanimous in their expressions of appreciation of the principles underlying it. Every Castle had a delightful program of exercises, in some instances wholly arranged by the members. Collations were served, and everything done to make the meetings very interesting.

NEW CASTLES

Bartlett, 303, Merlin, Rev. F. W. Gibbs, Amesbury, Mass.

Percivale, 304, Merlin, Elizabeth Wade-Jenkins, Fairbury, Ill.

306, Merlin, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Bell, 307, Merlin, Rev. A. L. Hubbard, Rowayton, Conn. This Castle is named for the Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, who has made the phenomenal record of forty consecutive years' service in this position.

J. G. Van Slyke, 308, Merlin, James F. Osterhoudt, Kingston, N. Y. This Castle is named for the Rev. J. G. Van Slyke, D.D., the revered minister of the "First Dutch" Church.

Enfield, 310, Merlin, Rev. John P. Garfield, Enfield, Conn.

Galloway, 311, Merlin, Clifton Greene Reynolds, San Jose, Calif.

Honor Bright, 312, Merlin, Rev. Merrill C. Ward, Southbridge, Mass.

Altamirano, 313, Merlin, Rev. Mrs. Cipriano A. Frausto, Aguascalientes, Mexico. This is the first Castle organized in a foreign country, among non-English speaking boys. It will be interesting to watch its development. Long may it prosper.

Keuka, 314, Merlin, Rev. Dewitt C. Reilly, Branchport, N. Y.

315, Rev. I. T. Cameron, Merlin, Nashville, Tenn.

Hamilton, 316, Merlin, Rev. Louis J. Sawyer, San Francisco, Calif.

INFORMATION

If you want to know a little about the K. O. K. A., send stamp for descriptive circular to the National King Arthur, Spencer, Mass.

If you want full information, send twenty-five cents for a handbook of the K. O. K. A., to the same address.

Full outfit for a Castle, comprising handbook, charter and enrollment in National Order, cards for Conclave and initiations sufficient for membership and a year's subscription, costs \$1.50. That's all. No fees or dues, and only such expenses as the local Castle determine.

# Many are Increasing Their Salaries

This message is addressed chiefly to men and women who are earning less than \$25 a week. Business men, however, may find interest in the proposition, and advantage in taking it up.

Advertising is an uncrowded profession

It pays better, especially to the beginner, than any other profession.

There's a keen demand for men and women who can write business-bringing announcements.

Graduates of the Elmer Helms course in advertising have been very successful. They are occupying lucrative positions, because they've been properly equipped.



Elmer Helms, formerly ad-writer for John Wanamaker—the instructor who gives personal attention to every lesson of every pupil.

## THEY KNOW THE BUSINESS

Here are four recent graduates:



Lillian Maynard, 281 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: This has been a most satisfactory investment. Your instruction has been very helpful.



C. Edward O'Neill, Advertising Manager for Geo. M. Snook & Co., Wheeling, W. Va., writes: Use me as a reference any time. Thank you for the recommendation that landed me here.



Eva M. Farquharson, Advertising Manager for Bronx Department Store, New York, writes: I am well pleased with the training I received—shall gladly recommend your course.



A.J. Ford, firm of Wakeley & Ford, Lindsay, Ontario, Canada, writes: Your instruction and counsel have proved most profitable to me since I engaged in business. I feel it my duty to tell you the credit due you.

This is a correspondence course. But the instruction is personal—there's not a "form" among the many letters each pupil receives from me. Every pupil is instructed according to individual needs. Every letter is personally dictated by myself.

I will want about forty new pupils within the next six weeks, to take the place of those who will graduate during that time. I prefer earnest men and women—those who are willing to do some *thinking* about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind, write to me and I'll tell you more about my methods for helping you to a much larger salary.

**ELMER HELMS, Room 92, 11 East Sixteenth St., New York**

## FREE BASE BALL OUTFIT.

**Spalding League Baseball Outfit or choice of 50 other premiums for BOYS and GIRLS.**

Send us your name and address (no money needed), we send **Free** and trust you with 24 of our New Assorted **Jewelry Novelties** and **Oriental Perfume Charms** to sell at 10c each. Our agents sell them in 30 minutes. When sold send us the \$2.00; we will send the **League Baseball Outfit** or your choice of any other premium on our large list, which we send with goods. Write today and get extra premium **FREE!**

**EMPIRE SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 332 Greenville, Pa.**

Note—We are the only and original givers of genuine Spalding Outfits. Every boy knows the reputation of these goods.

**The Robinson Stamp Co., Winchester, N. H.**  
 We aim to lead in the Approval Sheet business. Goods better and better; 50% commission with **extra 25 cts. cash bonus** for every \$1.25 sent us at once or within 3 months. Don't forget our ad. when thinking of good goods or being an agent for stamps that sell. 3 Franc Switzerland 1890-1892 free to those who apply for approval sheets and furnish **good references**. Write today; give us your business. **The Robinson Stamp Co., Box 32, Winchester, N. H.**

**FREE!** One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cents and our sixty page list to all collectors trying our 50% approval sheets and who send satisfactory reference.  
**PERRIN & CO., 106 East 23d St., New York, N. Y.**

**STAMPS** Free for addresses of collectors. Send a list. Stamp dictionary & cata free. Agts. 50% Cata. stamps of world, 10c. A. E. Co., Sta. A., Boston, Mass.

**FREE**  
Complete Set  
Men's  
Tackle.  
Japanese  
Jointed  
3 Piece  
Fish  
Rod



**Laddy**  
you can  
catch fish  
like your  
**Daddy**

Strictly first class, guaranteed.

Send your name and address (no money) and we will send FREE, 24 REPAIR CLIPS for mending leaks in Rubber Hot Water Bottles. Every house has a leaky bag; you can sell the clips fast at 10 cents each, or if you put them on you ask 15 and 25 cents for each repair job. You send us back only \$2.40 (you keep the rest of the money) and we will send this Splendid Set of Fishing Tackle by express prepaid.

**REPAIRCLIPS**  
FOR LEAKY  
**RUBBER HOT**  
**WATER BAGS**

**Laddy**  
you can  
make more  
money  
than your  
**Daddy**

Easy to put on (no tools needed). No paste or cement, and guaranteed to stop leaks.

Makes the bag as good as new and saves you a dollar.

Sample by mail, 10 cents

First comers get the lead, you can make big money before others wake up to this new business opportunity. Boys, ladies, repair men, you can establish a business right at home, and earn hundreds of dollars all the year around.

We are responsible and will treat you honorably.

**Butler Co., 46 KING STREET**  
**ASHTABULA, O.**

**YOU CAN VISIT THE WORLD'S**  
**FAIR AT OUR EXPENSE**

Any boy or young man of ability who wishes to go to St. Louis this summer can earn all his expenses by working for us. We want some person in every community to act as our permanent agent. To such we offer the opportunity to make from \$10 to \$50 a week, according to the time and ability given, by work which can be done at odd times.

**We Will Advance the Capital for You to Begin Work**

Send to us for as many copies of WHY as you think you can sell. The magazine is ten cents a copy, one dollar a year. It is a magazine of social culture, and tells in a bright, attractive manner just what the average man or woman wants to know on such questions as social customs, good form for all occasions, correct dress and etiquette, cards, stationery, etc.

From the amount realized you purchase the second month's supply, at a very low wholesale rate, and thereafter you order as needed.

We will appoint but one agent in each town, and you should therefore act promptly. When you write state age, the extent of your acquaintance, and the number of copies you think you can sell.

**WHY PUBLISHING COMPANY**

ROOM 2003

253 BROADWAY

NEW YORK

**THE WEST**

LARGEST COLLECTORS' PAPER

**GOT A CAMERA?**

**Or HAVE YOU A HOBBY?**

American Historical Discoveries, Coins, Stamps, Curios, Relics, Photography, Minerals, Sciences, Illustrated Souvenir Postal Cards, Rarities and New Finds for all kinds of Collectors. Has issued over 3,000 pages the past two years.

**THE PHILATELIC WEST AND CAMERA NEWS**  
**SUPERIOR, NEBRASKA, U. S. A.**

Greatest of its kind in the World. Fifty Cents entitles you to a year's subscription and a free 15-word exchange notice in the largest exchange department extant.

**This 100-Page Illustrated Monthly**

was established in 1895, and has the largest circulation of any Collectors' monthly in the world, and in size has no rival. More ads. in THE WEST than in all other American Philatelic monthlies combined. The best paying medium for advertisers. Rates small, results large. At 2c. a word it pays advertisers, and it will pay you to write us about it. Over 16,000 ads. the last two years.

OUR MOTTO: "The best and lots of it" Invest ten cents judiciously by sending it to L. T. BRODSTONE, Publisher, Superior, Nebraska, U. S. A.

Send five cents for a membership card to American Camera Club Exchange. Over 4,900 members in all parts of the world, or fifty cents for one year's membership to Am. Historical and Natural History Society.

Collector's and Camera Clubs meet Third Week in August, St. Louis Fair. Be There. **NO MATTER WHAT YOUR HOBBY, THE WEST KEEPS YOU POSTED. TRY IT.**

an athletic drill most perfectly. It is interesting to know that out of the work being done in this town by our K. O. K. A., has arisen a desire for a larger work for the boys and young men. So on the evening of the King's presence a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, the purpose of which was to create interest in the establishment of a Y. M. C. A., which he was invited to address in company with the State Y. M. C. A. Secretary and other workers in that organization. Friday, April 22, Castle Windsor, 230, in the town of the same name was the host, entertaining also the members of the Castle Stirling, 146, of Hartford.

Saturday afternoon, Castle Bell, 307, was visited in Rowayton, and though the day was not the best for a meeting, and the hour was inconvenient, due to the limitations of the time of the King, nearly every member of the Castle was present, with friends.

Entering New York City, late in the afternoon, the King was received by the enthusiastic members of Castle Jefferson, 200, at the Grand Central Station, greeted with the Castle cheer, and made to feel at once at home.

The following Monday evening Castle Jefferson was visited, at Bethany Congregational Church, and the following very interesting program was carried out.

**SECOND ANNUAL SPECIAL CONCLAVE**

CASTLE JEFFERSON, K. O. K. A.

Monday evening, April 25, 1904.

- Sir Lawrence, ..... King
- Knights arrive at 7:45 P. M., marching in with banners and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers".....
- Daughters of Ruth march in with banners, singing, "Welcome to our Conclave," song by the Knights of King Arthur.
- Regular opening exercises.....
- Reading of minutes and roll call.....

**SPECIAL PROGRAM**

- Report of Castle..... Sir Morris
- Report of our Collector.....
- Selection ..... Mandolin orchestra
- Recitation, "Charge of the Light Brigade"..... Sir Percival
- Recitation, "Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address"..... Sir Hamilton
- Solo, "Crossing the Bar"..... Sir Ironsides
- Recitation, "Fred's Ride"..... Sir Madison
- Recitation, "King Bruce and the Spider"..... Sir Allen
- Paper, "Commodore Perry"..... Sir Perry
- Recitation, "That Boy"..... Sir Alden
- Dialogue, "The Finding of Sir Owain"..... Sir Lawrence, Sir Hamilton, Sir Launcelet, Sir Clark, Sir Wayne, Sir Custer and Sir Ironsides
- Violin solo..... Sir Decatur
- Address by National King Arthur
- Collection, for "Our Bethany Summer Fund"
- Recitation..... Sir Cushing
- "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Part I. Recitation..... Sir Launcelet
- "The Vision of Sir Launfal," Part II. Recitation..... Sir Putnam
- Selection from "The Holy Grail"
- Song, "The Games We Used to Play"..... Base Ball Team (in uniform)
- Recitation "The Base Ball Crank"..... Sir Standish
- Violin solo..... Sir Decatur
- Closing exercises.
- Recessional..... Castle
- "The Son of God Goes Forth to War."



Tuesday evening, Castle Camelot, 194, at Whittier House, Jersey City, entertained a number of friends, in addition to the King.

Wednesday evening, Castle Roseville, 44, the next to the oldest of living Castles, received Castle Gordon, 297, and Castle Camelot, 194 and friends.

Every one of these Castles conducted the exercises in a delightful manner, and each had features of merit, all demonstrating the varied forms which may be observed in conducting Castles, and showing the wide application of the ritual of the Conclave. In every instance the boys were very enthusiastic over the order, and the Merlins were unanimous in their expressions of appreciation of the principles underlying it. Every Castle had a delightful program of exercises, in some instances wholly arranged by the members. Collations were served, and everything done to make the meetings very interesting.

NEW CASTLES

Bartlett, 303, Merlin, Rev. F. W. Gibbs, Amesbury, Mass.

Percivale, 304, Merlin, Elizabeth Wade-Jenkins, Fairbury, Ill.

306, Merlin, Rev. J. R. Knodell, Santa Cruz, Calif.

Bell, 307, Merlin, Rev. A. L. Hubbard, Rowayton, Conn. This Castle is named for the Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school, who has made the phenomenal record of forty consecutive years' service in this position.

J. G. Van Slyke, 308, Merlin, James P. Osterhoudt, Kingston, N. Y. This Castle is named for the Rev. J. G. Van Slyke, D.D., the revered minister of the "First Dutch" Church.

Enfield, 310, Merlin, Rev. John P. Garfield, Enfield, Conn.

Galloway, 311, Merlin, Clifton Greene Reynolds, San Jose, Calif.

Honor Bright, 312, Merlin, Rev. Merril C. Ward, Southbridge, Mass.

Altamirano, 313, Merlin, Rev. Mrs. Cipriano A. Frausto, Aguascalientes, Mexico. This is the first Castle organized in a foreign country, among non-English speaking boys. It will be interesting to watch its development. Long may it prosper.

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This is a correspondence course. But the instruction is personal—there's not a "form" among the many letters each pupil receives from me. Every pupil is instructed according to individual needs. Every letter is personally dictated by myself.

I will want about forty new pupils within the next six weeks, to take the place of those who will graduate during that time. I prefer earnest men and women—those who are willing to do some thinking about the work presented to them in my printed matter and personal letters. If you are one of that kind, write to me and I'll tell you more about my methods for helping you to a much larger salary.

**ELMER HELMS, Room 92, 11 East Sixteenth St., New York**

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Spalding League Baseball Outfit or choice of 50 other premiums for BOYS and GIRLS.

Send us your name and address (no money needed), we send Free and trust you with 24 of our New Assorted Jewelry Novelties and Oriental Perfume Charms to sell at 10c each. Our agents sell them in 30 minutes. When sold send us the \$2.40; we will send the League Baseball Outfit or your choice of any other premium on our large list, which we send with goods. Write today and get extra premium FREE.

**EMPIRE SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 532 Greenville, Pa.**

Note.—We are the only and original givers of genuine Spalding Outfits. Every boy knows the reputation of these goods.

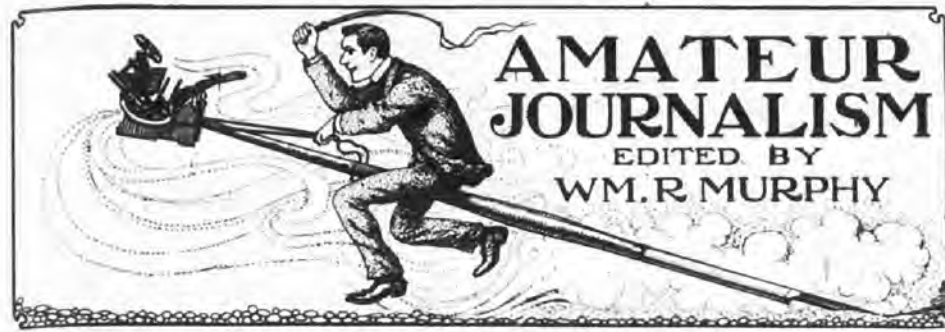
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**FREE!** One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cents and our sixty page list to all collectors trying our 5% approval sheets and who send satisfactory reference.

PERRIN & CO., 106 East 23d St., New York, N. Y.

**STAMPS** Free for addresses of collectors. Send a list. Stamp dictionary & cata free. Agis. 50% Cata. stamps of world, 10c. A. B. Co., Sta. A., Boston, Mass.





# AMATEUR JOURNALISM

EDITED BY  
WM. R. MURPHY

# AMATEUR JOURNALISM

*The Junior World of Letters*

EDITED BY W. R. MURPHY

**Amateur Journalism** is an institution by which literary training, both in theory and in practice, is gained through the publication of miniature magazines and contributions thereto. Not only the literary, but also the editorial, typographical, advertising and subscription sides of publication are taught by actual experience. It is entirely voluntary and there are no limitations of age or sex. The social and fraternal side is carried on through national associations and local clubs. About 100 amateur papers are now published in the United States, edited and contributed to by about 1,000 amateur journalists. For a bundle of typical magazines send 4c. for postage to the **AMATEUR JOURNALISM DEPARTMENT, SUCCESS LEAGUE, University Building, Washington Square, New York.**

No fun like Collecting! Start To-day! Booklet and 155 different Foreign STAMPS sent for Russia, Korea, Peru, Panama, 10c. China, India, Haiti, Japan, Egypt; many others. Approval sheets. 50 per cent. com. Big list free. **NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9X Bromfield St., Boston.**

## OLD POSTAGE STAMPS

6 var. Japan 10c., catalogue price 31c.  
6 var. Cuban 5c., catalogue price 16c.  
1000 Stamp Hinges 10c. Best on earth.  
200 Postage Stamps of the world 10c.  
A stamp catalogued at 10c. free to each new agent sending reference. 50 per cent. commission.

**THE A. L. DEAN CO., Taunton, Mass., U. S. A.**

## HAVE YOU A HOBBY?

Better let us tell you about it. We can tell you the most and best. Because we are the publishers of the oldest, best and largest monthly paper devoted to Philately, published east of the Mississippi River. This is the

## COLONIAL COLLECTOR and Camera News

What we have't got is worth anything. We will give a Scott catalogue (1904) to the first ten persons answering this ad. and a big free premium package to every one.

We have a Guaranteed circulation of 4000. We want 1000 more. Will you help us. The last person in our first 5000 person will get a package of rare stamps worth \$10.00.

Send now and get the big Double Anniversary Number for May FREE. Subscription 35 cents to every one. You may win a prize. Ads. pay well when inserted here. Rates on application. Remember you get the big 64 page issue for May Free—if you subscribe.

Published every month in the year by  
**H. W. ARMSTRONG & CO. Dep't. M. M.  
108 E. Sandusky St., Findlay, O.**



## SEA SHELLS

25 varieties, by mail for 25 cents, with Engraved List. Shells for making Wire Jewelry, Tools, Gold Wire, etc. For beginners a good paying business, and easily learned. Large, showy Sea Shells for Dealers, Fairs, etc. Catalogue of Shells, and fast selling Novelties, etc., with order.

**J. F. POWELL**

WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

## SHORTHAND BY MAIL

Has been our specialty since 1882, and we offer the Pioneer Home Course in shorthand work. It is perfect in every detail, and we are represented by successful students all over the English speaking world. Spare time cannot be utilized to better advantage. The financial investment is comparatively trifling.

Interesting Catalogue and first lesson FREE. Explains everything. Write  
**POTT'S SHORTHAND COLLEGE,  
Box Z. Williamsport, Pa.**

### HOW TO CONDUCT AN AMATEUR JOURNAL DEPARTMENT IN A PROFESSIONAL PAPER

This competition brought out much diversity of opinion in some particulars and a gratifying unanimity of approval in regard to some of the features which the department has presented from time to time. Most of the propositions had already been considered, but the confirmation received through the contest proved valuable. Most of the ideas submitted were feasible though some could hardly prove popular. A summarized account of the results will prove valuable.

The most popular idea was the publication of concise and entertaining articles containing practical advice to young authors, literary novices, and amateur printers. Thirteen of the twenty-two competitors were in favor of this, while in the closely allied field of open competitions on such topics eleven were recorded. Six were in favor of symposia on practical topics. Of equal importance proved the matter of illustrations. Thirteen writers favored the reproduction of amateur's photographs, on account of the value of the personal interest attached. Several of these also favored reproduction of typical amateur papers. In general the writers desired some letter-press to go with the pictures.

Frank, searching, helpful criticism came in for various degrees of approval. Twelve writers registered in favor of criticism, varying in opinion from those who desired the entire department given over to thorough criticism of a few papers to those who preferred shorter comments on more papers.

Attention to the current events of amateur journalism was a favorite feature with a number of competitors. Seven voted for a permanent monthly calendar of club meetings, conventions, etc., thus making the department a sort of official organ of amateur journalism. The same number favored a bureau of inquiry at which all sorts of queries referring to amateur journalism, printing, the literary art, etc., could be answered. As a matter of fact this failure goes without saying and the editor is always ready to answer such questions to the best of his resources. Six writers called for a news service to comprise meaty, brief notes on current amateur happenings. Six favored articles on amateur journalism subjects, such as famous amateurs who have met with professional distinction, amateur politics, historical articles, how to collect and preserve amateur papers, etc. Six also desired stories of famous journalists, and a few asked for brief articles on journalism from prominent newspaper men.

In addition to those who desired practical articles on printing, advertising, editing, subscription work, six competitors thought the inclusion of stories, verse, etc., by amateurs a desirable feature. These were either to be original or the best clipped from the current amateur press. It should be here noted that **YOUNG AMERICANS** conducts a separate department for amateur work in literary and artistic

lines with valuable monthly prizes. These are open to all amateurs.

Among the minor suggestions were the insertion of frequent explanatory notes on amateur journalism, or even a permanent sub-head defining the hobby; reprinting of all the rules of composition from good works on rhetoric and English; the banishment of amateur politics; and the establishment of a school of journalism with regular courses and assigned lessons.

A cheerful tone of good feeling ran through all the essays, and a general demand for broad utility, sympathetic treatment, the greatest good to the greatest number, and a wide spread of the principles of amateur journalism.

### A FIRST PRIZE ESSAY

By Edith Miniten, Boston.

As should every journal, so should every department of every journal possess a definite object. Arrows shot at random seldom hit at all, and still more seldom hit anything the one shooting would wish to hit. One starting to conduct an amateur department in a professional paper ought first to propound to himself the query, "What do I desire to accomplish?"

In all probability the answer would be twofold. The editor would desire first to attract recruits to the cause of amateur journalism, next to secure subscribers for the publication having the department. To win the recruits it will be necessary to present the cause of amateur journalism in a manner attractive and self-explanatory in character. Subscribers will doubtless come from those already well acquainted with amateur journalism, who can only be induced to pay for a paper on condition that it contains matter different from that which he secures, without payment, in his amateur exchanges.

To interest the recruit it will be necessary to publish matter telling what amateur journalism is, and what it can accomplish, yet this ought to be done in manner as far removed as possible from the commonplace, didactic assertion of the principles of A. J., as set forth in many circulars devoted to the object, and almost invariably failing of the desired result. As amateur journalism is unique, peculiar to itself and in a way an oddity among pursuits, so should the manner of its setting forth be made unique, peculiar to itself, even odd.

It is worthy of note that the most ardent politicians in amateur journalism are given to presenting the cause, to the recruit, as a purely literary pursuit, in this way keeping out many who might be attracted were the varied character of its attractions set forth. Of so-called "literary" clubs, with reading of papers without end, there are nowadays altogether too many. Amateur journalism is something broader and better, and should be made to appear as such. I would especially lay stress on the danger of exaggerating statements when writing for recruits. Never say aught that you cannot support, by facts, if called upon presently to do so. Of my personal knowledge I

## COINS LARGE STOCK LOW PRICES

U. S. for Philippines, 1/2 Cent, new..... 5c.  
1867 or 8 U. S. Flying Eagle Cent, each..... 5c.  
\$5.00 Georgia Bill, and Selling Lists..... 2c.  
Large Illustrated Bargain List free. Selling  
Lists free. ST. LOUIS STAMP & COIN CO.,  
115 N. 11th St., St. Louis, Mo.

## STOP! QUICK!

Wireless Telegraphy  
works by dashes.  
Regular Telegraphy works  
by dots.  
Wherewithal works by  
words.



Its method illustrated.  
Words (making thought and action) are immortal.  
Dashes and dots are not immortal.  
Wherewithal book is yours for \$1.  
Educators astounded and astonished by its simplicity to educate the merchant as well as the school pupil.

**WHEREWITHAL BOOK CO.,**  
39-41 N. Front Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### POTT'S SHORTHAND COLLEGE Williamsport, Pa.

Shorthand mastered through our mail course, has been the means, in many cases, of doubling and more than doubling the salaries of Teachers, Telegraph operators, Clerks and others. In nearly every instance it has meant a substantial increase in earning capacity. Spare time is only required. Catalogue and first lesson free, explaining everything. Write JNO. G. HENDERSON Principal and Proprietor.

**LEARN TELEGRAPHY  
and R. R. Accounting.** Our graduates receive from \$50 to \$150 per month. PAY AFTER YOU HAVE A POSITION. Endorsed by all railroads. Catalogue free. MORSE SCHOOL, CINCINNATI, O., AND SENOIA, GA.

## 250 Years for 10 Cents

The Standard Reference Calendar for 250 years, 1752-2002 answers correctly 91,310 questions. Valuable to stamps, coin and curio collectors. Contains no adv. Sent postpaid for 10 cents.

**GLOBE STAMP CO.,**  
83 S. Robey St., Chicago, Ill.

**FREE** Our large list of stamps, used and unused, at 1c. each. Contains 1300 Foreign, and catalogue as high as 10c each. We send out fine approved selections. State size of collection and give reference.

**ECONOMIST STAMP CO.,**  
79 Nassau Street, N. Y. City.

5 choice old coins, 15c.; 5 Indian relics, 30c.; 10 curios, 16c.; 100 different stamps, 10c.; 100 Sea Shells, 35c.; 3 Liberty Cents, 15c.; 1 Old Liberty Cent, Coin Book, 10 choice stamps, for 1 dime.

**WM. P. ARNOLD,**  
PEACEDALE, R. I.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

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DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

## Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

am acquainted with many promising recruits who have been driven off by finding out that they had been deceived in associations of amateur journalism. Do not make the mistake of saying that all amateurs are of purely literary character, or that all papers are marked by courtesy and refinement. Such, you will probably be aware, is not the case—more's the pity. Describe the amateur journalistic world as a little copy of the great one, with good and bad therein, and infinite shalings between. Point out, as you may truthfully do, that the good wins the admiration of the best element, and that there is a sufficiency of said better element to make it worth while being allied thereto. Make a point, always, of mentioning prominent people who have graduated from amateur journalism; and, if you can, tell what they say of its influence on their lives. At the same time do not make the mistake of claiming as a graduate of amateur journalism every man who wrote a MSS. paper during the last century.

Mistakes which have proved fatal to amateur journalistic departments in professional papers, in times past, are plainly discernible at this distance. One mistake, often made, may be attributed to the fact that outsiders wrote up the departments, and invariably treated amateur journalism as "child's play." To-day amateur journalism is, like amateur photography, golfing, water polo, stamp collecting, and a dozen other pursuits for leisure hours, a fad of grown folk even more than of young people. One finds in amateur journalism men and women of thirty and forty years of age. Not only are these "old folk" those who have been amateurs from youth, there are others who never heard of amateur journalism until of mature age, but who take it up with avidity just the same. Amateur journalism should be represented as a pursuit abounding in fun and in chances for improvement to the young, but also of sufficient dignity to interest the older people, and to satisfy the parents of the youths who want to engage therein.

The problem before the man or woman who is selected to conduct the ideal department is how to word items so as to present amateur journalism truthfully, yet attractively, to the recruit, and at the same time interest present day amateurs to the extent of wanting the publication. This will be difficult of attainment, but it may be done. Undoubtedly the matter that will be of most value to the amateur is that along critical lines, in which amateur papers are at present conspicuously weak. Any amateur would be glad to subscribe regularly to a publication in which his editorial matter or contributions were sure of receiving critical attention from time to time. The news of A. J. is apt to be too well known before it ever gets into print to attract readers. Events are foreshadowed, and told, in correspondence, and are stale before published. A critical notice is something that cannot be duplicated, and it is a well known fact that amateurs are almost as thoroughly addicted to the "personal scrap book" habit as actors.

The ideal department will be conducted by one well enough acquainted with amateur journalism not to give offence through ignorance of that which he writes about, and yet a man or woman sufficiently removed from the stress of the times not to be prejudiced in favor of any clique, one, if possible, with a reputation for honesty and fair dealing. I would suggest that each issue of the paper containing the department have a brief write-up of some distinguished, bona fide graduate of amateur journalism, with a portrait, and that other portraits chosen for reproduction be those of amateurs in official position, or holders of laureates. In selecting those simply

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ORIGINAL Uncle Tom's Cabin Song Book. Contains complete music of Golden Summer Time and 50 other songs. Publisher's price 25c. Our price 2c. each. Vernon-Grevier Co., East Highgate, Vermont.

"well known," or "prominent," offence is apt to be given to others quite as worthy, in the opinion of themselves and their friends, to be called "worthy" or "prominent." The remainder of the space might well be devoted to critical notices of amateur papers and their contents, so written as to interest or instruct the amateur, and at the same time make the possible amateur anxious to find out more of this pursuit. It may be done, just as a properly written critical department in a magazine at once pleases the authors of books reviewed, and causes those who have not read the books mentioned to desire to do so. If desired, a direct appeal to the recruit might be made through an advertisement in the same number, just as an appeal to book buyers is probably made in the magazine containing the book review.

Whenever a convention occurs, the one in charge of the department should attend as a representative of the paper, and the issue next following should contain a write-up of the meeting, treated as exhaustively as possible, and in an absolutely unbiassed manner, yet picturesquely. Dignified and thoughtful treatment from the professional press, is something amateur journalists are bound to appreciate and repay. It would have many merits, not the least among which would be that of novelty.



**Can't Keep an Ambitious Boy Back**

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

The history of the poor boy in America reads like a romance. Boys who were apparently so cramped and crushed by poverty and iron environment, boys whom nobody thought had a show have struggled out of their iron surroundings and have not only lifted themselves into immortality but have pushed civilization up with them.

Many of our inventions which have given civilization a tremendous impetus have come from men who are so poor that they could hardly provide the necessities of life for their families.

If there is anything in the world that is absolutely irrepressible it is an ambitious American boy. There is no keeping him down when he once gets a glimpse of his possibilities, when he once feels his powers and gets the alphabet. You cannot so hem him in or chain him by poverty or hardship that he will not get out of it in some way.

It seems strange that the boys and girls who are brought up without ever knowing the pressure of want, who never have to struggle, who have every opportunity for an education, for mind enlargement should accomplish so little in comparison with the boys and girls who have had apparently no education, no opportunities, who have not only been poor but been obliged to help support the family. It is the struggle to get on and to get up that makes men great.

It is the poor boy without chance who makes the opportunity. If the achievements of the poor boys and girls were taken out of our history, it would be hardly worth reading. Our civilization would drop back 200 years. They have been the backbone of our country's progress.



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You Can Earn it This Summer if You Try

**H**AVE you ever thought what a nice comfortable feeling it would give you to have a hundred dollars all your very own, to spend or invest in any way that you might choose? Don't you sometimes enjoy imagining what you would do if you had a hundred dollars? Then, why don't you earn it?

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I say "at least a hundred dollars," because you may earn more. Lots of our workers do. Many of them average more than a hundred dollars a month, and some of them have earned as high as six hundred dollars in a single month. It all depends upon the amount of time and hustling put into the work.

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**LITTLE LECTURES FOR PHILATELISTS**

As soon as the beginner has acquired the more necessary rudiments of philately and becomes a full-fledged collector, his vista will become so broadened that he may in his natural enthusiasm attempt to make too rapid progress in collecting. The feverish desire that dominates many young collectors to get together a large number of stamps in the shortest possible time should not be encouraged, as those who proceed with a too consuming ardor at first often burn out their interest and fail to become permanent collectors. Aside from the fact that if stamp collecting monopolizes the attention of the boy to the neglect of his studies and his home duties, it is objectionable, hurried stamp collecting is attended with danger to the purse and the feelings.

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One of the disadvantages of hurried collecting by the inexperienced philatelist is that it enlarges the possibility of his becoming a victim of fraud. There is nothing quite so discouraging to the beginner as to find that he has been imposed upon by faked or foreign stamps. There is a seamy side to philately, but the collector who travels the main roads does not come in contact with it, as a rule. The swindler and the sharper do not move in the open, but slink along the obscured paths, generally speaking. Yet, they sometimes seek out the collector in an artful manner and by appealing cleverly to the natural instinct for bargains, are apt to work off their worthless wares on him. The chagrin that follows the knowledge that he has been defrauded, sometimes kills the victim's pleasure in the hobby, even when the financial loss itself may not do so. As a precautionary measure, some of the many practices of the philatelic swindler may be reviewed.

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P. R. H. Wolle, one of the most notorious philatelic sharpers of all times, is now awaiting trial in New York City on the charge of defrauding collectors and dealers through manipulated stamps. His stock in trade represented the highest form of fraud. He took the one cent blue, U. S., common variety, and by the most skillful tracery added lines and scrolls under the lower label of value, ostensibly converting the thirty cent stamp into one that has a catalogue value of twenty-five dollars. He cut stamps of the earlier issues, the six-cent, 1869, for instance, diagonally in half and placed one part on an "original" envelope, canceled the half stamp with a forged obliteration, accompanied with a counterfeit postmark. A "split provisional" on the cover, it may be said, has a decided value in the eyes of specialists; and their rarity is greatly enhanced by the fact that comparatively few of them were ever used legitimately. Wolle shaved down cardboard proofs of United States department stamps particularly, to the thickness of ordinary stamps, and then perforated and

gummed them so that they might masquerade as the regular stamps. By painstaking treatment of common dies of U. S. envelope stamps, he altered them into dies of great rarity that were distinguished from the common only by some comparatively slight difference, using inks of the proper color for the work. He gave an "old" look to bright proofs after canceling them on envelopes well selected after canceling them on envelopes well selected for his purpose; and in other ways, he showed his consummate skill in fraud. Recently, Wolle finished a term of imprisonment in the federal penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., and it is known that while in prison, Wolle did much of the work, for whose circulation he is now under arrest.

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The out and out counterfeit is no longer the bug-bear that it was once. The one-time industry that flourished openly, now is indicated only by fits and starts, chiefly when some rarity is counterfeited in a dangerous manner. Prompt exposure in the philatelic press of forgeries usually checks their career at the outset. It may be said that, as a rule, all of the dealers in this country are reputable, and they protect their customers in every particular. Every now and then, forgeries in other countries circulate counterfeits here. They obtain the names of American collectors and send the forgeries to them "in exchange" for valuable stamps of this country; they are offered also for cash, at prices that are a fraction of those of the genuine stamps. It is in such lots as these that counterfeits of scarce American stamps are found. It is only rarely that they are encountered, however, and in comparison with the finely engraved genuine stamps, the forgeries are so inferior in appearance as to show their character on their face.

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While there are no counterfeits of United States stamps to speak of, yet there are certain varieties of fraudulent species that may be warned against. The departmental stamps, Executive, Justice, Navy, etc. are sometimes so linked or presumably obliterated as to blot out the word. The "specimen" stamps in many instances are worth less than the uncharged stamps which were never sold to the public. The newspaper and periodical stamps of the earlier issues and the dollar values of the State Department were imitated in Germany; they usually bear the word "falsch" or "fac-simile" in minute letters and hoodwink the unwary. Counterfeit grills or embossing sometimes are impressed on the issues, 1861-1870, to increase the value of the stamps. The grill was a rectangle composed of dots that was impressed on the stamps, 1867-70, the steel die breaking the fiber of the paper so as to allow the canceling ink to so saturate the paper as to make the removal of the ink almost impossible. The grill was

one of the devices adopted to prevent the cleaning and re-use of stamps by dishonest persons.

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## NEWS AND NOTES

At a recent meeting of the London Philatelic Society, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, the honorary president of the "premier society," as it is called, appeared in person, and read a highly interesting paper on the essays of the stamps of the King Edward era. An "essay," it should be explained, is a stamp design that has been prepared for use but never adopted officially.

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Collectors have heard much of stamps with "inverted center," in connection with the be-colored set issued to commemorate the Pan-American Exposition. Stamps that require two impressions are liable, in the hurry in printing, to have the central design upside down, in relation to the outer frame of the stamp which is in a different color. The first stamps of the United States in two colors were the 15-cent to 90-cent of the 1869 issue; and the 15-cent, 24-cent and 30-cent are known with inverted centers. These errors, as may be imagined, are rare, few of the sheets having got into circulation. The Pan-American or Buffalo set afforded errors in the case of the 1-cent, 2-cent and 4-cent denominations. The 1-cent with the picture of the steamer inverted is fairly plentiful, as it has a market value of about \$20; the 2-cent is over six times as scarce, while the price of the 4-cent is not firmly established, in view of certain suspicious circumstances attending its appearance; most of the 4-cent stamps, with the center inverted, bear the word, "specimen."

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While an alleged 90-cent, 1869, with inverted picture of Lincoln was once advertised many years ago, and notwithstanding that it sometimes has been mentioned in the press as the rarest American stamp, it is safe to say that the stamp does not exist, although Mr. Luff, a great authority on the stamps of the United States says that proofs are known with the central picture of Lincoln on the stamp inverted, and that while several sheets of the stamp with the center upside down once existed, they were guarded by the contractor and ultimately destroyed.

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Speaking of inverted centers, a record price for one was made at a London auction sale recently, when a four-pence blue of the first issue of Western Australia with the central picture of the swan upside down realized approximately, \$2,000. The stamp in normal condition has a catalogue value of \$2.50.

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So systematic has become the importation of new issues from all countries of the world that leading dealers are enabled to advertise with prices, novelties before their receipt. The traffic in new issues has become so great that a few dealers give the greater part of their business over to them. The new issues are handled on a very small margin over face value and are very popular with many collectors

who see good investment possibilities in these stamps in unused condition. In fact, in England, in particular, many collectors buy the stamps in quantities for avowedly speculative purposes.

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Beginners in collecting are prone to prefer foreign stamps to those of their own country, and to assume that it is better to obtain the stamp of other countries than those of the United States, when an equal opportunity is presented. While it is customary for the collector to gather the stamps of the world, yet it is but natural that certain countries should be favorites with him. Sentimental and solid reasons should sway him to select the United States as the country whose stamps have first place in the affections of the American collector. In case the collector is appalled after a time by the immense number of stamps confronting him as a cosmopolitan collector, let him restrict himself to the issues of certain countries or classes of stamps, with those of the United States as the keystone of his collection.

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The St. Louis set of special stamps has been variously criticised, but the map stamp, the 10-cent, is singled out for general condemnation, it seems. It is not easy to understand how a map, no matter how skillfully it be delineated, could be expected to stand forth as a thing of beauty or an artistic delight; taking into consideration the inherent disqualifications of the subject, the 10-cent is an acceptable stamp. Map stamps are always unhandy and the Venezuela set, showing the map of that country has been signalized as being the ugliest set of stamps ever issued.

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The United States has issued special varieties to commemorate the Centennial and the Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo and St. Louis fairs, respectively. In later years, there has been much adverse criticism of commemorative sets by this country, not so much from collectors here as in England. In the cases of the Buffalo and St. Louis sets, both of nominal face value, the allegation of speculative profit does not hold. The extra cost to the government in money and in work in issuing a special set to be sold concurrently with the regular set is not balanced by any profits from the sale of the stamps to collectors.

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The collectors of pre-canceled stamps, *i. e.*, stamps obliterated in sheets by type-set cancellations, under the jurisdiction of the post-office for large users of stamps are increasing in number. A list of pre-canceled stamps has been issued and there is a flourishing society of collectors of these stamps.

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The conventions of the different national organizations of stamp collectors will be held in Pittsburgh in August and collectors in that city are making preparations for the entertainment of delegates to the conventions. The leading society of stamp collectors in this country is the American Philatelic Association, which has a membership of nearly six hundred, and its beneficial influence on philately in this country is great.

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# AMERICANS

NEW SERIES "MEN OF TO-MORROW"

Vol. 37  
No. 6

JULY,  
1904



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 THE QUEENS OF AVILION

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# GETTING NEARER THE MARK

BY THE EDITOR

PERHAPS modesty should keep us from mentioning it, but you have doubtless noticed it anyway, so where's the harm in a little mild bragging? We won't shout, because we are aware that we have not yet hit the bullseye; but we are certainly beginning to make a better score. If you happen to have a copy of one of the first numbers, compare it with this one; or, if you choose, you may compare *YOUNG AMERICANS* with any other periodical for young people, and we don't think you will find us entirely in the shade.



Please don't worry too much over the delay in issuing the magazine. Of course, it's annoying, but, as you may be sure, it is unavoidable. It bothers us a great deal more than it does you. I don't suppose you could imagine the number of complications that could arise in the establishing of a new business, and I shall not tell you about them, because it makes me tired to think about them. But I will promise you that, unless something new and unforeseen comes up, we shall have our magazine coming out on schedule time by September.



Those of you who imagine that it is like eating pie, to get out a first-class magazine, might ponder over the fact that an average of three thousand periodicals fail every year. Just the same, I would rather conduct a first-class magazine than to be the winner in the great political race next November.



Many of our readers think we devote too much space to our various department, so reform in this direction has already begun in this number. The League, K. O. K. A., Stamp Collecting and Amateur Journalism departments all have been materially reduced in size, but we believe they are even more interesting than ever.



If you should happen to come across a good idea or to think a good thought, but are unable to dress your thought in words that will present it to the best advantage, do not let this keep you from writing to me. I don't care two fudges how your thought or idea is dressed. Write it out in any words you can find, send it to me and I will not only be grateful, but will express my gratitude by sending you a check if your idea is useful to our magazine. So remember, we need ideas not merely words; good ideas are rare, but I can buy quite a big dictionary full of words for only a dime.



"What's the matter with Billy Breen?" About a dozen of our readers have asked this question, so a confession is in order. Billy Breen was a mistake. He was invented because the editor foolishly imagined that he would help our magazine to gain advertising patronage; but when I began to realize that it was unfair to our readers to insert a poor story for such a mercenary purpose, I decided to leave it out. I realize that it *might* have been just as well to have completed the serial; but such a course would be contrary to our policy, which is to *publish only the most interesting stories and articles we are able to find*; no matter if we buy a dozen things that are pretty good, if we find something better the pretty good things will be thrown away. We are going to make each number of *YOUNG AMERICANS* as good as we possibly can at all costs.



I am especially anxious to receive good ideas for covers. No matter if you are unable to draw a single good line, if you think of anything that would make an attractive cover for *YOUNG AMERICANS* write and tell me about it. I know plenty of good artists who can make splendid pictures of other people's ideas, but, as I have said before, ideas are the scarce articles. If your cover ideas can be used, you will receive a check for from five to fifty dollars, according to its value which, of course, depends upon its originality and attractiveness.



I have just been on a still hunt for some good stories and am happy to report that I have bagged a number of rattling good ones. I have a lot to learn about editing a magazine (but I'll learn it, too, never fear, for I'm not yet a patriarch), but I do flatter myself that I know a good story when I see one. And I've captured a nice lot of splendid ones. Stories that are full of real life, stories of adventures that make you hold your breath when you read them, none of your mamby pamby, little Willie stories; but stories where genuine live human beings act out the actual dramas of real life.

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# YOUNG AMERICANS

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JULY, 1904

No. 6

## THE FLAG AT FAIRLEA

*A Story of Modern Patriotism*

BY LAURA ALTON PAYNE

"Sh-h!" whispered Polly, catching Rose by the sleeve and drawing her around into the shed back of the great barn.

Carefully removing a loose strip of board, Polly eagerly peered through the crevice. She became so absorbed in the scene within that Rose grew impatient. Warren's stirring "Address" was rolling vigorously on and out. The orator had reached,

"Die we may,—and die we must."

Rose could stand it no longer. "For mercy's sake! who is it that has to die, Polly Gray?" she whispered, giving Polly a little shake by way of emphasis.

Polly looked around with a smothered giggle.

"Rob and Phil," she replied. "And I suppose Percy is going to do the killing, since he is the only Britisher in sight. Do look! Rob's arms are going like a windmill!"

Rose needed no second bidding, but promptly glued her eyes to the crevice and began to take observations just as Rob Gray wound up the famous "Address."

"Now, try it, again, Rob," urged Phil Shirley, Rose's brother. "Put more fire into it."

"More fire into it!" drawled Percy Stanwood—"why, jiminy crickets! it fairly blazed the other time! Kept me dodging so I am dizzy, the shot whizzed so thick and fast past my ears; 'pon my honor it did. More fire!—whew! I am mortally wounded now. I feel as perforated as a sieve."

"Huh! must have inherited that feeling from those forefathers of yours at Bunker Hill, who were riddled with shot when they got near enough to show the whites of their eyes," was the quick retort.

"Oh, as to that," drawled Percy, "as you Yankees say, I reckon the shot didn't all fly one direction that day, and I guess there were a few perforated Colonists. And my forefathers didn't show the 'white feather' if they did show the white of their eyes. No, my friends, my feelings were due solely to Rob's fiery eloquence."

"Oh, shut up, Percy!" put in Rob, good-naturedly. "Your sense of humor is most extraordinary for an Englishman. I have had strong suspicions for some time that, by right of birth, your name ought to be Pat instead of Percy. You'll quench the 'fire' entirely, if you sit where I can see that superior British grin of yours. Kindly crawl into that barrel for a few minutes, or, at least, turn your back."

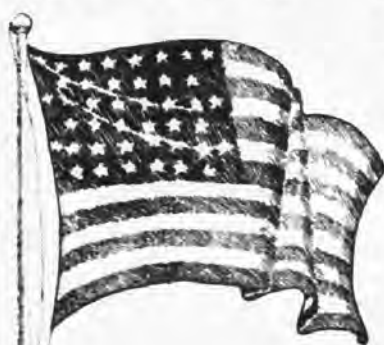
"Against my principles, my boy. When was an Englishman ever known to turn his back to the foe? When—"

"At Bunker Hill and a few other places I might name. Stop boasting, Johnny Bull, or Phil and I will force you to sing Yankee Doodle."

All the reply that Percy vouchsafed to this threat was a vigorous and defiant "Cock-a-doodle-doo-o!" at which Rose forgot herself and giggled audibly.

"What was that?" demanded Rob.

"Only pigs in the shed, I guess," said Phil, "I'll see." But when Phil reached



the shed there was not a sign of life except old Tortoiseshell, who darted past him with a frightened spt!

"Old Tortoiseshell shall have a saucer of pure cream for that," Polly whispered, as she and Rose emerged from behind a large box in the corner. "My! if General Warren thundred like Rob"—the "Address was rolling out again—" "I don't wonder a bit that the windows in Boston rattled during the battle."

"Sh-h!" Rose had her eye at the crevice again. "Phil's mount-

ing the rostrum now." The "rostrum" was a deep, covered bin in one corner of the barn.

"Ladies and gentlemen," drawled the irrepressible Percy, with an airy wave of his hand toward the staid old horses in the stalls, "you will now have the pleasure of listening to the world-renowned orator, the Hon. Philip Shirley, who will proceed to make the great American Eagle scream, an art in which—"

"If you don't stop your offensive British jeers, Johnny, there's going to be another glorious Yorktown victory right here and now," threatened Phil, shaking his fist at the merry-faced offender. "And in addition to Yankee Doodle, you shall repeat Patrick Henry's famous slogan of war. Now, d'ye hear?"

"Oh, go on with your shootin'-match! I'd rather remain dumb forever than to spout such stuff."

"Stuff? huh! here's some more of it, good and hot, for your fastidious British taste."

And Phil launched out into the stirring "Revolutionary Rising"—

"Out of the North the wild news came."

When the "jubilant iron tongue" of the great bell flung out its sonorously defiant "War! war! war!" an enthusiastic applause followed, Rob and Percy applauding openly, Polly and Rose in pantomime.

"Now, Percy, my boy, let's hear the British lion roar," suggested Phil. To his and Rob's surprise, Percy arose without a word, and sauntered toward the "rostrum."

"Say, fellows, do you suppose this frail thing is safe for my pounds?" he inquired with the usual drawl, as he tested the yielding plank beneath him. Percy was well grown for his sixteen years, while Rob was only average and Phil undersized—except his voice, which Percy insisted was out of all proportion to Phil's body.

"You've either got my voice, or I've got your body," he frequently grumbled to Phil.

Being partially satisfied with the test, Percy now straightened up, looking every inch the hearty, wholesome English lad he was, and began in a well-trained if somewhat thin voice:

"Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward."

Now was Rob's and Phil's chance. At—

"Cannon to the right of them,  
Cannon to the left of them,  
Cannon behind them,  
Volleyed and thundered."



first Rob, then Phil, dropped to the floor as if shot, and lay there straight and stiff and silent till Percy demanded dramatically,

"When shall their glory fade?"

when Phil's corpse suddenly croaked out, like the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Oh, the wild charge they made!—"

Usurers!" shrieked Rob's corpse.

"All the world wondered!—"

There was a sudden sharp snap, then a crash, and Percy went down, not like the "six hundred," but like one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois on a weak plank.

"I don't wonder a bit; been expecting it all along!" shouted Rob, sitting up and holding his sides, while he and Phil, who had followed suit, shrieked in unison at Percy's sudden descent "from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"Oh! oh! oh!" gasped Phil, hugging his knees and rocking back and forth in ecstasy, "the B-British Lion seeks his lair! His roar is 'squenched' in—"

"Honor the charge they made!  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred!"

came from the depths of the bin in Percy's most resonant tones, which rang with true British grit.

"We do, we do! noble one-hundred-sixty!" cried Rob, fervently. "Come out of your hole and stop roaring, and we'll feed the brute. It's nearly supper-time."

As Percy stuck his tousled head and flushed but merry face out of the opening, Polly and Rose, who had alternated between watching the scene within and clinging to each other without in an abandonment of suppressed mirth, vented in little shakes and hugs and smotherings of laughter on each other's shoulder now fled swiftly and silently by a roundabout way through the orchard.

"What does it all mean?" queried Rose at last, mopping her eyes on a soppy wad of a handkerchief.

"It means that the boys are intending to surprise the rest of us a week from next Friday afternoon," replied sage Polly

"Oh! Speaking Day!"

Polly nodded. "Rob's at the bottom of it, and I know why. It's grown out of one of papa's talks about his schooldays. He says that children nowadays haven't the patriotic spirit that children used to have. He says that we speak nothing but namby-pamby selections—that we wouldn't recognize a quotation from Webster or Adams or the Declaration of Independence if we'd meet it face to face in the road. Those were his very words, and they've roused Rob's patriotic pride. Now, don't you breathe a single word about what we've seen and heard, Rose Shirley. I've got a scheme. I don't intend to let a mere boy—no, nor three of 'em, get ahead of me, if they are a year or two older. Now, listen, Rose!"

Then Polly's "scheme" was unfolded, interspersed with sundry giggles and half suppressed exclamations of delight.

The village school at Fairlea embraced in its district the adjacent farms, so that villagers and farmers alike were interested in its success. The Grays and Shirleys lived on adjoining farms near the village. Percy's father was the village doctor.

John Arden, known to his pupils and patrons as "Professor Arden," was teaching his second year at Fairlea. In addition to being an able teacher, he had a practical knowledge of elocution, in which he delighted to drill his pupils. The once dreaded "Speaking Day"—so-called by all—grew in favor and interest as time passed. It was the event of the month to both children and parents, who, not being surfeited with better things, patronized it regularly.

This flattering attention spurred the children to do their best, but, for some reason, the old standard selections had been ignored for the more modern "catchy" recitations.

The second Friday after the barn rehearsal found the school-room packed with pupils and visitors. Rob and Phil had looked all morning as though burdened with some weighty secret, while Percy, with sundry significant winks and glances, gloomily humorous, occasionally dropped a mysterious hint to Rose and Polly of some impending disaster.

"Robert Gray," announced Professor Arden, after the last of a file of giggling or frightened little ones had made a jerky bow and passed to his seat.

"Fly for your lives!" whispered Percy tragically across the aisle. "The tocsin of war has sounded—the battle begins!"

"We'll wait till the cannons begin to roar," Polly whispered back.

Percy glanced at her suspiciously, but Polly was apparently absorbed in watching Rob's advance upon the field of war.

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!"

The words were like an electric battery to the audience. There was a sudden straightening up all over the room, and faces turned toward the speaker with eager interest. Enthusiastic applause followed the last word, and Phil's resounding "War! war! war!" was greeted with even greater fervor.

The now thoroughly aroused audience had reached the point where they were ready to take part in the exercises themselves. When Rose, as Barbara Frietchie, waved her flag, handkerchiefs waved in unison. And all kept a subdued time with their feet to Polly's swinging "Song of Marion's Men." Percy's "Charge" came with a roar of cannon that, since the cannon were not pointed toward America, pleased even his American audience.

The look of surprise that spread over the boys' faces when Rose began to speak changed the chagrin when Polly's speech confirmed their suspicions. But, being broad-minded, generous-hearted boys, they joined in the applause with a right good will.

"See here, Polly," demanded Rob, at the first opportunity, "how did you girls learn our secret—for it is evident that you did?"

"Our shots were like those of the 'embattled farmers'—'heard 'round the world,'" Polly replied mischievously.

"The 'pigs in the shed' told us," put in Rose.

"Oh!" and Rob looked crestfallen. "We'll see that no 'pigs' are about next time."

"Those were invisible pigs."

"Well, the orators are going to be invisible after this." "One was invisible this time; one moment I saw him, the next—Presto! he had disappeared."

"Oh, I say now, Polly," began Percy, blushing furiously. "Oh, you came out famously, Percy," laughed Polly—"of both predicament and bin. But Rose and I nearly died 'laughing in our sleeve.' Thought sure once that it would pop open, it got so full."

"Well, you'll not have another chance to laugh at us, Miss Pauline Gray," said Rob. "We'll seek a new forum."

"We'll seek the seekers."

"And we'll turn the tables on you girls, too," added Percy. "See if we don't."

Now began a merry game of "hide and seek," in which

the quicker witted Rose and Polly proved as adroit at evading the boys as they were at discovering the latter's "new forum." The day that the "Independence Bell" rang and the "American Flag" waved in fancied security from a group of straw-stacks just beyond the big cornfield, they were greeted with feminine cheers from a nearby shock of fodder. When the "Battle of Ivry" and the "Battle of Bunker Hill" raged and the "Sword of Bun-





ker Hill" flashed up and down the deep gully that zig-zagged across the prairie, the girls were there to see and hear and applaud from the depths of a plum-thicket.

So the Speaking Days came and went, each succeeding one increasing in interest and good-natured rivalry. There came one day that Percy facetiously dubbed "Derby Day." Professor Arden loved his joke once in awhile. For a change, he had requested that he be allowed to assign their subjects for the next time, which selections were to be kept secret and rehearsed separately. On this particular day, Phil was the first to enter the race as Sheridan on his famous ride. Professor Arden's eyes were twinkling as he announced the next number, and Paul Revere, assisted by Rob, started upon his famous ride. When the "Ride of Jennie McNeal" was announced, Polly's advance was greeted with smothered laughter. A spontaneous shout went up when Percy started to "carry the good news to Aix," and Rose had to pause fully five minutes for the merriment to subside before beautiful "Kentucky Belle" could enter the race.

When patriotic poetry gave out, they turned their attention to prose, thereby developing unsuspected forensic powers. In the meantime patriotic sentiment had reached such a pitch that it demanded a flag to wave. But flags were rare and diminutive in Fairlea, for Fairlea at that time was barely beyond its pioneer days. A celebration with fireworks had even been hinted at for the coming "Fourth," and how could a "Fourth" be appropriately celebrated without a suitable flag to wave? They wanted a flag commensurate with their patriotism, and that was beyond Fairlea's pocket-book.

The last day of school came, and the flag problem was still unsolved. The chief feature of the closing exercises was to be a short address by Col. Wingate, an old soldier and the congressman from that district. His eyes brightened and his rugged, intellectual face beamed pleasure and commendation as the nature of the preliminary exercises dawned upon him. He nodded approval at Percy's "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," joined in the applause at Rob's "Give me liberty, or give me death," and waxed enthusiastic over Phil's "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Before the applause died away, Rose stood on the rostrum, her blue eyes shining, her cheeks justifying her name. Pausing till perfect quiet reigned, she began, in a voice tender and solemn, that immortal classic of an immortal patriot, a classic that thrills from its initial clause, "Four-score and

seven years ago," on to its impressive close, "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In the hush that followed, Rose passed quietly to her seat. Before Professor Arden could announce the next speaker, Col. Wingate was on his feet, his eyes moist, his voice deep with emotion.

"Friends," he began, "this occasion requires but one thing to make it perfect—the Declaration of Independence. Time was when our boys and girls were familiar with its words, but that time passed when the reading of the Declaration ceased to be considered an essential to the proper observance of the Fourth. It warms my heart to hear these fine old speeches once more, but I want to hear the Declaration, too. I understand that you want a flag at Fairlea. The bonniest flag that can be found shall be yours at my expense, if there is one here who will come forward and recite the Declaration. Who will win the flag for Fairlea?"

The look of expectancy was beginning to merge into one of anxiety and disappointment when, to the amazement of all, the boys in particular, Polly arose with an expression of determination in her eyes and around her firm little mouth, and went forward. Polly was determined at all times, but she was formidable now.

"I meant to speak something else," she began firmly, "but—but I'm going to try to win that flag for Fairlea. I've been studying the Declaration for some time—ever since I found out what the boys were learning. I'm afraid I don't know it very well, but—I want that flag."

Then for the first time in many years the elder members of the audience heard once more the once familiar, now half-forgotten words—words that many of the listening children had never heard:

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands that have connected them with one another. . . .

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. . . .

"That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states. . . .

"And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Polly had won the flag.

# HOW I BUILT AN AUTOMOBILE

BY FRANK K. BAKER

EDITOR'S NOTE—How many of our readers would be willing to use all their spare time for three months in building an automobile? Probably a great many would be willing to use their time for such a purpose, yet few, perhaps, would have sufficient ingenuity to construct the machine. But Frank K. Baker, although scarcely twenty-one years of age, is a skilled mechanic, which, of course, removes some of the difficulty, yet does not make it by any means an easy task.



sides with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Baker, at Alameda, California. His father is the proprietor of the Baker Enamel Letter and Furnace Company, and it was at his plant in San Francisco that the machine was built. The auto is equipped with a three and a half horse-power single cylinder gasoline engine, and with the full force of the "juice" on can attain a speed of about thirty-two miles an hour. The machine is of the modern air-cooled type. Enough gasoline can be carried to propel the auto a distance of

Young Baker re-

Frank K. Baker and the automobile which he built

eighty miles, while the motor can overcome a fourteen per cent. grade.

The story of how the automobile was planned and built is thus told by the owner to a reporter for a San Francisco newspaper, from which this account is taken:

"I drew all my own plans for the auto, including the frame and size and strength of the engine and running gear. Of course, I could not make certain parts; these had to be obtained in the East. The 'architectural' work was all done at home—that is, I worked the machine out in theory during my spare evening hours. About three months ago I commenced actual work. I planned to finish it by the New Year and I didn't run very much overtime.

After the automobile was once started I was enthusiastic

to see it completed. I used to take the first train over every morning, and that gave me about forty-five minutes before regular work which I might use as I pleased. It is hardly necessary to say that the automobile is a complete success. It weighs only 400 pounds and the horse-power is not just 'on paper,' but is actually in the engines.

I had a pretty well defined idea of what I was tackling when I built the auto, as I put together a motor cycle about two years ago. I still have the bike and use it occasionally. As to my intentions of building a larger and more powerful machine, I cannot say just at present. If I do build a bigger auto during the present year I shall include a tonneau equipment in my plans so that four persons may enjoy a ride."

## THE MAN FROM PEORIA

*A Story of a Close and Exciting Game of Base Ball*

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

THE grandstand, a fluttering wave of color towering above the clean-cut diamond below; the bleachers, a bank of bustling, buzzing humanity stretching its arms beyond first and third. The noise of horns, rumble of carriage wheels, neigh of horses, mingle with the crash of a square-shouldered band circled up in front.

The very air pulses with expectancy—the blare of the trombone shrieks it—the surging mob feel it. This is to be the third—the deciding contest between the Manchester Greys and the Iron City Crimson. Twice before these redoubtable athletes have met, with honors even. To this, the last, come the thousands; all Manchester is there—her flower and her beauty; Iron City is there—her strength and her sinew; the countryside is there—her swains and her lasses.

A group of girls, gaudy beneath crimson banners, scamper along the foot of the bleachers—they are Iron City maids come to cheer on their heroes. Over at the left a 'bus whirls up and disgorges a squad of burly fellows in Mackinaw coats. The grandstand opens its mouth and the air is rent. The squad throws off the coats, scurry about and begin passing a half-dozen balls swiftly back and forth, while the band slinks off.

Another 'bus dashes up—a stream of crimson glides forth and Iron City lungs rend the air at the sight. Up in the grandstand unblinking eyes are fastened upon the gladiators below—their movements fascinate and are followed as closely as ever watchful cat scanned her prey.

"Who is that fellow with the little black cap?" ask a square-jawed man of his neighbor.

"That's Clayton, one of their new ones," is the reply.

"Where'd they find him?"

"Knox, I think."

"Got something new in the pitching line ourselves, haven't we? I heard a humor—"

"Have we? Well! We've got Richards from the Peorias, and they say he's got speed to burn—regular steam engine in the box."

"No? This is surprise personified."

"Sure thing! And we've got Black from Bloomington on short—that's him with the white hair—just throwing the ball—see 'im?" "Scheduled to win aren't we?"

"That's the program. Jones gave me a tip last night to the effect that our combination can smother any nine men within a radius of fifty miles. He says we are doomed to win—when Jones says "doomed" you can calculate we're somewhere up front."

"That's good. But that Iron City crowd has a reputation for not going to sleep. They are—"

"Score cards!"

"Here, boy, give us two! That's it. Now—hum-m."

The square-jawed man turned his card and studied it minutely.

"Here's their batting list—Dixon, Wood, Piper—he's a new one—know him?"

"Piper? There's a Piper heading the batting average at Waseca lately. Maybe it's him."

"Hoy, Bender, Henley, Robb—"

"Yea! Hi! Hi! Yea-a!"

The two glance up, drop their cards on their knees and join in the cheering. The umpire has called "Play ball!" and the Iron City lead-off is striding toward the plate, bat in hand.

"Dixon! Dickie! Dick!" The crimson flag mob wave their arms madly. The umpire lifts his hand for silence and cautions the pitcher to wait. This noise dies down—the umpire glances swiftly at his counter, waves his hand and bends forward to note the play.

Richards, the new pitcher, takes his time. The ball annoys him and he rolls it nervously in his hands, stopping to glance at it or rub it across his thigh. Dixon, at the plate, moves his bat in little concentric circles, his eye straight on the man in the box.

Suddenly there is a writhing—a whip-like motion of a brawny arm—a step forward—the sound of a swiftly-moving body striking upon leather.

"Strike-a-one!" Dixon smiles queerly—he has been utterly fooled. A cheer rises, but is quickly stifled.

Richards faces the plate, bending sidewise to catch the signal. His hands hang limply down—he wears a half-smile.

"Confident fellow," says the square-jawed man.

"Great speed," replied his neighbor. "See that!"

Dixon is swinging his bat—the ball strikes it, shoots high over the grandstand, a sea of upturned faces following its flight.

"Strike two!"

"Hit 'er, Dick!" This from a rustic individual under a red, stiff hat and shaggy eyebrows.

"Sit down, grandpa, sit down!" yells a wag from the bleachers, and a laugh follows.

"Crack! What is that? Dixon hit the ball? He's running to first—the square-jawed man peers hard toward the out-field—out there McCall is sprinting like a deer.

"Mac! Mac! Go it, Mac!"

An intense moment, then.

"Yea-a! Yip! Hi! Mac! Mac!"

"Runner out!"

The crowd breathes easy as Wood, the second man up, takes his place.

Whizz comes the ball. It is a good one and Wood strikes hard—he hits it.

"Run! Run!"

Cowles, the grey-clad catcher, looks straight up above him, shading his eyes with the big pad. The grandstand sits breathless waiting for the ball to come down. Will he get it? Or is he merely watching a high fly to infield?

Ah, see! Down comes the pad gracefully—a grey streak meets it from the zenith and—

"Batter out!"

(Continued on page 187)



# AN INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATION

A humorous story of the unique method some school boys used to learn current events

BY MARTHA MICHAEL MARTIN

**H**ARVEY INSTITUTE had a name for having more fun than any other school in Brookford. A father might inquire about the ability of the Harvey teachers, but his son's ambition to be an H. I. boy was based on the desire to share the good times accredited to the wearers of the purple and green.

Roy Ashford was the author of the game. Current Events played at Harvey every Saturday, and although he attracted

oversight the bottom of the barrel was insecurely nailed on, Lester, alias Hobson, fell through, and the absence of water alone saved him from a damp grave.

"What's on for Saturday, Roy?" asked his right hand man.

"England's expedition into Tibet."

"That's tame. Let's have the Japo-Russian War."

"But the boys don't know anything about this English invasion, and we ought to teach them something."

"They don't know any to much about the war. I'll bet half a dozen can't name the Mikado."

"You're right, Paul; but what shall we do with the little chaps? You know how they got in our way in the English-Boer war."

"Oh, we can let them be the Russians on the four cruisers that are ice-bound in the harbor of Vladivostok."

"Good for you, Paul. We'll put all the little fellows in Siberia, you be Czar Nicholas II of Russia, and I shall be his royal highness, Mutso-Hito, Emperor of Japan."

Friday afternoon was spent in getting the grounds ready for battle. The eastern half of the campus was marked off into the shape of Japan. Between this island and the peninsula of Korea was placed a trough of water to represent the Sea of Japan. Between Korea and the mainland of China was more water for the Yellow Sea. At the northern end of the Japan Sea trough was a big box with Vladivostok painted on it in large letters. This was for the little boys, ostensibly to play an important rôle in the war, but in truth to get them out of the way. In one corner of the yard was a tent labelled "The Hague Peace Tribunal." The picture of Czar Nicholas II, the originator of the Tribunal, was draped in black, and on the flap of the tent hung a sign, "Out of Business."

At night a meeting was held in Roy's room to distribute titles and positions for the coming fray. The boys of the senior class impersonated the leaders of both sides, the juniors and sophomores manned the Japanese and Russian warships, which were boxes painted gray, the war-time color; the freshmen were either the English sympathizers of Japan or the French friends of Russia; and the intermediate grades were appointed laborers on the

railway the Japanese are completing in Korea from Fusan to Seoul.

"We haven't given Jim Edwards anything, and he will be hurt if you leave him out on account of his broken arm."

"That's easy," from Roy, who was never nonplused. "We'll make him Viceroy Alexieff at Vladivostok, and as the czar sets him down ten days after the war breaks out for letting



"There are two things I won't allow in my school," said the professor, "one is fighting and the other is tattling."

no special attention in the school room, on the campus he was king, president, czar, actor, bank robber, defaulter, or whoever was most prominent in the public eye.

Of the two hundred H. I. boys, large and small, only one, Lester Owen, refused to join in the sports. Lester once played the heroic part of Richmond P. Hobson. His Merrimac was a barrel which was to be sunk into an unused cistern. By an

the Russian vessels get sunk, he won't have to fight—just carry the blame for the Russian defeat."

"Everything's mapped out first-rate, Roy," spoke up Clark Everett, "but you ought to tell us what all this fighting's to be about. Blamed if I know."

"It's like this," answered Roy. Russia refuses to do unto others as she would be done by. She will not respect Japan's commercial rights in Manchuria, but wants her own rights secured in Korea. Russia promised to get out of Manchuria last October, but now she says she doesn't know if she will ever leave, she won't recognize China's sovereignty over Manchuria, and ignores Japan's right to enter this territory. What Japan wants and what Russia refuses can be reduced to four points:

1. The right of Japan to demand a treaty forcing Russia to recognize China's sovereignty over Manchuria.

2. Japan's protectorate over Korea.

3. The right of Japan to fortify southern Korea on the Korean Strait, thus threatening communications between the two Russian holdings, Vladivostok and Port Arthur by sea.

4. A neutral zone which should take in a strip on both banks of the Yula River. Russia now has fortifications on the north bank."

"That sounds like Russia and Japan have a fight coming to 'em," observed Clark, "but why do the other nations want to butt in?" (Clark's slang cost him his weekly allowance in fines, but he would use it.)

"Suppose you had something to sell and had a contract with a man in another city to buy your goods. In the meantime an outsider goes to the home of your customer and says, 'see here, I am on the ground and you've got to buy from me.'

'But I've promised to buy from some other fellows,' answers your customer.

'What you've promised to the other fellows doesn't count; I'm the man for you to trade with,' continues the outsider. Your customer isn't as strong as he and has to agree to what he says, and before you know it, your customer is put out of business and Mr. Outsider is running the shop.

"That's the way it is with Manchuria and the nations. America, England, and Japan have a treaty with China admitting their goods into Manchuria. Russia, however, occupies Manchuria and makes these treaties void. But this is the least of the evil. What is feared is that Russia will gradually occupy China, and then this market will be closed to other nations."

The weather favored the belligerents on Saturday, and contrary to facts, the Czar and Mikado were at the head of their fleets. They were preparing for the first maneuver when the fire bells rang. With one accord officer and subordinate left his post and ran after the engines.

"Park Hotel is burning," was the word passed from mouth to mouth, and for two hours the boys watched the firemen fight the flames that threatened the entire block.

"How's thatski for a battleski, most noble Mikadoski?"

"That's the way we are going to lick you, Mister Czar. Let's get the boys together and go back."

They had not gone far before they met Lester Owen looking worried.

"What's the matter, Lester?" called out Roy. "Lost anything?"

"Can't find Wilbur anywhere." Wilbur was Lester's eight year old brother.

"He was with the other youngsters this morning," answered Harry Frenche. "I saw the ten of them on the campus."

"Is it possible that—but Paul did not finish his sentence. He ran as fast as he could to the box that represented Vladivostok. On it was piled boards and rocks. These he pitched right and left, threw back the top, and in the 'ice-bound harbor' were the ten tear-stained prisoners. Like ten little Jacks-in-the-box they popped up as soon as the lid was raised, and in the presence of czar, mikado, generals, ambassadors, and soldiers they began their battle. Like ten little furies they picked up stones and other missiles and let fly at the enemy.

"Y-y-you did it on purpose," sobbed Wilbur. "You never meant to have a war, but just put us in that box to keep us from going to the fire."

"Stop your throwing," commanded Roy. "How did we know there was going to be a fire? It happened so suddenly that we forgot you."

"Nothing of the kind," put in Paul's little brother, Russell. "You never do want us to play." A well-aimed burr in the hands of the speaker hit Roy right on the tip of the ear. This angered the Mikado, and he caught Russell and gave him a hard slap. The Czar resented the blow to one of his blood,

and a fight was on between Roy and Paul. They were evenly matched and would have put up what the boys call a pretty exhibition, but Paul's cousin, Harry, espoused Paul's cause. One cousin brought on another, until Russia, Japan, England, France, and America were giving and taking blows indiscriminately.

In the meantime the cause of the mischief, Russell, was knocking at Professor Knowlton's door.

"Teacher, teacher," he cried, "come quick. Everybody's fightin'."

The professor was an excitable man, and when he saw the mob into which his boys had degenerated, he tried to make himself heard and bring them to order. His voice was lost in the uproar, and before he knew it, he was drawn into the fight, and was being pulled about and pommelled like a native. Indignant and wounded in pride and person, Professor Knowlton caught Roy by the collar and turned his face until their eyes met. Imagine the horror of the erstwhile Mikado!

"Professor, how can I apologize?" stammered Roy.

"We shall have no words about this, young man. For the rest of this season, Harvey Institute will not recognize Saturdays—lessons six days in the week from now until vacation. This is all I have to say to you."

Professor Knowlton made no further allusion to the fight, but later he called Russell to his room and gave him a lecture.

"There are two things I won't allow in my school," he impressed on him. "One is fighting and the other is tattling," with which concluding remark he gave Russell an old-fashioned laid-across-the-knee spanking.

Even a professor must give vent for his anger.

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#### His Name was George

"Funny thing happened this trip" said the sleeping car conductor. "Just as the porter was yelling 'First call for breakfast on the dining car!' a very fat, elderly, sober-faced, respectable old lady came jolting down the aisle, looking at the curtains that were still up in front of most of the berths, and, at last stopping before me, she poked her umbrella at upper ten.

'Kitty!' she called, 'where are you? Is that you up there?'

There wasn't any answer, and the old lady got right mad. She beat a regular tattoo on the brass curtain rod and fairly yelled:

'Kitty, Kitty! Get up right away! Why don't you answer me? It's time for you to get up, Kitty! Breakfast is ready. Kitty, Kitty, get up!'

Then the curtains of upper ten were pulled apart. A large red face, with long, black whiskers on the lower half of it, was poked out, and a deep, husky voice said:

'My name is George!'—*Philadelphia Press*.

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#### Out of Pocket, But got Even

A squire not a great distance from Philadelphia was visited by a client, who protested that a liveryman had "shaved" him dreadfully, and he wanted to come up to him.

"I asked him," explained the client, "the charge for a horse to go to Dedham. He replied \$1. I ordered the horse, and on my return offered in payment \$1; he insisted on another dollar for coming back, and made me pay it."

The squire gave him legal advice, which follows: Going to the liveryman, he asked: "How much will you charge for a horse to Salem?"

"Five dollars," replied the stable owner.

"Harness him up!" The client went to Salem, and, returning by railroad, went to the stabler, saying, "Here's your \$5."

"Where's my horse?" asked the liveryman, in surprise.

"At Salem," answered the client. "I only hired him to go to Salem."—*Ex.*

✦ ✦

Dick—"How did you know when it was time to leave her house if the parlor was dark?"

Fred—"A little bird told me."

Dick—"Get out!"

Fred—"Yes. The cuckoo came out of the clock and called 'eleven.'"—*Philadelphia Record*.



Heading drawn by Edgar Daniels, age 18 years, Dayton, Ohio

## John Winthrop's Triumph

First prize story, by Horace L. Covert, age 15 years, Slipping Rock, Penn.

**J**OHN WINTHROP sat by the window of his room looking out at the merry crowd thronging toward the Athletic field; but he was in no mood to join them for he was vowing that he would not stay at Lake View College another week.

He told himself it was no use to try to stay any longer, he seemed to be put out of everything, and as he thought looked down upon.

The ball game this Saturday afternoon was to determine whether Lake View or the Riverdale base ball team was to take the penant for 1903. It was the last of a series of five games between the two teams, each having won two of the preceding games.

Lake View's regular pitcher had strained his arm the day before, so that another man of very doubtful reputation as a pitcher had to take his place, and Lake View had dark forebodings.

John watched them go by and remembered with a pang of regret when he was the star pitcher of his neighborhood.

He had asked the manager of the team the day before if he might not pitch the game the following day, but the manager looked at his narrow shoulders and long, spindle legs and had turned away with a sneer.

This was too much for John, and so he was hoping with all his heart that Lake View would be defeated. It would serve them right.

Soon the usual blaring of tin horns and hoarse shouts denoted the opening of the game.

The substitute pitcher was trembling in every limb with the sense of one out of his class, and soon began to show signs of weakness. The Riverdale team soon began a regular "merry-go-round," and at the first of the seventh inning had eight scores, while Lake View had but three. It was too much for the Lake View manager to see his team toyed

with in this way, and he suddenly thought of "Kid," who had asked to be allowed to pitch in the regular pitcher's place.

He called to one of the players and told him to run to the dormitory and hunt up that "Kid" Winthrop. Winthrop was finally persuaded to try one inning at least. The three Lake View men struck out in almost no time, and John suddenly found himself facing a great giant of a Riverdale man, who was the star batter of that team. He stepped up to the plate as if he meant to do something.

The Riverdale bleachers jeered at the puny kid in the box, as they called Winthrop, but they were about to see a sight very unexpected. John first threw a slow, teasing, curving ball; next came a swift in-curve. The batter drew back as if to flatten the ball, but in his disgust his bat whizzed around through empty space. The next ball the batter grew fierce and brought his bat around savagely, but it struck the ball so near to his hand that it only knocked a pop fly to the third baseman. The other two outs followed in quick succession.

The courage of the Lake View team began to revive, and in the eighth inning they scored five runs. Beginning of the ninth inning the score was a tie. Pandemonium reigned. The Lake View crowd fairly went wild when Winthrop struck two men out in quick succession, the third man knocked an easy grounder to short-stop and was easily put out on first.

Winthrop to the bat, yelled the score-keeper. John took his place with a feeling of uneasiness. The first two deliveries he struck at seemed almost aimlessly. Then he began to cool down, and the third ball he knocked a single base hit, he then stole second. Next man brought him to third, but was put out on first; next man brought him home on a sacrifice, and the last man struck out.

John had a vague remembrance of being carried in triumph on the shoulders of half a dozen players.



First Prize Drawing. By Frank S. Brown, age 17 years, Albany, N. Y.

## A Missing Senior

Second Prize Story, by Edward L. Veltz, age 16 years, Arlington, Mass.

ON a certain afternoon of the latter part of May there might have been seen descending the steps of Harwell academy two youths engaged in earnest conversation. "I tell you it's the only way we can beat them," one of them was saying, "and with him out of it, it'll be a walkover, just a snap for us. He's the best athlete in their class and the only one who can pole-vault except Simpson, and I can beat him one-handed." "But somehow it doesn't seem just right," said the other doubtfully, "and then how're you going to do it. Nothing short of kidnapping will ever get him away on the thirtieth." The other looked about him and then approaching closer whispered, "that's just where you've hit the nail on the head. You be down to my room on the twenty-ninth and I'll have it all fixed." With that they parted.

Let us now see the cause of this extraordinary conversation. Harwell academy was a private institution founded by Colonel Harwell a decade previous, and to it nearly all the boys of the neighborhood came. Between the senior and junior classes there had always existed a keen rivalry in athletic sports which culminated every year in a meet. Already five had been won by each and so the coming one was sure to be hotly contested.

Herbert Still, the subject of the preceding conversation, was the best all-round athlete of the senior class, and on him alone they depended to win most of their points in the coming meet. The two youths just talking were both juniors. The older and larger one, "Bob" Boyd, was also a good athlete and what he prided himself on most was polevaulting. The younger, Howitt, was a weak-minded lad, just the sort to be made the other's tool.

The few intervening days passed quickly and the night of the twenty-ninth arrived. Just as the clock struck nine a small boy leaped up the steps of Still's dwelling, rapped on the door and, after delivering a note, went off. Still stood a moment or two in perplexity on reading the note which said that the head master desired his presence at once in his office. "What can the old man want of me at this time of night," he muttered, then he added, "well I might as well go, it'll do me good to stretch my limbs a bit." So it happened that a few minutes later he ran lightly down the steps and whistling cheerfully, walked up the street in the direction of the office.

He had proceeded for some distance when he approached a place where a deep shadow fell across the sidewalk. Just as he entered it a slight rustling was heard. He stopped short and looked intently around. Suddenly a foot shot out from the shrubbery, a blow across the chest felled him, and quicker than it takes to tell he was bound and gagged. His captors bundled him into a waiting carriage and a few minutes later the sound of hoof beats died away in the direction of Sinsbury, ten miles distant. Thus were the hopes

of the seniors destroyed in an instant by the clever management of two juniors, whom the reader already knows.

The thirtieth of May was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, a day destined to be more eventful than any other in the annals of Ridgeton. The surprise and indignation of the seniors can better be imagined than described when they learned that their best man had been spirited away. They knew he could not have gone voluntarily, and that foul play had been going on somewhere. But where, no one could tell, so well had it been concealed. No one appeared more surprised than Boyd about Still's disappearance and no one seemed more anxious about having him discovered. Messengers were sent out in all directions to scour the neighborhood in search of him. But in vain, he had been hid only too well.

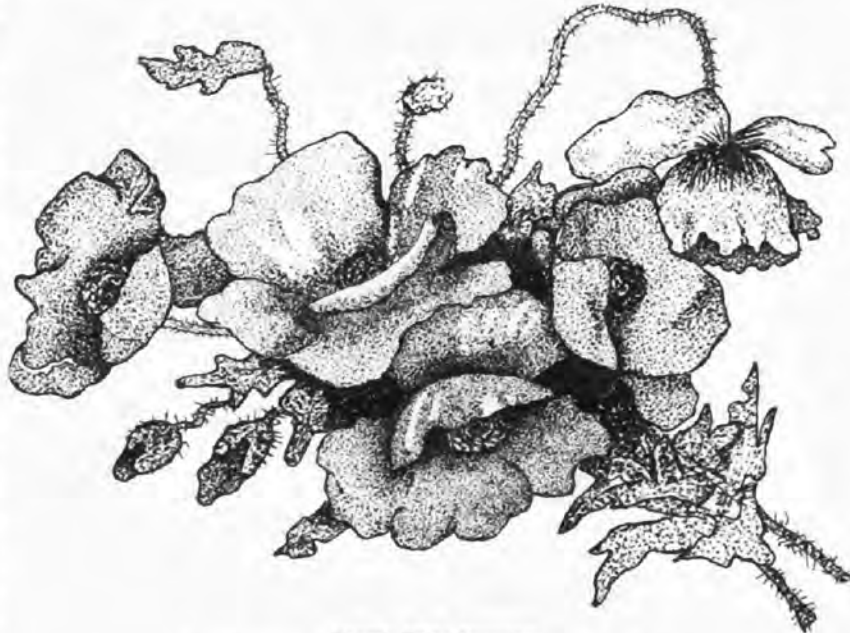
But the meet could not be postponed unless on account of rain, and despite the fact that the seniors prayed more fervently for that blessing than ever before, the day remained calm and clear. At ten A. M., the hour for the meet, both juniors and seniors had arrived, the latter with grim faces and looks that boded ill for the guilty one.

The first event, the hundred yard dash was easily won by Boyd. The broad jump, however, fell to Simpson of the senior class. Thus it went, first the juniors won and then the seniors, until finally, with only one event left, each side had scored twenty-four points. This last event was the pole-vault. Great was the exultation of the juniors and still greater the discouragement and rage among the seniors when they learned the state of affairs.

Boyd picked his pole and with an air of ease and confidence that struck all hope from the seniors' hearts cleared at seven feet. Simpson, the only senior who could vault at all, except the absent Still, with difficulty skimmed over. Higher and higher they went. Simpson was doing unusually well until eight feet was reached and here he failed. Twice he tried it, twice the bar had been kicked off. Only one more trial was allowed him for success or failure. The juniors gazed on the scene with exultant faces and the seniors "grasping at a straw" as it were, were bending far over in their excitement. Simpson mopped his brow and grasping the pole firmly began to run. But just then an interruption, as startling as it was sudden stopped him ere he got half way.

The clatter of galloping hoofs was heard suddenly a horse and buggy shot around the corner on two wheels and still going at a terrific rate flew across the field. Hardly had the foaming, exhausted beast begun to slow up when the form of Herbert Still leaped to the ground.

Such a scene as followed never occurred before or after in the history of Thinsham. It was fully five minutes before he was allowed to pick his pole and when eight feet was cleared with such manifest ease the seniors jumped up and down with joy. In a short time the bar was raised to nine feet and a few minutes later as Still cleared the remarkable height of ten feet he said to himself, I guess that's enough for to-day.



Fourth Prize Drawing

By Harold A. Cowles, age 14 years, Rochester, N. Y.



Design for Wall Pocket

By Edith M. Selby, age 19 years,  
Rover, Md.

The next moment struggling on the shoulders of his exultant classmates he was borne off the field, up the main street and finally deposited in the big arm chair of his room, the centre of a jubilant and cheering crowd.

## A Pretty Wall Pocket

By Edith M. Selby, age 19 years, Rover, Md.

THE drawing shown on opposite page illustrates an odd fancy for a wall-pocket. Two sections of thin card-board, covered on both sides with silk, are folded so as to form two loops, the two ends of one section being brought together and fastened to the other section near the roll. The two ends at top of pocket are joined and concealed by a bow of ribbon, a ring being placed under the bow. The sections are decorated with a painting in water colors and the result is a beautiful and unique receptacle for papers and magazines. Any other pretty material such as celluloid may be chosen and used with good result.

## The Struggle that Paid

Third Prize Story, by Selden Burrows, age 15 years, Rich Hill, Mo.

It was an early spring—out of bed, for Wesley. Wesley was the only child of a Wisconsin backwoods farmer, by the name of Woods. Wesley sprung out of bed and into his clothes as if moved by electricity—but he had reason for this, his plans had been laid the day before and, although he had gone to bed early the night before, he lay awake very late thinking of the next four years which would be spent at college.

Father Woods believed that education promoted crime, because he himself didn't have any of it and he wasn't a criminal.

After the three had eaten an early hasty breakfast, Father Woods trudged out in the fading darkness to hitch up the mules, while Mother Woods helped Wesley prepare his toilet; in a few minutes Wesley passed out, followed by his mother, who carried a small red bundle, to where his father was waiting; they loaded in a pig and calf. After kissing and hugging his mother goodby, he mounted the seat beside his father and they drove down the rocky road. His mother sobbed after him as loud as she could, "Be a good boy, Wes," but the sob was drowned by the squeal of the pig and the bawl of the calf. Mother Woods watched them with tears in her eyes until they disappeared down the winding rocky road.

Father and son reached the city after an eight-mile drive, Wesley's stock was soon disposed of for eighteen dollars; after spending ten dollars for a suit of clothes he had eight dollars left to pay his railroad fare and start him in college. Father Woods, after giving his son some advice, bade him goodby and handed him his bundle. Then he mounted and rode on a train for the first time.

An object stood in the doorway of the office of Professor Blake of Prescott College. The Professor turned in his chair, arose and advanced and, extending his hand, said, "My boy, I don't believe that I have met you." Wesley stuffed one bundle between his knees and extending his left hand, but seeing his mistake dropped one of his bundles, and the Pro-

fessor immediately picked it up. "Wes-Wesley Woods," said Wesley with a smile and a shake. "I came to join your school," said Wesley, beginning anew, "and I brought my extra clothes along, I thought probably that I might have use for them. I live up in Wisconsin at the edge of the timber in the hills." Wesley was quite a talker when he got started, and he used very good grammar. He had gone to the country school as far as he could, and he had taught or governed the school several times during the absence of the teacher. On the farm he was a hard worker and obedient, although not religious, he with his father and mother always attended Sunday school and church. He did not belong to the smart class that went to dances and rode home at midnight firing off revolvers and shouting.

The Professor stood a moment in silence, then said, "Can you furnish any reference?" "Well," said Wesley, slowly, "how about my mother?" The Professor looked puzzled and smiled, and then said, doubtfully, "I am not sure but probably your name can be entered on the list."

He was enrolled, he received the janitorship of the college buildings and he worked after and before school and studied every spare moment and his classmates did not have much time to play pranks on him. The Professor and teachers admired the hustle and get-up-and-get about him. Wesley paid his board and miscellaneous expenses by earning several composition and oratorical prizes. At the end of the first term of school Wesley worked at many different kinds of work, but he saved his money. He did not go home at all during the three vacations.

So the next three years passed on and it was four weeks till commencement, and Wesley wrapped his suit of clothes which he had bought four years ago carefully in a paper and mailed it to his mother, inclosing a note requesting her to press and patch the clothes as best she could and send them back immediately so that he could wear them when he spoke.

The opera house was packed. Wesley, the Valedictorian, was the last one on the program. As he appeared on the stage a giggle was heard in different parts of the room. Wesley had grown considerable, his sleeves reached midway between his wrists and elbows and his trousers, though neatly pressed and patched, reached just to his shoe-tops. After he had finished his speech the audience remained spellbound under the magic words. The decision of the judges was announced after a brief bit of music. The Professor appeared on the stage with the prize loose in his hand and said, "Friends and Graduates—I, the chairman of the judges, present to the graduate who delivered the best oration a worthy prize. Wesley Woods, please come forward." Wesley advanced and accepted the reward

with a bow, then, remembering the vow which the graduates had taken, he hopped down off the stage and advanced up the aisle. The other seven graduates had never seen Wesley with any young lady and were, therefore, stretching their necks to see who should be the lucky one. Wesley when he was speaking had noticed a familiar feminine face in a far corner, when he approached the place where his parents were standing he kissed her and placed the chain around her neck.

Father Woods turned to the Professor, who was just approaching, and said, "Well, I reckon that this is the best crop wife and I ever raised on our farm."

On the great clock of time there is but one word—"NOW."



Third Prize Drawing

By Ruth A. Reed, age 16 years, Bristol, Conn.

## Some Smart Animals

Fourth Prize Story, by Jessie M. Cook, aged 18 years, Greenville, S. C.

My Uncle Ford lives on a beautiful farm, and I go to visit him every spring. On his farm is a gentle horse named Selim, which I can ride. He holds his head very high as though he looked down on the little mules and slow, pokey oxen, hauling wood or ploughing in the fields.

I spent a great deal of my time, last year, down in the pasture under the trees, feeding red apples to Selim and the other horses. I found out that horses had more sense than I had supposed, but Uncle said that Selim was not the only smart horse in the world.

"What would you think, Roland," said my uncle, "if Selim should burst out crying when I put a sack of corn on his back?"

"But he wouldn't know what you were doing, would he, Uncle?"

"Well, the Arab's horse does that. The big, shaggy camel hates to carry a heavy load, and sobs like a child when something is added to his burden."

"Then he must have a good deal of sense, Uncle," I said.

"The elephant is another smart horse," said Uncle Ford. "If I owned a lumber yard I would prefer Jumbo to Selim every time. Jumbo is not only very strong, but he has what Selim has not, a powerful trunk."

"Which I am glad Selim has not," I interrupted.

"You are thinking of the elephant that cracked a cocoanut on his rider's head, are you not?" laughed my uncle, "but you must remember, Roland, that the master first cracked his cocoanut on the elephant's head."

"But I should like to know what an elephant can do in a lumber yard."

"Jumbo can be trained to do a giant's work, carrying logs; putting them in piles, placing them in just the right position on the saw and gathering up the scraps. And his logs are the great teak-wood trees, too, which are said to be as heavy as iron."

"Did you ever ride on an elephant, Uncle Ford?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "it is pretty hard work getting on a big one. He has to lie down, and then you have to climb a ladder to get on his back."

Sometimes Jumbo has to take care of a baby, rocking its cradle or carrying it to ride on his back in a pannier. He makes a careful nurse."

We patted Selim on the head as we started home.

"I have never seen him cry," I said, "but he tried to laugh when he saw me coming to-day."



'Twixt optimist and pessimist

The difference is droll;

The optimist the doughnut sees—

The pessimist the hole.

## How John Duncan Made The Nine

Fifth Prize Story, by Lloyd L. Helm, aged 13 years, Metropolis, Ill.

It was a pleasant day in April and baseball was the chief excitement in the city of Bayville. The academy at Bayville had a good nine and had so far won all the games. Yet there was another academy that had also been successful and that was the one at Seaton. A game had been decided upon as May 10. Both sides were busy with their preparations. "I wish I was on the nine," said a smart-looking boy by the name of John Duncan. "I am strong, can run fast and, as far as I can see, I can play as good as any of the rest. They think I don't know anything about playing baseball because I came from the country. Yet I do."

Frank West, the captain of the Bayville nine, had assigned all the places to good players. They practiced every day for three weeks, they had a good nine and the players knew their places. All went right till within a week, when George Snow, the Bayville catcher, took the measles. Within a day there were but six players, with the captain it made seven. But it would not do, there would have to be substitutes which meant defeat.

They were on the point of dropping the game, when a telegram came from the Seatonians to delay the game a week. This fixed it all right, for they would have time to practice, but there were two players lacking, as West said to Brown, the pitcher. After a space of time Brown replied that they could put Frank Randolph as catcher. This was agreed upon, but the short-stop's place was still vacant. They thought of many boys who might take the place, but many were sick and the remainder unfit for the place. "How about Duncan?" said the pitcher to the captain. When he replied, "I don't think he is the right man for the place, still he is the best we can do," Duncan was informed of his place on the nine and practiced early and late. At last the day of the game came. The Seatonians came in a special train. At two o'clock the game commenced. It was a beautiful day. Many people were out to see the game. The Bayville nine had a sad look, which was opposite to that of the other. Duncan played his part uncommonly well. At the end of the fifth inning the score stood three (3) to three (3). The Bayville team was excited during the sixth inning and allowed the other side to make three (3) scores. When the captain went to the bat he knocked one that took him to second. But the pitcher, Brown, done better, knocking a three-bagger which let the captain in. Then the next man fanned out, but Brown slipped his way home bringing the score six to five in favor of the Seatonians. No more scores were added during the sixth, seventh and eighth.



**SHORT STORY**—Tell a story in which some kind of a school adventure is a part of the plot. The story may be either true or imaginary and should contain less than 2000 words.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**—Subject, Any out of doors scene.

**DRAWING**—Must contain buildings of some kind.

**POETRY**—Subject, Only a Joke. Must contain not more than five verses.

### SPECIAL CONTESTS

We will award a five point prize from our regular reward list to each person who sends a photograph, drawing or article that is accepted and printed in any of the following contests: 1. A wild animal photograph. 2. A cartoon on any topic of current interest. 3. An original joke or funny anecdote. 4. A description of any article of handicraft that can be easily constructed by any ingenious boy or girl. Illustrate with drawing or photograph, if possible.

### AD-WRITING CONTEST

For every original design of any advertisement that is considered good enough to print we will award a five point prize, and we will award a free scholarship in any correspondence school advertised in **YOUNG AMERICANS**, to the person who submits the six best advertisements in our Ad-Writing Contests, before April, 1905.

### PRIZE AWARDS

Five prizes are awarded in each contest, the same to be selected from our reward list, which will be sent to anyone on request. First prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 10 points. Second prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 8 points. Third prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 6 points. Fourth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 4 points. Fifth prize, any article or articles quoted in the prize list at 2 points.

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All readers are eligible to these competitions; but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in jet black,—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than 12 inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, Aug. 25, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in October.

All articles for prize contests should be addressed, **YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITIONS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.**

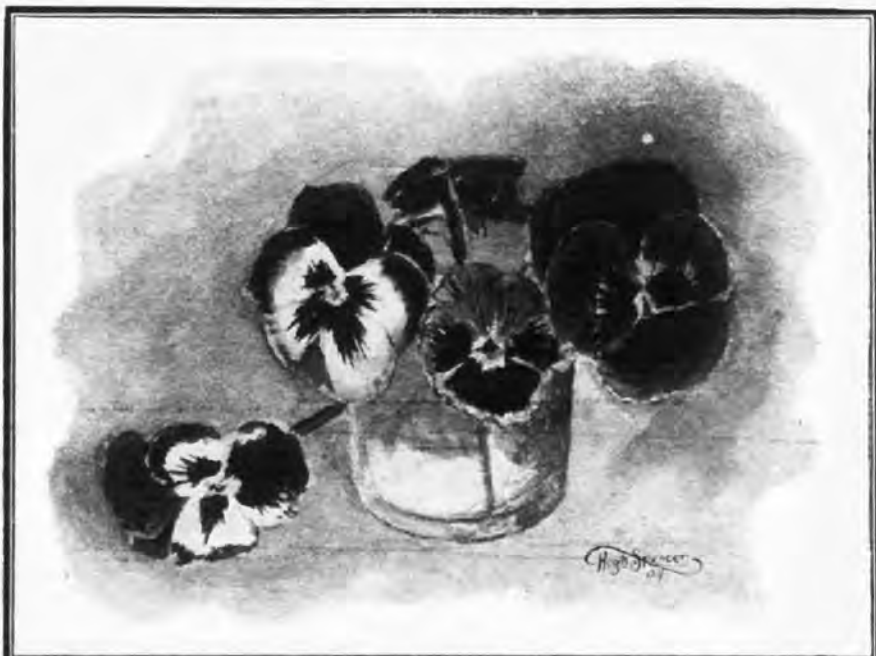


Now the Bayville nine went to bat for the last time; either they must win or be defeated. The first man at the bat was Williams. He fanned out. Rush knocked one that took him to second. Weston was caught out on a foul ball. This was two out. Next at the bat was Duncan. Could he knock one that would bring Rush in? That would at least tie them. The first ball was passed, the next two were strikes; but the next one he lifted far beyond the right fielder. It did not take him long to make the bases, and by the time the ball reached the catcher he was receiving praises from the members of the Bayville nine. No more scores were scored and now the game was over the scores stood seven to six in favor of the nine of Bayville. The championship belonged to the nine of Bayville. All the players said that Duncan was the cause of winning the game. The players carried him through the city. The captain promised him a place on the nine that night. The school broke up boxes and had a bonfire. One boy went to the hardware store and began carrying off boxes, when the owner came out with a bottle and a gun. He knocked a student across the head with the bottle and stood the rest off with the gun. The students began to disperse. They



Second Prize Drawing, by Delphia Nelson, age 15 years, Galesburg, Ill.

threw torpedoes over the street and on the street-car tracks, so they exploded when they were run over. About twelve o'clock they began to go home. Duncan went home tired, but happy, but this did not last long, for as soon as the players became well they wanted their places. The captain was in trouble who to turn out. He had promised Duncan his place and also the other members. He called a meeting of all of the members. They agreed to put their names in a box, shuffle it, and let the captain pick out a name and that person should be turned out. This was done, and the name drawn by the captain was that of Duncan; but in a few days he was informed by the captain that a



Fifth Prize Drawing, by Hugh Spencer, age 16 years, St. Cloud, Minn.

certain player was called home on account of his father's illness. This left a vacancy, which the captain readily gave to him, making him a regular member.

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NOTES

We have had considerable trouble getting our prize contest department running smoothly. Unfortunately our magazine has been delayed in mailing, and this has not given our more distant readers a chance to enter the competitions. We also were delayed in making the prize awards, owing to the fact that our company, which has just been incorporated, has been obliged to make new arrangements with the manufacturers and dealers who supply us with the articles of merchandise mentioned on our Reward List. But, at last we have everything arranged in ship shape, and from now on you will observe a decided improvement in our prize department.



We have been unable to print the list of the names of our prize winners, because in many cases we did not receive a sufficient number of entries to enable us to make a complete award, but we have awarded prizes for all articles that have been published, and hereafter we trust that we will have a greater number of entries, and will thus be able to make complete awards in all contests.



Remember we do not wish to confine our contributions from our readers to these prize contests. If you have a good story, poem, drawing or photograph, send it to us even though it is not upon the subject of the contests. If it is a good thing we will be glad to buy it and pay for it either in cash or articles of merchandise, as you may choose.

The editor is making a list of all young people who can write, draw or take photographs, and we are going to arrange with them to contribute to our magazine.

# U P - T O - D A T E

Department conducted by

WALTER ADOLPH VONDERLEITH

## A DAILY NEWSPAPER AT SEA

One of the latest and most novel achievements which has been made possible by Marconi's wireless telegraph, was the publication of a daily newspaper, "*The Cunard Daily Bulletin*," on board the steamship *Campania* during her entire voyage.

## A MASTERLY SPEECH

Former Governor of New York Frank S. Black's great speech before the Republican National Convention at Chicago, placing in nomination for president, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, has been commented upon as one of the strongest political speeches of modern times. It has been aptly compared to the famous "Plumed Knight" address of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, when he offered the name of James G. Blaine. Every boy and girl, regardless of his or her political views, would do well to read this masterpiece of political eloquence.

## THE SUCCESSFUL MAN—WHO IS HE?

President Roosevelt, in his speeches, frequently gives some valuable advice to young people—advice that is worth pondering over, worth following. Among other things he has said, regarding the successful man: "A man to amount to anything must be practical. He must actually do things, not talk about them, least of all cavil at how they are accomplished by those who go down into the arena and actually face the dust and the blood and the sweat, who actually triumph in the struggle. The man must have the force, the power, the will to accomplish results."

## JUSTICE—AT HOME AND ABROAD

The much talked-of *Perdicaris* is free, and another triumph for American diplomacy is recorded. We would not presume to impeach the wisdom and the judgment of those who ordered U. S. warships to Morocco to demand the release of our kidnapped citizen *Perdicaris*, (who by the way seems to spend his time and money abroad), until recently, held for a ransom by the notorious bandit *Raisuli*. Nor would we even question the justice or necessity of such action. But we wonder if the same strenuous (and expensive) means had been employed if our kidnapped citizen had happened to have been a poor man without influence instead of a millionaire. We also wonder if there are not several more grievous wrongs suffered without protest a little nearer home—wrongings which would not require an armed fleet to right.

## WHOLESALE IMMIGRATION

From the arguments of those who favor lax-immigration laws we might suppose that this the "land of the free" should invite and welcome to our shores every criminal and pauper in the universe. The large increase in the percentage of objectionable immigrants, caused by the \$8.75 rate, lately held out by the unprincipled steamship companies, is sufficient cause for alarm, when we note the mass of ignorant foreigners who are already overcrowding the slums of our cities—and especially when we consider the fact that these people work and exist on starvation wages, thus crowding out the honest and more deserving American laborer. Is it not time to call a halt!

## SHOULD ANARCHISTS BE EXCLUDED?

To all those who have not forgotten the cowardly assassination of the late President McKinley, such a question must seem an absurdity. And indeed, it is. And yet over-zealous disciples of free speech were amazed when the U. S. Supreme Court unanimously confirmed the recent action of the immigration officials in ordering the deportation of the English anarchist, John Turner. The *London Daily News* felt "bound to express our regret that such things should be done in the name of a people to whom liberty of thought should be especially dear." America's lands are broad, and Americans love liberty, but we have no room for enemies to all organized government, for teachers of the assassins' art.

## OUR ONE VULNERABLE POINT

No loyal American could for a moment entertain the remotest feeling of fear or doubt as to America's recognized ability to successfully cope with any of the world's great powers, in case war should be

thrust upon us. The *Saturday Evening Post*, in a recent editorial, however, points to our one vulnerable point—one most likely to invite attack, and the defense of which might cost us dearly,—namely the Philippines. This puts a light upon our policy in the far East, which sooner or later, must be taken seriously. Colonial dependencies are generally conceded to be a source of weakness, although the means of a momentary and misleading display of strength, and they must necessarily limit the life of any nation, however great. It has been so in the past—who can say it will not be so in the future.

## MODERN COLLEGE TENDENCIES

Inquiry in six leading eastern universities has shown interesting results regarding tendencies in modern life. Yale and Princeton men favor business pursuits, while Columbia and Harvard incline to law, it being the intention of many 1904 Cambridge men to engage in politics and municipal reform. Medicine, however, does not appear to be so popular as it was a few years ago.

Nearly half of the Vassar girls expect to take up teaching, twenty are engaged to marry, and thirty-four will enter society. The majority of the 170 Wellesley girls aim at practical service—"Not To Be Ministered Unto, but to Minister." It is encouraging to find that a goodly number of our college girls still look forward, not to a narrowing (for women) business or professional career, but to that highest and grandest vocation, the one for which she was created, the one in which she always has been and always will be most successful—that of the Home-Builder.

## "HUMANITY AND THE DOLLAR"

The frightful loss of human life attending the appalling catastrophe in East River near the entrance to Long Island Sound, when the excursion steamer *General Slocum*, crowded with hundreds of pleasure-seekers, mostly women and children, burned to the water's edge, has justly called forth most scathing denunciation of the greed of modern commercialism. A writer in one of our great metropolitan newspapers in an article entitled "Humanity and the Dollar," asks: "Which is the more valuable, humanity or money; the lives of men, women and children, or the bank accounts of steamboat syndicates and corporations?" He further makes the grave charge that "Human life is fast getting to be the cheapest thing on earth." When investigation proves that the so-called life-preservers on the *General Slocum* were really life-destroyers; that the fire-hose was rotten and useless; that the hands were inexperienced; that there were no fire-drills, and that the inspection was a mere farce, we are forced to admit that there is ground for such a charge. It required the Iroquois holocaust to remind us that our theatres were (and are still) unsafe; and now the awful tragedy of the *General Slocum* horror was necessary before the peril of our floating fire-traps was realized. Can it be that the dire note of warning will go unheeded, that graft and political bossism will be permitted to dominate, with their motto: "First, last, and always—the 'Almighty Dollar.'"

## RUSSIA'S STRENGTH IS RUSSIA'S WEAKNESS

There are numerous speculations as to the cause of continued Japanese victories and repeated Russian reverses. Some maintain it is lack of stronger Russian leadership,—that her soldiers are just as good fighters as the Japanese. This is questioned by many, so we must look for more potent reasons. The fighting strength of a nation cannot be measured by the size of her army, the number of her battleships, and the vastness of her resources. To be sure, these are important factors, but, after all, they are only secondary. Without men, loyally devoted to a cause they love, and for which they will gladly fight to the end if need be, all the stolen power of a mighty empire is useless, and she must inevitably fall, humbled, before the resistless tide of a superior national patriotism—characterized by heroic self-sacrifice that knows no personal interest, and on absolute faith that right is bound to triumph, combined with that sublime self-confidence that recognizes no defeat.

So long as tyrannical Russia (with a population aggregating perhaps 130 million people, 108 million of whom are not Russian) denies natural-born rights to the mass of her citizens, compelling them to submit by force of arms; so long shall Russia be weak even in her strength; so long shall she tremble at the possibilities of a fatal uprising within her own confines; so long should she consider herself fortunate for her very existence.

# POLITICAL YARNS

A Collection of Stories Told by Public Men or About Them

## DOROTHY'S DIPLOMACY

At the Republican State Convention in Springfield, Ill., Senator Cullom and Speaker Cannon tried to get a popular ruling as to which was the handsomer man.

"If I had a face like yours, Joe," said the Senator, "I'd wear a veil or build a fence around it."

"And if I looked like you, Shelby," replied "Uncle" Joe, "I'd walk backward all the time. Your rear elevation isn't so bad, but the front facade is a bad botch."

"I'll tell you, Joe, we'll leave it to this little girl. She doesn't want any political job, and I guess she'll be honest," suggested Senator Cullom.

The little girl's mother was with her. "Which do you think is the best looking, Dorothy?" asked the proud mother.

The child looked at both out of big, frank eyes and said:

"I don't like to say, mamma, which I like best. I might offend Mr. Cannon."—*New York Herald*

## CHILL FOR BRYAN

In applying for some additional life insurance recently Mr. William Jennings Bryan had to fill up the usual questions as printed on the application sheet.

One query was: "Have you ever suffered from fever of any kind?" To this Mr. Bryan replied: "Yes, from two attacks of Presidential fever, both of which were followed by severe chills. Have completely recovered."—*New York Herald*.

## A NEW INVENTOR

"I did not know that you were an inventor," said John Kendrick Bangs to David B. Hill recently.

"Yes—I've joined the Marconis, and am now at work on a machine that works on the wireless principle. Wireless politics, Mr. Bangs, is the great need of the day. Without wires there is no need to pull them, and in its ultimate result, which is now in plain sight, I think it will prove a winner."

"And what is this result of wireless politics to which you refer?" I asked, highly interested.

"A speechless candidate," replied my sagacious friend.—*New York Herald*.

## WHAT'S THE USE?

Representative Charles B. Landis of Indiana visited a country school-house while campaigning last fall. All the little boys were lined up for his inspection.

"I am awfully glad to see so many nice-looking little boys," said Mr. Landis, introducing himself. "And, just think, some one of you may become president. Now, I want every little boy who wants to be president to hold up his right hand."

Instantly every right hand except one was raised high. One little boy put his hands behind his back and burst into tears.

"What's the matter, little boy? Don't you want to be president?" asked Mr. Landis.

"Yes, sir," blubbered the boy, "but what's the use? I'm a Democrat."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

## DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM

During a discussion of the manners of the sons of distinguished Americans, an instructor in one of the private military academies along the Hudson river told this story:

"The faculty of our school were delighted when Governor Crane of Massachusetts sent his son to us, and we all grew fond of him, for he was a bright and extremely modest youth. In fact his modesty was so marked that we often talked about it among ourselves. One day there came to the school a party of distinguished visitors, and the principal called up a number of the brightest boys in order to question them. Among these was young Crane.

"Robert, who is the Governor of Massachusetts?" inquired he, turning to the boy suddenly.

"The youth thought for a time, and then answered: 'I am sure I don't know.'"

"You certainly don't mean to tell me you do not know who the Governor of your own state is?" replied the astonished man. "Think a moment longer."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I really don't know," answered the boy.

"Why, Robert, your father is the Governor of Massachusetts," exclaimed the bewildered principal.

"Yes, he told me that himself once," answered the boy in the same quiet manner, "but I never believed it. I thought he was only stringing me.""

## POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY

A stranger walked into the lobby of the Masury Hotel yesterday afternoon, and began to descant on the wonders of psychology. He said he was a specialist in that branch of science, and talked for some time about the effect a man's opinions have upon his personal appearance. "Why," he continued, "I can look at a man and tell his political preference. It is a very simple matter to tell a Democrat from a Republican. Down here you are all Democrats, but though it is a hard task, I can tell a man's favorite for the presidential nomination by looking at him."

"Cigars for the crowd that you can't," said a bystander. "Done," said the mind reader, "you yourself are for Cleveland." He was right, but the scoffer muttered, "An accident." "You," he said to another, "prefer Parker." He was right again, and "Wonderful!" said the crowd.

Turning to a third he said, "And you are for Hearst."

"You are a liar," was the unexpected response. "I have been sick; that is the reason I look this way."—*From the Thomasville (Ga.) Times-Enterprise*.

## ON INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE

Senator Spooner, who particularly likes to tell stories showing the humorous side of legal proceedings, relates the following with reference to an Irishman in Chicago who was being examined as to his knowledge of a certain shooting affair in that city:

"Did you," asked the presiding magistrate of the witness, "did you see the shot fired?"

"Oi did not, sir," responded the Celt, "but Oi heard it foired."

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the magistrate, sternly; "you may step down."

The witness left the box. No sooner had he turned his back to the judge, than he gave vent to a somewhat derisive laugh. Enraged at this contempt of court, the magistrate called the Irishman back to the witness-box. "How dare you laugh in that manner in court?" demanded the judge, angrily.

"Did you see me laugh, your honor?" asked the Irishman.

"No, but I distinctly heard you laugh," came from the irate judge.

"Such evidence is not satisfactory," rejoined the Celt, quietly, a twinkle coming into his eye.

Whereupon, says Mr. Spooner, every one in court laughed, including the magistrate.—*Youth's Companion*.

## "DECLARATION" DIDN'T BOTHER HIM

Former Senator Grady, of New York, told this story at the Democratic convention:

"We were coming West on the Fourth and the train pulled up for a while at some town in Ohio because of a hot box. The town was a whoopin' it up in a Fourth celebration, and some one suggested to Elliot F. Danforth that he read the Declaration of Independence. He was delighted, and the local committee was also delighted to have the eminent New Yorker take part in the program.

Danforth started in all right, and got about half through the immortal document when the hot hot box was fixed up, the conductor gave the engineer the go-ahead signal, and the train began to move out. The merry villagers gaped when Danforth scrambled for the train, and the Declaration came to an abrupt end. Danforth was very sore.

"What did you start that train for when I was reading the Declaration of Independence?" he asked the conductor. "I wasn't half through."

"Ah, what do I care for the Declaration of Independence!" the conductor said. "I'm a Republican."—*N. Y. Journal*.

# WILL DO IT BETTER LATER

## HOW-TO-WIN TALK

By **ORISON SWETT MARDEN**, Editor and founder of "Success"

**M**OST people have an idea that they will do a thing better later. It is just as delusive as the idea that you will have more time later to put a thing where it belongs,—that you will drop it for the present where you happen to use it, but you will pick everything up and put it where it belongs later.

A great many young people fall into this delusion of always thinking that they are going to have plenty of time later to put a thing where it belongs. They will just drop the article of clothing, the book or the paper, or whatever they have been using just where they are, and they will hang it up or put it in the drawer or in the bookcase, or wherever it belongs later. They feel sure that they will pick everything up. But many of them are surprised later in life to find that this habit of dropping things just where they use them, doing the thing just for now, expecting to do it better later, has become a fixed habit with them, and it is almost impossible to break it up.

In a great many homes we find things scattered all over the house by the children or the parents. Things go on this way until they become unbearable, and then they have a general cleaning up and putting things away. But in a few days they are all out again. Everybody drops things where they happen to use them until everything is, out of place.

In other homes we find an orderly mother and father with system, who insist upon everybody putting everything where it belongs. No matter how busy, they find it better to do the thing right at the time.

No matter if it does take a little more time, even though you are busy, you will find in the long run that it pays to take time to do a thing right the first time. You will lose more time than you gain, even when in a hurry, by dropping things and having to pick them up and put them away later.

Do not get into the habit of doings just for now. It has crippled many a life, and you cannot afford to take chances with such a dangerous habit. Learn to clean up as you go. It will have a marked influence upon your life. It will help you wonderfully in your vocation if you are systematic. You will be a more successful man or woman if you form this habit of never putting things off,—never doing things just for now.

How many families are troubled, mortified and embarrassed by having callers come in suddenly and find everything in the house all topsy turvy. They apologize and stammer and make excuses, but people draw their own conclusions. They think that there must be some flaw, some weakness, some lack of system somewhere in the head of the family which will allow such things.

The most unfortunate thing about forming slack, slipshod habits in one's room or home, or in regard to one's clothing, is that these habits are contagious, and the first you know this looseness, slipshodness, slackness, will honeycomb your entire business. The only safe way is to make it an inexorable rule of your life to keep everything in order. Do not leave things lying all around even in your own room. Put everything away just where it belongs after you use it.

Do not trust to luck or be deluded by thinking that you will have more time later. The probabilities are that you never will, and that you will form a bad habit which will mar your whole life. Clean up as you go. Keep everything snugged up and orderly. Let your own room be a model of neatness and system. Then you will find that it will be much easier to keep your office, your factory or place of business, up to standard.

We know a young man who has made most remarkable strides in the last ten years who makes it an invariable rule of life never to neglect anything or to leave anything half done or out of place. The result is that his whole life is one beautiful symphony of order, system, regularity, punctuality. There are no loose ends about him or his work. If you go into his home you will find everything just so. There are no buttons off his clothing, no ragged ends,—everything is spick and span.

We realize that some people carry this to such extremes of nicety and precision that there is no living with them in comfort, but we do not refer to these red-tape, overprecise minds, but the orderly, the systematic, the business-like way of doing everything. You will be surprised to see what a marked influence it will have on your whole life. Everything you do will be colored by this habit of doing everything just right,—not pretty nearly right, but exactly, promptly and perfectly.

✦ ✦

### Thoughts From The East

BY MARCAR BALBANIAN

Success League member, of Smyrna, Turkey

There is only one kind of scolding which is *really* beneficial and that is the one a man gives to his own self.

#### TO THE STUDENT

No matter how long you live and how hard you work, your knowledge will always be limited, but most happily there is no limit to what you may learn.

#### TO THE EMPLOYER

If you are flattered by your employees you are a weakling, by no means a strong man. If your employees take care to execute your orders promptly just because they are afraid of you, you belong to mediocrity. If you have won the respect and love of your employees, you are really great.

#### TO THE BIGOTED (MAN)

Stop before criticising severely every speaker whose ideas on some subject, don't quite agree with those of yours. While you think yourself to be nearest the River of Truth and find no one between you and the river, remember that, it is possible, the speaker may be on the other side of the river and perhaps found just as near to it, if not nearer than yourself.

✦ ✦

### Jefferson's Ten Rules

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

✦ ✦

A fellow wrote two letters, one to his lady love and one to his washerwoman. Then he directed each one, by mistake, to the wrong person. The lady love opened her note and read: "If you muss the bosom of my shirt again, I'll have nothing more to do with you."

✦ ✦

The Pessimist—"The longer I live in the world, the worse it seems to get!"

The Optimist—"Oh, well, don't let a little thing like that worry you. Perhaps it will be better after you get out of it."



THE FOOL'S PLAYTHING

# THE SWEETHEART OF LIBERTY

*A True Story of the American Revolution*

BY FRANK E. CHANNON

"On Vernon's chief, why lavish all our lays?  
Come, honest Muse, and sing great Marion's praise."

Secure amidst the swamps of the Black River lay General Marion and his followers. At Georgetown, Colonel Watson and the British troops were concentrated, while all around, the country swarmed with bands of Tories, intent only upon the capture of the daring patriot. So far, the shoe had certainly been on the other foot, and many a dashing British officer and bumpous Tory magistrate found themselves prisoner to the outlawed soldier. It was to arrange an exchange for some of these that an English officer now stood without, awaiting admission to the "Rebel" camp.

"Let him be blindfolded, and conducted here," commanded General Marion, when the nature of the visitor's mission was explained to him.

A few minutes later the Englishman stood before him. The bandage was removed, and, after salutations, the two sat down to arrange the exchange. It was soon finished and the young officer expressed his readiness to depart.

"Not," cried Marion "until you have dined with me. It were ill to send my visitor away with an empty stomach. Tom, serve dinner for two."

At the word "dinner" the face of the officer brightened. He had ridden some distance that morning, and felt able to do justice to the "Rebel's" hospitality.

He remained seated on the fallen trunk of a tree which had formed his chair during the conversation, expecting to be invited into the mess-tent, which, although he did not see, must, undoubtedly, be close at hand. He gazed around somewhat anxiously for some signs of a camp kitchen—Dutch oven, pots, pans, or something to indicate that a repast was at hand. Not a sign of any such utensil were to be seen.

His host, perceiving his curiosity, said:

"Our dinner will probably be somewhat plainer than that to which you have been accustomed, sir, but at least it will be fattening. Come, Tom, aren't they ready yet?" he called to a ragged-looking trooper who was poking with a pointed stick among the mass of glowing embers.

With some difficulty the man addressed as "Tom" succeeded in spearing a half-dozen large sweet potatoes, which had been concealed in the fire, and, after pinching them to see that they were well done, he dusted the ashes from them with the sleeve of his ragged shirt, and placing them on a piece of bark, presented them to his chief and the astonished British officer.

The expression on the face of the latter indicated his keen disappointment, but he was quick to conceal it when he perceived that Marion was observing him. His good breeding came to his help, and he commenced to nibble the steaming sweet potato. He handled it so gingerly, and ate it so cautiously, that the American general could not help bursting into hearty laughter.

"I am very much afraid, sir, that our simple dinner is hardly such as you have been accustomed to," he said.

"Indeed," replied the Englishman, his politeness forcing him to tell an untruth, "I am enjoying it immensely. What are these—these roots, may I make so bold as to enquire?"

"Roots!" echoed Marion. "They are potatoes—sweet

potatoes. Have you never tasted any before?"

"Never," said the visitor, truthfully. "All the potatoes I have ever eaten were entirely different. Do you often make a dinner of these, may I ask?"

"Whenever we can obtain them, but very frequently we have not enough, and some days, none."



"Heavens!" cried the Britisher. "That is bad; but perhaps what you lose in meal you make up in malt; though stinted in provisions, you draw princely pay."

"We receive no pay," said Marion. "Not one cent, sir." "Then you *are* in a bad box," cried the officer. "All fighting; no pay, and only roots to live upon! How do you stand it, General?"

"Why, sir," answered the general, "the heart is all; and, when that is much interested a man can do anything. Many a youth would think it hard to indent himself a slave for fourteen years. But let him be head and ears in love, and with such a beautiful sweetheart as Rachel, and he will think no more of fourteen years' servitude than young Jacob did. Well, now, this is exactly my case. I am in love; and my sweetheart is LIBERTY. Be that Heavenly nymph my companion, and these wilds and woods shall have charms beyond London and Paris, in slavery. To have no proud monarch driving over me with his gilt coaches; nor his host of excise men and tax-gatherers insulting and robbing me; but to be my own master, my own prince and sovereign, gloriously preserving my national dignity, and pursuing my true happiness; planting my vineyards, and eating their luscious fruits; and sowing my fields, and reaping the golden grain; and seeing millions of brothers all around me, equally free and happy as myself. This sir, is what I long for."

Overcome by the voicing of these noble sentiments the Englishman extended his hand in admiring awe.

"General, may I have the honor of grasping the hand of one who so nobly bears hardships in the furthering of the cause which he believes is right."

In silence the two men gripped each other's hand, forming as they did so, an extraordinary contrast in appearance.

The one, small, smoke-dried and almost in rags. The other, tall, well-groomed and well-fed.

Then, with many professions of admiration, the British officer took his departure.

In due time he reported to his superior, Colonel Watson, at Georgetown.

"Why, sir, are you so serious?" asked the Colonel.

"I have cause, sir," said the officer, "to look serious."

"What! Has General Marion refused to treat?"

"No, sir."

"Well then, has old Washington defeated Sir Henry Clinton, and broke up our army?"

"No, sir, not that either; but *worse*."

"Ah! What can be worse?"

"Why, sir, I have seen an American general and his officers without pay, living on roots and drinking water, and all for LIBERTY! What chance have we against such men!"

The British Colonel frowned at his subordinate.

Such sentiments, sir, neither do credit to our army, nor honor to our king," and with these words he dismissed the young officer.

Eight months later His Majesty's *Gazette*, published in Pall Mall, London, bore in the list of resignations from His Majesty's army the name of John Willoughby Walton, Lieutenant, Seventh Dragoon Guards.

John Willoughby Walton was the British lieutenant who had partaken of General Marion's sweet potato dinner. He had been so much impressed by the patriot's plea for the sacred cause of Liberty that he had exchanged home at the earliest opportunity, and flung up his commission in King George's army.

## ATHLE

**T**HIS is the "last call" for baseball clubs to enter the YOUNG AMERICANS Championship Pennant Contest. It is late, but by no means too late, and it is possible that some of the late comers may carry off the pennants. Anyway it makes no difference whether the entry is made early or late, as we shall award as many pennants as there are Amateur Young Americans Baseball Teams formed. So get the managers of the baseball teams in your vicinity together, hold your meeting, draw up your constitution for governing your league, and arrange a schedule of games to be played. The rules of the contest given below will give most of the particulars.

### RULES OF CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST

1. All championship games must be reported to YOUNG AMERICANS on special blanks provided for this purpose.
2. Not more than ten clubs in a group may enter in competition for a pennant.
3. Any club competing for a pennant must play at least ten games, the rules of each game to be the same as those governing the National League.
4. At least three clubs in any group of clubs competing for the pennant must be enrolled on the regular entry blanks provided by YOUNG AMERICANS.
5. Enrollment must be made before July 25. The contest will be closed September 10, and all reports must be received before September 25. The awards



## TICS

will be announced in the November number of YOUNG AMERICANS.

6. The reports of all contests must give the names, the ages and the average weight of the competing teams, and the judges will throw out all games in which there is an unreasonable difference between the ages of the competing teams.

7. The pennants will be awarded October 20.

8. Sportsmen of national reputation will be selected as judges for these contests. The names of the judges will be announced later.

Be sure to note that we are not simply awarding one pennant, but a pennant to every league. We will send you the pennant just as soon as you have played enough games to give us assurance that you are going to play at least ten during the season. Our pennants are made of blue bunting, embroidered in gold-colored silk, and each pennant bears the words "Young Americans Baseball Championship, won by the Kit Kat Club, 1904."

Of course, instead of the Kit Kat Club, we will insert the name of the champion in each case. There is no red tape about this contest, all you need to do is to send us a fee of ten cents and we will send you a bundle of blanks, on which are recorded the names of the competing teams and the reports of the games played.

If you wish us to include a copy of "Spalding's Official Baseball Guide," send an extra ten cents and we will send you the book postpaid.

SEND FOR A KITE TO-DAY

Kite flying is not a summer sport, still you can fly a kite in summer, and if you are going to enter a prize competition, if you get your kite and practice flying it all summer, your chances for winning a prize in the fall will be much better. As in our baseball contests, we do not have any red tape in the matter. It is open to all readers of YOUNG AMERICANS, whether subscribers or not, and all the cost there is is a ten-cent fee, which covers the cost of the official kite form, which must be used by all competitors. This form is made of heavy Manila paper and contains instructions for the competition. Just send us ten cents and we will send you a kite by return mail.

Five handsome prizes will be awarded, the same to be selected from our regular reward list, which we will send on request. The first prize is any ten-point article on our list; second prize, any eight-point article; third prize, any six-point article; fourth prize, any five-point article; fifth prize, any two-point article.

RULES

Kites must not be up less than one hour, and must not use less than twenty yards of twine.

A competitor may try as often as he pleases; but to file each claim he must fill out the following blank taken from a copy of YOUNG AMERICANS:

This is to certify that I have this day flown a YOUNG AMERICANS kite, using ..... yards (or feet) of twine, and that I kept the kite up for ..... hours and ..... minutes.

Signed,  
Name .....  
Street .....  
City .....  
State .....  
My age is ..... years.

Witness:  
.....  
Parent or Teacher.  
Date .....

In case of a tie, the prizes will be equally divided among those attaining the highest and longest flights, above the limits fixed in our offer.

Prizes will be awarded to those who attain the highest and longest flights.



'A Jolly Game with the Old Ocean

A PUZZLE GAME

Here is a new kind of puzzle that you can use as a game, too, and it is lots of fun both ways. It is, as you see, an incomplete poem. Only the first two lines are given and you must write the rest yourself, being sure to use the words printed below the first two lines as the last words of the lines you write. You may think that this is easy, but it is not, especially as you have to be very careful to make your lines scan: that is, to have exactly the same number of syllables in each.

To use the puzzle as a game, you should have four or more players. You should sit around a big table, and each have a pencil and paper. Then some one starts the game by writing the first line on his paper. The player on the left writes the second line. The third player writes the first rhyming end; a word that rhymes with the first line and then each of the other players writes a rhyming end until it has gone all around.

Now each player hands his or her paper to the player on the left, who must write the line, of course, using the rhyming end as the last word. When all are finished, the lines are given to the player who started the game, who reads the whole verse aloud. Of course, it will all rhyme, but it will be the funniest kind of a poem you ever saw, for not half of it will make sense with the rest.

When Willie Blank was at the seashore last summer, his father wrote to him quite frequently, and in each letter inclosed ten cents or a quarter to add to the little lad's pleasure. Willie was no letter writer; but one day he managed to compose the following comprehensive epistle, which he sent to his father: "Dear Papa: I got all your letters, and you have put some munny in each one of them. Please write oftener. Your loving son, William."—*Woman's Home Companion.*



Getting Sand Into the Sandwiches

Teacher Natural History Class— "You will remember, will you, Tommy, that wasps lie in a torpid state in the winter?" Tommy (with an air of retrospection)— "Yes'm, but they make up for it in the summer."

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# THE LEAGUE OF SUCCESS CLUBS

**O**UR convention at the World's Fair, September 15th, is going to be full of interest and enthusiasm, even though it may not break all records for size. Quite a large number of branches have sent word that they would be unable to send delegates, but a goodly number have promised to be represented at the convention.

We are not going to try to make this convention a "howler." Our League never does things on the hip-hurrah plan. We prefer quiet, thoughtful methods. We are not going to repaint in crimson the World's Fair buildings, but we are going to have a convention that will count big in history just the same. All the League workers who attend the convention—perhaps several hundred and perhaps only a score—will gather in some convenient room and, after listening to a brief program, there will be an earnest discussion of matters pertaining to the future development of our League. We believe a practical discussion of this kind will be worth more than a ton of oratory.

## YOU ARE INVITED

Any of our readers who are going to attend the Fair will do well to arrange their plans so that they may be there September 15th. It makes no difference whether they belong to the League or not. They will be gladly welcomed at the convention. Moreover, they will probably become League members sooner or later, for the time is not far away when an enterprising young American will as soon think of never going to school as he will of not joining the League of Success Clubs.

We must always bear in mind the fact that our organization is not being built for a passing fad. We believe that in twenty years the Success League will be reckoned with as one of the great influences in the betterment of the world. We already begin to have some influence, yet it is puny as compared to what it can be if we build our organization wisely and well. But, as we all know, in order to build permanently we must be careful to avoid all "boom schemes" or other questionable methods of promoting hot-house growth. We may wisely choose for our motto, "*We build for eternity!*"

## SEND YOUR NAME TO-DAY

Don't fail to write to the General Secretary if you are going to the convention. He will send you a lot of information about the Fair and will tell you where and at what hour the convention meets. He will also be glad to help you secure a boarding place, and, if you lack money for either a part or all of your expenses, he will tell you of an easy plan of increasing your finances.

**THE MARDEN PRIZES**  
The prizes of six sets of

An international federation of self-improvement societies, for young people, of both sexes, old enough to be interested in debating and other literary work. Information for stamp. Complete hand-book, ten cents. Outfit for a branch, including charter and full equipment, \$1.50. Address, General Secretary Success League, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.

the fifty-dollar Success Library, awarded annually by Dr. Orison Swett Marden to the clubs making the best records during the year, will be awarded more systematically this year than ever before. Heretofore, the judges have had nothing but the general reports of the various branches upon which to base their decisions; but hereafter we are going to obtain four special reports from each branch which wishes

to compete in the contest. These reports will not be sent out quarterly, but at intervals of two months during the club year, which begins about September first and closes about the first of May.

The points covered by these reports will include:

1. Growth in numbers.
2. Enterprise shown in introducing interesting and original features in club work.
3. Work for the public good of the community in which the club exists.
4. Recruiting work accomplished by organizing clubs in neighboring communities.

Judging the Marden Progress Prize Contests heretofore has been, to a certain extent, a matter of guess work; but with these reports the task of the judges will be materially lightened and the decision will be absolutely fair and accurate.

## A CORRESPONDENT WANTED

The General Secretary would like to engage a correspondent for **YOUNG AMERICANS** in every branch. Someone is wanted who will furnish news items for our magazine, procure photographs of the members for publication in this department, forward subscriptions of members who wish to take **YOUNG AMERICANS**, and in general look after our interests. We offer very liberal pay for all work of this kind, and should be glad to hear from members who are willing to take up the work.

## A SCHOOL CLUB

We take pleasure in presenting below a picture of one of our enterprising school branches which is connected with the academy at Leroy, New York.





# KNIGHTS OF THE KING ARTHUR

**T**HE National King recently had the privilege of conferring the rank of Earl upon eleven members of Castle Shalott, No. 17, in the Shepard Memorial church, Cambridge, Mass., next to the oldest living Castle of our Order. These eleven young men are over twenty-one years of age and have been members of the Castle for more than five years. They are now honorary members, and as such are not required to attend every meeting of the Castle. The Merlin, Mr. Allen K. Sweet, who has served in this position ever since the institution of the Castle, was honored with the rank of Marquis.

The members of Castle Shalott, with their pastor and assistant pastor, and the five Ladies of the Lake, among whom is Miss Mackintire, founder of the Captain of the Few, assembled for a banquet in the church dining room at six o'clock. The Captains of Few served. Dainty menu cards had been prepared by the ladies, shield shaped of red board, adorned with letter and cross in white pigment. Following the banquet there were toasts, of the brightest character, by the members.

At 7.30 delegations from Castles, Camelot 100, of Charlestown; Lyonesse 121, of Newtonville; Eliot 149, of Roxbury; Pilgrim 191, of Cambridge; and Wilder 245, of Grove Hall, assembled. The Castle hall was a brilliant spectacle as the Knights marched in. The throne was very handsome, and every chair occupied by the members of Shalott Castle bore the ensign with the Castle name of the individual. The other Castles sat in groups about separate Round Tables.

The conclave was conducted in perfect manner. At roll call every member of Shalott responded with some item of information, interesting and sometimes humorous.

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In addition to conferring the honorary ranks named above, the National King made an address. There were speeches also by representatives of each visiting Castle, and by the eminent pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. McKenzie.

Aberdeen Castle No. 248, Holyoke, Mass., is preparing the Hiawatha entertainment, described in the "Men of To-Morrow," several months ago.

This is the dull season for in-door work by our Castles, but it is the very best time for out-of-doors. We are very fortunate to present in this issue, several pictures of Jefferson Castle on its summer outings.

Castle Tennyson, Spencer, Mass., has presented to the children of the town, lectures on School Gardens, Toads and Frogs, Wasps and Bees, Mosquitoes and Ants, all of a delightful and instructive character. They were given by teachers in Clark University, Worcester.

By order of the Mage Merlin, the rank of Marquis has been withdrawn from Rev. Justin Wade, of Illinois, and the office abolished.

Griffin Castle 181, K. O. K. A., of Bangor, Maine, was organized in November, 1902, by Charles H. McCurdy. They were not as large as some other Castles but are growing rapidly. We named the castle Griffin Castle in honor of Rev. Henry L. Griffin.

Last Easter we held a meeting in the vestry of our church. David Porter and Dr. David N. Beach spoke to the boys. In this meeting seven Pages became Esquires.

Everything we have attempted has been a success and we are preparing to have a banquet in June which we hope will be a great success too. We have organized a baseball team and so far it is a success. Mr. Blaine Withee is coach and manager and holds a respectable office in our Castle. We are planning for larger things in the future.

ALBERT BARNES, *Sir Alfred*. Canterbury Castle 211, Rutland, Vt., enjoyed a "great and glorious pilgrimage" on May 30. A week later a public conclave closed the regular meeting. During summer the boys will go camping, and perfect their military drill.

A strong descriptive and appreciative article on the K. O. K. A. in *St. Andrew's Cross*, has brought numerous inquiries from Episcopal workers in all parts of the country.

A brief reference to our Order in the *Sunday School Times*, aroused great interest among the readers of that periodical.

Here is a picture of Girard Castle No. 301, K. O. K. A., at Girard College, Philadelphia.



## AN ADDITIONAL GIFT

To get your subscription to our Boys' Temperance Paper we will give you 50 handsomely printed visiting cards (regular price 75c.) and the **NEW CENTURY KNIGHT** for one year for 25c., published twice a month by a boy, for boys. Send us 25c. in coin or stamps and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. Don't fail to write name plainly.

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A stamp album published recently departed from the usual custom of arrangement and, confining itself to the stamps of the British colonies, omitted spaces for all the surcharged specimens, which are quite numerous even among the solid issues of the British colonies, there being nearly nine hundred of these over-printed varieties.

The young collector often acquires a few foreign revenues whose status he is not able to determine. While there can be no objection to retaining these fiscal stamps, yet they should not be placed among the postal issues of their respective countries, under the rules of approved arrangement. While the collecting of foreign revenues has increased greatly within the last decade, yet those who collect them consistently are few, indeed. Usually, the collector who is somewhat advanced is the one that circumstances sometimes develop into a collector of foreign revenue stamps; and the newer collector may well ignore these stamps which would only have a tendency to cloud his horizon.

In speaking of the collecting of revenues, exception, of course, is made in favor of United States revenues of the general issues which are gathered, as a rule, in connection with the regular postal issues of our country. The private proprietary issues of the civil and Spanish war periods are looked at, somewhat askant by the beginner; there are not a few great rarities among the private proprietary stamps of the civil war period and there are paper varieties among them, such as water-marked, pink, silk and old, that are more or less puzzling.

The large Guatemala stamps of 1878, central design of Indian woman's head, show the national bird, the quetzal, evidently in its proper plumage. It will be noticed that on the 1878 issue, the quetzal is depicted with a strikingly long tail, on either of the upper corners. The designer was guided by the idea that it was necessary to make the tail as long as possible so that the bird would not be mistaken for a parrot. The quetzal is nicely appropriate for portraiture on Guatemala's stamps; it is looked upon as sacred and as it is said that it dies in captivity; so, the quetzal is nicely emblematic of the republic.

The stamps of Japan, Russia and Corea are enjoying the added demand that follows the focusing of public attention on these countries by reason of the stirring events in the east. Still, the increased call is not so pronounced as the importance of the history that is now being made would lead one to believe it would be. However, Russian stamps have always been popular and the country's artistic and distinctive stamps have long been appreciated; but Japan's characteristic issues have

been somewhat under a ban because of the many counterfeits and imitations of the early issues that are likely to deceive any but the more expert of philatelists.

The philatelic lecture illustrated by stereopticon slides is no novelty in this country of Great Britain. Many of the stamp designs show forth strikingly when reproduced on the lantern slide, especially when the slide is colored. The missionary work that the illustrated lecture on stamps performs is readily imagined, especially when it is given before un-philatelic audiences. Recently, the Chicago Philatelic Society appropriated nearly one hundred dollars for the purpose of preparing a lecture and buying lantern slides. While this lecture will be the property of the society, members will be allowed to give it before any social club to which they may belong; and philatelic societies in other cities will be privileged to use it.

Stamps were stolen from the U. S. government exhibits at both the Columbian, Chicago, and the Pan-American, Buffalo expositions. A person who is alleged to be the thief who despoiled the cases containing U. S. stamps at the Pan-American exhibit has been arrested at the St. Louis fair, where, it is presumed, it was his intention to repeat his tactics.

The next important international philatelic exhibition will be held in Berlin, Germany, from August 5th to September 12th, 1904. The jury of the exhibition constitutes what may be said to be the flower of philately on the continent and in Great Britain. It is understood that several American collectors will compete in some of the many divisions. One of the classes of this exhibition provides for "Great rarities of the value at least of 500 marks (125 dollars) each without limit of number."

Brazil is to have a gorgeous allegorical set, the designs for which were selected from eighty-four sets of drawings that were submitted by artists in competition. A description of the designs chosen indicates that the stamps themselves will be ornate and elaborate.

A chronicler of new issues who referred to the plant on the new two and one-half penny Cape of Good Hope as a "vegetable resembling an artichoke," has been corrected by a correspondent who says that it is the "Sugar bush, the flowering shrub par excellence of South Africa."

The recent commemorative set of 11 stamps manufactured in Paris, where, it is alleged, a supply of the stamps was disposed of without official sanction, if not fraudulently. Conse-

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quently, the lot of stamps remaining was disfigured with a dated overprint, to prevent any fraud that might be attempted on the Haytian postal service. One dealer, however, claims to have received the stamps uncharged from Hayti.



No more glaring, and ridiculous, example of the extreme to which the minor variety enthusiast may go is afforded than by the announcement that a student has discovered 1,043 varieties of the three stamps comprising the set of postal union jubilee stamps of Switzerland.



Charts printed from a tastily engraved plate with spaces for all the varieties of United States stamps that have been employed to pay the domestic rate of postage are shown as a card by dealers. The filled sheet is usually accompanied with the information that with a few exceptions all the stamps named may be found, usually, after a search through old correspondence. We should say, though,—first get your old correspondence. The stamps on the seventeen spaces are described as follows: 1847, the first stamp, five cents; 1851, rate reduced to three cents; 1861, civil war stamp; 1863, the rebel stamp (Jeff. Davis); 1869, the engine stamp; 1870, Washington restored; 1883, rate reduced to two cents; 1887, color changed; 1893, the Columbian Stamp; 1898, the Trans-Mississippi stamp; 1899, the small stamp; 1899, the color changed; 1894, government printing; 1901, the Pan-American stamp; 1902, the suppressed design; 1903, our own Washington; 1904, the Louisiana Purchase stamp.



In YOUNG AMERICANS for June, the coming convention of several stamp societies were slighted. In the paragraph in question, it was said that the conventions of the different philatelic societies would be held at Pittsburgh this year; but no mention was made of the conventions of those organizations that will have their annual meetings at St. Louis. On August 15th, the Southern Philatelic Association and other philatelic and allied bodies will convene in the Fair city, with headquarters at the Grand View Hotel. In fact, August 15th will be recognized at Collectors Day at St. Louis, as over a dozen stamp, souvenir postal card, curio, etc., societies will assemble there in conventions on that day.



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By Ernest A. Ferguson, age 11 years, Level Plains, N. C.

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He sailed the briny sea;  
It made the people sad indeed  
For Hadley to go free.  
They tried in vain to capture him  
And his brave, little crew,  
But Jim was always on the watch,  
And he was cunning, too.  
He scuttled ships and took the spoil  
And stored it in his hold,  
Until his barge was loaded down  
With stolen goods and gold.  
One pleasant day in summer he  
Went in the sea to swim,  
An ugly shark bit off his head,  
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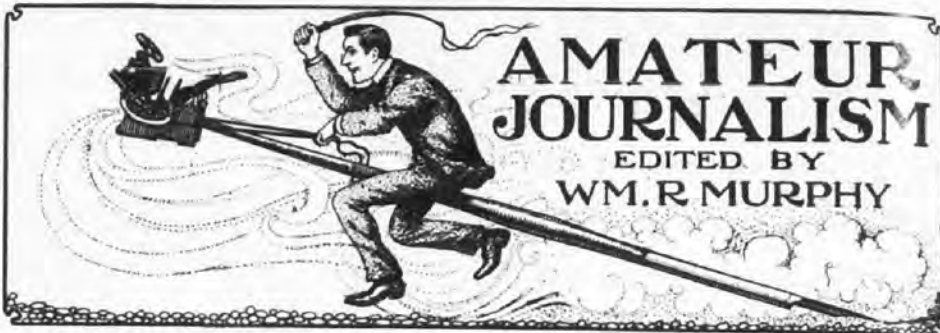
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## A BUDGET OF NEWS

READERS OF YOUNG AMERICANS who expect to attend the St. Louis fair should by all means visit the Amateur Journalism exhibit. Space has been secured in the Liberal Arts building and a well arranged collection of amateur papers, old and new, photographs of prominent amateurs and convention-groups, souvenirs, etc., installed. An attendant will give all desired information and plenty of amateur papers will be on hand for distribution. The exhibit will be headquarters for amateurs and many prominent members will be there. The St. Louis club is in charge and is pleased to receive amateurs. A reunion banquet was given on May 28 at the Arena New York in which about two-score of those active in former years—"fossils" as they are now called—participated. A number of well-known men were present, including Frank Martin of the New York Board of Aldermen, Carl Figue the musician and lecturer, Will K. Groff of the World,

phia amateur, editor of *Inklings*, has received an appointment to Annapolis and is now taking the "exams." John L. Miller, of Kentucky, an amateur a few years ago, is now studying at the Naval Academy. Ed. Lind, editor of *The Pagan* (San Francisco) was a boyhood chum of Jack London the famous young author. Lind is a writer of great ability himself. J. T. Nixon, one of the best-known professional journalists of Louisiana, is now editing *The National Amateur*, official organ of the N. A. P. A. He has been faithfully working for Amateur Journalism for fifteen years. The Interstate Amateur Press Association will hold its second convention in New Brunswick, N. J., on Labor Day. Visitors will be welcome. F. M. Ayres (31 Place street) will be in charge.

## SOME COMMENT ON AMATEUR PAPERS

"THE BREEZE," (G. H. Hopkinson, 2402 Catharine st., Philadelphia), shows the possibilities of the typewriter as a means for publishing amateur papers. It consists of one large sheet with carefully ruled columns, a neatly printed title, and the reading matter typewritten on one side. A number of copies are then made on the mimeograph. The contents are chiefly success maxims and news of the baseball team of the Harrison Success Club, of which it is official organ. Other branches which do not possess printing presses, might profitably publish similar organs.

*The Red Lion* (M. D. Hite, Cotton Exchange, New Orleans), is another sample of work done on a duplicating machine. It contains twenty pages (7x9) with the text neatly printed by hand, and all initials and tail-pieces prettily executed in water-color. The cover of dark red is also illuminated. The edition is limited to sixty-one copies and contains reviews of other amateur papers and spicy comments on other author's work.

*The Chum* (Paul Appleby, Sedalia, Mo.), for June is an evidence of its young editor's perseverance. Its twenty pages and cover (5x7) inches celebrate the beginning of its fourth year, and are filled with fiction, verse and essays showing considerable editorial discrimination in selection. It is a great credit to its hustling thirteen-year-old editor.

*The Occident* (H. P. Pickrell, 1218 University ave., Wichita, Kas.), is a very neat looking paper with four pages (6x9) printed with brown ink to harmonize with the light brown paper used. The effect is very good. The associate editor, Edgar Bean, contributes the leading articles, an essay on professional opinions of Amateur Journalism and a humorous story.

## DIRECTORY

THE National Amateur Press Association was organized in 1876. A printed card is required as credential and the annual fee is \$1.00 per year. G. J. Houtain, 282 Putnam st., Brooklyn, is secretary.

United A. P. A., organized in 1890 has a fee of fifty cents for first year, and \$1.00 after. John Harbeck, 733 Michigan st., Toledo, O., is secretary.



J. RAY SPINK

Louis Kempner, ex-Chief of Registry Division, P. O. Department, J. Edson Briggs of the Treasury Department, Washington; Foster Gilroy, of Philadelphia *North American*, etc. The guests came from several states and all gave glowing testimony to the advantages of Amateur Journalism. A similar function was the fifth annual reunion of Philadelphia Amateurs held at the Devon on May 10th. The old timers, including a number of prominent lawyers, journalists and business men were given a chance to meet the present day works. A fine dinner was served, speeches telling of the instruction found and friendships formed in Amateur Journalism made, and a jolly good time enjoyed. *The World's Fair Amateur Magazine* is a new venture projected by Chas. A. Wendemuth, 7802 Vermont ave., St. Louis. Harold C. Whiteside, a well-known Philadel-

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Interstate A. P. A., organized 1903, has an entrance fee of \$1.00 and dues of \$1.00 per year. The secretary is C. A. A. Parker, 110 Tremont st., Boston.

The editor of this department will cheerfully furnish our readers with details of these organizations, as well as with application blanks, on request.

J. Ray Spink, the subject of our engraving this month, was born about a score of years ago in Philadelphia, and received his education in the public schools. He was always fond of reading and in 1899 became interested in Amateur Journalism. In April '02 he published one issue of *The Guidon*. During 1903-04 he has been associated with J. E. Cohen and W. R. Murphy on *The Pioneer*, usually considered the largest and best monthly magazine. He has attended several amateur reunions and conventions, as well as over sixty meetings of the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club which he joined in 1899 and of which he is now concluding his second term as president. Mr. Spink is a great reader, an enthusiastic clubman belonging to the V. A. P. A. and N. A. P. A. as well as other clubs, an enthusiastic photographer, a student of the drama and participant in amateur theatricals, but gives the palm to Amateur Journalism as the most interesting and educative hobby.

## The Man From Peoria

(Continued from page 168)

"Hi! Hi! Hi! Man-ches-ter! Yea!"

Richards throws the ball to Shelley at third and they toss it to and fro idly while the Iron City batsman gets ready. Then the man from Peoria steps into the box briskly—the ball suits him now and he cuts short the preliminaries. A fast in-shoot comes in—too good a curve for Piper, though he likes them, that is plain.

Another one—bad judgment, Mr. Richards—that Piper is an old fox, and you are luck to get that one through safely. 'Twas an inch wide—and he did not strike—wary man.

Richards studies his opponent a moment—he realizes that there is a shrewd man—but he has met shrewd men before. Back goes his arm—flash. The ball speeds in straight as an arrow to the plate, but at eighteen inches it breaks off sharply and shoots downward at a steep angle, ending in Cowles' big mit.

"Strike two!" It is neat work and Richards smiles.

The bleachers rise and stamp wildly—they realize the duel going on between the two skilled veterans. Speculation is rife upon the board seats and a hum of voices floats out on the air.

"This settles it," says the square-jawed man.

"Yes, of he fans that fellow, we're safe.

Crack-k! Both men spring up instinctively. Around them rises a yelling, howling pandemonium in which their inquiring shouts are hopelessly lost. But their eyes see that which makes the tremble—Piper's crimson legs circling swiftly the bases—second, third—what, home?

"Hi! Yea! Hi! Yea-a! Iron City! Piper! Piper!"

A red-flagged wave floats the sturdy 'loer upon its crest—they carry him off—cheer him, pound his back.

"Home run!" says the neighbor, in surprised horror.

"Hum-m!" An expressive thing.

But another man pounds the plate and Richards is rapidly snapping the sphere to short—he wears the air of a man caught napping.

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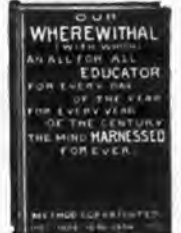
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Hoy, the batter, faces a cyclone and is mowed down like standing grain.

"Well done, Richards!" It is a relief when the last strike is made and the grey fellows come running in from the field.

Black, a bundle of steel springs, steps out mincingly. He eyes the tall Clayton scornfully, even fiercely. His purpose is to reach first base, depending upon his base-stealing powers and the following batsmen to circle the route.

In comes the ball and Black wheels quickly—just in time to get the sphere on the shoulder blade. He stumbles to his knees, but rises hastily and starts to first.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" The Iron City rooters chant a dirge—the umpire waves Black on and he takes his place on the bag, where a comrade rubs his injured spine in comical exaggeration.

"Here's where we score," says the square-jawed man.

"Shelley can't bat," is the dismal response. Shelley, true to his failing, strikes out after landing a dangerous one scarce a foot outside the foul flag, and Jones is up. Jones is cool-headed—he is a team man. Besides, he is a star sacrifice hitter. Black, at first, has had no opportunity to purloin second—Clayton is far too wary—his delivery is quickness itself, and no one knows the speed lurking in the arm of that stubby catcher.

Jones dumps the ball six feet in front of the plate and scurries toward first like a rabbit. The catcher springs forward and snatches at the sphere. It eludes him—he reaches again and gets it. But too late—the flying Jones is safe and the nimble Black is already leading off at second.

"Yea! Yea-at Sic 'em! Sic 'em!" The grandstand pities the erring catcher, but revels in their clansman's bit of fortune.

"We can count our chickens now," remarks the neighbor.

"Yes—but—"

The man at the plate—McCall—makes a sudden step forward and a lunge with the bat. There follows the heart-cheering crack that brings men to their feet. Then something happens—quickly and sadly. The ball goes fast straight at second base—too quick for Clayton, who leaps for it. But a young man, Bender by name, is there. His gloved hand darts swiftly out and intercepts the meteor—two quick strides and he tags Black, who is making a desperate return from a jaunt toward third.

"All out!" The umpire resembles an archfiend from the grandstand and is roasted accordingly.

The game now settles down to a bit of science—a chess game in which every move is prearranged—each player apparently predicted. Neither side scores—the masterly Richards and the clever Clayton doing giltedge work, and every man moving with the precision of a machine. It is thrilling—score one to nothing and impossible to get a man past first.

At length the ninth—probably the last—opens. A tense feeling seems to hold the vast throng spellbound. The thought of the Iron City team carrying off the game by that brilliant home run already fills the grey adherents with the bitterness of defeat seen in the near distance. Only the lemonade man up at the right seems to avoid the restraint—he calls his wares with the vim of perfect innocence of partisanship.

Healy, the Iron City centerfield, comes to bat. He has struck out twice before, and Richards prepares to turn the trick a third time. But he reckons without Healy. There is a ricocheting grounder that eludes Shelley, and the wiry batsman gains first by yards. A bad pitch to Cowles sends Healy sprinting for sec-

and. A yell—a long dusty slide and he makes it narrowly. Iron City rends the air in its triumph.

Clayton next. He has the luck to get his sweater in the path of the ball and demands favorable judgment amid the roars from the bleachers. The umpire wafts him to first.

"Brace up, old man!" shouts a deep-lunged Manchester supporter. Richards looks puzzled and rolls the ball on his thigh. Stocky little Dixon is swinging the bat—swinging it confidently. The pitcher recognizes the lead-off and remembers that not far behind him is the mighty Piper. He twists up his nerve and nods at the signal. And Fortune, fickle goddess, smiles upon him.

The ball goes in waist-high, swift and straight. Dixon hits it—a trifle late, but quick enough to send it like a bullet to Jones' glove at first. That agile baseman lightly touches Clayton and flashes the ball to second. Davis catches Healy on a rod, panting and disgusted. "Hi! Yea-a! How's that? Yea! Hi!"

Trained skill, agility and a modicum of luck must combine to produce a triple play, and the crowd voices its appreciation of the act. The grey team flocks in, hope beating high in their breasts. It is do or die now, and they range along the sideline, too eager to remember the prosaic player's bench.

Shelley is up. He goes to the plate with the encouraging advice of his anxious mates in his ears. The tall pitcher is chitting lightly with his shortstop—the two seem to anticipate a victory. The pitcher steps into the box, apparently confident that his pitching is invincible.

But Shelley is a known quantity—he is weak. To the deep chagrin of his comrades he falls victim to the dizzy curves that assail him and retires sheepishly to the background. Now it is Jones again—Jones the calm. What will he do? Can he hit it?

Crack! A good, clean sweeping stroke—far out in the field a crimson figure speeds swiftly, his arm upraised. A moment—then a long-drawn sigh as the figure clasps something from the air and sends it mounting in with a graceful swing of his arm. Jones is out.

"Last chance, Mac!" shouts a fan from the bleachers. McCall smiles wanly. He looks critically out over the field, sees the alert figures of his opponents—notes the belling folds of the foul flags in the breeze and—resolves to sell his life dearly. He finishes his survey and fixes his eye on the ball.

Clayton throws a wild one, purposely—and McCall is forced to drop to avoid it. He gets up to see the tall pitcher laughing at him. He makes ready, realizing that the next ball is likely to be a fast straight one over the center—a trick of Clayton's.

Flash—the arm. The batsman swings squarely from the shoulder and glorious feels the thrill in the wood. The next instant he is speeding wildly for first, his ears straining for word from his coaches amid the boiling, seething panic.

"Go it! Go it! Go ON!"

"Yea! Yea! Mac! Mac!"

He runs to second, circles it and stretches out for third. His neck throbs fiercely, but beckoning arms and stentorian voices bid him come—and he runs. Rounding third, he feels the joy of the chase—he hears the roar from the throng surging up before him—the plaudits of his maddened mates crash into his ears—he runs.

Another moment and he is over—an instant ahead of the swiftly-flying sphere. Two stalwart men catch him and toss him up in the air. He is pounded and pulled, but he is happy.

Slowly the crowd settles back to place. Little

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Davis prances gaily about the plate, filled with joy.

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Wood, the first Crimson man, hammers on down to Black, who scoops it nimbly and cuts the runner off a yard from first.

"Weil done, Black! Yea-a!"

"That Black is a beauty," remarks the square-jawed man.

"Isn't he?" It is an eloquent reply.

Piper, the mighty, walks up. Richards nags veys him a moment before he notices the catcher's sign. Then he nods slightly and shoves back his arm.

"Strike-a-one!"

Back goes the brawny arm again.

"Strike two!"

Again—the third time.

"Batter out!"

It is beautifully done, and Richards looks pleased at the noise from the stand. It continues till he is forced to remove his cap, which he does awkwardly, blushing profusely the while.

Hoy, the big centerfielder, fouls out to third and the greys come scampering in.

"At 'em! At 'em! Man-ches-ter!"

Manning for the greys gets a life on wide ones, Clayton's first evidence of weakening. Cowles, unlucky Cowles, bunts and forces Manning out at second, though he reaches first by a narrow margin himself.

Johnson, nervous and trembling, proves unequal to Clayton's last stand and strikes out.

The eyes of thousands focus upon Richards as he comes up to win or lose his own game. Can he do it?

Up at first Cowles plays dangerously far from the bag—he is being cautioned by his coach. But Cowles is a speedy and dislikes rebukes. Clayton's arm comes down and Cowles dashes for second. An instant later the ball shoots into the dustcloud and the crowd holds its breath for the decision.

"Safe at second!" But it was a foolhardy thing and Richards looks relieved when the result is announced.

The tall pitcher is ready to deliver the ball—he eyes the batter closely. He knows the danger of the situation full well. He must throw the ball—yet he must keep that broad-shouldered young giant from hitting it—a simple but perplexing proposition.

Richards is on his toes—he watches the arm circling.

Crack! What? Richards hit it? What? See that shortstop running back—that fielder scurrying swiftly in? And then watch Cowles! Observe his legs—how they move—isn't it great? Now he's rounding third—what? Got the ball—yes, but watch that Cowles!

"Slide! Slide, you got to!" Cowles hits the ground full length, shoots fair between the catcher's legs and his hand flashes out to the plate just as the thud of the ball rings in his ears. He lies prone a moment—listening.

"Safe at home!"

"Hi! Hi! Cowles! Cowles! Richards! Richards! Yea-a! Manchester!"

The grandstand is standing up—the bleachers pour onto the field—grey and crimson mix. All is confusion—hubbub—joy! The game is over and the man from Peoria has made good.

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## PRIZE BOX

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## THE PULSE OF A MAGAZINE

**T**HE editor is a magazine doctor. He must give just as careful attention to the health of the magazine as the physician gives to his patient. This is especially true when a publication is in its childhood and subject to all the diseases that children are heir to.

In making a diagnosis of a case, the pulse of the patient plays an important part in the reckoning of a physician. In a like manner the editorial doctor must give constant attention to the pulse of his magazine, which is, of course, that part in which he feels the heart-throbs of his readers.

This editorial corner is the pulse of YOUNG AMERICANS. I am constantly asking our readers to write me and to criticise the magazine. This is the way I feel the pulse. Several readers write me and say that a certain department of the magazine does not seem up to the standard. This leads me to prescribe something that will put more life and vim into that department. Another lot of readers write that a certain feature of the magazine pleases them. This assures me that that particular feature of the magazine is in good health.

Some large concerns place a suggestion box in some convenient location in which their employees drop their suggestions for the general improvement of the business. We are going to adapt this idea to our business, and down in the lower corner of this page you will find our suggestion box. You are cordially invited to contribute.



I have been trying to find out whether YOUNG AMERICANS is filling the bill as an official organ of the Success League, and I am extremely gratified to find that most of our League members are well satisfied.

One of the secretaries says:

"I can no longer withhold my admiration for the rapid growth of our League organ. I have been watching it from its infancy, and must say that it certainly deserves commendation.

"The reading matter is entertaining and instructive, especially 'Up-to-date' and others. The cover of the August issue is the best one I have ever seen on the magazine. I can't do any more than to say, keep up your good work and your paper, (or rather ours) will certainly reach its mark as one of the best.

"Wishing you success, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"H APPLEBAUM.

"Secretary of the Ideal Success Club, Branch No. 1706."



I would like to especially impress upon our readers the importance of answering our advertisements, stating that they "saw the advertisement in YOUNG AMERICANS." Most advertisers use several periodicals, and, naturally, they are partial toward those from which they receive the greatest number of inquiries. It does not make so much difference to the older literary publications as it does to a young and growing magazine like YOUNG AMERICANS, which must convince the advertisers that its readers are its real friends. So, whenever you are writing to one of our advertisers, be sure to mention YOUNG AMERICANS.

You need not be afraid to answer any advertisement, because we exercise extreme caution in keeping from our columns, any advertisement that is not strictly reliable. We do not permit advertisements of liquor, tobacco or patent medicines, or any other article of a questionable character. In fact, our advertising columns are kept just as clean as our reading columns.

And please note, by the way, that our advertising columns are improving with each issue. We are beginning to interest more of the national advertisers, but you can always depend upon it that whenever an advertisement is inserted in YOUNG AMERICANS, it means that the editor has personally examined the article advertised, and is willing to recommend the same. For example, the editor wears Regal Shoes and knows that they are good. He has examined the course in the International Correspondence Schools, and knows that they are excellent. The proofs of this editorial were corrected with a Laughlin Fountain Pen, and the editorial was dictated to a stenographer who uses Dixon's pencils, and asserts that there is not a better pencil on the market. In fact, there is no advertisement in the magazine which has not been editorially investigated.



# YOUNG AMERICANS

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## MODERN CHIVALRY

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY

**A**BOUT three o'clock on an autumn day, two young men entered the Michigan Central Station in Chicago. Presenting them with due formality, they were Mr. Frederick Torrey and Mr. Thomas Peck, students at B— Theological Seminary. Full of enthusiasm, they had seized the opportunity afforded by their first long vacation, to try a hand at mission work among the Indians of North Dakota, and were now returning to the Seminary.

Having stopped off a day in Chicago, it was near their train time, and they sauntered about the great station, during the few minutes of waiting. Strolling apart from his friend, Frederick Torrey happened to approach the place where a baggage weigher was throwing trunks on the scales. A young woman stood there. She was evidently traveling alone, and some anxiety showed in her face. Her trunks overweighed, and when the man mentioned the sum to be paid, she turned the contents of a small purse into her hand, seeming relieved as she counted the change. Fred heard her say, "My money was stolen last night only what I had in this coin purse, but fortunately I have my ticket through, and here is enough to pay for the trunks."

"That's too bad, mum." The weigher spoke with the sympathy and respect which a working man accords to one whom he recognizes as a "real lady." She responded with a bright smile and a sincere "Thank you."

Then the long drawn out call, "Tr-a-in go-ing East on Mich-i-gan Central," and the two students entered one of the many sleeping cars. They sat talking through the sunny afternoon, of all their recent experiences. They had forded rivers, slept in Indian tepees, seen a war dance, been on the edge of a cyclone. They hoped they had done a little good, of the kind they went out to do. There was enough to talk about, but as the twilight deepened and the lights flamed out in the wake of the advancing brakeman, Fred became silent, or answered absently.

Tom, always voluble, gave a good humored slap on his comrade's knee.

"Beginning to compose your first sermon, D. S.?" D. S. being short for Divinity Student. "Wait, do, until we get back to the Sem. Don't mar this last week with work. I feel like having fun. The Reverend Frederick Torrey looks grave enough to be candidating, with doubts as to the result!"

"No chaffing, please—though

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A story which shows that the spirit which guided the knights of King Arthur's time is not yet extinct.    ∴    ∴    ∴

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I suppose you'll chaff the more if I tell you what's bothering me. It's a girl." Fred laughed, a sort of apologetic laugh.

"A girl!" Tom whistled softly. "Surely no Indian maiden? I didn't see any descendants of Mimmehaha there, though I believe she hailed from the land of the Dacotahs! The

belles we saw weren't exactly fascinating beauties. Now really, I shall be sorry I took your youth and inexperience—"

"You took me!" Fred interrupted. "Better come down a peg Tom. Listen, I may as well tell you, for the thing worries me." Then he repeated what he overheard in the station.

"I didn't think much about it, till it began to grow dark. She is a lady—that was plain at a glance. Her voice was gentle and cultivated. She said she had her ticket through. I believe it was to Albany. But it isn't likely she has money to pay for a sleeper."

"What of that? 'Twon't hurt a healthy young woman to sit up one night. You are a silly." Tom smiled with a curve of the lips sufficiently exasperating.

"Hold on, Tom. I'm not silly, nor sentimental, nor any of the things you're hinting at. Just remember that this train is made up of sleeping cars, with only one passenger car besides. That car will be filled with a nondescript class, maybe half a dozen women in the lot, and not over clean or pleasant company for one at all fastidious. I wouldn't want my sister to pass such a night. Not that real harm is likely to touch her, but it will be mighty disagreeable. There'll be

more than half the day to-morrow, besides."

"Well, what can you do about it? Going to take up a collection—your first 'for a worthy object?'"

Fred ignored the jest, and answered the first inquiry. "That's the question I've been considering for the last half hour, and I believe I've decided. I'm going to see if she's in that car, and if she is, I'm going to lend her the money for a sleeper."

"Lend her the money! You—a stranger! She'll be insulted. You are fresh!" Tom was really startled out of his cool nonchalance.

"No, she won't. If she's the lady she appears to be, she'll recognize the act of a gentleman. Fresh or no fresh, I'm going to do it. A reuff won't kill me."

Frederick Torrey looked carefully through some papers in his hand-bag, selected two or three and put them in his breast pocket as he rose to leave the car.



FREDERICK TORREY

"Credentials?" Tom laughed. "Well, good luck to you."

It was even as the young student surmised. The girl stepped into the one day coach, and looked about her with a half comical dismay. The car filled rapidly with men more or less unkempt. A few women were scattered about—two of them carried babies. A clean baby is always sweet though its robes be coarse, but a dirty baby—faugh! Our young lady was not too fastidious either, but quite ready to make the best of the situation. She took a seat next another woman, then she began to count the hours, estimating her resources also.

"I can read awhile now and again to-morrow. Fortunately my thief didn't want literature. Just ten cents left. That will buy a cup of coffee in the morning, and one doesn't starve in a day. What would mother say if she knew!" These were some of the thoughts which went chasing through her brain. She had too much good sense to be afraid, but she acknowledged that it was disagreeable. She was amused to notice that even the conductor looked hard at her—young women of her appearance ought to take sleeping cars. She had a queer feeling that it was not quite respectable.

As day faded and night came on, the warm air grew stuffier. The ventilators were open, but various unsavory smells, mixed with breaths laden with whiskey and stale tobacco, threatened to overcome her. She hoped she should not faint.

At this juncture, Mr. Frederick Torrey walked up the narrow passage, giving quick glances to the mal-odorous pairs sitting on either side.

"Ah! here she is!" There was no mistaking the young girl in the shirt waist suit. Her face had that rare combination of sweetness and strength which is a woman's great charm, but she was pale, and her eyes were closed for the moment.

"Pardon me," he said, using the conventional phrase which comes to our lips when we don't know what to say, though in this case it was quite appropriate.

She looked up, startled at sight of a young man bending over the seat. He spoke in a low tone. The old woman in the corner was dozing.

"Pardon me," he repeated, somewhat abashed by her questioning eyes. "I was near you in the station when you explained matters to the baggage weigher, and I couldn't help overhearing. I felt sure you must be unable to take a sleeping car, and—and—I wouldn't like to have my sister spend a night in such discomfort." His glance around was significant. "Let me—advance you the money for a berth"—he started to say "lend," but changed the word to "advance," as being less objectionable.

She looked at him, not hiding her great surprise. "But—a stranger—how can I?" The words came impulsively, as they embodied her first quick thought.

He colored and smiled. His embarrassment at least revealed a truthful face. An impostor would hardly blush.

"I am a blunderer," he said. "I should have produced my 'character,' before asking permission to serve you. Please look at these." He drew the papers from his pocket. "They will vouch for me. My name is Frederick Torrey. I am a student at B—Theological Seminary. With a friend and classmate. I have been doing a little work among the Indians in Dakota, during the long vacation. We are returning now, as term opens next week." This was said with the modest assurance of one who is on firm ground.

She gave him a bright smile, like that which flashed its glamor on the trunk weigher a few hours before.

"I think you are doing mission work among white people at present." It was prettily said, with the grace some fortunate people possess, who know at the moment, the fitting word to use. "I accept your offer as frankly as it is made. Indeed I feared I should be really ill before morning. My father will return the loan as soon as I reach home, and will be very grateful for your kindness to his daughter."

She left her seat to follow him to a sleeping car, explaining rapidly:

"I am returning from Colorado, and it is my first long journey alone. Last night my hand bag was stolen from under my berth. By good fortune, my coin purse and my ticket were in this pocket," she touched the little leather bag suspended

from her belt, "but the larger purse was gone. I am forgetting though, that I have not returned your courtesy," she said, with a voice which lent charm to the words; "my home is in Albany. My father is somewhat known as a physician—Dr. Reynolds."

"I am very glad to be of service to you, Miss Reynolds. It's a little awkward, but perhaps you'll put this bill in your purse, before you meet the conductor." He pressed a five dollar note into her hand, as they crossed the vestibule. Then they both laughed. The situation couldn't seem otherwise than funny to these young folks, and the laugh was a long step toward feeling acquainted. At the same time Miss Reynolds keenly appreciated the thoughtful delicacy of the act.

Torrey said "Good Night," to her, in the first car where there was a vacancy, and returned to his seat beside Tom.

"Well?" was the brief question.

"Yes, it was well—well I went. It was just as I thought." Fred gave an animated account of what had passed.

"She's in the next car," he concluded.

"Couldn't introduce this most charming damsel? That's what I call downright selfish."

"Don't be a brute, Tom. Introduce her! I don't know her myself—that is, I wouldn't have a right to speak to her, if we met elsewhere."

"Don't fire up, old fellow. I believe in this country, the girl speaks first. If she wouldn't recognize you anywhere after to-night, I'd go out of the business of rescuing distressed maidens." Then this incorrigible Tom continued *sotto voce*. "Pretty girl—hope she's had a call to the ministry. Nice young man—comes to the rescue—father's blessing—friend and former classmate performs the ceremony, gratis of course—two volume novel."

"Shut up, Tom," growled Mr. Fred.

"Guess I will, for it's time to turn in," and the berths were made up.

When the train stopped at Buffalo for breakfast, Frederick Torrey did not forget Miss Reynolds. He superintended the packing of an abundant basket, and sent it in to her.

"Maybe she didn't have any supper. What a stupid I was not to think of that last night. She will have enough in this to get home on. Doubtless she'd think I was overdoing it if I sent another at noon." Such were his discreet thoughts.

Not till the train drew up at Albany did he approach her, and there was not time for many words. She thanked him heartily as he gave her his card, and said he little knew how great the kindness seemed.

"You will hear from my father very soon. Good-bye." They shook hands, and he swung back to the vestibule.

"A 'peeping Tom,' you are," he exclaimed, nearly stumbling over his friend, who evidently had been on the lookout.

"I considered it my duty," the graceless Tom affirmed, but a gleam in Fred's eyes warned him he would better stop there.

Two days more, and the young men were deep in work at the Seminary. Then a courtly, grateful letter came to Frederick Torrey from Dr. Reynolds, enclosing a check for five dollars. A portion of the letter may be quoted:

"I am glad to know the days of chivalry are not over. A young man can ride on a railway car and rescue distressed womanhood, as well as on a charger, and can possess all the knightly virtues as truly as did those of old. Tennyson himself said that he wrote 'Sir Gareth,' to describe a pattern youth for his boys. Doubtless you have read the book I send to-day, but I would like to have you keep this copy as a token of the estimation in which I hold your service to my daughter. Let me say also, that her mother and I will be happy, if you will sometime permit us to thank you in person at our home." The book which accompanied the letter was a beautiful edition of "The Idylls of the King."

Did Mr. Frederick Torrey accept the invitation, and did Mr. Thomas Peck's chaff turn out to be prophecy?

"—He that told the tale in older times says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors, but he that told it later says Lynette."

In humble imitation, the fate of this modern knight is left to the reader's pleasure.



# O N T H E I R W A Y U P

THAT the great west is still a land of promise, as abundant in opportunity as in the days when Horace Greely gave his famous advice to young men, is evidenced by the numerous examples of splendid achievement we hear concerning young men of the west.

Mr. J. W. Sanders was born in Tippah county, Mississippi, and secured a common school education there. Part of his school expenses were earned by selling books. When eighteen years of age he went to Arkansas, where he attended a graded school, paying expenses by doing farm work and selling books. After teaching two short terms of school he went to Chillicothe, Missouri, where he spent thirteen months at the Chillicothe Normal and Business College, taking additional work in the scientific course and completing the commercial course. During the entire thirteen months at Chillicothe Mr. Sanders made his way by ringing the college class bell and turning a hand to any other work presenting itself. After graduating he sought the new and developing Southwest. Coming to Blair, Greer county, Oklahoma, he formed a partnership with Mr. H. Hancock, with whom he had become acquainted while at school, and together they entered into business for themselves.

Mr. H. Hancock is a native of Wilson county, Tennessee, but moved to Texas and received a common school education in the public schools. The year of the opening in Greer

county, Oklahoma, found him with his parents in the new country, where he attended school two years and completed a high school education. During this time he paid his board by doing chores for a private family and his tuition and other expenses were made by acting as sexton for the Methodist church and janitor for the school. He then, in company with one other young man, traveled by wagon through

at that time, Iowa, Comanche and Apache Indian Reservations to Norman, where he attended the University of Oklahoma for the summer semester, taking work in the Literary and English courses. They each carried \$25 in money, with which to buy books and clothing, and the remainder of expenses were made by tending farm stock and doing the chores for a lady on a farm near the outskirts of the city. They camped under some spreading elms with their covered wagon near to go into during rainy weather, did their own cooking, and also washing. It is not for us to enter into the many interesting and novel phases of camp life while attending the University of Oklahoma. Mr. Hancock then went to Chillicothe, Missouri, and began a shorthand course, paying his board by sawing cord-wood with which to fire the heating plants of the college buildings. After completing this course he entered the commercial department. The last few months of the nine spent at the Chillicothe Normal and Business College he paid his board by doing stenographic and secretary work for President Allen Moore, of the college. His last four years of school work were occupied fully without any rest whatever, he having

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How two young western hustlers are winning their way toward prosperity and success in the real estate business.    ∴    ∴    ∴

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attended normals or other summer schools during each vacation. Immediately after graduating from the commercial department of the Chillicothe normal, the subject of our sketch returned to Oklahoma and entered the Granite State Bank, of Granite, as assistant cashier. Soon afterwards the directors decided to establish a small bank at Blair, an inland point, and placed him in charge as cashier. This position he filled until about eighteen months ago, when the bank was sold to outside parties. Then it was that Sanders and Hancock formed a partnership for the transaction of a general real estate, insurance and loan business.

Blair, being a small inland town, has handicapped them some in their present vocation. When the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railroad, now building, is completed through Blair they hope for a greatly-increased business, but as it is they have saved a nice little beginning. They are thoroughly acquainted with the people and business conditions throughout their scope of country, are somewhat optimistic in their views and believe the future is bright. They read "Success" and YOUNG AMERICANS and are firmly convinced that a difficulty surmounted is one more round nearer the top in the ladder of success. They are also amateurs in the newspaper business.

More than a year ago they were urged to establish a paper.

Last March their first issue of the *Oriental Progress*, an eight-page sheet, was mailed out. Patronage has increased beyond expectation, and at the present writing the number of subscriptions is over four hundred, and enough advertising space is sold to considerably more than pay expenses. They find the work of getting up and arranging the matter very interesting and well worth the small amount of time taken from other business.



J. W. SANDERS AND H. HANCOCK

### In the Days of "Peck's Sun"

When Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, was publishing the *Sun*, at La Crosse, Wis., Sells' circus came to town. The press agent was Charley Scott, big, bluff, and acutely sensitive to a humorous situation. He paid a visit to the office, saw Peck, and said, "We'll want a two column ad."

"All right, you can have the space," was the reply.

"How much will it cost?"

"Just \$63.50."

"What will one column be?"

"Cost you \$63.50."

"But that's only half as much as the two column ad."

"I know it, but it will cost you just the same," said Peck.

"What the devil do you mean by charging the same?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Peck, with a genial grin. "The circus will be here the 17th, and the 18th I must meet a draft for paper for \$63.50, and your old circus is a god-send. Your ad will just meet that draft."—*New York Herald*.

# CHATS ON SUCCESS WINNING

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

*Editor and Founder of the Success Magazine*

## USE COMMON SENSE IN PLANNING YOUR CAREER

**M**OST of us do not proportion our lives aright. We do not use good horse sense in planning and preparing for our careers. "The youth gets together his materials," says Thoreau, "to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and, at length, the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them." Some people spend a large part of their lives getting together material for a building which they never build. They are all foundation; they have no superstructure. Others rush to the opposite extreme and try to erect a tall superstructure on a flimsy foundation. They are all superstructure; they have no foundation.

One boy goes to college, takes a post-graduate course, and spends a great many precious years accumulating abstract knowledge, which he never uses. He becomes an expert in piling up facts and theories, but his practical faculties shrivel and atrophy in the process. The result is that he comes to the actual work of his career loaded with a mass of unassimilated information on all possible subjects, without the ability to marshal all he knows concerning his specialty effectively on that one point. He cannot concentrate because he has too much unrelated material on hand.

Another boy goes to the opposite extreme. He does not believe in a college education. He leaves school even before he is well grounded in elementary principles. He thinks that time spent in preparation for his life work is time lost, and that his mother wit and native ability will stand him in better stead than any amount of theoretical academic schooling. And what is the result? He finds himself continually handicapped by his lack of mental training. His powers of application and concentration are painfully deficient. He tries to rear a successful career without any foundations, and, as a matter of course, fails.

One loses his chance to do good work in the world because he spent too long in preparation, because he was overloaded with material. The other fails to accomplish anything because he did not take time to prepare, because he had not enough material to work with.

Living under a continual state of high pressure, as we do in America, there is far greater danger of our young men failing from lack of proper preparation for their life work than from over-carefulness in laying their foundations. There is a happy mean to be observed in this, as in all other matters, but, with our vaulting native ambition, it is safe to urge upon every youth the importance of spending as much time as possible in preparation for his career. The material for the foundation of your life structure must be the best you can possibly afford. To attempt to economize in this direction would be the rankest folly.

The words of John G. Myers, of Albany, a self-made millionaire merchant, will apply to every business and profession:

"The keynote of success, as I have found in my career and as I think every man who has built up a big business has discovered," says Mr. Myers, "is founded upon expert knowledge and application. If I had to begin business over again and was offered a choice of big capital and no knowledge of the business, and small capital and an expert knowledge, I should unhesitatingly choose the latter."

He who builds without broad and firm foundations is almost sure to find that he has built uselessly and without profit.

## A MODEL LETTER WRITER

We are often told that in this age of hurry, letter-writing has become one of the lost arts. But here and there we still find some man or woman of an older generation whose work contradicts the statement, and proves that the art still lingers among us. Prof. William Mathews, the noted author of "Getting on in the World," is one of those select few. Although nearly eighty-six years old, Professor Mathews' letters are not only models of English, but are written with a care, precision and neatness which should put to shame the young men and young women who boast that they can hardly read their own writing, whose orthography is decidedly wobbly, and whose sentences defy analysis.

I wish it were possible to show to those slipshod letter writers a confidential communication just received from Prof. William Mathews. It might possibly open their eyes to their epistolary deficiencies, which would be no small gain to the editors who have to read their letters, as well as to themselves. Some of the communications received from young people who have had the advantages of a good education,—many of them being high school and even college graduates,—are a disgrace to their intelligence.

If this veteran author were asked to write a model letter to be placed on exhibition, I hardly think he could improve materially upon any letter he has ever sent out. Of the thousands of communications I receive, there is not one which strikes me with such admiration as those from his pen. It would be a great boon to the youth of this country if Professor Mathews' letters could be collected and published for their study.

## THE BOY WHO THOUGHT HE KNEW BETTER THAN HIS FATHER

The boy who thought he knew better than his father, the boy who would take nobody's advice, has been heard from. He was found in the barroom, he was seen sleeping in an alleyway, he was found in the prison cell.

The boy who did not think it worth while to make an effort, who preferred to slide along as easily as possible, was found in middle life living in poverty. He did not think it worth while to learn to do business in a business way, so everybody took advantage of him. He did not think a business education was worth while, so he has been the victim of all sorts of schemes. He never has been able to lay up any money, and he will be a nobody, in poverty, unhappy, dissatisfied with life, despising himself for being such a fool.

How many sidetracked people there are everywhere reproaching themselves for their folly, cursing their poor judgment, their wrong choice all through their life.

## FOR THE MERE PURPOSE OF GETTING THERE

One trouble with the young men to-day is that they model their careers too much on the plan of the American Cup defender, for the mere purpose of "getting there." These yachts have no aim other than crossing the line first. If they have beauty and grace, all well and good, but this is not the supreme object.

Herreshoff, the blind boat-builder, who has been so successful in defending the American cup, sits there in his blindness, and thinks, plans and studies for many months for one thing.

Every stick of timber, every piece of iron, every bit of brass, every sail is chosen with that one supreme object in view—speed.

A great many young men start out with the same aim. All their education, their acquaintances, all the influence they can bring to bear upon their career, everything has but one aim,—making money. Whatever else they happen to pick up on the way, in general education, culture and refinement or character-building, are merely incidental. The great, all-absorbing, supreme purpose is "to get there." Now, these race yachts are not built to carry merchandise or passengers, not built for strength or safety especially, but merely for speed. Many a young man does not build up his vocation for the good he may do, for the character he may develop, for the general education and culture, but merely for the money.

## IF HE ONLY HAD SOMEONE TO BOOST HIM

One of the most demoralizing ideas that can take hold of a young man is the idea that if he only had influence, if he only had somebody to boost him, to give him a start, he could do something. This very help or influence that he longs for has, time and again, proved the greatest stumbling-block to hundreds of young men. It has crushed their independence and ambition, ruined their individuality and dwarfed their manhood.

A homely old proverb says, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom." Neither a tub nor a man that leans is of much use to any one. It is standing alone, vigorous pushing, strong, independent thinking and acting that make a pre-eminently useful man.

You will never develop stamina, grit or staying power while you lean on others. If you form the habit of leaning you will soon lose the power to stand upright; you will become a weakling, a nonentity, a mere excuse for a man. If you want to be a pigmy, lean; if you want to be a nobody, copy; if you want to be an echo, imitate. But if you want to be a man, stand on your own feet; if you want to be somebody, think and act for yourself; if you want to be original, be yourself, trust your own judgment and common sense.

# BUNNY COLWELL'S HIGH DIVE

BY R. W. CHILD

THE day was lazy and warm.

It had been a late spring even in Virginia. Bernard Colwell sat on the steps of the old plantation house that had belonged to his grandfather and looked dreamily down the green slope to the James river sparkling in the sunlight.

Somewhere behind the screen of trees on the other shore he could hear the laughter and shouts of boys at play. He bit his lip because he was not one of them and got up and went into the cool spacious hall with its queer curving stairway and old fashioned striped wall paper mildewed at the edges. Outside in the negro quarters he could hear the monotonous pounding of a meat chopper and for the first time in his life he felt what older persons are wont to call depression. His mother was sewing upstairs; he knew he should find her sitting in a chair by the window with a needle in her slender fingers, that she would look up and smile, put her thimble into the little yellow basket and stretch a hand toward him. Bernard longed for human companionship.

"What's the matter, Bunny?" she asked when he came and stood in the door.

"I wish there were some fellers here," said he.

His mother looked pained; she smoothed the wrinkles in her black dress and then said very cheerfully, "Why don't you go down and help Jackson trim the hedges?"

"Have, mother."

"Well, then I will come downstairs and we will go out under the apple trees behind the smoke house and read."

Bernard nodded and then looked all around the room as if hunting for something very exciting that he knew all the time was not there. "I wish there were some fellers here," he repeated. "I wish we were back in Massachusetts."

His mother did not answer at first; tears filled her eyes and she looked out the window to hide them from the boy. Finally she turned.

"We can't go back to Massachusetts," she said. "There is no place to go, Bernard. We are poor. But this was your father's home when he was a boy. We ought to be glad that we are so comfortable, hadn't we, Bunny? By and by you will get to know the boys, there must be some nice ones here."

Bernard shut his lips. "Mother," said he, "I'd like to know those fellers across the river. I haven't got anything against any of them, and the only time they came over here they asked me if I wanted to fight; it was just my luck to have you come along and tell me not to and make me promise that I wouldn't ever do it, and tell me it wasn't right. Now they think I hadn't dare and yell 'coward' across the river. So I don't go down to the river any more. If you'd let me fight I would have licked, mother, and then we'd been friends already. Don't you think I could lick him, mother?" He stopped excited and out of breath.

"I did not want you to fight," said Mrs. Colwell simply.

"But Dad never told me not to fight,"

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Showing how Mrs. Colwell learned to understand her son's views of courage. . . .

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Bernard answered. "Didn't he fight when he was a boy and lived on this plantation?"

"Bunny dear, you must not argue."

"All right, mother." Bernard, almost at the end of his patience, suddenly remembered his promise to obey his mother after the doctor had

told them all that his father must surely die. He clenched his fists very tight and walked toward the door. There he turned doubtfully.

"Mother."

"Yes, Bunny."

"Isn't there any other way a feller can show he isn't a coward," he asked, "and make other fellers know he could lick 'em if his mother hadn't made him promise not to?"

"There are lots of ways," she answered, picking a stray thread from her dress. "When the time comes you will show them all that you are like your father was, Bunny. Once when he was a young man—"

"Oh that was the time he saved a man from dying of thirst in Arizona," interrupted the boy. "I'm going out to look for the ball I lost, now."

He went whistling down the stairs and out between the pillars of the porch into the long grass on the river slope.

There were lots of daisies in bloom; Bernard plodded along catching the heads between his fingers and snapping them off into the air. In the thickets tangle he threw himself down flat on his back and whistled, looking into the blue of the open sky.

From the window on the hill his mother watched him and listened with heartache to the cheerful tuneless whistle that was gradually dying out. After a time she saw him get up and stand motionless, chewing a blade of grass.

"Poor Bunny, he is getting so lonely and I don't know how to help him." For the first time the mother realized that the man spirit had come into her boy and that she alone could no longer be all to him. When she looked again he had gone.

Bernard had heard the seductive call of the cat bird from the bushes on the river bank, and with the hope of finding the nest he climbed over the stone wall and followed its course toward the water sparkling in the sunlight. The ground was marshy, so that each step he made sounded with a delightful "Squish!" In a moment his feet were delightfully wet with the muddy water squeezing out through the eyelets in his shoes. The cat bird called again from the alders that were growing on the higher part of the bank, straggling out, overhanging the brown shallows of the stream. Bernard could see the flicker of gray wings behind the leaves that shook suspiciously. He looked doubtfully at the spot and then to the gleam of yellow sand beyond, which marked the swimming hole of the Colwell plantation, where boys had splashed the water of the James for more generations than one could count on



"Suddenly he threw his feet out of bed, sitting up wide awake."

the fingers of the left hand. A boat was drawn up there! Colwell knew the boat very well. It had been there on that memorable day when his mother had asked him not to fight. The boys across the river often rowed over to the plantation shore because there was good diving at the swimming hole, clear water and not half so many blood-suckers as lurked in the muddy shallows of the other side. In the stern of the boat stood a pickle jar filled with water squirming with tadpoles and another jar with one of the larger lizards in it.

"It's a mud puppy!" said Bernard to himself, with envy. All the sense of loneliness came over him again and he looked wistfully at the hut the boys had built in the trees across the river, an edifice surrounded with the dreamy mystery of other boys' good times. The cat bird's nest was forgotten and Bernard sat down on a stone dismally. After a time there came to his ears the sound of voices and snapping of twigs. The boys were returning to the swimming hole.

At first he thought he would walk forth boldly and show himself but he reflected that it might mean another challenge which he would have to refuse. He decided to sit there quietly waiting till they had gone before he stripped for his swim. "Still," said he to himself, "there isn't any fun going in alone. You never want to holler when the water's cold and it isn't any fun drying in the sun with nobody to talk to."

The four boys had come down to the strip of sand, tossed aside their clothes and the biggest had already felt the water with his toes curled up in delighted reluctance. "Wheel!" he screamed at first and then "Pooh! 'Tisn't so cold anyhow." He ran along the old log that stretched out into the river and with a yell curved his body into the depths; the others followed, bobbing up, spluttering and screaming and racing for the shore. After a time they squatted down in the streak of sunlight on the sand.

"Look yere, Henry," said one, pointing up into the big tree whose gnarled roots clung to the bank. "See that limb—the biggest one sticking out over the river? I saw a feller dive off there once as neat as a pin!"

"Go on."

"Yes I did."

"My! I wouldn't dare to," said another.

"Neither would I, but the feller that did it would dare to do most anything. He came from Jamestown. I reckon he'd just as lief pat a wild cat on the nose."

"I guess Colwell wouldn't dare to pat a tame cat on the nose," said the oldest boy. The others laughed.

Bernard stood up; his eyes flashed and he felt an impulse to step out and declare himself with his two good hands. Then turning he made his way back, the way he came, along the stone wall to the apple orchard on the hill; he felt very miserable and alone and was glad when the old negro servant came out through the kitchen door to sing out "Hoo-ee!" the signal for the noonday meal.

It was not until that night after he had lain for a long time in his bed listening to the croaking of the frogs in the river that Bernard thought of the opportunity open to him. He went over all the happenings of the day and his resentment at what the boys had said about him kept him excited and wakeful. Suddenly he threw his feet out of bed, sitting up wide awake. "That's what I'll do," said he aloud. "I'll show 'em I can dive off that limb as well as the feller from Jamestown!" He made up his mind that he would try it early the next morning but it occurred to him that the other boys might be watching and laugh at him if he did not dare and if he struck the water all in a heap they would think he had just fallen off the limb and never meant to dive at all. He knew that he must practice in the dark!

The night was moonlit and very warm. Only a single light was burning in the negro quarters; it was in Jackson's cabin, the only one occupied of long rows that had fallen into decay after old Master Colwell's death. Bernard

leaned far out the window to see if everything was dark and quiet in his mother's room below; then satisfied that he could go undiscovered, softly opening his door he went down the old stairway and into the long grass dripping with dew. Somehow it was not half so warm as he had thought it would be; the mist from the river made his night gown damp and clinging; the splash of a muskrat in the water startled him uncomfortably. In the light of the moon the sand in the swimming hole looked white and ghostly against the lead color of the deeper water, like a marble tombstone sticking up out of a new grave. Bernard sitting down on the end of the old log, looked up and measured with his eye the distance from the overhanging limb to the water; it was a long, long dive and the boy knew it would look much longer when he had climbed the tree and was balancing himself on the swaying limb.

Climbing he thought of the mysteries in the blackness of the stream, for deep water which seems so clear and harmless at noonday looks as if it were full of snapping turtles and water snakes at night. Bernard as he stood on the limb knew very well the creepy uncertainty of the plunge. Then a spirit of rashness came over him, he felt strong—almost a giant, and shutting his eyes he shot himself downward into space!

He hit the water with a crack that echoed on the other shore. It was what the boys call taking a "bumper;" from a height like that it is no joke to the one whose stomach smarts with concussion and whose breath leaves them like the air running out of a punctured balloon. Bernard, stunned and dazed, had just strength enough to reach the shore, where he promptly fainted away; it was not till an hour later that he crawled into his bed with an aching neck and his chest red and smarting from the blow.

A dozen times the next day he wrestled with the question whether he dare do it again; an experience like the one the night before made the second attempt much harder than the first. Yet when night came on, the question had been settled in his mind. "I'll do it if it kills me," said he to himself. Around back of the smoke house he found old Jackson cleaning a gun.

"Jackson," said he, "suppose a man fell off the Derryville Bridge, would it kill him?"

The old man stopped rubbing with the oily rag and considered. "No," said he judicially, "I reckon 'twouldn't kill him, Marse Bernard. But it might rattle up his insides right smart."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, ef any man has got a bran new dollah bill to pay foh his curosty, I'll jest fall off'n see!" Whereupon the old negro laughed heartily and Bernard went away with his courage much strengthened. That night he tried the dive the second time. "I guess it wasn't very pretty but it didn't hurt," said he to himself triumphantly as he walked up the hill dripping and cold. When he got into the house he rubbed himself with a rough towel and went to bed much happier than he had been for days and days.

It took him a week to learn to strike the black water of the river at the right angle. Sometimes he would try it three or four times, wishing he had some other person to tell him whether he kept his legs straight enough and how much splash he made when he hit the water; once he thought of asking Jackson to watch him but he couldn't very well get him down near the river at night on account of the old man's terror of the supernatural and he didn't dare to try the dive in the day time for fear the boys on the other shore would see him before he was ready for the final exhibition.

At last the time had come when Bernard was ready to show his feat. The day had been very sultry. Late in the afternoon Colwell heard the shouts of the others on the opposite bank. He hurried down to the swimming hole and stripping off his clothes, came out of the alders into plain sight.

(Continued on page 248)



# PRIZE



# CONTESTS

Heading drawn by Ernest H. Baker, age 14 years, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## Uncle Aaron's Coon Dog

First Prize Story, by Lucia Beli Cook, age 18 years, Greenville, S. C.

THE mill was nine miles distant from the old home, and ground for many farmers in its wide territory. Sometimes a dozen four-horse wagons would go to mill on the same day, loaded with wheat or corn, and as the motto of the miller was first come, first served, we had often a day or night to spend in waiting our turn. It was the custom for the drivers of the wagons to busy themselves with story-telling while the merry wheel went round. One evening while thus engaged, the conversation turned to hunting, which led Uncle Aaron, a slave on our plantation, to exclaim: "Here's de feller what ketches coons! Dis hound nebber lies; when he look up a tree an' say, 'wow-wow, here's a coon,' de coon am dar; an' when he say de coon am dar, den dat coon's as good as gone."

"Well," said the miller, pausing in his work, "I've got a job for him; there's the most aggravating coon around here that ever was, he slips in the mill every night and helps himself to my meal in the box there. He's too smart for the other dogs and if yours can catch him, I'll agree he's the dog you say he is."

"Rover'll do it, yo' needn't worry 'bout dat. He ain't nebber failed me yet. What time do de coon come?"

"About eleven o'clock," said the miller.

"Den I'll lock

Rover up till nearer time fer de coon ter cum, den I'll sic 'im on!"

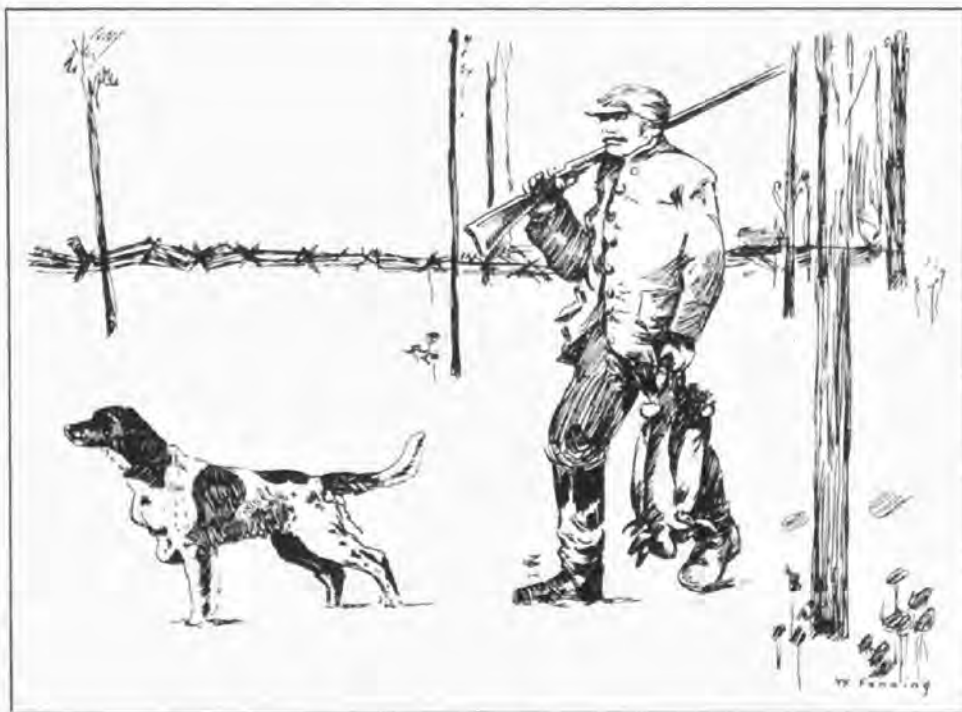
When the clock struck eleven the miller rose and clapped his hands together. "Now for the fun!"

"Go it, ole feller," said Uncle Aaron, opening the door, "show 'em what a dog you be!" The hound went into the mill, and under it, and then was off like a streak for the mill-dam over which the water was pouring in places. Rover walked up and down on the dam as if undecided, barking slowly as he went; then with a splash he plunged into the river and swam up stream for half a mile, Uncle Aaron following on the bank shouting, "Oo-ee! Oo-ee! Go it, ole feller! Dat coon better say his prayers!"

We followed with eager interest, and waited breathlessly for the "wow-wow" that was to say "here's the coon." Finally it came. Rover stopped swimming up stream and made out toward the bank in the direction of a small willow, beneath which he stopped.

A shout of derision greeted Uncle Aaron; "W'y, dar ain't nuthin' in dat little tree! yo' dog's gone blind," from the darkies, and "That's the dog that never lies, is it?" from the miller. "Where's the coon?"

Uncle Aaron looked bewildered. "Dis dog *don't* lie.



A POINTER

First Prize Drawing, by W. Fanning, age 16 years, Detroit, Mich.

I tell yo'; he ain't nebbber tole me nuthin' but trufe, yet. De coon am here." Exasperated by the laughter of the onlookers, the old darkey tried to call the dog off, but he would return to the willow. Finally Uncle Aaron shook a limb of the little tree and shouted triumphantly,

"Here's de coon! Bring an axe! Bring an axe!"

The coon had been hidden at the foot of the willow, all except his nostrils being under water. Rover's eyes were quicker than Uncle Aaron's; in he jumped and seized the fat, strong coon.

The coon and the dog splashed about and struggled and dived; had they been on the ground Rover would easily have whipped his antagonist, but in the water the chances were doubtful without Uncle Aaron's aid. The miller came up with his axe just in time.

Uncle Aaron dragged the dead coon from the water in triumph. "He am tremenderous, shore's yo' lib!" he said, as he surveyed the sleek, fat animal.

"The rascal fattened on my meal," said the miller.

"Now, den," said the darkey impressively, "nex' time dis dog speaks, you'll b'leeve 'im, an' 'no' better'n ter laff, even ef dar don't 'pear ter be no coon in sight. Ef dar ain't wun up de tree look in der water. Dey ain't no better coon-dog alive, an' he nebbber lies, mind you!"

And the miller agreed.

## How Scotchie Won the Prize

Second Prize Story, by Geo. McLeod, aged 15 years, Kincardine, Ont., Can.

Jimmie Harvey and his younger brother, Ralph, went to bed with light hearts that night. It was the last day in June, and to-morrow (July 1st) was picnic-day. Every Young American knows that July first is Canada's national day just as the Fourth of July is to the United States.

"What do you think of putting Brown on second," said Jimmie to his brother when they went up to their room; "I think he is about as good there as any place."

"I don't care, you're boss, but where do I play?"

"Oh, short, I guess, that's where you always play."

Then there was silence and the boys went to sleep to dream of the picnic.

The school at Silver Point had been for many years without a baseball team. No one around seemed to care for a baseball match except Jimmie Harvey. Down at Lakeview school, however, it was different. The "boys" practiced early and late, and they were the ones who were to play against Silver Point on the first. They were quite confident of victory, as the following talk between their captain and pitcher will explain:

"Won't it be great to see them running after sky-scrappers?"

"Yes, and I can fan every one but the Harveys."

It was quarter to one when Jimmie Harvey and his brother left for the field the next day. The game was called at 3:30.

It had been arranged to have the Silver Pointers meet at one o'clock at a certain place under an old maple. Here they met in due time and donned their blue uniforms.

Jimmie Harvey, or "Scotch-ie," as he was called, had been elected captain the day before, and he was told to give the players their places.

"Let's see the batting list," said Brown. "I'm third."

"Who leads off?" asked Ralph Smith, the right-fielder. "Mac, I think."

By this time they could see the field and were within forty rods of it. There was nobody there as yet, so the catcher, Anderson, took the bat and knocked out some flies.

Soon the crowd began to gather and the Lakeviews came in sight, all together and clad in red.

There were other events besides baseball, but they were soon over, and the umpire soon called "Play ball."

Everybody looked on with breathless silence.

"Who's to bat?" asked a big fellow sitting on the outside of the diamond.

"McCee, the short-stop."

"Hit 'er, Bill."



**WHEN THE CONFECTIONER ASKS:  
"WHAT KIND?"  
TELL HIM—"TOFFEE".**

For Mackintosh's Extra Cream Toffee, a fine old English confection, is the very best and most healthful candy made. This is the candy that has gained so enviable a reputation in England, and it is now being introduced into American homes that more people may have the benefit of a candy that does not harm. A taste of Toffee will make anyone a lover of the delicious luxury. If your candy dealer has not got Toffee tell him to be up-to-time and get it from the American importers,

**LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.,**  
78 HUDSON STREET - - NEW YORK

F. B. Shoemaker, Washington, Iowa, age 17

## Sunrise on Lake Michigan

First Prize Poem, by Litta Voelchert, age 18 years, Manitowoc, Wisconsin

Higher and still higher rising,  
All fleeing shades of night despising,  
Painting the clouds in azure and red,  
Making the lake a flaming bed,  
Chasing with jewels the rippling waves,  
Painting like flame the dashing sprays:  
The sun recalls us to the day!

The rays in torrent flames leap high,  
The wind awakes with echoing sigh,  
Sun-kissed ships part from the land,  
Their fiery wings to life are fanned.  
The sea-bird, rising from the foam  
Flies upward to the scarlet dome,  
And seeks him to his eyre home.

With streaming, scarlet fires seem riven,  
The ships that 'fore the breeze are driven,  
The sun-kissed clouds in answer blush,  
Their mystic veils for a moment crushed.  
Awake! Thou sleeping city by yonder bay,  
For now the laughing sunbeams play.  
Awake! 'Tis day! 'Tis beautiful, glorious day!

The pitcher rolled the ball on his thigh and threw a low, teasing ball.

"Ball one."

"At 'em, at 'em, Scotchie."

"There's a cute fellow," said the Silver Point mascot.

The pitcher eyed the batter a moment, then he nodded to the catcher and made a step.

Could the batter hit it? The next would likely be a straight swift ball, so he braced his shoulder. In came the sphere straight for his sweater! It would hit him, he thought, so he pretended to get out of the way. But it suddenly curved in and he looked troubled.

"Strike-a-one."

"Pretty work, there."

The pitcher nodded again.

"Energetic fellow, that Harvey."

The next was a slow fly to short, and Ralph Harvey nimbly scooped it up.

"Batter out."

The next batter got to first on a grounder. Scotchie was going to throw the ball when the first baseman hit his glove. Almost like a shot the ball flew straight into the baseman's mitt, and the surprised runner was caught out.

"There's a goose-egg, sure, White can't bat," said the Lakeview captain as he began to put on his glove.

He made two strikes, then a feeble grounder straight to first.

"Three out, all out."

"MacGregor to bat."

The Lakeview pitcher first sent in an out-curve.

"One strike."

The next was a sky-scraper.

"Ball one."

"Lift 'er, Mac, he's easy."

Again the swift-moving sphere came in.

"Strike two."

"Nice playing, there."

The next would likely be a straight swift ball, and MacGregor looked confident.

"Whizz," said the ball as it flew in.

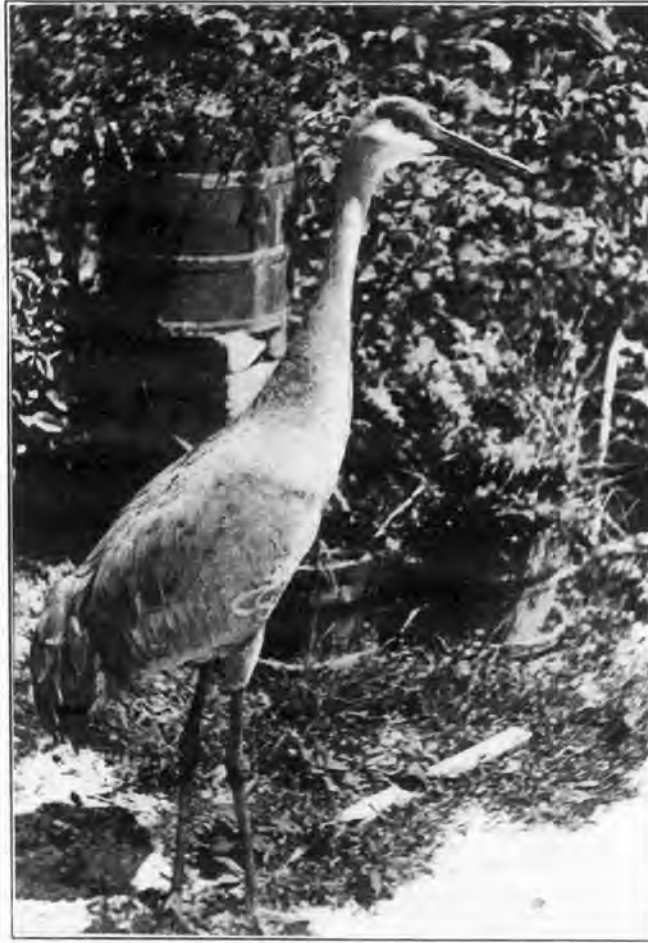
And "whizz" when it flew out over the infielders' heads.

"Back up, McCee."

The short-stop tried to back up far enough, but just as he lifted his mitt he stumbled.

"Well done, lead off, Mac!"

The next batter was Ralph Smith. He batted out a sacrifice hit and flew for first. He was put out himself, but he had done his share. MacGregor had almost reached second when the first baseman threw a wild throw there. This



A SAND HILL CRANE

Photo by Archie M. Goehring, age 17 years, Key West, Fla.

let MacGregor to third and only one out.

"Brown to bat."

He was fanned out and Scotchie stepped to the plate. Would he hit it? The Lakeview pitcher knew he had a shrewd man facing him now. The first two were balls, but the next was a straight, slow one, easy to hit, and Scotchie hit an easy grounder straight to third, and he played the same trick as Smith.

"One to nothing."

"Batter up."

The next man was put out on a fly, and Silver Point took the field.

At the end of the next inning each team had scored another run, but they did not get any more until the last.

At the end of the first half of the ninth inning each team had two runs, the Lakeview having scored another.

Now was the time which was to tell the tale. MacGregor was to bat again. He batted a high fly and was put out. Smith got to first on a grounder and stole second. The next batter was Brown. He hit a sacrifice ball and brought Smith to third.

"Two out and Harvey to bat!"

Harvey eyed the pitcher a moment, then braced himself but—"Ball one."

Again—

"A dandy! Go it, Smith! Scotchie! Silver Point!"

"Four—Nothing."

Lakeview went home that night surprised.

## The Color Rush at Riverside

Third Prize Story, by Lloyd L. Helm, aged 13 years, Metropolis, Ill.

It was in October and within a week of the color rush at

Riverside academy, and every one looked forward to it with great interest. Riverside academy was a preparatory school for boys, founded by a few wealthy citizens of Riverside. It contained about one hundred and sixty students and required two years to finish the course. The two classes were, the Freshman, who had a few more students than the other class, and the Seniors. The Freshman leader was Herbert Parks, and the Senior leader was Will Grant. Both leaders were strong and healthy and belonged to the football team, and each wanted his class to win. The Freshmen had never



ROCKEFELLER, "THE ST. PATRICK OF AMERICA"

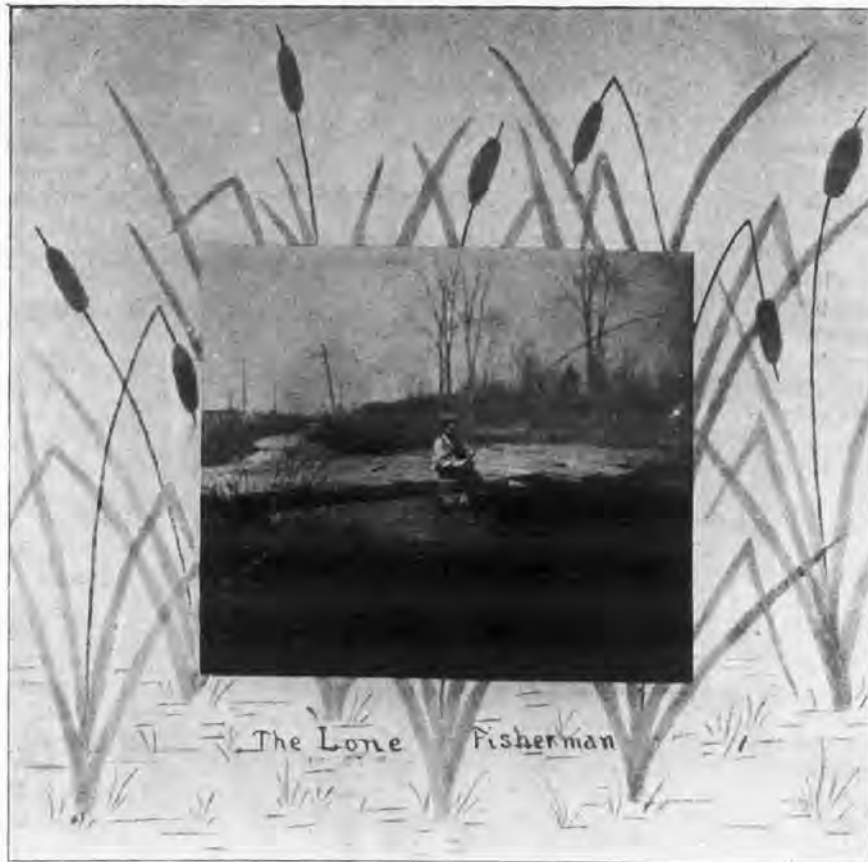
Robert A. Lufburrow, age 17 years, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

won at Riverside, which made them wish to win all the more. The Seniors were confident they would win because they had never failed to do so before. Out of the Freshman class Parks selected five of the strongest boys to drill the Freshmen. Parks called a meeting of his five men and told them to give their men exercise, to run races, to practice boxing and wrestling and anything that would help them win the color rush. They followed his instructions and when the day of the event rolled around the Freshmen were in splendid condition.

It was the custom at Riverside academy on the 20th of October for the Freshmen to put up a pole with their colors on it. At four o'clock in the evening the principal would announce that the Freshmen were ready to defend their colors. Then the Seniors would rush down in a body and try to tear down the colors, and if they did not succeed in twenty minutes the rush would be decided in favor of the Freshmen.

Early in the morning the Freshmen, ninety in number, went over to the campus, here their pole, a long iron pipe three inches in diameter and eighteen feet long, six feet of which was in the ground. Four feet extending out around the pole had an elevation of one foot and a half. The colors were blue and white, and these were tightly wired to the pole. Then the pole was covered with axle grease, making it stick so as to prevent the Seniors climbing it.

At four o'clock the Freshmen were all arranged around the pole. The five heavy men were elevated head and shoulders above the rest of their classmates, then the weaker men were around them and the stronger men on the outside row. The principal then announced that the Freshmen were ready to defend their colors. The Freshmen locked arms and gave their class yell. The Seniors were five abreast and in twelve rows. They came forward in a rapid gait and with a confident look. They rushed against the Freshmen and drove them back a few feet, but the Freshmen soon recovered. Then the Seniors began to jerk the Freshmen out of line and a hand-to-hand affair took place. Finally the Seniors reached the pole. One Senior would get on another one's back till at last they reached the top. The colors were there, but they were wired tightly around the pole and the Seniors could do nothing with their hands. The Seniors then tried science. They commenced trying to pull down the colors with grappling hooks and ropes, but with no success. Then the



VACATION DAYS

At seven in the morning we set out along the road that led to the mountain. The air was hazy and there was promise of rain before night. So we strode leisurely along admiring the scenery, and in good spirits reached our destination, a small brook a mile and a half from my home.

We undid our lines and began fishing. Our fishing-tackle, like that of many a farmer's boy, consisted of a two-cent line and a number sixteen hook. Our poles were of cherry, three-quarters of an inch through at the butt and tapering to a point.

We were disappointed in our expectation of a good catch, for the trout did not bite very well. At noon we cooked the few trout we had caught and ate our lunch.

We resumed fishing after eating dinner and had the same luck as before. Soon we came to a junction of two brooks where there was a small pond, in which we had been informed was a large trout.

After fishing for a while Sam and I felt a bite at the same time and pulled up and what should we find but we had both caught the same fish. In some ridiculous manner our lines had become crossed and our hooks brought so close together as to resemble a single hook. The fish was a large one for the place, but wholly unworthy of the trouble it cost.

"It's mine!" exclaimed Sam.

"No, it's mine!" I angrily replied.

"It's mine. You shan't have it. I saw it first."

We had laid the trout on the rock and while we were having a hot argument over who should have the trout, it gave a flop and landed in the water.

"There, you made me lose my trout," cried Sam.

**DON'T TURN  
YOUR BACK  
ON US  
WHEN WE  
ASK YOU  
TO  
SUBSCRIBE  
TO  
"YOUNG  
AMERICANS"**



Prize Cartoon, by Roy W. Swope, age 18 years. Turbotville, Pa.



"It want your'n," I insisted.  
 "It was."  
 "It want't."  
 "I say it was."  
 "I say it want't."  
 "Shut up, or I'll biff you one."  
 "You ain't big enough."  
 "I am."  
 "Try it."

Soon we were in the first fight of our lives. We had been chums for four years, and had spent many pleasant hours together. A thunder-shower ended our fighting and made us seek the shelter of the trees. The rest of the afternoon was spent very unpleasantly and we went home early without any trout.

Several months passed and Sam and I did not speak. The time passed slowly for we both missed each other's company.

There was an exceptionally late fall that year and the pond near my house did not freeze over until the Christmas vacation. On the morning of the tenth of December a party of boys, including myself, set out for the pond. I had my skates on first and was soon spinning across the ice. Hearing a shout from shore, I turned, but not quick enough. The ice went crushing and crackling beneath me, and I found myself in the cold water. I was a good swimmer and managed to keep on top of the water. I set out to break the ice piece by piece in hopes of making my way to shore when Sam came down the road. He quickly dispatched one of the frightened boys for men and a rope and himself tried to reach me with a plank. But as the ice was so weak, he dare not come on it, and the plank did not reach the distance, so he shoved the plank to me, speaking encouraging words and telling me to get on the plank and wait for men and the rope.

When they came I was so weak that I could not put the rope around me. Seeing this, Sam slipped along the ice, placed the rope around me and gave word to the men to pull. When I reached the bank I fainted.

When I recovered I was in bed at home. Sending for Sam, I thanked him for the aid he had given, and asked his forgiveness.

"Certainly, I forgive you. I have been sick of this quarrel for a long time, but was too proud to acknowledge it."

"I, also, have learned a lesson, not to let pride rule my will."

### Bill Brown, Boy

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

He was by no means a pretty boy. Nature had been unfair to his face, but his eyes sparkled and he was clean. It is difficult to go behind such returns as these. He observed a "Boy Wanted" sign in a store window and entered the place. The proprietor, a kindly mannered man, sat at a big desk in the corner. Him the boy approached fearlessly, but carefully. He took off his cap, and waited for the man to look up. The man saw the interrogation points in the boy's eyes.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, as if inviting to confidence.

"Good morning, sir," responded the boy. "I seen a notice in your—"

"You seen?" interrupted the man with a pronounced accent on the "seen."

"Yes sir, I seen a notice—"

"Is 'seen' correct?" asked the man.

"Correct enough for me, sir," said the boy. "Now, if I was pulling twenty-five per week out of the business,

### A Joke on the Cow

Special Prize Poem, by Bert Leach, age 16.  
 Ravenna, Mich.

The moon once shone exceeding bright;  
 A modern cow, one summer night,  
 Gazed at it, till a pleasing thought  
 A smile unto her visage brought.

"What has been done can be once more;"  
 Quoth she, "a cow once jumped clear o'er  
 And I can do it if I try  
 Although sweet Luna does seem high."

She gave a bound and flew through space;  
 She soared with most delightful grace;  
 She reached the moon, but went not over,  
 She landed in a field of clover.

For many weeks she dwelt thereat;  
 With speed of lightning she grew fat.  
 Then came a man with a big knife,  
 Quoth he, "Sweet cow, I take your life."

"You've lived in clover since you came,  
 And really, you're the one to blame.  
 Now dust returneth unto dust;  
 So yield your life sweet cow, you must."

I might talk different. But you see I ain't. Even if I was pulling four per, I might say 'saw,' but what's the good of being particular on nothing a week and find yourself?"

The man smiled. He could not help it. He had not heard that sort of an argument previously.

"But," he said, "when you are out of a job you ought to make the best impression you can in order to get one."

"Well, I don't know about that. I know boys that make believe they are angels till they catch on, and when you go to look for their wings I guess they ain't there. I work it the other way. I ain't much to start with, but I'm a bird when I get going once. Your sign says you want a boy. What's the matter with me?" and the boy's face showed his eagerness for the place.

"What is your name?"

"Brown—Bill Brown."

The man's face dropped several degrees. Very evidently he was not pleased.

"Bill Brown—Bill Brown," he repeated to himself.

"That's it. You've got it all right," said the boy.

"But I don't like it."

"Oh, there's more to it than that. You see it is William Walsingford Brown. But how does a name like that fit on a boy with four dollars a week? Now if I was pulling twenty-five—"

"Doesn't your mother call you Willie?" inquired the man gently.

"Not if I can help it," said the boy with scorn. "Do I look like a Willie boy?" he added, stiffening up and sticking out his chin.

The man smiled again.

"Not much," he admitted.

"Thank you, sir. But you don't have to call me 'Bill.' You can call me 'Willie' if you want to, but I'll have to charge you three dollars a week extra for that. It's worth that much to any boy's reputation, ain't it?"

"Where did you work last?"

"For a firm that went into bankruptcy last week. But my salary didn't have anything to do with that," he hastened to explain. "Before that I worked for a milkman."

"Did he go into bankruptcy?"

"No, sir. He watered his stock and kept on."

"Um—ur," hesitated the man, "were you ever in Wall Street?"

"Yes sir, I worked three months in a broker's office."

"Why did you quit?"

"I didn't. I got on the wrong side of the market, and the boss bounced me for gambling during business hours."

"Wasn't he doing the same?"

"Yes, sir, but he was on the right side of the market."

"Oh!" said the man, and pondered a while.

"Do I get the job?" said the boy, still eager.

"Do you think you can do the work?"

"Well, you know what you can do with a boy if he can't," said Bill boldly.

"We pay only three dollars a week," ventured the man, just a little afraid of what Bill might say to that.

"Would four strain the business?" inquired Bill.

"No," smiled the man, "but three dollars a week is all we think a boy is worth."

"All right, call it three. I can just as easy do four dollars' worth, but if you only want three, three's what you'll get."

(Continued on page 244)

# THE JOKE FOUNDRY

## A Large Party

A New York public man, large in body as well as in brain, during the session of the Legislature last winter had to meet a committee in Central New York, but found on starting that he had only one minute in Utica to change from one railway station to another, 100 yards away.

Fearing that his weight would prevent his getting to the second station on time, he telegraphed to the railway officials:

"Please hold No. 6 five minutes for large party on South-western Limited."

The conductor and train hands were all standing ready to assist the "large party" on board, when the one solitary individual came smilingly up the platform.

"Where is the rest of your party?" said the conductor, looking expectantly down the platform.

"I am all here, captain—240 pounds without my overcoat. Weighed last night."—*Exchange.*



Professor Greenwood recently visited the Attucks school and talked on adverbs and adjectives. "Does Professor Bowser use adverbs and adjectives, children?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," chorused the little negroes.

"Well, what does he use when he does not use adverbs and adjectives?"

There was silence. Finally, a very black little fellow waved his hand. "He generally uses a ruler, sir."—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*



"Just throw me a half dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the astonished fish-dealer.

"That's what I said," replied the party of the first part. "Then I'll go home and tell my wife I caught them. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."



## A Labor Question

"What are you feeding to those hogs, my friend?" the professor asked.

"Corn, professor," the grizzled old farmer, who knew the learned gentleman by sight, replied.

"Are you feeding it wet or dry?"

"Dry."

"Don't you know if you feed it wet the hogs can digest it in one-half the time?"

The farmer gave him a quizzical look.

"Now see here, professor," he said, "how much do you calculate a hog's time is worth?"—*World's Events.*



"Weak stomach, hey?" asked one of the passengers of the seasick young man.

"Oh, I don't know," said the young man. "I guess I am throwing as far as any of them."

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Dealer in all kinds of jokes both new and second hand. One dollar each paid for new jokes. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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## On Losing Overcoats

The Rev. Dr. Snow, finding himself down town at the noon hour, dropped into a restaurant for a luncheon. He hung his overcoat against the wall, sat down and ordered his meal, which he ate leisurely. When he had finished and

turned to look for his overcoat, it was gone.

He reported his loss to the cashier, who was sorry, but could do nothing, as the restaurant was "not responsible for hats, overcoats or umbrellas."

"Oh, I am not holding you responsible," said the doctor, as he paid the bill. "I shall get the coat again."

"What makes you think so?" asked the cashier.

"In one of the pockets," he replied, "was a letter, with my name and address on the envelope, and in another pocket was a printed sermon on 'Future Punishment.' Good day!"

His confidence was not misplaced. The overcoat was brought to his house the next day by a messenger boy, who said a stranger had sent it, and that there was no message.

[Hereafter the pastor will have a sermon on "Future Punishment" in all his coats!]



Echoes are reported as doing some wonderful things; but one in the Mammoth Cave seems to have eclipsed any rivals, according to the report of a Knoxville man. A girl among the party with which he went through the cave met a friend on the train, and was explaining underground wonders. "Did you see Echo River?" she was asked. "Yeth," she replied; "it wath grand." "Did you hear the echo?" "O, yeth; I said, 'Who is that over there?' and the echo saith, 'None of your buthineth.'"



An old gentleman of pronounced religious views—a

friend of our family in Scotland—wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text, "My house shall be called a House of Prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed, "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee thing mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end o' the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible-loving Scot.—*Gazette.*



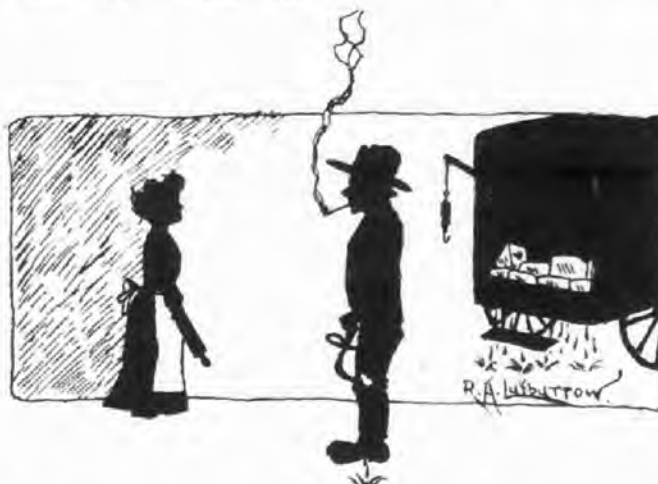
## How It Happened

"So Josh didn't hold his position very long?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cornstassel. "But it wasn't the boy's fault. It wasn't six weeks before he knew so much more about how to run the business than the man who owned it that they got jealous and discharged him."—*Washington Star.*



"What are you running for?" asked the colonel of the frightened soldier. "Because I have no wings to fly with," he panted.



NOT FRESH

Bridget: "No, I don't want any more of your ice; Mrs. O'Flinn says you've kept it ever since last winter."

# FISHING WITH THE PROFESSOR

FINE, sturdy fellows they were, Jack Peters and Tom Pearce, sons of near neighbors, about the same age, in the same

classes at school, and generally inseparable. To-day was Saturday, and their parents had given them permission to go down the river and fish. They could hardly finish their breakfast for their eagerness to be off. It was a fine spring day, and they were sure the fish were going to bite like dogs." They put in at the mouth of a small creek. They had a boat, and they knew where the "holes" were and what more could two healthy boys ask for?

"Sh! Tom!" said Jack, as they came near a good spot. "Don't scare the fish!"

"Can fish hear?" asked Tom.

"Course they can," replied Jack, but he felt a little uncertain about it.

They settled for their sport, and presently Jack's cork went under. He knew he mustn't pull too quick; he had learned that from his father. As soon as he felt his line tighten he gave a quick little jerk, and his fish was hooked. "Whoop! I've got a crackajack," he exclaimed, "if I ever land him." And land him he did, not by throwing the line back over his head, as many an older sportsman might have done, but by gently bringing the fish to the surface when Tom slipped the landing net under him and, for the time being, dropped him in the bottom of the boat.

"Isn't that a beauty?" exclaimed Tom.

For reply Jack, whose eyes

chanced just then to turn to the water, said, in an eager tone:

"Look at your cork! Hold your rod stiff till you feel the fish pull. That's it! Good for you! They're twins."

Tom was too excited to do anything just then but look at and admire his fish.

Jack soon had his on his string, and then he asked Tom, "Have you got a fish string?"

"No, I thought the way to do was to cut a switch and run it through the gills."

"Oh, no!" said Jack; "look at this." And he showed a trout string with a big needle in one end and a loop at the other.

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An interesting story of two boys on a fishing trip; how the professor joined them, and what they learned concerning the finny tribe.

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"See how this is fixed? I stick this needle through the under lip (if that's what they call it) from the outside, then through the loop. Then I can tie my fish in the water and it isn't hurt."

"Well, Well?" said Tom. "Let me put mine on your string."

"All right. And let's hurry. We're losin' time."

They were intently watching their corks, when they heard some one calling to them. Turning, they saw the principal of their school on the bank of the creek and coming in their direction.

"Hello, boys!" was his informal greeting.

"Good morning, Professor," they shouted together.

"How's the sport?"

"We've got one apiece," said Jack; "beauties, too."

"That's good. Look out, Tom, you're getting a bite! Careful!" And Tom landed another.

By this time the Professor, who had climbed into the boat at their invitation, was getting out his own tackle and bait, and pretty soon he was watching his own cork with all a boy's eagerness.

He was a lover of boys, was Professor Murphree, and his boys were deeply attached to him. To-day they were not professor and pupil. They were three boys. And yet Jack and Tom never forgot their manners.

"Look, look, Professor!" exclaimed Tom. But the Professor was already looking. "Ah! not too fast, my beauty," and he landed a fine perch. As he was taking it from the hook, he called attention to its nose.

"See here, boys. Did you ever notice a fish's nose?"

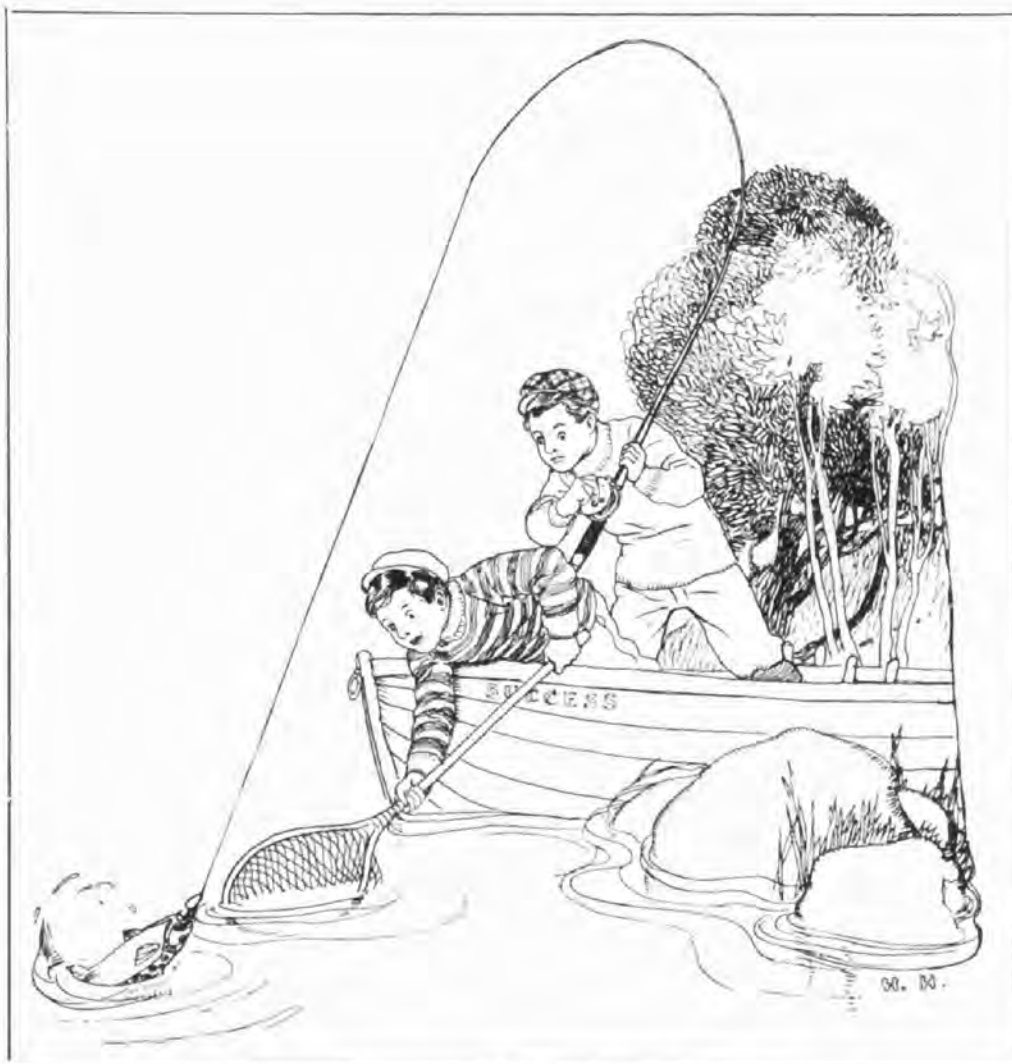
"Tom, didn't I tell you a fish could smell?" Jack was quite sure now.

"Yes," said the Professor, "the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, who was in his day an authority in natural history, reached that conclusion centuries ago."

"And can they hear, too?" asked Tom. And he looked at the Professor expectantly.

"Yes. Look at this minute opening on each side of the head."

Just then Jack felt a tug at his line, and he succeeded in landing a red-breasted bream.



"Whoop! I've got a crackajack."

"Now," said the Professor, "let me show you a fish's tongue."

"Can they taste, too?" queried Jack.

"Well, it is supposed so," the Professor answered, "though it is not probable that any of these senses are as acute as they are in warm-blooded animals. In many fishes the tongue is hardly more than rudimentary. In others it is quite well developed, as, for instance, in the red snapper of our gulf coast, and in other like varieties. I was fishing one day in the clear streams formed by one of those great springs in Florida, and I could distinctly see the bait taken in by the tongue."

"I'd like to see that," laughed Jack.

After a little while they moved the boat to another hole a little further down the river, where they increased their catch.

"I see, Jack," said the Professor, "you have learned how to keep your fish alive. Do you know how to kill one painlessly?"

"Why, no, sir," replied Jack. "I never heard of such a thing."

The Professor took from his tackle-box a long, slender nail. "I will show you how it is done when— Hold on! Too bad! I lost that one as a result of my carelessness."

"Won't it come back?" asked Tom.

"It probably will, if it likes the bait and isn't hurt. Yes, there it is, in all probability the same fish. Easy now!" And the fish was soon floundering in the boat.

"This one," said the Professor, "I will kill without pain." Taking the fish's head in his left hand, he felt carefully for a very small indentation in the top. Into this he pressed the nail. The fish gave one little quiver and was dead.

"The nail penetrated the brain," said the Professor, "and as that is the seat of sensation, it felt no pain."

"Another way, not so painless, perhaps, but very quick, is to stick a sharp instrument into the heart."

"Has a fish got a heart?" they both asked.

"Oh, yes. And the next one we catch I will cut so that you can see its heart beat."

The boys were greatly interested. They were learning, and learning what they would never forget. They had not long to wait, and when the next fish was taken flouncing from the water, the Professor requested them to lay down their poles and help him. Jack held the tail firmly on the seat, while Tom held the head. The fish was placed on its back. The Professor carefully cutting a long slit in front of the gills, deftly held the incision open with his two forefingers, and there in plain view was the fish's pulsating heart.

"Notice," said the Professor, "its peculiar shape. And it has but one ventricle or pocket."

"Has a fish any lungs?" asked Jack.

"No," answered the Professor. "It has only gills; but in some way these take up the oxygen in the water, much as our

lungs take up the oxygen in the air. If you keep a fish in a vessel of water a short time, the water becomes unfit to sustain life, and unless you change the water or put growing plants into it, the fish will die."

"How many kinds of fish are there, Professor?" asked Jack.

"Somewhere near nine thousand have been classified," said the teacher; "but that is too big a subject for us now. Some day you may take up the study of Ichthyology. That word is made up from two Greek words, one meaning 'a fish,' and the other 'an account.' It means the science of fishes. A great many books have been written on the subject. But, here, did you know it was nearly dinner time? Better get to work on those oars and start, else your parents will begin to think you caught so many fish that the boat was swamped and all went to the bottom together. The boys were hungry enough to obey this suggestion and willingly started back toward the river."

Half way home the Professor left them, and as they pulled slowly up stream Jack remarked, "I tell you what it is Tom, the Professor is all right—just as good as any fellow to go fishing with, and a good deal better than most of 'em 'cause he knows so much."—*Exchange.*



KNIGHTS OF ST. PAUL, MANCERONA, MICH.

## The Knights of St. Paul

The boy problem is one that is receiving much attention among all earnest workers. Here is a great, neglected and yet promising field of labor. We have let them grow up outside the church, then hired evangelists to help win them back. We spend much effort to save the slums; if we would save the boys there would be no slums.

As a step in the right direction, we believe the Knight of St. Paul is a practical organization that will help to

hold the boys to the church and a pure life. We believe your readers will be glad to know of some things done.

Mancelona (Mich.) chapter was organized February 6, and now numbers fifty-three jolly boys, many of whom are Christians, and ten of the same are members of the church.

Aside from talks on manliness, kindness, temperance, etc., frequently our boys have outings, playing in-door baseball and military drills, saluting the flag, etc. A recent Saturday, by kindness of the G. R. & I. passenger superintendent, Mr. Lockwood, who gave us a special rate, thirty-two of our boys went to Alba, where the pastor, Rev. George Lewis, and forty boys greeted us. After a pleasant meeting in the church and a march to the grove, they had a splendid picnic dinner, and an afternoon playing ball. The boys enjoyed one of the delightful days of their lives. On Decoration day, with uniforms and flags, the boys marched with the old veterans to the cemetery.

The result is our boys' Sunday school class has doubled, and the attendance of boys at our church is an inspiration to the pastor. These "men of to-morrow" will soon be Brotherhood men, and we hope many of them will be in the church of God.

D. E. REED, Pastor.

# KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

**A fraternal organization for boys, founded upon the legends of chivalry in the time of King Arthur, but with modern application. Information for Stamp. Complete hand-book, 25 cents. Full outfit for organizing and equipping a castle, including charter, \$1.50. Address National King Arthur, Spencer, Mass.**

SEPTEMBER! the best month of all the year in which to organize a club of boys. The summer sports are fast losing their attractiveness. The shortening days of fall are making it more and more impossible to play out of doors after the evening meal has been eaten. Now, what are we going to do before bedtime? We must do something. Why not get a congenial crowd together in some home, or at school, at the church or Y. M. C. A., and spend one evening a week reading or telling tales about the heroes of days of chivalry? Thousands of lads in the past ten years have found this a most delightful way of spending the long evenings of winter. The most attractive, thrilling, inspiring tales are found in the legends of King Arthur, and the Round Table, the most ancient of our Anglo-Saxon race, and among the most potent powers for good in our history.

The idea is this—read about these worthies, selecting one for your own particular hero, and emulate his spirit in our modern life. You cannot do exactly the same things, ride beautiful chargers, wear armor, bear lances, roam from Castle to Castle, have hair-breadth escapes, invade mysterious forests, overcome terrible monsters, all of which were possible in the days in which these tales were written; but you can live earnestly, work zealously, think highly, in the days in which you happen to exist. This was what they did. This is what you may do.

Of course any boy could do this alone, or any group of boys might go at it blindly and

conceivable condition. The results of their experiences have been brought together in a handbook, which is published by the proprietors of this magazine.

In brief the scheme is this: A group of boys, of any congenial age, in any desirable number, comes together under the guidance of an adult (man or woman), who is recognized as Merlin, who is a permanent, irremovable leader, having full charge of affairs. From the boys are selected or elected, for such period as may be determined, a King, who presides at meetings; a Seneschal, who assists Merlin; a Constable, who preserves order; a Sentinel, who guards the entrance to the Castle Hall, with such other ornamental heralds, etc., as may be desired.

Each member assumes the name of any hero, ancient or modern, which he selects or is assigned, whose virtues he learns and emulates, and by whose name he is always addressed.

Upon joining the Castle, as the local organization is called, each paynim is initiated to rank of Page, promising to serve and obey. This initiation ceremony is interesting, attractive, exciting.

accomplish a great deal. But by ten years' experience we have learned that the very best way, best from every point of view, of fun and benefit, pleasure and profit, is by adopting the scheme of our Knights of King Arthur. Here you may obtain a plan, which has been tried in every part of the United States, as well as in Mexico and Canada, by all sorts of boys, under every



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After due and faithful service, for a definite period, fixed by the Castle, the Page may advance to the rank of Esquire, when he assumes additional obligations of temperance and reverence. In due season, and upon development of the right qualifications, an Esquire may rise to Knighthood. The initiations to these higher ranks are dignified and mysterious.

Upon performance of some particularly meritorious deed, deemed worthy by the Castle and by Merlin, a member of any rank may be made a Baronet, and is permitted to occupy for one conclave only the Siege Perilous, the most honorable seat in the Castle Hall.

Other exalted ranks, Baron, Marquis, Duke, Prince, are conferred only by the National King, in recognition of distinguished services.

For the regular meetings of the Castle a ritual is provided, giving a proper order for business, and affording opportunity for introduction of every desirable feature. The initiations for each rank, also, are fully developed, and yet all these may be modified, or amplified, to fit any particular ideas of the Merlin or Castle.

In addition, the magazine of the order, YOUNG AMERICANS, contains numerous suggestive programs, instructive and entertaining, for the use of Castles. The National King is always ready, also, to answer questions, or, as far as he is able, to assist in the solution of problems peculiar to the work.

A complete detailed description of the K. O. K. A., giving the theory of the order, with countless practical applications, may be obtained for twenty-five cents. A complete Castle outfit, comprising the handbook as above, charter and enrollment in the national order, cards containing rituals for use of members, and a year's subscription to this magazine, costs only \$1.50. There are no fees or dues. (Every other national organization of boys requires that each and every member must subscribe for a magazine. Our international organization makes no such requirement.)

As we said at the beginning—September is the best month in the year to organize a boys' club. It is the easiest also—for the boys have not yet settled upon their plans for the season, so that a scheme presented now is almost sure to catch them at once.

We want to hear from all the boys—as well as from others—who would like to know more about our K. O. K. A. Every boy who organizes a K. O. K. A. this season, securing the adult leader, and sending in the application for charter, fully filled out, will be given the rank of Baron. Write now for particulars and application blank. Address either YOUNG AMERICANS, Box G, Albany, N. Y., or National King Arthur, Spencer, Mass.

**THE STORY OF SKOWHEGAN CASTLE, K. O. K. A.**

The Castle started as most Castles do, with two or three boys, and these from time to time brought in their friends. Connected at first with the Congregational church, with the consent of the other pastors it soon included boys from every church in town and from no church whatever. No attempt was made to do any direct religious work. The purpose sought was personal contact with the boys, their love and confidence, and when this was gained the opportunities for help were not lacking. In the second year our number had increased to over fifty, all boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. We had debates, mock trials, talks by lawyers and business men, and in the spring had a baseball team. Much of the time at our meetings was taken up with talking over the business of the organization.

In the fall we had a public installation of officers, to which friends to the number of over three hundred were invited. The installation services, written by Merlin and taking nearly an hour, were most impressively given. In the summer time a number of the boys with Merlin camped out at the Goodwill Farm encampment for boys.

The boys were very desirous of having a gymnasium and finally, with the assistance of some of the business men, a room was rented and furnished. This was run through one winter with a fair degree of success, but as we did not have money to pay some one to be in the room all the time, some few, a very few of the boys abused the privileges, and the room was not opened the third winter.

After three very successful years so many of the boys went away to work or else to college that the Castle was discontinued. The next year it was reorganized with a set of younger boys, and was running with a fair degree of success when I left Skowhegan.

It has been a source of great happiness for me to know that the work done and the time spent was not in vain. Once when there was an especial religious interest in town I had a serious talk with the boys, telling them what my real purpose was in thus working with them. I know from their parents that some were deeply moved, and I have received at least ten of the members of the Castle into the membership of my church. One young fellow, who was fast going to the bad, was graduated this year from Bowdoin College, as fine a young man as you could ask to find. Another, head nurse in a large government institution, told me when home on a visit last summer that the influence of the "Knights" had made him a different man than he would have been.

So I might go on and tell how the lives of one and another of these boys have been touched and helped. I feel repaid a thousand fold for every minute that I spared for the boys of the town. HARRY W. KIMBALL.

**Billy Brown, Boy**

(Continued from page 239)

The man coughed and hesitated a moment. "Of course, if you show you are worth four dollars, we will give it to you," he said.

"All right again," said Bill. "But I can't give you a four dollar sample for longer than one week."

The man scribbled awhile on a sheet of paper.

"Very well," he said. "You come around to-morrow morning and begin."

"What's the matter with beginning now? You may think I've got on my glad rags, and have to go home to change them, but I haven't. I'm ready right now."

"Now suits me," said the man, and he called a foreman. He gave him some instructions about the boy, and Bill Brown went out with him, stepping high and his eyes shining.

When he had disappeared the man took the sign out of the window and tore it up. Bill Brown had come to stay.—*St. Louis Republic Sunday Magazine.*

"Of course," said the boasting colonel. "there are some who might doubt my valor at Gettysburg because I did not lose an arm or leg." "O, don't let that worry you," spoke up little Richard. "I heard you say you lost your heard."



PHILATELIC PARAGRAPHS

The months of hot weather are the dull season of the philatelic year. The reasons for the diminution of interest during summer disclose themselves. When life in the open is so attractive, the fascinations of the stamp album take their point, as philately is essentially an in-door occupation. Yet, the comparatively barren interim between seasons is of shorter duration than formerly, and it is known that many collectors do not entirely forsake their hobby, even in summer time. Indeed, so largely does philately enter into the every-day life of some enthusiasts that they take their albums with them on vacation trips to the seashore, the lakes or mountains. Not a few shrewd collectors regard the months of hot weather as the most favorable in which to make purchases, as it happens that prices ease off somewhat during the summer.

It may be said that the young collector who finds that his interest in stamp collecting does not abate in vacation time is the exception, but adult collectors show a stronger tendency to maintain their collecting progress at that period. As one's activities in the open air become curtailed, one is apt to depend more directly on one's collection as a means for relaxation. So, it should not be forgotten that while the boy may neglect stamps, it does not follow that all philately is dead during the summer; it flows on the even tenor of its way, although its current is not so rapid as during the in-door season.

One of the firms advertising in this paper has said in its announcement that there is no fun that beats stamp collecting. There is good collecting philosophy in the "fun" idea; the collector who begins to collect stamps in fun is often the one who continues in earnest. When the boy is attracted to stamps by a liking for them that he cannot exactly explain, he shows the best primary philatelic instinct. The boy who collects "for fun" must be fairly treated; as there is a form of philately for all ages, there is for all temperaments, also. However, there is always one advantage attending a somewhat studious manner of collecting, and that is the satisfaction of learning much of the subjects that stamps unfold or suggest. Mental improvement coming through congenial channels is particularly gratifying.

The hobby that provides an educational stimulus has been unusually successful in engaging popular favor these later years, and the pronounced advantages that philately enjoys on this score have made it a standard pursuit. Parents have never complained that stamp collecting is without claims for consideration as a teacher of geography, history and allied subjects, even though they have been known to object to the immoderate expenditure by their children of money for stamps. It is better for the very young collector to pursue philately

under parental supervision. Sometimes the boy has the collection, and has the whole family interested in it. This is an ideal condition well worthy the ambition of the youthful collector.

One of the noticeable features of stamp collecting is the facility with which it develops the boy stamp dealer. While there is no good reason to decry the industry of the shrewd boy in making dimes through stamp selling, yet it should be understood that dealing on a scale of any magnitude requires a capacity for business that must be strengthened by years of training in this technical line. Probably, the gravest drawback to dealing is that it is apt to loosen one's interest in stamps as objects of collection and to make them be regarded as a commercial factor only. Any gain in dollars and cents is bought too dearly if it destroys the amateur instinct. The ambition to sell stamps to collecting acquaintances, with a view to investing the profits in stamps to add to one's own collection is a creditable one, however, and this method is but distantly related to dealing in stamps.

Now that the stamp department in *YOUNG AMERICANS* has passed the experimental stage and has commended itself to a fair proportion of readers under the fair test that no special features have been exploited in it, in due course, popular ideas will be introduced. By the time the coming season is under way, evidences of improved service will become apparent; the features will have to be marked to keep pace with the general betterment on all the other pages of the papers.

Philately is so many-sided that it is inexhaustible as a subject. Each turn of the philatelic kaleidoscope reveals a new prospect for the young collector. So long as stamp collecting is not preached too seriously or given too ponderous an aspect, it will stimulate the mind and lead it into pleasant places. The best brand of philately for wear is that which occupies the middle ground; and the soundest advice is that which upholds a golden mean. There is no objection to the minutest study of philately, but this form cannot be recommended to all for it appeals only to minds of a certain cast. The other extreme, careless philately, should be avoided in particular, for unsightly stamps and untidily arranged pages might be said to charge the owner with lacking the qualities of order and neatness, himself.

The collector ought to give heed to the back of a stamp as well as its face. A defect that would be noticed on the face of a specimen is not revealed, it is true, when on the back of the stamp that is hinged in the album, but the knowledge that the imperfection is there often detracts from the satisfaction of the owner. The "thin spot" is about the only mischief-maker that is to be found on the under side

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of the stamp. The "thin spot" is caused by the removal of hinges, as a rule, that have been allowed to accumulate on the back of a stamp. To be on the safe side, any piece of paper adhering to the back should be removed only after it has been moistened. Even the peelable hinge does not live always up to its name, and much care should be taken even when taking off a single thickness of hinge.

## CHAT AND COMMENT

It has long been the custom for writers on philatelic topics to advise beginners and all others to study their stamps. In fact, "Study Your Stamps" is almost as hackneyed a theme as "Philatelic Journalism" and "Special versus General Collecting." It has become an axiomatic expression that is freely voiced. While the injunction to study one's stamps may not be objected to as being ill-advised, yet it is almost too much to ask the youngest collectors at the outset to really study their stamps in the exhaustive way that is recommended for the trained philatelist. Study is not always associated with the pleasantest recollections in the minds of the youthful; and if there is one thing that rightfully may be claimed in favor of philately, it is that it removes its followers from the common-place and the routine, while they are occupied with their albums. About all the study really necessary by the beginner is that which acquaints him with the most apparent differences in stamps. With stamps comes the inclination to inquire more deeply into their details; and the point is made that as stamps are obtained, the powers of observation are enlarged, making it a matter of course that the stamps will be scrutinized the closer, with the result that all their suggestions will be recognized.

The stamps issued thus far in the twentieth century alone make a good-sized collection, and some philatelists make a specialty of the issues from January 1, 1901, or even restrict their collecting operations to these stamps. There are over two thousand twentieth century stamps, about one-fifth of which are kings' head issues of Great Britain and colonies. There are some scarcities among these newer stamps, already, notably in the French colonies; and some of the Portuguese colonies are not easily secured. It is seldom that one pays too much for stamps if they are got immediately upon issue, as only a fair percentage over face value is asked, as a rule, for novelties. In the case of provisional issues of restricted number, speculators in the country of issue sometimes buy up practically the whole lot, notwithstanding the efforts of the postal authorities to prevent any cornering of the stock. Such issues are held at high figures for a time, but usually prices find a lower level after attention is no longer centered on them.

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Whatever may be said of the influence of the multitude of new issues, on stamp collecting, favorably or the reverse, it cannot be denied but that they make collecting easier for the beginner, by greatly increasing the visible supply of common stamps. For instance, the price of a thousand varieties of stamps is steadily decreasing, and where a dealer twenty years ago was proud to advertise a stock of four thousand varieties constantly on hand to-day that number is advertised for less than seventy-five dollars. So, the younger collector cannot decry conditions that afford him a greater range of selection of his stamps.

As the collector advances in his interest in philately, his intuition will suggest that he attend to certain details with more care than he did at the outset. He will become more critical as to the condition standard of his stamps and specimens that previously he would have accepted in a torn or unsightly shape, he will take reluctantly, if at all. This awakening, however, usually comes too slowly, if it is not hastened by the advice of older collectors. As a precautionary measure, it is well to insist that from the beginning of the collector's career he give stern attention to all the considerations making up "condition." Torn or unusually heavily-cancelled stamps should be condemned for they can never give permanent satisfaction; still, if they are taken, they should be secured at the smallest fraction of their value when in prime condition. After a time the collector sees the wisdom of rejecting the poor specimen, and the fewer of such stamps that he got in the early stage the more fortunate he esteems himself. When the perforations cut into the design, when the color is dull, when there is a thin spot on the back, allowance must be made for the imperfections by slicing off a percentage of value.

It is often alleged that stamp collecting should be commended on the score of affording remunerative investment, but in our opinion it is best not to bring the possibilities of profit from philately too prominently to the fore. Not a few collectors have made money out of their stamp collections, but when the circumstances under which they have done so are analyzed it is found usually that they were exceptional. If, to-day, one buys his stamps very carefully, he may find that when he sells his collection, for some reason or other, he will have a balance in his favor. When the speculative element enters into question, no one may predict with certainty what the results will be, however. Collect stamps for pleasure primarily; if you find that you do not develop into a permanent collector, let any difference between the cost and the selling price of your collection be charged to pleasure or amusement, and it will be admitted by the fair-minded person that the price paid was not exorbitant.

Finds of good stamps are still made occasionally, although not so frequently as in years gone by, when general knowledge as to the value of stamps was not disseminated so widely as at present. Many a collector gained a substantial start by having his industry in searching for old stamps rewarded by the discovery of scarce United States and other stamps. While the chances of finding stamps are narrowing year by year, yet one may always be hopeful of being fortunate enough to resurrect rarities from their dusty hiding-place. It is good policy to follow any lead that is offered, for one never knows just when success will crown the quest of the stamp-hunter.



# U P - T O - D A T E

BY WALTER ADOLPH VONDERLEITH

## THE LEADING CAMPAIGN ISSUE

After a long and diligent search United States Congressman Champ Clark has discovered the leading campaign issue of 1904. It is the tariff—one party demands revision and the other favors readjustment. master minds to determine which nation's prosperity.

Discussing the problems, great and small, that are making the world's history.

Surely it will require will be best for the

## TRUSTS AS TEACHERS AND BENEFACTORS

No sane person could be so base as to unjustly accuse any of the trust magnates of possessing, or even tolerating such an unprofitable piece of merchandise as a soul, but every one did credit them with a little common sense. It may be necessary to alter this opinion, however, when we see the meat-packers fighting their own interests by teaching the people (thank them for that) that they have long been eating too much meat, that they (the people) can, and will in fact, get along very well without it, rather than continue to submit to extortionate prices, which is merely yielding to legalized and respectable highway robbery. The "meat man," when he wakes up to the fact that the demand for his products has materially decreased, may well rue the day he forced the people to realize the truth which no amount of arguing would have induced them to accept.

## THE RICHEST CITY IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

Measured by the standard of money, New York City should be the centre of human happiness, for it stands to-day the richest city, not only of our own time, but the richest city in the history of the world. As a matter of fact there is probably more misery to the square foot on Manhattan Island than anywhere else on the civilized globe. Why is it? The immediate cause is the centralization of wealth. It is estimated that twenty multi-millionaires practically own New York. Surely there must be something wrong with a system that makes this condition of affairs possible.

## OPEN VERSUS CLOSED SHOP

A recent number of *The Outlook* contains a timely discussion on this, the most important phase of the labor problem. Is it to the interests of the labor union itself to insist upon closed shop, that is, demand that non-union men be excluded; or on the other hand is it right for the employer to close his doors to the union laborer, employing only non-union men? Obviously the injustice of either position seems too apparent to leave room for divided opinion on this much contested point. Yet, after the question of wages and hours is satisfactorily agreed upon, arbitration of strikes is most often delayed because some strikers imagine they "own their jobs," can leave them when they will, and take them back when they will, and that it is their right to dictate to "the boss" whom he shall or shall not employ.

## PAUL KRUGER AND FAME

Only a few short years have passed since "Oom Paul," Paul Kruger was President of the Boer Republic. On every hand he was hailed as a great leader of a great people. The Boers were making a grand struggle for freedom, and every true American heart longed to see them victorious. But good wishes and sympathy are not a very substantial aid for the weak, and at last surrender became inevitable. There was one man, however, who, rather than swear allegiance to a king, exiled himself, and fled to foreign lands. That man was Paul Kruger, who, after devoting his life to a lost cause, retired to spend his last days unnoticed and alone. If he had any virtues, if he had any claims to distinction, they have been cruelly forgotten. And when in Switzerland, a few weeks ago, he departed to that far country where Peace is king, the world remembered only his faults—it remembered him only as a robber, a selfish, misguided leader. What an unpardonable crime it is to fail! And so the conflict goes on. We continue to shout "Hurrah for the Winner!" and to mock the disappointed who cry out at the emptiness of Fame. We ought rather to cultivate the power to judge rightly.

THE PRINCE(ss) ON THE GLASS HILL



Cartoon by Ernest H. Baker, 471 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

The St. Louis World's Fair is the greatest exposition in the history of nations, and will no doubt hold this record for a good many years to come. Those who fail to see it, are throwing away the opportunity of a life time, for it is safe to predict there will not be another fair of such gigantic proportions in the next fifty years. St. Louis is learning the same bitter lesson that other ambitious cities have learned—World's Fairs do not pay.

### Bunny Colwell's High Dive

(Continued from page 234)

"Hi yip!" shouted one of the boys spying Bernard. "There's the 'fraid cat!" Whereupon the others came running to sit along the bank in a line, like barn swallows on a wire, and shout derision at him across the water.

"A bull frog has frightened him up a tree!" screamed the freckled boy.

"Look at this, then!" yelled Bernard on the threshold of his triumph.

"Bunny!" said a voice from the river path. It was his mother!

"Yes, mother," replied the boy, his heart flopping within him.

"Where are you?" Then as she caught sight of a bit of pink flesh high up above her among the green leaves, she added anxiously, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to dive," said Bernard.

"Dive from there!" she called in genuine terror. "You will kill yourself,—I forbid you!"

The boy felt sick from disappointment. The others across the water had already seen his purpose and were silent,—waiting; they could not see his mother—they would think his courage had failed him. All his daring and striving and practice had gone for worse than nothing.

"He was bluffing!" screamed one. "He never meant to do it!"

"Coward—coward—Colwell!" sang the oldest boy.

The mother standing in the shade of the alders hearing the derision of the other boys, turned very white and thrust her arms down close to her side. For a moment she looked at the height of the limb with trembling, frightened lips.

"Coward—coward" crooned the voice across the river.

The little woman clutched the black silk on the front of her dress. "Bunny!" she cried, "Do you hear me, Bunny?" "Yes, mother."

"Bunny, dive!" she cried. "Do it, Bunny! Do you hear? Dive! Dive for my sake, Bunny!"

Her voice was drowned in a yelp of joy from the tree. There was a quiver of foliage and then the boy shot out, straight and graceful. He cut the water like a sharpened stick!

The boys on the other bank were on their feet before he had come up to the surface. "He did it—he did it!" they cried.

"Mother!" said the boy swimming toward the shore. "If you don't go away I can't get dressed."

"All right, dear," she laughed, and turned toward the house smiling, with moist eyes.

When Bernard came up from the river to the dining room, his hair was wet and tangled. "Did I do it well, mother—did it look all right? It was great for you to let me! My, I'm hungry!"

"Oh Bunny, it was wonderful!" she cried getting up from her chair and putting her arms around him. "Run up and put on a clean collar—your cocoa is getting cold already."

She heard him clatter up the stairs, singing. A bang of the brass knocker on the side door aroused her and she went to open it. Four boys, much out of breath, stood there awkwardly, with their caps off.

"Oh, Mrs. Colwell, we've rowed across the river ma'am to ask if Colwell—if your son can please come across to our hunt to-morrow."

"Please let him come!" said the freckled-faced boy. "We'll row over for him to-morrow morning."

"I have no objection," said she slowly, "and perhaps you will all come back here to lunch."

"Good bye ma'am!" said they all, backing down the steps. The oldest boy turned back for a moment. "You just ought to see your son do stunts," said he.

Mrs. Colwell smiled and shut the door. She could still hear Bernard singing in the room above. "I think he knows more about his mother now," said she to herself, "and I'm sure I know more about my boy."



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# HINTS HOBBY RIDERS



**H**OBBIES are so numerous and so various that it is quite impossible to give a separate department for each hobby, hence we have hit upon the plan of covering all hobbies under a single heading. And, as our heading suggests, it is our intention to make this department as practically helpful as possible. We not only desire to present the latest ideas that will be useful to hobby riders, but we shall be glad to answer questions concerning any phase of hobby riding. Our editors are in close touch with experts in these different hobbies

and will consult with these experts when answering questions. Occasionally we shall answer a question of general interest through the department, but usually we will answer by mail, therefore, we require each request for information to be accompanied by a two-cent stamp.

We also solicit contributions for this department. If you have discovered a plan that you find helpful in riding your hobby, write a description of it and send it to us. If the editor considers your hint good enough for publication, you will be liberally paid for it.

Any of our readers desiring to learn more about "The Prince of Hobbies," amateur journalism, should send fifteen cents in stamps, for a copy of Wm. R. Murphy's handbook and several copies of representative amateur papers. Address: Amateur Journalist Department of YOUNG AMERICANS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

AN AMATEUR EDITOR AND HIS MAGAZINE

Comparatively few amateur magazines are issued with sufficient regularity to be entitled to the second class mailing privilege, but prominent among these few is the "Bubble" which is published by Karl Keffer, Jr., of Charleroi, Pennsylvania. The editor of the "Bubble" is now sixteen years old, and has published his magazine several years. He is the owner of his printing plant, which is valued at \$350, and has a subscription list of several hundred.

That riding his hobby has not detracted from his regular work is shown by the fact that this year he was graduated from the High school of



his city. It will be noted that the editor is also his own art manager, and the cover of his magazine which we have reproduced, shows that he is an artist of no mean ability. It is quite evident that

Mrs. Keffer, the mother of Karl, Jr., has given much encouragement to the young editor. She says in her reply to a letter sent her asking for a photograph of her son: "If you want to write about Amateur Journalism, say to parents 'You can do no better than to get your boy a printing press and turn him loose on an amateur paper, if you want to keep him home off the streets, and have him acquire a good, all-around, practical education in addition to his regular school work.'"

CRITICISM

In a recent contest in which many well-known amateurs advised us how to conduct an amateur department in a professional paper, it was suggested that considerable space should be devoted to criticism of amateur efforts. In fact, this seemed to be the most popular suggestion offered by those who entered the competition.

Acting upon this suggestion we shall each month reproduce some article,



Karl Keffer, Jr., Publisher of "The Bubble"

## HAND BOOKS

For Folks with Hobbies

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By C. E. SEVERN

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DEPARTMENT 51

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story, or perhaps a page from an amateur magazine, and comment upon the same in what it is hoped will be a helpful and suggestive way. As an introduction to this series of critical articles I wish to point out what I consider to be the most flagrant, general faults of amateurs. It has been the good fortune of the writer recently to examine quite carefully several hundred amateur publications.

The thing that would strike a professional writer most forcibly is the trivial subjects that many amateurs choose to write about. Some of these subjects are the height of absurdity. There are plenty of sensible things that could be discussed profitably by amateur journalists, but to see so many amateur papers filled with serious discussions of no-account subjects is indeed a grievous fault.

Let it not be inferred that this criticism is aimed at those amateurs who choose senseless subjects and write about them in a bombastic way with the intention of being humorous. This is not the point I wish to make, although it does seem to me that there are many other varieties of humor more palatable than this.

VOL. V AUGUST, 1904 NO. 4

# The Bubble.

"PUBLISHED FOR 'BOYS BY ONE'"



OWNED, EDITED AND PRINTED BY KARL KEFFER JR., CHARLESTON, PA.

The August cover of "The Bubble"

A phase of this same fault is particularly noticeable in the stories written by amateurs. A very large percentage of amateur stories are absolutely silly. They have neither plot nor point.

I am selecting at random a few stories from a large file of amateur magazines before me. Here is one called "An Unfinished Tale," in which the author uses several thousand words in trying to tell how a certain Libby tried to write a story, but was interrupted by a boy named Bob. The story writer worked in a lot of padding in the shape of descriptions but all there is of the story is that Libby is writing a romance and is just getting on nicely when Bob comes along and asks her to go canoeing, and she goes.

In another story called "A Leaf from Life," it takes about two thousand words for the author to tell about a little girl named Betsy Ann taking a basket of eggs to market and selling them for thirty cents, for which she pur-

# AN ADDITIONAL GIFT

To get your subscription to our Boys' Temperance Paper we will give you 50 handsomely printed visiting cards (regular price 75c.) and the **NEW CENTURY KNIGHT** for one year for 25c., published twice a month by a boy, for boys. Send us 25c. in coin or stamps and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. Don't fail to write name plainly.

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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

## Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. **MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

ORIGINAL Uncle Tom's Cabin Song Book. Contains complete music of *Golden Summer Time*, and 50 other songs. Publisher's price 25c. Our price 50c. each. Vernon-Grevier Co., East Highgate, Vermont.

... a bag of chocolates instead of donating money to a children's hospital. I realize that good plots are rather scarce, for pity's sake, don't "take your pen in hand" and write anything that comes into

your head, and trust to luck for your story to contain a plot. It would be far better for you to take the plot from a story written by somebody else, and write the story in your own way.

... the manager of the art department of YOUNG AMERICANS, who examines the drawings that are entered in our various prize contests finds that the two chief failings of the young artists are, first in not using the proper materials in making their drawings, and second in producing lifeless, woody figures.

... In the first place it must be remembered that unless a drawing is made in black ink, it cannot be reproduced for an illustration. It is best to use India ink. It is also best to use regular drawing paper which can be procured at any stationers. In drawings made on common white paper, the ink is likely to run, and thus spoil the entire effect of the drawing.

... In sending drawings out for publication, they should always be mailed flat. When drawings are sent out in tubes, they are often crushed in the mails, and thus spoiled for reproduction.

... The other fault, making your drawings stiff and woody, you can only correct by study and practice. You should constantly copy

drawings of first class artists. The illustrations in popular magazines will give you good subjects to copy. Of course it will take quite a long time for you to be able to reproduce drawings that contain life and expression, but these are the only kind in demand, and unless you master all the difficulties, and become able to make drawings of this kind, you will probably never be a successful artist.



We are glad to present a drawing by a young artist, which is a good example of the kind of drawings we wish for YOUNG AMERICANS, and that all editors wish for their magazines. It is full of life and action. The figures are well executed and the pose is almost perfect. We do not know whether the drawing is an original or whether it is copied, but the young artist certainly deserves a great deal of credit in either case. The horse and the rider as you will note is done in stipple, while the rest of the drawing is in line. The combination of the stipple and the line work is particularly pleasing.



R. V. Stambaugh, age 19, Demorest, Georgia

**A Truthful Advertisement**

We see so many lying "bargain" advertisements in our show-windows now-a-days that an honest one naturally commands attention. A tobacco store on Broadway in New York, has a window ad. that comes about as near telling the truth as any we have ever seen. There is a large picture of a handsome black and white casket, decorated with flowers in expensive designs, and on the top are six little ornaments each bearing the name of some cheap, popular cigar (not sold of course by this particular firm). Above, telling the story of the unhappy victim's fate, is an inscription which reads: "The result of patronizing trust cigar stores"

That reminds us of the advertisement, "Don't go elsewhere to get cheated—come in here."

The whole truth would have been told, had they omitted the word "trust," so that the inscription had read, "The result of patronizing cigar stores." Lying near the casket is a card of sympathy with the cheering words, "Poor fellow, and he only needed 18,349 more coupons to get that piano." Let us suggest to dealers selling this sweet and wholesome weed, that if they want to give their deluded customers a prize for coupons, a coffin, a tombstone or a cemetery-lot would be far more appropriate and vastly more appreciated than a piano. Besides, just think of playing a solemn funeral march on a piano!



**WHAT**  
**\$1**  
**Will Do**

One Dollar, if sent at once, will bring you a copy of . . .

**"How to Illustrate"**

A Profusely Illustrated Self-Instructing Book on an entirely new plan—by Charles Hope Provost, artistic contributor to high-class magazines and weeklies everywhere—teacher of 4,000 people by mail—originator of correspondence art instruction.

1. It will bring a complete and practical course of art instruction right into your own home.
2. It will not only tell you what is necessary to become a successful illustrator but will show you how to do it.
3. It will instruct you in the practical points of illustrating from the professional standpoint, which few even the graduates of our best art schools learn, until, often too late, they are taught by experience.
4. And finally it tells you how to sell your work after you've learned how to produce it.

**CONTENTS**

**TECHNIC**—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, grease and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treating zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines, double cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs. What materials to use, including papers, canvases and bristol boards. Tools and how to handle them. Drawing from Nature. Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc. **COLOR**—primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc. **ARTISTIC ANATOMY**—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work. **LETTERING**—Copying and originating. Roman, black, old English and script styles shown. Elementary, historic and geometric ornament. Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition. **FACTIAL EXPRESSION**—Sorrow, joy, rage, fear, contempt, laughter. **ARTIST'S LINEAR PERSPECTIVE**. **SIXTEEN DETAILS**—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc., etc. Explanations of various engraving and reproductive processes. "HOW TO ILLUSTRATE" sent prepaid to any address in the world for \$1.00. (Limp covers) A more handsomely bound edition in cloth covers \$1.50 prepaid.

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a handy book (complete in itself on this subject), and containing specimens and explanations of all kinds of caricature, from the simple work of the student to the finished drawings of the best artists. Prepared by a professional artist of twenty years' experience. Nineteen pages of diagrams and illustrations. A 12-page supplement sent with this book is alone worth its price.



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For selling 2 to 16 packages, we give rare collections of postage stamps and many other things. For selling 8 pcks, a stamp album to hold 2000 stamps; for selling 12 pcks, 1000 aaset. foreign stamps; for 20, Scott's Catalogue; for selling 10, big stamp and story paper one year. For selling various amounts we give typewriters, presses, rifles, cameras, telescopes, musical instruments, books, chemical wonder boxes, mineral collections, dynamos, watches, telephones, etc. Send for our complete **Illustrated Premium List** of hundreds of choice gifts, and 10 packages ink powder to sell. Address

**THE FAY CHEMICAL COMPANY**  
BOX 82, STA. A, BOSTON, MASS.

For our reliability we refer you to the Editor of this paper.



## EARN A GOLD WATCH

A perfect beauty; Solid Gold Laid Engraved Case, American Movement, warranted correct time; equal in appearance to \$50 Solid Gold Watch; guaranteed 25 years. Given absolutely free to boys or girls or anyone selling 25 packages **Bluing** at 10 cents.

No money required; we trust you. Send for Bluing, sell the packages at 10 cents and return us the money. Then we will send you the **Watch**. We also give 30 other elegant presents.  
**TRUE BLUE CO., DEPT. 40, BOSTON, MASS.**

# THE LEAGUE OF SUCCESS CLUBS

**A** FEW of our members have wondered why more space in **YOUNG AMERICANS** is not devoted to our clubs. A little consideration of the matter as viewed from an editorial standpoint will readily disclose the reasons why the K. O. K. A. and League departments are limited.

It must be remembered that only a part of our readers belong to our clubs, hence it would not be fair to the readers who are not club members for us to use a great deal of our space in telling about matters of interest only to club members.

On the other hand, it should be borne in mind that there are many things throughout the magazine that are especially helpful to club members, although they also interest all of our readers. Take the "Up-to-Date Department," for example. While it is interesting to everyone, it is especially helpful to those who are preparing debates and writing articles for club programmes.

Since the editor-in-chief is general secretary of the League it is quite natural that he will always have the interest of League members in mind when planning the editorial programmes. And the League branches never suffer because the space in their official organ is limited. Secretaries of branches are continually receiving letters and printed pamphlets from the bureau at headquarters, telling of the latest and best ideas for promoting the interests of Success Clubs.

### MORE PRIVILEGES FOR LEAGUE MEMBERS

Now that our League has become an independent organization with each branch con-

An international federation of self-improvement societies, for young people of both sexes, old enough to be interested in debating and other literary work. Information for stamp. Complete hand-book, ten cents. Outfit for a branch, including charter and full equipment, \$1.50. Address, **General Secretary Success League, 32 Waverly Place, New York City.**

tributing its share toward the support of the whole League, we are enabled to add quite materially to the benefits afforded to our members. Every League member will enjoy the various privileges of which he is entitled, enumerated and described on the back of his membership card. Any member who does not have a membership card should apply to the secretary of his branch for one. Under our new constitution

every League member should have an official signed card certifying to his membership in the League. These membership cards are handsomely printed in colors and are furnished by our headquarters bureau, free to all branches in good standing.

### THE BUREAU OF SPECIAL AID

The bureau of information of the League answers all ordinary questions free of cost to League members. Sometimes, however, a member desires information that requires special investigation and research through the libraries. In order to supply this service to our members and others we have secured the assistance of several literary workers who are experts in matters of this kind. The Special Bureau will undertake such matters, criticizing and correcting manuscript, advising literary aspirants, and helping inexperienced authors to sell their stories and articles. The Bureau will also investigate any subject and will assist writers to properly prepare their articles. The Bureau will have manuscripts typewritten and put in salable condition.

Moderate fees will be charged for all our



Good Appetites and Good Watermelons Make a Fine Combination

Photo by James Norris, Albany, N. Y.

services performed by the Special Bureau. A little pamphlet describing the various functions of the Bureau and giving more detailed information about it will be sent to any one upon request. Address Success League, Bureau of Special Aid, 32 Waverly Place, New York.

#### THE CONVENTION AT ST. LOUIS

As there was so little time for "booming" the convention which is to be held at the World's Fair, September 15, it is not likely that the convention will be an overwhelming affair. Yet it is often true that enthusiasm counts for more than numbers, and it is quite certain that the convention will not lack for enthusiasm.

The programme is to consist of a dinner party in the evening of September 15, given by the General Secretary at the Inside Inn on the World's Fair Grounds after which there will be some brief speech making and a general discussion of various ways and means of improving and extending the benefits and influence of our organization.

#### THE NEW GUIDE FOR CLUB MEMBERS

The new handbook for members of all clubs, has just been completed and put into the printer's hands. It will soon be ready for mailing, so those wishing copies should order them at once.

Into this book Mr. Hungerford has put the results of his five years' experience in directing the development of the League of Success Clubs. Every feature of club work is covered, making the handbook indispensable to every club member. It is quite a large book, bound in tough paper covers. Sent postpaid to any address for fifteen cents.



#### An Error

Mr. Leonard B. Moore, the Secretary of the Phi Chapter of Theta Phi Fraternity, which is Branch No. 2080 of the Success Clubs, calls our attention to the fact that the picture published on page 182 of the July issue of *YOUNG AMERICANS*, which was supposed to represent a branch of the Success League at Leroy, N. Y., was an error, and that this picture was of the club of which Mr. Moore is the Secretary. The error was caused by the fact that there was nothing on the picture to show just what it represented, and as it became separated from the letter which was sent with it to this office, it became confused with a picture of the club at Leroy.



#### The Cost of Firing Cannon

Modern naval warfare, says *Leslie's Weekly*, is one of the most costly things that can be imagined, and a combat between two fleets means the expenditure of vast sums of money. Some idea of the high cost can be arrived at by taking a Japanese warship like the *Kasuga* or *Nysshin* and calculating the number of shots she would discharge, say, at Port Arthur.

The first-named ship carries four cannon which cost \$30,000 each. One of these guns can fire two shots per minute, and every shot costs \$400; thus in five minutes these four cannon can discharge forty bombs at a cost of \$16,000. The smaller cannon cost \$18,000, and every shot they fire means an expenditure of \$70. They are very rapid, and it is estimated that in five minutes the twelve cannon could discharge shot to the value of nearly \$35,000.

# FREE TRIPS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

## BOYS 500 BOYS

We are going to give 500 boys in the United States and Canada an opportunity to visit The World's Fair at St. Louis, and stay six days.

We pay railroad fare for round trip

Six day's board and lodging

Six admissions to the Fair

August 1904 September  
October November

If you are willing to sell *World's Fair Guides* and pictures in your own town.

We start you in business You do the rest

Quick, active work will secure results. 1,000 other magnificent awards. You can't lose even if you don't make the free trip.

Send reference, and we will express  
you goods to start in business at once

## WRITE TO-DAY TO STAR GUIDE COMPANY

708-710 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**MOTTOES** Send ten cents to-day for three samples of our beautifully printed mottoes, and our booklet containing a list of many others.

#### THE SUCCESS LEAGUE

32 Waverly Place, New York

**A BIG HIT** Pantaloon match safe, comic and useful. Sample pair 10c. Catalog FREE.  
C. D. MYERS & SON, 1518 W. Madison Ave., N.Y.

#### BOYS BE ELECTRICIANS

For 10c we will send complete information enabling you to install Electric Bells, Burglar Alarms, Telephones, Telegraph Instruments, etc. We sell everything Electrical. Phillips Elec. Co., 340 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

**BOYS** Earn a *Gold-Plated Watch* for one hour's work, securing for us only 20 subscriptions to our paper at 10c. each. Send to-day for sample of paper and full particulars. **American Stories**, Dept. I. G., Grand Rapids, Mich.

# YOU CAN MAKE MORE MONEY

By joining our Money Makers' Success Club than you could by using your spare time in any other way. It makes no difference who you are or where you live our plan will suit you. We need your help and we are willing to pay you well for every minute you can spare to use in our service. You can learn the work in almost no time, and you are sure to succeed if you try. So if you want money for any purpose sit right down and write to-day mentioning your age and telling us for what purpose you need money.

## DO IT NOW!

ADDRESS

**THE MONEY MAKERS' SUCCESS CLUB**

UNIVERSITY BUILDING, WASHINGTON SQUARE

NEW YORK



### NEW COMPETITIONS

Several changes are made in our competitions this month. Please note that we now award cash prizes instead of articles of merchandise. This will avoid all difficulties experienced by articles going astray or being delayed.

**SHORT STORY**—Choose your own subject and tell any kind of a story, either true or imaginary, containing 2,000 words or less.

**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**—Choose any subject containing figures of young people.

**DRAWING**—Still life.

**POETRY**—Choose any subject.

### SPECIAL CONTESTS

We will award two dollars to each person who sends a photograph, drawing or article that is accepted and printed in any of the following contests: 1. A wild animal photograph. 2. A cartoon on any topic of current interest. 3. An original joke or funny anecdote. 4. A description of any article of handiwork that can be easily constructed by any ingenious boy or girl. Illustrate with drawing or photograph, if possible.

### AD-WRITING CONTEST

For every original design of any advertisement that is considered good enough to print, we will award a one dollar prize, and we will award a free scholarship in any correspondence school advertised in *YOUNG AMERICANS*, to the person who submits the three best advertisements in our Ad-Writing Contests, before April, 1905.

### PRIZE AWARDS

Three cash prizes are awarded in each contest as follows: First prize, \$3.00. Second prize, \$2.00. Third prize, \$1.00.

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

All readers are eligible to these competitions, but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in jet black.—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than 12 inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, October 25, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in December.

All articles for prize contests should be addressed *YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITIONS*, University Building, Washington Square, New York.



Desert Screech Owls

In Arizona the owls live mostly in holes in the ground, and in holes in the giant cactus. It would be contrary to their predatory nature to dig their own holes, or yet to build nests or perches while there were other available nesting places. So every springtime there is a lot of trouble among the desert chipmunks and ground squirrels until the burrowing owls have chosen their holes and settled down for the season. Similarly the Gila woodpeckers and gilded flickers have no assurance that their holes in the saguaros are their own until after the screech owls and pygmy owls have been established in comfort. Possession is all the law as in the Arizona cactus and desert, and in case of a dispute the owls eat little chipmunks and flickers, anyway.

All day, in the cool depths of his hole, the screech owl hides from the heat and glare of the sun. In the evening he comes out and sits silently on the river bottom, where the mice and kangaroo rats are already beginning to play on the sand patches and to hustle through the grasses and arrowweed thickets. The quail and valley quail are hid away in the bushes, and around the odd logs and stumps great yellow scorpions and beetles are picking their way. At the slightest movement of a blade of grass the screech owl swoops to the ground, and soon he is not ransacking the flats for mammals but is searching bunches of mistletoe and dense mesquite trees for the birds which lie hidden there.

He does not scorn the scorpion and beetle, nor yet grasshoppers and smaller bugs. At the same time he will tackle a bush rabbit or catch a pocket gopher from his hole by the head. He swallows his prey whole, and, after digestion has taken place, throws up the bones and furs in shape of pellets. It is by looking at pellets beneath woodpecker holes in cottonwood and saguaros that naturalists are able to locate the homes of these owls. Country life in America.

Seven Reasons for Temperance

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer, who had been listening attentively, shut his knife with a snap, and said: "I don't know nuthin' about the law, but I've got seven good reasons for votin' for it."

"What are they?" asked the lawyer. "Four boys and three daughters." Exchange.

Amplified Woman

"The car was entirely empty with the exception of one man," said the lady. "He was in the reverse of the car. As I entered he rose, made an unsteady but magnificent bow, and said:

"Madam, please be kind 'nough to eschert his plash." There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him and sat down.

And for a long way that idiot hung from a strap, swaying in the breeze, with not a soul in the car but ourselves. Occasionally I have been taken for other women, but I never before had anyone think I was a carful." Manchester Times.

The Man Who Wins

The man who wins is the man who works; The man who toils while the next man shirks; The man who stands in his deep distress, With his head held high in the deadly press - He is the man who wins. Anon.

CHICAGO 103 Dearborn St. ST. PAUL 200 Broadway St. MILWAUKEE 112 Grand Ave. CLEVELAND 122 Woodward Ave. DETROIT 122 Woodward Ave. PHILADELPHIA 1216 N. Market St. LOUISVILLE 346 W. Market St. ATLANTA 6 Whitehall St. KANSAS CITY 1013 Main St. ST. LOUIS 1016 Olive St. BOSTON 633 Summer St. NEW YORK 40 W. 42nd St. PITTSBURGH 415 Wood St. CINCINNATI 123 Vine St. BUFFALO 262 Main St. DENVER 425 16th St. ALBANY 41 E. Main St. ROCHESTER 41 E. Main St. ALBANY 41 E. Main St. ROCHESTER 41 E. Main St.

Quarter Sizes in Shoes!



Regals are now made in quarter sizes, just doubling the number of fittings in every style. 36 quarter sizes, 8 widths, making 288 different chances for a perfect fit in each shape. The new Regal quarter-size system marks the end of high-priced custom shoe-making; for no custom bootmaker in the world can make a last which will conform more closely to the size of your foot than a quarter-size Regal. Already conceded to be exact duplicates of the finest custom-made shoes in style, finish and material, Regals have now acquired the last requisite—perfect fit. No other shoe manufacturer can offer you quarter sizes, which means that no other dealer, in your local stores or by mail, can so accurately fit you—so thoroughly satisfy you.

Let Us Send Our Style Book—It's Free

75 HANDSOME NEW STYLES in Men's and Women's Fall Regals are now awaiting your inspection. See them in any one of the 78 Regal stores or send to the Mail-Order Department in Boston for the new Fall Style Book the very next thing to seeing the shoes themselves. Large photographic reproductions with complete descriptions and instructions for ordering by mail.

Regal Shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands also Germany and Italy. Ample cover of the Parcel Post System, on receipt of 15 cents per pair. (The extra 25c is for delivery.)

Regal Shoe Co., Inc.

Mail Order Dept., 633 Summer St., Boston, Mass. SUB-STATION A—Cor. Gray and South in Sts. San Francisco. SUB-STATION B—101 Dearborn St. Chicago. SUB-STATION C—1018 Olive St., St. Louis. SUB-STATION D—61 Canal St., New Orleans. SUB-STATION E—6 Whitehall St. Vinalon, Atlanta. London Post Dept., 97 Cheapside, London, England. Regals delivered through London Post Dept. to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 15/6.

78 REGAL STORES IN 35 CITIES.

REGAL THE SHOE THAT PROVES

YOU CAN VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR AT OUR EXPENSE

Any boy or young man of ability who wishes to go to St. Louis this summer can earn all his expenses by working for us. We want some person in every community to act as our permanent agent. To such we offer the opportunity to make from \$10 to \$50 a week, according to the time and ability given, by work which can be done at odd times.

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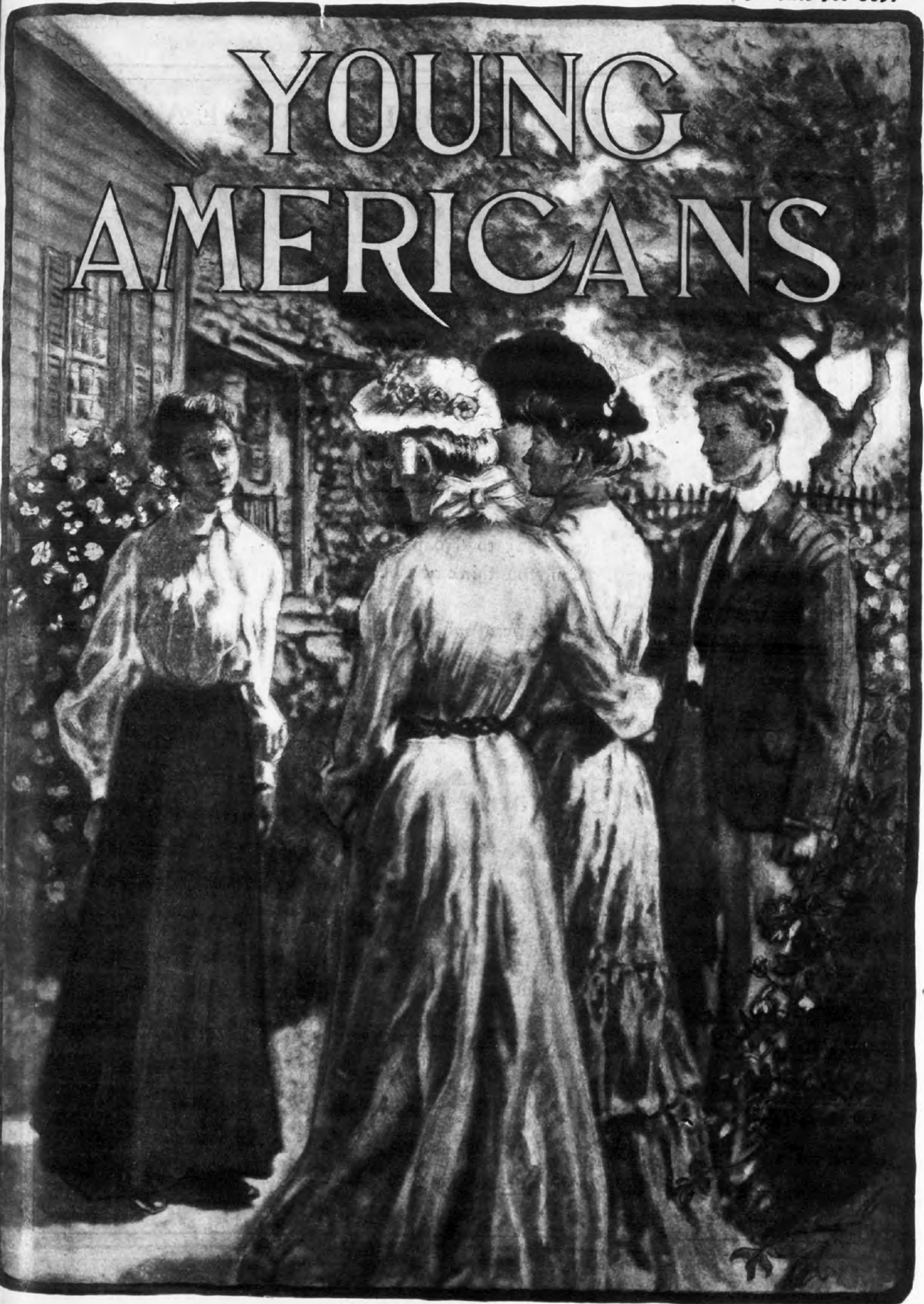
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OCTOBER, 1904

Crawford 2260  
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5 Cents per Copy

# YOUNG AMERICANS



"My son, Archibald Percival."



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To Our Agents  
*In Commissions and Cash Prizes*



This much money actually went into the pockets of those who secured subscriptions for us between October 1st and March 31st, last winter. One man made over \$100 every single week of this time; many others earned from \$25 to \$50 per week, steadily, without the investment of a cent of capital. Can you think of a better money-making opportunity that requires no financing.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE,

NEW YORK CITY

# YOUNG AMERICANS

A monthly magazine for young folks who read, think, and act for themselves.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
THE LEAGUE OF SUCCESS CLUBS  
THE KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR  
THE QUEENS OF AVILION

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**WILLIAM BYRON FORBUSH**  
ASSISTANT EDITOR  
**ORISON SWETT MARDEN**  
(Editor and Founder of the Success Magazine)  
ADVISORY EDITOR

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## PRIZE BOX

What story in this issue is most interesting? Why?

Give your answer in two hundred words or less, writing on one side of paper only. Ten prizes will be awarded for the ten best replies, each prize consisting of an annual subscription to YOUNG AMERICANS, to be sent either to the prize winner or any friend that he may select.

## Will You Help Us Crack This Nut?



IN my first editorial talk I called attention to the three legs which upholds a magazine; namely, the editorial, the circulation and the advertising legs. This month, I wish to change the figure and call these three departments nuts instead of legs. This idea was suggested to me by a letter from Edward Bok, the editor of "The Ladies Home Journal" in which the writer advised me that interesting the advertiser would be our "hardest nut to crack."

I am well aware that Mr. Bok was right; but no matter how hard the nut is, it must be cracked. I do not expect to do it alone, but when all the friends of YOUNG AMERICANS get together and bear down on the handles of the cracking machine we can smash the toughest nut "all to flinders."

We cracked the editorial nut. I do not wish to claim the credit for the improvements in our magazine. I have simply carried out suggestions and followed advice given by our readers.

In a like manner we cracked the circulation nut. I told our friends that we needed more subscribers and they told their friends and so our circulation grows rapidly.

So we are going to crack the advertising nut. I am proud of the rapidly increasing circle of friends that YOUNG AMERICANS is making. Daily, I receive letters from these friends assuring me of their deep interest in our magazine and suggesting various improvements. I feel confident, therefore, that it will only be necessary for me to lay the advertising problem before our friends, when it will be settled forthwith. Then, here is the "nut" to be cracked.

Some advertisers have the idea that the young people who read our magazine do not patronize advertisers. I believe that they are mistaken, but we must prove it before we can convince them that they should constantly advertise in YOUNG AMERICANS. In other words we must show the advertisers results. This we can do by answering the advertisements in our magazine and purchasing goods from our advertisers.

There need be no fear of being defrauded in any way, because none but strictly reliable firms are permitted to use our columns. We guarantee all advertisements.

In answering our advertisements be sure and mention the fact that you saw the advertisement in YOUNG AMERICANS and be sure to write the advertiser's address exactly as it appears in the magazine.

• • •

So much space has been taken up in discussing this advertising problem that there is no room left for other matters. I intended to call your attention to some of the improvements that we have made and to tell you about others that we are going to make. Well, I reckon you will discover the improvements anyway, so that will settle that side of the question. But I don't want you to overlook the other side; i. e. That we want more suggestions for other improvements. Does this "put you wise?"



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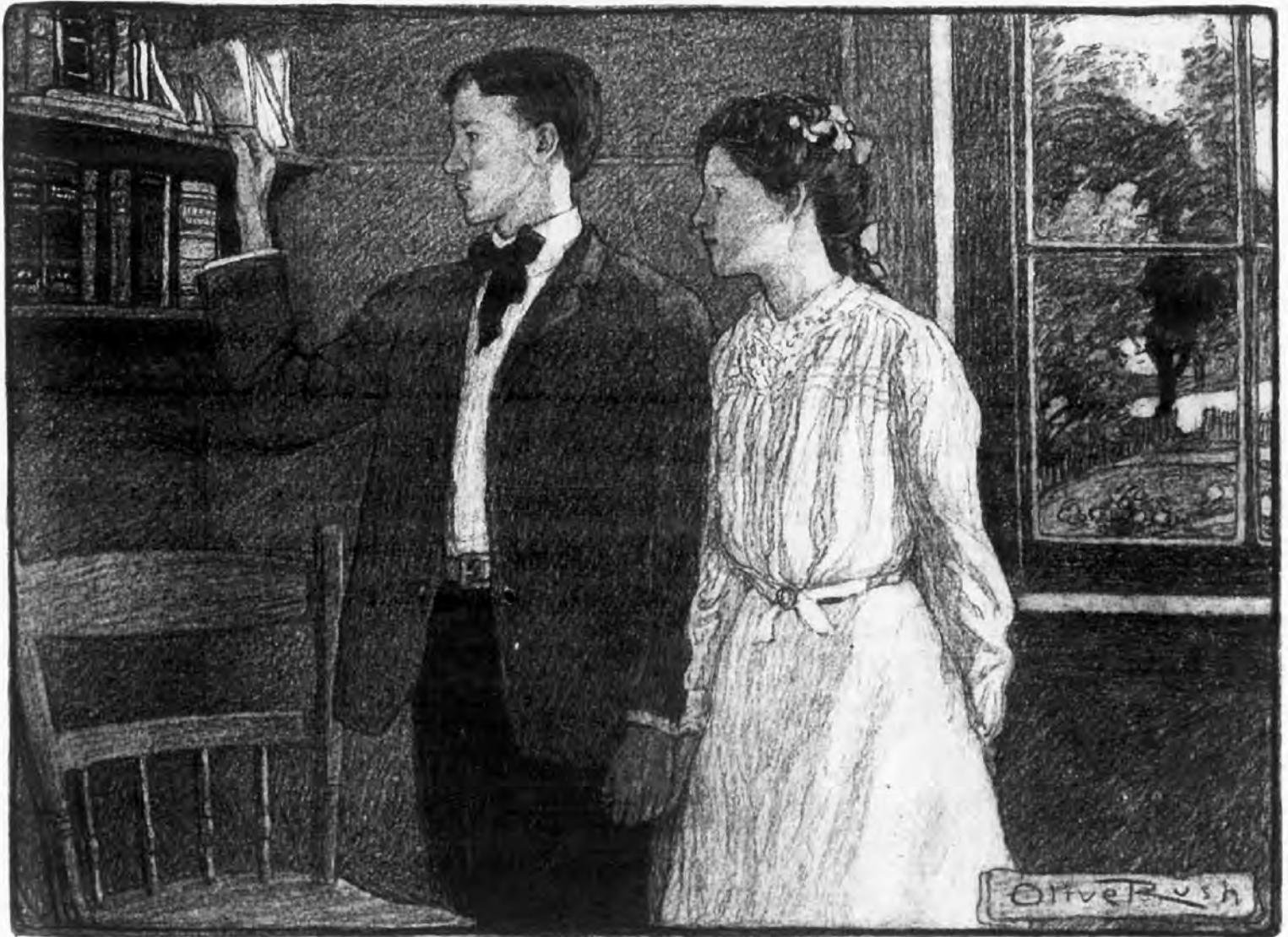
# YOUNG AMERICANS

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Vol. 37

OCTOBER, 1904

No. 9



## THE IMP SOCIETY OF WESTON ACADEMY

### CHAPTER I

[F Archibald Percival Van Schouten had been able to select his own mother, he might have developed into a different sort of a boy. But what could be expected of a boy who had the kind of a mother who would inflict such a name upon her infant son? And the worst of it was that Mrs. Van Schouten seemed to take pride in always pronouncing both names in full. Perhaps the fact that she had been a teacher of elocution before marriage, influenced her choice of a name for her only son. There certainly was something grandly impressive in her way of saying:

"My son, Archibald Percival."

This was what Polly Perkins thought when Mrs. Van Schouten brought Archibald Percival over to call. Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Van Schouten had been schoolmates, but the Van Schouten family had lived in New York city up to

### A SERIAL STORY

By ARTHUR J. ARMSTRONG

Author of "That Fellow From Up Stony Creek."

Archibald's seventeenth year, whereupon Mr. Van Schouten decided to retire from business and return to Weston, his boyhood home. Of course, Mrs. Perkins hastened to call upon her old school friend, and when Mrs. Van Schouten and

her son came to return the call it happened that both the Perkins boys were away on a fishing trip, so the task of entertaining Archibald Percival fell upon Polly. Polly and her mother were sitting on the porch when their callers appeared.

"Oh Mamma! Who is that grand lady coming to see us?" whispered Polly, excitedly. "Why, my dear, that is Mrs. Van Schouten, of whom you have heard me speak so often," was the answer, and both hastened down the walk to greet their visitors.

The introductions being duly performed, the mothers retired to the porch to chat over old times, and at the suggestion of Mrs. Perkins the young people visited the tennis courts

for the purpose of getting acquainted over a game of tennis. As they were leaving Mrs. Van Schouten called after them:

"Now Archibald Percival, be careful that you don't over-exert yourself on this warm day."

"Yes, mamma," was the meek reply; but the look on the face of Archibald Percival did not indicate that he duly appreciated Mrs. Van Schouten's tender solicitude.

At first, Polly's awe on account of Mrs. Van Schouten's grand manner of introducing her son made her play rather nervously, but before the set was half played it was evident that Archibald Percival would have to disobey his mother's wishes and exert himself if he had any show of winning. Archibald saw which way the game was running and, not relishing being beaten by a girl, he suggested:

"I say, Miss Perkins, don't you think it is too hot to play tennis to-day?"

"Perhaps it is," assented Polly, demurely. "May be you would prefer a game of croquet?"

"Have we got to play something, anyway?" asked Archibald Percival. "Why can't we sit down and visit just the same as our mothers are doing?"

The idea of young people visiting when they could just as well be indulging in some athletic sport was something new to Polly and appealed to her as rather ridiculous; yet, not wishing to offend her guest, she replied cordially enough.

"Why certainly we can visit, although I am afraid you won't find me a very entertaining visitor."

Accordingly Polly seated herself on a rustic chair under an apple tree overlooking the tennis courts, while Archibald Percival occupied the hammock which swung from the tree.

"Pretty nice little village you have here," he said by way of opening the conversation.

"I am glad it pleases you," replied Polly, because she could not think of anything else to say, since she had never given the matter a thought whether Weston was a pretty village or not.

"Oh! I am not exactly stuck on it," he rejoined rather pompously. "Of course, you could lose your whole town in a corner of one of the big buildings in New York, and for my part I would have liked it much better to stay in the city, but the governor insisted on coming out here and said it would probably do me good, too. He says that a man doesn't have a chance to amount to anything unless he is raised in the country. I guess I'll like Weston all right when I get a little better acquainted. I see there are some stunning girls in town."

This last was accompanied by a look which indicated that remark was intended to be personal; but, as Polly was too sensible a girl to know anything about flirting, the flattery was lost upon her. She merely replied:

"Yes, I think most of our Weston girls are nice. I suppose you are going to attend the Academy?"

"Oh, yes! I have one more year before I will be graduated. But, I say, do you have many balls around here?"

"No, we are not quite grand enough to have balls, but we have quite a good many parties, especially in the winter months.

"Do you enjoy dancing?" came the next inquiry.

"I might if I knew how," said Polly.

"Why, don't you know how?" This in a surprised tone. "It's dead easy. I could teach you the waltz step in two minutes. I'll show you now. It goes this way." Rising, he hummed a popular waltz and executed the steps for Polly's edification.

"Why, this lawn is so smooth that it is as easy to dance upon as a waxed floor. Come on and I'll teach you the steps right now."

At first Polly hesitated for she knew that her mother, like nearly all of the good people of the village, was opposed to dancing, yet she had always had a secret longing to learn dancing, so, as Archibald again urged, "Come ahead," she yielded.

Being naturally athletic and possessing considerable musical taste she was an apt pupil, and in less than two minutes she had mastered the waltz step and was whirling lightly over

the lawn as gracefully as an accomplished society belle. Archibald hummed a tune to which their flying feet kept time. After a few moments they stopped to rest from their exertions, but Archibald did not immediately take his arms from Polly's waist, and as they stood for a second beneath the shade of the apple tree he looked down into Polly's merry laughing eyes, and suddenly pressed his lips to her cheek. It was so unexpected that Polly stood for an instant stunned with astonishment, then, as she realized that Archibald had actually kissed her, she tore herself from his arms and "Whack!" went her hand with no gentle force against his cheek.

"You mean old thing," she cried, "I don't care if your name is Archibald Percival Van Schouten, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

"You needn't, you little spit fire," replied Archibald angrily, rubbing his burning cheek. "I didn't hurt you, and anyway you looked as if you wanted me to kiss you."

"Oh! I never did any such a thing," cried Polly angrier than ever at this accusation. "You are the horriddest boy ever saw, and if I were only a boy myself I would give you a good thrashing."

"You wouldn't, heh?" sneered Archibald. "Well, if you were a boy I wouldn't have kissed you in the first place, but I just wish you were a boy and I'd like to show you whether you could thrash me or not."

Then picking up his cap he said, "I am going home; if mother asks about me tell her I had a headache."

Polly did not deign to reply, but started off towards the house, scrubbing the spot on her cheek which Archibald had kissed, with her pocket handkerchief.

True to her word she refused to take any notice of Archibald Percival and scornfully snubbed him whenever they met. She would not explain to her brothers why she did so, and when they questioned her the only reply she would give was that she "didn't like 'snobs' anyway."

"But Archibald Percival isn't a snob," protested Patrick, "he's a good fellow when his mother isn't around, and I don't think you are fair, Pat to treat him as you do."

Paul, however, was more reticent with his praises of Archibald Percival, and when Pat came home from school one day with a glowing account of a secret society that Archibald Percival was going to form, Paul did not receive the news with much heartiness. When Pat explained that the society was to be named "The Improved Order of Independent Imps," and that the badge was to be a little black imp bearing a fork with three red prongs, he stated his disapproval of the scheme.

"I have heard of those imp societies before," he said. "Their main object is to get into all sorts of mischief and scrapes. They are the societies that do the hazings in colleges, and in some schools the faculty have rules prohibiting such kind of societies, and making it an offense for which expulsion from college is the penalty for any student to become a member. We don't want any such societies in Weston, and if you know when you're well off, you will keep out of it."

"Oh, fudge! you are always preaching," replied Pat. "What's the harm in a little fun now and then?"

"If you want to be a sober old deacon you can, but don't try to keep everybody else from having a good time. For my part, I'm going to join the society, and I'll bet you'll want to become a member after we're running a while."

"Not much," said Paul confidently, "and I'll bet that Professor Thayer breaks up the society before it is three months old, and you better look out what you do, because he is liable to expel some of the ringleaders."

"Croak away, you old frog if you enjoy it," laughed Pat, "but your croaking don't scare this chicken." And whistling "Blue Bell" he went out into the kitchen to wheedle the cook out of a piece of cake to "stay his stomach" until supper time.

The Perkins children were triplets and were generally known by their schoolmates as "The Three P's." As far as looks was concerned, they were as nearly alike as the proverbial "peas in a pod," but when it came to dispositions there was certainly a variety. Paul was a sober, steady,



industrious lad, always leading his classes, and always having the approval of his elders. But Pat must have inherited the disposition of his rollicking Irish ancestors. He was never serious and was invariably getting into scrapes. He was by no means a bad boy and won friends wherever he went, yet he seemed to regard the main object of life to have a good time.

Polly's disposition was variable, and it was a peculiar fact that it made a great deal of difference whether she was with Paul or with Pat. She seemed to follow the injunction to "Rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep," for many times she shared Pat's harum scarum adventures, and just as frequently she would be found seriously studying with her sober-minded brother. As the triplets were but sixteen years of age, of course, the boys still had the ruddy soft countenance of youth, and therefore, had Polly been a boy she could easily have passed for either Paul or Patrick.

On the week following Pat's announcement regarding the formation of the imp society, Paul returned from school one day and found Polly waiting for him with an expression on her face indicating some impending disaster.

"Oh, Paul," she exclaimed eagerly as he entered the house, "Come up to the library right away, I have some perfectly dreadful news to tell you."

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked Paul, when they were alone in the library. "Has Pat been cutting up again?"

"I knew you'd guess it," she replied, "but this time he is going to get into a worse scrape than ever before, and I don't know how we'll get him out of it, either, and then if they expel him from the academy it will break mama's heart."

"Maybe you think I'm a mind reader because I guessed it was some trouble about Pat," replied Paul, "but I'm not, and if you will please come to the point and tell me what you're driving at, I'll be much obliged."

"I found out about it by the merest accident," continued Polly. "I was tidying up your bedroom when he and Archibald Percival came into the den and talked it over. I was behind the curtains, of course, and after talking about it they went out of the room and up to the ball ground. I was so scared—"

"For goodness sake, Polly, do tell what the terrible 'it' is. I believe you are half Chinese, for you always tell everything backwards."

"I'm no more Chinese than you are," retorted Polly, "and I guess you would be excited too if your brother was going to join the imps, and they were going to do some initiation stunts and get him into such an awful scrape that he will be expelled on account of it."

"So that is the trouble is it? Well, I suspected it would come pretty soon. Did you find out just what they are going to do?"

"No, not exactly, but they are going to hold a meeting Tuesday night at midnight up in Cutter's Glen. Archibald Percival is the Grand High Mogul, and he is going to tell what Pat will have to do in order to prove that he has courage enough to become a member of the society. I know he will make it just as awful as he can because he knows that if Pat gets into any trouble it will make me feel dreadful, and he would do anything to get even with me."

"To get even with you?" inquired Paul. "What has he got to get even about?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Polly, blushing a little, "only I don't like him and he knows it, and I guess he don't like me much either."

"Well I wonder what we can do about it," said Paul, in perplexity, staring at the books in the cases, while Polly also wrinkled her forehead endeavoring to think of a way of solving the problem.

Suddenly she exclaimed, "I've thought of a scheme. Why can't you take Pat's place, and you get initiated, and then not do the stunt that the Grand Mogul tells you to do. We could find some way to lock Pat in his room or somewheres and if you dressed in some of his clothes they couldn't tell the difference."

"Yes, that might work," admitted Paul reflectively, "still

it would make them awfully mad when they found out about it and probably they would go ahead and have another initiation just the same. But I'll tell you what, Polly, your idea has suggested what I will do. You say the meeting is going to be held Tuesday night at midnight in Cutter's Glen. Well, I will go up in the Glen and hide myself somewhere so I can hear their initiation and find out what stunt they are going to make Pat do, and then we'll find some way of keeping him from doing it."

Cutter's Glen was situated about half a mile from the village across the Shenang River. At the upper part of the Glen there was a falls of considerable local fame. It was an ideal spot for the initiation ceremonial of an imp society.

Paul came into the Glen shortly after eleven and had no difficulty in locating the spot in which he was sure the ceremony would take place. Finding a convenient hemlock tree he climbed up it and hid himself among its boughs. It seemed ages before any one else appeared on the scene, but finally he saw lights approaching, and presently a dozen or more boys came into the Glen. After hanging their lanterns into various trees the boys donned black gowns with cowls coming over their faces. On the breast of each gown in white there was a grinning skull and a pair of cross bones. The cowl bore a pair of horns and each member carried a wooden fork with three prongs. After getting thus arrayed in the regalia they built a small fire and then the different members took their positions in the form of a circle.

Presently there was a slight commotion in the direction from which the boys had come, and a voice said, "Halt, who comes hither?"

Another voice replied, "A brother bringing with him a stranger who seeks admission into our worthy order."

"Advance no farther, brother," came the reply, "but first let this stranger be blindfolded lest he be a traitor and betray our secrets."

A few seconds later two of the black cowled imps came into the circle leading between them Pat with a bandage over his eyes. After he had entered the circle this bandage was removed and in a sepulchral voice one of the imps said, "Stranger, thou art now in the presence of his Royal Majesty, the Grand High Mogul of the Improved Order of Independent Imps." To this the Grand Mogul replied, "Stranger thou art come on a perilous mission. The noble deeds performed by our order demand that none but the brave shall be permitted to join our ranks. Brethren, let us now test this stranger to see whether he shall prove worthy of admission to our order."

It is not essential that the various "stunts" that Pat was now compelled to perform should be described; but he passed through them all with fairly good grace, and finally was brought again before the Grand Mogul who said,—

"Stranger, thus far thou hast proven that thou dost possess some courage, yet before we can admit thee to our order thou must undergo the grand final test, which must be performed before the next conclave of our noble order. If thou dost perform this final test with honor thou wilt be given a royal welcome into our order. Listen, stranger, to the test that I now give unto thee and see that thou dost perform it worthily."

"As thou art aware, in the village of Weston there doth reside a certain professor bearing the name of Morse. One of the possessions which this professor prizes very highly is the skull of an ape. He has been wont to show this possession to his classes, and it rests in an honored position on this professor's desk in his library. Thou, oh stranger! art commanded to go forth to-morrow night at midnight and enter that home to take therefrom this skull, to proceed with it to the Weston Academy, to attach the skull to the rope on the flagstaff in front of the Academy, and to hoist the skull to the top of the staff. Do this, oh stranger, and we will then welcome thee into our midst."

As Paul was listening intently and trying to catch every word of the Grand Mogul's directions he climbed too far out on the limb when without a moment's warning the limb broke with a crash, and he was hurled to the ground falling right into the midst of the circle of imps.

(To be continued)

# QUEERNESS OF MARCUS MILLER

MARCUS MILLER'S mother was dead, but his father was a good man who always followed the dictates of his conscience.

He believed it to be bad for his son to waste more than a month or two of the year at the little schoolhouse under the hill. Therefore, Marcus Miller reached his fourteenth year without having retarded his growth by over-study.

His father also believed that the best points in other people's souls are blunted by too much leisure, so he kept him busy. Neither did his parent believe in an unnecessary display of affection, consequently the boy decided that the people who wrote the few articles he had read on the joys of living, were liars.

When Marcus Miller was eighteen years old his father died and went into everlasting glory—at least so the minister said—and Marcus shed some bitter tears at the funeral and wished that his father had left a few tender memories behind him rather than a big farm. Then he took up the burden where the old man had left it, and went on getting more money and less happiness as the years went by.

Marcus always hated to hear the minister say: "The days of our years are three score years and ten;" it seemed such a long time to live. He often wondered why a wise Providence hadn't cut the limit down to about half. He was thinking about that one evening as he sat on the porch gazing absently at the morning-glory vines that were trembling in the evening breeze. So absorbed in thought was he that he started when the gate-chain rattled and the gate swung open to admit a dusty bicyclist who politely inquired if he could procure a meal in the neighborhood. A sudden longing for a companionship prompted Marcus Miller to invite the man in, and to order his servant to set the table.

The stranger, who was an amiable fellow and wanted to make himself agreeable, poured into the thirsty ears of Marcus a stream of description that nearly took his breath away. He told him of the seas he had crossed, and the Alps he had climbed, of the cities he had visited and the forests he had explored; and Marcus Miller sat perfectly still, listening with every nerve enraptured as Desdemona must have been when first she saw the glowing pictures painted by the words of Othello.

The stranger stayed until the moon rose over the hill, then rode gayly away. But the world was changed for the man he left behind leaning on the little picket gate. Marcus stood in the moonlight looking down the road, the wander fever throbbing through his veins—the world outside was calling him, he wanted to go, to see, to feel.

He wanted to be rich in memories like the man who had confessed his poverty of worldly goods. And for the first time in his life Marcus Miller realized that a man with money may be a pauper. It was soon after this night that the people began to notice that Marcus Miller was acting queer.

He no longer cared for the village gossip, and talk of farm implements seemed to bore him. Often when he sat in the corner grocery down in the village, he looked out of the door with eyes that seemed to see something a thousand miles away. And one day when an agent came in with big gold-framed chromas he paid three dollars and a half for a pair of companion pieces, the one being the rocky coast of almost anywhere, the other a stately ship sailing over a

To see something of this great big round world of ours is a natural emotion of the human heart. . . . .

wild, tempestuous sea. And once, when an old friend of his father congratulated him on having such a fine farm, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and bursting out—"I hate being an anchored ship!" threw his clay pipe on the floor

and walked out into the night. The next day the doctor called in a casual way—just to look at the prize cows, and incidentally suggested to Marcus that he ought to take treatment for his liver.

But Marcus displayed no interest in his suggestion; he was looking down the long road, thinking long thoughts.

Soon after this Marcus startled the village by offering his farm for sale or rent—and the prophet at the corner grocery declared that Marcus Miller was going to the bad—certain it was that he was going somewhere. To all questions on the matter, he answered, "I'm going to see the world," in the tone of one who announced the inevitable. And wise heads shook sadly over his folly, and only one pair of kindly eyes held a gleam of sympathy—they belonged to old man Perkins, who had in his youth taken in a ten days' excursion to the metropolis, the memory of which had followed him through the years, and been the one bit of color in his monotonous life.

Obediah Perkins was sometimes reminded of that trip when he saw a crimson poppy waving in his potato patch. "I don't know as I blame you, Marcus," he said, "when you get as old as me you won't regret anything so much as the good times you missed."

And it was he who helped Marcus find a good man to rent the farm for two years. And one day Marcus packed his new Gladstone bag, and, amid the solemn farewells of his friends the Ulysses of Martinsville departed on his wanderings.

Henceforth society at the corner grocery was never dull. The interest in the probable doings of Marcus Miller never waned, and after many months a letter with a foreign stamp came to Obediah Perkins, who hurried proudly over to the grocery store with it, determined that his friends should take part in the important ceremony of opening the interesting epistle.

The letter came from England, and in a few sentences Marcus Miller explained that he was just beginning to realize what life meant. The letter was carefully read over by all present, then with the aid of some strips of court plaster they pasted it to the inside of the glass candy case. Where for many days it received more attention than is paid to many of the old masterpieces in the gallery of the Louvre. Two years passed, and one spring morning when the blue mists hovered over the greening fields, and the woods were sweet with arbutus, Marcus Miller came home.

He got off at the flag station and walked through the wood lot in the direction of his farm. Just before he reached the clearing he sat down on a log and rested his head on his hand.

Obediah Perkins, searching for a stray member of his chicken coop, came slowly through the woods and halted in astonishment a few feet from Marcus.

The sunlight sifting through the branches shone on the wanderer's face and the old man studied it in silence, held speechless by a great peace that shone there, a peace so profound to be disturbed by petty cares and little worries. Marcus



THE HUSKING BEE

(Continued on page 285)

# YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITION

## The Juniors' Triumph

First Prize Story, by Ralph W. Peters, age 14 years

"COME on, George, help me carry this ladder over to that telephone pole," cried Andrews, one of the Juniors of the Centerville High School.

It was the Seniors' class day, and accordingly their colors, the yellow and green, were floating in every possible yet almost inaccessible place above and near the school grounds. Quite naturally the Juniors determined that these ignoble colors should come down and in their place should wave the blue and white. Thus it happened that Andrews and a few of his classmates had sneaked out before dismissal to begin the assault.

Obtaining a ladder from a nearby building under completion, Andrews and his ally placed it against a pole before the school-building, and together started to climb with some blue and white bunting. At this point a flood of pupils came pouring out of the school. A cheer arose from the "freshies" and "sophs" (who had grievances of their own against the Seniors); and a heartier one from the Juniors, as they beheld the two half way up the pole; but when the Seniors left the building, they made a headlong rush for the ladder, seized and made away with it.

But, at that moment, two more pairs appeared upon the scene, each with a ladder, running at top speed. Each chose a pole and hurriedly climbed. Their ladders were immediately seized by other Juniors, for future use.

Andrews now had the yellow and green down and replaced it with the blue and white, amid the cheers of his classfellows. This was the first victory. Andrews and his helper easily slid to the ground and each started for one of the row of poplars lining the street before the building, at the extreme top

of which trees were spread the offending bunting.

While the corps of pole and tree climbers were engaged in displacing the Senior colors and replacing them with their own, and while the Seniors were fighting with the ladder defenders for the possession of the ladders, a Junior appeared with a rope and an enormous strip of bunting, in a third story window beneath the flagstaff.

Through a defect in building, the flagstaff had been placed in a very inconvenient place on the roof, and was seldom used. The flag-ropes were, however, occasionally utilized from the window at which the Junior appeared, and the Seniors had raised their colors from this window the night before and had then thrown the ropes far out of reach on the roof.

All eyes were fastened on the figure in the window. What was he going to do? They were not long in suspense, for, having secured one end of the rope to the building, hanging far out of the window, with a dexterous twirl, he threw the other end around the base of the pole, and caught it again. Then pulling himself up the rope, he scrambled over the eaves and up to the pole, where he tore down the bunting and raised the blue and white.

The cheering was loud and long, the din constantly kept up until another figure appeared in a second story window—this time a Senior. He was directly above the overhead wire leading to the 'phone in the office. Determined that the yellow and green should wave undisturbed, he cast a strip of bunting some twenty-five feet out on the wire. But four Juniors instantly rushed into the building, bound three long window poles together to make a long pole, and ran for the same window. After some minutes of groping and poking, they succeed-



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

First Prize Photo, by Willis E. Elliott, age 17

ed in pulling in their prize. There was now but one piece of the fast disappearing yellow and green bunting and this was being unfastened from a tall poplar, by a Junior. At last, having it unfastened, he threw it out away from the tree, so that it would drop to the ground.

The shout that arose was quickly suppressed, for the breeze carried it down slantingly to a large cable just below the telephone wires, where it hung and swayed—dismally swayed—defiantly swayed—midway between the poles, while the Juniors nearly went frantic to get at it.

There was a moment of dreadful suspense, then the Seniors, seeing their advantage, broke into a yell. Rallying their forces, they prepared to renew the fight against the Junior colors, now waving everywhere. During this time Andrews, who was then standing among the spectators, had been thinking,—thinking quickly, and staring at the bunting, the pole, the cable; then, with the sudden exclamation, "I'll do it!" dashed forward to the pole. Of course it was a most foolhardy thing to do, but the loud cheering, his class's and his own successes had excited him to an intensity that made him reckless—and then the sight of that bunting!

He rushed up the pole, and started out on the cable, hanging, face upward, by his hands and feet. It was fully sixty feet to the bunting—a hard, tiring, dangerous journey, traveling on a wire, but he made progress slowly, foot by foot, with the silent gaze of everyone below upon him, till he reached the dangling prize, which he with some difficulty removed from the cable and dropped to the hands of his classmen, to be stripped into small pieces and distributed as souvenirs among the Juniors.

Shouting, cheering and shrill whistling combined to make a din, which finally subsided into an organized yell, ending in "Andrews! rah, rah!" The last of the yellow and green was down, the blue and white waved triumphantly in the breeze, and truth and purity reigned.

Returning to the pole was much harder work than going out, and his strength was nearly exhausted. Slowly he made his way, not foot by foot, but inch by inch. Once his foot slipped from the wire, so that he hung by his hands only. He doubted his ability to hang on, and four strong boys below prepared to break his fall, if possible; but, tired and aching as his arms were, with the strength of desperation he swung his feet upward onto the cable, and worked his way to the pole.

As he slid down he was seized and borne off on the shoulders of two stalwart Juniors, and for some minutes the cheering was loud and constant, while the Seniors slunk away, saying how they would have won out "if."

At the time Andrews was considered a hero among the boys, and was heartily praised for his perilous work, but when, taking his seat as usual the next morning, he glanced at a card on his desk, which read:

"Wanted at the office immediately upon arrival.

"MR. JACKSON."

he knew he had been watched by other than approving eyes.

Mr. Jackson, the principal of the school, pointed out to Andrews his folly and unnecessary danger, and he left the room with quite different views; and when the school assembled to hear a lecture, Mr. Jackson, before introducing the speaker, talked about class spirit and a boy's duty to his class (prudently refraining from mentioning names), the other boys thought differently about the matter, too.

"Class spirit," said Mr. Jackson, "is a highly commendable thing in its place, but when lives are needlessly imperiled for the sake of a passing triumph, it ceases to be praiseworthy and I hope to see that kind of so-called class-loyalty frowned upon and stamped out by all loyal classmen."



## A Tragedy of the Plains

Second Prize Story, by Roy Dunlap, age 15 years.

In the summer of 1873 the Indians in the reservation at Genoa asked permission to take an old time buffalo hunt. They had given up their rights to all the vast buffalo plains of Kansas and Nebraska, and this territory was rapidly filling with settlers. The old time spirit of savagery always seemed to return to the Indians during the exciting adventures of the chase, and the settlers were never safe from depredations during such a hunt. Accordingly, in granting permission to the Indians to go on the hunt, the government agent,



THE BROOKSIDE

Second Prize Photo, by Miss Myrel E. Sharp, age 25.

William Borgess, commissioned Mr. Williamson to accompany them in the capacity of trail agent. The trail agent was expected to restrain the Indians from any lawlessness, but his authority was only advisory, as the various chiefs who accompanied the expedition selected one of the company as supreme commander from time to time. The authority of this chief became absolute during the time for which he was chosen, and every movement was directed by him. The start was made from the reservation on July 2, 1873. Mr. Williamson was the only white man in the expedition save one, a Mr. Lester Platte, nephew of Mrs. Alvira G. Platte, who lived among the Pawnees for many years as a missionary. Mr. Platte had just arrived from the east, and wishing to see some real western life, asked permission to accompany the expedition. There were 600 Pawnees in the expedition, including squaws and papposes. The first buffalo seen on this hunt was a lone bull north of Arapahoe, on a small stream called Spring Creek. He was killed and then there was a great feast.

The first surround was made eight or ten miles south of Arapahoe, and they succeeded in killing all of the herd, to the number of 150 or so. Some white men were stalking this herd from the south, but on seeing the Indians they took to their horses and fled, doubtless thinking that the Indians were hostile. Several times in the course of the journey white

hunters had come into the Indian camp with some story calculated to turn the Indians back, told doubtless for the purpose of saving the game for the whites. On the evening of August 3rd some white men came into the camp and told Mr. Williamson that Sioux Indians had been watching the Pawnee band for several days, and had run their buffalo herd into the region as a decoy. In the midst of the attack on the buffalo the Sioux intended to attack the Pawnees. After so many attempts to deceive them the Indians were not willing to believe them, and determined to make the surround of the buffalo early the next morning as planned.

Mr. Williamson, however, concluded from the manner of the hunters that they were telling the truth, and tried by every means in his power to have the Indians abandon the chase. They already had all the game and pelts they could carry home, and there was no good reason for slaughtering another herd, but the Indians could not resist the pleasure of another chase.

Sky Chief was the leader in the supreme command in this chase. He insisted that the white men were lying, and when advised by Mr. Williamson to abandon the chase grew angry and said: "Buck Skin you are afraid. Many Sioux have I killed, and many more will bite the dust if I meet them. No, we will make the chase. You shall stay with the women if the Sioux come." All arguments having proved unavailing, Mr. Williamson started with the hunters. They located the herd about six miles west of where Culbertson now stands, and almost half way between the Republican and Frenchman forks. Three or four miles from camp stray buffaloes were seen coming southeast, as if they were being chased, but no signs of Sioux were seen. The straggling buffaloes were cut out and a few killed. Sky Chief and another Indian took after a bunch which went east, while the rest of the band were strung out over more than half a mile. As the struggling buffaloes were chased into the rolling country, the Pawnee forces became badly scattered. "Presently," says Mr. Williamson, in relating the story, "I saw signs of excitement among the Pawnees up in front, and a young buck came riding toward me. When he came up to where I was he cried out that the Sioux were coming. I rode forward and soon saw a band of Sioux on a rise

of ground about a mile and a half northwest of us, holding a council and making a war sign to the Pawnees.

"Terre-l-cocks, a Skeeder chief, was near me and I asked him what we would better do. 'What do you say?' he asked.

I suggested that we fall back to a clump of cotton woods about two miles down the canyon. The Skeeder chief agreed to this, but the Kit-Ke-Hawki-i chiefs wanted to fight, and Sky Chief was a Kit-Ke-Hawki-i. In his absence the chiefs of his band tried to assume authority and things were thrown into confusion. A Kit-Ke-Hawki-i chief said there was only a small band and that we could whip them if they came. When we got on higher ground, however, we saw that the hills were fairly black with Sioux, of whom there were probably a thousand. Things looked discouraging.

They were not prepared to meet such a formidable foe, and some began to weaken. At this point Sun Chief, who was head chief of the whole band of Pawnees, took command, and the discord which had existed was overcome.

The Sioux were moving rapidly toward our line when Sun Chief asked me to ride out toward them with a white flag, in hopes that the Sioux had a trail agent with them and that he would hold them back when he saw a white man with the Pawnees. It was a pretty hard thing for one man to ride out and face a band of one thousand Sioux ready for battle, and I did not like to do it. However, I told the interpreter, who was in citizen's clothes, that if he would go with me, we would go to meet the advancing Sioux. We rode to within eighty rods of them and I waved a white handkerchief as a signal to the trail agent, if there should happen to be one, but no attention was paid. Now the enemy ceased riding in circles, and lying flat on their ponies, made a dash. We wheeled and raced for our lives to the Pawnee position. This opened the battle. The Pawnee braves had gathered on the hills at the brow of the canyon, while the squaws and pack horses were in the canyon below. The squaws were chanting a mournful song and danced a slow measure in long lines of half circles, to instill bravery into their warriors.

The outnumbered Pawnees could not stand long against the attack of the Sioux. The fight immediately became very close, almost hand to hand, and the Sioux gained a position where they could shoot down into the canyon on



RESTING

Third Prize Photo, by Helen A. Sears, age 17



SPECIAL CONTEST. WILD ANIMAL

Prize Photo, by George Pinnell, age 16

the defenseless squaws and children. The Pawnee warriors were gradually driven from their position on the hills down into the canyon, which was rapidly being surrounded by the Sioux. I saw that it was a hopeless case for the Pawnees and sent word to the chiefs to make a break down the canyon before the Sioux should get behind us. Before the word had had time to reach them, as if by a perconcerted plan, the thongs which bound the packs were loosened or cut and the whole band of Pawnees fled at full speed. The Sioux pursued along the sides of the canyon, shooting down on the struggling fugitives, and many were killed in this way. They followed us until we reached the river, into which we plunged, and soon reached the south bank, but many of the Pawnees were killed while crossing. We then started down stream along the side of the river and in less than three miles met several hundred soldiers marching up stream on the other side. The soldiers offered to go with the Indians to the scene of battle and rescue the meat and their packs, but the Indians would not have it. They said they would not take it if it would be brought to them. In all about one hundred and fifty Pawnees were killed and those who escaped lost everything they had except a few packs of blankets which served as saddles for the squaws.



## How Ethan Went to School

Third Prize Story, by Garth A. Howland, age 17 years.

If there was one thing above all others Ethan Dwan longed for it was that he might go to school. His father was a stern old Minnesota farmer who did not believe in education. During the altogether too short summer terms when there had not been much on the farm to do he had been allowed to go. But that was really worse than not going at all, for it was simply a taste of what he might have had, a tantalization to his poor hungry brain.

The Dwan children, there were three, had all been boys and Ethan, the youngest, was the only one who had ever gone to school. When he was nine another baby arrived; this was a girl with all the features and characteristics of her father. Whether it was for this or because she was the only girl or why, I do not know, but at any rate Rachel Dwan was the old man's pet. She had the power "to twist him around her finger," so to speak; and not only had the power, but used it as well. She could do whatever she wished whenever she wished. If she wanted a new doll she got it; if she did not want to wipe the dishes she did not have to. Mrs. Dwan protested in her feeble way against this.

"Thomas, you will spoil that child," she said. "You never allowed the other children to have their own way so;" whereupon Thomas would reply, "Oh,

well, mother, remember Rachel is only a girl and girls need more petting than boys."

So it went on and finally Mrs. Dwan stopped her protesting. At last came the summer when Rachel started to school. The school house was about a mile and a half from the Dwan farm, so Rachel was taken over every morning by Ethan in the buggy; as there was enough help for the summer work he was allowed to stay and bring her home at night.

Rachel was quite a contrast to the other girls of the school. It was in the early days of that grand old state and few were the ribbons or laces that found their way into that section of the country. So Rachel, with her what were then considered beautiful and extravagant clothes, won the admiration and envy of the other girls. They called her "the princess" as she was their highest conception of a fairy tale heroine.

Quickly the summer term went by and then came the vacation before the winter term should commence. The Dwan children all seemed to have a great love for study, and although the older boys had never been to school they had, through Ethan's help, learned to read and write quite well. Rachel was at the head of her class and prizes had been promised, to be given at the close of the following term, to the pupil in each class who had the best averages and least absences. Rachel was very anxious to win a prize and talked of nothing else all the fall. Although Ethan desired nothing more than to win the prize offered in his class, he said nothing, for he knew he could not go to school that winter.

"But, Rachel," Mr. Dwan had said, "you surely do not want to go to school this winter, think how cold it will be; and anyway how could you get there?"

"Oh, Ethan will take me," she replied, as though that settled the matter.

"But I need Ethan to take care of the cattle and do the chores when Tom and Jake and me cut logs in the 'north woods!'"

"Well, couldn't he take me and then come home and come after me again at night?"

"Ye-yes, but I'm afraid he wouldn't have time to do all his work then."

"Oh, yes he would, and I've got to win that prize. Please, papa, can't I go?" and she laid her curly head on his shoulder.

"Well, I'll see."

All the family knew that when Mr. Dwan said "I'll see," to Rachel it meant "yes" as plainly as though he had said "certainly."

School commenced before Mr. Dwan and the older boys left for the logging camp so Mr. Dwan said to Ethan:

"You needn't come back home till night. Jake and Tom can do the chores."

"Thank you, father," Ethan said, and he and Rachel started off on their ride to school. In a few days the men would be leaving for the "north woods" and then Ethan could go to school no longer. The prize that he so much wanted could not be his.

"Ethan," Mr. Dwan said the day before he left,

## The Boy Who Corrected His Mistakes

Some two score years, or more, ago,  
At school beside the springlet's flow,  
Along in spring, two boys attempted  
To solve a problem difficult.  
The first was John, the second Jim,  
And each the answer sought with vim.

'Twas very soon (for both were bright),  
Each thought he had the answer right,  
And quickly handed in his work;  
Then John remained,—Jim went to play.  
The teacher soon, with careful eyes,  
Each problem well did criticise.

In both a slight mistake she found,  
And called Jim in from on the ground,  
Who said "It's good enough for me."  
But John, a persevering lad,  
Said, "Give it here; I'll do my best  
To find where the mistake does rest."

A man of power is John to-day,  
And worth a fortune too, they say;  
But Jim is poor and out of work,  
Because he made the great mistake  
Of leaving wrongs go half redressed,  
While John corrected—and progressed.

"Rachel tells me there is to be a prize offered in your class, too."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Would you like to win it very much?"

"Oh, yes, sir," eagerly.

"Would you be willing to work hard for it? Get up at four o'clock for instance?"

"Yes, sir," he replied without the least hesitation.

The truth was Mr. Dwan wanted Ethan to win the prize. Nothing did him more good than to have his children or property praised. He knew that Ethan could win it if he gave him the opportunity.

"Well then, if you will get up in time to milk and feed the cattle before school and do all your chores well, you may go to school. But unless you do everything as it should be done, you will have to leave."

"Oh, thank you, father, thank you. I'll do it, you may be sure I will."

And he did, although sometimes it required a great deal of effort. His bed felt so good and warm on the cold winter mornings that he could hardly leave it but he always did. He arose at four o'clock and sometimes earlier and his work was always done and done well.

The men returned from the logging camp a few days before school closed, in time for the closing exhibition. Rachel had won her prize and she had teased her parents into going to see her receive it. Ethan said nothing about his prize and Mr. Dwan did not mention the subject to him.

When the distribution of the rewards came the classes were called in turn, beginning with the youngest. When Rachel's name was called, she lightly stepped upon the platform, made her prettiest bow, sweetly said, "Thank you," and resumed her seat. Not so with Ethan; his name was called twice by the master before he arose from his seat in the rear of the room. He came slowly and awkwardly forward and stood before the chairman of the school board, who with a few remarks handed him his prize, a beautiful copy of Longfellow's Poems, of which he was a profound admirer. He falteringly muttered his thanks and with bowed head returned to his seat. As Ethan's was the last prize to be given, the master asked if any of the visitors would like to give a short talk to the school, and much to everyone's astonishment Mr. Dwan arose and said:

"Gentlemen and women, I ain't much of a hand a makin' speeches, but I want to tell you how Ethan won that 'ere prize." Then he told the story and closed with, "I never did believe much in edycation, but Ethan's the best boy I ever had; he's done more work this winter and done it better than either of my other boys ever did, and they had all day to do it in too. So I think there must be somethin' in it and I'm a-goin' to let him go to school just as long as he wants to."

"Three cheers for Ethan Dwan!" cried the master and they were given by every man, woman and child with a shout that nearly raised the roof of the little school house and Ethan had won another prize.

## The Legend of the First Fire

BY HARRIET WHEELER

"Will you take me to the asi to-night?" asked the Indian boy. "You promised to begin instructions in our history when I was twelve, and I am twelve years old to-day."

"John Ax, the old Cherokee chief, eyed his grandson proudly.

"Yes," he responded gravely, "It is time you were initiated into the mysteries of our early life. Soon, I shall begin my long journey and the asi will need another teacher. Let us go at once, grandson."

The old Indian picked up his staff and left his abode hut, followed by the little boy. The night air was keen. The old chief skipped briskly along aided by his crutch. A turn in

the road and the asi confronted them,—a long, low, log sleeping house. They raised the blanket curtain and entered. A murmur of welcome greeted them from the old men and priests seated in a circle about the room.

John Ax took the seat of honor accorded him on account of his age, which was nearing the century mark. Little John Ax seated himself on the rock facing the fire burning in the center of the room. He picked up one of the pine knots lying beside the rock, lighted it and laid it upon the boulder. This was the signal for the secret session to begin. One by one the Indians rehearsed the history of their being. Old John Ax frequently interrupted with questions and corrections.

When all had finished the old chief laid aside his pipe and recited "The Legend of the First Fire."

"In the beginning, when the earth was new, there was no fire until the Thunders sent their Lightning into a hollow sycamore tree growing on an island."

The animals called a council to decide how they should secure a portion of the fire.

"I am large and strong, send me," croaked the raven.

"Yes, go on!" shouted a chorus of voices.

The raven sailed across the waters and lighted on the sycamore tree. While he was debating what he should do next the heat scorched all his feathers black. The poor raven was so frightened that he forgot all about the fire and hastened home.

"I will try," screamed the screech owl, and away he floated over the water.

He tipped his head inside the hollow tree to get a good survey of the fire. At that instant the wind swept a hot blast upward and nearly blinded the poor little owl. He floundered home as best he could and has carried red eyes to this day.

"Let us venture together," suggested the hooting owl to the horned one. Away they sped to the mysterious island. By the time they had reached the tree the fire was burning so briskly that the wind hurled a cloud of ashes upward and plastered little white rings about their eyes. They hastened homeward, rubbing with all their might, but were never able to do away with the white rings.

"The fire evidently does not like our feathers," said the birds and not one would venture near the mysterious island.

"I can glide through the water and reach the tree without being discovered, I will go," offered the black racer snake.

"Bravo!" shouted the little racer through the water and, stealing through the grass, he slipped into a hole at the bottom of the tree. The heat and smoke nearly stifled him. He dashed blindly over the hot ashes, whirling backward and forward until he discovered the hole he had entered and crawled away through the wet grass, but his body was scorched black and he has worn the coat to this day.

The animals were very much disturbed about the mysterious tree. They councilled together for several days.

"The fire feels good at this distance," they argued, "and the smoke is delightfully soothing. Who will have the courage to venture again to the treacherous tree?"

"I will go," offered the water spider. "I can skim over the water or diver to the bottom. There will be no trouble about my reaching the island."

"How will you carry the fire?" screamed the birds.

"I will show you," replied the spider, and she spun a thread from her body and wove it into a *tusti* bowl, which she fastened on her back. Away skipped to the island and on through the grass to the mysterious tree. She cautiously placed one little coal in her bowl and triumphantly bore it to her waiting friends. From this coal the world has received its fire, and the water spider ever wears her *tusti* bowl."

Dawn was breaking when the old chief finished the legend.

"To the door!" he commanded. Immediately the circle of old men formed in line and followed their chief to the river bank. They stripped the clothing from little John Ax and scratched his skin with a bone comb. Then he waded into the water, faced the rising sun, and dipped seven times under the water while the priests recited their prayers upon the bank. This ceremony completed the initiation of little John Ax, henceforth he was eligible to all the secrets of his people.

# THE DECEPTION OF PUTTING OFF

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN

*Editor and Founder of the Success Magazine*

WE know a boy who was given a job of work to do while his father was away which would last him a week. Monday morning he went out and looked at the woodpile. It didn't seem so large after all when he felt fresh and strong. He made up his mind that he could play at least one day during the week, so he went off fishing.

The next morning he went out, took his saw, put a stick of wood on the horse and sawed away vigorously for a quarter of an hour, and the work seemed so easy to him that he felt sure that it would be perfectly safe for him to play another day. The next morning he went out to the woodpile determined to finish it up before his father got home; but some other boys came around and begged him to go and play ball. They told him that he could easily saw that whole pile in three days—if he could not, they would help him.

He went on this way until Friday morning. When he went out the woodpile looked so large and the remaining days so small that he felt discouraged. He sat down in the shade of the woodpile and went to asleep. When he awoke the sun was shining hot and he did not feel like work, and he made up his mind he would fish and make some excuse to his father if he could not get the boys to help him do all the work in one day. The result was the boys never came around to help him, and he got a severe thrashing for his laziness.

The boy who is allowed to pick out the easy examples in school and to leave the hard ones, who is allowed to do just the things he likes to do, and is never compelled to do the hard things and never learns to grapple with the disagreeable things, will grow up a moral weakling. He never will develop any executive ability, and his judgments will always be weak, his decisions unreliable.

It is astonishing how delusive procrastination is. We can imagine all sorts of things, think of all sorts of schemes to do the thing if we can only put it off, and the longer we put it off the more formidable it grows, and perhaps is never done. There is nothing more fatal than the putting off habit. It gets such a grip on the life that it strangles ambition. We get into a habit of postponing, waiting and waiting until we never accomplish anything. Very few ever overcome this habit,—if once fixed as a habit in early life.

People who make it a rule to do the thing they like best first, who dilly dally putting off and off disagreeable things that keep bobbing up like Hamlet's ghost whenever they try to enjoy themselves,—by the constant postponement of duty, after awhile destroy their confidence in themselves. The tasks become so formidable through the working of the imagination that they form the habit of not doing the disagreeable, and simply slide along the line of the least resistance. This destroys the power of quick decision, and develops negative character.

We know a farmer who had developed such an easy-going nature—always doing the easy thing and letting the hard one go—sliding along with just as little resistance as possible and not making any special effort to accomplish anything. He was a likely young fellow and bid fair to amount to something in the world, but this habit practically demoralized his character. He had no opinions about anything, his judgment was never relied on, and nobody had confidence in him. He let his hoeing go until the weeds got so large they ruined his crop. The fishing was good, he followed the streams until the weeds sapped the nourishment from the soil and hoeing did no good. He had a piece of timber to clear. He managed to cut the trees; and as the soil was good, he dreamed of great crops from it. He dreaded the clearing of the wood and stumps, so that he kept putting it off and off, till finally the sprouts began to grow, and the seeds which had been buried in the soil sprouted; and before he got ready to clear the land there was a second crop of saplings started, and he made up his mind that he had better let them grow until they got large enough to cut again. So the land was never cultivated at all.

His house leaked and needed shingling, he did not like to do this, and kept putting it off and off; when it rained he put buckets around in the attic wherever it leaked. The sills began to rot; and there was

need of new ones; he did not like to do this work. He would rather go fishing and tell stories, whittle sticks and talk politics at the corner grocery.

He allowed the bushes to grow in his fields until they encroached upon the land to such an extent that he cut very little hay. His barn, out-buildings and house and everything about him went to pieces, and he could scarcely get a living or make his family comfortable.

His boys, catching the contagion of his example, followed it. They were allowed to go fishing instead of working on the farm. They were never forced to do the hard thing; but drifted, became shiftless, slack, slovenly,—like their father.

Broken harness was always tied up with strings or rope, the old buggy was not painted, and the upholstery was all ragged. In fact, everything about the man—his children, his farm,—bore the marks of dilapidation.

We watched this man's career from young manhood, and we attribute his deterioration and his total failure in life to this habit of putting everything off that was at all hard or disagreeable until he was totally ruined.

Many a merchant shares the same fate. He does not realize it, until his customers abandon his slipshod, slovenly store and go to his more enterprising competitor's, and he—fails.

One of the most subtle, unnoticeable, unbelievable things in the world is the gradual deterioration of the man who tries to slide along in the most agreeable, easy way, always postponing what he does not like, putting off the disagreeable until he becomes a wreck.

"Come," says Phillips Brooks, "take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before and shirking and walking around, and on this very day lift it up and do it." If everybody would follow this advice, it would revolutionize the world.

Why do we put off that disagreeable task, the thing that we have dreaded to take up for so long? Why do we walk around it, and over it and under it, and do everything but go through it? It is astonishing how much energy and time people waste trying to get rid of or to go around a disagreeable duty when they know it must be done.

We know a successful man who makes it a rule to always tackle the most disagreeable thing first—never allowing himself to dread it, or to magnify difficulties and objections by putting it off. He robs the task of its disagreeableness by grasping it firmly and doing it with vigor and determination.

If you make it an invariable rule to grapple the most disagreeable task ahead of you first, never to allow yourself to think of it, or dread it, it will give you a sense of self-respect, of victory, of superiority, of power. The habit of grasping the most dreaded thing first will increase your confidence in your ability to do anything that may come to you, as well as reduce the disagreeable part of it to a minimum.

The very knowledge that we will not allow ourselves to hesitate—to keep taking up a once decided question for reconsideration—enables us to exercise our very best judgment, because we know that it must be final, that no arguments for reconsidering will be entertained, that there is no reopening it, that it is like an edict of the Medes and Persians, that there is no going back. This develops a strong judgment.

But where one is conscious that he has allowed himself to form the habit of taking things up a dozen times, and rediscussing and reconsidering them, he is not as careful about making at first a final decision. If there is a pitiable picture in the universe, it is that of a man with ability who has lost confidence in his power to decide a thing finally, who is always ready to take up things for reconsideration and rediscussion,—who never quite knows where he is, and nobody else knows where he stands, and he goes through life a mere nobody without influence or respect.

What would you think of a judge who should say that he would give this decision to-day in a case, but he might change it to-morrow, and might take it up for reconsideration at any time? What confidence would a community have in such a judge?



# THE KIND OF TIMBER THEY GROW IN KEOKUK

**A** VOIRDUPOIS goes for little in the success or failure of a man in business. Neither has the man with large head any special advantage. Weight or size are of no necessary importance. Quality counts.

This does not argue that a heavy man with a large head need fall behind in the struggle for advancement. But the physical lightweight must be distinguished from the mental dwarf. A small hat often covers a brain of exceptional calibre.

Again, while wisdom comes with years, it comes more rapidly in some cases than in others. Experience of a lifetime will not bring success to a drone. On the other hand, quick wit and inherent ability accumulate wisdom quickly. When genius, ability and natural taste for hard work combine, the result cannot remain in doubt. These three qualities are well united in the person of Robert J. Menz, of the Menz Lumber Company, one of the most popular as well as one of the most successful young lumbermen in the business.

Mr. Menz is a native of Illinois, having been born at Highland in that state, November 28, 1872.

When he attained the proper age he attended the schools of his own town. At the age of sixteen he commenced his business education in the office of the Carson-Rand Company, at Keokuk, Iowa. Here he was given an opportunity to show what he was worth, and the experience he gained in his initial engagement, was no doubt of great value in shaping his future inclinations. He spent four years here, learning the rudiments of the lumber business, and getting a start in the higher branches. Then he went to Dubuque and went into the office of the Standard Lumber Company as shipping clerk and stenographer.

In 1895 he entered the employ of Albert Russell, a Chicago lumber dealer, and any one who knows that market realizes that a man can there get experience of the most valuable character. On the first of the following year he came to Minneapolis to take the shipping and billing end of the business of the E. W. Backus Lumber Company. A little over a year later he had an opportunity to become acquainted with the handling of lumber and shingle products from the west coast.

Here we see him start in a line he is still following, in the employ of the H. B. Waite Lumber Company. In the six years that he remained with this concern he developed rapidly as a first class lumberman. The trade in western products, and especially in shingles, affords a variety wide enough to satisfy the most fastidious. During the latter half of 1897 he went out

Robert J. Menz becomes President of Corporation capitalized at \$100,000

on the road and continued in the ranks of the traveling salesmen until the latter part of his stay with the Waite Company. While he was on the road he laid the foundation for the popularity in the trade that has counted for so

much since he has started in business for himself. Quiet and unassuming, reliable and gentlemanly at all times, he became a favorite with the retail trade and with his fellow traveling men.

In May, 1899, he was married to Miss Mary C. Conlon, of Hannibal, Missouri, and brought his bride to Minneapolis, where they make their home, and where they have gained a large circle of friends.

Towards the end of 1902, Mr. Menz came to the conclusion that he could still further advance his interests by becoming more independent. Associating himself with two other young lumbermen, George W. Dulany, Jr., and L. L. Hill, they organized the Menz-Hill Lumber Company, with a capital stock of \$100,000, which has since been succeeded by the Menz Lumber Company, by the retirement of Mr. Hill to engage in other business. The officers and directors are Robert J. Menz,

president; George W. Dulany, Jr., vice-president and treasurer; John McDonnell, secretary.

That the company has the good will of the retail trade is evidenced by the fact that their first year's business has amounted in volume to 3,000 cars of lumber and shingles.

To supply their trade with western products, they have under contract a number of shingle mills with a large combined capacity that enables them to maintain a complete transit line of shingles, and also to properly care for rush orders that require direct and mixed shipment from the mills. Illustrating the wide extent of territory in which they have customers it is only necessary to say that they have, during the current year, made shipments into twenty-four different states.

The headquarters of the company are in the Lumber exchange building, Minneapolis, where they have just located in larger quarters on the third floor, rooms 333 to 337. They are equipped with all the "modern inconveniences" for the prompt and thorough handling of the large and growing business they are conducting. The volume of this business bears evidence to their popularity in the trade and to their ability as trade getters. Ability in the management and careful attention to the desires of their customers have gained for them a reputation for reliability. Success is already assured in the business.



ROBERT J. MENZ

# A FEW FRESH CHESTNUTS

## Equal to the Occasion

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was noted not only for his eloquence, but for the ability to meet every difficulty and overcome it. *Inland* gives us one such experience:—

On one memorable occasion, in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and Beecher's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Beecher's thrilling appeals, might collapse.

The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.

"Morning already!" he said; "my watch is only at ten. But there can't be any mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The lower animal in the gallery collapsed, and Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

## At the Other End

A certain naval officer was very pompous and conceited when on duty, says the *San Francisco Record*. One day, when he was officer of the watch and he could not, as usual, find anything of consequence to grumble about, he attempted to take it out of one of the machinists who was in the engine room attending to his duty. Going to the speaking tube the officer yelled:

"Is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?"

The reply came quick and startling:

"Not at this end, sir!"

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs?"

"O-n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?"

"Well, really I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

A Congressman watched an Alderman in New York unite in marriage an Italian couple. After the modest fee was received the Alderman handed the bride an umbrella. After the couple went out the Congressman asked, "Do you always do that?" "Do what?" "Give the bride a present." "A present? Why, wasn't that her umbrella?" "No," said the Congressman, sadly, "it was mine."

"The Mewl," wrote a schoolboy, "is a hardier bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

"How did you get your black eye, Sambo?"

"Well, boss, yer see I was out a-lookin' for trouble, and his 'ere eye was de furst t' find it."

Some good enough to become old, and  
others old enough to be good.

It is often remarked that an unaccustomed traveler will get on pretty well if he will keep his eyes and ears open. A native of Ireland landed at Greenock, and wanted to take the train to Glasgow.

Never having been in a railroad station, he did not know how to get his ticket; but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead.

The lady went to the ticket-box and, putting down her money, said:

"Maryhill, single."

The ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked away.

Pat promptly planked down his money and said:

"Patrick Murphy, married."

## As It Will Be

Give me a spoon of oleo, ma,  
And the sodium alkali,  
For I'm going to make a pie, mamma,  
I'm going to make a pie;  
For John will be hungry and tired, ma,  
And his tissues will decompose,  
So give me a gramme of phosphate,  
And the carbon and cellulose.

Now give me a chunk of easeine, ma,  
To shorten the thermic fat,  
And give me the oxygen bottle, ma,  
And look at the thermostat,  
And if the electric oven is cold,  
Just turn it on half an ohm,  
For I want to have dinner ready  
As soon as John comes home.

An Irishman, walking through a fashionable street in London, noticed beside a door a bell. Underneath the bell were these words: "Please ring the bell." Paddy went and rang the bell. In a second a powdered little footman appeared and asked him what he wanted.

"Nothing," said Paddy, "but I rang the bell because it says so."

"Oh!" said the flunky with a smile. "I see you've come from the country where nanny-goats grow on gooseberry bushes."

"Yes," said the Irishman, "but in London there are more wonderful sights. You've only to ring the bell and a monkey pops out."

Little Rudolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired:

"Rudolph, can you cut your own meat?"

"Humph!" said Rudolph, who was sawing away. "Can't I? I've cut a great deal tougher meat than this at home."

Father: "James, you know I disapprove very much of your fighting, but I cannot help feeling proud of you for whipping such a big boy as that. What did you whip him for?"

Son (Indignantly): "Why, he said I looked like you."—*Harlem Life*.

## An Interrupted Lesson

This story is told of a Washington school principal who was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence: "Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday, in accordance with his plan, the teacher interrogated his class on the subject of the buttons.

"Now, Johnnie," he said to the youngest member, "produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for." Whereupon the youngster began to weep.

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."

An Evanston dude with narrow striped clothes, saddle-covered shoes, a loud necktie, hair parted over his nose and smoking a cigarette, addressed his Evanston girl thus: "If you was me, and I was you, what would you do?" She hesitatingly said with a smile: "I would throw that cane away, take off that hideous tie, put that cigarette in the stove, part my hair on the side, then pray to God for brains."—*News-Register*.

A little four-year-old occupied an upper berth in the sleeping car of the Scotch express. Awakening once in the middle of the night, his mother asked him if he knew where he was. "Tourse I do!" he replied; "I'm in the top drawer."—*Household World*.

An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a Church dignitary for kindly taking, on emergency, a village service. "A worse preacher would have done us, sir," he said, "if we only knew where to find him!"

"I believe in saying what I think," said the young man in the flappy trousers. "I've often wondered why you don't talk very much," said the girl with the trick of saying what she thinks.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Tom—"What is the right way to raise a jack-ass?"

John—"I don't know. Do you?"

Tom—"Yes; go home and ask your mother how she raised you."

Doctor (to Mrs. Perkins, whose husband is ill): "Has he had any lucid intervals?" Mrs. Perkins (with dignity): "E's 'ad nothing except what you ordered, doctor."—*Exchange*.

"Shall I get off this end of the car?" asked a lady of the conductor. "Suit yourself, ma'am," he replied. "Both ends stop."

Which belle is the most popular to-day?  
"Blue Bell."

How to make money fast.  
Nail it to the floor.

# DOROTHY DAVENPORT, HEROINE

BY EDITH WALLACE

**T**O-DAY she would be called an athletic girl. She would go in for golf, tennis, basketball, bicycling and all other strenuous out-door and in-door sports. She would be Dorothy now just as then, for Dorothy is as popular a name in these latter days as it was earlier in the century. But sweet Dorothy Davenport was born fifty years too soon for her own happiness. The strict discipline of those primitive days disapproved of running, climbing, racing and jumping, for girls and poor Dorothy was dubbed a tomboy, pure and simple.

"I'm afraid that Deacon Davenport's oldest girl will come to no good," said old Squire Cartwright, oracularly, "she don't seem to want to sew, nor spin, nor cook, but just stays out of doors all the time she can. Pity she wasn't a lad, now," and he looked disapprovingly at the bright-eyed, lithe-limbed girl as she chased her brother Ezra down the road shouting merrily as she gained on him, despite his best efforts.

"Where are you going?" he said, severely, as the pair came to a breathless stop in front of the Squire's big farm house.

"Going," replied Dorothy, jerkily, almost out of breath, "going to Savin Beach to get a mess of clams."

"Better be helping your mother with the housework," growled the old man.

Then, as he looked at the girl's glowing cheeks and bright eyes, he smiled in spite of himself.

"Ah, you're a wild one," he said, "but the years will tame you down. And, Dorothy," he added, "keep a sharp lookout, won't you, for any stray war vessels. You know it ain't impossible one might take a notion to come this way any day and where would I be then. I live in such a lone spot. Mine would be the first place they'd reach after landing. I can't afford to be burned out and lose all my stock into the bargain. So keep a good lookout, Dorothy, and let me know in time."

Dorothy smiled assent. She knew that the Squire spoke, half in jest, half in earnest.

It was war time. The British vessels had visited many of the Atlantic towns and had, as is the custom of war, helped themselves lavishly to any portable property deemed desirable and in some cases had destroyed what they did not want or could not carry away. Savin Beach was accessible easily and afforded an approach to the old town which was hardly able, at short notice, to offer much resistance.

It might be that a vessel would come. There was no reason why it could not. So, the danger was ever present in the minds of those most exposed, as a fearful possibility.

Dorothy and Ezra reached the beach at low tide. After filling their barrow with clams they went upon the hill above the beach to eat lunch and await the incoming of the water.

There were some embankments at a point overlooking the bay. "These," explained Ezra, with importance, for it was seldom he knew more local history than his sister, "these banks are what are left of the old fort built here in 1776. Father says we ought to have sentinels here now so as to show any warships coming into the bay that we were ready to meet them. He says no one would try to land here and march way up to the village if they saw we were prepared to meet them."

Ezra grabbed a fishing pole as he spoke and marched up and down the embankments in a martial manner.

"They could see us way down the bay," he said, "and they'd think twice before they came too near a place where

A Tale of Revolutionary Days, setting forth the fact that the exercise of true pluck is not confined to either sex. . . .

the people were wide awake and on the watch for them."

Idle, boastful words, yet bearing fruit, in swift season.

It was late when Ezra announced high tide. The sun had set when, leaving his soiled blouse

and overalls in the old fort, the boy bade his sister wait for awhile until he should have a swim and bring up the clams.

"I'll be gone but a few minutes," said Ezra, "you rest in the fort."

Nothing loth, tired with the toil and excitement of the day, Dorothy obeyed. She sat down on the soft sod and gazed upon the sweet and simple scene outspread before her eyes. There was a purity and a peacefulness portrayed in the picture of nature which gave her a sense of security, and she recalled Squire Cartwright's warning with a smile of amused incredulity.

But even as she smiled she noted, absently at first, coming slowly toward the bay, still far away in the distance, a vessel which her practised vision, when awakened, assured her was neither lumber or fishing schooner.

What then could it be? Her heart beat swiftly and a sudden sickening sense of fear fell upon her. She looked wildly about for Ezra. He was not to be seen. As the vessel drew nearer she became momentarily more and more certain that, at last, the ghostly, ghastly bugbear so much talked of, had materialized. Dorothy's first impulse was to run, to seek companionship, or else to hide in the woods where she knew were many safe places of refuge. Her cowardice was but of momentary duration, however. She suddenly recalled Ezra's words—if they knew the people were ready for them, they would not land—well, then, they should think so, if she, Dorothy Davenport, aged sixteen, could but delude and deceive them.

Fear fell from her. She dropped down behind the friendly, protecting embankments. In another moment there emerged from the opposite side a lithe young lad who with pole by his side bore, even to those nearer than the distant deck, a strong resemblance to an alert sentinel. The boy paced to and fro over the green banks, once in awhile turning his gaze seaward toward the menacing vessel. The ruse was successful. It was not many moments, though they seemed hours to the anxious girl, before the ship was outward bound and the young sentinel, blushing and bashful, had dropped down behind the kindly knoll.

"I saw you, Dorothy," sputtered Ezra, excitedly, "but I couldn't get back. Wasn't you plucky though, and wasn't it lucky I left my overalls where you could get them."

"You won't tell," begged Dorothy, with flaming cheeks.

"But I will," declared Ezra, stoutly, "do you suppose I'm not going to let them know you saved the town, for that's just what you did. They'd have soon overcome the few men we could muster at such short notice."

And Ezra kept his word. Squire Cartwright revised his opinion of tomboys in general, and of this one in particular, when he looked at his well filled barns and comfortable home, and thought of what might have been.

"Right smart girl, that oldest one of Davenport's," he said, serenely ignoring all other previous and adverse criticism, "don't believe there's another girl in town would have had the sense to have scared them fellows off. No sir, not another one."

And Dorothy, who had feared lest her bold act had been unpardonable, blushed again and again, as she heard on every side, words of praise and pleasure. She lived to be an old white-haired great grandmother and time and again, I have heard her tell the story of how her quick wit saved the old Massachusetts town from ruin and fire.

# AN UNEXPECTED ENDING

BY EDMUND DeS. BRUNNER

ON the morning of September 12th, in the year 19—, the sun slowly awakened from its nightly nap and looked over the mountains surrounding the town of Smithgate, lighting up the valley with its warm pleasant smile. The sky was clear and blue, the air cool and fresh.

In many homes the boys jumped out of bed and dressed in record time. Why was this rush? What dispelled, so quickly, the summer lethargy? Why were the breakfasts bolted with such speed? And why did each boy leave his house with such precision?

School begins to-day! The boys have gone to greet old friends and welcome new ones, to talk over the doings of the summer and last but by no means least, to see the new teacher.

These boys whom we are following, pretended to hate the day which brought them back to work for another year, but in reality they are tired with their ten weeks play and when their eyes meet the buildings and familiar campus they feel a certain joy and break into a run, which takes them to the building set apart for "upper classmen."

There sitting on the steps or standing round in groups are their friends.

After a time they wander to the chapel, where the opening exercises are held and then return to their own building to meet the new instructor.

After all are seated the principal ushered in a short, stocky and rather fat man.

His hair—what there was of it—was jet black, his forehead high, his eyes green, his nose very prominent, his lips contracted as if he was in the habit of exercising authority.

In a few well chosen words the principal introduced the new instructor, explaining his duties to the scholars and theirs to him.

He also said that owing to the illness of another instructor, Mr. Green—that was the new teacher's name—would not take their classes for the present but would register and organize the freshmen.

Let us now leave our friends until the following Monday afternoon. The class is seated and Mr. Green is beginning his first algebra recitation.

Suddenly some irrepressible spirit sent his neighbor's hat sailing toward the gas jet, where it stuck fast and stayed swinging in the air.

"Leave the room, sir," thundered Mr. Green.

The class gasped.

"Wh-a-a-t!" cried the offender.

"Leave the room, if a boy of fifteen behaves like a child of four we don't want him here, so leave the room."

Consternation reigned in the class. Never before in the four years of the former instructor's stay at the school, had a boy been sent from the room! Yet the order had been by no means bad.

Consternation was turned from panic to anger in quick succession, as "Nigger" Bartlet was banged against a blackboard and "Eddie" Dunlap sent out, for looking from the window.

After the recitation the boys gathered in angry groups to talk it over—something must be done was the general opinion, but—

Dunlap, captain of the football team, counselled them "to wait until to-morrow."

But to-morrow brought no relief, nor the next day.

"We'll have to show him there's a difference between Smithgate Academy and that old high school from where he came," remarked Dunlap after school on the third day. And from that moment because Dunlap said so, there was war unceasing

Good intentions covered by a harsh exterior are often misunderstood. Frankness is best always.

between Mr. Green, otherwise known as "Shorty," and the boys.

As Mr. Green grew stricter, the boys grew bolder, marks went tumbling, and order fled.

On the last day of school before the Christmas vacation,

thirty odd juniors and seniors filed softly into a small room near Mr. Green's classroom.

Soon his recitation began, for a time all was quiet in the little room, then "Eddie" Dunlap said:

"Now, boys, the opening overture one, duo, drei," whereupon fish horns, fog horns, shrill horns and bass horns, little horns and big horns, all began to screech and bellow while "Eddie" Dunlap with two drum sticks kept beating.

"Time, time, time

In a sort of Runic rhyme."

A watcher bursts into the room. "He's coming, fellows." Instantly the windows fly open, the boys jump out—on the fire escape,—and descend in perfect safety.

Meanwhile for the second time the door flies open and in walks Mr. Green!

Upon seeing the empty room he heaved a great sigh and verily could Lady Macbeth's doctor have said: "What a sigh is there. The heart is sorely charged."

That evening "Eddie" Dunlap and five of his boon companions arrived at the school building at seven sharp.

Dark clouds were scurrying across the sky, "Nabun,"—the east wind—shrieked and moaned, whistling up an empty street and through the trees, driving the falling snow without mercy against all unfortunate travelers.

Softly the boys raised the laboratory window and in they climbed. Softly they crept up stairs to Mr. Green's room, their plan being to take apart the joints of his desk, so that a sudden hard blow would send it crashing to the floor.

Softly they opened the door and stepped in.

They stopped: the gas was burning low and at his desk sat Mr. Green, his head buried in his arms; beside him lay a loaded pistol.

Mr. Green looked up wildly laying his hand on the revolver. "Stop, Mr. Green, wait for Heaven's sake!" cried "Eddie" Dunlap springing forward.

"You misunderstood us and we misunderstood you. Forgive us, we'll do better now. We didn't know," he continued, glancing at an official letter from the trustees of the school, which was lying open upon the desk and shrewdly guessing at its contents."

"Thanks," said Mr. Green, and getting up he flung the pistol far out into the snow and then turning he grasped the hand of each of the six shame-faced boys, saying the while:

"It's all right now, we'll begin new next year and let by-gones be by-gones."

On the opening day of school "Eddie" Dunlap announced to the assembled boys:

"The next fellow who nags "Shorty" has got to reckon with me," and "Shorty" who was coming around the corner of the building, heard and gratefully murmured, "It's all right now."

## Valuable "Hardware."

The steamship Minnehaha landed forty-three cases marked "hardware" on the pier at New York recently. One article was a dented helmet that used to be worn by Joan of Arc. The silver headpiece and shield of King Louis XIV. were in another box. In fact, the hardware was a precious collection of ancient armor which the Metropolitan Museum had bought of a French duke for \$400,000 and will be put on free exhibition in a few months.

# KNIGHTS OF KING ARTHUR

THE fun has begun—the work is on. We can see the boys assembled in their Castles, we can hear the greeting "Hail to the King!" and we know the crowd is having a good time. Every knight is recalling the exploits of summer in the wood and fields, by the water or on the mountain. What good times we have had. And now we are ready for better times than ever before in the Castle.

Lots of new fellows, too, are having their experience of initiation into the rank of Page. The great number of inquiries this past spring and summer assure us that many new groups will begin to learn what a grand good thing the Knights of King Arthur is. Just think of it, in the best month of the season, three years ago we only organized two new Castles, while attached to this article you will find a list of five for which application was made at the season usually the dullest with us, while the number of inquiries has kept coming right along.

Well we are glad. The more the merrier. Every new Castle means a new link in the chain of Castles now extending from Maine to California, and from Alaska to Mexico. Recently we have received letters from Jamaica and British Columbia, while a missionary in Japan, who has heard of the excellencies of our order, is planning to copy the general scheme, but utilizing in place of the Arthurian legend, which would of course be unknown to the Japanese boys, the Bushido, the medieval method of inculcating the chivalric spirit in this wonderful nation. We shall hope sometime during the season to publish an account of this very interesting experiment. Meanwhile Merlins will be interested in learning something about the Bushido. There is a brief description of it in a booklet, which we think may be easily obtained at any large bookstore. Unfortunately I have not at hand at this moment the copy I read, so that I can give name of publisher and price. It is a fascinating subject.

So we are growing. Every member will be glad to read of that fact. No one likes to belong to something that is going backward or standing still. Be assured the Knights of King Arthur is doing neither. Just you watch our lists of new Castles as they will appear for the next four months, and see if we do not show a record such as we never have shown before.

We want the help of our members also in increasing the lists of new Castles. If you think the Knights of King Arthur is a good thing, just interest some other fellow or group of fellows in it, and see if they will not organize. If it is a near-by group it will be very pleasant. Several of our neighboring groups have had contests of various kinds, checkers, carom, shuffle-board, etc. That makes a very delightful way of getting a good time out of the order. Get your neighbors in some other school or church, or in the next town

**A fraternal organization for boys, founded upon the legends of chivalry in the time of King Arthur, but with modern application. Information for Stamp. Complete hand-book, 25 cents. Full outfit for organizing and equipping a castle, including charter, \$1.50. Address National King Arthur, Spencer, Mass.**

to organize and then challenge them to a contest of some kind.

Remember this—every fellow who secures the organization of a new Castle is entitled to the degree of Baron, which will be granted by the National King upon receipt of certification of this fact from the Merlin of the new Castle.

### NEWS

Torquillstone Castle, 321, of Piqua, Ohio,

is progressing in fine style. During the summer they gave the ice cream festival, netting a neat sum for the treasury. Every member is supplied with regalia. Their meetings are conducted in most enthusiastic manner. They are getting into communication with their neighbors in Ohio, and some good times are sure to follow.

Griffin Castle, Bangor, Maine, went camping during the summer, as the special guests of one of the professors in the Bangor Seminary. That greatly pleased the members of the Castle, and one small boy was heard to say, "Gee! But Prof. H—— is a great man." The fellows are hustling for the organization of a Castle in another church in the city.

Castle Avilion, San Francisco, Cal., suffered a great loss this last summer, in the passing away of Huber Kelley (Sir Launfal). He was one of the most knightly of all our brethren, and much beloved by all who knew him. He was the youngest of a large family of boys. A memorial conclave was held and resolutions of sympathy were sent to the bereaved family. The Castle attended the funeral in a body.—Ray Underhill (Sir Siegfried) of this Castle was knighted on August 5. The Castle now consists of nine Knights, eighteen Esquires and ten Pages.

Castle Oxford, 323, starts out with most splendid prospects. The Merlin is Mr. C. P. Landi, choirmaster of St. Paul's church Concord, N. H., one of the finest musicians in our country, a graduate of Oxford University, and deeply interested in the order. The Castle will be composed of the choir boys. They start out with regalia loaned by a local Masonic lodge. Everybody is interested in making the Castle go.

### REPORT OF THE SENESCHAL

CASTLE SIR GALAHAD, No. 324

SAN JOSE, CAL., Friday, July 22, 1904.

Report of Castle 324, "Sir Galahad," Trinity Episcopal Church.

"Hail to the King."

Sir Knights, Esquires and Pages:

The first idea of starting a Castle in Trinity parish, San Jose, was formed at a conclave held at Castle Galloway, at which Marquis Hayes, of St. Luke's parish, San Francisco, had come over to speak. Five young men of Trinity parish, with their rector, attended and were much impressed by the solemnity and chivalrous appearance of the Knights of King Arthur

(Continued on page 277)



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are the finest, at 50 per cent. commission. We have both alphabetically arranged and mixed sheets. All stamps guaranteed genuine originals.

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If so, why not subscribe to Morrison's Weekly Stamp Collector, a beautifully printed weekly magazine devoted entirely to stamps. Clever and entertaining articles and stories by the leading philatelic writers. The largest and most popular stamp weekly in America. Tells you where to buy the cheapest and keeps you posted.

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An entire year's subscription to Morrison's Weekly Stamp Collector (52 issues).....	35c
4 stamps cat. at 5c each.....	20c
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1 " " 25c ".....	25c
1 set of stamps cat. 40c.....	40c
1 packet of stamps cat. at \$1.50.....	\$1.50

\$3.00

All the above sent to any address for only 35 cents. Premium stamps will be sent immediately on receipt of subscription. We guarantee complete satisfaction. ADDRESS

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Publishers, Dept. A, Smethport, Pa.

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**FREE** Any person sending me the names and addresses of 25 young persons will receive, free, 50 varieties of foreign stamps.

E. T. PARKER, Bethlehem, Pa.

**BENADIR** 2 different beautiful new stamps (elephants heads) from Benadir free to any collector sending names and addresses of several other collectors and 2 cents postage. Union Stamp Co., Box 123 D, Chicago.

**100** var. foreign stamps and large 40 page album 10 cts. 152 var. Newfoundland, etc. 10 cts. 40 var. U. S. 10 cts. 10 Japan 3 cts. 12 Mexican Rev. 5 cts., 3 Corea 5 cts.  
**Geo. M. Fisk, 12 Vermont Av., Toledo, O.**

**50** Different Foreign stamps FREE to approval applicants giving reference. Form a collection at little cost selling for me. 6 var. Guatemala, 1902, unused cat. 34c. for 10 cents.  
**ELMER SMITH, Pontoosuc, Ill.**



The annual convention of the American Philatelic Association was held at Pittsburgh, August 9th-11th, inclusive; the sessions were called to order in the lecture hall of the Carnegie library. The routine business of the meeting was despatched promptly and in a well-ordered way, but there were no transactions of momentous general philatelic interest. The Pittsburgh members of the association were indefatigable in their efforts at entertainment and so bountiful was their hospitality that delegates were hard pressed to find time even to attend to the necessary committee work. Papers on philatelic subjects prepared by Messrs. Burgoyne, Prevost and Severn; and Mr. Luff's lecture, "What Philately Teaches," illustrated by stereopticon slides, was given. The social features included a banquet, receptions and trolley-rides to points of interest in and around Pittsburgh. A. G. Burgoyne, a Pittsburgh member who is one of the brightest newspaper paragraphers in the country, contributed many items and a poem on the stamp collectors and their convention in his department in the *Leader*. Over sixty members and visitors registered as attending the sessions; the membership of the association is over six hundred but, of course, comparatively few can arrange to go to the conventions. The political contest was not exciting as there was but one ticket in the field. H. E. Deats of Flemington, New Jersey, was elected president; the choice is an excellent one, as for twenty years Mr. Deats has been a student of stamps, with a penchant for the issues of the United States. He is an amateur of the purest type and while he is a follower of different hobbies, his devotion to philately is unswerving. He is devoting his attention to Confederate local issues at present. Minneapolis was chosen for the seat of the convention next year, easily out-distancing Boston in the race for preferment. The Stamp Collectors' Association, the leading organization of junior collectors in this country, held its convention immediately preceding that of the American Philatelic Association; in this society no member may hold office who is over thirty years of age, it being the idea to preserve the society as a distinctive order for the younger collector, who sometimes does not receive the recognition in societies dominated by adults that he feels should be his.

The Panama stamps surcharged "Canal Zone" were issued in so restricted numbers that there is scarcely a supply plentiful enough to meet the active demand and in consequence, the price quoted by dealers is constantly advancing. A few dealers offer to buy the stamps back again at prices greatly increased over those at which they sold them originally. The stamps were in use from June 24th to July 17th and as the whole issue was placed in circulation, there are no remainders. The United States stamps surcharged "Canal Zone" which superseded the Panama stamps are now being freely offered at reasonable advances over face value; the 1, 2, 5, 8 and 10-cent of the United States set have been surcharged. The permanent issue for the Republic of Panama en-

graved by the American Bank Note Company will have been issued, no doubt, before this note is in print.

A stamp paper is running a contest in which prizes are offered for specifying the handsomest adhesive postage stamp, with reasons for the choice. Several judges will make the selection from among the stamps nominated for the honor. As may be imagined, many different stamps are favored in the foreign section and several United States stamps are presented; among these the thirty-cent of 1869, in blue and carmine, showing the United States Shield and eagle has been named oftenest.

The use of postage due stamps has been dispensed with in the Philippines by order of the director of posts of the islands and the stock of United States postage due, ranging in denomination from one cent to fifty cents, surcharged Philippines, remaining on hand will be consigned to destruction. A report has been in circulation that the Philippines would be granted a distinctive set engraved from plates engraved in this country and printed in the islands but from official sources it is learned that the rumor is premature.

A dealer advertises a "Heinz Packet," composed of "57 varieties from 57 different countries for 57 cents."

Newfoundland remains unaffected by the epidemic of change to king's head designs that marks the British colonies generally, and notwithstanding that the supply of the one-cent Queen Victoria was exhausted recently, a fresh printing was made from the old plate.

As showing the extent to which a specialist may go in his researches into the stamps of a favored country, the following advertisement in an English stamp paper is significant. A superb specialized collection of Greece, of the highest character comprising nearly 3,000 varieties. One-third of the total number of stamps are on original covers, the whole forming a unique and scientifically arranged accumulation of this favorite country.

Fred. Melville of London, perhaps the only representative on the lecture platform has done effective work in the popularizing the hobby during the last few years. His engagements for this season are numerous and important and no doubt his educational work this year will bear the best results. In an interview, Mr. Melville said that among the staple questions asked him on his lecturing tours are: "Is this genuine? (Usually this is a Samoan Express reprint.) "What is my collection worth?" and "What is your collection worth?"

Nowadays when so much attention is directed to the condition of the stamp and when the

**EARN** We give you this Grand Solo Accordion for selling 25 packages

Bluing at 10 cents. It's a beauty, Has 10 keys, two stops, oblong case, double bellows, protectors and clasps. You can earn it in one day. No money required: we trust you. Send for Bluing, sell the packages at 10 cts. and return us the money. Then we will send you the Accordion. We also give Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Graphophones, and 50

Other Elegant Presents. Write quick. Address **TRUE BLUE CO., DEPT. 880, BOSTON, MASS.**

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100 Cuba, Java, etc., a Stamp Dictionary and big illustrated list of thousands of bargains, 2c.

**C** An album containing some foreign stamps will be given free to every new agent. We pay 50% commission. Immense variety of stamps. Albums for 10c. 18c. 25c. and up. Catalogue of the stamps of all nations, finely illustrated, 10c. 500 games, tricks, puzzles and story paper, 3 months, 10c.

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Stamp album holds 600 stamps, 10  
100 varieties genuine stamps, illustrated catalog, old Chinese coin (200 years old), and a trial lot of my high grade sheets .04

We want an agent in every school to handle our sheets on comm. and valuable prizes to all agents. Write to-day.

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**CHAS. A. TOWNS ND**  
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**100 PAN-AMERICAN SOUVENIR STAMPS 10c.**

All the Buildings—Four Colors.

**F. B. Busch & Co., 523 Mooney Building, Buffalo, N. Y.**

We give a Ten Dollar bill, 50 diff. Revenue Stamps, our price lists, and particulars how to run a successful Stamp Trade, all for 25 cents. An opening in every town for this business. **CHARLES KING & Co., 141 EAST 19 ST., NEW YORK CITY.**

**FREE** A good unused stamp catalogued 25c. to all who send us the names and addresses of three active stamp collectors. Send 2c stamp to pay return postage. **EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., 38 Clarkson Street, Dept K, Dorchester, Mass.**

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To all applying for our approval sheets at 50% discount. Our five and 10 cent packets great bargains. **Franklin Stamp Co., Mt. Sterling, Ky**

**STAMPS** 105 var. foreign stamps sent free to all honest collectors who apply for sheets at 50% com. enclosing 3 cts. to pay postage with names of one or two collectors. **W T. McKay, Dept. C. 15 Amherst St., East Orange, N. J.**

**5 VAR. URUGUAY FREE** with trial approval sheets. 1000 Hinges 8c. **F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.**

back of the specimen is scrutinized for thin spots and other imperfections, as well as the face, it is false economy to use any but one of the approved makes of prepared hinges, for sale by all stamp dealers. The day of the home-made hinge is nearly done and no progressive beginner even, cuts his hinges from gummed labels or uses the gummed margins about the edges of sheets of stamps as was commonly the custom not very many years ago.

**NUMISMATICS**



The editor of YOUNG AMERICANS has from time to time received a number of inquiries as to the value of certain coins and in view of this fact and for the benefit of the thousands of YOUNG AMERICAN readers it has decided to open a NUMISMATIC DEPARTMENT and YOUNG AMERICANS will be very glad to answer any communications that come to this department regarding old coins and in a manner that can be depended upon.

**E. R. L.**—Your rubbing is that of a two penny piece of George III of England; the date is somewhat worn but is 1797 and should bring around 75 cents.

**A. WILSON.**—No. Roman coins are not scarce, they may be obtained of most any dealer for 50 cents.

President Dr. B. P. Wright, Schenectady, N. Y., has issued a call to the members of the American Numismatic Association appointing October 15, 1904, as convention day, same to take place at St. Louis, and Numismatics from all over the Union will be present.

A New York dealer will sell at public auction the last of October the H. G. Brown collection of coins. The collection in question is one of the finest on this side of the water, including many unique and valuable specimens; one worthy of mention being the 1804 dollar which Mr. Brown paid \$2,000 for.

Mr. Drowne, the well-known Boston collector, will sell his coins at auction early in November. His cabinet contains many very desirable pieces, including a full set of United States gold, besides the rare 1838-39 and 1852 United States silver dollars. Catalogues may be obtained from Arnold Numismatic Co., Providence, R. I., who has charge of the sale.

**Knights of King Arthur**

(Continued from page 275)

and thought out a plan to start a Castle in Trinity parish. The result was that on June 17th, at a conclave held at Castle Galloway, two of the principal young men were initiated with the first degree of the Knights of King Arthur, their intention being to organize a Castle in Trinity parish. Then on June 27th Castle Galloway held a special conclave, at which three more young men were initiated into the first degree, making five in all to start the Castle. These young men were initiated in Castle Galloway so that they would know how to start one in Trinity parish. They intend to stay with Castle Galloway until the early part of September, when most of the young men come from their vacation, to start Castle Sir Galahad.

**SIR HUGH MORRIS, Seneschal.**

**STAMPS**

100 Honduras, etc., a stamp album and big catalogue, 2c.

Booklet telling how to repair damaged stamps, make watermark revealer, etc., free to every new agent. 50% commission. Album for over 1200 stamps, with large spaces for envelopes and revenues; stiff covers, fine paper, 10c. Catalogue stamps of the world, 10c.

**HILL STAMP CO.,**  
Box B, South End, Boston

**FREE 107 Fine Stamps**

All foreign, for names and addresses of two honest collectors and 2c. postage. Also our large bargain list, a 25c. coupon, and a trial lot of approvals.

Catalog pricing all stamps.....	10	2 No. B-rneo. Chim-pancee.....	10
Coin Catalog.....	10	10 Finland.....	10
Dime Album, holds 600 stamps.....	10	4 Dominican Rep. Maps.....	10
8 Chinese, 1898.....	10	7 Alsace and Lorraine.....	10
30 Sweden.....	10	4 Corea, 1900.....	10
10 U. S. Revenues long.....	10	4 Corea, 1903.....	10
3 B. & O. Ry. Telegraph.....	10	1000 die cut hinges.....	08
10 Serbia, '91-'95.....	10	3000 " " " ".....	20
		10 Cuban War revenues.....	10

All the above articles for \$1.50 Money Order, including free offer. Send at once.

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It never wastes your time or urges you to overload. It is fully illustrated, containing Cuts of U. S. and Foreign coins.

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10 Foreign Coins...	25	8 Confederate Bills	15
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# HINTS HOBBY RIDERS



RIDING a hobby is not supposed to be a seriously sensible occupation; but it need not be such extreme nonsense as to become sheer foolishness. YOUNG AMERICANS has no space for such idiotic hobbies as making collections of tobacco tags or cigarette pictures, but, fortunately there are plenty of other hobbies worthy of approval. In this department we try to cover all kinds of hobbies. When a hobby is sufficiently popular we have a special heading for it, but we do not wish to neglect the hobbies which may perhaps interest but few people. If you ride such a hobby, write to us about it and if it meets with editorial approval you will be paid for your suggestion and your hobby will receive attention in this department.

#### THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL HOBBY

The editor of our magazine rides several hobbies. He publishes an amateur paper

The editor of YOUNG AMERICANS is now a full-fledged amateur journalist.

At the late convention of the United States Press Association he was elected to honorary membership and he has recently issued the initial number of an amateur magazine called "The Boomlet." A copy of this paper will be sent to anyone requesting it; but if you want to know all about amateur journalism send fifteen cents for our complete handbook for amateurs.

#### HOW AMATEURS MAY EARN EXPENSES

Many young folks are deterred from becoming amateur journalists because they fear it will cost more than they can afford. This is an erroneous impression, because any enterprising amateur can easily find means of earning sufficient money to ride his hobby and very often the hobby itself may be made to pay expenses. A great many amateurs secure enough advertising patronage from the merchants of their town to pay all printing and postage bills and in a few cases to earn something above all expenses.

Another good money earning plan for amateurs is conducting a magazine agency and advertising it in the amateur publication. All magazines give liberal commissions to agents and people will gladly subscribe to help the young amateur editor along. The business department of our magazine will gladly assist amateurs to establish magazine agencies.

Of course it costs something for a printing outfit—about \$25.00 for a good one—but usually several amateurs may club together and purchase one. A good plan is to form a regular stock company, with a certain number of shares at one dollar per share. The company can doubtless earn money by doing odd jobs

called "The Boomlet;" he collects stamps and curios and is quite a successful amateur photographer. But his most absorbing hobby is collecting advertising booklets and catalogues. His collection already contains most of the booklets issued by all firms who advertise in various magazines and whenever a firm announces a new booklet he immediately sends for it.

The educational advantages of such a collection are by no means unconsiderable. Few things will give one a broader and clearer insight into the various industries that are making our country the leading commercial nation of the world.

As before stated, we are in close touch with experts in every field of hobby riding, and any advice is yours for the asking. Be sure to enclose a two-cent stamp for reply with your inquiry.



of printing and this money may be divided among the stockholders. Another good way to obtain an outfit is to win it as a premium for subscriptions to some magazine.

In considering the question of expenses, it must be remembered that amateur magazines are seldom issued oftener than four or five times a year.

#### AVOID CRANKY NOTIONS

Many amateurs seem to imagine that their membership in an amateur press association also admits them to the Honorable Order of Privileged Characters. This is a mistaken idea. When authors of assured fame affect a style that does not jibe with grammar or rhetoric, there may be some excuse for their eccentricity, and even such a famous amateur as Edwin Hadley Smith may be permitted to enjoy his rather unintelligible, elliptical style without censure; but when young amateurs try to make these eccentric authors their models, the result is likely to be ridiculous. The highest aim of amateur journalism is certainly to improve the style of its devotees and this end may be achieved only by careful study of the writings of the great masters of style and by painstaking effort to avoid all errors of either grammar or rhetoric.

#### IMPROVING ONE'S STYLE

Perhaps there is no better method of acquiring a correct style than that practiced by Benjamin Franklin. In his famous "Autobiography" he tells how he used to carefully study the writings of some great author, then laying aside the book, he would write the theme of the author in his own words. He would do this many times until finally his article would read nearly as well as the original. Try this plan.





KENWOOD S. EGAN

The shorter stories of Hawthorne or Washington Irving are especially recommended as models.

Kenwood S. Egan, editor, of Manitowoc, is probably the youngest editor and printer in Wisconsin, being a boy of twelve years of age. He established a monthly publication known as the *Second Wara Roarer* less than one year ago, and his January edition has a bona fide circulation of 228. He has a natural talent for the printing trade, and his office is in the attic of his home, where the editorial and mechanical work of the *Roarer* is performed. He issued a small *New Year's* address, and, being the carrier of his own publication, by his popularity received over \$15 from friends wishing to encourage him. He combines the duties of manager, editor, compositor, pressman, devil, carrier, collector, and solicitor. He is in the seventh grade at school, and spends his spare moments with his paper. His father is John A. Egan, a well known traveling man.

It is deplorable how many of the drawings submitted to us are rejected because the artists were careless and slipshod in their work. Here is one who has drawn a splendid head and then attached it to a body that is all out of proportion. Another draws a nice group in the foreground and then "slaps in" (that's the only way to really describe it) a background that makes the picture look like a botch.

We do not expect perfection in our amateur drawings; but we shall insist upon carefulness and work that shows slovenly methods will be rejected immediately.

Young artists should remember that they need not confine their efforts to our prize contest department. The whole magazine is open to them. We want decorative designs for headings and tailpieces.

We want character studies to illustrate stories. We want cartoons on current events and caricatures for our humorous department. In fact we want drawings of every style and subject. Send us your

efforts and if we can use them we will pay you liberally. Here is an opportunity to develop your talent. Remember to enclose return postage if you wish your drawings sent back.



A CURIOUS KIND OF NUT  
Drawing by Hugh Spencer, age 16.

## HAND BOOKS

For Folks with Hobbies

### STAMP COLLECTING

By C. E. SEVERN

This booklet covers every phase of stamp collecting.

### CLUB MEMBER'S GUIDE

By HERBERT HUNGERFORD

In this handbook are collected methods and plans for members of literary, debating and self-improvement societies.

### AMATEUR JOURNALISM

By W. R. MURPHY

The author gives many practical hints and valuable suggestions that have come as a result of his long experience in the junior world of letters.

### HOW TO WIN SUCCESS

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

In this little hand book the author has gathered the boiled-down essence of all his best writings.

### Ten Cents Each

These books are well printed, on a good quality of paper, and bound in a tough paper cover, pocket size. Send ten cents for each book that you want, and if it does not please you your money will be returned if you ask for it.

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Room T, University Bldg., Washington Sq., New York

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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## THE PIONEER

THE OLDEST AND BEST AMATEUR JOURNAL

Vol. VII contained 118 pages (7 x 10 in.)—stories, essays, verses and amateur news.

25c. PER YEAR

## THE PIONEER

252 N. 35 St. Phila., Pa.

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BOYS, send us for 20 packages of Blaine which you can easily sell at 100 cents each. Return us the \$2.00 received, and we will at once send free post-paid, a Regulation-size Rugby Football, consisting of a tested bladder made of the best rubber and a strongly sewed leather cover. It is

warranted to stand rough work. Send your address. We trust you with the Blaine. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also give other athletic goods.

**BLAINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,**  
23 Mill Street, Concord Junction, Mass.  
(The Old Reliable Firm.)



**"REAL COWBOY LIFE"**

AN ILLUSTRATED STEREOPTICON ENTERTAINMENT BY

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**Practical Hints to Amateur Photographers**  
By WM. L. DEAL

**THE NECESSARY APPARATUS**

Having decided what kind of photographs you wish to take, the next thing to be considered is the apparatus needed. It is better to buy as little as possible at first, as you can purchase with more discretion after you have gained a good knowledge of the possibilities of the art. If your supply of money is limited, the apparatus purchased should be as nearly universal as possible, i. e., to serve as many uses as a more elaborate one. The most important part of the camera is the lens. It should be of as good quality as possible. The best lens for all-round work is a rapid rectilinear one with a focus with at least the length of the plate used. For a five by seven plate, the focus should be seven and one-half inches.

Next in order is a tripod, which should be of the folding variety and secure enough to hold the camera firmly. It would be better if the arms of the tripod have sliding adjustment, as sometimes in working on a hillside or other uneven surface, being able to make one or two of the arms shorter is of great importance. The foregoing completes the outfit with the exception of the plate-holders, the focusing cloth and the carrying case.

It is always an advantage to have a number of plateholders, as sometimes on a trip it is very inconvenient to change plates often, and with several holders one change may be enough. Almost any dense black goods will do for a focusing cloth, but for all-round purposes, gossamer cloth is the best as it is thoroughly opaque, light in weight, and in case of a sudden shower may be used to protect the camera, outfit or the operator from the rain. A carrying case is usually supplied with the camera. The tripod should be carried separately. A spirit level will be found very useful unless your camera has a level at-

tached. The fixtures as described are indispensable. Should the beginner be able to afford a more expensive outfit, there is much to choose from. The camera may have all the adjustments, viz.: Reversible back, rack and pinion and double swing, and be lighter in weight than the cheaper one. If two lens can be purchased their focal capacity should be seven and a half and twelve inches, the latter of the single lens variety. If three lens, they should be, say, five, eight and twelve inches focus—these lens being suitable for a five by seven plate. For a smaller plate, of course, the lenses will be smaller and for a larger one, a larger or longer focus. But as I have said before, it is best to start with one good lens, unless an old worker is at hand to advise and make the selections. Dry plates are next in order.

Many writers have counseled the use of slow plates by beginners, because the universal fault of all beginners in landscape photographing is over exposure, and with the said plates there is more leeway—that is, over-exposure can be more easily controlled in development. But slow plates are very often inconvenient, and as those of rapid speed are more universal, it would be best to learn to use them at the beginning. A good make of plates should be selected and no inferior ones used. Before putting plates in holders (film side out, of course) dust out the inside of the holders and then the film side of the plate with a soft camel's hair brush two or three inches wide, to remove any dust or foreign matter, which, if on the plate during exposure through the lens, would make clear spots and defects in the negative.

When on a trip, the plates, after exposure, should be put back again carefully in the pasteboard boxes (film sides facing each other). On the outside of each box should be noted the particulars of its contents.

The apparatus for developing and printing can be very simple and inexpensive, and the beginner had best beware of the so-called "complete outfits." Buy only what is needed at the time, and when possible, the best of its kind.

It is not within the scope of these articles to go into detail other than what I have already told, but there is much the beginner needs to know, that time and money may not be wasted, therefore, read good literature on the subject.



**ON THE FOX RIVER**

Special Mention, Photo Contest, by Litta Volckhert, age 18.

# CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Hereafter we intend to devote a portion of our space to the interests of all young people's societies, whether they be branches of our Success League or of the Knights of King Arthur, or in no wise connected with any organization with which we are directly interested. We should be glad to hear from the secretaries of societies of any kind, and receive items of interest, photographs, suggestions, programmes, plans for entertainments, and new ideas of all kinds that will be interesting to members of clubs and societies.

Every enterprising youth belongs to some kind of a society. In many cases it is a school fraternity, or it may be a neighborhood social club, a reading circle, a home study club, athletic club; but no matter what kind, we will try to have plans in this department to interest members of all societies. We will award special prizes for new and original plans that can be used in this department. If any of our readers desire to organize societies of any kind, we should be glad to hear from them, and we will gladly send circulars giving plans for organizing.

## PROGRAMME BUILDING

This is the season when trouble begins for the programme committees. In any society there is no more important committee than the one which plans the programmes, because nothing will blight the organization more quickly than dull, uninteresting, dry-as-dust programmes.

But good programmes cannot be arranged on the spur of the moment. Much time and forethought should be given to their preparation. The tastes of the various individual members of the society should be carefully considered, and there should be something in each programme to cater to the interests of each member. Above all, the programmes should have variety. Variety is said to be the spice of life, but is the very life itself of club programmes, and without variety any club will soon die.

The president, or whoever appoints the programme committee, should exercise much judgment to see that the committee itself contains variety. There should be one serious-minded member who will see to it that the programmes do not run to frivolity, but contains some meat. But the rollicking, fun-loving fellow should also be on the committee to make sure that there will be plenty of fun and spirit in the programmes. Then there should be a judicious member who will sort of balance the programmes tactfully.

Up-to-date-ness is another important point for the committee to consider. Don't discuss old, musty questions, but try and have all of your topics for debate connected with the events of the hour. This will make your programmes concrete instead of abstract, and will enable those who participate to easily procure material for the preparation of their parts in the programme. Thus, in arranging a schedule of programmes for a season, the committee should take a careful forecast of coming events, and should endeavor to have something in the programme of each meeting that will be connected with some recent event.

In conclusion let me emphasize the importance of arranging a schedule of programmes in advance. If you arrange them in a haphazard

sort of way a few days before the meeting is to take place, you will soon begin to observe a fall in your attendance. It is not only far better, but it is also much easier to plan a series of ten or twelve programmes ahead. Then these programmes should be written or printed and placed in the hands of all of the members so that each will be able to read up or any other way to fit himself to get the most benefit out of the programme when it is rendered.

A few suggestive programmes are given herewith. These, of course, are to be used simply as models in arranging others. It is a good idea to have programmes connected topically in some way, as for example: A series of historical programmes, or a series of political programmes, or a series of biographical programmes.

## "LIVES OF GREAT MEN DON'T REMIND US"

A series of programmes based upon the example and influence of great American men, especially adapted to clubs having many young members.

### I.

1. Introductory address—The Lasting Influence of a Great Life.
2. Discussion—What Quality in the Character of Washington has Contributed most to His Fame?
3. Character sketch—Washington; the Father of the Republic.

### II.

1. Character sketch—Franklin: the Dean of Yankee Philosophers.
2. Debate—Resolved: That it is not "Easier to Earn Money than to Spend it Well."
3. Paper—Is there as Great a Chance to Rise in the Printing and Publishing Business To-day as there was in the Time of Franklin?

*Note—Probably no club will fail to supplement this programme with some number dealing with the Proverbs of Poor Richard.*

### III.

1. Character sketch—Jefferson: the Founder of the Democratic Ideas.
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Republican Party To-day Represents the Democratic Idea of Jefferson Better than Does the Democratic Party.
3. Address—Opportunities in Politics. *By a Politician.*

### IV.

1. Character sketch—Marshall: the Great Expounder of the Constitution.
2. Address—Opportunities in Law. *By a Lawyer.*
3. Discussion—Should the Constitution be Revised to meet Modern Conditions?

### V.

1. Character sketch—Greeley: the Patriarch of Journalism.
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Press Exerts Greater Influence than the Pulpit.
3. Address—How to Become a Newspaper Man. *By a Journalist.*

### VI.

1. Character sketch—Lincoln: the Preserver of the Republic.

2. Discussion: Should the Negro be Treated as a Social Equal of the White?
3. Paper—Needed Reforms Demanding Great Statesmanship.

### VII.

1. Character sketch—Beecher: the Greatest Preacher of His Time.
2. Discussion—Is the Influence of the Pulpit Declining?
3. Address—Opportunities in the Ministry. *By a Clergyman.*

### VIII.

1. Character sketch—Emerson: the Sage of Concord.
2. Discussion—The Best Book I Ever Read.
3. Address—How to Become a Writer.

### IX.

1. Character sketch—Grant: our Greatest Soldier.
2. Debate—Resolved: That War is Unnecessary, and that all Disputes should be settled by Arbitration.
3. Paper—How to Enter West Point or Annapolis.

### X.

1. Character sketch—Edison: the Wizard of Menlo Park.
2. Discussion—What has been the most Beneficial Invention of the past Twenty Years?
3. Paper—Some Things that are Still to be Invented.

## STEPPING-STONES TO COMMERCIAL SUCCESS

A series of programmes for clubs whose membership is composed largely of young men and women engaged in commercial callings.

### I.

1. Introductory address—What is Commercial Success? *By a commercial teacher or a business man.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That there are fewer opportunities for one to rise in commercial life to-day than there were fifty years ago.
3. Paper—Don't Wait for Your Opportunity; Make it!

### II.

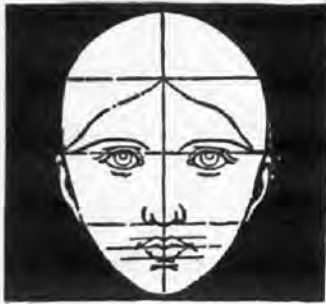
1. Talk—How to get, and Keep, a Situation. *By an employee who has done both.*
2. Discussion—Is Influence Stronger than Ability in Securing Promotion?
3. Contest—Each member writes an application for a certain position. A prize to be awarded to the one voted the best.

### III.

1. Address or paper—Master the Details of Your Work.
2. Reading—Aids to Business System, Selection from *System*, and other commercial journals.
3. Discussion—What modern invention has been the greatest aid to commercial interests; i. e., telephone, typewriter, elevator, etc.

### IV.

1. Talk—Honesty as a Policy and as a Principle.
2. Debate—Resolved: That Intense Competition has been the Greatest Cause of the Decline in the Standard of Business Integrity.
3. Quotation contest—Every member hands in a quotation relating to honesty. These are read aloud and vote taken as to which is the best. The collection of quotations may be given as a prize.



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4. And finally it tells you how to sell your work after you've learned how to produce it.

### CONTENTS

**TECHNIC**—Working with pen, brush (oil and water color), pastel, grease and conte crayon, lead pencil, carbon pencil, scratch paper, chalk plate, Ben Day machine, silver print work, etc. Also the various effects used by pen artists, including quick and slow lines, English and American styles of treating zig-zag lines, hooked lines, quick lines, double cross hatching, stippling, spatter work, etc. Wash drawings. Distemper drawings. Tracing and copying photographs. What materials to use, including papers, canvases and bristol boards. Tools and how to handle them. Drawing from Nature. Drawing from memory, with table showing comparative measurements of different parts of the human body—head, hands, feet, legs, arms, etc. **COLOR**—primary and secondary colors, etc., explained. How to mix different shades, etc. **ARTISTIC ANATOMY**—The bones and muscles as applied to pictorial work. **LETTERING**—Copying and originating. Roman, block, old English and script styles shown. Elementary, historic and geometric ornament. Conventionalization of flowers, ornamental composition, pictorial composition. **FACIAL EXPRESSION**—Sorrow, joy, anger, fear, contempt, laughter. Aerial linear perspective. **BUSINESS DETAILS**—How to sell pictures, how to get a position as an artist, prices and salaries paid, lists of names of publishers and others who buy work, how to pack pictures to send by mail or express, etc., etc. Explanations of various engraving and reproductive processes. "How to Illustrate" sent prepaid to any address in the world for \$1.00. (Limp covers.) A more handsomely bound edition in cloth covers \$1.50 prepaid.

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v.

1. Talk or paper—Sociability as a Success-Winning Ability.
2. Progressive talk—Each member is given a card on which ten or more subjects for conversation are named. In the way usual in progressive games, each subject is discussed for three minutes. No two members talk together more than once. When all subjects have been discussed, each member writes on the back of his card his vote as to which is the best conversationalist.
3. Opinions—What is the Most Important of the Qualities of a True Gentleman? Why?

vi.

1. Address—Health as Your Capital. *By a Physician.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That the Growing Interest in Athletics Has Done More for the Cause of Good Health Than Any Other Influence of the Past Fifty Years.
3. Paper—Notable Examples of Invalids who have Succeeded in Spite of their Handicap.

vii.

1. Address—Tact *versus* Talent.
2. Examples—Each member gives one example, personal, or otherwise, where tact was used advantageously.
3. Story—Conquered by Common Sense. The members should submit original stories suggested by this title. The best ones to be read to the club.

viii.

1. Talk—Starting a Savings Bank Account. *By a Banker.*
2. Debate—Resolved: That economy is a greater advantage to commercial success than energy.
3. Contest—A month previous to the time when this programme is rendered the members should each have received a certain sum to invest. Their accounts of the result of their investment should form this number.

ix.

1. Address—Commercialism in Politics. *By a Politician.*
2. Discussion—Is it the Duty of every Man to Participate in Politics Further Than Voting?
3. Paper—Some Things that Every Man Should Know About His Country.

x.

1. Address—Little Things that Keep Employees Down.
2. Symposium—Intemperance, Cigarettes, Unsteadiness, Untidiness, Inaccuracy, etc.
3. Reading—Chapter on "Be Brief," from "Pushing to the Front."

\*\*\*

An envelope has been invented which records of itself any attempt to tamper with its contents. The flap is imbued with some chemical composition, which, when operated on by a dampening process or any other means of penetrating to its inclosure, records the transaction by causing the words "Attempt to open" to appear. It is thought that the inquisitive will think twice before pursuing their researches in face of such an invention.

\*\*\*

"Who tells your fortune tells you lies;  
Who tells your faults has truthful eyes."

## The Success League

A FEDERATION OF LITERARY, DEBATING AND OTHER SELF-CULTURE SOCIETIES

A handbook containing full information sent for fifteen cents, or circular containing limited information sent for a stamp. Address, The General Secretary of the Success League, University Building, New York City.

There are two kinds of growth in an organization, the healthy and permanent, and the unhealthy and that is not lasting. The latter is forced by "boom" methods, and like the plant forced in the hot-house, does not contain strength. The former, however, is often produced by pruning.

The Success League aims, above all things, to become a permanent institution. During the past few months we have been applying the pruning knife. Sad as it may appear to the promoters of those organizations which are constantly shouting about the great number of new societies that have been added since their last report, the Success League does not contain as many branches as it did six months ago. It is, nevertheless, at least 100 per cent. stronger, because the deadwood has been thrown out.

Since the Success League was first organized, over one thousand branches have been formed, yet strangely enough, to-day our organization contains about 300 good, solid branches. This may sound surprising to outsiders, and there are many who would regard it as an unwise step, to acquaint the public of the matter, but, after giving the matter deliberate consideration, I am convinced that it is for the best interests of our organization to let every branch understand the exact situation of affairs. Unfortunately in the past, we have been foolish enough to adopt "boom" methods, and have added branches to our organization that have not realized the high ideal and purpose of the Success League. From now on, we shall firmly renounce all such methods, and shall endeavor to promote the growth of our organization steadily and earnestly. We shall only add branches that we think will be permanent.

It is a pleasant fact to record that many of the branches of our League are as old as the organization itself, and that these older branches are by far the strongest in our organization. This fact alone is sufficient proof of the stability of our League, and is an indication that our organization contains the elements which can be developed into world-wide movement.

The thing of greatest importance to any organization, is "esprit de corps." This is lacking in almost every organization that is fostered by some periodical. It is for this reason that the League of Success Clubs is not made merely an association for promoting the circulation of the magazine. We have revised our constitution and arranged a financial plan which will make our organization permanently self-supporting and self-governing. The organization will be under no obligations to any magazine, and members will be entitled to all the privileges whether they subscribe to a magazine or not. The only reason that members will have for subscribing is that the magazine will be made to interest and to help them in their work. By adopting this policy, we hope that we have made possible the highest development of our organization. Hundreds of periodical organizations have risen, flourished, and fallen, so the League of Success Clubs is not.

and never will be if the general secretary can prevent it, conducted for the benefit of any periodical.

A general inventory is being taken of all the clubs in the League, and in our next number the results of this inventory will be given. Hereafter there will be such a thing as clubs in good standing, and will be noted by our constitution, and branches not in good standing, will not receive the benefits and privileges of membership. Our new constitution adds many material privileges, and these privileges are definitely described, so that every member can know just what he is entitled to. For example, every member of a branch of the League of Success Clubs is entitled to a membership card, on which all of other privileges of membership are described. Any member who does not possess a membership card, should apply to the Secretary of his club, and if the Secretary has not a supply of them on hand, they should be ordered from headquarters.

### Wit-Sharpening Entertainment

In some clubs, the social committee is separate from the programme committee, but ordinarily there is but one committee to arrange both the entertainment and the literary part of the programme. What has already been said about the building programmes applies in general to entertainments. "Variety" should be the watchword, and "Up-to-date" the motto of the entertainment as well as the programme committee. A few suggestive socials are given herewith, and each month hereafter we will offer others. We should be glad to have our readers tell us of plans for good entertainments.

A **POLITICAL SOCIAL** is particularly appropriate at this season. Invitations may be sent out in the form of election notices. Tickets may be used, and votes may be cast for the homliest man, the prettiest woman, the wittiest person in town, and various other complimentary or uncomplimentary offices. A programme might be rendered in the form of political speeches, and a debate on the present political issues would be interesting.

A **BEAN SOCIAL** is always interesting. Everyone who attends is given a bag containing 25 or 50 beans. Then, at the proper time, a witty person takes the part of an auctioneer, and puts up for sale various articles, all of which are paid for in beans. All of the articles put up should be well wrapped, so that the ones who bid cannot have the slightest idea of what they are buying. Of course, the fun comes in when the packages are untied. If it is necessary that money be raised at the social, a small sum might be charged for the beans that are supplied.

Refreshments could be served in which the bean should play an important part. Games could be played, such as "Bean-bag" and "Hunt the Bean." The latter game is something like the well-known peanut hunt. A certain number of beans are placed in sight in the room, and each person as soon as he has discovered and counted all of the beans that are in sight, sits down. The object is, of course, to see how quickly one can discover them all.

A **FAGGOT PARTY** will be interesting, now that the weather is getting colder. Each guest is invited to bring a bundle of faggots, which may vary in size from bundles of matches or tooth-picks, to kindling-wood. At a certain party of



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this kind one ingenious gentleman brought a bundle of asbestos, tied with metal. When the guests are all assembled, a fire is built, and each guest in turn places his bundle upon the fire, and must entertain the company with a song, story or recitation during the time his faggot is being consumed by the flames. If there is a fire-place, of course it adds materially to the interest of the occasion.

**APPLE SOCIALS** will be frequent this Fall. There are hundreds of varieties of this kind of social. Sometimes each guest is requested to bring an apple as his admission fee. At one social each one present was given the name of an apple, and was requested to write a poem (?) in which the name of his apple was a part of the rhyme. When time is called, these rhymes are read, and the company votes on which is the best, and also which is the poorest. The winner of the first prize gets the B. A. P., the winner of the second prize gets the L. A. P., and the winner of the booby prize gets the N. A. P. Translated, this means the Big Apple Pie, the Little Apple Pie, and a tin containing No Apple Pie.

Apple paring contests in which the prize is given to the one who pares the longest apple peel, is an interesting feature.

An apple race is run after the same manner as the well known potato race. Several dishes containing ten apples each are placed on one side of the room, an empty dish is placed on the opposite side of the room. Each of the contestants are given a spoon, and at the sig-

nal to start, each scoops up an apple, balances it on the spoon without touching it with his hands, and takes it across the room and deposits it in the empty dish. If it falls during the passage, it must be scooped up again without touching it with the hands. The winner, of course, is the one who carries all his apples across the soonest. In a larger party it is necessary to run several trial races with a final for the prize winners in the trial races.

### Current Events

The following questions are particularly appropriate, and depends on plenty of material, for either side of the question may be gathered from the current periodicals.

Would the best interest of the country be promoted by the election of the Democratic and the defeat of the Republican party?

Did Bishop Potter's action at the opening of the sub-way saloon promote the cause of temperance?

Has the World's Fair at St. Louis added materially to the education of the world?

Should the United American and European powers interfere in the settlement of the Russian-Japanese war?

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 BOSTON 633 Summer St.  
 NEW YORK 633 Summer St.  
 WASHINGTON 1000 Penn. Ave.  
 BALTIMORE 1000 Penn. Ave.  
 PHOENIX 1000 Penn. Ave.  
 LOS ANGELES 27 West 4th St.  
 SAN FRANCISCO 103 Dearborn St.  
 CHICAGO 103 Dearborn St.  
 ST. LOUIS 618 Olive St.  
 NEW ORLEANS 631 Canal St.  
 ATLANTA 6 Whitehall St.  
 LONDON 97 Cheapside

Have Correspondence Schools been the greatest movement for the general education of the people during the past ten years?  
 Should national divorce laws be enacted?  
 Was the enfranchisement of the Negro a mistake?  
 Will the restoration of the canteen system be for the best interests of the United States Army?

**PRIZE COMPETITIONS**

**SHORT STORY**—Choose your own subject and tell any kind of a story, either true or imaginary, containing 2,000 words or less.  
**AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY**—Choose any subject containing figures in action. Must be a snap shot.  
**DRAWING**—Ornamental designs.  
**POETRY**—Choose any subject and write no more than five verses.

**SPECIAL CONTESTS**

We will award two dollars to each person who sends a photograph, drawing or article that is accepted and printed in any of the following contests: 1. A wild animal photograph. 2. A cartoon on any topic of current interest. 3. An original joke or funny anecdote. 4. A description of any article of handicraft that can be easily constructed by any ingenious boy or girl. Illustrate with drawing or photograph, if possible.

**AD-WRITING CONTEST**

For every original design of any advertisement that is considered good enough to print, we will award a one dollar prize, and we will award a free scholarship in any correspondence school advertised in **YOUNG AMERICANS**, to the person who submits the three best advertisements in our Ad-Writing Contests, before April, 1905.

**PRIZE AWARDS**

Three cash prizes are awarded in each contest as follows: First prize, \$3.00. Second prize, \$2.00. Third prize, \$1.00.

**READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY**

All readers are eligible to these competitions; but no reader may send more than one competition a month—not one of each kind. In judging the competitions, due consideration is given to the ages of the competitors. Articles must be written in ink, on one side of the paper only. Each article, photograph or drawing must bear the name, address, and the age of the competitor. No letter or other separate communication should be included. No stories, poems or written articles will be returned. But drawings and photographs which do not win prizes, will be returned if stamps are enclosed for return postage. Drawings must be in jet black,—India ink or wash drawings. Drawings must be sent flat, not rolled tubes. Drawings and photographs larger than 12 inches square cannot be entered in the contests.

Articles entered in the above contests must be received on, or before, November 15, 1904. Announcement of award of prizes will be made in January.  
 All articles for prize contests should be addressed **YOUNG AMERICANS COMPETITIONS**, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

**AN ADDITIONAL GIFT**

To get your subscription to our Boys' Temperance Paper we will give you 50 handsomely printed visiting cards (regular price 75c.) and the **NEW CENTURY KNIGHT** for one year for 25c., published twice a month by a boy, for boys. Send us 25c. in coin or stamps and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. Don't fail to write name plainly.

**NEW CENTURY KNIGHT**  
 A. B. CHILTON, Publisher  
 Box 422 MONTGOMERY, ALA.

**HAVE YOU A HOBBY?**

Better let us tell you about it. We can tell you the most and best. Because we are the publishers of the oldest, best and largest monthly paper devoted to Philately, published east of the Mississippi River. This is the

**COLONIAL COLLECTOR and Camera News**

What we haven't got is worth anything. We will give a Scout catalogue (1904) to the first ten persons answering this ad. and a big free premium package to every one.  
 We have a Guaranteed circulation of 4000. We want 1000 more. Will you help us. The last person in our first 5000 person will get a package of rare stamps worth \$10.00.  
 Send now and get the big Double Anniversary Number for FREE. Subscription 35 cents to every one. You may win a prize. Ads. pay well when inserted here. Rates on application.  
 Remember you get the big 64 page issue for May Free—if you subscribe.  
 Published every month in the year by  
 H. W. ARMSTRONG & CO. Dep't. M. M.  
 108 E. Sandusky St., Findlay, O.

**BOYS and GIRLS**  
 Organ of Chautauqua Junior Naturalist and Civic Improvement Clubs  
 Fifty Cents a Year. Samples sent Free  
 Address,  
**BOYS and GIRLS, Ithaca, N. Y.**

# THE PUZZLE MAN

In spite of modern improvements, there are a great many people who cling to the old ways. This seems to be the case with many of our readers. We started an original, ingenious, up-to-date puzzle department under the guise of a "Zig-Zag Trip Around the World," but they would have none of it, but demanded the old-fashioned acrostics, enigmas, word squares, etc. So here we have the old-style puzzle department.

If the interest in the department should warrant it, we shall increase the space, but for a beginning we offer only a few puzzles.

We will award three prizes of three dollars, two dollars, and one dollar, respectively, for the best lists of answers to these puzzles. We will also give one dollar for every list of original puzzles that we accept and publish.

Address all correspondence to "The Puzzle Man," YOUNG AMERICANS, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

1. RHYMING ACROSTIC.

1. A spiral. 2. To cut with an adz. 3. To regret. 4. The mother of a lamb. 5. An exclamation. The initials form a word meaning a scolding woman.

2. PIED POLITICAL PROVERB.

oYu nac olfo mose fo het elpope lal fo teh mite dan lal fo hte leppoe semo fo teh item, tub oyu 'tactn olfo lal fo het lepop lal fo teh emit.

3. ENIGMA.

From six take nine, from nine take ten, from forty take fifty and six will remain.

4. WORD BUILDING.

1. Take a preposition, add a letter to the right and make a word meaning devoured. Add another letter to the left and make a word meaning behind time. Add another letter to the left and make a word meaning to rejoice. Add another letter to the left and make a word meaning to tell a story. Add another letter to the left and make a word meaning an ecclesiastical dignitary.

5. A CHARADE.

My first is a place where great sights are shown  
From the best on down to the worst.  
My second is places which people should own  
Who spend much time at my first.  
My whole is a man with whom many will condone  
If his political bubble should burst.



## Queerness of Marcus Miller

(Continued from page 264)

Miller had learned the measurements of human life, and Obediah Perkins understood.

The two men greeted each other quietly. "You've got what no one can take from you," said the old man, and Marcus grasped his hand and smiled—the smile of one who has completion in his soul.

That summer he took up the farm again and the same monotonous round began. But never again was it monotonous to Marcus Miller. He blended what was with what had been and glowed with the fullness of life. He had seen so much of the world that he was contented to sit in his little corner and let the memory of it all pass before him like an eternal panorama, for Marcus Miller had the seeing eye and had become a part of all that he had seen—he had built his soul a lordly pleasure house whereon no man could attach a mortgage.—*The Four-Track News.*

# I. C. S. Made Men

Later-day business history records the remarkable achievements of many self-made men, but nothing more wonderful than the progress of the vast multitude of students of the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pa. Thousands of ambitious men and women, aided by the I. C. S. system of training by mail, have been able to advance in place and salary. Many have been able to change their occupation, taking positions in their chosen profession. The accounts of the rise of some of our students read like romance.

## Increased Salary Over 100 Per Cent.

After studying from textbooks and at night schools with but little success, I enrolled, about two years ago, in the Electrical Engineering Course of the International Correspondence Schools. Since then my pay has been increased over 100 per cent. I am now employed on experimental work for the United States Government.

HUGH J. WHITE,  
714 Virginia Ave., Washington, D. C.

The I. C. S. system of training by mail teaches mechanics the theory of their trades; helps misplaced people to qualify for more congenial work; and qualifies young people for good positions, at the start, in their chosen professions.

Decide today to better your condition—then let us help you. What we have done for others we can do for you. We can qualify you for any position mentioned in the attached coupon.

### Send Us the Coupon Today

Mark X before the position that interests you, fill in the coupon and mail it to us, and we will send full particulars, and our book, "1001 Stories of Success." This gives the names, addresses, and advancement of over a thousand of our students in all parts of the world.

## International Correspondence Schools

Box 978, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me a free copy of "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Ad Writer	Mechanical Engineer	Architect
Show-Card Writer	Stationary Engineer	Architectural Draftsman
Window Trimmer	Gas Engineer	Chemistry
Illustrator	Machine Designer	Sheet-Metal Draftsman
Wallpaper Designer	Mechanical Draftsman	Ornamental Designer
Carpet Designer	Marine Engineer	Textile Designer
Bookcover Designer	Hydraulic Engineer	Bookkeeper
Electrical Engineer	Municipal Engineer	Stenographer
Electrician	R. R. Construction Eng.	Civil Service Exam.
Telephone Engineer	Surveyor	French <small>With</small>
Civil Engineer	Mining Engineer	German <small>Ballban</small>
Bridge Engineer	Sanitary Engineer	Spanish <small>Photograph</small>

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# \$1000

# for

# Subscription

# Agents

"TRAVEL" is a magazine. This means an epitome of fiction, fact and poetry. Born in the great southwest it has through merit alone become the magazine of all sections and of all classes. It is progressive or it would not be crowding out other publications in its province. It is both literary and newsy, and above all, pure in sentiment and elevated in literary tone. It is handsomely illustrated, typographically correct. Circulation now 25,000. We want fully 50,000 by January 1st. Single copies 10 cents, by the year \$1.00.

\$1000 in cash prizes will be given to the agents sending in the largest lists of subscriptions to

## TRAVEL MAGAZINE

in addition to an unprecedentedly liberal commission on each subscription. First prize \$500, second prize \$250, third prize \$100—besides several smaller prizes. No experience necessary; contest just starting. Successful agents make \$50 to \$60 a week. Write to-day for details.

TRAVEL PUBLISHING CO.,

Odd Fellows Building,

St. Louis, Mo.





## The Call for 1905

Two hundred and twenty-five writers from all parts of the world have been enlisted to write for

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR 1905.

No expense nor care has been spared to make the paper excel itself every week during the next year. Among the men and women of distinction who will write for the new volume are

Mr. Justice Brewer,  
Jack London,  
Professor Shaler,  
Sir William Ramsay,  
Hon. Carroll D. Wright,  
"Ian Maclaren,"  
Israel Zangwill,  
Mrs. Burton Harrison,  
Rev. F. E. Clark,  
The Chinese Minister at Washington.

Charles Emory Smith,  
Emile Ollivier,  
Ex-Senator Vest,  
Hon. Andrew D. White,  
Agnes Repplier,  
Sir H. H. Johnston,  
Commander Peary,  
General Greely,  
Madame Sembrich,  
The Chinese Minister at Washington.

Announcement for 1905 and Sample Copies of the Paper Sent Free to any Address.

### Every New Subscriber

Who cuts out and sends this slip or the name of this paper at once with \$1.75 for The Youth's Companion for the 52 weeks of 1905 will receive

**.. FREE ..**

All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1904.

The Thanksgiving and Christmas Double Numbers.  
The Companion "Carnation" Calendar for 1905, printed in twelve colors and gold.

As much reading in the year as would fill twenty 8vo volumes.

\$10,000 will be divided equally among subscribers who secure three new subscriptions. Send for information.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



