

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
Vol. I, No. 3

Detroit, Michigan, January, 1900

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10 Cents a Copy

DRIVE AHEAD!

WE ARE OFF! Hurray for 1900!
Gather up the reins, boys, for we are to do the driving for the first half of the century. We are starting at a mighty pace. Never has the world seen such a splendid burst of speed as that with which the United States of America crosses the line into the nineteen hundreds. We are boys in the very nick of time. We are coming into the strength of early manhood at the most splendid epoch of all time, with our own country—God bless her—like a young giant leading the way.

It behooves us as American boys to stand erect in proud appreciation of our heritage and in noble resolve to be worthy of the trust. It behooves us to be loyal to home and country, to improve ourselves by study and observation for exalted work, to train ourselves to think clearly and act promptly and wisely, to get all the education we can—in school if possible, out of school, if need be,—at any rate get education. There is to be no place in the coming century for the laggard; so let us get to the front in what we do and stay there.

There is to be no place in the coming century for grumblers; so let us learn to take things as they come and make them better.

There is to be no place for cowards; so let us have convictions and the courage of them.

If we have money it is better that we should drop it to the bottom of the sea than that it should make us forget that there is no honor in its possession, save as it represents manhood put into it.

If we have no money let us count ourselves fortunate in that to us will be given the blessed boon of labor, and the joy of seeing our fortunes grow by our own hands.

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in the coming years, be alert.

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KEEP AHEAD!

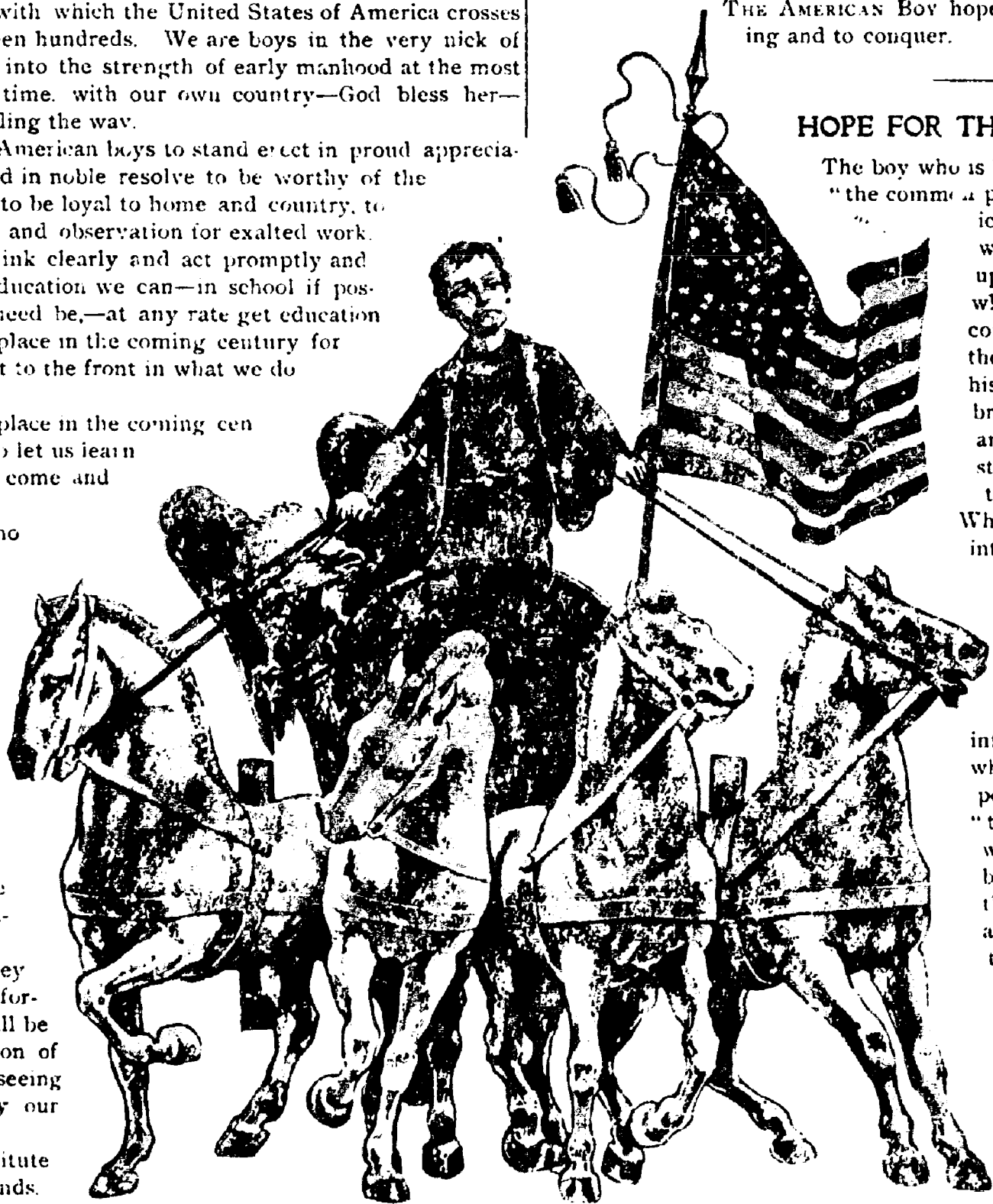
THEN gather up the reins, boys, and let every throb of the world's life meet an answering throb in yours. With its every bound take a firmer grip and ride forward into the experiences of 1900 and the long string of years which THE AMERICAN BOY hopes may be yours, conquering and to conquer.

HOPE FOR THE "AVERAGE BOY."

The boy who is born and brought up among "the common people"—the average American boy, who has to dig for what he gets, who stands up against the conditions of life, who must meet thereby a real advantage over his seemingly more favored brother born amid affluence and surrounded by circumstances and conditions that go to make things easy for him. When the average boy comes into business he finds that the world is very largely made up of average people—people just like himself. By nature, therefore, he is fitted to talk with them, deal with them, influence them. He knows what appeals to them. The politician who knows best "the masses" is the politician who wins, hence the remarkable success of some men in this field who lack refinement and even a moderate education. Success in any business often depends largely on understanding the people—and this is where the boy from the country, untutored in college, but possessed of native muscle and grit, often wins it over the city boy who is college bred.

In this lies great hope for the boy on the farm and in the workshop, for even hard conditions may become the greatest factor in success, if amid these conditions he maintain his integrity and set a real purpose. All this is said for the encouragement of the dull boy, the honest student who never stands at the head of his class, the boy whom nobody ever calls a "genius," the boy who bears in his very constitution the inheritance of mediocre powers, the boy who must begin the struggle for recognition unaided by family name and ancestral wealth and position.

To this boy in this land of ours where every title must be earned by the right use of your very infirm-



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Fifty Car Loads of Christmas Snow

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Roderick Dawson lives in that part of the United States where the mercury never gets lower than sixty and where snow is so entirely unknown that the very word has dropped out of the local dictionaries. It may have and plenty of it, but they wouldn't know snow if they saw it.

When Roderick was eleven years old he was invited to visit his cousin Frank Parsons of London Hill. Now for six months of the year they have snow every day at London Hill! It comes in the shape of a blast of a storm on November first and stays until May first, when the sun melts it and it goes off in a freshet, and does a lot of damage to people living below London Hill. But as water has never formed the pernicious habit of running up hill, the London Hillites are always safe.

It was in the middle of November when Roderick was driven from the train up to the Parsons household of course there was snow everywhere and his delight at moving smoothly along on runners was something to make a northern child wonder.

"Didn't you ever see this before?" asked Frank. "Why not. Does it really come from the sky as you said?"

"Of course it does. My, but you're green! Why, what do you do with your sleds down there?"

"Sleds? What's that?" asked Roderick, innocently and Frank concluded that he was not quite bright. But he never made a greater mistake in his life as he soon found out, for Roderick was as smart as any boy of his age and when he had learned all the uses of snow he wasn't behind any of the boys in applying it.

"Know 'sge. To be hit in the eye by a snow ball?"

"No, but just a much as it he had all his life."

And he never connected snow with anything that came from the sky, and if they didn't know it in Louisiana parish why there were lots of other things that were peculiar to the north. So he accepted snow as a curious but none the less delightful fact.



TO BE HIT IN THE EYE BY A SNOW BALL, HURT

He stood the cold weather very well for a southern boy and indeed sometimes went without an overcoat when his playmates were wearing both coats and overcoats.

Roderick was a generous little fellow and he often thought what a source of delight it would be to his old playmates of the south if they could have snow in which to play and build forts and caves and down which to coast and in one of his letters home to his brother he told him that he had just about decided, if it did not cost too much to send down a train load of snow as a Christmas present to his native place.

One day he and Frank and a half dozen other fellows were fashioning a gigantic snow woman. She was so tall that they had to use a forty-foot ladder to finish her head and they drew the snow up in buckets and a boy straddled her head and slapped the snow on in the proper place.

"We have a sculptor down here and he'd just about go crazy if he had a lot of snow to make his statues out of," said Roderick. "How much snow do you suppose it would take if I shipped some home? How many cars full?"

"Why, I guess it would take a whole lot to say fifty cars," answered Frank. He was



SHE WAS SO TALL THEY HAD TO USE A FORTY FOOT LADDER TO FINISH HER

to add that it would all melt and turn to water long before it got south, but a mischievous thought stopped him. "Say, fellows," said he, winking at his companions, "I want to send some snow down South. How much would it take, fifty car loads?"

Rawson Mawson thought it would take all of fifty but Will Bill thought forty-five would do it.

"Well, if the governor sends me enough next week, I'm going to ship some," said Roderick.

He went into the house just then after something and the boys exploded with mirth. The idea of sending snow to the South and expecting it to stay put was delightful.

"His father has oceans of money," said Will Bill. "Say we don't tell him that snow melts and then wait until his folks write up and ask him what he means by sending a lot of damp cars down there with nothing in 'em. Of course the water'll all run out."

This somewhat mean scheme appealed to all the boys who did not see its mean side and so when Roderick came out again they told him he could count on their aid.

"So he wrote to his brother, 'Dear Frederick, I have decided to send down to Tuscapoosa (this was the name of the town in which he lived) a train load of the beautiful thing called snow of which I wrote in my last, so that you will receive it by Christmas. You have no idea how nice it is and you will find you never knew what fun was before. I enclose instructions how to make a sled and I am sure that Jefferson Calhoun will be able to make them easily. Fancy getting it on top of a hill and just gliding by your own weight to the bottom. And you can have bully fun. We played civil war, using balls of the snow for bullets and cannon balls. I was captain of the Confederates and Cousin Frank was captain of the Union men. After my side won three days running. Uncle Thaddeus said it would be a good plan for me to change over to the Union side and we'd be reversing history. He's no end of fun and I like him immensely. I haven't told him about my idea of shipping snow as I'm afraid he'd think it was going to be too expensive. They have no idea how rich father is. Next week I expect to get the snow off. When you receive it, have the men distribute it as evenly as possible or else the sled runners will sink into it and you won't make as much speed. Be careful not to throw the snowballs too hard for they can hurt like sixty. You can spread a little of the snow on the sidewalk and then run and slide on it the way we used to on our hall room floor, only after it has been smoothed down a little you can go twenty or thirty feet. And I bet you'll tumble over when you first try it on. I did and I was at the head of about ten of the fellows and the way they all piled on me was a caution. No more now until I write to tell you that I've shipped it.' P. S. You'll have the merriest Christmas you ever heard of."

Frank Parsons and Will Bill managed the affair and they bribed the train hands not to tell Rod that the snow would melt. The day before he shipped it there was a big snow fall which made the work much easier. Roderick and all the workmen and by nightfall the snow was clean packed down.

And then Rod decided to want to see the fun myself, he came in a week or two, after the boys were sorry to have him like telling him of the trick at the station. Roderick, well bundled up, climbed into the cab with the engineer and waved a farewell to the boys. "Thanks, awfully, boys, for your help," he said.

The engineer muttered something about it being really too bad. "What's too bad?" asked Roderick. The engineer said he was talking to the fireman. At the last moment, Frank was seized with remorse and would have blurted out the secret to Roderick but Will Bill stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth and tumbled him over into a drift and when he picked himself up the train was moving swiftly away.

Now, it happened that the terrible cold wave that spread all over the country and did so much damage was just beginning. You may remember that the orange crop throughout the South was ruined and people saw ice who had never seen it before.

So that instead of losing all the snow when the train entered the South not a bit of it had melted, even when the train pulled up at the Tuscapoosa platform the day before Christmas. Fortune certainly favors the brave. Rod had become a great favorite on the train through his manly and unaffected ways and the men were glad to see that the trick had not succeeded.

The snow was in patent dumping cars and as the tracks ran alongside of the place where Rod wanted it dumped, it was an easy matter to distribute it, particularly as all the train hands fell to with a will and gave their services to the boy.

The train was met by the mayor and Rod's father and most of the leading men of Tuscapoosa and Roderick was thanked in any number of long speeches.

After the speeches had all been spun, everybody repaired to the coasting grounds where they found the snow ready for them. Sleds by the wholesale had been made by clever Jefferson Calhoun and old and young, men and women and children united in the new sport of coasting and snowball fighting, while the local sculptor made a beautiful statue of summer out of the snow. It was nightfall before any one thought of going home. And quite a number forgot to hang up their stockings they were so excited over the fun they would have the next day. Roderick was the happiest boy that ever gave pleasure to others. When he left

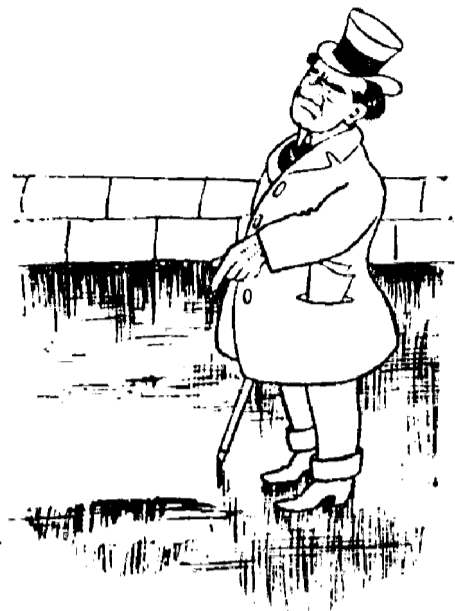
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THE NAME OF



WHILE HE GAZED IN WONDER HE WAS WAITED ON BY THE MAYOR

there was only the one town policeman left to prevent any one from taking away the snow that wanted to do so. And while he might have coped with more men he was helpless when Jack Frost went home at 2 o'clock in the morning. Jack Frost had been south three days and he was tired of the place. As soon as he had taken his departure, the snow began to melt and by sunrise Christmas morning, the whole town was afloat.

Rod rose with the sun and looked out of the window. He could not believe his eyes. Where was the statue of summer? Where was any of the snow? While he gazed in wonder, he was waited on by the mayor and asked to explain this new and unpleasant development, but he had no answer ready.

The mayor said that while he was grateful to Roderick for affording the people a lot of amusement, still it was not pleasant to feel that half the cellars were flooded, and on Christmas day too. It could not have been worse in the rainy season which had just concluded the month before.

Roderick, much chagrined, went to the engineer of the freight train and asked him to explain why the snow had gone and that good man did so in a few words. He said: "Rod, you are the victim of as mean a trick as one boy ever played on another. Only you got the better of them for a time. Snow melts in warm weather and I expected to see it begin to flood the tracks before we left Pittsburg. If it hadn't been for this unheard of cold snap you would never have brought your snow here in good order. As it is you've had your fun and every one in the place has seen and felt snow, and you'd better cut an account of the whole proceedings out of the local paper and mail it to the boys up at London Hill. I'll make them feel like thirty cents."

And Roderick did so and if Frank and Will Bill and all the other boys did not feel like thirty cents (what-ever sensation that may be) they deserved to.

HOW THE PRIZE WAS WON

Jessie C. Newcomb.

CHAPTER II.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Ted was going slowly along the narrow street that followed the river bank through what was familiarly called "The Flats." His mother's poor little house stood near the further end of this shabby street.

"Momsey's" clothesline had broken that morning, and she had asked her son to bring her a new one when he came from his day's work. He had finished his job of wood sawing earlier than he had expected, and was now on his way home, although it was not much past mid-afternoon. He could hear the shouts from the skating grounds up the river, while from behind came the low, sullen roar of the water as it fell over the dam. But his heart was heavy, for the judges had decided the contest in favor of Ralph. He tried to be brave and make himself believe that he did not care, but it was hard work, and he could not help feeling discouraged and disheartened. Suddenly a cry from the skaters arrested his attention. He turned and saw the boys frantically waving their arms, and drifting slowly toward him, and into the

black water above the dam, a boy clinging to the jagged edges of a cake of ice.

Ted's quick eye took in the situation at a glance. For a few seconds he stood paralyzed with horror; then he sprang forward, uncoiled the clothesline as he ran, and wound it upon his hand and elbow as he had often seen his mother do after a day's wash.

On the bank of the stream was a large tree that had at one time stood upright, but now it overhung the water. Ted climbed nimbly out upon the trunk. Hastily knotting the end of the rope into a loop. He made his way into the overhanging tree top. He felt it giving way. Would it hold, or must they go over the dam together?

The drowning boy, now nearly abreast of the tree, was beginning to feel the drawing power of the terrible current. Peering out from amid the branches Ted discovered that the boy clinging to the ice was Ralph Rawlins.

"Ralph!" he cried.
"Oh, help, help!" came back, faintly.
"Catch this rope. Slip the loop under your arms, then let go. I'll hold you. Now, ready."

The loop whizzed through the air, passed over Ralph's head and fell with a splash into the water beyond, leaving the line lying across the boy's shoulders.

Ralph's numbed fingers set clumsily to work, while Ted fastened the other end of the rope securely around his own waist.

"Now, then," he shouted, "let go."
"I can't. I'm afraid. Oh, don't, don't."
The rest was lost, for Ted had given the line a sudden jerk and Ralph was struggling in the water.

Ted began to haul in the rope with all his might, hand over hand; but as the old tree felt the added strain there came a sudden sharp cracking sound and the boy felt himself sinking. He nearly lost his balance, but saved himself by throwing his arm around one of the limbs, keeping, however, a firm hold upon the rope.

A cry of terror went up from the shore but the tree still held.

Ralph had ceased to struggle now, and being an excellent swimmer he was trying to strike out for shore, but he was so benumbed he could do little more than cling to the rope with both hands.

How the fierce current fought for its prey! The brave boy in the tree pulled with every ounce of strength within him, pulled as if for his own life. Slowly but surely the half-drowned lad was drawn toward the swaying branches until he was almost directly beneath where Ted sat. Ted twisted the rope around a limb and cried:

"Can you climb up—with my—help?"
"I can try."
Ted tugged at the rope with one hand while he leaned far down extending his other.

"Here, give me your hand."
The chilled hand just reached his own blistered one, then by a superhuman effort Ralph was clinging to the branches.

Under the double weight, their frail support bent until its gnarled limbs were buried in the water.

Together they crawled along the feeble, tottering bridge to the shore. Suddenly Ted's legs trembled under him, while he thought he had never heard the water roar so loudly. He knew what it meant. Must they both die, after all? Well, it wouldn't matter so much, then, who won the prize; but he wondered what "Momsey" would say about his ruining her new clothesline.

Then he knew no more until he awoke at home and "Momsey" was crying over him as he lay snuggled up in warm blankets by the fire, and the old doctor sitting by his side.

When school convened on the first Monday morning after the holiday, Ralph Rawlins was not in his accustomed seat. This fact occasioned no surprise, for it was known that he had been quite ill as a result of his adventure in the river, but during the opening exercises of the afternoon session he did appear, looking somewhat pale and weak, accompanied by his father and Mr. Richards. He quietly took his place at his desk.

At the close of the exercises the principal, instead of giving the usual signal for the passing out of the classes, stood beside his table with a grave, troubled air that filled the pupils with wonderment. He finally turned his eyes upon Ralph. As though in answer to his teacher's glance, Ralph rose to his feet, but for a moment was unable to speak. The children noticed that Ralph's father bowed his head upon his hand.

"Schoolmates," began Ralph, his voice trembling, "as you all know, the boy's prize for composition was given to me this year. I don't deserve it. I didn't write my own essay—I only copied it. My cousin in New York who writes for the papers wrote it for me. I know as well as you do that I was a coward for doing it, but I couldn't bear to let Ted get ahead of me, as I was afraid he would."

"Now I am going to give back the prize and ask them to give it to Ted, for his essay comes next to

mine, and I'm going to ask Mr. Mansfield to take off the percentage I should have lost if I hadn't handed in any essay at all. I've already told Mr. Richards and he said I must tell you all—and he thinks Ted ought to have the prize."

"Now, I want to say something to Ted," and he stepped over to the boy and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Ted, you saved my life at the risk of your own, after I'd called you a coward. I'm sorry and ashamed, and if you'll let bygones be bygones I would like to prove to you that I've got manhood enough to appreciate what you did for me. I have learned that a boy can be a man, and a mighty good one, if he does have to work for a living; and I'd like to prove that I'm not all coward and bully. I can't thank you. I—I—" and the tears filled his eyes and choked his utterance. Ted's hand met his in a warm clasp.

To say that Ralph's broken and incoherent speech made a sensation would be putting it very mildly. Many of the girls were crying outright, and some of the boys looked as though they would like to.

Mr. Richards now came forward and told them he had talked with the other judges, and the unanimous decision was that Ted O'Neil was honestly entitled to the prize for the best essay of the year.

Upon hearing this, it became Ted's turn to grow uncomfortable. Springing to his feet he said earnestly that he felt he was no more entitled to the prize than Ralph was, for he, too, had done wrong; and he told them of the finding and reading of the lost essay, and of his struggle with the temptation to destroy it. When he had finished Mr. Richards again came forward with something very like tears in his eyes and said:

"Ted did wrong to read the essay, but I still think he is rightfully entitled to the prize. Sin does not consist in being tempted but in yielding to temptation and from what he tells us I am inclined to believe that this boy is as brave morally as he is physically, and for my part I am proud of him," and the grave, dignified Mr. Richards went down the aisle and shook Ted's hand heartily, his example being followed by Mr. Mansfield and Judge Rawlins, to the poor boy's utter confusion and bewilderment. The Judge tried to say something, but he choked over it, and sat down holding his handkerchief to his face.

Then, as on a former occasion, Joe, the incorrigible, gave the signal, and such a cheer as resounded through the old brick building was surely never heard there before. Ted alone did not join in it, for a fellow can't very well cheer for himself, can he?

TRUE HEROISM.

"Oh, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the miserable attic door.

The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt-sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

"Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he, "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty pretty teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to them; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably the baby lay, covered with the boy's coat! Talk about bravery in men facing cannon! In the heat of passion they will do anything. But there was a hero on a bitterly cold day in his shirt-sleeves, because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. 'Tis false! As long as the nation raises boys like this one, she has within herself the germs of a manhood that will keep her forever in the very forefront of the world's history—Watchman.

MILES AND KNOTS.

A statute mile, as every schoolboy knows, is 5,280 feet long. The Roman soldier covered, approximately, five feet at a step. A thousand of these steps was called by the Romans a mile. The English borrowed their measurement of a mile from the Romans, and we have borrowed it from the English. A nautical mile, or the term mile as used by sailors and by the government in marine matters, is 6,080.27 feet, so that the nautical mile is about 800 feet longer than the statute mile.

THE "WHITE HOUSE."

Many persons think of the White House, in which our Presidents reside, as being built of white marble. It ought to have been so built, but such is not the case. It is built of gray stone, and it is white only because of frequent and liberal applications of white paint. If you were to scrape off the successive layers of paint on the Executive Mansion you would doubtless find traces under the old paint of the fire that partially consumed the building some years ago.

Christmas on an Iceberg.

Roy Lambertson was discharged from Bellevue Hospital, New York City, last week, and started at once for his home in Yarmouth, N. S., where he will eat his Christmas dinner. Last Christmas he had no dinner to eat and passed Christmas day on an iceberg.

Lambertson is a youth of eighteen, but hardship and sickness make him look much older. When the brig Sea Serpent was moved to the Roberts wharf in Brooklyn early in March Lambertson went ashore, and after shaking hands with his shipmates proceeded to Bellevue Hospital, where he was treated for gangrene superinduced by frost bites.

"You are a sailor?" said the physician who examined him.

"Yes, sir, a sort of sailor-fisherman."

"Who brought you here?"

"I came from the Azores in the Sea Serpent."

"And how did you get to the Azores?"

"Part of the way on an iceberg and part of the way in the barkantine Nelly."

"Now," said the physician, "tell us how you received your injuries. And mind, I don't want a forecastle yarn or a sea-serpent story."

This is in substance the story told by young Lambertson and corroborated in part by letters from Nova Scotia to the hospital authorities:

"Father and I went out fishing on Christmas eve last from Clark's Harbor. We were after mackerel and were doing well but had not been long out when a Bay of Bunday fog surrounded us and we concluded to put back. The old man steered and I rowed, as there wasn't a breath of wind to fill the sail. After groping our way east for half an hour we struck against something or something struck against us and I was thrown clean overboard. I know now that the keel of our boat collided with the spur of an iceberg. When I rose to the surface I heard the old man shouting, but I couldn't answer him, and it seems to me that the spur got between us in the first place and then we were separated altogether by the entire berg. At all events I haven't seen the old man since, though he is alive and well, thank God. I am a pretty good swimmer, and after floundering around some time I managed to get on a ledge of the berg and maintain myself there by bracing my shoulder against a slight projection overhead. Knowing I could not keep this position very long I climbed with great difficulty to the top, though really there is no such thing as a top to a body which has no shape that one can make out. It was like one of those large rocks you may see taken out of the earth by blasting and it rolled and tumbled about in all sorts of ways. When I thought I was on top the berg would keel over until I found myself on the side, and at one time it turned a complete somersault and threw me once more into the water. I had a good mind to give up then and accept what seemed my fate, but I thought of the folks at home, and that my father being probably drowned the family would have to depend upon me. So I made another effort. The berg was rolling and presented many sharp points here and there, one of which I seized and by its means lifted myself to the ledge from which I had been thrown, realizing that I could not maintain myself in that position I climbed once more to the top and this time found myself in a saucer-shaped cavity. Wrapping out my knife I hacked away for dear life until I had scooped out a still deeper hollow, after much hard labor and suffering from thirst. I hoped that I might be taken off by some passing vessel, and meantime collected into a pile of pebbles and sea weed on which I rested my feet. Meantime my body, from the waist up, was exposed. Even at this I was in danger of falling out, or off, when the berg rolled over as it frequently did. I was therefore obliged to be constantly on the alert. From the situation I was now in I could think and think. The berg had evidently come down from Labrador in the warm current and was drifting in a southeasterly direction. The part of it above water was about twelve feet in altitude, and I had hoped that if I did not succumb to hunger and thirst I might be taken off by a passing ship. Exhausted from my exertions and though fearing that sleep might mean death I could not resist the drowsiness that came over me and so fell asleep. When I awoke after a few hours it was night and the stars were in the sky. To numb my hands and feet were numb I did not feel as cold as one might imagine. It is useless describing my sensations. I thought of the sad Christmas mother and the kids would pass without me and, perhaps, without the old man, and I prayed to God to save me. I was glad when the morning came—Christmas morning—but I suffered fearfully from hunger and thirst, especially from thirst. Christmas day passed over me like Christmas eve, and at the dawn of the 26th I gave up hope. But one should never despair, even though hundreds of miles out at sea or on an iceberg, for that evening I was taken off the berg by a boat from the barkan-



I WAS TAKEN OFF THE BERG BY A BOAT FROM THE BARKANTINE

time Sea Serpent of Charlottetown, P. E. I., commanded by Captain Ferguson and bound for the Azores. The captain treated me well, and after staying on the Azores a few weeks I came to New York in the Sea Serpent, a Liverpool brigantine.

"That is about all," concluded the young fisherman from Nova Scotia, "and, say, doctor, I don't want to spend no more Christmas days on a berg."

FRED DIDN'T; BUT KATY DID.

By HELEN RAYMOND WELLS

She did. There was no one else to do it. Grandpa was too old; father was away from home; mother, hardly well enough to be out of bed; Bill, the hired man, taken suddenly ill; and Fred, her big brother, who put on airs and snubbed her because she was only a girl, and teased her about everything, and especially her name, always chirping "Katydid" at her; well, he let her do it. He tried to pretend he did not believe it was true when little Sammy, who had been playing in the lower meadow, ran home nearly breathless and told them as fast as he could that one of the men who were driving a lot of cattle to town, had dropped the bars of their meadow and driven their calves out and off with the others.

They all scurried off to look and, sure enough, the bars were down, and the calves gone. All those fine young cattle, from the sale of which a few months later, father expected to make so much. And way down the road were the men and the drove fast disappearing from sight. A few minutes more would bring them to the stock yard, where they would, perhaps within the hour, be shipped on the cattle train and could never be reclaimed. Yet there Fred stood arguing about the improbability of such a thing being done.

"Never call yourself a man again, Fred, if you're afraid to try—"

"I'm not afraid, but it's nonsense," began Fred.

"Yes, it is nonsense," rejoined Katie, "to let all father's fine herd be stolen before our eyes without a word. Oh, they're nearly out of sight! Do, Bill, there's a good fellow, have the toothache some other time and go now—"

"Ugh, Miss Katy," groaned Bill, "ugh, oh, Ise nearly dade. It's de terrible gone pain in de pit oh my stummik. I believ it's de painter's colle. I bin all de mortin' paintin' de fence."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred, "he's painted three pallings and that pain'll last him three days."

"There. They're out of sight!" exclaimed little Sammy. He was the only one who shared Katy's interest and anxiety. Once more she turned to her brother:

"Fred, will you go or not? If you two men are cowards I'll have to do it myself." At which Fred made a mocking gesture and sang:

"Katydid, Katydid, she did!"

Thereat Katy turned and ran to the house, and in a moment came running back, pinning her hat as she ran and holding something shiny in her hand, which Sammy recognized as his property

"At's my pistol, Katy, 'at Uncle Nat gived me. I wants it. I wants to play cowboy."

"Oh, ho," snouted Fred. "She's got that old rusted thing with the cylinder out. Let sister go, Sammy, she wants to play cowboy herself. Katydid, Katydid, d-d-d."

These last words were as much to keep up his own show of indifference as to annoy Katy, who now clattered out of the yard on the bare back of her own horse, Firefly.

Just at the edge of the town she caught up with the drovers, and reining up before the one she judged to be the leader said:

"Excuse me, sir, I do not believe you know it, but one of your men has driven our cattle out of our meadow and along with yours."

The man simply stered and Katie continued: "I am sure you would not wish to take them in such a dishonorable way, and I came to drive them home again."

"Where's your home?" he grunted gruffly.

"The last farm you passed, sir," Katy answered.

"How many head did you have?"

"Twenty-nine."

"The deuce! Here, Simms, how many cattle have we?"

"Oh, 'bout 120 or 140, thought we'd count them as we load," replied a rough looking fellow with a wink and a broad grin.

"There, you see, miss," said the leader, again turning to Katy, "it's impossible to tell within twenty or thirty head how many there'd ought to be, an' it's so near train time I ain't time to stop here an' count 'em nohow, even to oblige a purty lass like you."

"You mean, sir, that it was done with your knowledge, and you don't intend to give them up; but I intend that you shall!"

She wheeled her horse towards the town, feeling there must be some one or way to get justice done. As the men saw her intention they surrounded her and one made a grab for the bridle. She brought Firefly back almost on his haunches and covered the fellow with her revolver.

"By jove! she's a plucky un!" he exclaimed in fear and admiration. "Don't shoot, miss. You've got the best uv us. We'll hev to—"

"Whoop, hurra, it's a toy gun," yelled another who, standing more to one side, discovered the bogus character of the formidable looking weapon. The men made a movement toward her, but, backing her horse quickly and steadily away from them, Katie, with her mind almost made up to turn and fly for home, happened to see that her father's cattle had separated somewhat from the drove, and seemed inclined to return of themselves. Quick as a flash the girl gave the old familiar call, clear and strong:

"Co boss, co boss, co, co, co." Every one of them came running towards her. "There," she exclaimed, still backing away, "if you want to get off with the rest of your stolen property, you had better hurry on."

The men seemed fairly dazed at her daring and looked at their leader for directions.

"She's got grit, an' we've got no time to lose either. Let her go!" he said.

As she drove the calves into the meadow, Bill managed to put up the bars; and Fred never chirped "Katydid" again.

STORIES OF BOY HEROISM.

The First Two of a Series.

1. Samuel Davis.

By ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

2. George Petrie.

SAMUEL DAVIS.

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON.

In a bright, joyous home near Smyrna, and about twenty miles from Nashville, in middle Tennessee, lived, when the civil war opened, the family of Charles Lewis Davis, in which were father, mother, several children and grandmother. The years had come and gone full of a quiet happiness for the household.

But the troublous days of 1861 came and very soon John, the eldest of the boys, joined the confederate army. Then in a short time Samuel, the second, only 19 years of age, enlisted in the company called the "Rutherford County Rifles," which was commanded by Capt. William Lebetter, of Murfreesboro.

Until then he had attended "Old Jefferson" school, and had been a marked favorite both with teachers and pupils.

"You can always trust him," the boys used to say; "his word is as good as his bond."

At home he was courteous and affectionate, scrupulous in the discharge of any duty assigned him, and faithful to the smallest promise made. So when the time came to leave the dear old home, those who loved him knew full well how firm and unflinching he would be in discharging the duties of the new life he was about to enter.

The day of parting came, and he stood clasping his mother's hand as they paused at the little gate.

"Mother, you will always know," he said, "that I will try to merit your approval. That I will try to live up to your teaching and to approach my own ideal." "God bless and keep my boy," she answered firmly; "God bless and keep my boy."

In a moment more he was gone, and the mother stood gazing after him through a mist of tears while she stifled the sobs that struggled for utterance.

He was only a boy private, serving in the ranks and bearing without complaint all the hardships which the life of a soldier brings, but both in camp and on the battlefield he distinguished himself by his intelligent and fearless discharge of duty, and by the keen perception which enabled him to accomplish successfully the most dangerous undertakings.

He was in many engagements—Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and others, but, alas, it was not the fate the soldier courts upon the blood-stained field which awaited him.

The exigencies of war required the employment of numerous "scouts" on both sides. Their services were indispensable, but so fraught with danger that only the bravest, most daring and trustworthy men were selected to perform them.

The scouts attached to Gen. Bragg's army were under the command of an individual officially known as E. Coleman, Captain Commanding Scouts, though this was not his true name. His position as the head of the secret service of this department was one of great responsibility and peril, but he had conducted himself in such a manner as to win not only the esteem, but the implicit confidence of the commanding general. His work was of great value to the Confederates, and by the Federals his capture or death would have been considered a matter of sincere congratulation.

In the autumn of 1863 Gen. Sherman, acting under instructions from Gen. Grant, ordered Gen. G. M. Dodge to take his division (which was en route from Corinth, Mississippi, to Chattanooga, Tennessee) and rebuild the railway from Nashville to Decatur. This railroad was of great importance to Gen. Grant in the military operations he was then conducting, and Gen. Dodge, who was a civil engineer of high standing in his profession prior to entering the army, was peculiarly fitted for the work of rebuilding it. He at once went into camp, with his troops near Pulaski, Tennessee, and set about the task which had been assigned him. At the same time, having learned that the immediate section was infested with Confederate scouts, he gave special orders to his men to keep a sharp lookout, and lose no opportunity to effect a capture.

Gen. Bragg knew that Dodge's Division had left Corinth, but was completely in the dark as to its strength and ultimate destination. Reliable information upon these points was of the highest importance, and to a small band of seven men, noted for their coolness and daring, was assigned the duty of securing it. They were told that their mission was a most perilous one, and that if only one of the party escaped and brought back the information, its value would justify the sacri-

fice. To accomplish this mission they must enter and remain for days within the Federal lines; yet there was no hesitation in the little band. They started at once, going by different routes, but all bound upon the same desperate errand. Reaching middle Tennessee, they remained about ten days, and, having obtained the needed information, decided to return, each going alone and in his own way. Samuel Davis was one of this party, and to him was entrusted the largest number of papers and most important information. He also carried letters to soldiers, northern papers, and a number of small gifts from friends to those beyond the lines. He had been wonderfully fortunate upon similar service before, and though realizing his danger, was joyous, light-hearted and confident of success.

It was about the middle of November. He had now been in the saddle almost constantly for four days; his horse was worn and jaded; but he pressed forward, having in his keeping the knowledge which might prove of inestimable value to the cause he loved. He was riding slowly along the Lamb Ferry road, under a bluff near the river; only a few miles away were Pulaski and the Federal army.

Suddenly, just upon his path dashed a party of Federals. In an instant he was surrounded; but not losing for an instant his self-possession, he stood up in his stirrups and threw over their heads and off into the river, a package of papers; then he was overpowered and captured. The squad of soldiers belonged to the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, known as "the Jayhawkers." Their commander eagerly read the pass found upon the prisoner:

"Headquarters Gen. Bragg's Scouts, Middle Tennessee, September 25th, 1863. Samuel Davis has permission to pass on scouting duty anywhere in middle Tennessee, or south of the Tennessee river he may think proper. By order Gen. Bragg.

"E. COLEMAN, Captain Commanding Scouts."

"This will pass you safely enough to prison," the officer said briefly. Then the boy was bound and the party turned back to Pulaski. A short ride brought them to the headquarters of Gen. Dodge.

The prisoner entered. He wore an overcoat of dull butternut brown. It had once belonged to a Federal soldier, but after being captured had been dyed, and had now been worn by the young Confederate for some time. Under this was the gray uniform of the Confederate army and a homespun woolen vest. The young man was tall and slender but robust and supple. His fine features were clear cut and beautiful; his eyes blue-gray, and his fair hair lay in soft waves on his forehead.

He stood silent while the search was made. In his boot, which was cut off at the ankle and then split, were found papers containing the information which he had been ordered to obtain even at the risk of his life. In the seat of his saddle were discovered maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points, with a full and exact report of the Federal army in Tennessee. There were letters to Gen. Bragg and other officers, besides a large private mail. At last the work was finished. He had not spoken. Gen. Dodge, with a stern face, sat at his desk near by, examining the papers.

"I will see the prisoner here," he said at last, leading the way to his private office.

"It seems that you have accurate information in regard to my army," he continued, "and much of it could only have been procured from someone whose position afforded him special opportunities for obtaining it. I want the name of your informant."

"General Dodge, it is impossible for me to give it," was the courteous but decided reply.

"Impossible? You probably do not realize the danger of your position," answered the general.

"Yes, sir, I know the danger, and I am willing to take the consequences."

"But I must know," continued the general. "I must know the source of your information. Someone enjoying the confidence of the officers of my staff must have given it. If you persist in refusing I will be forced to call a court-martial. From the proof in our possession you will be condemned to death; you have only one chance, by revealing the truth."

"General Dodge, death may be the result of my refusal, but death is better than dishonor. There is no power on earth which can change my determination. You are doing your duty as a soldier, so am I. If I must die it will be in the discharge of the highest duty, a duty to my God and to my country."

General Dodge was greatly impressed by the bearing and integrity of the young soldier, and with a generous desire for his release, urged and insisted that the course he suggested should be followed, but his efforts were unavailing and provoked only the response:

"No, sir. It is useless to consider the matter; you can resort to a court-martial which will condemn me to death, but I cannot betray my trust. I thank you for your kindly interest, but to me there is only one course possible."

This closed the conference, and Samuel Davis, the young prisoner, was at once put into close confinement.

The court-martial was called, as will be seen from the following order:

Headquarters Left Wing Sixteenth A. C., Pulaski, Tenn., November 10, 1863. General Order No. 72.

A military commission is hereby appointed to meet at Pulaski, Tenn., on the 23d inst., or as soon thereafter as practicable, for the trial of Samuel Davis, and such other persons as may be brought before it.

Detail for the Commission: (1) Col. Madison Miller, Eighteenth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; (2) Lieut.-Col. Thomas W. Gans, Fiftieth Missouri Infantry Volunteers; (3) Major Latrop, Thirty-ninth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, Judge Advocate. The Commission will sit without regard to hours. By order of Brig.-Gen. G. M. Dodge, J. W. Barnes, Lieutenant and A. A. G.

The commission promptly met and found the young soldier guilty, and delivered sentence as follows:

The Commission does therefore sentence him, the said Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, in the service of the so-called Confederate States, to be hanged by the neck until he is dead, at such time and place as the commanding general shall direct, two-thirds of the Commission concurring in the sentence.

Finding the sentence of the commission approved, the sentence will be carried into effect on Friday, November 27, 1863, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

After the decision of the military commission, Captain Armstrong, the provost-marshal, announced the result to Davis, who listened in silence.

"To be hanged!" he said at last. "I had hoped to die a soldier's death." But this was all; there was no word of complaint or remonstrance.

He was now placed in a cell in the jail, and Chaplain James Young, of the Eighty-first Ohio Infantry, was sent to visit him.

Among the Federals detailed to guard the prison was a young boy about his own age, C. B. Vaupelt, of South Bend, Indiana. He felt peculiarly drawn to the prisoner and visited him constantly during the days before the execution. Often they sat together and talked of home, of friends, of school days, for both had left their studies to enter the army and there seemed many points of congeniality between them.

Young Vaupelt begged of Davis that he save himself, that he give the source of his information, but with flashing eyes the hero exclaimed:

"I will die a thousand deaths rather than betray my cause!"

"But your mother—your home," said his friend.

"Think," Davis replied, "what you would do in my place? You, too, have loved ones at home. Their prayers have followed you; they have prayed that you might be spared to them, that you might return to them in safety, but not dishonored. So have mine prayed for me. I can die but I cannot be untrue to them."

Tears sprang to the eyes of each and slowly coursed down their cheeks; they stood in a long, warm hand clasp, the Federal and the Confederate, the captor and the captive, two American soldiers but on alien sides.

The Provost-Marshal, Captain Armstrong, came again and again to the cell upon the same kind mission, but he, too, failed. There was always one answer. "I thank you for this interest, it is very generous, but I cannot betray my trust."

Chaplain Young also visited Davis constantly and comforted him in every manner possible.

The last day was near at hand, and the thought of home and friends and their sorrow seemed to weigh more than all else upon the mind of the young prisoner. Again and again he had tried to write to his mother, but the words seemed too cruel to pen, but now it could no longer be postponed. His last night on earth had come. The letter was written, folded, directed, and placed ready to be entrusted to the care of the chaplain.

It ran:

Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863.
Dear Mother—Oh, how joyful it is to write you. I have got to die tomorrow morning, to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-bye forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.
Your Son,
SAMUEL DAVIS.

Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains, if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tennessee. I will leave some things, too, with the hotelkeeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia.

The Chaplain came late that night and they had

prayers; then together they sang, the boy's voice ringing out sweet and clear in the familiar hymn, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." They parted with a tender handclasp, and then he lay down for his last dreamful slumber, to visions of home, and mayhaps of the Beyond.

Friday, November 27th, dawned clear and cool. Chaplain Young came early to the prisoner's cell. His young friend, Vampelt, preceded him to the place of execution.

A regiment of infantry marched down to the jail. With them was a wagon containing a coffin. The condemned boy, accompanied by the Chaplain and the Provost Marshal, calmly stepped forth from his cell. Getting into the wagon he stood erect for a moment and looked about him. Above, at the windows of the jail, he saw the faces of other Confederate prisoners, some of them his comrades. His hands were fastened behind him, but he bowed and smiled far-well.

Then seated upon his coffin he was borne away. The band played the dead march, the drums beat with a muffled wail, and the regiment moved forward.

The scaffold had been erected in the outskirts of the town, upon what was known as East Hill. Here a large body of soldiers had been assembled. They formed a hollow square about the gibbet. When the procession from the jail approached, one corner of the square opened, four men advanced, and, lifting the coffin, carried it within the enclosure. Samuel Davis, the Chaplain and Provost Marshal followed. The coffin was placed at the bottom of the steps, and Davis, taking a seat there, turned to the Marshal, asking, "How long have I to live?"

"Just fifteen minutes," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what our army is doing?" he asked.

"Bragg has been defeated at Missionary Ridge," answered Captain Armstrong.

The prisoner showed deep feeling, as he replied, "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me."

"I never most deeply that my duty impels me to perform this deed," exclaimed Captain Armstrong. "I would almost prefer to resign my own life than be instrumental in taking yours."

"You are doing your duty," answered Davis calmly.

The hour lag came. As he counted the steps to the scaffold, someone came dashing madly from the town and hurried to the spot. It was Captain Chick, a staff officer of General Dodge's staff. He sprang from his horse, "It is not too late, there is yet time," he exclaimed, coming close to Davis. "I am sent to offer again, that in exchange for what we want, you shall have freedom, with your horse, side arms, and a safe escort beyond the Federal line."

The last effort of a generous foe had been made. But the young martyr, though in the last extremity, turned to him, answering proudly, "If I had a thousand lives I would give them all for my country. I would give them all rather than betray my friends or the confidence of those who trusted me. I beg that you will thank General Dodge, but I cannot accept his offer."

His hands were still bound and he turned to the Chaplain, asking that he would take from the pocket over his heart a few little keepsakes for his mother. Prayer was then offered, and facing Captain Armstrong he said in a steady voice:

"I am ready."

Then the black hood was adjusted. A spring was touched. The drop fell. The tragedy was ended.

The soldiers dispersed, the body was taken away for burial, and over all the town was a shadow of sorrow which affected Federal and Southern sympathizers alike.

News of what had occurred was carried to the country. It ceased on from lip to lip, until a week or two later it reached the old home down near Sumner.

The father heard it in the village. A little later the mother saw him enter the gate, his head bowed, his hands tightly clasped before him.

"What is it?" she cried, hastening to meet him. "Oh, what is it? Which of the boys, John or Samuel?"

The mother's prophetic sense told her the blow had fallen on one of the two.

"Samuel," he answered brokenly. "It is Samuel." She wrapped her arms about him and bowed her head upon his breast. So they stood for a moment, then she drew him aside to a seat under an old tree, where the leaves were falling in the first winds of winter.

He told her all he had heard. It was vague and much altered from the truth by its repetition from mouth to mouth. But it enclosed the one terrible statement that their boy was dead; that he had been buried at Pulaski.

"But, oh, it might be a mistake," she cried. "Someone like him, someone in the same command it might be. I cannot believe it, I will not believe it." Then she moaned and cried in low, piteous tones as one who could not be comforted.

"I believe it is true," answered her husband. "This kind of thing is always true."

"No, no, can't we send some one? Couldn't some one go through the country to Pulaski and find out? I cannot endure it. I will go myself!" she cried, springing up. "I cannot wait!"

"Don't, don't," he answered tenderly, drawing her back to the seat beside him. "Be quiet, we will think about it."

"I know, I know," she continued in a moment. "John Kennedy and little Oscar could go. John always knows just what to do."

Then they sent for John Kennedy, their neighbor, who came at once in response to the message, and his arrangements were quickly made.

"John," said the mother, calling him aside—she was calm and quiet now, but her face was pale and tear-stained—"John, I cannot believe that it is my boy. I want you to remember this and to get the truth in such a way that there may be no possibility of mistake." There was a gasp a quick catch in her breath, as she continued bravely: "He wore a vest of bright homespun; here is a piece of it. I made it myself. I put it in when he was home last. And here is a bit of the linsey lining of his jacket. You remember just how he looked, John? You remember? You could not mistake him, could you?—even if he is dead—and buried—look at him, John, for me, for his mother, and let Oscar look at him—you will?"

Tears were rolling down the face of the young neighbor as he answered brokenly, "You can trust me; I remember," and in a little while Kennedy and Oscar, the youngest boy in the family, started in a wagon to Pulaski.

That night they reached Nashville, and secured a metallic case and box. The next morning a pass was given them after some objection by General Rousseau, and they started upon the journey.

Three days later, having passed pickets at various points, they reached Pulaski, and entering the town, drove at once to the office of the Provost-Marshal.

John Kennedy approached the officer, Captain Armstrong, as he sat, busily engaged at a desk. He glanced up, asking, "What do you want?"

"The body of Samuel Davis, that I may carry it home to his people," was the brief reply.

"Samuel Davis?" exclaimed Captain Armstrong, rising at once and adding slowly, "Yes, you shall have the body—and tell his mother from one who was with him, one who saw him die, that he was the bravest of the brave, that he was an honor to her, an honor to his country, and that he had the respect of every man in this command, though in a sense they were his enemies."

Then the permit was issued for the removal of the body, with a pass for the return journey.

It was already late, and further effort was delayed until the following morning. Then John Kennedy, Oscar, and one or two friends, with the grave digger, went to the cemetery. While the earth was being removed a small party of Federal soldiers approached. One of them asked in a sympathetic voice if they could render any assistance.

They were answered in the negative, but did not leave, only retired a short distance and stood in silence and with uncovered heads.

The grave was opened, the coffin lifted and the cover removed. The gray jacket was turned back. The fragment like the vest, and that like the lining of the jacket were laid upon the pulseless breast. They were the same.

The face, though so sadly changed, was recognized by the friend and the brother. There could be no doubt; they were gazing upon the body of Samuel Davis.

The body was transferred to the metallic case and the little procession returned to the town.

Here Chaplain Young gave into the charge of John Kennedy the letter written the night before execution, some buttons cut from coat and vest, and a little book in which the boy had written a last message to his mother. This the boy had kept in the pocket over his heart until the fatal moment.

In the afternoon the party started upon its return journey. On the second day they reached the river near Columbia, and here it was found that all ferry boats had been stopped by order of the Federals, and there was no means of crossing unless by fording. Leaving Oscar with the wagon, John Kennedy went in search of the officer in charge to ascertain if he would not aid him in crossing the stream. He was found standing on the river bank and turned at once to an orderly with a command that the ferry should be called out to take the travelers across.

John thanked him and started back to the wagon. He found it surrounded by Federal soldiers, but in silence and without pause, went to the head of the team to lead the horses down the steep descent to the river. A soldier stepped to his side.

"Here, stranger," he said; "we know who this is; you get in the wagon; we'll see that it gets down safe."

And so they did, a lot of the noble-hearted fellows, enemies though they were called, put their shoulders to the wheels and almost carried the wagon down the hill and upon the ferry. Then they stood silently by its side, and when the other shore was reached, where the bluff was steep and difficult of ascent, again they came near, putting a hand or a shoulder to the burden until it reached the top. And then they stood waiting in silence until the travelers were out of sight.

Later on in the evening of the seventh day John Kennedy drove slowly in at the "big gate" of the farm, some distance from the house.

The father and mother of the dead boy were watching for his return, and came to meet him just outside the entrance to the yard.

"Was it true?" she cried; "Oh, was it true?"

"Yes," answered John Kennedy, turning away, "it was true."

She glanced into the wagon, threw her arms above her head, and fell fainting to the ground.

"Did you look at his vest, at his jacket lining, at his—his face?" she gasped later. "Yes, I did all I promised," he replied gently.

"May we see him?" asked the father.

"No, I think not. It is better so, remember him as you saw him last."

The following day Samuel Davis was buried in the little family cemetery, not far from the dwelling. His father had a monument placed to mark the spot, and after a while he, the mother, and the grandmother of the noble boy were all laid to rest near by.

Later "The Confederate Veteran," published at Nashville by S. A. Cunningham, himself a Confederate Veteran, at the suggestion of a Federal veteran who was present at the execution, started a subscription that a monument might be erected in memory of the young hero. To this fund General Dodge subscribed generously, saying:

"I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis comrades understand his soldierly qualities and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in assisting in the raising of a monument to his memory. Although the services he performed were for the purpose of injuring my command, they were given in the faithful performance of duties to which he had been assigned."

There have been various conjectures as to how Samuel Davis secured the information found in his possession when captured. One that a Federal lieutenant who was deeply interested in a Southern girl living near Pulaski, had given it to her. Another, that an official report was made in pencil, then copied, by order of General Dodge, and that the pencil copy was stolen by a negro from the office and sent to Coleman, Captain of the Scouts, and that he wrote the report and entrusted it to Davis. Coleman was the assumed name of Dr. Shaw, who was the head of the secret service already mentioned, but his connection with this branch of the service was only known to his comrades. He was captured within a day or two of the capture of Samuel Davis, and was temporarily lodged in the same jail. His captors thought him a personage of no consequence and later sent him north to prison. He was at Pulaski at the time of Davis' execution, and would certainly have been hung had his identity been revealed.

The young hero was cognizant of this fact, but locked within his own soul the secrets which, if disclosed, would bring disaster to Shaw and others. It is probable that several individuals were shielded by the sacrifice of his young life, and he died not only for his cause, and for his honor, but that others might live.

The day has come when American heroism is honored as it should be, both North and South, and nowhere in the annals of the country can be found the record of a more lofty devotion to duty or a nobler magnanimity on the part of a victorious foe, than in the events connected with the death of Samuel Davis.

GEORGE PETRIE, A BOY CAPTAIN.

ANNA ROBINSON WALTON

"Boys, let's get up a company; what do you say? The men are all drilling and I don't see why we can't, too?"

"All right!" answered half a dozen voices. "It will be fine fun; let's do it right away."

And so they did, meeting every afternoon on a level green meadow just beyond the limits of the village, a pretty little place in Shelby county, Kentucky.

George Petrie, the boy who had proposed the plan, was elected captain, and the other officers were filled by young patriots almost as zealous as he. First and second lieutenants, sergeants and corporals, all were represented.

George was most eager in the work. He had found out, even in his short life, that nothing can be well done without earnest effort. So he went as often as possible to see the men drill. He got from one of them a book explaining the "tactics," and was up early and late studying them.

It was the fall of 1861. President Lincoln had issued his proclamation on April 15th of that year, calling the State's Guards and others loyal to the government to the defense of the "Stars and Stripes." George secured a copy of that document and read portions of it aloud to his "men," as he called them, and did everything in his power to arouse their loyalty to the old flag.

At last a day came when the company of State's Guards which had been drilling all summer, had their last parade in the little town. There were sad farewells between mothers and sons, sisters and brothers, and husbands and wives. Then the company marched off, with the brass band playing, flags floating out on the breeze, amid the ringing hurrahs of many voices.

The boys continued to drill with unabated zeal.

"They may need us yet." George would say to those whose interest seemed to be flagging. "Old Kentucky is standing neutral, most of her men are going to join Morgan and Breckinridge and fight on the southern side, but we won't. Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" And then the boys would cheer until they were hoarse, thinking to themselves, we may be soldiers yet.

George was doing a great deal of thinking those bright fall days, but he kept the result to himself, until one afternoon, when his company came out to drill. He called "Attention!" and the boys stood, as soldiers should, straight and stiff in an unwavering line.

"I have something to say," Capt. Peirie began. "The Shelby County Guards, who left two weeks ago, have helped to form the Thirteenth Kentucky Infantry and have gone into camp at the Fair Grounds, near Louisville. I propose that we go down to see them. What do you say?"

There was a moment's silence, then such loud and ringing cheers that the town's people wondered whether a battle was raging just outside the town limits.

Then the matter was discussed with many and varied suggestions, and the next day all of these who decided to go met on the meadow and marched gaily away.

A day or two later when drill was just over at the camp at the Fair Grounds, there came marching down the road another company from Shelby county. It approached in well-formed ranks and fine order, the men holding their heads high and looking straight before them. Coming nearer they began to cheer, lifting their flag proudly, and seeming as though ready then and there to meet the foe in battle.

A loud answering cheer greeted them, and then a merry shout of hearty welcome as it was seen to be a company of children—boys from 12 to 14 years, just little fellows who had come to camp to encourage their seniors, and bid them farewell when the march southward should begin.

Quarters were assigned the boy company, and the members entered upon the routine of camp life with the greatest enthusiasm. But in a few days the time came for return home and they fell into line for the march.

"Attention!" called Capt. Peirie; "attention!" I wish to say to my men that they must go home without me! I'm bound for the front with the troops; I'm going right into the fight!" Then he formally resigned his position.

He was only a little fellow, barely 11 years, slender and small for that age, and some of the men hearing the speech laughed merrily, calling to him that they could not take a baby along, and that he would be in the way.

"When the time comes you'll see who her I'll be in the way!" he answered hotly. "I'm going. Good-bye! Good-bye!" he called to the boys, and so they turned homeward without him.

The next day preparations were being made in camp for departure, and the officer in command told George that it would be impossible for him to enlist, as he was not only under age but short of stature.

"Well, colonel, I'm going any way; there are lots of things a boy can do. Forty mules can't pull me away from the men. I'm going, sir."

"Why, he might beat the drum," said a kindly officer standing near; "let's take him."

"Yes, sir, I can beat the drum and I can cheer up the men; just so if I don't die."

And so it was decided. George went with the troops as a drummer-boy, and when the day came for going to the front he started on the march with his drum, but as soon as Louisville was left behind and the drum was not needed, he took the gun and knapsack of a sick comrade and carried them through the whole day's march.

"I'll show them what I can do," he said to himself. "I'm not too small to do a soldier's duty. A boy isn't small unless he feels so."

He was so unselfish and self-sacrificing, so bright and cheery, that his example was of immense benefit to the men, and there was always some sick soldier to help, some one whose burden he carried, so it was rare, even upon the longest marches, to see him without the full accoutrements of a soldier.

"Oh, I sleep better for helping somebody," he would say, singing a snatch of a merry song and marching on with the sturdiest veterans.

He became in a few weeks the little hero of the regiment, and his influence with the men was wonderful.

At the battle of Perryville, Ky., October, 1862, he was in the ranks and in the very thick of the fight. His regiment was in line behind a low rail fence, when the top rail was struck by a shot and hurled against an old man, an Irishman, who had recently joined the troops. The old fellow dropped his gun, staggered, then in a panic of fear, started "double-quick" to the rear.

"Hello, pap! Hello! Where are you going?" shouted George, eagerly.

"Oh, I'm kilt; I'm dead entirely; I'm goin' for the docther!" was the reply between gasps for breath.

"Dead! Dead! Not a bit of it!" called George. "You're worth ten dead men; come on; we can't spare

you! Here, take my gun, it's loaded. Look straight at the graycoats and fire. Hurrah for old Kentucky. hurrah! Come on!"

The boy's spirit and enthusiasm were so contagious, so irresistible, that the old man turned back, took the gun from his hand and, sure enough, went to firing in earnest.

"I've been working two guns all day," said George, after the battle was over, to a comrade.

"How's that?" was the reply.

"Why, pap, there, thought he was dead and was going to the rear as fast as his legs would carry him. I turned him back and he went to work lively, I tell you, with me looking after his gun and my own, too."

So the brave little fellow went through the war. He seemed to bear a charmed life, his spirit dominating his tiny body and putting to shame many a strong, burly soldier.

OUR WATER SPANIEL.

By L. A. LEWETT.

Boys and dogs have a natural affinity for each other, and the boy without his dog is an anomaly which is as unnatural as would be his indifference to sleds and skates in the winter season, or swimming and fishing in the summer.

Jack's dog was a water spaniel as handsome as a picture, with his great brown eyes, silken ears, and heavy coat of brown and white hair.

Jack was going with his father and mother to spend a month at the lakes and begged hard to take Dash with him.

"But what shall we do with him at night?" said his father.

"Why, he can stay in the stable with Ned, papa."

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reluctant answer, but Jack knew it meant consent, and was too happy to pay any attention to the inflection of a tone.

Now, Dash and Ned, the horse, were the best of friends; but they were bedfellows, and that was quite another thing. The protest against this arrangement was manifest by the kicking of one party, and the howling of the other, so that the stablemen brought the dog to his master in the middle of the night, where he was quiet enough until Jack's regular breathing showed that he was asleep, and then two soft paws would come up on the bed and a pitiful dog-voice would say, as plain as words, "Master, please wake up, it's so lonesome here."

Jack's rest was effectually broken, and he began to think it was not such fun, after all, to take a dog on a summer outing, but the next morning when a group of boys and girls went down to the shore, and Jack began to show off the dog's accomplishments by throwing sticks and hat in the water, and sending him after them, he was quite proud.

After a while Jack invited two of the girls to try his new boat with him, and as they had been admiring its trim build, bright cushions and pretty awning for some time, they were only too glad to accept his invitation, but alas! Dash had not given his consent to his master's deterring him, so he gave a jump to reach him, caught on the side of the boat which was still in shallow water and nearly tipped it over in his struggle to climb in. Jack used his most masterful tones to send him back to shore, but to no effect, and swimming bravely after them far into deep water, the dog so worked upon their sympathies that they returned to the shore. Repeated attempts showed Jack that he could not "go to sea" without his faithful follower.

Some of the older people had walked down to the shore, and among them Jack's mother, in a spotless white gown. They were all laughing heartily at Jack's discomfiture and the antics of the dog, when Dash, who had rolled himself in the loose sand, caught sight of his mistress' smiling face, and sprang upon her, saying, as well as dog language could:

"Yes, I've brought him back to you; I've taken care of him; aren't you glad?"

They soon found him a very troublesome comfort, and sent him home to the care of the servants, and the companionship of the old St. Bernard who used to dig nice deep holes in the damp flower beds, where he loved to lie in the warm summer afternoons and dream of the cool snow banks where his grandfather used to live, way up in the Swiss mountains.

Dash used to watch him while he dug, and then, loyal to his old friend, would dig a similar but smaller hole, and try to enjoy this—to him novel siesta; but it wouldn't do, so he gave it up, and wondered in his little dog heart why Cap preferred such a damp, disagreeable bed, to a clean rug on the sunny veranda.

At about this time Dash fell in love. He had always hated cats, and especially the black mother-cat and her brood of kittens; the newest arrivals, however, had among them a little snow-white bundle of fur, that immediately pleased the fancy of Mr. Dash, and taking her by the nape of the neck, he carried

her to his own especial rug in the corner of the veranda, and there held her a prisoner until her little short memory had forgotten that puss was her mother, and all that person's blandishments could not lure her away from her big, handsome lover. She ate from his plate, slept between his silken ears, or across his outstretched paws, played pranks all around him and all over him, and rode all over the place on his broad back.

When Snowball was half-grown Dash ran one day to his mistress and tried to tell her to come quickly, then seized her dress in his teeth and drew her out on the grass plot where poor little kitty, after the manner of pussdom, had fallen in a fit. He barked, and pranced around her, and switched his shaggy tail about her face to provoke her to play, but all his efforts were useless. Poor little Snowball was dead.

It was a long time before Dash could be coaxed away from her side, and Jack could bury the little thing in the garden. The next morning on opening the kitchen door the maid was startled to see Dash, with poor bedraggled Snowball lying across one paw and lovingly protected by the other, waiting to get in. Again Jack buried her and again Dash brought her home—then it was found necessary to shut the dog up until his little pet was safely hidden from his keen scent, and his loving care.

After a week's imprisonment he was set at liberty, but the relish seemed to have gone out of life for him, and he soon sickened and died. Jack buried him in a good pine coffin and painted on his headstone:

DASH.

Dash was a good dog; he died of a broken heart.

MISCHIEVOUS BLIND BOYS.

MRS. F. C. FRAZER.

Many people think that life in a School for the Blind must be rather a grave affair. They quite overlook the important fact that, sight or no sight, young people the world over are apt to be much alike, and even among blind lads and lasses a spirit of merry mischief-making may prevail.

A few incidents from the annals of our school may serve to convince some that the very errors and mistakes caused by the deprivation of sight, are often a source of lively amusement to those principally concerned.

I well remember the glee with which Jack Foster, a young blind lad, told me of one of his experiences. Hearing that a friend had lately come to town and was boarding in a distant part of the city, Jack dutifully set out to call on him. The street on which he presently found himself was a particularly quiet one, and as he was uncertain as to the exact locality of the house, it was with delight that he heard a regular footfall on the gravel sidewalk behind him. Turning about and doffing his cap politely, Jack courteously asked for a direction.

For answer a surprised Newfoundland dog gave a gruff how-wow-wow.

A tale, with a capital moral, is told of a lad whose carelessness in matters of dress made him a trial to all his friends. Despite kindly hints and even in defiance of strict orders, he persisted in wearing an aged coat to which he professed to be much attached. It was indeed a shabby garment, well broken at the elbows, burst at the seams, and entirely devoid of buttons.

One afternoon during play hour when he was thus apparelled, he was summoned to the reception room to meet two young ladies whom he had formerly known in his home. Hurrying to his dormitory he flung his old coat on the foot of the bed and laid out a garment of better appearance, in which he proposed to array himself. After a hasty wash and a brisk brushing of his hair, he drew on his coat and hurried to meet his friends. Alas for his pride, in his excitement he had drawn on the shabby coat which he had just thrown off, and did not discover his mistake until safely ensconced in the reception room, when accidentally he touched an elbow. The yawning hole revealed itself, and the lad who had heretofore been gaily self-confident in his talk had suddenly but little to say for himself.

It is probable that his visitors never knew the cause of his sudden change in manner from pleasing cordiality to painful diffidence, but the much needed lesson had at last been learned, and from that day out the lad was as particular in matters of personal appearance as his instructors could wish.

On another occasion when the weather had grown suddenly cruel, the young Superintendent of the school offered the loan of his overcoat to a tall lad who was about to do some errands in the city.

"The coat is hanging on the back of my bedroom door," said the Superintendent carelessly.

The youth immediately took possession of the garment thus described, and with his best hat and his silver-headed cane at once set out.

Now it happened that a gentleman who had been visiting the school had, unknown to the Superintendent, hung a dressing gown also on the hook at the back of the door. In style and cut the dressing gown was not at all unlike an overcoat. The material, however, was a brilliant plaid of red and green, and from the two straps sewn to either side of the back seams hung a heavy cord with tassels of mixed crimson and gold.

The lad very naturally drew on the garment found on the hook, wondered a little at its ample size and then complacently admiring the handsome silk lining, hurried to the city.

As he was a high spirited youth he resented not a little the attention which his movements seemed to excite. He observed that the shop girls giggled as they waited on him, and that a train of small boys seemed to dance in noisy attendance on his slightest movement. He was still unconscious of the cause of this unwonted commotion when a sharp tug at the cord and tassels which hung in the rear brought him suddenly to a standstill, and an irate gentleman demanded an explanation of his conduct.

The lad's feelings can better be imagined than described when he realized that he had been parading the whole length of the town appalled in a dressing gown and such a dressing gown! It is but fair to state that in this case some weeks elapsed before the lad could be brought by his teasing classmates to fully appreciate the humor of the situation.

It was Frank Nixon, a lively younger pupil of the school, who attempted a mild practical joke on one of his teachers who was also blind. They were strolling together along the streets, chatting at their leisure when it occurred to Frank that some fun would be in order.

No sooner had they left the sidewalk at the next street crossing, than the sharp, metallic sound of a horse's hoofs on the road sounded ominously near. Grasping Frank firmly by the hand the teacher in a few rapid steps crossed the highway and congratulated the boy on their narrow escape.

A similar incident happened at the next crossing, but at this second alarm the teacher's suspicions were aroused.

At the third crossing the galloping horse was again heard but this time the master did not run. Drawing Frank close to his side he calmly proceeded to examine his pockets, when he quickly discovered that the mischievous lad had, by jingling two bits of metal together been able to give an excellent imitation of the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the highroad.

The story goes on to say that though the teacher joined heartily in the laugh against himself, yet that he afterwards led his pupil such a dance along the mathematical high road that the youth forebore further practical joking with him at least.

There is a bit of unintentional humor in the story of Tom and Ralph, who were fast friends and allies. One night Tom, who was provided with the necessary permit for remaining out after closing time, found his chum prowling uneasily about the outer door. The rules of the school with reference to clos-

ing hours were strictly enforced and Ralph, who had been belated by accident, was hoping against hope that he might effect an entrance into the building before his absence had been discovered.

Tom's sympathies were at once enlisted in his case and he agreed, if possible, to give him safe conduct to his bedroom. The chief danger would be in passing the door of the principal teacher, whose bedroom at the head of the first stairway was in a commanding situation.

Acting on Tom's advice, Ralph drew off his boots and followed his chum up the winding stairway, the sound of his footsteps being drowned in the clatter of his friend's boots. They had scarcely climbed three steps before the principal's door opened a little.

"Who is it?" he asked shortly.

At the sound of Tom's voice the door closed again. Ralph half stumbled on the stairway in his excitement. But when the door closed he felt sure that all danger was now over and whispered something to that effect to his mate.

Tom's quicker ear detected that the teacher was still astray in his room, and meaning to cover his friend's voice began to sing carelessly.

At this unwonted sound at such an hour of the night, the principal indignantly threw open wide his door, when he was amazed to find not one but two lads. Ralph in his excitement let go of his boots, which rolled noisily down the winding stair, while Tom endeavored feebly to account for the position in which he found himself.

A prank that came near having a serious ending was played by a half dozen boys who had suffered much annoyance from the workmen on a neighboring building. Notwithstanding formal complaints made by the Superintendent of the school the men continued to obstruct the sidewalks by leaving their ladders up against the building after they were through their day's work.

In vain the lads remonstrated with them. At last being mindful of sundry knocks and bruises which the ladders had caused them on various occasions they decided to remove the obstructions for themselves. A committee was appointed to inspect the building each evening and to remove all ladders found in an upright position.

It so happened that on the very first inspection a ladder was discovered. The lads without more ado swung it boldly out, when to their horror they became aware that a belated workman who had just stepped on one of the upper rungs was screaming for help. Fortunately the man had a firm grasp on the ladder and was able to retain his hold while the boys with great care lowered him to the ground. It is needless to say that the workmen's habit of leaving ladders about was speedily mended and that the lads were a bit more careful afterwards in their methods of administering justice.

It is now many years since this incident occurred, but the pupils of the later day still account it as one of the most thrilling of their school adventures.

Strange as it may seem to those who have not had the pleasing experience, one could not wish for better entertainment than when of a winter's evening, the blind lads, gathered round the fire in their cosy

sitting room, revive the old tales or relate with keen appreciation the humorous incidents of their every day school life.

CAVALRY HORSES.

A veteran cavalry horse partakes of the hopes and fears of battle just the same as his rider. As the column swings into line and waits, the horse grows nervous over the waiting. If the wait is spun out he will tremble and sweat and grow apprehensive. If he has been six months in service he knows every bugle call. As the call comes to advance, the rider can feel him working at the bit with his tongue to get it between his teeth. As he moves out he will either seek to get on faster than he should or bolt. He cannot bolt, however. The lines will carry him forward, and after a minute he will grip, lay back his ears, and one can feel his sudden resolve to brave the worst, and have done with it as soon as possible. A man seldom cries out when hit in the turmoil of battle. It is the same with a horse. Five troopers out of six, when struck with a bullet, are out of their saddles within a minute. If hit in the breast or shoulder, up go their hands and they get a heavy fall; if in the leg, or foot, or arm, they fall forward and roll off. Even with a foot cut off by a jagged piece of shell, a horse will not drop. It is only when shot through the head or heart that he comes down. He may be fatally wounded, but hobbles out of the fight to right or left, and stands with drooping head until the loss of blood brings him down. The horse that loses his rider and is unwounded himself will continue to run with his set of fours until some movement throws him out. Then he goes galloping here and there, neighing with fear and alarm, but he will not leave the field. In his racing about he may get among the dead and wounded, but he will dodge them, if possible, and in any case, leap over them. When he has come upon three or four other riderless steeds they fall in and keep together as if for mutual protection, and the "rally" of the bugle may bring the whole of them into ranks in a body.

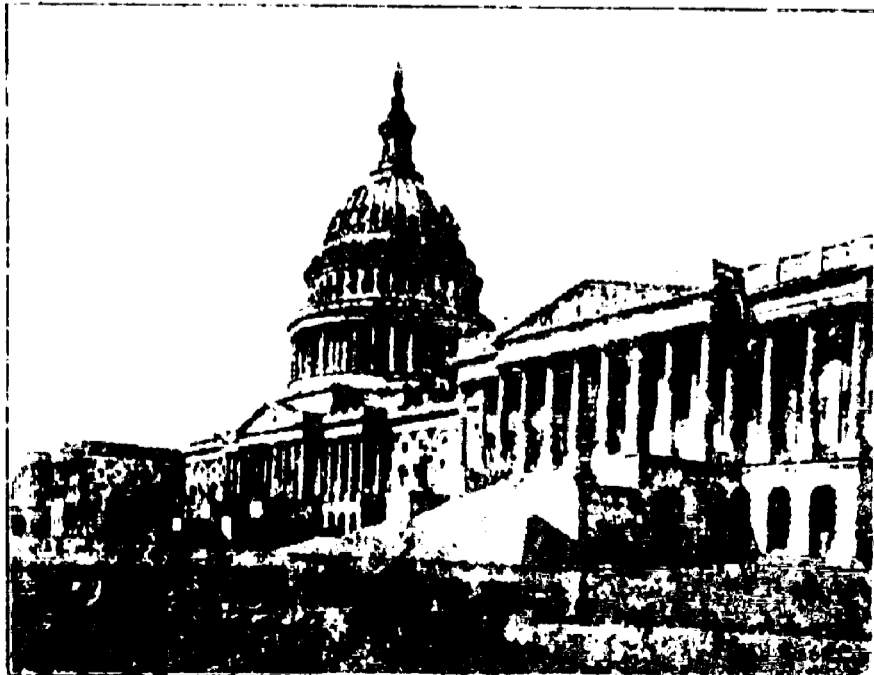
The little state of Wurttemberg, Germany, is about half as large as the state of Iowa, and supports a population of 2,000,000 people. In many respects it is a remarkable state. In the smaller towns are work-schools, which are schools for agricultural and technical education in trades. There are 700 co-operative banks with 60,000 co-operative members. Money is loaned out to farmers for three years at 4 per cent. Depositors in the bank receive 3½ per cent, the difference, that is, ½ per cent, covering the expenses of the banks, the management of these institutions being honorary.

The prosperity of this country is attributed to three things: First, the farmers on the farms; second, the technical schools; third, the co-operative system of banking. Out of the 4,300,000 acres of land which make up the state, the farmers own 2,720,000, an average of fourteen acres for each farmer. There are but 630 large farms in the whole country, and these average 730 acres. This little state gives in the way of taxes \$390,000 a year for agricultural education, including, however, \$5,500 for the establishment of village libraries.

A BOY IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS

CHAPTER III

I was not long in getting acquainted with both old Ben Butler. That doesn't sound very well, does it?



A boy of twelve could hardly be said to claim "acquaintance" with a big man who had been a great lawyer for a third of a century, a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, a fighting Union General, and a Congressman of marked prominence, yet I am going to claim, for the boy I am writing about, that distinction.

General Butler is one of those men whom once you have seen you do not readily forget, and he is not one whom you will long fail to see when he is in the neighborhood. His face is one to attract attention and to fascinate, if by nothing more than its ugliness. I give you on this page his portrait; but the face is familiar to everyone. The peculiar slope and squint of the eyes makes you think of the Chinese; this with the droop of the mustache and the heavy brow and flabby cheeks make a face not soon forgotten.

Mr. Butler's desk was but a few feet in front of Father's, so it was in my territory; that is, I could move down the aisle from Father's desk to Mr. Butler's without much fear of attracting the attention of my early enemies whom I have described, namely, the "pages"

My first acquaintance with the bluff old General came in this wise. One day he was having great difficulty in finding his quill pen. A gentleman sitting near him and an arm's length away from where I stood called my attention to the quill as it lay in the aisle a foot or two beyond its owner's desk. It took me but a moment to restore it to its place.

The General had been fussing over his loss till his temper was spoiled, and he said something under his breath that he must have learned in the army. I turned to go back to Father's desk (which I must confess I did not at that stage of the game leave for long at a time) when he called me:

"What's your name?"

I answered,

"How long have you been here?"

"Two or three weeks."

"How do you like it here?"

"Very much, sir."

"Made any speeches yet?"

"No, sir."

"Republican or Democrat?"

"Father's a Republican."

"What are you?" This with a growl and a scowl that took all the stiffness out of my collar.

"The same."

"That's right, my boy, take a side and stick to it." Advice as I afterwards learned which he didn't follow himself.

"Would you take this note for me to Fernandy Wood?"

"Fernandy Wood" was another name to wake memories even in a boy. I had heard of him before I

became a Congressman's boy. For forty years he had been active in public matters. He was in Congress away back in the early forties, was Mayor of New York before the war, and at the breaking out of the war advised that New York City secede. He was another of the marked men in that remarkable Congress. Tall, white-haired, florid, commanding, he sat on the Democratic side, well back, near the center aisle. I knew the place. I had looked hard at the man often enough to know him; so I carried the note, and that was my first service as a "page," in which capacity I served for several sessions though without pay or recognition as such.

But I started out to tell about Ben Butler. He was a skillful fighter on the floor of the House. My supreme delight was in standing near him and watching him give and take in a battle of words. His thrusts were quick and keen, his sarcasm bitter, his invective overpowering. But he had foemen worthy of his steel, and they delighted in nothing so much as in stirring him up.

As an illustration I quote from the Congressional Record of March 23, 1871:

Mr. Morgan: Allow me a moment, I may, perhaps, have misunderstood the gentleman. I understood the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Butler) to say that the bill which he introduced and asked to have referred to a committee met the approval of a majority of the Republicans on this floor. Am I right?

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts: I will restate what I said, so that there shall be no mistake. I understand that the bill which I presented, and which is in print, does meet the approval of a majority of the Republicans on this floor. That it is perfect nobody dreams of claiming. Everything human is imperfect; everything human needs amendment, and nothing more and nobody more than my friends on the other side, except, perhaps, my bill.

Mr. Niblack: One moment. The gentleman will relieve us on this side of the House from some embarrassment if he will cease to call us his friends. (Laughter.)

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts: Ah!

Mr. Niblack: We never recognize such relations.

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts: There was a time when the Democratic party recognized me as a friend, eye, and as a leader, and they were very cross when I left them. (Laughter.) And, as a friend near me suggests, they have not got over it yet, but have been mad with me ever since. (Laughter.)

Mr. Morgan: How many of us followed the gentleman, when at the Charleston convention he voted more than fifty times for Jefferson Davis for President of the United States?

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts: Certainly, I then voted for the representative man of the Democracy. Subsequent events have proved that the difference between the gentleman and myself is that he would not vote for Jeff Davis then but would now and I did then and would not now. (Laughter.) There is no trouble about understanding this matter at all.

Mr. Morgan: If the choice was between the member from Massachusetts and the gentleman from Mississippi the country would certainly justify me in making such a choice.

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts: Will the gentleman repeat his statement? There is so much confusion here that I did not hear him. (After a pause.) I repeated my words for the gentleman when he did not hear me. Is he ashamed to repeat his? I did not hear him. (After another pause.) Then I will grant him the mercy of my silence as to what I did not hear.

To show the intensity of feeling that existed in Congress in these post-bellum days, I cannot forbear quoting from the Congressional Record again.

In a speech delivered by Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, in the House of Representatives, April 10th, 1871, Mr. Butler, in his closing sentence, quoted the couplet—

"John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

On the following day Hon. John Ritchie, of Maryland, who represented in Congress the district in which lay the scene of John Brown's raid, took the floor and proceeded to call Mr. Butler to account for holding up John Brown as the patron saint of Republicanism.

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Ritchie's remarks, a controversy took place between Mr. Butler, Mr. Niblack, of Indiana, Mr. Swann, of Maryland, and Mr. Ritchie, of Maryland, which gives a good example of the heated repartee of the Forty-Second and other Congresses that closely followed the war.

Mr. Butler: Mr. Speaker, I desire not to reply to any personal remarks which have been made, but almost the only thing that elicits some of the gentlemen on the other side is abuse of me. (Laughter.) Some of them have been kind enough to tell me that the best card they had in their district was to show the people how they had "berated Ben Butler." (Laughter.) Therefore, I am always willing to afford gentlemen just as much as they please of that kind of appeal to the intelligence of their constituents.

Mr. Niblack: Orthodox Christians always abuse the devil on all suitable occasions. (Laughter.)

Mr. Butler: I have difficulty in hearing with readiness what my friend opposite says. I think I do hear, however, and I am glad to hear that he is orthodox. All I can say is to repeat one more that I am glad to allow all that kind of aid to the gentleman on the other side.

The other gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Swann), the Know-Nothing mayor of Baltimore a few years ago, whose election cost a thousand men murdered and strangled down in that city during his term, I doubt not—

Mr. Swann: I pronounce that a most infamous slander, coming from an irresponsible man—irresponsible, politically and socially.

Mr. Butler: Let us have no generalities of denial. Does the gentleman deny the Know-Nothingism, to begin with? (Laughter.)

Mr. Swann: I do deny that I ever belonged to any association that was not patriotic, that did not look to the support of the Union of the States.

Mr. Butler: I cannot yield for that.

Mr. Swann: But I do deny that I ever belonged to an association formed for the purpose of degrading innocent women and children and leaving the property of those who were thrown in contact with me and who were defenseless.

Mr. Butler: Now, then, does the gentleman deny that he was a Know-Nothing? (Laughter.)

Mr. Swann: Deny what?

Mr. Butler: Why, deny that you were a Know-Nothing?

Mr. Swann: No, sir; I do not deny that I did belong to that organization.

Mr. Butler: I do not yield any further. I have proved him a Know-Nothing. Now I will prove from the Baltimore Gazette, a paper published in his own district, that

at the late election, thousands of men were maltreated because he was made mayor. It is a Democratic organ. I would read it if I had it here; but I have sent for it to the committee-room. I will publish it.

Mr. Swann: In reply to that, if the gentleman will permit me—

Mr. Butler: I cannot yield.

Mr. Swann: Then, sir, he cannot yield because he is afraid of the truth.

Mr. Butler: I decline to yield. The gentleman took an hour gratuitously when I was out of the House to abuse me the other day.

Mr. Speaker, what I arose for was to say this: I think it important for gentlemen on the other side to call up John Brown as an instance of the invasion of a State government, because when he marched into Virginia with an army of seventeen thousand men, the State of Virginia could not conquer him until it had called for help the United States marines. (Laughter.)

A Member: He only had seventeen men.

Mr. Butler: They appeared to be seventeen thousand to the Virginians. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Ritchie: He went there, leaving his associates behind him.

Mr. Butler: I say again, all Virginia could not conquer old John Brown, with seventeen men, until they called for the assistance of the United States marines.

A Member: And the militia of Maryland.

Mr. Butler: Yes, sir, and the militia of Maryland besides. (Laughter.)

Mr. Terry: It was a Virginian who led them when John Brown was captured.

Mr. Butler: What is the matter with the gentlemen on the other side? They hop up as if sitting on hot pins.

"Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung."

Mr. Swann: But they ought to be.

Mr. Butler: John Brown, Mr. Speaker, marched in the interest of freedom, into Virginia to do acts against the law and the Constitution. He did that which, under the law and Constitution, could not be justified at that time. When he was there, what was done? Exactly what we wish to pass a law to have done now. They called for United States troops to stop interference with State law, to protect the people's rights, and to secure to the people of every State peace and quiet. Nobody was more ready to call for the United States troops, when their people were interfered with, than the States of Virginia and Maryland.

Mr. Ritchie: They were called for by the legitimate authorities of the States, if at all.

Butler laid himself open to attack with perfect indifference. He seemed to invite ridicule. His career had been full of incidents that gave material for abuse on the part of his foes, and his sudden changes of political faith made him the object of mistrust even



BEN BUTLER

by friends, and invited their thrusts. His very facial manner presented constant temptations to the indulgence in witticisms from such men as "Sunset" Cox, the red-whiskered humorist of Congress, who wrote "The Buckeye Abroad" and "Why We Laugh."

But they all feared Butler while they could not withstand the temptation to jab a lance into him, if only to see that cock eye of his glisten.

He could simulate indifference better than any man I ever saw, and some of his most notable victories over his enemies were those gained by his absolute imperturbableness, which had the effect usually of worrying his tormentors into a frenzy, while he himself with the eyes of the whole house upon him sat as if utterly oblivious to surroundings, reading or more usually writing; and then when the tirade of abuse ended and everyone looked to see the leviathan rouse himself for reply, he would calmly fold his letter, seal it, rise in his place, and saunter out— invariably to the accompaniment of laughter on the Republican side, the disappointment of the galleries, and the discomfiture of his foes.

But on one notable occasion, I recall, he arose, not to leave the field, but to do valiant battle at arm's length with the strength of a giant—for such he could be. This is one of the scenes I witnessed as a boy that left an ineffaceable impress upon my mind. It is to-day as if it were but yesterday and not a quarter of a century ago.

Someone on the Democratic side, P. M. B. Young, I think, a Representative from Georgia, one of the Confederate Generals who were elected to Congress in the few years succeeding the war and known as "fire-eaters" because of their quickness to resent attacks upon the South and upon the motives of Southern men, had made on the floor an impassioned speech in which he had called in question the bravery of the colored troops during the war.

During the speech the whole attention of galleries and floor was on two men—Young and Butler. The former stood at his desk to the right of the Speaker, facing directly toward Butler. Butler sat at his desk writing. Instinctively I felt that something was to happen. I moved around to a position where I

could watch both men. I listened intently, as did every one, to the fiery words of the Southern orator—always earnest, often bitter and burning. The situation was intense. Men stopped their work, groups in the outer aisles scattered, and one by one the cloak rooms and retiring rooms were emptied of their occupants. The galleries were filled to repletion. Not a sound could be heard save the ringing voice of the distinguished Southerner, and the squeaky movements of Butler's quill pen as it drove laboriously over the white page.

The speaker finished. The situation was too strained for applause. The House took a long breath, turned its eyes toward Butler, and waited. Speaker Blaine made no movement to direct further business.

Butler leisurely finished his letter, signed his name with an extra squeak of the quill, folded it deliberately, threw it to one side, rose from his seat, cocked those squinty eyes of his first at one side of the House and then at the other, as if seeing the lay of the land and measuring his ground, walked down the aisle and to the open space directly in front of the Speaker, and with the calmness of a morning in May began his reply—and such a reply! People in the galleries leaned forward to a man; every man on the floor of Congress—Republican and Democrat alike—rose from his seat, pushed into the aisles and crowded down about the Speaker. Butler's troops during the war had been for the most part colored troops. He was speaking for the black men whom he himself had led, for the black men, hundreds of whom he had seen fall in the front of battle. I remember with what a burst of oratory he described how he had sent a regiment of blacks into a very hell of shot, and how they went with the shout of joy to almost certain death. The attack described was that on the Confederate works at Spring Hill, on New Market Heights, in the Petersburg campaign. The Spring Hill redoubt was very strong. On its front was a marsh, traversed by a brook fringed with trees, and it was further defended by an abatis. The eager troops swept across the marsh, scaled the heights, and carried the works at the point of the bayonet. The struggle was desperate and the victory was won by the black warriors at a fearful cost of life. Before the storming party reached the works, two hundred of them fell dead and not less than one thousand were killed, wounded, or captured.

I stood not ten feet away from the speaker. He seemed to me inspired. I looked into the faces of the men who formed a solid wall around that volcanic center of words, and scarcely a dry eye could be seen. Tears were raining down Father's cheeks, and then a big lump got into my own throat and would not down.

The speaker stopped at a mighty climax and turned to his desk, a tempest of congratulation rose from floor and galleries, and Congress settled back to business again.

The dry pages of the Congressional Record have embalmed the words, but can never hand down to posterity the inspiration of that hour as it must linger in the life of every man who was a part of it.

(To be Continued.)

ONE REASON WHY IT IS "OLD GLORY."

While the United States of America is one of the youngest nations in the world, its flag is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, having been adopted as the national ensign by act of Congress in 1777. The yellow and red of Castile was first down by Spain in 1785, the French tricolor in 1795, the red English ensign, with the present Union Jack in the upper canton, in 1801, the present Italian flag in 1849, the present Austro-Hungarian in 1867, and the German flag in 1871.

THE MINES OF AFRICA.

The celebrated Kimberley diamond mines, just outside the boundary of the Orange Free State, and about 600 miles north of Cape Town, Africa, supply 99 per cent of the diamonds of commerce. Since their discovery in 1867 over \$250,000,000 worth of rough diamonds have been taken from them. These diamonds after cutting are easily worth double that sum. Then there are the Johannesburg mines, located in the South African republic, where gold was discovered in 1883. \$55,000,000 of gold a year have been taken out of these mines during the last few years. Then there are, besides gold and diamond mines, vast coal mines, which are practically unlimited, and great fields of iron and lead untouched, making Africa a continent of mines.

REDEEMING WORN-OUT MONEY.

Every year the Treasury of the United States is called upon to redeem millions of bank notes which have become badly worn as a result of constant handling. During the fiscal year recently closed Treasurer Roberts gave new bills in exchange for old to the amount of \$290,000,000, breaking the record of the last six years. This is an indication that, with the return of prosperity money is in free circulation

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING.

BOYS AT SAN JUAN HILL.

Professor Draper, in his new book entitled "The Rescue of Cuba," is authority for the following:

"When Lieutenant Ord, at the head of his men, started on the rush up San Juan Hill, there was by his side a boy private from Ohio, who had joined the regiment just before it left for the front. He ran close to Ord until he fell, mortally wounded, a few yards from the summit. Ord heard him give a faint cry, and paused in his rush to say kindly as he saw the dying pallor on the boy's face, 'My poor fellow, I can do nothing for you.'"

"I didn't call you back for anything like that, lieutenant—I am done for, but I thought you had better take my steel nippers; there may be still another wire fence beyond the hill, and I won't be there to cut it for you."

The boy did not die until he heard the shout of victory; but he never knew that his gallant leader, to whom he had given such unselfish devotion, was lying dead not many yards away.

The third of the trio was even younger, and he, happily, did not die. He was a little flute-player, and was found sitting by the body of Lieutenant Ord, whom he had followed that day with manly daring and devotedness. Another officer came by and scolded him for sitting at a spot which was no place for children, and ordered him back to the hospital.

"I was going back," said the little boy. "I wanted to go back to the hospital and look after Colonel Egbert when he fell wounded, and I was doing no good at the front, for my flute is ruined with the mud and the rain. But just as I started back, I heard Mr. Ord say, 'Now, all the boys who are brave, follow me!' and then he rushed ahead. So, all the boys followed him, and as I was lighter, I got further ahead than most." A cavalry colonel, who had just seen his own son die, listened to the little fellow's narrative, and patted him on the back."

ENSIGN WALTER R. GHERARDI A BRAVE FELLOW.

Ensign Walter R. Gherardi, son of Rear-Admiral Gherardi, rescued more than 150 persons during the recent hurricane in Porto Rico. The young man's experience as a life saver is a splendid one. He was at one time attached to the battleship Maine when she was in a gale outside of Cape Hatteras. A gang was ordered forward to make the lashings of the big guns secure. Six of the crew were washed overboard. The life buoys were cut loose and a boat was lowered under the command of young Gherardi. Three of the drowning men were saved. This was in February, 1897, and six months later two men were thrown overboard from the Texas by the sudden fall of a boat. Gherardi plunged overboard and saved one of the men. During the war in Cuba, Gherardi had command of a boat from the Marblehead that removed the mines from Guantanamo Bay.

MAJOR GEORGE PICKETT.

Major George Pickett, paymaster of United States troops, is the son of Gen. Pickett, who made the famous Confederate charge at Gettysburg. A child at his father's death, he grew up as one whom his mother loved. She determined to educate him for a useful life and sent him to Annapolis, where in the Naval Academy he chose the profession of civil engineer, and came home to his self-sacrificing mother still a boy, but full of ambition and high hopes for the future.

He was immediately given a superintending position on the staff of engineers who were then making Washington the well-sewered, cleanly city that it now is. One day it became his duty to make an inspection of the work which had been done, and entering the sewer while the men were at their lunch, time passed more rapidly than he was aware of, and the men, whose orders were to flush the sewer, turned on the water overwhelming poor George in the on-rushing current, and sweeping him toward the outlet.

He was discovered half drowned and wholly unconscious. A low fever followed this terrible experience, and when he recovered he was totally deaf. His mother, who had hoped that her worst trials were over, then applied for a government clerkship for him, and left no mean untried to restore his hearing; but it was all in vain.

George never lost courage, and never complained, but kept his sweet nature intact, saying: "Never mind, mother, I shall find my place in the world somewhere yet."

He was afterward appointed to a minor clerkship in the Indian office, where diligence did duty for ears, and he has slowly regained his hearing.

On the breaking out of the war with Spain he was appointed paymaster; and a month or two ago ordered to the Philippines. Waiting in San Francisco for the vessel to sail, he was seized with pneumonia, and the vessel sailed without him. We cannot think that this is the end of his ambitions and his hopes, but if it should be, he will leave a good record of perseverance and earnest endeavor that is worthy of emulation.

THE HARD LOT OF A MESSENGER BOY AND SOME DUTIES NOT SO HARD.

Messenger boys, at least those in New York, get \$5 a week, or, rather, they think they do. It is really but \$4.50 a week, for 50 cents is taken out weekly until the price of their uniform is made up. Then they must look sharp or they will not get all of the \$4.50, for the big companies for which the messenger boys work have a regular schedule of fines for the smallest delinquencies; as, 15 cents for being late, 10 cents for appearing at the office with one of the brass buttons off the coat, etc.

A messenger boy is subject to a great many temptations. Frequently he has time on his hands, and here the dime novel gets in its work. The dime novel, however, is not the worst influence the messenger boy is subjected to. He goes to places which will have a more baneful influence on his life in an hour than the reading of an hundred dime novels. Messenger boys make money out of "tips," and a bright boy in some sections of New York can earn from five to ten dollars a week outside of his regular wages in this way.

Messenger boys are called upon to do strange things. An eccentric lady in New York hires the services of a boy every Sunday to carry her prayer-book to and from church. Ladies without male escorts often get a messenger to accompany them to the theater, and these boys often have a chance to eat out of the bon-bon box. Boys are called upon to give "My lady's" dog his constitutional, and there are half a dozen boys in New York whose regular duty it is between 9 and 10 o'clock to take out blooded dogs for an airing.



GEORGE H. ROOT.

AROUND THE GLOBE.

George H. Root, a seventeen-year-old boy residing at Mendon, Mich., enjoys the distinction of having traveled around the globe, a distance of 26,000 miles, in less than eleven months. The boy is what may be called an average American boy, but his life history is more full of romance and adventure than is that of the average boy. When the war with Spain broke out he was playing the baritone horn in a traveling band. As was the case with so many American boys on the breaking out of the war, he wanted to enlist. When his parents prevented it he was about as broken-spirited a lad as you could find. His efforts to be a soldier, however, were more successful when the President called for troops to the Philippines, for last December he enlisted in the 4th United States Regulars, Co. J, and after remaining in Fort Sheridan, Ill., for fourteen days started for Manila. He sailed from New York, and for the first 4,500 miles of his journey he was seasick. One can imagine that a large part of his enthusiasm for soldiering was lost under this experience. His life as a soldier is full of dramatic incidents. He knows what it is to have his tent riddled by the enemy's bullets, to guard duty in mud and water up to the belt, to be compelled to go for a fortnight without change of clothing and to lay in a hospital for three months with typhomalarial fever. When the boy's parents learned in what Company he had enlisted they petitioned the War Department for his discharge on account of his age, and his discharge was granted July 27, 1899. Two weeks thereafter he was on his way home, arriving Saturday, Nov. 11. His long journey around the globe was via New York City, Gibraltar, Suez Canal, Colombo, Singapore, Manila, Japan, the Inland Sea (where the hospital ship "Morgan City" ran aground with a lot of sick and wounded soldiers in October), Yokohama and San Francisco. The boy's souvenirs of Manila fill a large

trunk, and his stories would make a book. He writes to THE AMERICAN BOY that he is satisfied now to follow the life of a stay-at-home.

TWO BOY STOWAWAYS WHO WERE DISAPPOINTED.

The transport Grant brought back from the Philippines a few days ago two boys who had a burning desire to meet death on a battlefield. The lads stowed themselves away on the ship before she left San Francisco, and had to be put under a guard at Iloilo in order to prevent them from following the regiments ashore. The boys were Charley Messenger, of Sherborn, Mass., who followed the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment; and Walter Ehrhorn, of San Francisco, who followed the California Regiment. Charley wanted to go to the Philippines to fight; Walter, for the sake of adventure. Charley, who is only twelve years old, said to the captain when asked to be put ashore: "We have all to die, and I would sooner die in my boots fighting for my country, than quietly in my bed at home. My grandfather was killed fighting for the Union and my father went with the Fifth Regiment to Cuba, and I want you to give me a chance in the Philippines."

The boys have been sent home by the officers and are greatly disappointed.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH, AN ARITHMETICAL PRODIGY.

Arthur Griffith, of Milford, Ind., now attending the State University at Bloomington, Ill., bids fair to break all records in the line of mental arithmetic. The boy has been infatuated with numbers ever since he was six years old. He can repeat in their order any number of figures read to him up to twenty, and can correctly multiply any two amounts, each consisting of seven figures, in eight seconds. He can mentally extract the cube root of any number in ten seconds. He has devised forty-seven different methods of multiplication, six of division, six of addition, and one of subtraction.

The Chicago Tribune is authority for these statements, which seem incredible. It is said that the boy's devotion to arithmetic unfits him for anything else. He is being sent to the University in order that he may become interested in some other line of work.

KILLED AT FOOT BALL.

Jesse Norris Hicks, a student in the University at Berkeley, Cal., was killed in a foot ball game at Berkeley, Nov. 4, and the occurrence has thrown gloom over the whole university, the boy being well-known and popular. He was a fine big fellow, full of life and spirit, and lacked but three months of being twenty-one years of age. He was a graduate of Santa Cruz High School and entered the university with the class of 1900. He would have graduated next May. The accident has put a damper on "scrub games," as the contests between different classes or organizations are called. The blame of the occurrence is laid to the fact that the players were inexperienced.

This is the third fatal foot ball accident that has taken place in the State University of California. A young man by the name of Frank Woodward, in 1884, was killed while playing foot ball.

COUNTRY BOYS WHO MADE THEIR MARK.

Perry S. Heath, who is the first assistant postmaster-general of the United States, and who is making a remarkable success extending rural free delivery of mail, was born on a farm at Muncie, Ind. He became a distinguished journalist, beginning his newspaper career as a printer's devil.

Col. Geo. B. M. Harvey, the new head of the old Harper & Brothers' publishing house, editor and proprietor of the North American Review, and owner of street railways in Havana and other properties, was born on a farm in Vermont.

Montana's new senator, Wm. A. Clark, the richest man in the United States Senate, was brought up on an Iowa farm. His income is said to be \$17,000,000 a year.

A candidate for the position of alderman in Detroit offered a prize of \$5.00 to the boy in his ward who would write the best essay on "What Qualities Should an Alderman Possess?" The prize was earned by Albert Crumley, a school boy, of 666 Fourteenth Ave., Detroit.

A PHENOMENAL BOY PREACHER.

There are quite a large number of boys, many of whom are really men, advertising themselves as "boy preachers." There is one in Atlanta, Ga., who really deserves the name. He is a little colored boy who was born on Christmas day, five years ago. At first he built a pulpit, as he called it, on the porch of his father's house. Standing in this, he would imitate a preacher. He, of course, attracted the attention of passers-by, and it was not long before he was the talk of the neighborhood. His gift seemed so marked that it was finally decided by his parents to let him preach. He began at home, but, his fame travelling abroad, he was invited to occupy pulpits in neighboring towns, until finally his parents journeyed with him into other states, everywhere creating great excitement and a religious furor among the colored people. His plan of procedure is not of a stereotyped order. After being introduced to his audience he gives out a hymn, and after the singing of it, he says he is ready to be questioned. He answers all questions in detail, and, as the interest of his audience deepens, he proceeds to preach a sermon. His name is L. Laurence Dennis.

AN AMERICAN BOY TENOR IN PARIS.

A young Chicagoan is rousing musical Paris into ecstasies. George Dunlopp Odel went to Paris several years ago from Chicago to study vocal music. Within the last few months his beautiful tenor voice has been heard many times at studio and drawing-room musicales, and already it is predicted that he will in time rank with the leading tenors of the world. He possesses much dramatic ability, by which he comes naturally, being a cousin of Joseph Jefferson and a nephew of William Warren, of the Boston Museum. He has taken the name of "Odeleni" for stage purposes; so some day when it is announced that the great tenor "Odeleni" will sing in grand opera, remember that it is the young Chicago lad, whom you read about in THE AMERICAN BOY.

AN EXAMPLE OF ACHIEVEMENT BY A YOUNG AMERICAN.

G. B. M. Harvey, who has recently become president of Harper & Brothers, is not a boy, but his wonderful success, all attained before his thirty-sixth year, entitles him to a place in these pages. In his comparatively short business life he has held high editorial positions on the New York World and the Newark Journal, manager and part owner of one of the Staten Island electric railway systems, and similar enterprises at Long Branch, Asbury Park and Havana, Cuba; editor and proprietor of the North American Review, and now president of the great Harper & Brothers Publishing Co.

TWO BOYS AND THE BURGLARS.

Edward and John Daniels, aged six and eight years, sons of Frank C. Daniels, of Hornellsville, N. Y., successfully defended their home from two masked burglars, on the evening of Nov. 15. The boys' parents were spending the evening with neighbors, which fact was evidently known to the burglars. Admittance to the house being denied, the intruders threatened to break in the door, when Edward, the eight-year-old, seized his father's revolver, appeared at a window and ordered the men to leave, which they did in a hurry. The parents found the boys barricaded in the house, but on the alert, when they returned, and the boys became the heroes of the town.

PREVENTED A DISASTROUS FIRE BY PRESENCE OF MIND.

Rex Buell, a student at Ypsilanti, Mich., saved the main building on the campus of the Normal School from being destroyed by fire recently. Going into the chapel for the purpose of practicing on the pipe organ, he saw smoke coming from the opening between the organ and the wall. With rare presence of mind he turned on a stream of water from the stationary hose in the building, quelling the fire just as it was spreading to the wooden casing.

It is thought that the fire was started by three boys in a spirit of mischief.

THE BOY CANTOR.

A thirteen year old boy conducted the greater portion of the services in one of the Jewish Synagogues in Detroit one evening recently. The boy's name is David Hober. He is a young Hungarian whose home is in New York. He performs the duties in the synagogue of what is known as the Cantor, who recites the biggest part of the difficult ritual of his native church. He is in the Hebrew church practically what the lay reader is in the Episcopal church. The boy was born in Hungary and has been in this country but four years, yet he speaks English fluently and has become intelligent in the matter of American literature and public affairs. The boy's first attempt to recite the ritual was on his twelfth birthday, in a New York synagogue, and since that time he has been in demand as a Cantor, appearing in a number of cities.



HARVEY E. DEMEREST.

A TYPICAL MICHIGAN BOY WITH THE ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Among the Michigan boys who are fighting their country's battles in the Philippines, is Harvey E. Demerest, of Gaylord, Mich. He is eighteen years old and passed a very creditable examination on entering the army. He was assigned to Company M, Thirty-fifth United States Volunteers, and was soon afterward made second bugler, and left for Manila, where he is doing excellent service fighting for Uncle Sam.

Something of the spirit of the American boy who enlists in the service of his country on the field of battle, may be gathered from the letters written home by young Demerest. On Oct. 30, he wrote on board the transport Rio de Janeiro: "A week ago Saturday I was on guard and was up all night, and Sunday night about 10 o'clock as I was going to bed I heard someone groan. The First Sergeant and myself took a look around and found some of the boys suffering from cramps of the stomach, and by morning 375 men out of six or seven hundred were down sick. I worked among the sick Sunday and Monday nights and did not sleep for 86 hours. My dinner this noon was composed of three 'hardtacks,' one medium sized potato, a cup of soup and a pickle. No so very bad for a soldier? I tell you, if any boy is dissatisfied with his home and parents the best thing he can do is to go into this business; he will learn the value of home. I am not sick of it by a long shot, but I would not mind putting my legs under the home table once a day. Ha' ha! Just wait until I come home!"

In another letter written from Manila Nov. 7, he says: "I expect we will be on the firing line inside of a month. I don't know how I will act in my first battle, but I will never come home with 'coward' stamped on my back."

JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

Major John A. Logan, only son of John A. Logan, the famous general known as "Black Jack" of the civil war, lost his life while gallantly leading his men to victory on a Philippine battlefield, Nov. 11. The following appeared in a recent number of the New York Journal, as being the words of Mrs. Logan to a reporter of that paper. If her words as reported are correct, it shows that the son came of heroic stock on both sides:

"If my boy had to die and leave me, I preferred that he should die as he did, fighting for his country, at the head of his battalion. And I am sure he died the death he would have chosen had the inexorable alternative of death in any form been forced upon him."

"My boy, how like his father he was in manliness, in courage, in sweetness and devotion to me, and in patriotism. It was the lion-heart, the indomitable soul of his father that bore him through that awful siege and which has emblazoned his name upon the nation's tablets with the names of others of his country's heroes."

"He would go to the war. Nothing I could say or do could shake his resolution. Ever since he was a tiny boy his whole heart and soul and mind have been centered on a military career. When he was born his father was a major-general in the victorious Union army, with battle scars all over his body. Scarcely had the boy begun to toddle and lisp before he was playing soldier with his companions. That

was, oh, so many years ago! And how proud and happy his father was when he came home to find that I was the mother of a son. It was July 24, 1865, when he was born.

"His father was at Louisville, Ky., mustering out the veteran troops of the nation, which for four years had been rocked by the storm of war. I was at Carbondale, Ill., where Gen. Logan was born and where he lived until the civil war was over. Our boy was nearly a week old when his father first saw him.

"He was never contented out of the army. Ill-health drove him from West Point before he could complete the course there. Then we put him back in the military academy at Chester, Pa., where he had been prepared for West Point. Even after he was married and settled down at Youngstown, O., he organized a military company, which was called the Logan Rifles. When the Spanish war came on he was commissioned by the president as a first lieutenant and assistant adjutant-general. He won promotion to the grade of major before Santiago on Gen. Bates's staff. He did that himself—all by himself—with no help from me or anybody else. When the war was over he went back to Cuba to serve his country. Then he fell sick of yellow fever and almost died.

"He quit the army early last summer because the fever had left him with no strength. When more troops were called for in July I instinctively knew he was going to volunteer. When he told me of his intention I tried to dissuade him. But he would not be dissuaded. And he did not want to again go on the staff. This time he wanted to be in the line, where he could touch elbows with the men who do the fighting, where he could feel the thrill of the impetuous charge and the shock and roar of battle under the flag with which his father had swept over so many bloody fields.

"I loved him so that I could not stubbornly stand out against the intensest desire of his heart, and I helped him all I could to get back into the army. Yes, I, his mother, helped him to get to the far-off Philippines with those brave, splendid fellows who followed him to death.

"And now he is dead. He is gone from me forever—from me, who loved him, oh, so much. He has died as he would have preferred to die. He has died for his country. That is my consolation. God help me to stand his loss."

DAWSON'S LAMP NEWSBOY.

Queer sight it was at Dawson, in the Klondike region, to see a long procession moving through the streets of the town, headed by a one-legged newsboy.

There has perhaps never been a better exhibition of pluck on the part of American boys, than shown by this little fellow, who alone has established an independent and regular newspaper service for Dawson and the mining camps beyond. His name is Ring. Whether he has any Christian name or not no one will know from us; sufficient to say, Ring is a hero in the eyes of the miners and needs no other name.

The procession referred to was on the occasion of Ring's leaving Dawson for a trip to the States on business.

Ring has founded the nucleus of a circulating library, and with his own ten-dog teams sends to his customers every week a library book, a newspaper, a magazine, and mail.

The papers are twenty-five cents each; magazines two dollars each, and books two dollars a month. He carries the mail simply as an accommodation, but never receives less than twenty-five cents a letter, sometimes much more, as he says he has received as high as sixteen dollars in gold dust for a letter, and the man who got the letter was so glad to see a human being and get something to read, that he thought he had made a good bargain.

Uncle Sam and Canada refuse second-class matter (newspapers, magazines and books), for the outposts of the mining region. Expressage is three dollars a pound, and, as many magazines weigh nearly a pound, you can readily see that Ring's charge of two dollars for a magazine is not high.

The miners in the far north have many hours of idleness. Lights must be lit for the long night as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, so that the great need is reading matter to shorten the long and silent hours of the night.

Prior to a year ago Ring was doing errands in the Seattle Athletic Club. A member returned from the Klondike with his pockets full of money and jokingly said to Ring: "Ring, if you were at Dawson I would give you the best job you ever dreamed of."

"Then I'll go," Ring answered.

"But no one-legged boy could get over the pass. It is all a strong man wants to do."

"I can go any place a two-legged boy can."

"You couldn't get over the pass."

"I can go any place a two-legged boy can," Ring insisted.

The result was Ring did set out for Dawson and found himself in the snow at the beginning of the long pass last October. It is a two days' trip, one on the actual pass. He hurried nervously because he was afraid of being benighted before he reached the other side.

"You'd better go slow, kid." "You can't do it." "Better give it up, youngster," came like a Greek

chorus from his fellow travelers with himself for the tragedy part. The first day he managed, but it was hard work. The second brought him to a place where he must jump from one stone to another. One leg and a crutch made it impossible.

"What are you going to do now, youngster?"

It was a big Irishman who spoke. He had been watching the boy during the trip.

Ring had no answer to give.

"Well, I'll tell you what's going to happen. I'm going to pack you."

"I'm too heavy," Ring answered, doubtfully.

"You! Why, I could lick an Indian with you on my back and forget you were there." The man was already carrying 250 pounds and with Ring's 20-pound pack and his 80 pounds avoirdupois, the man carried 350 pounds and jumped the stones.

So Ring got to Dawson. It was on the eve of the big fire he arrived, and when he had fallen comfortably into his tired sleep the boy was awakened and told to run for his life. He did and got out, but his job and his effects went up in the flames that night.

But Ring could not afford to sit down to cry. His first meal he earned helping to save goods from the burning buildings. His breakfast cost \$5.50. Naturally he turned to his old trade. He went back from Dawson about five miles and waited. Every traveller who comes in brings a newspaper that he usually throws or gives away. Ring stood five miles from Dawson and bought every paper he could. He stood on the corner in Dawson and sold them for \$1 each, and every relay of travelers put a good many dollars into the cripple's pocket.

When the boats came in there were tons of papers. The man who had the agencies spent most of his time in a comfortable saloon corner, and he was in no hurry to get out the papers for the impatient miners, because there was no other papers to be had. Ring persuaded the man to let him do the distributing, receiving a small sum for his work. His work was so prompt and satisfactory he was told if he could get the papers every one would patronize him. He wrote to the different papers and had his own consignments which he sold. He bought dog teams and sent the papers to his customers out on the creeks.

When the boats could not get to Dawson it meant no more papers. In the meantime Ring had got in about five hundred volumes for his library, and had fully as many patrons as books, which paid him \$1,000 a month at the rate of \$2 a month each. Ring saw his opportunity and decided to go to the States, make his arrangements with publishers of papers to become exclusive agent. He could come out by rail and boat as he had plenty of money. He made arrangements to purchase two fine dog teams of fourteen dogs each, and will establish an independent service for himself from Skagway, where the railroad ends, to Dawson. The trip can be made in thirty-five days at a cost of about \$250, and the sledge will carry 500 to 700 pounds of reading matter. There will be two trips a month, which will bring the news in and out of Dawson every two weeks.

So the little one-legged newsboy is to be an important personage in Dawson. One year more and Ring will be a rich man, for good chances are often offered him and he has plenty of ready money to take advantage of opportunities.

THE AMERICAN BOY IN SONG, IN CHURCH AND ON THE CONCERT STAGE.

It is remarkable, when one comes to canvass the subject, how manifold are the offices which the average American boy fills in the civic and domestic life of the nation. As newspaper distributor, telegraph messenger, "fire alarmist," and in other kindred roles he has come to be well nigh unique, and added to his other callings he has at last proved himself to be a no mean exponent of song, both in the sanctuary and on the concert stage. For years past the boy has been an indispensable element in the musical make-up of the cathedral and parish choirs of England; indeed, some of the most distinguished organists and composers in the Anglican church were once choir boys, notably Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Frederic Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey; Sir George Martin, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Sir Joseph Barnby, Dr. Wesley and Dr. Edward Hopkins, all of whom have so largely and reverently contributed to enrich the musical portions of the beautiful services of the English Communion.

It is, however, with the American boy, rather than his English confrere, that we have to deal in this article as part and parcel of a "new departure," which democratic America viewed, for some time, with distrust lest the thin edge of the wedge should be inserted in grafting "strange and erroneous" practices on the Protestant Episcopal Church of America. This "grafting" was first attempted at Old Trinity Church, Broadway, New York, on the visit of the youthful Prince of Wales to these shores.

It was thought that a choir made up exclusively of male voices would make the Prince feel "more at home" when worshipping in an edifice with which "Queen Anne's bounty" had played so conspicuous a part in the past, but more particularly so because it would be in accordance with English usage. The "innovation" was so complete a success in the eyes of Americans that the boy element was no longer regarded as a disturbing factor in ecclesiastical circles,

but rather welcomed as an accession of strength in the musical services of the church.

Dr. Cutler, the organist, made the most of his opportunities, and it was not long before a boy named Croker, with a remarkable and well-trained voice, drew large congregations at "Old Trinity" to listen to his beautiful solo singing. The boy choir movement, by degrees, has taken such a firm hold upon the country that it is now difficult to visit any considerable city in the Union that cannot boast of one or more excellent vested choirs. The choir boy is now not only well trained, but well paid for his services in all the large and wealthy churches of the country.

To young Kavanagh, of Chicago, and Cyril Tyler, of Detroit, is due the honor of championing the claims of native born and native trained American boys to a high place in the annals of a beautiful and inspired minstrelsy. For several years young Kavanagh was the vocal magnate at Grace Episcopal Church, Chicago; his singing of oratorio numbers being especially broad, finished and sympathetic. While who, in Detroit, does not remember the splendid rendition Cyril Tyler gave to such numbers as "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Gounod's "Ave Maria," Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," under the careful direction of Mr. Stewart, organist of the church? Young Tyler subsequently enlarged the field of his operations, and after



FIVE BROTHERS AS CHOIR BOYS

creating a furor in the eastern American cities and London, England, by his operatic, oratorio, and ballad singing, visited the Australian colonies, where he also met with a large measure of success.

Trinity Church Corporation, New York, is particularly happy in the provision it has made for the choristers of its several churches. It not only educates its boys musically, but a secular and religious education is guaranteed by the establishment of separate schools, thus securing a paternal oversight of the best interests of those "cherubs of the temple," as a New Yorker once felicitously designated these young singers.

The training of boys' voices is conducted on principles the very opposite of dealing with the female voice. The voices are trained from the head tones downwards, the dove-tailing of the two registers—head and chest—at the proper place needing both skill and judgment on the part of the teacher. Correct breathing, an open throat, pronunciation and enunciation of no uncertain type, a full and free delivery of the voice with a dead set against "wobbling" in all its agonizing phases, are the principles to be inculcated in developing the first-class choir boy. As regards deportment in the choir room and a reverent regard for the services of the sanctuary, there will be little or no trouble under this head, providing the choirmaster be God-fearing—a man of tact and resource and, who, while maintaining the dignity and authority of his office, stands ever ready to be "one with the boys" in all the little social plans and contrivances for honest, healthy fun so dear to the heart of the young aspirant determined to make his musical life worth the living.

Instances could be cited and multiplied in which the chorister's life has been of great assistance to him, both from a material and artistic standpoint. Men in the church, at the organ, on the press and in other avenues of life can be found in all parts of the country ready to bear testimony to the elevating and character-building tendencies of a chorister's training.

With so much in the way of cultivating the graces, as well as promoting the more substantial aims of life, it is no wonder then that the heads of our more thoughtful families should encourage their sons to become choristers and so enhance the prospects of realizing a better and more useful citizenship, than, left

to themselves, falls to the lot of the ordinary individual. Example is, the world over, better than precept and the parent can, under the benign influence of a Christian musical leadership, secure for his sons a large slice of this very desirable commodity in the choir rooms of our churches and collegiate institutions throughout the country.

In closing this somewhat discursive article, we make mention of a fact, without a parallel, perhaps, in church history, that, at the age of 93, and after having served as choir boy, assistant, and afterwards senior organist, Dr. Longhurst, recently "disconnected himself" with Canterbury Cathedral after a manly and devoted service of exactly 70 years! To the American, accustomed to a constant moving of the panoramic scenes of life, this long service seems well nigh an impossibility, but so it was, and good Dr. Longhurst is the subject of it. H. G. GILMORE.

A BOY WHO IS BEING EDUCATED BY PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND ADMIRAL DEWEY.

John P. D. Gridley, son of the man to whom Admiral Dewey said at the beginning of the Battle of Manila: "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley," has had one object in life, namely, to pass successfully the examination for a lieutenancy in the Marine Corps. When his father died, a few months ago, it became evident to young Gridley that he must forego the Marine Corps, and seek some occupation by which he might assist the family, who had been left poor. Information of these facts came to Admiral Dewey. Calling the boy to him, he said: "I think we can arrange matters. Meet me tomorrow, and we will go to see the President." They went to see the President, and Mr. McKinley said he would arrange the whole matter—in fact said to Mr. Gridley: "Admiral Dewey and myself have decided to bear your expenses until such time as you are able to finance yourself."

The boy is reported to be a manly looking fellow, with black hair, clear complexion, and straightforward, honest brown eyes. When a reporter interviewed him he said: "I always wanted to be a sailor, it was my father's desire that I should follow his occupation. At first I went to a school in Erie, Pa., and afterwards to St. John's Military School in Manlius, N. Y., where I remained two years and became a lieutenant in the Cadet Corps. When the war with Spain broke out I was at the Navy School at Annapolis, Md. I was appointed to the service about the middle of July as a Coast Naval Cadet and served aboard the U. S. Ships St. Paul, Yankee and Michigan, doing scout duty along the Cuban and Porto Rican coasts.

"When the war was over and father died, I thought that the best thing for me to do was to fit myself for business, but mother and myself were both anxious that I get into the service. I knew that if I passed the examination and obtained a commission in the Marine Corps I could be of assistance to the family. The family were all willing to make the financial sacrifice for my work of preparation, and I came on to Washington to study for the examinations. Then it came out in the papers that our family was in actual want, and I made up my mind not to accept another cent from home. Then Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Dewey took an interest in me, though the president had promised before that time that I should have an opportunity to take the Marine Corps examinations. I am going to do my very best to pass the examinations in a creditable way. Just think," he said, "of two great big men, like President McKinley and Admiral Dewey, going down in their pockets to back a fellow like me. It's the squarest and kindest thing I ever heard of."

STICKS TO HIS POST BECAUSE TOLD TO DO SO.

A few days ago a Chicago policeman found a sixteen-year-old colored boy, by name Edward Jackson, nursing a sick horse that lay on the grass on Madison street, near Prairie avenue, in that city. For several days and nights the boy had cared for the animal, covering it with a blanket and his overcoat. Residents in the vicinity urged the boy to go home, but he refused. "Why shouldn't I stay?" he asked, "The horse is too sick to leave alone and I promised to take care of him and that's what I mean to do." The boy said that two men told him to care for the animal until they returned. He had spent his last fifteen cents for medicine for the horse. When the policeman reported the facts in the neighborhood, a collection was taken and a veterinary surgeon employed to give the horse medical attention. They then asked the boy to leave the horse, with the promise that they would take care of it. "I can't," he told them, "I promised to stay with it." The boy had secured some straw and made beds for himself and the animal, curling himself up close to the animal's side at night, arousing himself now and then to administer the medicine.

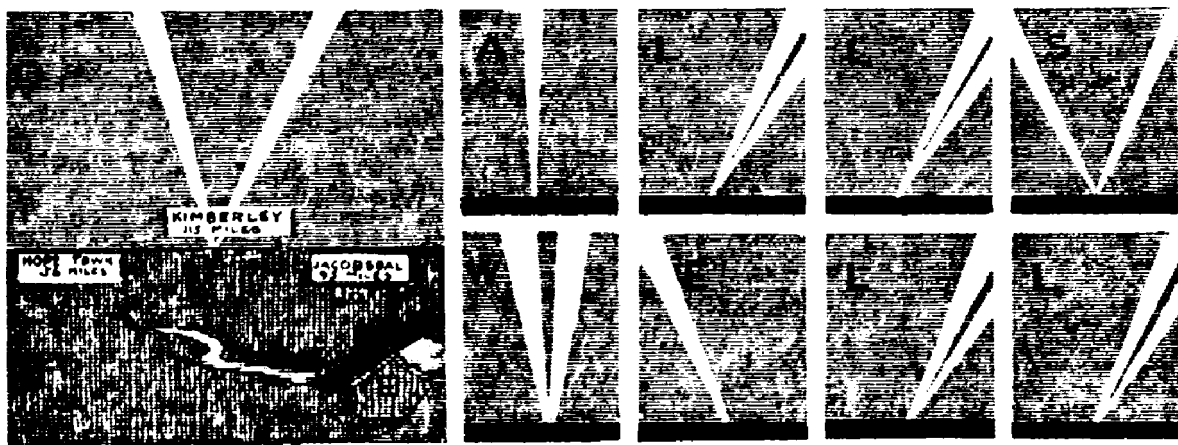
The policeman, believing that the owners of the horse would not return and that they had played a trick on the boy, telephoned to the Humane Society and the agents of that organization took charge of the case.

Mrs. Frederick K. Vanderbilt gave a Thanksgiving dinner at Newport, R. I., to the newsboys, bootblacks and other poor boys of that city.

THE WORLD THRO' A BOY'S EYES.

COMMUNICATING BY SEARCHLIGHT.

Messenger pigeons are not the only means by which a besieged force can communicate with friends on the outside. The searchlight is being used for that purpose in South Africa, in the towns of Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking, which are being besieged by the Boers. The powerful searchlights at Kimberley have been seen 115 miles away. General White uses in his war balloon at Ladysmith a searchlight that has been seen at a distance of thirty miles. By putting a flap or shutter over the searchlight aperture the ray of light can be cut up into dashes. At Kimberley two searchlights are employed. One is used for vowels and the other for consonants. The letters are separated by a short period of darkness and the words by a longer period. Our illustration shows how there may be read on the sky the message "Alls well."



A CHOICE PLACE FOR FUN FOR A FEW NEW YORK BOYS.

Central Park, of course, is the great playground for New York children, and any boy who behaves himself can have all the fun that can be crowded into daylight in this great park. Central Park is "way up town," as New Yorkers say. Boys who live way down town haven't as good an opportunity for sport as have their more favored brothers in the upper districts. Of course, there is the Battery Park, but that is as far down town as Central Park is up town. There is a little park known as Gramercy Park, just about midway between Central Park and Battery Park, in which a number of boys can be seen at any time of day having a good time. But Gramercy Park is not a public park, it is a private park; that is, only certain boys, or boys belonging to certain families, have access to it. It is a little park surrounded by a high iron fence. Each of the families that occupy houses facing this park has a key to its gates. Nearly every morning a dozen or more boys from six to ten years old are turned loose and allowed to play here to their hearts' content. They cannot get away, for they are locked in, and there is no danger of their being run over by the ice wagon or the trolley car. In the middle of the park there is a fountain spouting water up from the center of a shallow basin some 25 feet across. Around this basin in the summer time is a ring-shaped flower bed about four feet wide, and the whole is enclosed by a low wire railing. In the winter time the basin is dry. Hundreds and hundreds of tulip bulbs were this fall placed in the basin and covered by bushels of dead leaves from the park trees. In the circle where the flowers grow, the boys now have a miniature race track, around which they gallop at a lively rate. Ten times 'round make a race. Of course some of the boys are older than others and can run faster, so the older boys are handicapped; that is, the younger boys are allowed to have a good start. The little fellows with the short legs are allowed a start of five laps; those of middle size, two laps, and the biggest boys, who have to run the full ten circuits, must catch up with them or lose the race. It furnishes great amusement for those passing on the sidewalk outside the iron railing, to see the panorama of little legs flying around the basin. Occasionally a small boy stumbles and becomes the foundation of a pyramid of waving arms and legs. Recently one of the boys decided that the heap of leaves in the basin would make a great bonfire, so he ambled over to the iron fence and got a match from one of the big boys on the outside and with the aid of this innocent little piece of sulphur-tipped wood he soon had a pillar of smoke and blaze arising from thirty to forty square feet of ground. Of course the tulip bulbs were killed. Then the youngsters had a war dance, taking hold of hands and dancing around the fire like little Indians.

But some boys in New York are not given the chance to have fun that these boys have. Most of these boys have governesses, and when their governesses saw this war dance they rushed to the scene and captured the Indians and marched them back home.

Eddie McDuffie, mounted on a chainless wheel, rode the fastest mile ever ridden on a track, at Brockton, Mass., Oct. 10. The mile was made in 1:21.

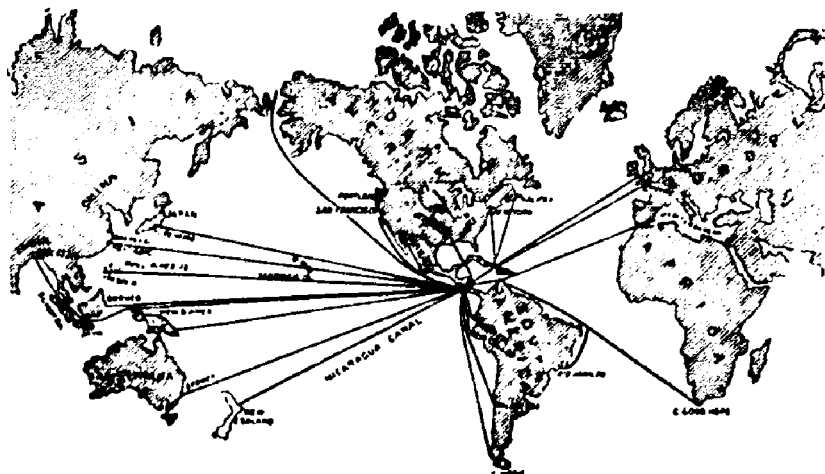
SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT COAL.

Someone has figured out that an Englishman requires more coal to keep him warm than does a Belgian, an American, a German, or a Russian. The Englishman, on an average, uses 3 3/4 tons a year; the Belgian, 2 7-10 tons; the American, 2 4-5 tons; the German, 1 1/2 tons; the Russian, 1-10 of a ton. Out of the Island of Great Britain are taken over 200,000,000 tons of coal a year, more than is taken out of the entire United States. What is almost as remarkable, all but 48,000,000 tons of this is used at home. It is said that in a year no less than 567,000,313 tons, representing over \$800,000,000 in value, are mined throughout the world. To dig it, 2,399,936 men are engaged throughout the year. Think of the tremendous hole in the earth which this great amount of mining makes! It has been computed that if the coal mined

in a year were spread over the Island of Great Britain it would cover it to the depth of three feet. And this is only the product for one year! Think how many years coal has been mined; then try to realize what a huge hole must have been hollowed out of the earth in this process. The world must be getting colder, for it uses more coal now than it ever did. Of course, much of it is used in our big factories.

WHERE THE KRUPP GUNS ARE MADE.

The history of the origin and growth of the Krupp Works, Essen, forms a most remarkable record of industrial development. The grandfather of the present Krupp started an iron foundry in 1810. For sixteen years he barely made a living. In 1826 his son Alfred succeeded to the struggles of his father. In 1832 he had only nine men in his employ. He, however, was making good steel and guns. His steel and one or two guns were in the great London Exhibition of 1851, and this brought him instant recognition, and orders from various governments began to pour in. On January 1 of the present year there were on the pay-rolls 41,750 men, of whom 25,000 were employed in the works at Essen. In 1895 there were in the steel works at Essen over 3,000 implements and machines, and 458 steam engines, aggregating 36,561 horse power. There are over 40 miles of leather belting. In the statistical year 1895-96 over 1,000,000 tons of coal and coke were consumed. The consumption of water is equal to that of Dresden with its population of 336,000, and more illuminating gas is used than in that city. There are 50 miles of railroad track on the premises, with 36 locomotives and 1,300 freight cars. There are 522 telephones.

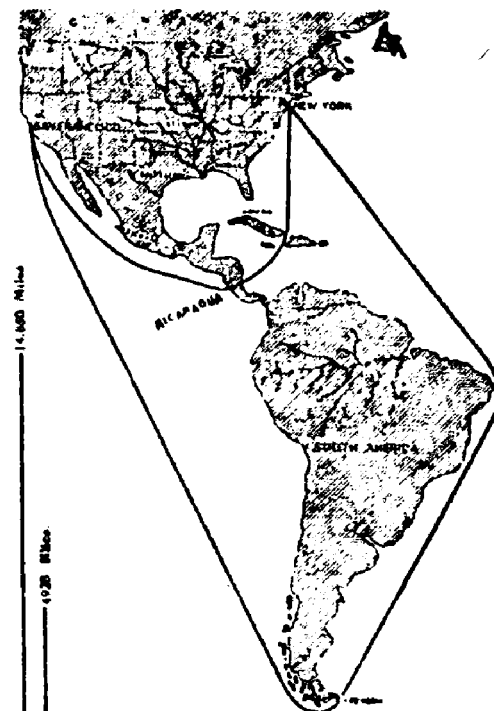


THE BRIDGE OF THE WORLD

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

One of the achievements of the new century which we will soon enter will be the digging of a great ship canal through the great isthmus that connects North and South America.

This tremendous undertaking has been the dream of men for decades, and thousands of lives and millions of money have already been sacrificed in vain attempts to accomplish it.



AS 4928 MILES ARE TO 14,850.

But the task will be accomplished, and we mistake not if American money and American pluck does not bring it about.

Here is what President Grant said about it in February, 1881:

"In accordance with the early and later policy of the government; in obedience to the often expressed will of the American people; with a due regard to our national dignity and power; with a watchful care for the safety and prosperity of our interests and industries on this continent; and with a determination to guard against even the first approach of rival powers, whether friendly or hostile, on these shores, I commend an American canal on American soil to the American people, and congratulate myself on the fact that the most careful exploration has been started, and that the route, standing in this attitude before the world, is the one which commends itself as a judicious, economical and prosperous work."

We present two pictures, the first the "Bridge of the World," and the second the distance now traversed from New York to San Francisco, showing the miles that may be saved by the route through a canal across the isthmus.

We think the government should take this project in hand, because we believe that if the government does not take hold of the matter, it will be built within the next decade by private capital.

In that anxious time when the battleship Oregon was making her emergency trip around the Cape, every American would have been glad had we had such a canal through which she might have passed. But important as it might be in the time of war, it is very much more important in time of peace. Our increasing commerce with the nations of the east demands it. Our possession of the Philippines, and our relations to the Sandwich Islands, make it an imperative necessity. We say, therefore, let the canal be built, and let Congress take the matter in hand at an early day.

THE HEAVIEST PASSENGER TRAIN.

What is said to have been the heaviest passenger train ever hauled by a single engine out of New York was drawn from New York City to Albany on August 10 by engine 918 of the New York Central road. The train was made up of four sleepers, one dining car, three drawing room cars, five coaches, one long baggage and two postal cars, all heavily laden. It was the regular Southwestern Limited train, with three or four cars added. The locomotive with its tender weighed 270,000 pounds, while the weight on the drivers was 128,900 pounds. The locomotive is known as a ten-wheeler, with three driving wheels, 70 inches in diameter, on the side. Its cylinder was 20 by 28 inches. The size of the train, and the fact that it went over

the road on schedule time has attracted wide attention among railroad men, and a special report of the performance of the engine is being prepared for presentation at the next meeting of the International Railway Congress.

The inventor of wireless telegraphy, which is to be the closing achievement of this century, is Guglielmo Marconi, who was born near Bologna on April 25, 1874. He is now, therefore, but 25 years of age.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD BICYCLES?

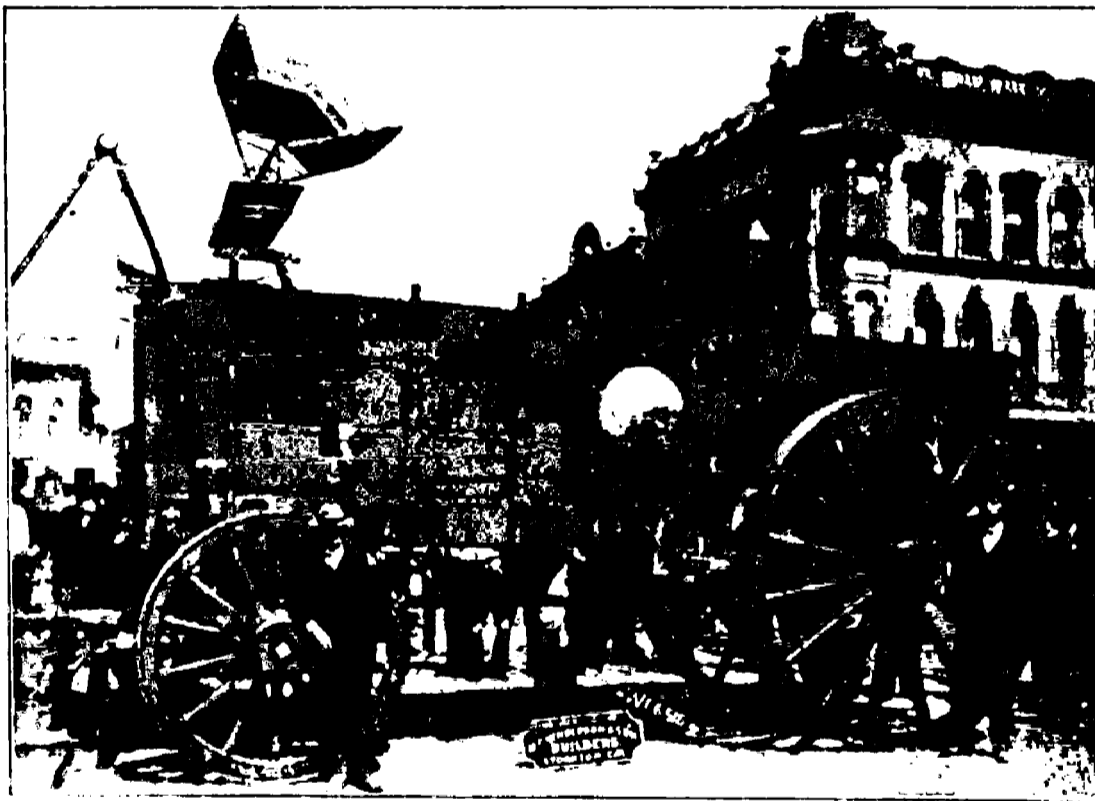
The question, "What becomes of all the pins," will soon give place to "What becomes of all the bicycles?" There are thousands upon thousands of bicycle riders who buy a new wheel at the beginning of every season, so that there must be hundreds of thousands of old, but serviceable wheels somewhere. The manufacturers tell us that they drift away in small lots to rural districts, to Canada, some to the Italian trade, and others to Mexico and the countries of South America. Very many are sent to the south and sold to the colored people. Formerly many second-hand wheels went to riding academies and to renting shops, but now those who rent out wheels find it almost impossible to rent wheels that are not up to date.

What do you suppose ever became of all the old 52-inch wheels, the "high wheels," as they were called? We are told that most of them went to Mexico, Brazil and other South American countries.

THE BIGGEST SHIPS.

Names.	L'gth. ft.in.	Br'th. ft.in.	D'th. ft.in.	D'm't. tons.
Great Eastern.....	680	83	57 6	27,000
Britannic.....	455	45	36	8,500
Arizona.....	150	45 2	37 6
Servia.....	515	52	40 6	9,900
Alaska.....	500	50	39 8
City of Rome.....	542 6	52	38 9	11,230
Oregon.....	600	54	40
Paris.....	527 6	63	41 10	13,000
Teutonic.....	565	57 6	42 2	12,000
Campania.....	600	65	41 6
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse	625	66	43	20,000
Oceanic.....	704	68	49	28,500

The foregoing table covers a period of forty years, the Great Eastern making her first voyage in 1858.



THE BIGGEST WAGON EVER MADE.
THE BOY AT THE FRONT WHEEL IS A SUBSCRIBER TO THE AMERICAN BOY.

THE BIGGEST WAGON EVER MADE.

What would you think of a wagon whose height from the ground to the top of the seat is 13½ feet? Just such a wagon was built by M. P. Henderson & Son, of Stockton, Cal., for the Fortuna Mining Company of Fortuna, Ariz. The hubs of this wagon are 16 by 20 inches, and the spokes 4½ inches. The width of the tire is 6 inches, the depth of the rim 4½ inches, and the thickness of the tire, 1 inch. The front wheels are 5 feet in diameter, and the rear wheels are 8 feet. Think of the tallest man that you are acquainted with and then think that this rear wheel is two feet in diameter higher or longer than that man! The wagon bed is 20 feet long, 3 feet 8 inches wide, and 5 feet high inside. The wagon weighs 6,515 pounds and can carry 12 tons. It measures 33 feet from the tip of the pole to the tailboard, and requires for shipment the longest railroad flat car in use.

THE NEXT CENSUS.

The next census will be taken in 1900, at an estimated cost, including the publishing of the report, of between \$16,000,000 and \$20,000,000. The 1890 census report cost \$11,271,500, the 1880 report a little over half that sum, and the 1870 report a little less than one-third that sum.

The next census will be the eleventh, the first having been taken in 1800.

LARGEST EGG IN THE WORLD.

An egg, which is the largest in the world, is now in London and will shortly be offered for sale. It was found buried in sand in Madagascar by natives.

This egg is known to naturalists as the *alspyornis maximus*, measures nearly a yard in circumference and over a foot in length.

Its cubical capacity is equal to nearly six ostrich or 150 hen's eggs. Specimens of this gigantic egg, the lineal measurement of which is double that of an ostrich, have occasionally been met with in London and have fetched as much as \$350 apiece.

A TREE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

A cedar tree, whose age has been reckoned at 25,000 years, has been found in California in a well preserved state. It was found on a spur of the Sierra Nevadas in Placer County. It was not found standing, however, as other trees stand—spreading its branches in the air, but buried in a lava bed. Its fiber, however, was so perfect that it has been cut up and used for timbering in the construction of a mining tunnel. The bark and some of the cones on it crumbled to dust as soon as they were exposed to the air; but the trunk, which was three feet in diameter at its base, remained firm and sound.

A THEATRE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Two brothers, of an unpronounceable name, are building in St. Petersburg, Russia, a theatre exclusively for boys and girls. The building is a tiny one, costing about \$16,000. The plays given will be such as to amuse and instruct young people. Great play writers have been employed to write plays for it and these will be rendered by a permanent stock company. All the plays are to be given at matinees. A corps of women will be employed to look after the boys and girls, and arrangements will be made to have them taken to and from the theatre by attendants.

ing of two naval officers and their ship, inviting the other guests, ordering supplies and engaging waiters in half an hour, without her leaving the hall in which her telephone was situated. I do not know of any other city in the world where such a thing could be done."

AN AUTOMOBILE TO RUN UNDER THE SEA.

An automobile to run on the bed of the sea has been constructed. It is driven by gasoline engines and electricity, and is provided with electric fans, telephone system, sand pump, electric windlass, and search lights with which to illumine the ocean depths. When the divers wish to go out, a door is opened in a room which is filled with compressed air, so that not a drop of water can enter it. It is said that it is to be used in recovering treasures along the coast of Cuba. The Spaniards say that an immense amount of treasure was hid in Cuban waters to avoid its being taken, and large rewards are promised if it can be recovered.

THE FIFTEEN GREATEST PAINTINGS.

1. "The Last Judgment," Sistine Chapel, Rome, by Michael Angelo.
2. "The Sistine Madonna," in the Dresden Gallery, by Raphael.
3. "The Last Supper," in the Convent of St. Maria, at Milan, by Leonardo da Vinci.
4. "The Crucifixion," in the School of San Rocco, Venice, by Tintoretto.
5. "Aurora," in the Rospigliosi Palace, Rome, by Guido Reni.
6. "The Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral, by Peter Paul Rubens.
7. "Madonna and the Four Saints," in the Dresler Gallery, by Titian.
8. "Syndics of the Cloth Hall," in the Amsterdam Museum, by Rembrandt.
9. "Immaculate Conception," in the Louvre, Paris, by Murillo.
10. "The Virgin and Child Enthroned," in the Vienna Gallery, by Van Dyke.
11. Portrait in the Madrid Museum, by Velasquez.
12. "The Setting Sun," in Palazzo Sciarra, Rome, by Claude Lorraine.
13. "Ecce Homo," National Gallery, London, by Correggio.
14. "Coronation of the Virgin," Uffizi Palace, Florence, by Fra Angelico.
15. Portraits of Anne of Cleves, in the Louvre, Paris, by Hans Holbein the younger.

PLANTS AT WAR ARMED TO THE TEETH.

There is war in the vegetable kingdom—war all the time. Plants are fighting to live, just as animals and men do. It is real war in which one is trying to damage the other, either by crowding it out of its place or by actually giving and taking blows. There are plants, like the thistle, as great land grabbers as Russia, Great Britain, or any other nation which is constantly looking out for new territory. There are plants that are club-shaped, sword-shaped, helmet-shaped, ax-shaped, lance-shaped, buckler-shaped.

Every boy knows what a boomerang is. It is a remarkable weapon, yet plants have their boomerangs, for the leaves of the Australian gum tree, when thrown forward by the hand or by a gust of wind, return to within a very few feet of the point from which they are thrown.

Some plants are built in a way to defend themselves. Note the blade-like form of grass. Then the botanical world has its navy. The seeds of the double coconut go about in the water aboard of little boat-shaped capsules, seeking new territory, which they may conquer and occupy. It is said that the war vessels of the world were originally modeled on leaf structures. Then the vegetable world has torpedo boats. These are the leaves of the pepper tree, plentiful in California. Put one of these leaves, taken fresh from the tree, in a basin of water and it will propel itself forward in quick jerks.

So the entire vegetable world is on the offensive and the defensive, defending itself or going abroad to do battle.

AN HISTORICAL GAVEL.

Friends of the new speaker of the National House of Representatives have given to him a handsome gavel mounted in solid gold and containing thirteen kinds of wood taken from the battleship Oregon, which is the special pride of the Pacific coast. Congressman Henderson is the first man to be chosen speaker from that part of the country west of the Mississippi; hence the appropriateness of the gavel from the far west.

SILK FROM FISH.

Perhaps you do not know that some fish have the power of spinning silk. The fish is known as the Pianna, a species of shellfish found in the Mediterranean Sea. The shellfish spins the minute silk threads and with these attaches itself to the rocks. The Italians gather the material at low tide, wash it, dry it and straighten it, and weave it into a fabric whose color is a beautiful burnished golden brown.

THE TELEPHONE IN HONOLULU.

The Troy Budget publishes an interesting letter from a correspondent in Honolulu, from which we quote the following as showing the rapid strides in civilization that are being taken under the American flag in the far away islands of Hawaii:

"No more apposite illustration of Yankee energy can be afforded than the telephone system of the city of Honolulu. The wires run everywhere, even far out in the suburbs. They do not disfigure the view as in American cities, but seem a part of the vines and creepers which leap from wall to tree, from tree to tree and tree to house. Nearly every house and store is connected, and the rates are so small that they would make a Bell stockholder weep with sorrow and disgust.

"Most notable of all, the company owns small submarine cables and for a mere pittance will connect a man-of-war or a merchant ship anchored far out in the harbor with the city. Naval and marine folks are socially important, and this ingenious innovation proves an invaluable boon to the salons ashore and the ships afloat.

"In the stores you can hear captains, stewards, pursers and paymasters ordering goods over the wires, growling at dilatory messengers or making inquiries regarding a hundred subjects. On one occasion a friend arranged a dinner party of twelve persons. Everything was done, including the invit-

HOW TO DO THINGS.

How to Throw the Lasso.

What boy has not tried to throw a lasso? What boy who has ever seen Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show has not gone straightway to the back yard, taken down the clothesline and extemporized himself into a cowboy? Boys of the lasso age will appreciate the service we render them in telling them how to throw the lasso.

A lasso is about forty feet long. About ten or fifteen feet of the lasso is taken up in making the noose. It is said that the average cast is about 25 or 30 feet. The finest lassos are of rawhide, cut into thin strips and braided six-ply into a rope of from three-eighths to one-half inch in diameter. Hard twisted grass rope is sometimes used, but rawhide is the best, as it is heavier and is not affected by wet weather. Cowboys have a mixture of lard and beeswax with which they dress their ropes to keep out dampness.

Now as to how to throw the lasso. There are three methods. The first is the plain straight cast, the noose sweeping around above the head from right to left by a rotating wrist movement. Some throw a small loop, hard and fast, almost on a level; others a large, lazier kind. Experts say that the small loop thrown hard is the best. The aim should be somewhat to the right of the object to be roped—say a foot and a half on a 25-foot throw. The exact instant of the release is governed by the weight of the rope, the wind, the velocity of swing, etc. Judgment in this particular comes with practice. The rest of the rope is held coiled in the left hand and released as fast as desired, two or three coils being retained.

The second method is exactly the reverse of what has been described. That is, the noose is swung from left to right above the head before release. This is called the "California" throw. It gives a little greater range.

The third is called the "corral drag."

This is used when the thrower is on foot and in confined quarters. It consists in trailing out the loop on the ground behind one and snapping it forward by an underhand motion.

To "snub" the rope (that is, to wind it about the pommel of the saddle after casting), in the instant of time allowed, is a trick quite as difficult as throwing properly. The rope should be turned twice about the pommel and the horse or pony taught to settle back on his haunches the instant the rope begins to tighten.

How to Care for Your Watch.

A watch should be wound up every day at the same hour.

Avoid putting it on a marble slab or near anything excessively cold.

A sudden change of temperature, contracting the metal, may sometimes cause the mainspring to break.

The cold also coagulates the oil, and the pivots and wheel work less freely, and affect the regularity of the time-keeping.

In laying aside a watch be sure that it rests upon its case.

If suspended the action of the balance may cause oscillation, which will interfere with its going.

To keep your watch clean take care that the case fits closely and see that the watch pocket is kept free from fluff, which is so often given off by linings.

How to Talk to Boys About Their Faults.

A writer in the Woman's Home Companion says some very wise things about the talk that boys like. It runs about as follows:

After boys pass the age of fourteen or fifteen they are more sensitive than before to fault finding. When they have reached eighteen or twenty they have become exceedingly sensitive. Indeed, they

have become like grown persons in that respect. They do not want allusions to the fact that they are acquiring nasal tones; that their gait is awkward; that their taste in dress is bad;—that they have not good judgment in choosing associates, and so on. They object just as much to private discourses along these lines as they do to reference to them in public. It is, therefore, wise in administering medicine of this sort to growing boys and girls over fourteen years of age, to administer it in small doses, interjecting it with skill into conversations about ordinary matters, sugar-coated with artful compliment where deserved. It is only in this way that we can hope to be of much benefit to older boys. We should remember that boys know at twenty-five considerably more in certain lines than their parents at fifty. This is due often to the firm determination and consistent self-sacrifice of their parents. The most telling strokes that mold character into shape are those given before boys reach the age of fourteen.

How to Carve a Turkey.

As soon as I was able to use a knife my father surrendered to me, except on "state occasions," the carving of the fowls at the family table. It is one of the things that we have so commonly to do that we give it little attention, and few of us do it well. As this is the turkey season of the year it is a good time for boys to begin to learn, if they have not already done so, how to carve.

To carve well, one should have a chair sufficiently high to bring him above the table, a silver spoon to remove the dressing, a sharp, strong two-pronged fork, and a broad-bladed and sharp carving-knife. The bird should lie on its back, with the neck toward your left hand.

Insert the fork in the breast far enough back that slices of the white meat may be easily removed. Hold the knife firmly in the right hand, the forefinger extending over the back of the blade and sever the drumstick from the second joint at one cut. Next cut between the thigh and the body, down to the back and remove the thigh. To loosen the side bone insert the point of the knife between it and the backbone

and give the blade a sharp twist outward. Reverse the turkey and remove the other leg and wing. The white meat should be cut from the breast in thick slices and it is sometimes best to remove the wishbone before carving the breast of fowl.

Do not serve the pieces as you cut them off, but carve as rapidly as possible enough to go around and a little more, to show that you are not going to stop with one helping. If there is not room enough on the platter for the portions that have been carved off, assemble them on an extra plate and from this supply each plate in its turn as rapidly as convenient. One should not only be a skillful carver in the sense that he knows how and where to cut, but he should be a dexterous and quick carver, in order that the company, which may be an hungry one, may not have long to wait and the dinner grow cold.

How to Break Your Colt.

Many an American boy has tried to break a colt and has succeeded in breaking many other things before he did the colt. The way some people break a colt is to turn him out in a lot with a breaking harness on him, and allow him to spend three or four hours in an effort to kick it off. That kind of breaking will make an ugly horse. You want to teach your colt that when he has straps on he is on his good behavior.

Put him in the box stall, put a bridle on him, put a girth around him; go slowly with him. When he gets accustomed to a few straps, put a crupper on him. Stand by him all the time. If he is afraid, pat him. He soon gets accustomed to all these things, and he is very quick to learn whether he is going to be hurt; in other words, whether the man who is doing this work is his friend or enemy. If he is treated with kindness, no matter how high tempered he may be, he will very soon become docile. Then he can be taken out and led around with these straps on. Lead him around for a little time and then take him back into his box stall. Take the straps off and pat him and he finds out that he is not hurt. The next time it is an easy matter, and it is easier still after that.

THE BOY SCIENTIST.

The Sucker.

Take a piece of sole leather about 2½ inches in diameter, either round or square, attach a string to the middle. Wet the leather thoroughly in water. When pressed down upon any smooth surface, the air underneath is excluded, and the pressure of air will cause it to adhere. Quite heavy weights may be raised by the string.

A Fountain in a Vacuum.

Take a wide mouthed bottle and fit it with a cork tightly. Puncture the cork in two places and insert a piece of glass tubing and piece of rubber tubing. Invert the bottle and place the lower end of the glass tube in a basin of water. Apply the mouth to the rubber tube and exhaust the air from the bottle. Water will flow through the glass tube and fill the bottle.

A Pump.

A pump can be easily made and at small cost. An argand lamp chimney, a piece of rubber sheeting, two corks, and a wire are the materials needed. Make a hole about ¼ inch in diameter through each cork. Take a circular piece of sheeting about two inches in diameter. In the center cut nearly out a circular piece about ½ inch in diameter, allowing it to hold a little at one side of the cut. This is for a valve. Place it over the cork and insert in the bottom of the chimney. Prepare the other cork in a similar way, attaching to it a piece of

wire about a foot long for a handle. The second cork must be fitted so as to move easily but tightly up and down the chimney. Your pump is complete.

A Cheap Blackboard Paint.

Many a boy is in need of a blackboard and would have one if he only knew how cheaply and easily it could be made.

The following recipe taken from Horne's "Easy Experiments" makes a paint that will give a durable surface.

Half a pound of lamp black; two pounds of flour of emery; a quarter of a pint of Japan dryer; half a pint of copal varnish; half a pint of boiled linseed oil; two and three-quarter quarts of turpentine.

This makes one gallon of paint, which will cover 150 square feet two coats.

The Story of the First Phonograph.

Ray Stannard Baker tells for the first time the true story of Thomas A. Edison and the invention of the phonograph. Mr. Edison, who has grown very deaf of late, denies himself to most callers, and Mr. Baker was obliged to secure his interview through the medium of W. S. Mallory, the inventor's right-hand man, who went with him into Mr. Edison's private office. They found him in a characteristic attitude, his fingers thrust through his thick hair and his head leaning on his hand.

"Mr. Edison," shouted Mr. Mallory, "I heard an interesting story of your invention of the phonograph the other Sunday in Brooklyn. It was in church, and the

preacher said that when you were a boy you had your ear one day to the ice and heard in the distance the sound of skates. He said that the idea first came to you that way."

Mr. Edison raised his head.

"Did the preacher say that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Bosh! Now, I'll tell you how it happened. My model-makers all worked by the piece in those days, and when I wanted a model I always marked the price on it. In this case it was eight dollars. I had the idea of the phonograph in my mind, and I drew my design and gave it to a workman named Kruesi, who finished it in thirty hours.

"Kruesi fitted the tinfoil on the cylinder and brought the machine to me. I turned the handle and recited:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."

"Then I set the recorder back to the starting point and began to turn the cylinder. At the very best I had expected to hear nothing more than a buzzing confusion, but to my astonishment and awe the machine began to repeat in a curious metallic voice, 'Mary had a little lamb!'"

"Thus the first words ever spoken into the phonograph were these four simple lines of 'Mother Goose.'"

The idea of the phonograph had come to Mr. Edison with a flash of inspiration, and the machine proved its marvelous possibilities on the first trial. Few inventions have ever been conceived or carried out so successfully.

"Kruesi's eight-dollar machine," added Mr. Baker, "which could now be bought for hundreds of dollars, is preserved in the Patent Museum at South Kensington, England."

An Hour with Liquid Air.

The Merchants & Manufacturers' Exchange, a commercial body of Detroit, Michigan, recently secured a lecture on liquid air from Professor Tripler, a noted New York scientist who has made a deep study of the subject, paying for the lecture \$1,200. An audience of 2,500 persons made up of the leading business men of Detroit and many ladies, crowded the largest audience room of the city to see and learn something about this wonderful discovery, of which so much is expected in the future.

It would be vain for us to attempt an explanation of how air is liquefied. Suffice it to say that the result is produced by the extraction from air of its heat. This is done by putting upon it immense pressure. When the heat is extracted the temperature falls to 312 degrees below zero, near which point the air ceases to be air and becomes liquid, remaining in the liquid state until it has absorbed heat from its environment sufficient to volatilize it or cause it to pass back into the form of air again. This is a crude and simple statement, but it is as far as we need to go for the purposes of this paper.

Professor Tripler appeared on the stage in Detroit with about twenty quarts of liquid air which he had brought with him all the way from New York. Much of the liquid that began the journey with him had escaped in the form of air before he had reached the end of his journey, but enough remained to enable him to conduct some most interesting experiments before his audience.

The crowd was so great that the writer was unable to examine the receptacles in which the liquid air had been brought on the cars and in which it stood upon the platform. At a distance one could believe that it was held in cans, or a series of cans fit-

ting the one into the other like the parts of a telescope, the space between the layers of the receptacles being filled with a substance which prevented in some measure close communication between the liquid and the surrounding air, thus allowing it to hold for a considerable time its very low temperature.

In performing his experiments Professor Tripler handled the liquid air very much as if it were very hot water. With what appeared to be an ordinary copper ladle he dipped it from its receptacle and proceeded to use it in a variety of ways. Taking a piece of raw beef the Professor laid it in a pan and poured upon it a pint or more of the fluid. In less than a minute the beef was taken from the liquid as hard as a rock. It had been frozen in less than sixty seconds into a substance as brittle as glass. Taking a hammer in hand, the Professor broke the frozen beef into an hundred pieces. He then put into the pan some potatoes. When taken out a moment later they were as hard as ivory, and when thrown upon the floor broke like an egg shell. It is remarkable that in performing these experiments the Professor repeatedly dipped his hand into the liquid. One would think it would be frozen as hard as stone in a moment. The explanation is that the hand was removed so quickly that the liquid did not have time to act upon it, just as one may dip his fingers into boiling water and take them out unhurt, if the action is quick enough. The result, we were told, of leaving the liquid in contact with the flesh for any appreciable time, would be the freezing and killing of the flesh. What this will mean to surgery can only be slightly imagined.

Then followed a cruel experiment. The Professor took a bouquet of gorgeous red roses and, turning them upside down, dipped them into the fluid. On their withdrawing they were found to be as brittle as an egg shell, and taken in the hand were crushed with a

crackling sound as of the crushing of peanut shells. He dipped into the liquid what appeared to be an ordinary tin dipper, and, on withdrawing it, broke it into a dozen pieces, the tin snapping like so much thin glass. Taking a quantity of ordinary cotton batting he poured a half pint of the fluid over it, and on applying to it a lighted match it exploded with a deafening roar and a flash of light that was blinding. Taking a piece of haircloth, which ordinarily does not burn on the application of a match but simply chars, he immersed it in the liquid and then setting fire to it burned it entirely away. Putting a drop of it into a steel pipe closed at one end and then driving a cork into the other end, a report followed like the crack of a rifle, and the cork struck the ceiling fifty feet above. This experiment showed the wonderful expansive power of a drop of liquid air in its change from liquid to air state. As further showing this, the lecturer held up a piece of battered steel pipe in which a few drops of the liquid had been confined, the pipe having been torn into a dozen shapes under the force of the explosion.

An interesting experiment was that of the freezing of mercury. Mercury, as every one knows, does not freeze until it reaches forty degrees below zero. Into a pan of liquid air was emptied a vial of mercury which after a few moments was withdrawn a solid mass, so solid that the Professor used it as a hammer and drove nails with it. This was all done as rapidly as I am writing it. No other experiment so thoroughly surprised the audience and so thoroughly convinced it of the intense cold of the new liquid. Further in this line, the Professor poured mercury into a mold the shape of a hook and on this poured liquid air. The liquid air froze the mercury solid so that when the mold was broken and the solid mercury hook was taken out and attached to a rope suspended from

the ceiling, it bore the weight of two men. This solid mercury when exposed to the air for a short time returned to its liquid form, as indeed did everything else that was frozen by the liquid, the temperature of the room soon overcoming the intense cold. The solid piece of mercury was handed out, for examination to the audience. In a short time it was reported that the mercury was on the floor in liquid form, whereupon the Professor sent a ladle of liquid air into the audience that it might be poured on the liquid mercury to reduce the mercury again to a solid. This was done, and the mercury was brought back to the stage in solid form.

The specific gravity of liquid air is heavier than that of water. To show this, the Professor placed a lamp behind a large globe of water, then poured the liquid air into the water, with the result that the audience saw the little globules of liquid air sinking to the bottom. The Professor dipped his handkerchief into the liquid air and drew it forth wet. In a moment it was dry again, the liquid on contact with the air having dissolved almost instantaneously back into air.

An amusing experiment was this: Placing an ordinary teakettle on a cake of ice, he poured into it a pint or more of liquid air. The result was that a dense vapor, like the steam from a teakettle, poured forth from the nozzle. The Professor explained that the ice was so warm in comparison with the liquid air that the former boiled the latter.

Samples of liquid air were sent out among the audience and people were given an opportunity to handle it. Many did so gingerly, but those who examined it most closely found that in appearance it was not unlike ordinary clear water; that it produced a lowering of temperature in its immediate vicinity, and that it could be touched with the hand without danger, if the movement was rapid enough.

Such curious and unheard of things

does this wonderful agency perform, that we may not be surprised in the near future to learn that it is the most important discovery commercially, medicinally, scientifically, of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The Meaning of Train Signals.

The meaning of the common train signals is as follows: One pull of the bell cord means "stop;" two pulls mean "go ahead;" three pulls mean "back up;" one whistle means "down brakes;" two whistles mean "off brakes;" three whistles mean "back up;" continued whistles mean "danger;" rapid short whistles, "cattle alarm;" a sweeping parting of the hands on a level with the eyes means "go ahead;" a slowly sweeping meeting of the hands over the head means "back slowly;" downward motion of the hands, with extended arms, means "stop;" beckoning with one hand means "back;" a red flag waved on the track, "danger;" a red flag beside the road, "danger ahead;" a red flag on a locomotive, "an engine following;" a red flag at a station, "stop;" a lantern at night raised and lowered vertically, "start;" a lantern swung at right angles across a track, "stop;" a lantern swung in a circle, "back the train."

If you want to know what a workshop your body is and how the machinery is tearing along, put your fingers in your ears. You will hear a roar like a small Niagara, that comes from the movement of the body and the machinery of life—a tearing down and building up of tissues that is always going on in a living body.

A horse can draw on the worst kind of a road about four times as much as he can carry on his back. On a good macadamized road he can pull ten times as much, on a wooden road 25 times as much, and on a tram-line 58 times as much.

TALKS ON BUSINESS FOR BOYS.

What It Means to be a Paying Teller.

According to the estimate made by the comptroller of the currency for the year 1899, there are 12,804 banks throughout the United States with deposit accounts to the number of 13,153,874, showing that one in every five of the population of America is a customer of a bank.

The duties of the paying teller bring him into constant personal contact with every customer of his bank, as well as with all other persons who wish to draw money from the bank legitimately or otherwise. It will thus be seen that the requirements for such a position are of a very high and varied character. To the unthinking public his position is a "snap," one having simply to be pleasant and affable, to wear good clothes and a smile, and stand behind a wire screen five or six hours a day in the delightful occupation of handing out money.

Were these all the duties required of the paying teller, he might even then have enough to do, but the accuracy and speed with which he must handle large sums of money, important as these duties are, form but a small fraction of the multifarious duties and responsibilities of the paying teller. He is the man "behind the gun," upon whom devolves the guardianship of the bank's cash, as well as the task of satisfying every customer. The paying teller must have such a knowledge of each customer of the bank, his signature, usual business methods, amount of his credit and balance which may be drawn upon, as will enable him to act promptly and wisely under all and every circumstance.

The laws as to the responsibilities and liabilities of banks in paying money over to the right person, requires of the paying teller almost supernatural powers. He must have an instinctive knowledge and unerring judgment as to the right thing to do. No errors must enter into his calculations. In dealing with customers—

good or bad, those whose checks he may honor, as well as those whom he must refuse, the identification of payees, the genuineness or otherwise of a signature, and the hundred other emergencies which hourly arise must be decided at once and without the slightest hesitation. This decision must be correct, for on it depends often the losing of money or losing of a customer to the bank. He must have the wisdom of Solomon, the grace and urbanity of a Chesterfield and the detective instinct of a Sherlock Holmes. Yet we have heard people anatomizing and characterizing the paying teller as being, rude in manner and brusque of speech. Just let these complaining people put themselves behind the screen of a paying teller for a day, and they will conclude that for meekness and patience, the man at the teller's desk far outshines these hitherto much vaunted examples—Moses and Job.

Advice to Young Printers.

We believe in young men, and our advice to young printers is to gain as thorough a knowledge of the business as possible at an early age, and to be economical and saving, so that a capital may be accumulated with which to take advantage of the first promising opening to establish a business. At the age of 20 or 25 one has a great deal more courage to embark in a business enterprise than later on, presumably because of the lack of that experience which in after life inclines one to be timid of new undertakings, and the perhaps more weighty reason, that after attaining the age of 25 a young man is apt to have family cares and responsibilities which hold his nose too close to the grindstone to make it possible for him to launch out into an independent enterprise.

We do not advocate the starting into the printing business of those who have

not acquired an adequate knowledge of its technicalities. Every person will have to be his own judge as to competency. There are abundant opportunities now, through excellent printing publications, of learning what is being done in the trade, both in this country and abroad, and diligent application will place the aspirant in possession of the requisite mechanical facility.

Above all things, the young man, before setting himself up as a master printer, should acquire a familiarity with bookkeeping and the general principles of business, as without them he can not be wholly successful. In nearly all cities, and many of our larger towns, public evening schools are open for those who desire to study bookkeeping, and where there are no such schools it is possible to obtain the services of a private tutor at a moderate compensation. Any expenditure of time and money for the acquisition of knowledge of this kind will bring a large return. A great many employing printers, whose knowledge of the technic of their business is large, succeed indifferently because they failed to supplement their trade training with mercantile experience or study. Our counsel to young printers, then, is not to be deterred by ordinary obstacles, or by the discouragement of elders, but if they feel that they would like to engage in business for themselves, to make all circumstances bend toward that end and not to wait until advancing age destroys the ambition, or hard circumstances remove the opportunity.—Printers' Review.

The solicitor who comes into our office with a cigar in the corner of his mouth and strides up to our desk, without waiting to be asked, has put an obstacle in the way of getting an order. Other people, we are inclined to believe, feel as we do.

Insurance.

(Began in November)

The inquisitive American boy may wonder how these great companies know what to charge their policy-holders for protecting their estates, loved ones or old age as the case may be. As I said before, the premium rates (so much for each \$1,000 insurance) are fixed by the Actuary. These rates vary according to the kinds of companies, the different forms of policies issued and the several tables of mortality used. I might say, however, that in every rate charged, several elements must be considered.

Under what is called "legal reserve" companies (and all of the old, substantial companies are of this kind), premiums are composed of three parts: the mortality fund, or that portion which each policy-holder contributes to current death losses; the reserve, or that portion which is held by the Company, and improved at interest, to secure payment of that particular policy at maturity; and the loading for expenses, or that portion which each policy-holder pays for conducting the business. Owing to the uncertainty as to the exact number of selected lives that will die in any year, and also the rate of interest the company will earn on its invested reserve, and also the exact expense of management, the Actuary is unable to make exact premium rates that will furnish protection at a fixed low cost. He makes them large enough, however, so that all possible contingencies will be covered, and at the end of each year or when the next year's premium is paid, he returns to each policy-holder his share of the premium not used. This portion returned is given various names. Among them are premium abatement, surplus, dividends.

It is easy for the average boy to see that the company which is the most careful in selecting risks (insurable persons),

earns the highest rate of interest on its reserve, and conducts its business most economically, can furnish life insurance at the lowest cost. The lowest rate made by a company on a policy having a reserve is called an ordinary life rate. This is payable as long as a person lives. Next higher is a 20 payment life, then 15 payment, and so on to endowments. The highest rate charged by any company being for a single premium endowment.

There has been but little change in premium rates during the last fifty years. This is due to the fact that the mortality has not materially increased, the companies have been able to earn the rate per cent. of interest estimated and the expenses have been kept within the loading.

I am aware of the fact that the papers on such a dry subject may be uninviting to the younger readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, but the information contained in them will in some slight degree compensate for their dryness. In the next paper we will talk about the conditions of the contract, between the company and the insured.

(To be continued.)

Why So Many Fail to Succeed.

Failure to achieve success in business, the falling short of great desires and high aims on the part of young men, is traceable to one primal cause—the absence of thoroughness, says Robert C. Ogden, in The Saturday Evening Post. In the race for supremacy in all commercial undertakings nine out of every ten men either fail absolutely or become nonentities, not because they

lack ambition, not because the proper opportunities for advancement have not come to them, not because they have not received the best educational advantages or are handicapped by poor health, but because they have never been at the pains to master completely the thing that has been given them to do. The world is overcrowded with men, young and old, who remain stationary, filling minor positions and drawing meager salaries, simply because they have never thought it worth while to achieve mastery in the pursuits they have chosen to follow. Mostly, this is so because the average young man fears hard work, and would rather drift with the tide of circumstances than pull against it.

Everywhere I see mentally near-sighted young men discontented because of their small incomes, and chafing under the burden of their humdrum duties, wondering all the while why others are advanced and they are left behind, but never for an instant opening their eyes to the real fact that they have taken hold of their business with but half a heart and no mind except for what is just beyond the hour's need.

I think our American spirit of restlessness has much to do with personal failure. The fever to gain riches and honors in a hurry leads to a slurring of work and a laxity of morals. We have too little of the stubbornness of purpose of our early ancestors. Modern life is almost a game of touch and go. We are striving continually to accomplish more than we are built to accomplish; the end-of-the-century business man is a two horse-power engine trying to do the work of a freight locomotive. The tendency of the average young man

is to fly before he has learned to crawl. He will quote you Emerson's phrase, "hitch your wagon to a star," but he forgets that one must first get near enough to this particular star before the hitching process can be accomplished. There is one kind of ambition that works only for evil, and that is the kind of ambition which says, "I will succeed at once, let those who have to plod along. I will go straight to the mark." Nothing but purest folly could dictate such a procedure of conduct for a young man. Failure, after all, is merely the leaving undone, or badly done, those things which should have been done, and done thoroughly.

Roosevelt's Advice to a Young Lawyer.

"If I were you I would, on reaching home and hanging out my shingle, get a case. I don't care how you get it. Your own wits ought to find one case which no other lawyer has. I wouldn't take a justice shop, either. I'd find a case that was right up in the regular courts, which possessed some merit. I wouldn't take it for nothing, either, or on a contingency. I would have a decent fee attached to it. In other words, I would have as many respectable features attached to the case as possible under the circumstances.

"Having got that case," continued Roosevelt, "I would try it as if it were the last case I ever expected to have or which would ever be in the courts. I would not make a nuisance of myself. You know enough to avoid that, but you can be so persistent that you will win the respect of every one who

in any way comes in connection with the trial. Put all of yourself in the case. Get every side of it, and above all things, hammer it into your client by the force of your actions that your integrity is above reproach. When you get done with that case you will have a reputation that many lawyers waste years in trying to obtain. You will find that a second case is certain to come to you whether you lose or win the first one.

"I would treat the second case," he continued, "just as I did the first one. Live and act as if there never was a case in existence before, and master it just as you are required to master your studies here. If you find yourself weakening at all use the spur and whip until you have created an enthusiasm in your work that imparts itself to client, court and jury and results in your victory."

He paused after saying this, and the young man ventured to ask:

"How about the third case?"

"Go at it the same way," was the reply. "And for that matter, as your patronage increases give the same treatment to all your cases. You will create a confidence in yourself that will insure you a constant practice, and your clients, once secured, will never leave you.

"Enthusiasm in work is the best antidote for no patronage that I know of for any professional man. In fact, the rule applies to every walk of life. If your heart is in what you have to do, no matter how small the undertaking, the greater things are certain to come to you, and in rich reward."

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

It is a wonder that the custom of making boys their own bankers is not a universal one. Once the parent has started his boy with a bank account, no matter how small, both the parent and the boy will be amazed to see how it grows. Interest subtly adds itself to principal. A boy catches the spirit of the enterprise, and finally he is filled with pride and enthusiasm and needs no further urging in this direction. We do not realize how much money passes through the average child's hands. Keep a tally on it. Register the allowances, the gifts, and the earnings, or rather let the child do it, and both you and the child will learn a lesson.

No one need fear that a boy's bank account will develop in him an undue or corrupting love of money. Depositing money in a savings bank is not like hoarding it in a miserly way. It is an investment. It is subject to growth and the risks of invested capital. The process, instead of stunting the child's nature, educates and stimulates it. It will no more tend to injure the child than will the making of a garden. In either case the child cannot begin too soon to learn to control the forces of nature.

Boys should be taught the right uses of money; that money in itself is worthless; that only by economy and care in the use of money can they really enjoy it. Instead of giving to the boy the toys that he asks for give him in most cases the value of the toy in pennies, and teach him to save his money for something of real value.

An Eye to Business.

There is a lad of seven years in Ravenswood, Ill., who exhibits the shrewd judgment and executive ability which foretell a successful business career. This youth recognized in a recent athletic meet on Ravenswood field an opportunity for the acquisition of money. The day was very hot and the standard of thirst ran very high, so he established himself under the cool shade of

a maple tree and prepared to dispense lemonade at "3 cents a glass or two for 5."

Presently a thirsty college student came along and called for refreshment. The young proprietor took the dime his customer proffered and said: "I'm entirely out of pennies, but I have a nickel, so I 'spose you'll have to take another glass of lemonade."

Flakes Money By Carrying Meals.

"Success" tells about an energetic fourteen-year-old boy, named Thomas Mintzer, of Conshohocken, Pa., who has learned how to make money in an unusual way. About four months ago Tommy called on the employes of the different mills about town, offering to carry their meals for 15 cents a week. As many of the mills are running night and day his offer included suppers as well as dinners. The boy's offer was promptly accepted. At first he employed a toy express wagon drawn by a goat. Afterwards he got a large push cart, which he fitted up with shelves. Then he had to hire a horse and wagon, his customers numbering 130. Tommy starts out with the dinners of those who are farthest away at 11 a. m. He makes a second delivery at 11:45 and the third at 12:05. His weekly collections average \$19.50, and as he pays \$4.50 for the use of the horse and wagon, this leaves \$15 clear, which is more than some of the mill hands earn.

A Knight of the Shoe Brush.

"A Knight of the Brush," truly, even though it be a shoe brush.

Joe has talent and tact. He has the shoe blacking privileges of the Potter Building and is accumulating a fortune—that is, a fortune to him. In a few years he will retire, return to Italy and live better and easier than his associates.

There could be no better illustration of getting on in the world and the way to do it than Joe.

First of all, he attends to business. No matter how bad or how good the day, Joe is on hand. If he goes through the office without getting a single shine, he

returns just as confidently the next day. He is persistent and yet unobtrusive. You scarcely know that he is in the office unless he is at work on your shoes, and he cleans and polishes them so quick and quietly, that your attention is scarcely attracted to him and the work he is doing. What is more, his work is well done—without irritating your corns. He seems to know instinctively when you need new strings.

The former lessee of boot-blackening privileges charged ten cents for tan and patent leather shoes, and got but little to do. Joe charges five cents, with the result that tan shoes are almost as valuable to him as black.

Joe's predecessor gave it up—said he could make no money. Joe keeps two chairs on the corner busy as well as himself.—Geo. Batten & Co.'s Wedge.

Willing to Sweat and Think.

Sixteen years ago on a stormy night in the early fall, in a poorly furnished student's room, around the lamp, four earnest young men, all farm bred, were discussing the question of the "money power" that enabled them to take their college courses.

One had his wits only—no other backing in the world—sold books or anything that he could get hold of during vacations. One winter he had worked digging ditches in the day time, and evenings gave readings and recitations at country school houses, often walking miles to do so, developing brain and muscle and the power to interest an audience at the same time—having to think on his feet.

The next—His father gave him the poorest ten-acre piece on the farm to crop for himself. His mother gave him seed wheat which he himself planted and harvested during vacations.

The third boy's brother had given him a Poland China sow, and from the increase in pigs and pork, he was paying his way, helping out by such work as he could find to do during vacations. He said: "I deem it no disgrace to ride through college on a pig's back."

The fourth boy had made a bargain with his father by which he was to buy the clover seed for one round of the crop rotation, his father agreeing to give him the increase in each crop. He was best

off of them all and literally, to his fellows, "rolled in clover."

Today one of those boys is editor of the Rural New Yorker, has traveled extensively in the United States and Europe, has addressed hundreds of farmers' institutes and is an acknowledged authority on all agricultural topics. Another is a civil engineer of high standing, a national authority on the building of roads. A lawyer successful beyond his dreams accounts for one more. The other one owns a farm in Michigan and conducts it so successfully that he is regarded as a financier.

The first three also own and conduct successful farms that make money for their owners and are object lessons to their neighbors.

Talk of "sixteen to one," "hard times," "trades unions," "poor man has no show," "adverse circumstances"—anyone can get on in this country if he is only willing to sweat and think a little!—Geo. Batten & Co.'s Wedge.

How He Made His First \$100.

James C. Fargo, president of the great American Express Company, was one of a family of twelve children, who had either to earn his living or starve. He hired out as an errand boy in the office of an express company; his salary was to be \$10 a month; of this he gave \$5 to his father and spent the remainder for clothing. Then he became a clerk, but did not save any money for the first four or five years. It was not until he was nineteen or twenty that he came into the full possession of \$100.

Mr. Fargo has some advice for parents as well as for boys; he says: "If I were worth one hundred million dollars, I would make my son earn his living. I do not believe," he said, "in bringing boys up to be gentlemen loafers."

Money to be Made Out of Fowls.

A hen that is properly cared for can lay 200 or more eggs in a year. Her food costs less than a dollar for that time. There is an unlimited demand for eggs. One boy can feed and care for several thousand hens, if he gives his entire time to it. Here are some facts and figures from which anyone can figure out the probable profit.

The Boy in the Office, the Store, the Farm and the Factory

Honesty Cost Him His Position.

A gentleman from the country placed his son with a dry-goods merchant in street. For a time all went on well. At length, a lady came to the store to purchase a silk dress, and the young man waited upon her. The price demanded was agreed to, and he proceeded to fold the goods. He discovered, before he had finished, a flaw in the silk, and pointing it out to the lady, said: "Madam, I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in the silk."

Of course she did not take it. The merchant overheard the remark, and immediately wrote to the father of the young man to come and take him home; "for," said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father, who had ever reposed confidence in his son, was much grieved, and hastened to the city to be informed of his deficiencies. "Why will he not make a merchant?" asked he.

"Because he has no tact," was the answer. "Only a day or two ago he told a lady, voluntarily, who was buying silk of him, that the goods were damaged, and I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it would be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence."

"And is that all the fault?" asked the parent.

"Yes," answered the merchant, "he does very well in other respects."

"Then I love my son better than ever; and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him another day in your store for the world!"

Superfluous Knowledge.

In an interview published in the New York Sun, Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minneapolis, Minn., gives advice which is well worth reading and remembering.

"One cannot have too much knowledge of a subject. I did not need all that information for a single lecture. It was my reserve. I believe in superfluous knowledge. It is superfluous knowledge that differentiates us. I believe, speaking generally, that young men starting out in life are much more nearly equal in capacity than is generally supposed. I have little faith in the thing called genius. I think any young man can attain success, and great success, by good, hard, studious labor, not intermittent labor, but constant, conscientious effort. The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary, who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life. There would be fewer wasted opportunities if there was more real ability to grasp them when they present themselves. I began life as a telegraph operator. I believe I was proficient in my line of work, but I was not content with being merely a good telegraph operator. I wanted to be a good citizen, and I qualified myself for that position by doing what I have called superfluous work. I advise every young man to do the same thing. Good citizenship is a duty that requires a careful study of general politics. I do not believe in a young man taking up politics as a profession. Politics is a vocation that accompanies the ordinary business of life. If the community needs a man to take a public part in its political life it will call him. There is no such thing as making an opportunity; circumstances make the opportunity. The great thing is to be ready for the opportunity."

Some Left-Handed Advice.

Always treat the persons who call to see your employer with contempt, so that they will appreciate your importance.

If a lady should happen to call at the

office act real haughty and uppish. Perhaps she will mistake you for a junior member of the firm.

Always remember your employer is a fat-head and doesn't know his business. Why should he pretend to know anything?

If you should have an office boy under you, be sure to bulldoze him. As you were once bulldozed yourself, you have a perfect right to make it hot for Percival.

Act ugly around the office. Let the boss see you knock over a few chairs, pretending in the meantime you are hustling. He's a lobster, anyway, and will never get onto your curves.

Never forget that your employer owes his success to bullheaded luck. At your age he couldn't compare with what you are now.

If you are trusted with the handling of any of your employer's money, be sure you brag to him how much you lost on the prize fight. He will admire your sporting blood.

If the boss won't give you a raise, do everything as sloppy as you can until he does.

Tell everyone in the office just what you think of the old man. They will admire your acumen.

Don't worry a rap if the firm you work for is losing money. It isn't any of your funeral.

If any one attempts to call you down for your impudence, start to fight him on the spot. Nobody has a right to say anything to you.

When customers are talking over the telephone, holler at them. Let them know you have no time to monkey with them.

Always remember that callers are anxious to hear you express your views on politics and religion. If the person you are talking to looks pious use as much profanity as you can.—Chicago Journal.

The First Years of a Boy's Business Life.

The first few years of a boy's business life are the critical ones. He is in these years pliable material, that is, he is easily molded. It is necessary, therefore, if he is endeavoring to learn a trade and expects to escape being a commonplace workman, that he should take a keen interest in everything about him. If he is not to be a mere automaton he should learn to be punctual, energetic, thorough. Growing boys are often inclined when put to work to be slovenly and unmethodical. A boy's superiors in the workshop or the field may make or spoil him. The master should put the boy, if possible, in direct contact with skilled workmen, who may assist him with suggestions and examples. The master should show the boy that he takes an interest in his work and instill in him the idea that if he uses his brains he can himself some day be a master. A word of praise goes a long way with a boy. It makes him feel proud to think he has done something worthy of commendation and urges him on to attempt further improvement.

In every mechanical pursuit more than half of the craft are commonplace or average workmen, while less than 20 per cent of those who profess to be competent are really not what they pretend to be. There is really a need that we return to the old apprentice system by which a boy is required to work under a master for a fixed number of years before he becomes his own boss. Under the present method a boy gets a position either because he is a fairly good boy or somebody knows the father or the mother is a widow, and all concerned hope that the lad will be as grateful as his mother is, and he starts on his term of service with everybody's good wishes and his mother's fervent prayer for his ultimate welfare. The boy soon gets used to his new position, gets a smattering of the knowledge of the business, thinks he has learned it all, reckons how much he gets in wages, compares it with what he earns and begrudges his master the balance. This breeds discontent, which grows ever

greater. Gratitude goes out of the window and insubordination comes in. The result is a commonplace workman, who goes from place to place losing positions whenever work slacks up a trifle, and only used because of the necessity for help having some knowledge of the business, be it ever so little.

It is said that it is more difficult today to secure good workmen than it was ten years ago. One reason for the present condition of things is that there is a constant endeavor on the part of men to prevent boys learning to do men's work. In some trades there is a rule which limits the number of apprentices, and forces the apprentices to be non-thinking helpers rather than independent workers, under constant instruction. Men seem to regard apprentices as if they were burglars trying to steal away their birthright. The remedy lies in the hands of the master mechanics. An apprentice system should be adopted requiring apprentices to serve six years under a graduated pay scale, and during the last three of these years the apprentice should be teamed, that is, allowed to serve alongside of a competent instructor. This would send him into the world a master workman. Life insurance mortality tables tell us that the expectancy of life at twenty-two years of age is sixty-two; that is to say, when a young man of twenty-two starts to work as a master mechanic he has before him forty years of time in which to labor. If the boy's term of apprenticeship be six years, there should be at least one apprentice to every seven journeymen in order to keep up the supply of master workmen, not allowing for the constantly increasing number of men who are demanded by increasing business. Many of the trades, however, allow but one apprentice to every ten journeymen. The supply, if it is to be kept up, must therefore be kept up from the ranks of the incompetent.

Who Are the Heroes?

Some persons think that only those who do great things on the field of battle are the world's heroes; but there is heroism elsewhere than amid the smoke of gunpowder. There are heroes in business life. True, their names are not heralded and their fame unsung; but they are heroes nevertheless. Some business man goes to an untimely grave after making a struggle which is worthy of the pen of an historian or a poet.

Men have found that in the business life of today, to hesitate is to be lost. Men must take chances—decide quickly. To succeed amid the conditions that now prevail requires something of the stuff of which heroes are made. It is not alone among the heads of large business houses that heroes may be found. Some of the bravest men are those who are piloting a small business. Many a man who is a little man in the estimation of the street, is fighting a noble battle against fearful odds. You can tell some of these men by the deep furrows in their foreheads, their anxious looks, their ruined health. It took no higher order of heroism for Dewey to sail into Manila Bay than it does for many a business man to face the problems that confront him each morning.

About Idlers.

Shun the companionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office and shop, who have nothing to do, or act as if they had not. They are apt to come in when the firm is away, and wish to engage you in conversation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Politely suggest to such persons that you have no time to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occupation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hour stand upon the steps of a fashionable hotel or an elegant restaurant, wishing to give

you the idea that that is the place where they dine. But they do not dine there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have anything to do with the idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him politely, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand, and very faultless apparel, and have a high-sounding family name, but his touch is death. Before you know it, you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and last of all your soul. Idleness is next door to villainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, shop-lifters and assassins are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in at the busy factory, or behind the counter where diligent clerks are employed, but they go among the groups of idlers.

During the past few years there has been a great deal of dullness in business. Young men have complained that they have little to do. If they have nothing else to do they can read and improve their minds and hearts. These times are not always to continue. Business is waking up, and the superior knowledge that in this interregnum of work you may obtain will be worth fifty thousand dollars of capital. The large fortunes of the next twenty years are having their foundations laid this winter by the young men who are giving themselves to self-improvement.—Christian Herald.

Give the Boys a Chance.

When Abraham Lincoln stood on the platform of the train that was to carry him to Washington to be inaugurated President of the United States, he gave some parting advice to his neighbors who had come to bid him good-bye. Among the things he said was: "Give your boys a chance." If he were living today he would repeat the advice. Doubtless Mr. Lincoln meant that the boys should be given a better chance than their parents had. Conditions surrounding the attaining of success are constantly changing. Better muscle and better brain—in a word, better men, is the ever-increasing demand. Every man should educate his boy better than he was educated. Every man should expect his boy to do greater things than he did and should prepare him with that in view. It is not enough simply to say that there are as many chances today as there were yesterday for a boy to get ahead, and that because the father succeeded on a small capital of brains and money that therefore the son can do so. Give the boys a chance; that is, put nothing in the way of their advancement, but rather give them every opportunity, every encouragement, every stimulus in right directions.

He Had Trained for It.

"So you want a job?" inquired the manager of the great mercantile establishment. "Ever had any experience in this business?"

"Well, no, not exactly," the young man replied. "You see, I have just got through college."

"Oh! Did you play football?"

"Yes; I was center rush in our varsity team last year."

"Good! And did you take any other part in athletics?"

"I hold a medal as a shot-putter."

"I suppose you were in all the cane rushes and hat smashings, too?"

"Yes, sir. I was the best hat smasher in my class."

"All right. John, give this young man work out in the ware-room. He'll be good at handling heavy boxes and barrels and such things—a college graduate, you know."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Business Habits.

To the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, who are imbued with a desire to be successful men in the business, trade or profession which they may enter, and I trust there are very many, let me point out some of the habits which go far toward ensuring a prosperous career. In this extremely prosaic and matter-of-fact age, to talk of politeness and pleasant manners as business assets may provoke a smile; but let me say that the boy who treats those with whom he comes in contact with a pleasant smile and earnest attention to their wants or desires, lays the foundation of an ever-increasing prosperity, as well as extensive and lasting friendships, which may be of great value to him in after life. These habits are easily formed and cost nothing in the keeping, while the results which directly and indirectly flow from them are incalculable. Other habits which can be, and ought to be, formed in early youth are industry, frugality and caution. Then the eye should ever be open to modern methods of doing business.

System in business is also one of the most important factors in producing success. A boy who begins his business career in a slovenly, happy-go-lucky sort of way is almost sure to come to grief; whereas the boy who begins to practice systematic methods, that is, regularity and punctuality, and to have a "place for everything and everything in its place," will enjoy the confidence and respect of his patrons in an increasing business and certain prosperity.

Getting into the Wrong Groove.

One of the grave results flowing from the eager, grasping desire to accumulate wealth as speedily as possible, which is a too prominent characteristic of the present day and generation, is that a boy starts in to learn a trade or business without having given enough consideration either to his disposition toward it or his capacity for it, the chief thing in his mind being that he will get employment speedily. The temporary return is all that is thought of. What follows must be only too apparent. Soon the boy finds he is not fitted for the work or it is not to his liking, and he quits. He of course, has grown older, and lost some of the ambition of youth. He chooses again some temporary position, first one thing, then another, but never perhaps

in the line of his real nature. Two or three years of this life, and gradually but surely he subsides into that ever-increasing army of incompetents, receiving the contemptuous designation of "Jack of all trades, master of none."

The cure for this evil lies with both the parents and the boy. Very early in life the boy should be allowed to have practical observation of different fields of industry. In this way his mind broadens and expands, and he obtains an insight into practical methods and pursuits which no amount of theorizing or book-reading could ever give him. Pursuing this course the boy will also find what he is in search of—his life work, some branch of life's activities to which he decidedly leans, and in which he takes special delight. Into such branch the boy enters eagerly, labors at it with a firm determination to master it, does master it and succeeds.

Conditions Should Not Make Men; Men Should Make Conditions.

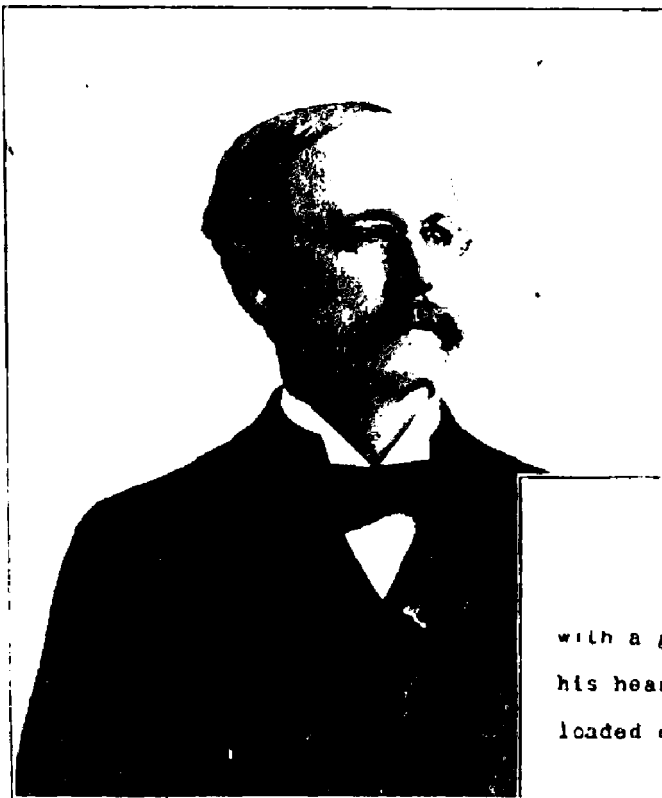
The question has been asked over and over again in a multiplicity of forms, why do such a small proportion of men in business succeed? Ask men who have failed the reason of their non-success, and you will receive a perfectly sincere reply from each. One will say, "Too much competition"; another, "Dull seasons," and another, "Unfavorable locality," etc.

There may be a grain of truth in these reasons, but in almost every case, if we probe below the surface, the true failure lies with the man himself, for it is notorious that the competitors of the first are flourishing, the dull seasons have not affected the brother merchants of the second, while the locality seems to have a fairly thriving effect upon the neighbors of the third.

In order to discern the real reason we must look at the man himself. Take number one who blames competition for his failure. As we enter his store we glance at the windows and find they need cleaning. Looking at the merchant himself, we cannot but observe the unclean, torn apron, dirty hands, and generally untidy appearance of both himself and his assistants. The store is in the same condition and we do not wonder that his customers have gone to his rival across the way. We enter the store of number two

and on inquiry for the proprietor we are gruffly informed by a young man with the stump of a cigarette between his lips and his thumb and forefinger discolored with nicotine, that he will be in shortly. We are not asked to sit down. When the proprietor comes our inquiries are answered in the same brusque, rough manner, and as we walk out, we are forced to conclude that the "dull seasons" are made by himself. Merchant number three we find a lordly personage, who is in the habit of patronizing and almost dictating to his customers what they shall purchase. Is it surprising that such laudable efforts meet with non-appreciation?

Now the real causes of the failure of these merchants may appear trivial, but THE AMERICAN BOY reader will remember the reply of the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, to a critic who characterized his faithfulness to details as trifles. "True," said the sculptor, "but trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." The fault lay in the training of these merchants. As boys they had acquired habits of inattention, carelessness and indifference, which as the years went by had become fixed and almost ineradicable. Let us send out this warning, and with no uncertain sound, that the boy who is indifferent, careless and inattentive regarding his duties to himself and to others, is taking the straightest and shortest course to failure, while the boy who is cheerful, obedient, happy, tries to please, and who does not consider himself "too big" to master details, is the boy who will become a successful man, despite "competitors," "dull seasons" and "unfavorable locality."



A MESSAGE TO READERS OF "THE AMERICAN BOY" FROM SENATOR JOHN M. THURSTON, OF NEBRASKA.

I prefer that my boy shall face the world at his majority with a good education, the fear of God, and the love of country in his heart and plenty of grit and push, than to start him out loaded down with ancestral millions.

John Thurston

The Boy in the Home, Church and School

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

All nature stands aside for the man of a mighty purpose.

Boys starting out in life should have definite purposes in view and train their energies direct to these purposes; that is, don't scatter shot.

Dr. Arnold says of boys, that the difference between one boy and another consists not so much in talent as in energy.

Lord Wolseley's advice to young soldiers was: "If you want to get on, you must try to get shot." It means, "Keep in the thick of the fight, daring and doing, with the whole mind focused on the thought of victory."

It is said of Conan Doyle, when a boy, that his teacher took him into his room alone, as he was about to leave the school, and said to him: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and as I know you thoroughly, I am going to say something you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good."

The world knows how wrong that teacher's judgment was.

Farmers' Boys in College.

Out of a total of 52,000 boys in college—and such city colleges as Harvard, Pratt Institute, University of Rochester, Plisk University are not counted—The American Agriculturist finds that nearly 21,000, that is, a percentage of 40.2, are from the farm. It appears that the percentage varies largely in different sections of the country. It is 50.9 in the South, 45.8 in the far West, 29.4 in the Central West; 29.4 in the Middle States, and 29.1 in New England. This speaks volumes for the general intelligence of American farmers and the high aspirations of farmers' boys. There seems to be some reason for the complaint that is made against Mr. Markham, the poet who wrote "The Man with the Hoe," as that poem represents the tiller of the soil as never looking up.

Boys at the Famous Harrow School and Their Rules.

"Harrow" is a famous school at "Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex County, England. The boys at this great school have some curious rules which they have laid down and enforced by themselves. It is said these rules are better obeyed than are some laid down by the headmaster.

There are two distinct classes of Har-

rovians, i. e., those who have been in the school three years, and those who have not. Wearers of cricket caps or foot ball "fezzes" for their house elevens are exempt from rules altogether. A "three-yearer" may generally be recognized by his stand-up collar and his tie-pin, articles of dress which an unfavored "two-yearer" may look and long for—but no more. It is the exclusive privilege of "three-yearers" to walk in the road, or to carry folded umbrellas. Only Harrovians who have seen their third summer at the school may open their blue cricket coat, familiarly known as the "blue-er," when they wear it on half-holiday afternoons. It is considered "side" for a "non-three-yearer" to enter another boy's house, except on special business in the master's study. A "sidy chap" is universally detested, and every chance is seized to "take him down a peg." A "sidy chap" is one who "sides," but has no right to do so, being neither a "three-yearer," nor a "cap," or "fez." But when a boy blossoms out into "chokers" and tie-pins by virtue of having been at Harrow for three years, or athletic excellence, it is no longer considered "side," but as his due. Lastly, if a boy change his schoolhouse before he becomes a "three-yearer," he has to begin his three years all over again, starting from the time he enters the new house.

That Boys May Have an Education.

America boasts of 425 universities and colleges with an attendance of 175,000 students, invested capital of \$250,000,000, and employing as teachers and attendants 25,000 persons. The seven richest colleges with their endowments are: Girard, \$15,250,000; Leland Stanford, Jr., \$13,500,000; Harvard, \$10,000,000; Columbia, \$9,500,000; Cornell, \$8,000,000; Chicago, \$6,500,000; Yale, \$4,500,000. Each of these has an annual income of over \$1,000,000. The University of Texas is rich in land and gives promise one day to be the richest of all American universities. It holds title to 2,000,000 acres.

An Inhuman Father.

A. G. Sheldon, of the firm of Sheldon & Co., bankers, New York, received from a man of unpronounceable name in Austrian Galicia, an unusual message which read as follows: "Take this boy out west and drop him. I don't want him; I am tired of him."

The boy, who is fourteen years old, arrived in New York on the steamer Pennsylvania, consigned to Sheldon & Co., bankers.

The boy is to be sent back to his father, and the government of Austria is to be requested to compel the father to take care of him.

THE AMERICAN BOY could wish the little fellow better luck.

Moral Suasion for College Boys.

"Moral suasion will carry the day every time," an eminent college president was lately heard to say. "Yes, Sir, every time. I have seen all sorts of government tried; and fear will win for a time, but not all the time, nor for a long time. Boys are not animals. A nobler lot of young fellows never breathed than our college boys; but they are sent away from home at an immature age, and are placed under the influence of old traditions. College traditions, for the most part, came down from a brute force age—an age of comparative lawlessness. The college is a child of the mediaeval university, and that university system defied civil government. What the college faculty has on hand is to get rid of those traditions—to create a new sentiment, a new code of college life, to raise a moral standard for the boys. It is all true that education deals primarily with the intellectual faculties, but it deals just as directly with the moral faculties. If it fails with either, it fails with both in the end. The end of citizens' institutions is to create good citizens."

Story of President McKinley's Conversion.

A Cleveland correspondent of "The New York World" gives in a recent issue of that paper the story of President McKinley's conversion, as related by Rev. A. D. Morton, a retired minister, who was pastor of a Methodist church at Poland, Ohio, where the McKinley family lived in 1867, at the time William McKinley became a member of the church. The revival was held in the spring, and one night toward the end of the week William McKinley attended. He was not noticed until he expressed his conversion, when he made such an impression on the minister that the latter watched his course in after life and noted with satisfaction that the convert

was not a backslider. Telling the story, the Rev. Mr. Morton, seated in his home, said:

"Young McKinley's admission to the church made such a vivid impression on my mind that I will never forget it. He had been a frequent attendant at the Sunday services and was an earnest listener. On the evening McKinley 'got up' I had been exhorting all my hearers to repent deeply of their sins and seek salvation of their souls.

"After the preaching we had a prayer-meeting and young McKinley arose in his seat. He was about fourteen years old at the time, and a more dramatic figure of an earnest boy I never saw. Standing erect with bowed head, but looking every one full in the face, he said:

"I am determined to be a Christian. I believe that God is the greatest and best being of the universe, and I am determined to love and serve Him. I believe religion is the best thing in all the world and I am going to seek it with all my heart until I find it."

"There was nothing affected in the boy's manner, but his quiet, earnest manner attracted the attention of everybody in the church. The boy at that time was a student at the Poland Institute, and the stand he took for religion had a great amount of influence with the younger people.

"After young McKinley's declaration he was received into the church on probation. During the seven or eight months of that period he was carefully watched by me. He frequently led the young people's meetings in the church.

"When his period of probation ended he took issue with the other members of his family regarding his baptism. The church gives converts their choice of sprinkling, pouring or immersing. I always held that sprinkling was sufficient, but young McKinley wanted to be immersed.

"The place chosen was in a stream

that flowed near the church and which emptied into the Mahoning River. There had been a freshet the day before and the current was swift. I remember taking into the water one young woman and going out so far that the current almost swept us down.

"After he had been received into full membership in the church he was a regular attendant and became a teacher in the Sunday school.

"After he had removed to Canton he was elected superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Methodist church. Later he was elected a steward and then a trustee."

Teaching Boys to Work With Their Hands.

President John Henry Barrows, of Oberlin college, gives an interesting account of the manual training school at Toledo, Ohio, in the Review of Reviews for November. It is profusely illustrated, and the whole article commends itself to the reading of boys, as it gives a clear outline of the school work, and the advantages to be gained by this kind of training.

He quotes Carlyle as saying:

"Man without tools is nothing, with tools he is all," and further states that "Art and civilization depend upon the joint training of mind, eye and hand." He brings out also another idea, in regard to machine work, which places that in the category of manual labor. The word "manual," you know, means, by the hand. He quotes from an unknown writer that "the seven hand-tools are the axe, the saw, the plane, the hammer, the square, the chisel and the file," and that "the modern machine shop is an aggregation of these tools driven by steam."

In estimating the benefits accruing from this kind of training, he quotes Prof. C. M. Woodward, director of the manual training school of the Washington University at St. Louis, who says that he has noticed the following results:

(1) Larger classes of boys in the grammar and high schools; (2) Better intellectual development; (3) A more wholesome moral education; (4) Sounder judgments of men and things, and of living issues; (5) Better choice of occupations; (6) A higher degree of material success, individual and social; (7) The elevation of many of the occupations from the realm of brute, unintelligent labor to positions requiring and rewarding cultivation and skill; (8) The solution of labor problems," to which he might add the habit of industry, which so pleasantly fills the hours that there is no room for evil in them.

Is a "Genius" a Freak?

A very powerful factor in depriving young men of necessary self-reliance is the almost universally accepted statement that "geniuses are born, not made." I know this is usually applied to poets and artists, but wherever the life of a successful man is written up the impression is left that that man is more or less a freak of nature. That he was born that way and simply could not keep from blossoming into a genius. That he was so wonderfully endowed with the particular talents upon which his fame rests that they kept him awake nights. As an actual fact, the vast majority of those who are labeled "geniuses" came pretty close to being classed as block-heads during their youth.

At some particular time in their career they began to experience an intense love for some special line of activity; to sincerely believe in themselves and to work diligently. This kind of a combination—intense love for a particular work; supreme belief in one's latent ability, backed up by unflinching effort—will bring success—genius—every time.

The young man who starts in life with a suspicion that possibly he is choosing a line of work for which nature has not ordained and endowed him, will soon reach his level—failure.

BOOK REVIEWS.**The Oregon Trail.**

By FRANCIS PARKMAN.

"The Oregon Trail" can scarcely be called a boy's book, for it is written by one who went out in the character of an explorer, rather than an adventurer; and is, therefore, more descriptive of the great wild west of fifty years ago, than a continued narrative of heroic events such as boys are fond of reading.

The hunter, the trapper, the guide—each represented as they existed in that early day, and the Indians in this early stage of civilization are more mild-mannered and hospitable than we could hope to find them today. The two college-bred young men who followed the "trail" lived among these Indians, killed buffalo and other game, ate dog meat, and entered into the domestic life of their hosts like friends and brothers. There are no half-breath escapes, nor wild adventures, every day being a repetition of the previous day's experience in hunting the buffalo and the antelope, in changing camp, or making long journeys in that wild and unsettled region.

The work is illustrated by Frederic Remington; and to those who are interested in the mighty changes which have taken place since 1845, it will prove very interesting reading.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

"Remember the Maine."

By GORDON STABLES.

This book, as its name implies, is another of the numerous publications which have sprung into being since the Spanish-American war; and treats of the wonderful experiences of an Irish-American family who lived alternately on the island of Cuba, the Isle of Pines, and on shipboard, always attended by their bulldog and a Persian cat. A priest and a young lad, "Ted," were members of the family, which consisted of Captain and Mrs. Adrane, their son, Desmond, and a little daughter, Alison. Mr. Adrane is a speculator and rich.

The story opens just before the breaking out of the war, and the reader will soon discover that the sympathies of this family are entirely with the insurgents, and their hopes of the future of Cuba based on the intervention of the United States. At all events they are hastening home to offer their lives and means to the poor distracted country, which is now in open rebellion to Spanish rule.

Then follows all the honors of that war in which they each take an active part, even down to the dog and cat, the boys enlisting with the Rough Riders, and the remainder of the family, after being besieged and burned out at their hacienda, lived an ubiquitous sort of life on the yacht "Bonito," which is turned into a dispatch boat and seems to cover leagues of distance in an

THE BOY'S LIBRARY

almost incredible space of time, so as to become an eye-witness of most of the important battles which took place during the war.

Boys will find this interesting reading. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Cloth, \$1.25.

Fife and Drum at Louisbourg.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

This book is somewhat out of the line of ordinary boy's books, as it deals with the period when the colonies were under royal government, and the colonists were yet loyal subjects of the king. It follows the adventures of two young boys (twins), who having learned to play the fife and drum from an old soldier and bandmaster, were welcome volunteers when the colonial troops sailed for Louisbourg, determined to take that strong French fortress in the name of their king.

The twins were staunch loyalists, and so manly and enthusiastic as to be an inspiration to their comrades, one of them proving himself a hero by climbing the dismantled flag pole of the fort, in the face of a hot fire of shot and shell, and attaching to it his own red coat in lieu of a flag, to show the British colors. They reach home in safety and find their friends ready to make heroes of them, showing that hero worship is not confined to the nineteenth century. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Beacon Prize Medals, and Other Stories.

By ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

This book is a collection of short stories, and its heroes and heroines, though only country boys and girls, find many noble things to do at home and at school, that require hardly less courage than to face a battle.

The moral courage required in renouncing the prize medal, is worthy of emulation, and it is certain that such a struggle to do right is a wonderful lever to lift to the surface the better part of individual character.

"Out With the Tide" is a good, strong story and full of interest, more particularly as it deals with some aspects of the late war, and how a boy and girl drifted into the path of glory. Grief, the three-legged dog, is certainly the hero of the tale.

There are other shorter stories, well told

and full of interest, but the final story, "Christmas Eve at the Gulch," is well chosen as the climax, for it holds the breathless interest of the reader from beginning to end.

The terrible night ride, the thread on which a life may hang, the bravery of the "Kid," the great hearts of the rough miners, are all portrayed in short, crisp sentences, and with a rapid movement that keeps time with the mare's galloping feet.

The book is not a boy's book, but following the custom of the period is co-educational, commending itself to both boys and girls. \$1.25.

The Island Impossible.

By HARRIET MORGAN.

Impossible, indeed; but a beautiful conceit, full of fairy-like changes like the strange illusions of a dream, and fresh with all the innocence of childhood.

The reader is moved to irresistible laughter over the maple sugar escapade, and the lighthouse episode, and when the children are forced to man the whole ship of state in the new republic, it is curious to see how readily everything adjusts itself to their purposes of escape.

The writer has seized upon the very spirit of dreamland in the quick transitions, and subtle changes from danger to safety, and the irresponsibility of life "in the land where the popples grow." This book has all the charm of "Alice in Wonderland," its scenes being quite as impossible, while it has the added interest of a number of seemingly real actors, and a happy local outcome of all their adventures in their plans for the future, each boy having chosen his profession, and each girl her vocation, and left the impossible lands behind them; the real and the possible seeming nearer and more attainable, for the happy days of childhood, in the "fields where the popples grow."

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Amateur Photography.

By W. L. LINCOLN ADAMS.

This little book written for beginners in the art of photography, is also well worth reading by those who know nothing of the beautiful art, as it gives an interesting account of its discovery and growth, dating back to Daguerre's discovery August 10th, 1839. It also shows that genius is appreciated in France, for Daguerre was awarded

an annual pension by the government for his discovery.

The old Daguerreotype bore little resemblance to the photograph of today; but it contained a principle which has gone on developing until the art of picture-taking has become nearly perfect, as the illustrations of this book will prove. Some of them are as fine as steel engravings, with an accuracy of detail that no other art can rival. The nature views are extremely fine, and "An Evening at Home" is exquisite in expression and suggestiveness.

The remainder of the book is purely technical and tells the beginner all about the apparatus, the printing and toning, and the different kinds of photography.

The book will be of great value to those who are not within reach of personal instruction from a good teacher.

Baker & Taylor Co., New York. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

The Boys of Marmiton Prairie.

By GERTRUDE SMITH.

The Boys of Marmiton Prairie are three—just such boys as we meet in other localities, with all the love of adventure, and carelessness of results, which distinguish boys in general; but the author has drawn the character of each boy with so graphic a pen, that we seem to know them as well as did their parents and friends.

Patty Landus seems to be the leader, and is evidently intended for the hero, but the interest really centers about the beautiful white horse, called "Napo," for whom Patty has conceived so great a love, that he is willing to sacrifice almost anything in the world to possess him. Many of the most stirring adventures related were encountered in pursuit of this object. Luke White is the least interesting of the boys, because his intuitions are less conscientious, and less manly than the others. Geo. Mercer is another type, more gentle, and more easily led.

The description of a prairie fire, and the terrors of a flood, are good, and the introduction of the college-bred young man and the friendly Indian adds to the interest, without being sufficiently dwelt upon to distract the attention from the boys. A bit of color is given to the story, by the advent of the little scarlet-robed eastern girl, who enters so heartily into all their sports and plans.

This is a good healthy story for boys, and will be a welcome addition to any boy's library.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

The Boys of Scrooby.

By RUTH HALL.

"The Boys of Scrooby" is a historical novel of that period preceding and coincident with the coming of the Pilgrims to these, then, unknown shores. The story begins with the persecutions of the Independents or Separatists, and their departure for Holland. It centers around the fortunes of three boys named Chisholm.

These boys become separated from their parents; Hugh, the elder, being taken to the colonies where he enters into the early life of the Virginians, has many adventures with the Indians, and becomes the friend of Pocahontas. Jack is taken into the royal family of Nassau, where he becomes part of the suite of Frederick, who married Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and afterward became king of Bohemia.

Stephen was adopted by a wealthy but childless couple, who stood high in court circles; in fact, belonged to the suite of King Louis.

These widely differing conditions did not prevent the boys from loving one another, and determining to reunite at some future period.

The book is clear enough for a good historian, but somewhat confusing to one who does not understand contemporary history. The sudden transition from the persecuted Separatists to Bohemian politics, and Italian intrigue, is evidently made to carry out the story of Stephen, not to enlighten the reader.

It all ends in America with a happy meeting, after many soul-stirring adventures, and is interesting to the close.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The Life of Nelson.

By CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, D. C. L., LL. D.

It will be a pleasure to those who are familiar with, and interested in, that period of English history embracing the years between 1793 and 1805, to read this "Life of Nelson," for it is far more specific in detail than any other as yet given to the world. It shows us, however, that, like the great Napoleon, he had his personal weaknesses which affected more or less his public career.

The life of a great hero, like Nelson, is an important part of a country's history, and at this momentous period the man was ready for the place, born at the right time, and dying at the right time, to stamp him as the greatest of naval heroes, and make an indelible impression on the pages of all history.

The book is well written, and one could hardly read it without becoming deeply interested in the man it so cleverly portrays, and the period of strife in which he was so important a factor. Dying in the hour of his greatest success, one can but feel that, like the warriors of old, he was beloved of the gods, and so at this climax of his career he was "placed among the stars." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price, \$3.00.

Worth Reading.

While there are many books written especially for boys, there are books, not so written, which will repay a boy's reading, especially if he be interested in the study of history. Among

these may be mentioned Stanley J. Weyman's "House of the Wolf." (F. M. Lupton Publishing Co., New York.)

The story is of that terrible period in French history when the massacre of the Huguenots, August, 1572, left an ineffaceable blot on the escutcheon of France. The story is told by one of three boys, aged respectively seventeen and eighteen years, the two last being twins.

These brave young boys lived in the house of their uncle, who was absent from home, and felt themselves to be the guardians of their young cousin, Katherine. A furious threat from a man high in power to destroy her accepted lover overwhelmed her with despair, and these brave boys, without hesitation, hastened to Paris to warn him of his danger. They had never been from home before, and their adventures were wildly exciting from first to last. Exposed to great dangers, for they reached Paris on the night of the terrible massacre, they fought like heroes to protect and help the frightened people, and at last returned in triumph with their cousin's lover to their country home. It is a vivid description of that momentous period. The real names of the actors are used, so that the reader will have no trouble in comparing the book with known history.

Regarding Boys' Books Now and Formerly.

A boy's library invariably begins with Mother Goose and the growth of his mind may be traced through Grimms' "Fairy Tales," "Robinson Crusoe" and Oliver Optic's series, through tales of adventure and impossible feats in hunting and fishing, to his first novel, which is likely to be one of James Fenimore Cooper's, dealing with the Indian character.

Indian stories have a great fascination for boys, and as they nearly always relate, in stirring words, to some period of the early history of our country, a double purpose is served by this kind of reading—amusement and information.

When boys have reached this period of mind-growth, they are very likely to read in the line of their studies, or to take up general reading, so that the boy's library

becomes a man's library very soon; but there are few men who do not cherish the memories that cluster around their early reading—the unquestioning faith of childhood, which believed in "Jack, the Giant Killer," and revelled in the thought of some time possessing a magic ring, or an Aladdin's lamp of their own. These books, however, dog-eared and thumb-worn, are always found on the dusty upper shelf, preserved for some hour of "looking backward," when a "really, truly" library seemed something quite unattainable to them.

In fact, the boy who is a man today, had few juvenile books to choose from, and returned again and again to his beloved "Robinson Crusoe," never missing the thrill of delight with which he first read its pages.

Now, boys' books are numerous, and some of them full of character and strength. Our best authors have discovered that "the boy makes the man," and that good reading is a strong factor in building up a clean and healthy manhood.

Books Received: Will be Reviewed Next Month.

"Ward Hill at Weston." "Little Beasts of Field and Wood." "Boys and Girls of the Philippines and Around the World." "The Iron Star." "Fenno's Elocution." "Commencement Parts." "A Ten Weeks' Course of Studying Elocution." "The Young Puritans in Captivity." "1779." "Little King Richard." "Wallow Castle." "Sunday Reading for the Young."

Ignorance of Boys Respecting the Bible.

Several years ago a college president determined to gather evidence as to what the boys in his college knew of the Bible. There were thirty-four men in the Freshman class. The president wrote on the blackboard twenty-two extracts from Tennyson, each of these having an allusion to some scriptural scene or truth. Each man was provided with paper and was asked to explain each allusion. We shall not quote all

of the selections. Here are a few of them:

"A Heart as Rough as Esau's Hand"—"Godiva."
"Ruth Amid the Fields of Corn"—"Aymer's Field."
"As Manna on My Wilderness"—"Supposed Confessions."

"Stiff as Lot's Wife"—"The Princess."

The young men were of about twenty years of age and born in the northern part of Ohio. They were sons of lawyers, preachers, teachers, merchants and farmers. Every one except one was affiliated with some church. Nine were Congregationalists, nine Presbyterians, five Methodists, three Baptists, two Reformed Church, one Free Baptist, one Unitarian, one Roman Catholic. Eleven failed to apprehend the "Manna on My Wilderness." Sixteen were ignorant of the significance of "Striking the Rock." Sixteen knew nothing about the "Wrestling of Jacob and the Angel." Thirty-two had never heard of the "Shadow Turning Back on the Dial for Hezekiah's Lengthening Life." Twenty-six were ignorant of "Joshua's Moon." Nineteen failed to indicate the peculiar condition of "Esau's Hand." Twenty-two were unable to explain the allusion to "Baal." Nineteen had apparently never read about "Ruth." Eighteen failed to indicate the meaning of "Pharaoh's Darkness." Twenty-eight stumbled on "Jonah's Gourd." Nine only were able to explain the allusion to "Lot's Wife," and so on.

The simple inference to be derived from this investigation is that the knowledge of the Bible as literature is exceedingly meager among people whose knowledge is supposed to be the most ample.

3,943 Cadets.

The United States military academy at West Point was founded in 1802. It has graduated 3,943 cadets. Of these, 2,010 are dead, 1,932 living. There are now in the army (on the active and retired lists) 1,582 graduates; in civil life, therefore, 350 living graduates. These numbers are derived from actual counts recently made by the treasurer of the trustees of the will of Gen. Cullom.

THE BOY JOURNALIST AND PRINTER.



THOMAS MCKEE, BUTLER, PA.,
SEC'Y UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The United Amateur Press Association.

This is the younger of the two leading amateur press associations, and its members seem to be, in the main, younger than those of the National Amateur Press Association, but it has a larger number of members, the total being about four hundred, we are informed. The last annual convention was held in New York City and was a most enthusiastic one. The officers elected were:

- President—Samuel DeHayn, 1732 S. 17th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Vice-president—Guy N. Phillips, Morning Side, Sioux City, Iowa.
- Secretary—Thomas McKee, 110 S. Washington street, Butler, Pa.
- Treasurer—Walter B. Littlefield, 88 Hooper street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Official Editor—James A. Clerkin, 563 Jersey avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Historian—Earle W. Topping, 303 Norfolk street, Dorchester, Mass.

Eastern MSS. Manager—Harris Reed, Jr., 1831 N. Park avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Western MSS. Manager—O. J. Lafanchi, Reclamation, Cal.

Laureate Recorder—George J. Houtain, 282 Putman avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Directors—James C. Bresnahan, chairman, Washington and Bay streets, Jersey City, N. J.; Charles W. Heins, Edwin Harley Smith.

Official Organ—Little Star, Mankato, Minnesota.

We take pleasure in giving herewith a portrait of Thomas McKee, the secretary; and we will give portraits of the other officers and other prominent members later.

OBJECTS.

The objects of the association, as stated in Article II. of the Constitution, are: First, to unite fraternally all amateur journalists; second, to advance the cause of amateur journalism; third, to enable members to place before the public their literary productions; fourth, to instruct members in literary work; fifth, encourage the formation of local press clubs.

ELIGIBILITY AND ADVANTAGES.

Any person residing in the United States or Canada who edits or contributes prose or poetry to an amateur paper is eligible to membership, and the privileges of members are the use of the Manuscript Bureau, and the columns of papers connected with the association; a subscription to the official organ free; attendance at conventions; proxy repre-

sentation at elections, and laureate competitions.

The Manuscript Bureau receives manuscripts from members, revises them if necessary, and endeavors to secure their publication. There is an eastern and a western manuscript manager, the incumbents being elected, of course, from the members of the association. The work of this bureau is, of course, instructive.

The association also has a system of laureateships, or honors, which are awarded each year. The entries for the laureateships shall be editorials, essays, poems and stories, entries being published in an amateur paper and headed "Entered for the U. A. P. A. Laureateship," and a marked copy is sent to the laureate recorder. The judges award the certificates Laureate and Honorable Mention to the best and next most deserving contributions in each class.

One of the papers published by the members of the association is elected the official organ each year, and the official editor of the association conducts the department and approves all the official manuscript before publication therein.

The present official organ is the "Little Star," published at Mankato, Minn., by Ed. B. Howe.

Letter from President De Hayn.

The editors of THE AMERICAN BOY are just in receipt of a letter from President DeHayn, in which he says:

"On behalf of the board of officers and members of the United Amateur Press Association, I desire to express their appreciation and approbation of the inter-

est you have taken in amateur journalism by establishing a department devoted exclusively to this instructive hobby, if it may be so termed. I assure you, gentlemen, that your paper will ever be a welcome visitor, and anything that I, personally, may be able to do to further the interest already taken in your department I shall be only too happy to do, as I candidly believe your amateur journalism department will fill a long felt want. I further believe that it will do more to awaken the younger class to the true value of amateur journalism than anything else that could be done.

"The United Amateur Press Association is an organization composed of nearly four hundred active members at the present time. It will hold its fourth annual convention in Boston next July, and I feel safe in saying that that it is not only the largest and greatest amateur press association in existence today, but it is the strongest financially."

A Boy Cartoonist.

Harry Hohnhorst is one of the youngest artists engaged in newspaper work. Although only sixteen years of age, he has been connected with the art department of the Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer for nearly two years, and has rapidly developed talent along the somewhat circumscribed lines of newspaper work. He has received no regular instruction in the principles of art, yet his cartoon work is excellent, and his talent for mimicry is shown in many admirable sketches. The young man's friends are confident that he has a bright artistic future before him.

Amateur Journalism; Its Followers.

By PHILIP F. McCORD.

Editor of "Boyishness," East Liverpool, Ohio.

Not until very recently has amateur journalism received any recognition from the professional press, and then only from papers inferior in true literary worth to the general standard of the amateur papers themselves. For this reason all amateurism is greatly encouraged by the interest taken in us by the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY, and the manner in which that interest is manifested.

Though the first amateur paper appeared in 1812, this hobby has not had any widespread popularity until recent years.

One singular fact is that Philadelphia has always been the center of interest, instead of Boston, which place would naturally be expected to take the lead in a pursuit of this kind. About thirty years ago several well gotten up little papers abounded in the "City of Brotherly Love"—an uncle of mine having editorial charge of one—while even now, "The Hub" has not a single advocate in the field, although a so-called amateur press club exists there.



PHILIP F. McCORD, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
SECRETARY EASTERN AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' CLUB.

Interest in amateur journalism is not limited to our country. Indeed, it is fast becoming international. One paper is even published in Australia, while both England and Scotland have amateur press associations of their own.

But, of course, the progressive youth of our great nation lead in this as well as most other original ideas, there being probably as many as twenty-five more or less prosperous associations and clubs composed of amateur workers in this country. Approximately, a hundred papers are brought out by them, containing quite a variety of strictly amateur productions.

VARIETY OF PAPERS.

As with the professional press, we have all kinds of papers and compositions, some even bordering on yellow journalism; while others aspire to something far better and well merit the title of high literature.

Among the papers controlled by the better class and deserving especial mention are: "The Interpolitan Magazine," containing many gems of deep thought in every number; "Laurel Leaves," a dainty little paper published by a Massachusetts boy; and "The Patriot," almost exclusively devoted to editorials and poetry, while an Ohio paper, "The Dewey," supported by the majority of amateurs, has lately opened a crusade against some dime novelists who have been wielding an influence over certain of our amateur writers.

SOME PROMINENT AMATEURS

At the time of my entering the amateur ranks, A. J. did not receive the support that it does today, nor was the literary standard as high then. The most finished amateur writers of the present time were then making their initial attempts. Blomgren, with his words of many syllables; Wilson, with his abrupt sarcasm; Greenfield, with his clear descriptions; Burba, with his clean, healthy humor, and Tipton, whose editorial pen is no longer active, were then

the mainstays of the best papers. Anderson, Hurd, Murphy, Ogden and Wehking were almost unknown. None of these interesting writers would have developed their talent had amateur journalism not claimed their leisure hours, and every boy should consider it a duty to improve himself while he has the time.

A PASTIME, BUT SOMETHING MORE.

When entering any pursuit that requires time, even the boy of this enlightened age generally thinks of the financial gain before mental improvement. If this were reversed, the result would be extremely gratifying to all true supporters of amateur journalism.

Amateur journalism is not merely a pastime, but a splendid educational institution, as well. In order to write with a thorough understanding of the subject, it is necessary to do considerable reading in connection. It is not to be supposed that anyone can write intelligently on events in ancient history without posting himself beforehand; and, likewise, one could hardly attempt a story on life in Peru without some previous knowledge of that country and its people.

VALUE OF EXPERIENCE

Then, again, the writing of your thoughts in shape to be read by others is sure to concentrate them in your own mind. Should your article never appear in print, nor have any literary value whatever, it has fully repaid the effort taken to produce it. No diligent writer who endeavors to improve himself ever regrets the time spent on declined manuscripts. If your work is accepted later on, it only shows that you are becoming a better writer. "Practice makes perfect."

Another inducement is the acquaintanceship through correspondence that all amateurs make with others of like tastes. Any boy with a literary tendency is invariably one whose general character is above the average.

To any reader who desires to develop his mind and still hesitates to enter our ranks my advice is simply, investigate. THE AMERICAN BOY would hardly give this much valuable space to anything that does not deserve encouragement, and would not prove of some benefit to its many readers, which goes to show that you should be, as I am, an amateur journalistic enthusiast.

Notes.

Ed. B. Howe, editor of the "Little Star," the official organ of the United Amateur Press Association, published at Mankato, Minn., calls attention to the fact that the most exciting question now under discussion in the various amateur papers is the reading of dime novel stories, as they are termed—stories of half-breadth escapes, Indian fights, and the feats of detectives. Some of the amateur papers, we regret to note, are in favor of the reading of such literature by boys. Their arguments, however, are very poor. That such stories are exciting, especially to boys who are young enough to believe what they are reading, cannot be denied; but they are mere pluckings from the literary trash heap, containing much that is untrue and misleading, and nothing that is good, elevating or improving. It is a waste of time to read them. They are usually written in very bad English, and contain much vulgarity; and we regret to know that any of the bright and ambitious boys of amateur journalism would even read such stories, much less commend them to others. The so-called heroes of such stories are by no means heroes worthy of emulation or consideration.

The November issue of "The Cobweb," Plainwell, Mich., while a good-sized paper, is very largely made up of plate-matter, i. e., matter furnished by professional news associations in the form of plates ready for printing. While such matter may be very interesting, it is certainly out of place in an amateur paper, which should contain only matter written by the editor and other amateurs. If such a paper is made up of plate-matter, or matter clipped from professional publications, it is not doing the work that amateur papers are intended to do, and it is not serving the interests of amateur journalism.

The December number of the "National Amateur," the official organ of the National Amateur Press Association, is a very creditable number. Mr. W. J. Brodie, the official editor, is getting out a paper that the association should be proud of.

Amateur journalism has had a national organization in England, Scotland and Australia for years. France, too, has a vast number of amateur papers, and they maintain a high literary standard, but there is no national organization in that country. South Africa, Portugal, Russia, the West Indies, Central America, and other countries have a few amateurs, but investigation and recruiting are retarded by the language differences. The associations in this country and in England maintain friendly relations, and in 1895 Edwin Hadley Smith, of New York, attended the British convention at Manchester, Eng., and in 1898 ex-President Pearce, of the British Association, visited New York and attended the annual convention of the N. A. P. A.

One of the most enthusiastic amateur journalists in the country is Edwin Hadley Smith, of 130 West St., New York City. Mr. Smith has, it is said, the largest and most complete collection of amateur papers in the world. This collection now numbers eight thousand separate issues, dating back to 1866, embracing papers published in America, England, Canada, Scotland, Australia, France, Austria, South Africa and Portugal. They are also classified and arranged so that he can at a moment's notice lay his hands on any paper wanted. The collection is so valuable that it has to be kept in a fire-proof building. Hundreds of the papers in this collection cannot possibly be duplicated.



A. H. KRAUS, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. H. Kraus, 1721 Chestnut St., Milwaukee, is a wide-awake and ambitious amateur journalist. Apparently, he is what might be termed an "all-around" amateur newspaper man. His letter-head bears the title "Maker of Publicity." He has himself been the printer of the amateur papers with which he has been connected, the first of which was named "The Monthly News." The first number was issued in December, 1896; it was four pages, printed on pink paper, each page being 2x3 inches in dimensions, and the news which it contained was all in the form of advertisements. If paid for at proper rates, this doubtless was more profitable to the publisher than the printing of reading matter; but we would imagine that the advertisements would lose their interest to the reader if there were not some literary matter to give spice and variety to the paper. Later, Mr. Kraus became business manager of the "Amateur Penman," which was published for eight months during 1898, and was a very creditable publication. Beginning with Jan. 1st, he will be the editor of "The Pneumatic." Mr. Kraus is a great believer in advertising, and thinks boys should make a study of this great feature of modern commerce—and boys certainly might do so to their advantage. If they go into business for themselves, they will have to advertise to become successful; and the business of writing advertisements affords very profitable employment for many men nowadays.

"The Neighbors' Journal," published by Rex G. Mattice, 765 Williams avenue, Detroit, made its first appearance on December 1st. The publisher fails to tell us how often "The Neighbors' Journal" will visit its subscribers, but as the price is 2 cents per copy or 20 cents per

year, we judge it is intended to be a monthly. It has four pages of ordinary magazine size, two columns to the page. A page and a half are filled with miscellaneous matter from the pen of the editor, and a little over a column with neighborhood news notes. One column is also made up of plate-matter, which, while well selected, was probably some left-over stock in the printing office which did the mechanical work on the paper. We would urge the editor to either prepare more original matter, or cut down the size of his pages, rather than use plate-matter.

"The American Gem," published at 7805 Ivory avenue, St. Louis, Mo., is, so far as its contents are concerned, one of the most enterprising and pretentious amateur publications that we have received. Each issue contains one or two short stories; some poems, an essay; an installment of a continued story, and from one to three pages of editorial matter. The editorial paragraphs are excellently written. The editor is Charles A. Wendemuth, of St. Louis; the associate editor, Wm. R. Murphy, 1344 Park avenue, Philadelphia. The paper contains twelve pages and is a fine example of what an amateur publication can be in a literary sense. Its enterprise is shown by the fact that it has conducted a short-story prize contest, \$10 having been given as the first prize, and \$5 as the second. The prize winners were James E. Burke, of Kansas City, Mo., and Harry V. Van Demark, of Webster, Tex. In an editorial announcing the closing of the contest, we are assured that the winners have each received their money—something that does not always happen in prize contests.

Professional Representation.

Since the days of Oliver Optic's Magazine, amateur journalism has never been well represented in the professional boys' paper. It is true, there have been departments devoted to junior journalism in certain publications, but, with one exception, these publications have not been circulated among a class of boys likely to become the most desirable kind of recruits. That regular representation in a high-class professional boy's paper or magazine would be of inestimable advantage to amateur journalism needs no argument, and it has long been the hope of the editor of the National Amateur that some day he should see a department of this kind in such a publication as the Youth's Companion or St. Nicholas. The remembrance of a single article on amateur journalism, once published in St. Nicholas, has come down to the present day; indeed, there are some still with us who date their first knowledge of amateur journalism from this same article, which was written by Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, and was published in St. Nicholas for July, 1882.

We feel that professional representation would mean very much for the future of amateur journalism, and it is therefore a great pleasure to announce that Detroit, Michigan, has just sent out the opening number of a large, clean monthly magazine, one of the regular features of which is to be a department devoted to amateur journalism and amateur printing. The name of the magazine is THE AMERICAN BOY, and the opening number is very interesting and well calculated to be very attractive to the wide-awake, pushing American youth. If it secures a foothold in the already crowded literary field of today,—and we are inclined to believe it will, as it is distinctive and original in many of its features, seeking to create a new field for itself rather than to ask an entrance into the one already so thoroughly covered,—amateur journalism will, with it, reap a rich reward.

It is therefore the duty of the amateur journalist of the present day, as well as for his own interest, to support this new magazine, not only by sending in his own subscription, but also by showing it to his friends and inducing them to subscribe. The subscription price is \$1.00 per annum, and a letter addressed to THE AMERICAN BOY, Majestic building, Detroit, Mich., will undoubtedly bring a sample copy.—The National Amateur.

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JEDSON GRENNELL.

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

The Two Dollar prize in December was won by George Plarr, Philadelphia. A second prize (\$1.00) was awarded to Clarence Corp, Corfu, N. Y.

Cloud Effects and "Moonlight Pictures."

A photograph of a landscape showing no clouds has been described by some witty person as a "baldheaded picture." This nickname is especially applicable where the sky line is not broken by any intervening object, as a tree, a high hill, or a building. To get rid of this "baldheadedness" it has become the fad of some to expose no plates excepting on days when the sky is full of cloud banks, with intervening blue between.

It is certainly true that a landscape view is enhanced in beauty and value by showing clouds in the sky. It takes away that weary monotony which, whether in foreground or elsewhere, is not desirable. This is the reason why clouds are much sought after, and the more pronounced they are the more happy is the amateur photographer.

It will be found, however, in some sections of our broad country—and especially in this true of the lower peninsula of Michigan—that good cloud days are few and far between, so that, if landscape views are to be taken only when the sky is propitious in this respect, the views obtained will be as "scarce as hens' teeth"—though not quite.

There is a way to get around this tendency of the weather man to prevent the amateur photographer getting clouds in his pictures. This is by having handy several "cloud negatives," which he can use to suit his convenience. To obtain these negatives all it is necessary to do is, on some favorable day, to point the camera at the clouds alone, making quick exposures and using small "stops."

After printing the "baldheaded" negative, cover the landscape part of the print with a piece of black or red paper, being sure that the sky line is accurately fitted. Then put this print into the printing frame with the cloud negative and print the clouds to any depth desired. In this way real clouds may be made to adorn an otherwise cloudless photograph.

When combining two negatives on one print, care must be taken to have the clouds somewhat in harmony with the scene; for it will never do to show heavy clouds on a picture which indicates by the shadows that the sun is brightly shining.

"Moonlight views" are somewhat in the nature of deceptions. These pictures are generally taken on bright but not cloudless days, with the camera pointed toward the sun. The result is that all objects in the field of vision are thrown into relief, much as they look on a bright, moonlight night.

Such pictures are especially effective in marine views, and if an old, dilapidated boat can be brought into the foreground, it will please romantically inclined people. Another beautiful effect is to show the reflection of the sun on lake or ocean when a breeze has rippled the surface of the water. With such a scene printed very dark, only those who are up to the



CLOUD EFFECT. PHOTO W. E. WINKLER.

"tricks of the trade" but will think that it is really a picture taken by moonlight.

For all views with cloud effects, the better plates give the best results. By enquiring at the photographic supply houses for "orthochromatic" or "isochromatic" plates the desired kind can be obtained. These are flowed with an emulsion which gives what is called "color values." They do not make the reds, yellows and greens come out black, nor do the blues print up pure white. The gradations add materially to the beauty of the completed photograph.

Photographic Notes.

Some of the queer names used for photographic papers and developers are Azo, Kloro, Aristo, Cyko, Dekko, Nox, Pyro and Eiko.

A sharp focus is often an objection in a portrait, as destroying the roundness of the face; but amateurs are recommended not to try for such effects, at the beginning of their photographic careers.

To accurately make solutions of the proper strength, hydrometers are necessary. The cost is about 40 cents.

It is said that a photograph colored is a photograph spoiled, but this is not always true. Those who want to experiment in colors can get a box of tints from any supply house for 25 cents, and if they are handy with their fingers, and have a fair notion of blending colors, considerable satisfaction will be obtained from the labor.

Photographers say that glossy prints will soon be the fashion again. Now everything runs to the dull finish, with sombre colored frames.

Do not attempt to take pictures of the interior of military fortifications, as nearly all governments have forbidden it.

If the amateur will occasionally wipe out the inside of the bellows of his camera with a damp rag or sponge, it will

help to lessen the number of pinholes in his negatives, which are mainly caused by dust settling on the plates.

Yellow stained negatives are sometimes good "printers," and when such is the fact, better leave them alone in their yellowness.

When there is no necessity for hurry, it is well to wait and get a few exposed plates on hand before developing. Then if something is wrong with the developer the difficulty can be remedied while it is fresh in mind.

A Handy Focusing Cloth.

There is no necessity of going to any considerable expense in procuring a focusing cloth. The velvet fabrics so often seen are nice, but they are expensive, thick and clumsy. Rubber cloth has the advantage of enabling one to wrap the camera in it, should it rain, or in the absence of a case. But a yard of black cotton cloth answers every purpose, is light, cheap, and can be carried in the front of the camera along with the lens. If necessary it may be put in the pocket, taking up very little more room than a handkerchief.

15 Photos for 15 Cents. Send cabinet photo and 15c. with your address for 15 Royal Aristo Copies. Cabinet returned with photos. Refer to local banks or business houses. W. E. SERVICE, Photographer, Bridgeton, New Jersey.

crowded. With such a lens a picture of a tall building can be obtained from across the street, or of three corners of a room. Any photographic supply house will give you a catalogue of prices of different makes.

Wm. T. Coulter—The plates you exposed on the seashore on a bright day should have been developed with a solution having plenty of bromide. Light on the water is always intense. A good plan is to begin the manipulation of such exposed plates with old developer. The same advice applies to "snow" pictures.

Horace Walker—"Ray filters" cost from \$1 to \$5, according to make and size. They have their uses, but it is well for the beginner to defer buying one until thoroughly familiar with the capacity of his camera.

Cyrus Williams—You were lucky in getting good pictures from snap shots taken in the woods, but the prints you send show that these particular ones were taken on the edge of the woods, which is a different thing.

Albert J. Watson—The expense of taking pictures depends on the number of failures. If no mistakes are made, and every plate counts, ten cents will cover the cost of plate, developing, printing, toning and mounting of a 4x5 picture. But suppose you average three or four failures to each picture really worth having?

Carl Vorce—Go to your village photographer and ask him how "retouching" is done. You will find it is quite an art.

Alexander Jones—"Pyro," which is short for pyrogallie acid, is one of the best developing agents, but its chief objection for amateurs is that it stains the hands, and is not quite so quick or penetrating as metol, for example. Probably more plates are developed with pyro than with any other developing agent.

Jules du Pont—A well made plate, kept in a cool, dry place, need not be developed for several months after it has been exposed; so you can take your camera to Florida, make your exposures, and do your developing after returning home.

George Greene—The density of your negative may have been caused by having the developer too strong. Try diluting it with an ounce of water to three ounces of the fluid.

Using the Home-Made Camera.

Green Ridge, Man., Nov. 18th, '99.
Dear Sir—Your paper is a good one, a very good one. It has everything that interests a boy. I am very pleased with it. Believe me, I feel a better boy from it.

Dear sir, I was reading the page on photography, and made a small camera from a cigar box, but do not know how to use it. Will you kindly tell me how to arrange the plate and articles preparatory to taking a picture?

I remain,
Yours truly,
ROBT. LOWE,
Green Ridge, Man.

Take your camera and box of plates into your darkroom. Any light-proof closet will answer for this purpose, if you have a ruby light. Open the box, take out a plate, and place it on the inside of the back of the camera. Close the camera tightly, keeping a finger or something else over the pinhole into which the light is to come to produce the picture. Place the camera in front of the scene desired to be reproduced, remove whatever stops the light from entering through the pinhole, and expose anywhere from five to thirty seconds or longer, according to the light and the distance from the object being photographed. If it is a picture of an interior, the chances are that the exposure should be for several minutes. The plate is then developed as usual.

Fine pictures have been obtained with home-made pinhole cameras, but it really takes more skill and experience to work them than it does cameras with lenses. Unless one is something of a mechanic, a home-made camera will be found a delusion and a snare; but where there is a natural faculty of putting things together "shipshape" there can be no greater pleasure than skillfully manipulating wood, leather and various other materials into useful and ornamental shapes.

Pictures of Landscapes.

While it is generally represented that landscape photography is the simplest branch of the art of taking pictures, yet no one should let the idea run away with them that there is no judgment to be exercised in choosing the time and place. For some views the morning is the best time to make the exposure; for others the afternoon will give the best results; while not a few views are most pleasing when the sun is high in the heavens. To satisfy one on this point it is a good idea for the amateur to select what he considers a good view, and then make several exposures at different times of the day. After being developed and printed, comparison will quickly demonstrate the necessity of using care in selecting both the point of view and the hour.

Taking Flashlight Photos.

Several correspondents want to know about how to use flashlights in a way that will prevent the "ghastly" looks that spoil so many flashlight pictures. The requests have come too late for this issue, but will be treated of in an early number.

Answers to Correspondents.

George Fuller—A reversible back is handy, but hardly necessary in hand cameras. Its object is to save the trouble of taking the camera off the tripod when an upright picture is wanted, instead of one running the longest way of the plate. Reversible backs are made by having the frame carrying the focusing screen so arranged as to be easily separated from the back itself, and then reversing its position. Its chief defects is that it enlarges the camera without enabling the photographer to take a larger picture.

Lewis Lockwood—Wide angle lenses are really necessary where quarters are

Boys in the Animal Kingdom



A SNAP AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOO.

By GEO. PLARR, PHILADELPHIA. First Prize Amateur Photo.

A Bird of Nine Colors.

The most variegated bird in the world has been discovered in India. No less than nine different colors may be seen on its plumage. It has long legs, short tail and plump body, looking somewhat like a thrush. The bird is light brown, with black stripes on the upper part of its body. The head and sides of the neck are black, while a white line passes over the eyes, forming a kind of eyebrow. The throat and a part of the back are also white. On the under side the body is a yellowish brown with a greenish tinge. The tail and under parts of the wings are bright scarlet. The tops of the wings are bluish green, while the long wing feathers are a pale blue. The tips of the shoulders have spots of azure blue, and the pinions are black.

The Dog Came Back.

A short time ago a sheep dog named Rover, owned by a person at Robin Hood's bay, near Whitby, England, was sent by train to Liverpool and from there was removed to Egremont, where it was housed in the back yard of a residence. The following morning the dog had disappeared, and notices which were distributed about the district elicited no response. Rover, however, arrived in a week or so at Robin Hood's bay, weary and lame, and bearing unmistakable appearance of having had a long journey. The dog had jumped a high wall in order to escape and afterward crossed the Mersey, and subsequently traveled 170 miles in order to reach his destination.

An Affectionate Mother.

Some sailors caught a young seal near Anticapa Island, Cal., recently and took it on board ship. As the ship started home the mother seal followed, howling piteously. The little captive seal barked responsively. After reaching the wharf, the captive was tied up in a jute sack and left loose on the dock. When the ship came to anchor the seal responded to its mother's call, all tied up as it was in a sack. The mother seized the sack, and with her sharp teeth tore it open. She had followed the boat 80 miles.

Our Animal Protective League.

A society known as "Our Animal Protective League" has been organized in New York State, with principal office in New York City. The object of the society is to educate children in the care, protection, and kindly treatment of animals, to educate public opinion in the same direction, and to raise the standard of driving among drivers and farmers' clubs.

Some Stories Showing How Surgeons Operate on Animals.

Some time ago, in New York, Nero, the star lion in one of the shows, sustained a fracture of the right hind leg, an angry lioness having bitten him there. He was worth big money and it was determined to try and save his life by setting the leg. The first difficulty was to get him under the influence of some anesthetic, and he was at length induced to swallow a piece of meat on which morphia and antroprine were sprinkled. An hour elapsed before the potion took sufficient effect, and then he was bound to a table by stout robes. The broken leg was extended and the bones joined, and then it was bound up tightly with wood splints, over which a plaster of paris

cast was made. The operation lasted two hours, but it saved Nero's leg.

A still more singular piece of surgery was the operation performed on a fine male tiger in the Public Gardens, of Tre-vandrum, Bombay. The animal's claws were growing into his flesh, and one night, maddened by the pain, he pulled one of the claws out by the roots, leaving an ugly sore. He was put into a transport cage, in which a false roof, padded beneath with sacks, had been hung, and at a given signal twelve men forced down the false roof with iron bars. In this way the tiger was made absolutely helpless, and his paws were easily drawn through the opened bars. The leg to be operated on was noosed and fastened to a bar, and with a pair of clippers the offending claws were soon pulled out.

Some of them had grown nearly an inch into the flesh, but the worst wound was that made by the tiger himself when he pulled out one of his claws. There the bone was exposed, and a hole three inches long was seen, from which 100 maggots were taken. Indeed, when this was found, it was almost decided to shoot the poor brute, but the wound was dressed with antiseptics, and it was agreed to wait. Next day he was all right, and the other claws were treated, and every day for six weeks the injured limbs were dressed with antiseptic dressing, till at the end of that time he was quite cured and was restored to his run.

Caliph, the hippo in Central Park, was sick, and it was decided to give him a dose of medicine. Nine men held him with ropes, while three pills about the size of tennis balls were forced down his throat with a stick. They contained 2,340 grains of aloes and 40 drops of croton oil, mixed with linseed oil and ginger. Caliph did not like the treatment, but next day he was a better hippo. When an elephant takes physic it is given him by the gallon and one elephant which had influenza was dosed with ten gallons of whisky. But the elephant which had a toothache stopped has a much better claim to notice. He was in the Paris Zoo and gradually became a prey to melancholy.

Day after day he sat rubbing his jaw on the ground and his keeper said he had toothache. A surgeon came and found that one of his teeth was sadly decayed, and that it must be filled or extracted. It was decided to fill the molar. The risk lay in the possibility that in some spasm of pain during the operation the elephant might turn on his benefactor and kill him. But he seemed to realize what was being done for him, and he remained quite still during the hammering and filling, till at last he emerged a curiosity among his tribe. Ever after he was the dentist's good friend.

A bold man once pulled two teeth from the head of a lion while the animal was only strapped to a table. His roars were terrible to hear, but both the decayed teeth were got out without accident, and the lion showed his gratitude to the man who had done him this service by many signs of good will.

In the London Zoo the doctor has attended more elephants than any other animals, but at one time he has been in attendance on a brown bear suffering from hemorrhage of the stomach, a stork with a broken leg, a wolf which had bitten its tongue in half and had nearly bled to death, and a lot of monkeys in various stages of asthma and consumption. The stork's leg was put in splints, the wolf's tongue was stitched, but the bear would not take his syrup and little could be done for him.

Prize Anecdote About Animals.

We own a large and handsome cat, whose name is Paul. Like most other cats, he is afraid of dogs, but somehow or other he made friends with a large, brown dog named Jack, who lived just across the street. One day as Paul sat quietly on the lawn washing himself a dog which was running by happened to see him, and at once made a dash for him. Paul started for the nearest tree, but the dog gained on him at every step, and was just going to grab him by the back, when Jack, who was over in his own yard, came to the rescue. He came bounding across the street, and jumped on the dog and held him down by main strength until he saw that Paul had gained shelter in the nearest tree, then gave him a shake and walked quietly home.

Drivers Often Impart Fear to Their Horses.

One morning a big, muscular groom said to his employer: "I can't exercise that horse any more. He will bolt and run at anything he sees." The owner, a small man and ill at the time, asked that the horse be hooked up. Stepping into the carriage he drove a couple of miles, and then asked the groom please to station along the road such objects as the horse was afraid of. This was done, and the horse was driven by them quietly, back and forth, with loose lines slapping on his back. The whole secret was in a voice that inspired confidence. The man had been frightened at everything he saw that he supposed the horse would fear. The fear went to the horse like an electric message. Then came a punishing pull of the lines, with jerking and the whip. Talk to your horse as to your sweetheart.

Spiders Are Gluttons.

A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food during 24 hours, concluded that if the spider was built on the human scale he would eat at 6 o'clock a small alligator, at 7 a lamb, at 9 a young camelopard, at 1 a sheep, and at supper would take a lark-ple in which are ten birds.

The Home Aquarium.

PART II.

We were heart-broken for several days after the depopulation of our aquarium, and could not bear to look at the lonely stone arch, and the wicked, poisonous vine which had robbed us of our bright-eyed, graceful pets, but one morning our mother said:

"Get your aquarium ready, boys, and we will see what we can do with it."

We went to work and soon, by means of a siphon, had emptied and refilled the transparent glass box, taking care to remove all traces of the Madeira vine and then eagerly demanded: "What next?"

"Get your little tin palls from the pantry, and we will see what we can find for them," said mother, as she tied on her garden hat.

"I know," said Lettie, our little five year old, "S'es doin to det some poly-widdles."

"Hush, baby," said our mother, with finger on lip, and the little mouth was shut close, and locked by the tiny fingertips.

"She thinks she's keeping a secret now," said mamma, laughing.

We went down to the "brook" and looked about for some time before we found a little, quiet pool where there were hundreds of little wiggling things that seemed to be all head, with just a tiny fin-like tail that acted as a rudder to propel them through the water. We could not see any eyes or mouth. We soon had a number of the little things, and on our way home, passing a deserted rain trough, we scooped up some little black wigglers, not at all like the others in shape, but smaller and thinner.

We put them all in the aquarium, and Tom said in a disappointed tone:

"I don't care about these, they aren't half nor quarter as pretty as the fishes."

"No," said mamma, "we didn't get them for that, just wait a day or two."

"Shall we feed them, Mamma?"

"No, just watch them."

It would be impossible to tell how many times we turned away disappointed from that aquarium and the aimless lither and thither movements of the little black specks in the water.

Ned, who had been curiously watching them through a magnifying glass, one



LOOK OUT FOR TABBY IN A NEW DRESS NEXT MONTH.

all swelled up, and has some queer white spots on him, where his mouth ought to be, and on his side. By the way, Mamma, how do they breathe without any mouths?"

"You know how fishes breathe, through their gills, don't you? Well, these little day suddenly exclaimed:

"Here's one that looks sick; he seems things have internal gills, at least, it is supposed so, for they are not visible on the outside."

"What all this little fellow, anyway? He's getting worse."

"He is beginning to develop. Now watch."

A few hours later we heard a cry of "O, come quick!" and hastening to the aquarium we found Tom in a great state of excitement. The sick tadpole had burst the white skin, a little leg protruded helplessly from the aperture, and the swelled jaw looked as if he might have the tooth-ache, only the skin had the same stretched appearance that preceded the advent of the solitary leg.

We boys could hardly go to bed for fear that something would happen which we did not see. Bright and early we were on hand, and with exclamations of surprise and delight we found that another leg had appeared, one eye was half open, and the swelled mouth had split open like the mouth of a fish. Altogether he was a very disreputable looking fellow, with a leer like a circus clown. Some of the others were in process of transformation, and we were constantly looking for new developments.

"Look!" shrieked Tom, in irrepressible excitement, "where has the tad's tail gone?" and sure enough, the little propeller had almost disappeared. Just then our mother came in and on seeing this last change said:

"Oh, yes, boys, you must get a bog or a flat stone, right away, for the new frog to sit on. He can now no longer live entirely under the water, for he has lost

his tail, and has no fins to protect his breathing apparatus. He can dive in the water, but must come up to breathe."

We soon had quite a school of small frogs looking as unlike as possible to the queer little tadpoles we had brought from the brook in our pails. We did not know how to feed the blinking creatures, unless we waged war among the flies, and this we did not feel inclined to do, so we took them back to the brook, where there were plenty of bogs and stones.

We then turned our attention to the wigglers or polywogs; but we could not surprise them in their transitive state. This seemed always to take place at night, and then the mosquitoes grew thicker, so that in self defense we disposed of the whole brood of wingless creatures, before they had time to cultivate their harmless selves into instruments of torture.

Our aquarium was again desolate, but we had enjoyed beyond measure the lesson taught us of the wonderful developments of animal life.

"What next, Mamma?" said Ned, and three pairs of eager eyes watched the mother's smiling face, as she said:

"Not tired yet? Well, wait a few days and we will see."

(To be Continued.)

A Complaint.

(SEQUEL TO THE AQUARIUM STORY.)

"We collected tadpoles in our little tin pails, put them in the aquarium and saw them develop into frogs. . . . When they are fully developed they can no longer swim, but have to be supplied with a bog."

When the cool twilight fell Over vale, hill and dell,

I heard a voice say: Do you think it was well, To transform a poor tadpole into a frog, To sit on a bog, Or a slippery log,

And cry to the moon, With a croak and a groan, 'I'm here all alone?'"

When a tadpole, before I was brought to your door, I had plenty of company, Hundreds or more; But now, by myself, I'm laid on the shelf; As cold as a stone To murmur and moan I'm here all alone!

We tadpoles could sail With a swish of the tail And play hide and seek In a brooklet or pail, 'Tis true frogs can jump From a bog to a stump; But 'tis sad, you will own, To sit on a stone And cry to the moon, With a croak and a groan; So when we are tadpoles, Please let us alone!

J. A. L.

Don't Snub.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his house is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

A TEACHER'S VIEWS ON SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

She Scores Mothers' Conventions for Not Ventilating the Question—Says Improper Food Eaten at Mid-day is Responsible for the Deplorable Nervous Condition so Common to Both Teacher and Pupil—Recommends the French Method.

"I believe," remarked the veteran school principal, "that the basis of most of the breakdowns on the part of both teachers and pupils is the luncheon question. What do you suppose causes the general collapse at the end of the school year which so many teachers regard as inevitable? Improper lunching, you'll find in nine cases out of ten.

"It's preposterous to think a boy of 11 or 12 years of age should become a bundle of nerves with water for blood under a routine of four hours school attendance and practically no work at home. Why do you know when I was a little boy going to a village school, everyone of us children had no end of chores to do around the house besides getting no end of lessons out of school hours, and we went to school at half-past eight and weren't dismissed until four. And did we break down under it? Never heard of such a thing. Even now in Germany and France children work much longer hours at school than they do here and breaking down is unheard of. Again it's the lunching question.

"In the country we either went home and had a hot dinner at noon, or took a wholesome cold lunch and ate it during the noon recess.

"City children are very often given an allowance of 5 or 10 cents a day with which to buy their luncheon. And as a rule they use about as little judgment as their mothers do in giving them the money. You can get a glass of milk and two large rolls for five cents at any of the little bakeshops nearby, but I've yet to hear of a youngster who buys anything so sensible. Cream puffs and ice cream soda are the most popular lunch. Once in a while an unconsciously sensible child lays out his lunch money on the penny chocolate bars of the slot machine. Of course he has a notion that he's indulg-

ing in forbidden candy, but chocolate is really nutritious and sustaining, while there's nothing at all to be said in favor of cream puffs and soda.

"When the children having their luncheons, as a few of them do in paper boxes or wrapped in a newspaper, I am always surprised how few of them have anything appetizing. As a rule they have nothing but thick slices of bread with the crusts on and the butter carelessly spread. The meat is in chunks, and the whole thing anything but tempting. Mothers don't seem to realize the importance of this luncheon question. They think anything will do, and as a result the children are ashamed of their lunch. They go off in a dark corner and gobble it hurriedly, or they throw half of it away. A very little forethought would enable even the busiest mother to have a variety of tasty and inexpensive lunches. It's a lack of appreciation of its importance, that's all.

"But the teachers, after all, are not much more sensible. We were discussing the luncheon problem among ourselves, not long ago, and one young teacher admitted that since school began her luncheon every day had consisted of ginger snaps and pickles, brought from the corner grocery by an obliging pupil. I've been watching her since, and I'm not surprised to find that she is decidedly irritable and impatient towards the end of the afternoon session. Another teacher assured me that she feels perfectly well on a luncheon of soda crackers and tea.

"I haven't any scheme to boom, but I think the French system a very wise one for both teachers and pupils. I suppose, however, it wouldn't take here at all, except, perhaps, in the very poorest sections of the largest cities, and there it might do as much harm as good. You know in Paris they regard a cook and a kitchen as quite as indis-

pensable a part of the school as janitors and teachers. Every child is given his bowl of soup and piece of bread in quite the same matter of course fashion that we give him calisthenics to make him a physically well developed person. I have an impression, though, that it is only in the primary schools that the custom prevails. In this country we need it more in the schools for older pupils. As a rule the primary children live near enough the school to go home at noon, and it is only the teachers who suffer. A majority of the grammar and high school pupils usually live further away.

"Where we have tried the lunch counter, I think it has been a failure. That is, for everybody except the caterer. He rents the privilege and sells his wares at a fair profit. There is no intelligent supervision and the school lunch counter does more harm than good to the children's digestive machinery. I know one little girl who boasts that her lunches only cost her five cents a day. For that sum she buys coffee and pie or doughnuts from the school caterer. I don't wonder at all that she has violent headaches and is getting round-shouldered and worn out. Such a diet would make a dyspeptic wreck of a sturdy adult, let alone a delicate girl. If there were somebody to supervise the counter and see that nothing but hygienic foods were served some good might be accomplished. If I could have forbidden coffee and tea and pie and doughnuts, and substituted cocoa and soup and brown bread and fruit, my little friend would be stronger at the end of the year than at the beginning, instead of the nervous wreck I'm sure she will be. I've really been rash enough to hope the mothers' convention might take up the subject, but of course they have nothing to do with anything so near at hand. The next century is more interesting, but I don't think it is more important; do you?"

Dyspepsia One of the many causes of dyspepsia is the use of cereal foods improperly prepared. People fancy that grain food is simple, and consequently healthful. Whole grains, wheat, oats, etc., contain quite largely an element as indigestible as wood and no more nutritious. CREAM OF WHEAT being entirely free from indigestible matter is peculiarly adapted to such as require an easily digested diet. When buying Cream of Wheat ask for our beautiful gravures of north-western scenery. Your grocer gives one with each purchase of two packages. Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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The Olympic Games and the Boys of Greece.

The boys of Greece were fond of all athletic sports and took part in the most splendid of all the Greek games—the Olympic games—which were celebrated every five years, in honor of Zeus, the father of the gods.

Women were forbidden to be present at these games, which usually lasted five days.

All who took part in these games were obliged to undergo preparatory training for ten months at the gymnasiums before they could participate in the games.

The first day was spent in offering sacrifices. The second was set apart for the boys who competed with each other in foot racing, wrestling, boxing and horse racing. The third and principal day was devoted to the contests of men in foot-racing, wrestling, boxing and racing in heavy armor.

On the fourth day there was leaping, running, throwing and wrestling, and chariot and horse racing.

The fifth day was set apart for processions, sacrifices and banquets to the victors, who were always crowned with a garland of wild olive, cut from a sacred tree.

After the games, the victors were great heroes, were feted upon their return for ten months at the gymnasium before were exempt from taxes.

Boys in the Klondike.

Did you ever try running in the snow on your bare feet? If you have you know how it feels. Up in the Alaskan country known as the Klondike, where great gold mines are located, are very few boys, but such as are there are hardy little fellows who can stand almost any exposure. Barefooted, they have been known to play in the snow

when the mercury marked 32 degrees below zero. It is said that the atmosphere is so dry that it never seems to hurt them, but we are inclined to think that this is one of those stories that gains by travel; and if any of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY expect to go to the Klondike soon, we would advise them to buy some thick stockings and a tough pair of cowhide shoes.



TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE AMERICAN BOY.

Wanted to Shake the Boys' Hands.

At the conclusion of Governor Theodore Roosevelt's address to the students of Yale University on Nov. 20, the Governor said: "I want to shake the hands of the men who stopped Harvard on Saturday." This was only a few days after the great Yale-Harvard foot ball game, in which Harvard failed to score. As Captain McBride and each member of the Yale eleven stepped on to the stage to shake the Governor's hand the applause and cheers that shook the hall could be heard for blocks away.

It is needless to say that the Governor, who himself is a graduate of Harvard, made himself popular with the Yale boys.

To Plunge the Hand Into Water and Not Wet It.

Throw a piece of money, or ring, or any such thing, into a bowl full of water, and announce that you will take the article out with your hand, yet not wet it. To do this, it is only necessary to scatter on the surface of the water a powder that does not mingle with the water, and consequently will not become moist.

Lycopodium, which you can get from any druggist, is one of these, and costs very little.

Having thrown some of this powder on the water, thrust your hand boldly down to the very bottom of the bowl, bring out the ring, and show your audience that your hand is as dry as before. This is because the lycopodium forms an actual glove on your hand, on which water has no effect, just as you see birds dip, and dip again into water, yet come out dry because of the oil on their feathers. If you wish to carry this experiment further, you can try it with hot water, and find that, thanks to the lycopodium, you can put your hand in water that is almost boiling. You will feel the heat, but the skin tissues will be so protected that it will not burn you.

A Lilliputian Railroad.

When the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was in Asbury Park last summer accompanied by his six-year-old son, he enjoyed a novel experience that would delight every boy who reads this. Behind the hotel near the ocean was an unoccupied piece of ground about as large as two city blocks. Around this lay a miniature railway track, and at one point in the circle was a little station house, in front of which stood a miniature engine hitched to three tiny cars. For five cents one can sit in one of these cars and enjoy a ride around the circle. The little locomotive is built in every respect like the big ones that draw the real trains on the great railroads. It is run by steam, and the engineer sits, as you see him in the illustration, with his hand on the throttle and rings the little bell, just as if he were managing a great locomotive on the New York Central.

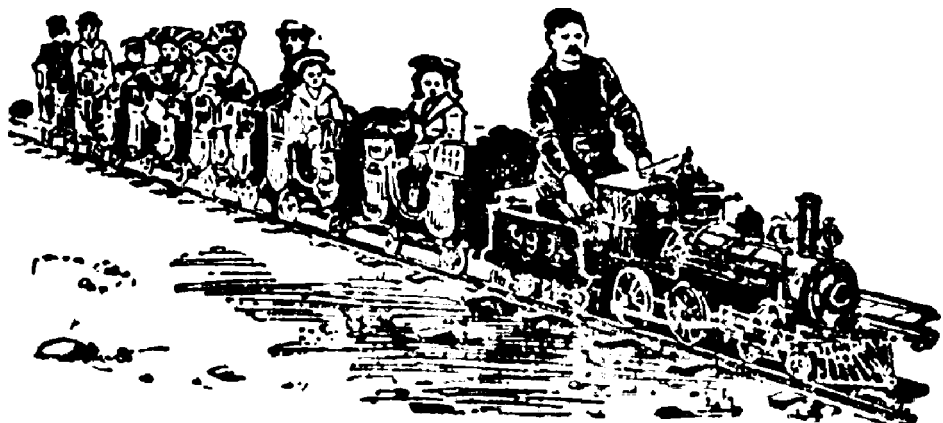
It is said that boys who will visit Central Park in the future will have an opportunity to ride on one of these little railroads; so that boys who are accustomed to visiting this great park and have gotten tired of the swan boats, the goat carriages, the swings and the merry-go-rounds will have a new form of amusement. The track is to have a length of four blocks, starting from 106th street along the east side of the park and going as far as 110th street. The engine is to be two feet high and five feet long. Each car will hold two little passengers. The road will be a double track road, and the rails of each track will be a foot apart.

A dogs' cemetery is the latest thing in Paris. A company is promoting it with a capital of \$70,000. The promoters are women.

A Country Boy Taught a Club Man How to Fish.

"When I went to Maine last July for my vacation I did not go into camp in the backwoods," said a business man. "Instead I took up my quarters in a quiet village and drove to this or that pond or stream in its vicinity for the day's fishing, returning to my hotel at night. This is a comfortable way to do one's fishing, which I commend to those who practice the gentle art for the pleasure it gives rather than to gratify an ambition to break records in the taking of big strings of fish. Taken all in all, I had good luck beyond the average, with the minimum of tramping and fly bites and general discomfort. But I have to confess that I owed much of the success I had to the advice and guardianship of a barefooted, shock-headed, 12-year-old boy whose acquaintance I made in the second week of my stay at Hilltown.

"In my fishing excursions I had met the boy off and on from the day of my arrival, and had noted that when encountered near the end of the day he usually was carrying a fine string of fish. My acquaintance with him began



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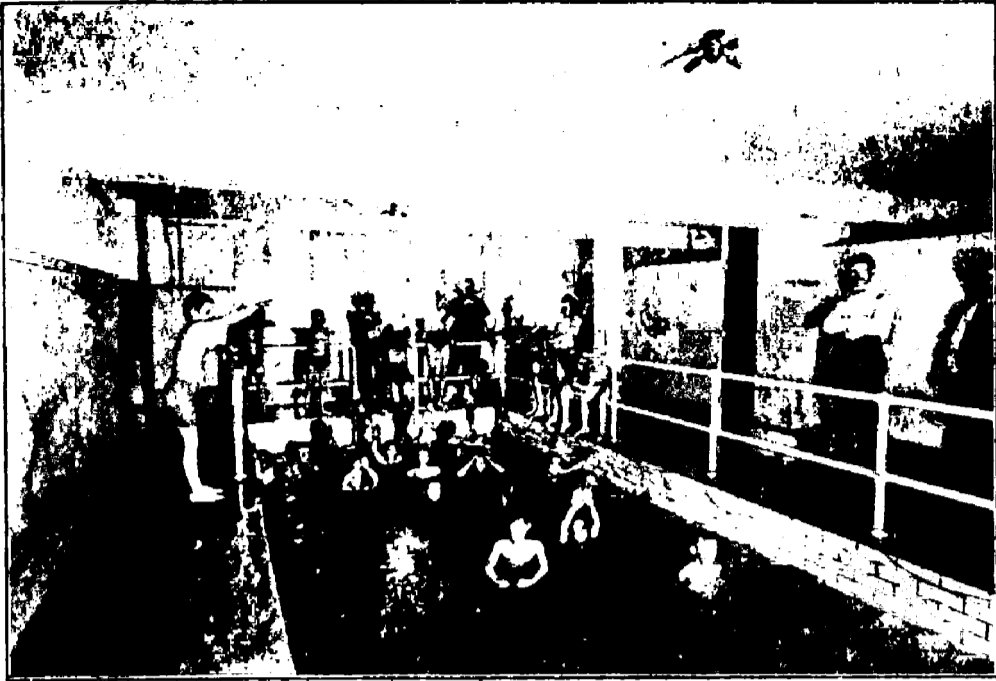
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WHERE DETROIT NEWSBOYS GET FREE BATHS.

as I was whipping a pond one day from a boat which I had brought from the village in a wagon, and the boy at the same time was fishing from a bridge on the shore. We were using quite different rods and tackle. Mine was a six-ounce rod with silk line and flies of the most approved tying, while he was dangling from the end of a twenty-five-foot peeled spruce pole a line and hook that would have served a turn of a Banks fisherman; but our luck was the same, for neither one of us was catching any fish. We had passed some remarks disparaging the state of affairs in general, when at last he hailed me with a proposition:

"Say, mister, take me into yer boat and I'll show yer where yer can ketch some fish."

"I accepted his offer for company's sake, with little confidence in his offer to pilot me to fish, and in some dread of his astonishing fishing pole, which, with the tip sawed off, would have served as a mast for the boat. To my relief, as I headed for the shore, he detached his line from the pole and wound it about a fork-ended piece of shingle which he drew from his pocket. The pole he secreted in the bushes behind the ledge.

"What kind of bait yer usin' he asked as the boat touched the shore.

"I fish with flies," I answered with dignity.

"H'm! Yer'll never ketch trout in this pond with them things," he said, with authority. "Gimme yer net and bailin' dish till I git some minneys."

"I passed him the tin pail and landing net and he went to a little cove round the point of the ledge, threw a muck-worm into the water to entice the fish, and in ten minutes came back to me with about thirty minnows swimming in the pail. Then he took the oars and I told me to steer with the paddle for an old, blackened tree stub on the opposite shore. It was as unpromising a place for trout as one would care to see that we fetched up at after scraping through shoals and lily pads, a strip of black water by a low shore with snags and deadwood covering the bottom as far as eye could see, but as the boy was doing the work I let him go where he pleased. He did not at once find the precise place he wanted, but yawned about and squinted, trying to get all his landmarks to jibe together, while I stood by to drop anchor when he should find the spot to suit him. After backing and filling enough to have docked a ship he gave the word to let go, and playing out the clothesline with a stone tied to the end of it for anchor, I found bottom in eighteen feet of water.

"Better tie on a sinker and bait with a minny, mister," the boy said, as he stowed the oars and dived his hand into the pail for a minnow.

"For answer I cast my flies upon the water, while the boy dropped his hand-line over the boat's side. I heard the flopping of his first trout as I made my third cast, and he was kept busy bait-

ing his hook and jigging it from the bottom to the boat after that, with a thumping trout to show for every turn. He had landed five when I reeled in my first fish, and after that I could not get a rise. The boy kept right on catching fish, and as he swung the tenth, a two-pounder, into the boat I gave expression to my feelings in a remark that was more scriptural than pious.

"Never mind, mister. We're snucks on the fish, yer know," the boy said consolingly. "I'd jest as leve ketch 'em all."

"This token of condescension was too much. To borrow an expression of the late James Yellowplush, 'Flesh and blood couldn't bear it,' and I reeled in my line and snapped a bait hook on in place of the flies.

"Give me a minnow," I said to the boy, so savagely that he exclaimed, 'Jiminy!' as he scrambled for the bait pail and passed me over a live shiner. He lent me a sinker, and then, when all was arranged, I found myself, who pass for a crack fisherman at my New York club, hopefully bobbing my fly rod, with my fine silk line, dragged down to within a foot of the bottom, by the combined weight of a hook that would have landed a bluefish, a strip of sheet lead nipped on above it with my teeth, and a live minnow. But I had my compensation when, in a half a minute or more, I was tussling with a trout who gave me all the excitement I wanted in getting him into the boat. From that time on I kept even with the boy in our fishing. He had a box of angle-worms in his pocket, and when the minnows were all used up we caught a dozen trout with these. We had thirty-four trout, ranging in size from a half a pound to two pounds and a half, when we pulled back across the pond, to show for our day's fishing.

"After this experience I took the boy with me in most of my fishing trips. Sometimes I went it alone, but it always happened that the days I did this were not lucky ones. Abner—the boy's name was Abner Tucker—dug the worms, caught the minnows, and generally attended to providing the outfit for our trips, my part being limited to the financial details. I presented a civilized rod and tackle to him, a gift which he duly appreciated, but throughout the season he advocated to me the old-time fisherman's precept of 'More bait and less flies,' and I found my profit in following his advice. Sometimes we varied our trout fishing by trips to perch and pickerel ponds, and everywhere the boy knew exactly where the best fish lay and the bait that would tempt them most at the particular time of day and year. He introduced me to mysterious brooks winding through swamps and bogs, which seemed to begin and end nowhere, but were full of hungry trout. He knew and could humor every whim of the trout. One day we fished a meadow brook for two hours with flies and worms, catching but three trout for our pains. The trout were there, but they would not

bite. The boy caught a grasshopper and threw it into the water, and several trout rose together for it.

"We're only foolin' away our time tryin' 'em with flies and worms, mister," the boy announced. "They've got their minds sot on hoppergrasses, and they'd swim away from a fat grubworm if 'twas before their noses."

"We walked to a stubble field a mile away and went to catching grasshoppers. Abner captured about fifty while I was catching seven. With these for bait we went back to our fishing, and in an hour had landed forty-seven trout. For weeks the fish would hardly notice any other bait than grasshoppers. But the insects were agile and hard to catch, and it was difficult to provide enough of them for a day's fishing. Then, through Abner's experience, we discovered that in fishing a pool, after beginning with grasshoppers to excite their appetites, the trout for a while would snap at almost any lure we offered them. One day as we went to a fishing hole with a scant stock of grasshoppers in our bait boxes Abner stopped to rob a bumblebees' nest of its hoard, fighting the bees with his hat and picking them up as they fell. When he caught up with me he offered me half the honeycomb and showed me twelve dead bees that he had stowed away in his bait box. Baiting our hooks with these, after the fish had been enticed with grasshoppers, we caught a trout with every one.

"But the crowning achievement in my summer's fishing, which I owed to Abner's hopeful counsel, was in taking a splendid catch of trout from the Alder pool. The stream was a famous one for the trout, but there was a stretch of about a mile in its course that it was currently said had never been fished, owing to the morasses and thick undergrowth that bordered it. Somewhere in its course through the swamp was a deep pool which it was certain, in August, must be alive with the biggest kind of brook trout, gathered there through the partial drying up of the stream above and below. I had given up the idea of trying to get to this water, but the boy did some exploring on his own hook, and one day came to me with the announcement that he had found a path to the pool, and had a plan for fishing it. So we stocked up for the trip and went into the swamp, following a deer path that crossed the stream about twenty feet above the pool. After an hour's hard floundering we got to the stream and could see the pool below us, as likely a place for trout as one could wish, but with no way of getting nearer to it than we were. The bushes which overhung the stream prevented the casting of a line down to its waters, and to leave that path meant that I would be mired to the waist at the second step. I could think of no way to get a line and hook down to the pool from where I was, but unless a way were found all the trout in its depths might as well be in Manila bay for all the good they would do me. As I balanced myself at the crossing of the deer path it did not help my feelings to hear now and then the splash of a big trout down in the black water below me.

"But the boy had thought out the points of the situation and was prepared to meet it at every turn. He had brought a light ax with him and there was plenty of dead timber along the path behind us. Abner went back and I heard him chopping. Presently he returned with an armful of big chips and pieces of dry bark stripped from fallen spruces and hemlocks. Laying a piece of bark on the bank, he baited my hook with a worm, then pulling off some thirty feet of line from the reel, he coiled it upon the bark, with the hook resting at the bottom of the coil. He launched the piece of bark carefully in the stream and the current took it down to the pool, the line unwinding from the coil as it floated down. It drifted out upon the pool and then a little jerk of the rod yanked the rest of the line from the bark and the baited hook sank in the water. Before it had got half a foot below the surface a trout had it and I reeled him up the stream, fighting every foot of the way,

to opposite where I stood, when the boy waded in with the net and landed him. We had mastered the secret of taking trout from the Alder pool, and for hours Abner and I stood there by the stream launching the coiled line on a chip or piece of bark and drawing back a trout from the still black water below. When at last I reeled up my line and unjointed my rod, it was not that the fish ceased to bite, but because we had all we cared to carry back over the swamp trail. We brought home just 100 trout which weighed together more than forty pounds."

"Pike's Peak or Bust," is a mighty good phrase, a true Americanism, a secret of this country's accomplishment, and a motto for the penniless youth starting up the ladder. It expresses the only spirit that ever does things worth doing. It is a word of power, something worth thinking about and tacking up on some conspicuous part of your mind.

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How Can We Do This?

Heretofore all full fashioned hosiery was imported (full-fashioned hosiery means made on a machine that follows the lines of the foot and leg, so that it always fits like a glove and never loses that shape-keeping quality). Instead, we imported expensive knitting machines, and employed skilled workmen trained in the best foreign hosiery factories, with the result that we make hosiery, which, if imported, as formerly, could not be sold for less than 50c. that we can sell at 25 cents a pair!

For Sale by Live Dealers Everywhere. Look for "WAYNE KNIT MATCHLESS" stamped on each pair. Insist on your dealers supplying you. If he does not keep them send us his name; we will see that you and he are supplied. Sample pair, one pair only to any person, 25 cents. Send size wanted. If you don't want hosiery just now, send us your own and your dealer's name on a postal, and we will send you a very instructive book telling how the celebrated Wayne Knit Matchless, full fashioned sock hose are made so as to retail at 25c per pair.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FT. WAYNE IND.

The Boy Stamp Collector.

During the past month some of the largest transactions which the stamp business has ever known have taken place, and first among them was the sale of the famous New York collection for the sum of forty-five thousand dollars (\$45,000.00).

This collection is mounted in twenty-three (23) blank albums with interchangeable leaves and contains over 30,000 specimens and the owner received the highest price which was ever paid for a collection of postage stamps in this country.

Among the rarest stamps to be found in this collection were the following:

- A pair of the 12p Canada imperf., worth \$1,000.00.
- Vancouver 5c rose, imperf., \$110.00.
- Dominica 1p on 6p green, \$250.00.
- Ceylon 4 and 8 p imperf., \$100.00 each.
- Great Britain £1, watermark anchor, \$600.00.
- Hawaii 13c, 1851, \$500.00.
- New Foundland 1sh scarlet used and unused U. S. Brattleboro, \$650.00.
- U. S., 1869, inverted center 15c, 24c and 30c, and a block of four 24c with inverted center.

On the first of January the sale of the newspaper and periodical stamps which the government placed on sale a year ago at \$5.00 a set will be discontinued and those remaining destroyed. If the government does this, as has been reported, the value of the set may increase in time, but the number in the hands of dealers and speculators will be large enough to prevent any great advance for some time.

Among the new varieties which have appeared since our last issue are the following:

- Is mauve Queensland, numerals in four corners.
 - ½p green Queensland, numerals in four corners.
 - Argentine, ½, 1, 2, 5, 10, 12, 16, 20, 24, 30 and 50c.
- This set is all the same design, but different colors. The Goddess of Liberty seated on the sea shore viewing the

rising sun, with arms resting on a shield bearing the coat of arms is the central design.

The set of Russian stamps surcharged China in Russian letters has also appeared.

From a review of the auction sales of the past month it is a notable fact that really fine specimens have brought much better prices than at former sales, which shows a return of confidence in the value of stamps as well as a revival of interest in collecting.

The demand for African stamps is very heavy just now and many values which are quoted at a low price in the catalogue are very hard to find in the salesbooks of the dealers and this scarcity cannot fail to advance the price before long.

The U. S. postage due stamps with the surcharges of both Cuba and Porto Rico are finding a ready sale, as did the regular postage stamps with the Cuba surcharge and those who bought the 2½c and the 10c special delivery before the new designs came out will find that they bought at the right time as they are now worth double the first quotations.

Since the U. S. army has occupied Manila the revenue officials have collected from all the towns captured all the stamps which Spain has issued for use there which remained in the offices and these are to be sold as one lot to the highest bidder on the 20th of December. The entire lot contains about 40,000,000 stamps.

This month some of the revenue stamps have appeared with the new rectangular perforation and it is reported from Washington that the entire series is to be so perforated. Because of this change some of the high values with the first perforation may become scarce, but the low values of both proprietary and documentary have been issued in such quantity that they will never be scarce.

The Boy Coin Collector.

"In God We Trust."

The sentence "In God We Trust" first appeared on the copper two-cent issue of 1864. It also appeared on the 1886 issue of the double eagle, eagle, half-eagle, silver dollar, half dollar and nickel five-cent piece in lieu of the long-existing motto, "E Pluribus Unum." The trade dollar of 1873 has both mottos. "In God We Trust" does not now appear on the cents, nickels or dimes.

Coins, Medals and Tokens.

The science that treats of coins and medals is called numismatics. A numismatist is one who makes a study of this science.

A coin is a piece of metal used in commercial interchange, on which certain characters are stamped, giving the piece a value authorized by law.

A medal is a piece of metal similar to a coin, but struck to commemorate some great event, some merited action, some illustrious person, or to serve as a reward. As a general thing they are not current as money, but there are exceptions to this, as shown by the Columbian half-dollars and Isabella quarters, struck by this government in 1892-3 to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the landing of Columbus on our shores, and also the Lafayette dollar, issued or about to be issued, in our mint. These are medallic pieces, but

allowed by law to pass current as coin. A medalet is a small medal.

A token is a piece of metal allowed to pass as money by sufferance, not being struck by the powers in authority. These have been extensively used at periods when other small change has failed to supply the demands of trade. Thousands of varieties of these pieces were struck in Great Britain in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in our country during the civil war, and passed current as coin. Large numbers have also been struck for the colonies of Britain in Australia and Canada. The so-called Jackson or Hard Times pieces, the war and store cards, and the communion pieces of the Presbyterian church are all tokens.

Parts of a Coin.

For study, or descriptive purposes, a coin, medal or token is observed by the student as follows:

The obverse is that side of the coin which holds the head, bust or figure of ruler, some person in whose honor it has been struck, or some emblematic figure of the country or ruler. It is the principal or front side of the coin.

The reverse is the back of the coin, and usually holds the various figures or words expressing value.

The field of a coin is the great central surface and usually contains the portrait, inscription or value.

(Continued on Next Page)

The Boy Autograph Collector.

Autograph collectors, or boys who wish to become autograph collectors, will be interested in the autographs shown in this column. These autographs were collected by the editor when he was a boy fifteen years of age. His collection embraces over two hundred autographs of the most noted men of twenty-five years ago. A number of these autographs will be shown in each issue of "The American Boy."

As the readers of this paper will not be willing to mutilate their copies by cutting out the autographs, the publishers of "The American Boy" will send to any of its subscribers the ten autographs that appear below, printed in black ink on glazed paper, on receipt of ten cents in postage.

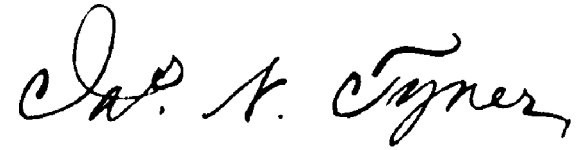
The November number of this paper contained fac simile autographs of U. S. Grant, Henry Wilson, Geo. M. Robeson, Wm. W. Belknap, Geo. F. Hoar, Alexander H. Stephens, John Young Brown, J. G. Blaine, J. M. Rusk and L. Crouse. These fac-similes on coated paper for 10 cents in postage.

The December number contained fac simile autographs of Jas. W. McDill, Nathan Clifford, Roger Q. Mills, C. Delano, David Davis, Geo. W. McCrary, W. S. Holman, Lloyd Lowndes, Jr., C. B. Farwell, Julius C. Burrows.

These fac-similes on coated paper for 10 cents in postage; or the thirty fac-similes that have so far appeared for 25 cents in postage.

JAS. N. TYNER.

Born 1826. Lawyer. Secretary Indiana Senate. Congressman. Postmaster-General. Counsel to the Post Office Department.




JOS. R. HAWLEY.

Born 1826. Lawyer. Editor. Brevetted Major General at close of Civil War. Governor of Connecticut. Congressman. Senator.



WM. LAWRENCE.

Born 1819. Lawyer. Jurist. Editor. State Legislature. Reporter of Supreme Court. Union Soldier and Officer. Congressman. First Comptroller of the Currency. Author.



H. L. DAWES.

Born 1826. Editor. Lawyer. Member of State Legislature of Massachusetts. Member of Congress from 1857 to 1873. Member U. S. Senate 1875 and re-elected several times.



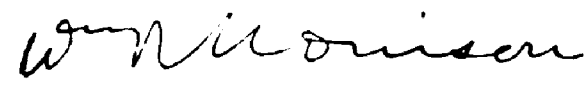
S. S. COX.

Born 1824. Editor. Known familiarly as "Sunset Cox." Congressman for twenty years. U. S. Minister to Turkey. Humorous Speaker and Writer.



WM. R. MORRISON.

Born 1825. Served in Mexican War. Lawyer. In State Legislature of Illinois. Speaker of House. Served in Civil War. Congressman for many years. Member Interstate Commerce Commission.



T. C. PLATT.

Born 1813. Merchant and Banker. Congressman. President U. S. Express Co. President Southern Central Railroad. U. S. Senator from New York.



THOS. T. CRITTENDEN.

Member of Congress from Missouri. Governor of Missouri, and at present Referee in Bankruptcy at Kansas City.



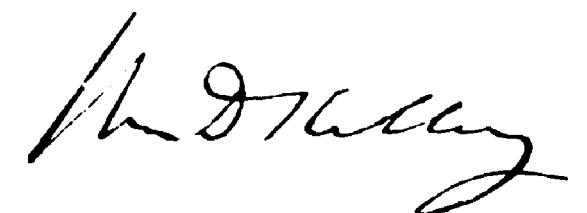
GEO. Q. CANNON.

Territorial delegate from Utah. Apostle of the Mormon Church.



W. D. KELLEY.

Member of Congress for many years from Philadelphia. Because of his efforts to get tariff protection for iron he became familiarly known as "Pig Iron Kelley."



Ten Fac Similes will be given in each number of "The American Boy" for a Year.

The border usually carries the legend. The energe is that portion of the coin at the base, and usually occupied by the date or some word, letter or symbol denoting place of mintage.



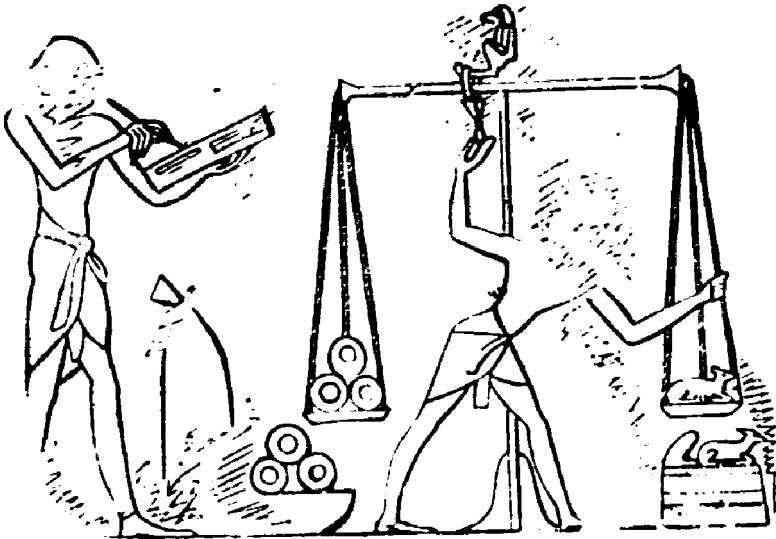
UNITED STATES HALF CENT. 1794

To better understand these terms we will illustrate them by means of this half-cent of 1794, and we will ask you to follow the reading.

Obverse: Head of Liberty to right, with cap and fall over left shoulder. Legend, Liberty. In energe, date, 1794. Reverse: In field within wreath, Half Cent. Legend: United States of America. In energe, 1-200. Edge, milled, size, 15. We might say here that the edges of coins may be either plain, reeded or milled. There are also two scales used for measurement of the diameter of coins. The American in sixteenths of an inch, and the French millimeter scale. The American scale is oftener used in our own country. By the millimeter scale this coin would be size 24.

BEFORE COINS WERE USED.

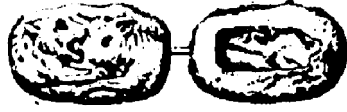
Though a large measure of trade has been done, and ever will be done, the time comes to every people when they feel the need of some more reliable and stable standard of value than cattle, sheep, shells, beads, etc., etc., and so the time came, just when we do not know, when the people turned to the metals, gold, silver, copper and iron, as standards of value and mediums of exchange. This was long before the art of coining, and the metals must have been in bars, lumps or rings, and passed by weight. The first price of which we have record was paid in silver, and for a grave. About 2000 B. C., Abraham for the cave of Machpelah, weighed out the value of 400 shekels of silver, current money of the merchant (Genesis xxiii., 16). On the ancient monuments of Egypt is shown how they weighed their bars of copper, silver, and other metals. This illustration is a faithful but reduced illustration taken from a tomb in ancient Egypt.



The ancient records of the Chaldeans, Babylonians and Assyrians prove beyond question that the same methods were employed among those ancient races. Gold in the form of rings of fixed weight was also used. Eleazar of Damascus carried to Rebecca rings and bracelets of fixed weight, and in the north of Europe, Gaul, Ireland and Britain, these golden rings of fixed weight were used before the Christian era, and great values have been exhumed in these later years. This was the only money of which Homer knew.

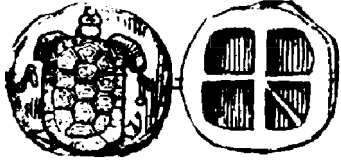
THE EARLIEST COINS.

Herodotus, the father of history, states that the Lydians were the first who coined money, and the first gold staters of Lydia were struck about 700 B. C. This one illustrated was issued during the time of Croesus.



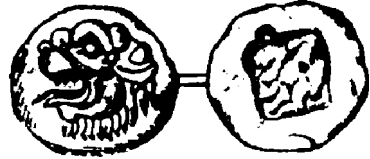
LYDIAN STATER, 568-564 B. C.

Strabo, Aelian and others hold that the first coins were struck by Pheldon, king of Argos, for the island of Aegina, and there is little doubt but what the first silver coins were struck here.



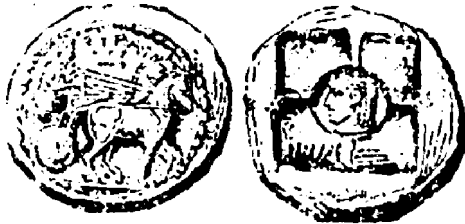
DRACHM OF AEGINA, 550-500 B. C.

Again there are others who claim that the first coins struck were the gold staters of Miletus, a city south of Ephesus, on the Icarian Sea, in Asia Minor.



STATER OF MILETUS, 700-500 B. C.

Taking the character of the issues into consideration, the obverses with rude representations of the lion and ox, head of lion and tortoise, and the marks of the punch on the reverse we can readily believe that these three places began to strike coin at about the same time, and that period about 800 B. C. The specimens we illustrate are not of the very earliest coins of these localities, they were similar in design, but still more crude in workmanship.



DIDRACHM OF SYRACUSE, 400-485 B. C.

It will thus be seen that the earliest coins present only the punch-mark on the reverse or back of the coin, and this method prevailed up to the time of the

Persian wars. The coins, as a rule, are very crude in workmanship and design, and were no doubt made as follows: The die being prepared, a piece or bullet of metal of fixed weight was placed thereon, and by force driven into the die with a punch, the mark of which we see on the back of the coin. Later, we find more ornamental punch marks, sometimes similar to the face of the coin, which left the impression incuse or in bas-relief, and as the art improved, die punches were used which left on the coin important devices or symbols, as is shown in the above coin of Syracuse in the time of Gelon.

Few things are sadder than to observe how frequently the inheritance of great wealth or even of easy competence proves the utter and speedy ruin of a young man.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

In which all questions will be answered, and all the tangles which beset the coin collector, will be unravelled. All our boys, whether old boys or young boys, are invited to take part.

F. L. Gray—Your "flying eagle" cents of 1857 and 1858 have no premium. The 1856 flying eagle is the rare one, and in good condition readily sells for \$1.50. The two-cent bronze pieces were issued in the years 1864-1873, ten consecutive years, and with the exception of the last date, which was issued only in proof, are easy to obtain, though not now often seen in circulation. The V nickel of 1883 hardly commands a premium.

Harry H.—The Chinese coin, of which you send a rubbing, is a common cash of Kang Hsi, 1661-1722, and though it takes ten of them to make a cent of our money, they sell for ten cents each at the dealers. Your large oval brass coin with the square hole in the center is a Japanese tempo. They were first issued in 1835.

"X. Y. Z."—Nearly all coins have three values: 1. Intrinsic, the actual worth of the metal contained in the coin. 2. Legal, the value placed upon it by authority; and, 3rd, Numismatic or fictitious, the price it will bring at the collector's mart. For instance, a United States silver dollar of 1804 has an intrinsic value of about fifty cents, a legal value of one dollar, and on account of its extreme rarity a numismatic value of about one thousand dollars.

C. E. S.—The Kruger pennies, so-called, are those issued for the Transvaal, and have the portrait of President Paul Kruger (Oom Paul). By reason of the great interest in that part just now there is an active demand for them at twenty-five cents each. They were struck in Birmingham, England.

Fred R. S.—The 1853 quarter dollar with arrow points by the date, and rays about the eagle on the reverse, has no premium. The one without the arrows and rays is the rare one, which brings from three to five dollars. The same may be said of the half-dollar of same date.

Beginner, Cleveland—Your 1776 half-penny of George III. (England), though of a date which stirs one's patriotism, is very common and sells for five cents.

Harry H.—A common half-penny of Nova Scotia, 1832. No premium in its condition, which you say is only fair.

A. R. T.—Zealand, or Zeelandia, as the name appears on the coins, is one of the pennies of the Netherlands, which issued coins up to about 1800.

R. E. Jones—The value of a coin depends very much upon its condition. A very common coin may be desirable because of its fine to perfect condition, while a poor coin, however rare, because of its condition, may be worthless. We have more to say on this subject.

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STAMPS. Album & list free. Agents 50%. 100 Cuba, etc., 5c. Hill Co., Box 814, No. End, Boston, Mass.

STAMPS.—100 varieties Foreign, Turkey, Mexico, etc.; one set Japan, ten varieties; one pocket album and 20-page price list, ALL FOR ONE DIME. W. W. MCLAREN, 57 Hough Place, CLEVELAND OHIO.

300 varieties of stamps.....25 cents
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.... BOSTON, MASS.
J. FAVILL CAPRON, Manager.

While a lighthouse keeper at Arcas, on the coast of Campeche, was digging up the sand in search of turtle eggs, he found a number of bright bars of gold and silver said to be of fabulous value. They are supposed to have been buried by the famous old pirate Lorençillo, who was at one time the terror of the seas around Cuba.

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The Only Distinctively Boy's Paper in America.

Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post office as second-class matter 1

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THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
MAJESTIC BLDG., DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,
EDITOR.
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A boy makes a great mistake when he thinks that it takes muscle only to make a man; bigness is not greatness.

Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat in the atmosphere. Boys will believe that; birch has warned them of that many a time.

"Train a boy to be brave, and to speak the truth, and you have done your best by him; the rest he must do for himself."—Gen. Lew Wallace.

Wherever else you put your pennies don't put them in your mouth. The Chicago Health Department has proven that copper pennies are fairly loaded with disease germs.

A bright seven-year-old said to his mother, "I am like a tree growing; bad boys pull me over crooked and you straighten me. If mothers didn't do this, the boys couldn't grow straight."

The expression "He's a brick" is said to have been original with the Spartan King Agesilaus, who, on a certain occasion, pointing to his army, said, "They are the walls of Sparta. Every man there is a brick."

What are boys to do who are taught that it is wicked to lie to an employer, but excusable to lie to a customer? I suppose, at first, he wonders at this second-hand arrangement, then he gets used to it, and then he adopts it as being a law of successful business.

A young Irishman once went to a kind-hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move. "What's the matter with it?" roared the squire. "Oh, nothin', sorr," said the lad, quickly. "Well, then, why don't you go?" "Sure, sorr, I thought on the stringth of a recommend like that you'd be wanting to hire me."

American Boys with good homes ought to be filled with interest in and the desire to help the work of Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross society in Cuba. Miss Barton is establishing asylums for the thousands of orphan boys and girls of that unhappy country. She says there are 50,000 little fellows, dirty,

Gutchess College,

The vital importance, to young men and women, of the thorough business education cannot be overestimated. Competition grows more insistent daily. Opportunity develops with competition. The demand is for competent business assistants; the business man has no time to instruct apprentices, he must have assistants already trained in business methods. This College gives the practical business education—pupils here live in an atmosphere of business; they learn to do by doing. Every business facility is here. No other college can be better equipped. 250 students placed in good positions during the past year. Day and night sessions. Terms liberal. Full particulars on application. Address

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ragged and often ill, running wild in Cuban towns. In three months this noble woman and her helpers have established twelve asylums in three of the provinces, accommodating 1,200 of these little orphans. If we pity the men and women of this war scarred land, what should be our feeling for the boys and girls who are the innocent victims of the crime and misfortunes of years.

Would that THE AMERICAN BOY had an arm long enough to take up a penny collection among all the boys of America for their new brothers and sisters in Cuba.

In every calling from that of the farmer or mechanic to that of the merchant, the lawyer, or the statesman, efficiency in small employments is the surest guarantee of mastery in great ones. Those beginners are most likely to succeed who are content at first to be beginners to start at the foot of the ladder and climb round after round to the top. The way to be a successful inn-keeper is to begin as waiter. The way to become a great merchant is to begin by sweeping a store and carrying letters to the post. Biography teems with illustrations of this. An English boy, on his way to school, picks up a horseshoe, carries it three miles to a blacksmith and sells it to him for a penny. Soon after he scrapes up some treacle which his sister, in drawing, had spilled on the floor, and sells it for three halfpence. Little by little his savings increase till he becomes a shopkeeper's clerk, and ultimately one of England's largest, most enterprising and most successful traders.

—Dr. William Matthews.

The American Boy Calculating Pencil

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THE BOY ORATOR AND DEBATER.

Hats Off!

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky!
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches, and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

The Country and Its Defenders.

Speech of President McKinley at the Banquet of Columbian Post of Chicago, at Buffalo, N. Y., August 24, 1897.

Mr. Toastmaster and Comrades and my Fellow Citizens: I wish I might frame fitting words to make suitable response to the more than gracious welcome which you have accorded me here tonight. I come with no set form of speech, I come with no studied phrases to present to you, but come in the spirit of comradeship, to talk with you as we have often talked in the past, around the camp-fires in war as well as the camp-fires in peace. To me, I see by the programme, has been assigned the toast "The Country and Its Defenders."

My fellow citizens, blessed is that country whose defenders are patriots.

Blessed is that country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have, the best that any man has, their own lives, to preserve it because they love it. Such an army the United States has always commanded in every crisis of her history. From the war of the revolution to the late civil war, the men followed that flag in battle because they loved that flag and believed in what it represented. That was the stuff of which the volunteer army of '61

was made. Every one of them not only fought, but they thought. And many of them did their own thinking, and did not always agree with their commanders.

That young soldier who in the late war, upon the battle line, ahead with the color guard bearing the Stars and Stripes way in front of the line, but the enemy still in front of him; the general called out to the color-bearer: "Bring those colors back to the line," and quicker than any bullet that young soldier answered back: "Bring the line up to the colors."

It was the voice of command; there was a man behind it and there was patriotism in his heart. "So nigh to grandeur is our dust, so near to God is man, when duty whispers 'Lo, you must,' the youth replies 'I can.'" And so more than 2,000,000 brave men thus responded and made up an army grander than any army that ever shook the earth with its tread and engaged in a holier cause than ever engaged soldiers before. What defenders, my countrymen, have we now? We have the remnant of this old, magnificent, matchless army of which I have been speaking, and then, as allies in any future war, we have the brave men who fought against us on southern battle-fields.

The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in purpose and in an invincible patriotism. And, therefore, the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure and in devotion to the flag all one.

My fellow-countrymen, I thank you and bid you good night.

Subjects for Debate.

Resolved, That England is justified in her course of action against the Boers.

Resolved, That the present jury system should be abolished.

Resolved, That the present system of caucus nomination ought to be abolished.

Resolved, That Congress should pass a resolution pledging to the Filipinos the amplest liberty of self-government compatible with the rights and obligations of the United States, pledging also the expenditure of all taxes raised in the Philippines for the benefit of the Philippines and their inhabitants.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
ABSOLUTELY NO CONDITIONS.
A PRIZE for every Correct Answer.
DON'T SEND ONE CENT.

To all who can find in the accompanying Picture Puzzle Admiral Dewey's head in outline, mark it and return to us, we will send at once, without conditions, a Tiffany Style Stick Pin, set with an exquisite simulative Opal or Ruby.

With your pin we send 12 packages of Impenetrable Perfume to sell for us, if you can, at 10 cents each. When sold return our money, and we will give you FREE for this service your choice of a Heavy Plated Carb Chain Bracelet, with lock and key, or a genuine Solid Gold Shell Birthday Ring. To all answering this WITHIN THREE DAYS from when first seen, we send with your ring or bracelet a Pearl Bangle Gold Alloy Initial Stick Pin. This is a fair proposition. Simply interpret our puzzle and we will send your prize at once, without money or price. Write immediately; don't put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day. **NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., 46-50 W. Larned St., DETROIT, MICH.**

John Billings in his Guide to Health says: Never run into debt, not if you can find anything else to run into. Marry young, and if you make a hit keep cool and don't brag about it. Be kind to your mother-in-law, and if necessary pay for her board at sum good hotel. Bathe thoroly once a week in soft water and kasteel soap and avoid tite boots. Exercise in the open air and don't saw wood until you have to. Laff every time you feel tickled and laff once in a while enny how.

What Shall We Do with the Philippines?

Prize essay by Frank P. Collins, Hancock, Wis.

By the late Philino war, the vast importance and wealth of the Philippines has been seen by the whole world; and if the United States were to abandon them today, they would be a prey for other nations of the world to pounce upon.

The Philipnos are an ignorant and uncivilized people, unflt for self-government, and must have a protector. What nation is more fit to be called their protector than that of the United States—a nation of freedom?

This war has cost the United States a vast sum of money, and surely it is fair for her to receive some recompense.

If the United States were to abandon all rights to the Philippines, they would be called a cowardly nation; they would be leaving a rich mine which they have opened, for other nations' benefit; and by abandoning these islands they would miss a great and noble object: that of converting a barbarous and uncivilized people into a progressive and industrious, freedom-loving nation, capable of having a government of their own.

The best way to dispose of the Philip-pines is to take them under our protection until they are fit to form a government of their own. To do this industries must be introduced, schools and churches established, and everything done that will plant in the hearts of these ignorant natives the seed of progressive-ness and thrift.

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By Judge J. W. Donovan. Author of "Modern Jury Trials," "Tact in Court," "Skill in Trials," etc.
This successful work is the best of Judge Donovan's books, and judging by its sales, is to be the most popular of the series. Comprised of choice matter, arranged in taking form, it appeals at once to the great class of young men who are ambitious to acquit themselves well when invited by their fellows to speak at receptions, banquets, reunions, commencements, socials, lodges, holidays, birthdays, the bar, the school. By mail, postpaid, \$1.50. **The Collector Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.**

Prize and Puzzle Department.

Winners of Postage Stamps.

The prize of one-half the foreign stamps accumulated in our office between Nov. 20 and Dec. 20 to the subscriber sending us the most subscriptions during the same period goes to Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn. The total number of foreign stamps accumulated was 138. This gives to winner, 69 stamps, as follows: 4 Correos de Venezuelas (10 centimos); 1 New Zealand (2½d); 3 Correos de Mexicana (5 centavos), two styles; 5 1-cent Canada; 4 1-cent Canada (1897); 8 2-cent Canada (2 colors); one 5-cent Canada; 5 2-cent Canada ("Xmas, 1898"); 10 half-penny British; 2 one-penny British; 12 half anna, India; 3 one anna, India; 1 two piastres, French; 2 dos centavos, Cuba (two styles) one 1 centavo, Cuba; one 5 centavos, Cuba; 2 surcharged Porto Rico (2 cents); one Hawaiian Islands (5 cents); one 10-sen Japanese; one 2-sen Japanese; one 2-cent British Guiana.

The second prize, one-fourth of the accumulated stamps, goes to

He gets two 5-centivos Chile; one Correos de Venezuela, 10 centimos; one 5-cent Hawaiian Islands; 4 half-penny

British; two one-penny British; two Cinco Centavos Mexico; one 1-cent British Guiana; 16 assorted Canadian; one 10-cent Hong Kong; one 2-cent Philippines; two 2-cent Cuba; one Danish West Indies post cards; one unidentified.

The third prize, one-fourth of the accumulated stamps, goes to Geo. O. Bacon, Fort Scott, Kan.

He gets three 5-cent Hawaiian (one unused); one 5-cent Hong Kong; one 1d Jamaica; three 10-centimos Venezuela; one 2-cent British Guiana; four Cinco Mexican; one Cuba (2½c de peso); one 5-sen Japanese; one 5-cent newspaper stamp, Mexican; three 1-cent Porto Rico; four half-anna India; six assorted Canadian; four assorted British; one 20-pl. German.

The same offer is repeated to those who send in the most new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY prior to January 18, 1900. Bear in mind that the boys who earned the stamps also received premiums selected from our premium list and they also become contestants for the money prizes advertised on the last page.

Answers to Puzzles in December American Boy.

NO. 1.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

NO. 2.

REAR
ERIE
AIMS
REST

NO. 3.

E L B A
O I L S
G L E N
Y E A R

NO. 4.

K—cats.
F—rank.
B—ounce.
G—rouse.

NO. 5.

Crow-n
Fair-y
Fen-d
Strip-e

"COSMO" BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP

NOTE STYLE OF PACKAGE TAKE ONLY "COSMO"

Its purity and exquisite odor make it delightful, soothing, beneficial and refreshing for

TOILET and BATH

While it excels any 25-cent Soap, it sells at 10 cents. Made in the largest exclusively toilet soap factory in the world, by

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 492 bones and 60 arteries. But man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

NO. 6.

Large. Barge. Marge. Targe.

NO. 7.

A wise son maketh a glad father.

NO. 8.

Cowpens.

NO. 9.

Hold — hod
Cure — Cue
Cause — case
Trance — trace

NO. 10.

Churchill Davis. Hope. Winter.

NO. 11.

Benjamin Harrison; drawn by Irving B. Phelps. Grafton, N. D.

Prizes are awarded for first correct solutions as follows:

- No. 1. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
- No. 2. Arthur Nichols, Chill, N. Y.
- No. 3. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
- No. 4. William Wilcox, 1112 Linden street, Scranton, Pa.; Samuel L. Howell, 921 N. 20th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- No. 5. Archie Torney, Milwaukee, Wis.
- No. 6. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
- No. 7. Roy Conger, Box 366, Naragansett Pier.
- No. 8. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
- No. 9. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
- No. 10. William J. Wilcox, Scranton, Pa.

Correct solutions were received from Kent Curtis, Chicago; George E. Soules, Chicago; Charles Wright, San Antonio, Texas; Donald R. Heath, Monroe, Mich.; Harold N. Collins, Elyria, O.; Donald Annis, Detroit; Edward Cram, Portland, Me.; E. E. McIntyre, Logansport, Ind.; C. O. Bassett, Moscow, Idaho; Elbert Moffatt, St. Joe, Mich.; Harris K. Hoag, Lacota, Mich.; Frank P. Collins, Hancock, Wis.; Orsel E. Roby, North Branch, Mich.; Harry W. Crane, Big Rapids, Mich.; George W. Chattuck, Nashua, N. H.; Arthur Hesselbach, New York City; Clarence Corp, Corfu, N. Y.; Phillip R. Bruner, Rock Island, Ill.

Excellent likenesses of ex-President Harrison were sent by Ronald Fenton, Detroit; H. E. Merseles, Jersey City, N. J.; Logan Larson, Britt, Iowa.

Good drawings were sent by Archie Forney, Milwaukee, Wis.; Foster Gilroy, Lansdowne, Pa.; A. Craig, Chicago; Elbert Moffatt, St. Joe, Mich.; E. A. Feather, Reading, Pa.; Harold Collins, Elyria, O.; E. W. Cram, Portland, Me.; George Soules, Chicago, Max Bennett, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Oldrich Sulek, Shelbyville, Ia.; Arthur Collins, Santa Ana, Cal.

The best anecdote about animals is from the pen of Willis L. Elliot, S. Portland, Me.

The best essay on "What shall we do with the Philippines" was written by Frank P. Collins, Hancock, Wis., a pupil of the Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism.

New Puzzles.

NO. 12.

My whole, composed of 35 letters is a quotation from Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

- My 22-8-12-31 is a crown.
- My 24-19-16-2-35-25 is an attempt.
- My 7-18-31-22-15 is haughty
- My 29-27-26-25-28 is to cut off.
- My 21-34-5-10-6 is duties.
- My 11-5-4 is to question.
- My 3-20-23 is a possessive adjective.
- My 35-13-14-30-8 is way.
- My 1-33-19-17-23-33 is ahead

NO. 13.

Behead to clean and leave to hasten.
Behead a box and leave to value.
Behead a glen and leave a laue.
Behead importance and leave a number.

NO. 14.

Curtail a prong and leave to blow.
Curtail a throng and leave a bird.
Curtail an ancient title and leave an animal.
Curtail a turning machine and leave a thin board.
Curtail a vision and leave to lament.

NO. 15.

Delete to put off and leave an animal.
Delete to cut and leave a den.
Delete a peculiar box and leave a glow.
Delete to mark and leave a measure.

NO. 16.

Cross Word.

In zinc but not in brass
In oil but not in gas;
In cape but not in hood,
In hope but not in good;
In some but not in all,
In great but not in small;
My whole, both valuable and rare,
Is found in Michigan, state so fair.

NO. 17.

Anagram.

Um! I bar her.

NO. 18.

Buried Animals.

If I be Xerxes, then I be not I.
I hear St. Elmo uses powder.
Frances said that Samuel knew it to be a fact.
Yesterday Rabbi Sonido preached in the Unitarian church.

NO. 19.

Word Half Square.

1. Obliteration. 2. To regret. 3. Before. 4. Certain. 5. Custom. 6. A musical note. 7. A letter.

NO. 20.

There are many lads whom all know well
Who share a varied fate,
But none have such vicissitudes
As the boy whom we call Nate.
There is Nate who is very lucky
And Nate who is very weak,
And Nate who fully intends
Your exact name to speak.
One Nate makes your way very light,
There is one who nicely adorns,
And one Nate there is who deludes,
Another detests, hates and scorns.
One nice little Nate deletes
(You learned his name while at school)
Another lies perfectly still,
Like a shallow, currentless pool.
One Nate there is who doth ponder,
And one who serveth all ends.
One Nate doth from one place proceed
While another mimics his friends.
Another Nate changes about,
While one Nate doth ever plan.
This Nate is frequently troublesome.
The best Nate charms every man.
Here are sixteen words ending with n-a-t-e. Your "Webster" will surely teach you their names to see.

Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded for the first correct solutions of the puzzles appearing on this page:

- Puzzle No. 12—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation, by the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.
- Puzzle No. 13—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation, by the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.
- Puzzle No. 14—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation, by the Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.
- Puzzle No. 15—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
- Puzzle No. 16—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
- Puzzle No. 17—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
- Puzzle No. 18—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.

Puzzle No. 19—A copy of "The Boys of Scrooby."
Puzzle No. 20—\$2.00.
For the first correct solution of the nine puzzles, \$3.00 cash.

Other Prizes.

To the subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY sending us between Dec. 20 and Jan. 18 the largest number of new subscribers, we will give, not only the premiums to which he is entitled as shown in our Premium List, but also one-half of the foreign stamps that are received in our office during the same period.

To the subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY sending in the second and third largest number of new subscribers within the same period, we will give in addition to the premiums to which they are entitled, as shown in our Premium List, one-fourth of the foreign stamps received during the same period.

For the best amateur photograph taken by a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY and sent us by him between Dec. 20 and Jan. 18, we will give \$2.00. For the second best photograph, \$1.00.
For the best 200-word essay on the subject, "Is England's Course in Her Present War Justifiable," written by and received from a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY between Dec. 20 and Jan. 18, we will give \$2.00. For the next best, \$1.00.

For the best anecdote of not over 150 words about animals, composed and sent in by a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY between Dec. 20 and Jan. 18, we will give \$1.00. For the same, where accompanied by photograph, \$2.00.

For the best anecdote about a boy, containing not over 100 words sent in by a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY between Dec. 20 and Jan. 18, we will give \$1.00. If accompanied by the boy's photograph, \$2.00.

HUSTLING BOYS

ARE AFTER THE \$1,000 IN MONEY PRIZES

For Subscriptions to

THE AMERICAN BOY.

XXXXXX

The first 15 contestants up to date who stand in the lead are

- | | |
|------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ALBERT W. FIFIELD, Minneapolis, Minn. | FRED H. HILKER, Ft. Wayne, Ind. |
| EMERSON T. COTNER, Detroit, Mich. | FRANK FORD NORTHROP, Wayne, Neb. |
| GEO. O. BACON, Ft. Scott, Kansas | GEORGE PERCIVAL, Omaha, Neb. |
| WM. E. BAYER, Anderson, Ind. | J. PETTYJOHN, Farmington, Ill. |
| CLARENCE A. CAMPBELL, Dickinson, N. Dak. | ORLIN A. WEED, Seneca, Kan. |
| HOWARD DE LAMATRE, Omaha, Neb. | FRED B. ESTERLY, Columbia, O. |
| MOFFAT A. GRAY, Detroit, Mich. | DONALD ANNIS, Detroit, Mich. |
| EVERY C. HAND, Mansfield, O. | |

As the highest number yet reached by anyone of these is only 14 it will be seen that the race is but yet begun. Now, go in, boys, and show your pluck.

Every one who obtains a subscriber for THE AMERICAN BOY is entitled to the premium which he may select from our Illustrated Premium List, a copy of which is furnished free to subscribers.

In addition to this he becomes a competitor for the grand prizes to be distributed in November, 1900, as follows:

1. To the subscriber sending the largest number of new subscriptions at \$1.00 each during the year beginning Dec. 1, 1899, and ending Nov. 20, 1900, \$200.
2. To the one next in order in number of subscriptions sent, \$100.
3. To the two next in order, \$75 each.
4. To the three next in order, \$50 each.
5. To the five next in order, \$25 each.
6. To the fifteen next in order, \$10 each.
7. To the twenty-five next in order, \$5 each.

In this way, fifty-two persons will receive a total of \$1,000.

Subscriptions should be sent in when taken, and not held. We will keep an accurate record here of the total sent in by the contestants.

We shall print from month to month the names of the leaders in the contest until we reach the month of September, 1900, from which time on the records will be secret until published in the December number.

Prizes will be sent as a Christmas gift, to reach the winners in the contest on Christmas day, 1900.

Respectfully,

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,

References in any city.

Publishers of "The American Boy."

THE AMERICAN BOY

[Name Copyrighted 1899]

[Sprague Publishing Co., Publishers, Detroit, Mich.]

MONTHLY
Vol. I. No. 4

Detroit, Michigan, February, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy



THE OCEANIC, GIANTESS OF THE SEAS.

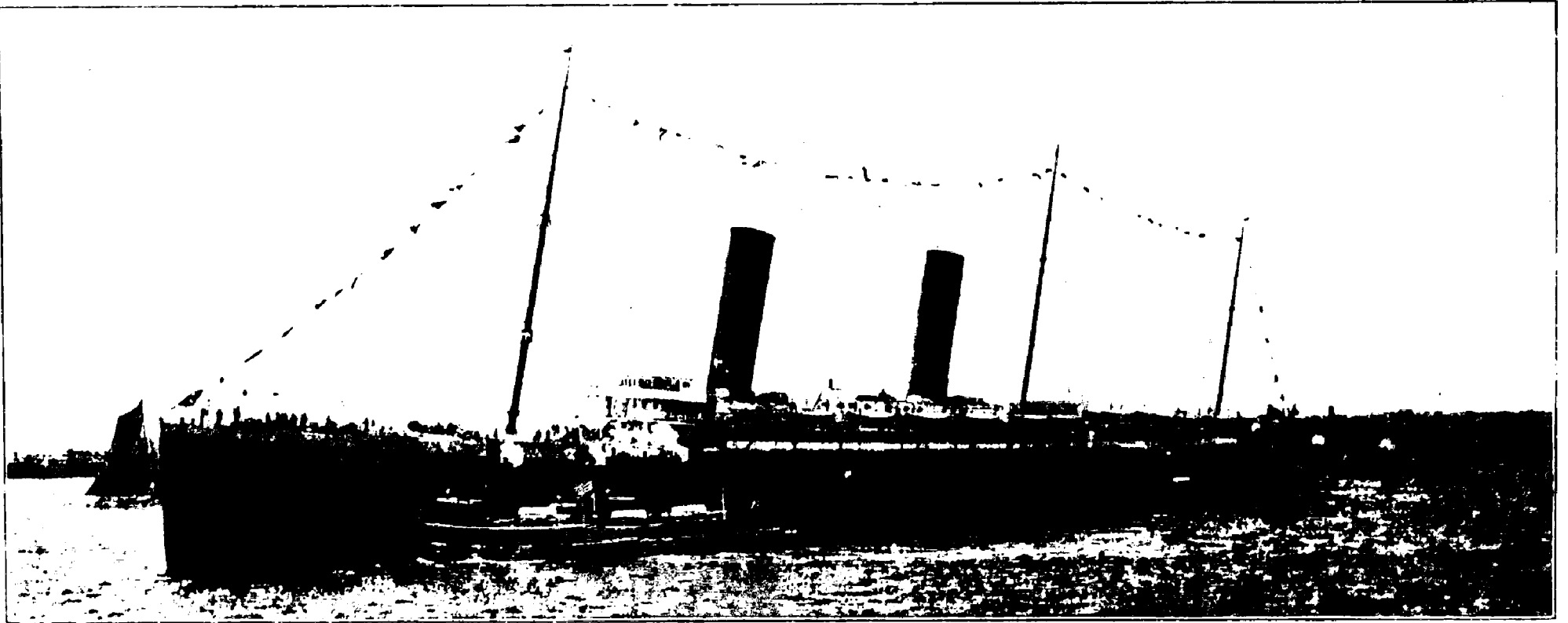
LANDING IN NEW YORK ON HER MAIDEN TRIP.

With flags flying and band playing, the Oceanic, the largest ship ever built, steamed into New York harbor and tied up at the dock of the White Star Line. We have called her the giantess of the seas, for such indeed she is. When the Great Eastern slid into the waters it was supposed that the largest vessel that could successfully ply the ocean had been launched. That was in 1858. Public opinion seemed to be verified when it was found that she could not successfully float as a passenger steamer. So no vessel of greater length or greater displacement in the past forty years was built

until the Oceanic came from the hands of her designer and started on her maiden voyage from Queenstown to New York, arriving there strictly on time, Monday, Sept. 13 last. The proprietors of the great White Star Line did not aspire to build a vessel that should make the shortest time across the Atlantic. Their chief object was the building of a vessel so large and so powerful that it would be unaffected by weather and could reach port on schedule time. Recent developments have shown that the hopes of the builders were not well founded, for giantess that she is, the ocean has

proved to be the master and the Oceanic has already been reported overdue.

A description of this magnificent steamer will be of interest to American boys. Think of a boat 704 feet long, a distance from bow to stern of over an eighth of a mile, displacing the enormous weight of 28,500 tons of water, with a horse power possessed by her engines of 28,000! As compared with her the Great Eastern, which was the marvel of forty years ago and which has not been outdone until now, is but a toy, for the horse power of the engines of that great ship was less



THE OCEANIC IN NEW YORK HARBOR.
TUGS COMING ALONGSIDE TO HELP HER TO HER BERTH.

than one-tenth of that of this mighty floating palace. She can carry 1,700 passengers besides the 400 men in her ship's crew. Her bunker capacity is 3,700 tons, which would enable her to steam around the globe without re-coaling at the rate of twelve knots an hour. Her width is less than that of the Great Eastern by 15 feet, thus decreasing the resistance of the waves, but her length is nearly 15 feet greater than that of her powerful, but unsuccessful, rival. She has seven decks, all plated, and her depth may be imagined from the fact that the captain's bridge is 80 feet above the keel. Her shape and vast size combine to render her so steady that the highest waves have no appreciable effect upon her. Her interior arrangements secure the maximum of comfort for her passengers. The decorations are elaborate, the most striking feature being perhaps the ornate glass dome which forms the ceiling of the grand saloon. This is adorned with four allegorical figures representing Great Britain, America, New York and Liverpool. She is provided with two libraries and two smoking rooms, for first and second-class passengers. The average tourist who crosses the Atlantic on the Oceanic may spend the entire voyage, excepting his sleeping and eating hours, in inspecting this great ship and find on his arrival in Liverpool that he has omitted many interesting features. The mere walking of the length of her four passenger decks means a trip of more than half a mile. To inspect in detail all the novel features contained in that half mile of travel requires a trifle more than the time of one straight trip across the Atlantic. One day could be profitably spent on the bridge—if Captain Cameron permitted. The entire movements of the great ship can be controlled from this bridge, every order being given by electric signal. Along the forward rail of the bridge are wrought iron standards which support signal boxes looking like clocks. By means of a lever swung from the center of each a signal can be instantly given to close the bulkheads, send all the men to their stations, man every boat, call the men to fire drill, stop the machinery, reverse the twin-screws, reduce or increase the speed, drop the anchors, cast off the shore lines, or make sail. Standing on the bridge of the Oceanic one is 70 feet above the water, but the bridge is steady

for the vessel's great length enables her to cross three ordinary waves, and only a great tempest can make her pitch to any great extent. On the promenade deck is the social hall, corresponding to a like hall on the spar deck. The former is finished in plain American oak and paneled in red morocco studded with brass nails. The railing of the stairway is of plain oak surmounted by a top rail of mahogany. The bannisters are of oak, richly carved. From the social hall are doors leading into the library, on whose sides are panels of solid oak decorated with elaborate carvings. Descending to the spar deck and thence to the saloon you may look the entire length of 80 feet of that magnificent apartment. The central dome of this saloon is a work of art, having an octagonal ground glass top projecting into the library two decks above. The kitchen is one of the most wonderful parts of the vessel, coal, coke, steam and electricity playing their part in its intricate arrangements.

Accustomed as we are to commonplace figures in dealing with ships and their crews, the mind scarcely grasps the meaning of those which have been compiled with reference to this floating city, for such she is when loaded and on her voyage. With a population of 2,000 she is indeed a community in herself. Scores of different trades and occupations are practiced on board. She carries independent lighting, heating and refrigerating plants, machine shops, a printing office, a carpenter shop—in fact, almost all the equipments of an up-to-date community. It requires the services of sixty men working steadily for forty hours to coal her for a voyage, and the operation costs about \$1,200. The coal costs as much as \$6,000. Taking as it does nearly six days for her to make the trip, her coal bill must be \$1,000 a day. A half a hundred tons of provisions must be taken on for each trip. Every plate and rivet must be inspected. She is cleaned from stem to stern by an army of laborers that swarm over her while she lies in port.

The ship's crew is divided into three departments, one department concerning itself with the sailing of the vessel, presided over by the chief navigator, under the directions of the captain; one, the engineer's department, with which the captain seldom interferes; and another, looking after the wants of the passengers, under the chief steward. The first named department includes the only men on shipboard who can properly be called sailors. These number 100. In the engineering department are 200 men, among them 65 stokers, divided into three shifts, whose duty it is to shovel into the twelve furnaces the 350 tons of coal required to keep the ship at full speed during every 24 hours. As many more "trimmers" pass the coal from the bunkers to the furnace doors, and thirty-five greasers look after the machinery of the engine rooms. The stokers, who perform the most arduous labor of which it is possible to conceive, are paid only \$25 a

month, while the trimmers and greasers receive a little less. Most of them are Scandinavians and Irish, though the engineers are usually Scotch or English.

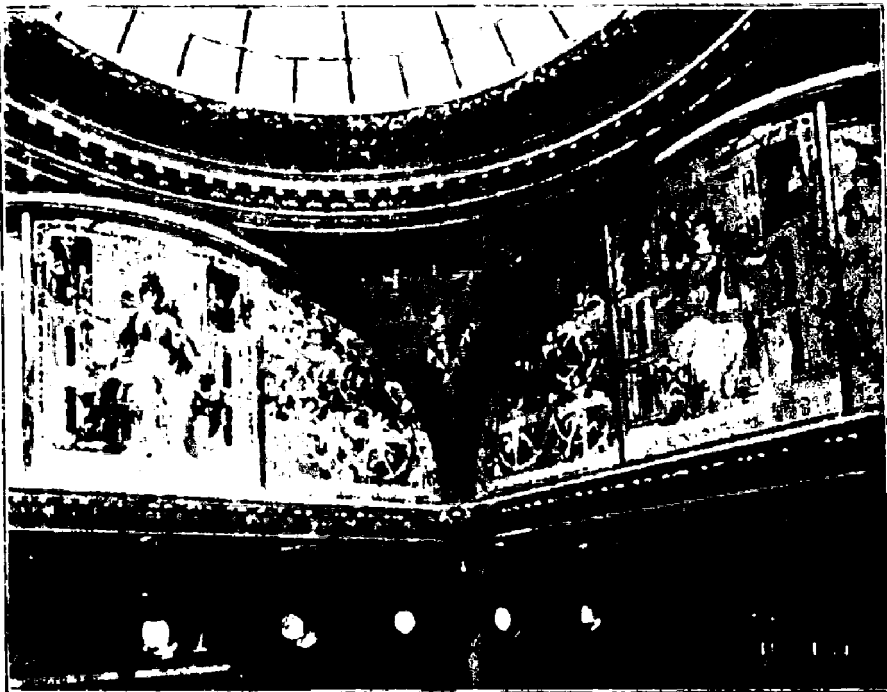
It will surprise the average reader to know that no less than twenty-four meals are served on shipboard every day, four each for the first and second cabin pas-



A VIEW OF THE LIBRARY.

sengers and the officers, three each for the steerage passengers, the engineers, stewards and sailors. Each of these seven big families has its own staff of cooks, numbering between thirty and forty altogether. There are about seventy dining room stewards—waiters we would call them on shore—and about the same number of bedroom stewards or chamberlains. The chief steward must plan the menu for each day, a separate menu for each of his numerous families from the elaborate course dinner of the first cabin to the simple fare of the steerage and crew. The menus are printed by the ship's printer and distributed to the chefs of the various divisions. They estimate the various food materials that will be required and submit these estimates to the steward for his approval. Then a requisition is made on the store-keeper for the articles necessary to satisfy the sea appetites of 2,000 persons. The average provisions for a trip will run about ten tons of beef, three tons of such other meat as mutton and veal, two tons of chickens and nearly two tons of ducks, turkeys and game birds. The vessel also carries two tons of smoked and dried meats, 2,000 dozen oysters, with green vegetables and fruits in proportion. The fresh meats are kept in cold storage in the depths of the ship. In one cold storage room she carries 5,000 pounds of butter, 1,000 dozen eggs, 3,000 quarts of milk and cream, and 3,000 quarts of ice cream. Every day 50 pounds of coffee and over 30 pounds of tea are required. Think of the task of washing all the dishes! This is done by machinery. A force of 20 men, however, are kept busy washing the silver and finer china. The ship carries 1,000 tablecloths, 15,000 napkins and the same number of towels. Her laundry work is done on shore at the end of each trip in a plant maintained by the company for that purpose.

How would you like to sail the Atlantic on the Oceanic? Perhaps some day you may.



A BIT OF THE CENTRAL DOME IN THE MAIN SALOON.



PROMENADE DECK, LOOKING FORWARD.

SEPTIMUS GOOMUS.

By WINTHROP PACKARD.

Some naval reserve man of whimsical turn of mind named our South American ant-eater Septimus Goomus and we boys of the auxiliary cruiser adopted the name, as we did the animal, without question. He had long legs, a long snout, and a long monkey-like tail, also he had many monkey-like tricks. He was mischievous and meddlesome and he could, and did, climb most anywhere. He came on the Saturn, a big steam collier that brought coal to the fleet in general at Ponce, Porto Rico, and brought trouble to us in particular. Not only did we have to coal ship from the Saturn, passing the coal in bushel baskets from the depths of her hold, working day and night until the job was finished, but by-and-bye the Saturn ran aground on the shifting sand bar at the mouth of the harbor and we had to haul her off. We did it after a week of herculean labor including the throwing overboard of the greater part of her cargo of coal. Our reward was lame and blistered backs, for most of the boys went into this work stripped to the waist, coal grime galore, and Septimus Goomus, presented as a thank offering.

There were some who were troubled a bit at first lest he should die for lack of ants to eat, and later there were others who were troubled lest he shouldn't. As a matter of fact he did not seem to mind the lack of ants at all but devoured with cheerful appetite anything he could lay paws upon. The first thing he ate after he came aboard was a pair of socks belonging to the Lieutenant of Marines, just washed by one of the ward-room boys and hung to dry on the guard-rail of the after hatch. He seemed to particularly enjoy the colored stripes in these and he munched contentedly until the last vestige was gone, greatly to the delight of a number of onlooking jackies who did not love the Lieutenant of Marines.

We did not suppose he would eathardtack; few jackies believe that any creature will eathardtack unless forced to do so, but he proved the contrary by climbing up inside the leg of "Hardtack" Sawyer's wide trousers to get at the squares of it that always lined his pockets. This expedition was begun without Sawyer's knowledge or consent, and ended in a wild commotion and the breaking off of diplomatic relations between the two. Such pranks as these caused amusement at first, then distrust, and one day, after Septimus Goomus had jumped from one of the deck houses upon the neck of the navigating officer, causing that gentleman to lose his usual serenity, and career in a wild waltz about the quarter-deck in a vain attempt to dislodge his partner, the ant-eater was tried by drum head court-martial and condemned to death. This sentence was, however, remitted at the urgent request of "Big Charlie," a six-foot fireman, who promised to cage Septimus and take care of him.

He was forthwith caged in a slatted box, but it was difficult to keep him caged. Sometimes he himself broke out, but more often he was released by some mischievous jackie and "Big Charlie" spent a good part of his leisure hours in hunting up and recaging Septimus Goomus. It got to be a familiar thing to see the monkey-like animal scampering from deck to deck and from cover to cover, pursued by "Big Charlie" breathing threatenings and slaughter, the pair followed by a jeering crowd of jackies, no one of whom would have dared grapple with the ant-eater if he had the chance, for confinement had ruined the rascal's temper and he would allow no one but Charlie to handle him, and Charlie had to be circumspect.

One evening an incident occurred which put the ship in an uproar and put an end to this sort of play. Septimus Goomus got out, or was let out, just at dusk, and prowled

hungrily in the dark places, lurking from shadow to shadow, until he reached the spar deck. Here he slipped in at a deadlight and began to rummage in the paymaster's cabin. He pried in his monkey-like fashion into many things, turning all topsyturvey, and finally reached the desk where he nibbled the pencils, scattered the pens, overturned the ink, and viewed with delight a small roll of bills which the paymaster had placed under a paper weight.

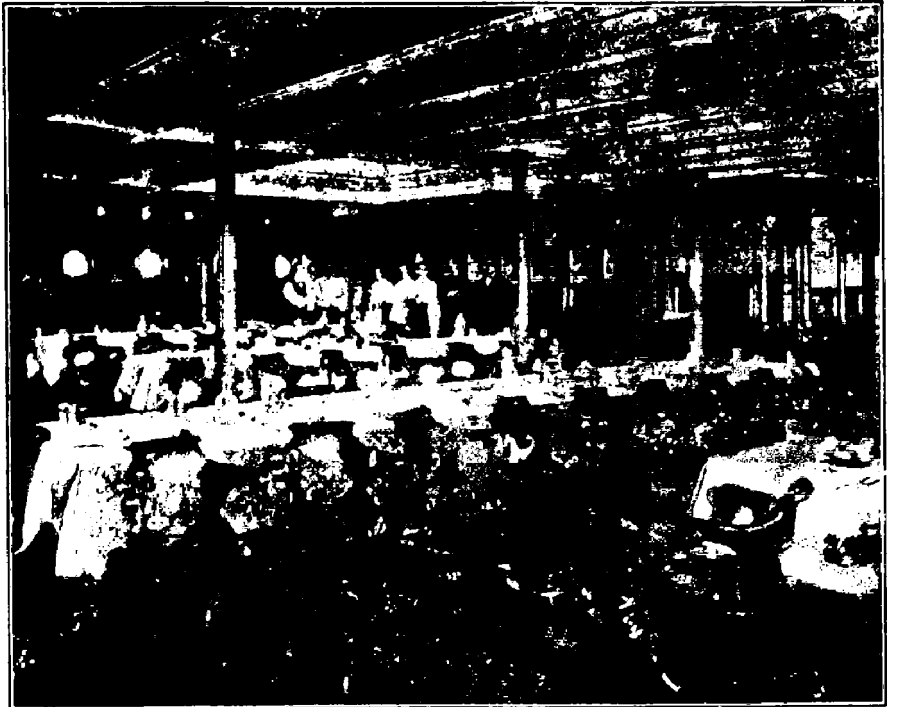
These bills he sniffed, found to his taste, and sitting up monkey-fashion began to devour one by one as a rabbit might eat lettuce leaves. His evening meal was costing more money than the dinner of the whole ward-room mess.

The ward-room dinner over, the paymaster, mindful of the roll which he had left on his desk, hastened back to his state-room which he was dismayed to find in disorder, and his confusion was great on finding Septimus Goomus cheerfully masticating the next to the last of the bills. A scene of riot and confusion ensued. Round and round the little room galloped the ant-eater with the last bill gripped tightly in his teeth, and round and round the room went the paymaster, red-faced and appoplectic, in hot and vengeful pursuit. But it was much as if a freighter chased a torpedo boat and the ant-eater was easily a winner, slipping finally out of the dead light by which he had entered and in at another, the doctor's cabin being next door. The paymaster brought up with a crash and a wrecked table in the corner and gave up the chase. The uproar brought quite a crowd of onlookers and the hunt for Septimus Goomus was kept up for some time, but he had disappeared completely. It was freely suggested that he had jumped ship.

Some hours later the ship's crew were tucked away for the night, the officer of the watch was on the bridge, the anchor watch mustered on deck, and the last of the officers had just left the ward-room. With

these exceptions the ship slumbered. The officers were sleepy, too, and the doctor shut his state-room door, got out of his uniform into a long night gown, turned out his light and sprang into bed only to spring out again with a wild shout of dismay. He had landed full upon Septimus Goomus who was curled up in the middle of the bunk with the remnant of a dollar bill for company.

No one knows what took place in the next few moments, but all the watch heard the roars of the frightened doctor and the squeals of the equally dismayed ant-eater. There was a great commotion in the state-room and some one, seeing the flash as the doctor struggled to the electric light and turned it on, rang in a fire alarm and turned out the entire crew. Half clad men closed the hatches with a rush and a half dozen lines of hose were run out. The pipemen converging on the doctor's room met that gentleman rushing out in dismay, with Septimus Goomus clinging with all his claws and teeth to the rear of the long



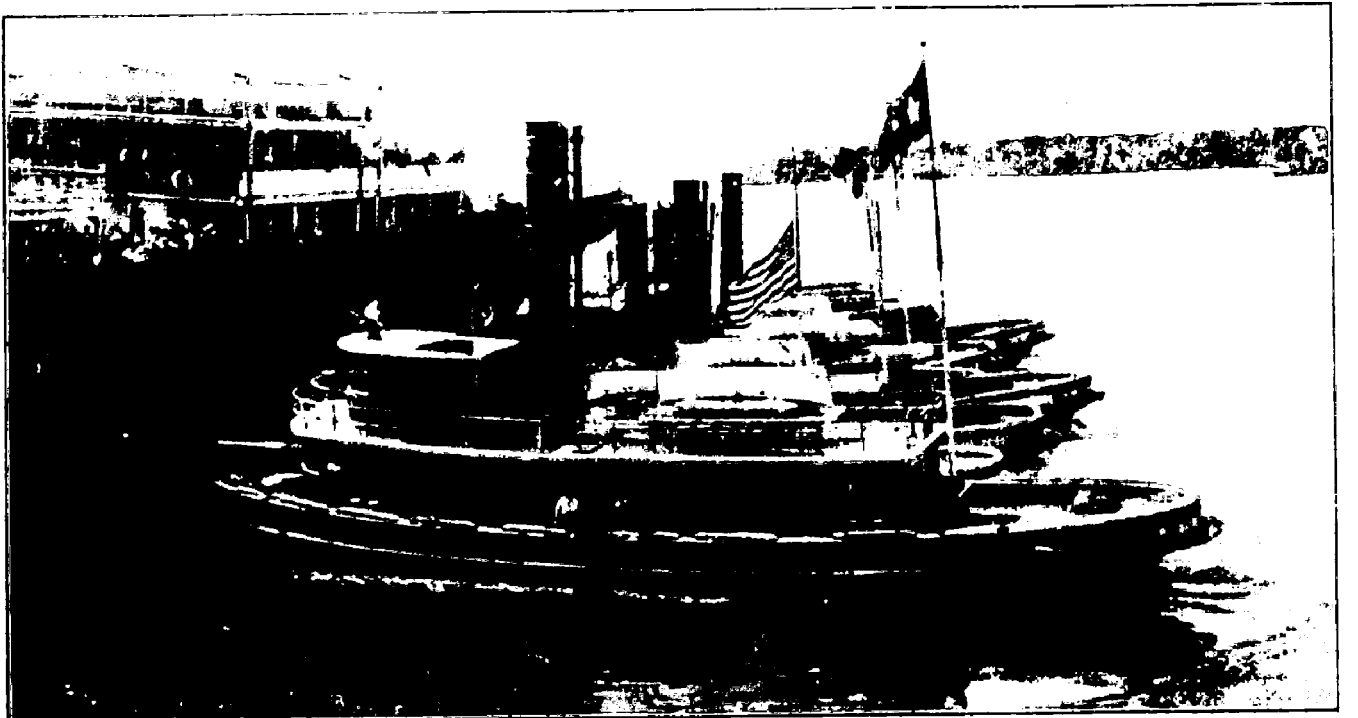
ONE OF THE DINING ROOMS.

night gown where he stayed while the doctor pranced frantically about the deck trying in vain to shake him off.

There was much subdued hilarity then, but naval discipline ended for a moment with the shouts of laughter which rang out when "Big Charlie" rushed up, seized his pet by the prehensile tail, and after much tugging and scrambling drew him away with many squeals of terror and great rending of garment.

The next morning Septimus Goomus was again under sentence of death, but this was again commuted to imprisonment on the plea of his faithful jailor, who proved to the executive officer's satisfaction that the animal escaped from his cage only by the help of the men. Thereupon that official had the word passed that if the ant-eater was found abroad again, all jackies, irrespective of wage, watch, or previous condition of rectitude, should suffer extra duty.

Septimus Goomus remained in his cage during the remainder of the cruise, and the last I knew of him he had been discharged in company with some of the Fall River men and was spending his days in idleness, plenty, and a roomy cage, in that city.



THE FINAL PUSH OF THE LITTLE TUG ARMY.

AMINADAB SKELCH AND HIS FREE LIBRARY.

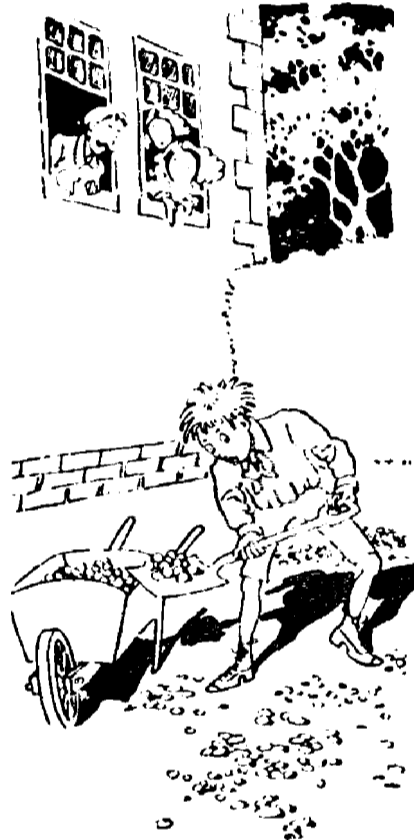
THE STORY OF A REALLY GOOD BOY
WITH A DEFECTIVE MORAL SENSE.

By CHARLES BATTRELL LOOMIS.

(Copyright, 1899, by Charles Battell Loomis.)

Aminadab Skelch had a defective moral sense, but you must not blame him for it too harshly. What could any one expect of a boy who, having such a dreadful name as Skelch, had been saddled with Aminadab when he was too young to protest. Of course the boys called him Dab or Dabby for short, or else Amen, which was just as bad, and he is certainly entitled to some consideration on that account. If he had been called Gandensius Stewart or Alcibiades Montrose he might have been a very noble little fellow but the name of Aminadab prepared people for the worst. And yet he was not the worst by any means. He had a love for the beautiful and he liked to do little kindnesses for people, and he was generous to a fault. His chief failing was that he did not know the difference between mine and thine, and it was this that led him into the trouble that I am about to describe.

One day he went to Philadelphia and while he was there he saw many fine buildings. Now the little town where he lived, up among the mountains near Plainfield, New Jersey, did not boast of a building more pretentious than a wooden house, and so these great



WHEN PEOPLE SAW HIM DIGGING FOR THE FOUNDATION THEY DID NOT STOP HIM

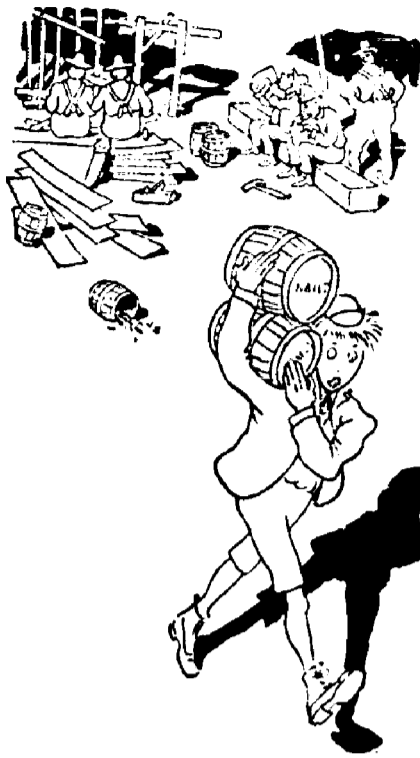
stone buildings seemed to him like fairy palaces, and he determined when he returned to Mullinsville to build a handsome library and present it to his fellow townsmen.

It is proper at this point to say that while Aminadab did not boast any acquaintanceship with the fairies, he did have a strength that was little short of supernatural. He was so strong that he could pull young saplings from the earth with one hand, and could raise a six hundred pound bag of meal as easily as you could handle a five pound bag of salt. Beside this he was remarkably handy. He was own cousin on his mother's side to the boy who made a trolley car with a jack knife as his only tool.

Now if Aminadab had possessed a good moral sense he would have gone to the proprietor of some stone yard and would have said, "I want enough stone to build a very handsome library. I have not the money to pay for it today, and I may never have it, but if you will trust me and my health does not give out, I will pay you before I die." Most any stone seller would have given him at least enough for a basement. Then he would have said practically the same thing at the pane of glass factory and the store where they sell planks of wood and the nail bazar and the paint depot. But he did none of these things. He said to himself, "Here, I am going to give my fellow townsmen a fine library. I am going to make it all myself, and I don't see why I can't help myself to material wherever I can find it."

Now, as you and I know, this was very wrong, but I'm not telling you what ought to have happened, but what did happen to a little New Jersey boy who didn't know any better.

First he selected a plot of ground on which to build the library. This was next door to the summer residence of a man who had gone to New York for the winter, and it was part of his land. When people saw Aminadab digging for the foundations they did not



A FEW KEGS OF NAILS, WHICH HE SHOULDERED TWO AT A TIME

stop him, for it was none of their business and besides, for all they knew, he had received permission from Mr. Hamerton, the owner. As I neglected to say, Aminadab was an orphan and not answerable to any one.

Of course, to such a strong and handy boy the work of digging a cellar thirty by fifty feet was not a thing to keep him busy long, and by nightfall of the day he had started it, it was all ready for the mason work.

It would not be very interesting to tell you how he mixed his mortar and did all the other prosy things that go to the making of a house. The remarkable thing is that he got every stone that went into the building of that library from the stone walls of the adjacent country. "A stone here and a stone there will never be missed," said he, and he was right, but although they weren't missed it was wrong in him to take them without asking. I'm not standing up for Dabby by any means.

There was a very thick evergreen hedge running along the front of the Hamerton place and no one noticed what was going on behind it, so Dabby was able to give his whole strength to his task without interruption. And it took a great deal of strength, and the boy ate his meals with a workman's appetite. It is no slight task to carry off two or three fifty pound stones for a mile or two, and set them up in place, but he was a cheerful worker and he knew that he was building a memorial to himself, and that made the task an easy one.

An armful of planks at a planing mill here and there, taken at the noon hour when the men were off eating their luncheon and a few kegs of nails which he shouldered, two at a time, and some quick, deft work and the floors were laid. And he had only been at work two or three days. I think he must have had a strong natural taste in architecture, for when the building was completed, several New York architects said that it was worthy of Richardson at his best. You ought to know if you don't that Richardson was one of the greatest of American architects, and it is a pity that he is not living today.

The panes of glass were harder to get, and I think that the way in which Aminadab got them was thoroughly reprehensible, for instead of buying them or even taking them without leave from a glazier, he stole a glazier's diamond and cut the panes out of various houses in town, thus letting in the cold air and putting people to a lot of trouble. You may say that in the end it gave the glazier plenty of work that he would not otherwise have had, but I tell you that a right that comes from a wrong is not the right kind of right.

At noon of the fourth day the boy had finished everything but the front doors, and he was puzzled where to get them. He wanted something handsome, but he didn't think that he was able to make doors with the few tools at his command, and he knew of no ready made doors that would do. So he took a day off and went to Philadelphia, and there on Market street or Chestnut or Arch—I can't be more exact, because those are the only Philadelphia streets I know—he saw two mahogany doors, most beautifully carved and evidently very valuable.

Oh, why did not Aminadab ask permission to carry those doors away with him? The owner, who was a rich man, might have granted his request if the lad had been courteous. But poor little Aminadab, the boy with the perverted moral sense, went up the steps and taking a screw driver from his pocket began to unscrew the hinges.

In fewer minutes than you can count, a policeman passed by, and when he saw the boy he asked him what he was doing. Aminadab had taken one door off and had leaned it up against the house, and a flood of keen autumn air swept into the rich hall.

Now, whatever else Dabby may have been, he was at least truthful, and he said without hesitating: "I am going to take these doors to Mullinsville to put them in my new free library there. They are just the right size and I can't make any nearly as good."

"But, my son," said the policeman, who had children of his own, and knew how to speak to boys, "don't you know that it is dishonest to take a man's doors away without his permission? Suppose Mr. Lippincott or Strawbridge or whatever the name of the gentleman is who lives here, should get pneumonia through the loss of his doors, it would be your fault."

Aminadab had not thought of that at all. To give a man pneumonia was the last thing he would have wished to do, and his eyes began to fill with tears.

While he was trying hard to keep back the sobs, a large, stout, kindly looking old gentleman came down the broad staircase, and seeing one of his doors off its hinges and a policeman on the steps, said: "Hello, what's the matter here? Is this the way you come in doors—by taking the doors off?"

Then Aminadab did what he ought to have done in the first place. He took off his hat and he made a low bow, and said in a manly tone: "I am building a library at Mullinsville, New Jersey, which I am going to give to the town, and I needed a pair of doors for it, and seeing that you must be rich or else you wouldn't have mahogany doors when black walnut would do just as well, I helped myself to them and didn't suppose that you'd miss them."

"Didn't suppose that I'd miss them? Holy, toity, am I so old that I can't see when my front doors are gone? However, I am glad to see that you are so public spirited, and if you and the officer will come inside out of the draught, I'd like to talk to you."

Aminadab motioned to the officer to go in, and then he placed the door in position and put back the screws. Then he came inside and sat down in the old gentleman's drawing room.

"Now, see here, young man, where did you get the rest of the material for your library?"

"I got the stone from the stone walls around the country."

"And did you have permission?"

"Why, no," said Aminadab, wonderingly. "What's a stone out of a wall here and there?"

The policeman looked at Mr. Strawbridge or Mr. Lippincott or whatever his name was, and shook his head sadly. To him the boy seemed pretty bad, and if he had had his say he would have carried him off to the police station.

But the old gentleman smiled kindly. "And who helped you take all this stone? Didn't your helpers tell you that it is wrong to steal?"

"I had no help, sir," said Aminadab. "I did it all myself."

"Well, you must be unusually strong. And how were you going to carry my doors back to Mullinsville?"

"On my back," said Aminadab, simply.

"A young Sampson," said the old gentleman, looking over the tops of his glasses at the policeman, who nodded affably.

"And the glass and timber, where did you get those?"

Aminadab told him. Somehow he was not afraid in the presence of this fine, patriarchal old man. He had heard of jails, but he did not believe that the gentleman was going to punish him.

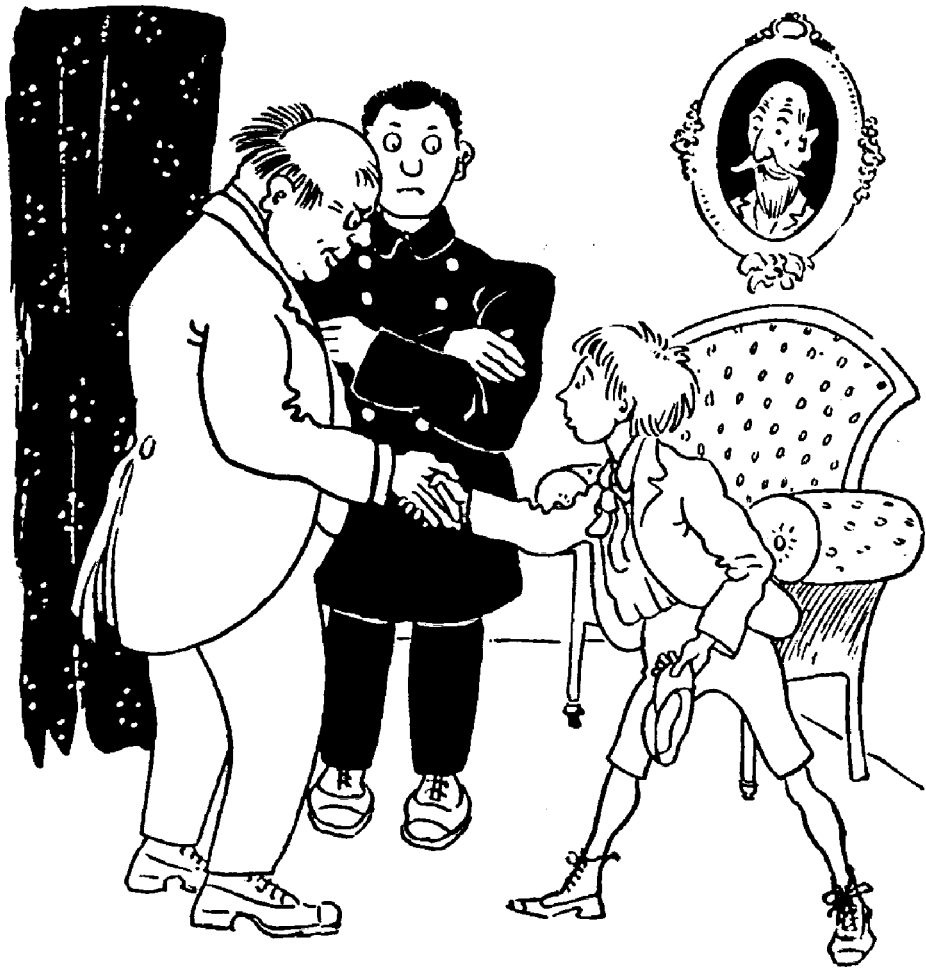
Mr. Lippincott—if that was his name—heard him through, and then he said: "Officer, I don't think that this is a case for you. He has put back my door, and I will deal with him in a way that seems fit."

The officer rose and bowed and went out.

When Aminadab and the old man were alone together, the latter said: "My boy, a little fellow who has so much strength of body and such kindly instincts ought to learn that it is never kind to take



AMINADAB HAD TAKEN OFF ONE DOOR.



AMINADAB SEIZED THE GOOD MAN'S HAND AND WRUNG IT.

before nightfall he had visited every man who had unknowingly contributed to the new library. And to the glory of the inhabitants of Mullinsville, only one man refused to let Aminadab keep what he had taken, and that one was an old fellow who had miles on miles of stone fences, and from whom the boy had taken one stone. He insisted on its being returned to him, and as it was the bottom one in the foundation wall, Dabby had a hard time getting it and plenty of time to reflect on his misdoings.

It is a singular fact that after the library was dedicated there was no one who spent so much time in it as this old man who had refused to contribute a single stone towards its erection.

The day of the dedication was made a holiday in Mullinsville, and every one in town came to see what one small boy had been able to do, and old Mr. Strawberry or Lippincott told them all that they had ought to be proud of Aminadab, on the whole, because while dishonesty was a grievous quality, still it could be repented of, and doubtless Aminadab had already repented, but public spirit was a thing so rare that it ought to be encouraged by all possible means.

Then Aminadab got up and said: "I thought that I was going to give you this library myself, but since my kind friend here has opened my eyes I see that I had only two things to give you—my labor and what taste I may possess. The rest you have given yourselves, and the books he has given. So I say, let's give three cheers for him."

The cheers were given lustily, and then much to Aminadab's surprise Mr. Hamerton, who had come in late and unexpectedly, rose and said: "Dabby has forgotten that I own the ground on which he built the library, but I cheerfully give it to him to give to you, because I think that he is the most generous and the most public spirited boy in New Jersey. And after this we will trust him with anything."

And Dabby has proved faithful to that trust.

things that don't belong to him. Now, I believe that you acted thoughtlessly, and I am not going to punish you, although you committed a crime in taking down my door. Instead, I am going to make you a present of the doors and will have them sent out to Mullinsville, and I will also give you ten thousand books to put on the shelves, for a library without books is like cake without sugar. Only first you must go to each man from whom you—er—"borrowed" material and tell him what you have done, and restore his property if he objects. And I will make good any stone or glass or timber that is needed."

Aminadab seized the good man's hand and wrung it, and a few minutes later he was on his way home, and

his face set and white, his hand grasping his rifle, he struggled to his knees, crying:

"On boys! on boys! don't give an inch. Fire! fire!" Then he loaded and fired, loaded and fired, with a magnificent scorn of pain and an exaltation of patriotism in which the spirit bid defiance to the body.

Only a few seconds, and at his side fell his friend, Asel Wickham. He had received a wound almost identical with Sprague's, who, seeing it, cried wildly: "Come on, come on up! can't spare you, Wick! Load and fire!" and Wickham, following the brave example, lifted himself to a half upright position, and the two dauntless young heroes, these noble boys from Iowa, enwrapped as it were in a sheet of galling fire, were seen there, kneeling side by side and fighting with a courage which surely has never been surpassed.

The battle raged on, but they seemed to bear a charmed life, and late in the day, seriously wounded, they were captured and sent farther South with other prisoners. After a time they recovered, were exchanged, and both lived to see the close of the terrible war.

When the day was done and darkness came, the Confederates camped about Shiloh, a little country church, and from this the battle took its name. During the night General Grant received heavy reinforcements, and on the following day the Confederates retired. Shiloh, while one of the bloodiest conflicts of the entire war, may be called a "drawn battle," for the victory was not decisive for either side. On this field fell the gallant Albert Sidney Johnston.

The Boy Battalion at New Market
ANNAL ROBINSON WATSON

"Boys, I think it's a shame to stay here and have an easy time when General Lee needs men and our army is having such hard luck." It was Evans, the tall, slender color-bearer speaking. He stood in the center of a group of boys on the campus of the Virginia Military Institute.

"I'm in favor of forming a battalion of our own and slipping off some night. We could easily reach General Stuart," answered a boy at his side, "other cadets have done it."

"General Rosser broke camp yesterday," said another. "He has been ordered to join the main army, and when leaving presented the Institute with a captured Federal flag. I'm in favor of going for the enemy and getting one for ourselves instead of staying here to take care of one captured by somebody else."

"I feel that way, too, boys," added Cahell, "but who knows, we may do our cause a much greater service by waiting here under drill until we're ordered out. There may come a time when a cadet force two hundred strong will help to win some important victory. If we stop to ask what is duty we will stay right here under orders."

Cahell was first in his class and a boy of great influence among his companions. They listened attentively, but there was no time for reply, for just at this moment the bell sounded and the conversation was discontinued.

The time was May of 1864. The Civil War continued to deluge the country with blood, and peace seemed far away to the anxious hearts that longed for its coming. Lee and Grant, with their opposing armies, were on the soil of Virginia, the battle clouds had burst here and there all over the State, but the decisive conflict was not yet.

In the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah, at the Virginia Military Institute, were gathered boys from the entire South. All of them, like Evans, Cahell and their companions mentioned, were eager to go to the front, and were constantly urging that they be allowed to take part in the struggle. Despite all obstacles cadets had left from time to time and joined the army, but at this date there were over two hundred enrolled, from sixteen to eighteen, who were well drilled and prepared in every way to serve, should an emergency make it advisable for them to enter the army of Northern Virginia.

During the winter Rosser's force (Confederate) had been in the neighborhood of the Institute, and in this way the cadets had been in constant communication with the veterans. The influence of the stories of valor and heroism recounted by the soldiers filled the boys with the most intense enthusiasm, and when the captured Federal flag alluded to was presented, their eagerness to share the dangers, as well as the victories, of the Southern army knew no bounds.

The bell had interrupted the conversation and a little later all the cadets had assembled for "dress parade." Their white and gold banner, held aloft by Evans, fluttered in the evening breeze, and the band played their favorite airs. Quite a number of old people, young girls and little children had gathered to see them go through the familiar tactics and stood in groups near by.

"When will our time come? Why will they not let us go?" the boys asked each other when drill was over. "We will not wait much longer."

These were the words upon their lips when they

...STORIES OF BOY HEROISM...

THE THIRD AND FOURTH OF A SERIES.

No. 3—TWO IOWA BOYS.

No. 4—THE BOY BATTALION AT NEW MARKET.

Kendrick S. Sprague and Asel J. Wickham

...TWO IOWA BOYS...

ANNAL ROBINSON WATSON.

It was the early spring of 1862. General Grant, with his magnificent army, was down in Tennessee. Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard, Confederate Commanders, were also in that State, and they decided to unite their forces and attack General Grant in the hope of crushing his command before reinforcements could arrive.

With this end in view they prepared for an attack, but the southern troops were as yet inexperienced and without training. There was among them "more enthusiasm than discipline, more capacity than knowledge, and more valor than instruction." Many of their guns were old flint locks hastily altered, others were ordinary shot guns, and their equipment was in every detail poor and insufficient. Notwithstanding these disabilities the force which had been gathering at Corinth, Mississippi, now entered upon a rapid march of twenty miles to meet one of the most perfectly equipped armies the world had ever seen. The short distance was soon covered, and on the fifth of April the various commanders formed in line of battle within striking distance of the Federals.

At first there was only sharp skirmishing, but early on the following morning the Confederates fell upon the enemy with a resistless fury. They hurled division after division against them, and though met by a resistance fierce and determined it was soon evident that Sherman and McClernand were being forced back, and that Hurlbut, who had so stubbornly held "Hornet's Nest," would be compelled to yield his position.

The Federals fought desperately and contested every inch of the way, but by the afternoon thousands of

their men had been killed and wounded, and a rich spoil of artillery had been captured by the Confederates. The fortunes of war seemed utterly against them, despite the intrepid bravery manifested alike by officers and privates. But this fact only spurred them on to more reckless endeavor.

Among the gallant detachments in the lead was Company "A," of the Twelfth Iowa Regiment, commanded by Captain, later Colonel T. B. Edgington. No braver men ever faced an enemy than those composing this Company, and among them were two young boys, Kendrick S. Sprague, sixteen years of age, and Asel J. Wickham, who was probably about twenty. Sprague was small and slender, but in some way had succeeded in joining the troops, notwithstanding the effort on the part of the Government to prevent boys under eighteen from enlisting.

The two boys were fighting side by side, one impulse throbbing through their eager young hearts, to suffer, if need be, to die, for the dear old flag which could be seen even through the dense clouds of smoke that darkened the beautiful spring day.

It was growing late; the boys had been in the field since early morning when startled from a half finished breakfast, and they were very tired. But the fight grew momentarily more desperate. Their company was almost surrounded by the "Grey Coats," pressing ever nearer. It was under fire from the front, the rear, and from an enfilade, and in the hottest of the conflict was the boy of the company, Kendrick Sprague. His slight figure was lifted to its fullest height and his clear eyes ablaze with the light of heroism. There was no quailing, no hesitation as the foe dashed forward, but suddenly, just where he stood, came a storm of death-dealing balls which burst like burning hail from the guns right in front of him. They passed above and on every side, one of them piercing his leg just below the knee, tearing the flesh and splintering the bone.

He fell, for a moment helpless, the blood gushing from the gaping wound, but only for a moment. With

broke ranks and separated, but little did they realize that never again would they meet on the old campus as in the past, care-free, joyous, happy-hearted boys; the time for which they longed was near at hand.

When night came they went to the barracks, and to slumber; all was hushed and quiet. The hour of midnight passed and all was well, but suddenly a sound for which the soldier listens even in his dreams broke upon the stillness. Drums were beating the "long roll," and through the silent barracks the sound went thrilling and resounding. In a moment all was hurry and excitement. "What has happened? What has happened?" cried the boys to each other as they hastened down to their places in the ranks.

In full view of them all stood the adjutant. He held a paper which the other officers were reading over his shoulder. "Attention!" he called. "Attention! The forces of the enemy are advancing up the valley! General Lee can spare no troops to meet them. General Breckenridge has been ordered to assemble all troops in Southwest Virginia at Staunton. The cadets are to join them. You will march at daybreak."

He paused, there was a most profound silence, the boys standing in position of "parade rest," the dim lights and mysterious shadows lending a weird charm to the scene, while to each boy it seemed that the tumultuous beating of his heart must be heard by everyone present.

Then the order was given to break ranks, and down the campus they went with wild cheers and hurrahs. "Our time has come at last! Our time has come at last!" they cried.

Quickly preparations were made, knapsacks packed, letters written, and at four o'clock, in the dull grey of a May morning, the Boys' Battalion started on the march towards the Staunton pike under Commandant Shipp.

After two days of almost unbroken marching Staunton was reached, and that night the cadets were made the guests of honor at many festive functions held in the town.

They passed down the streets amid cheers and cries of welcome, and marched in review before a body of war-scarred veterans. The old soldiers, in friendly amusement at the proud and self-conscious manner of the Boy Battalion, held their guns across their arms, rocked back and forth and laughed aloud. Their band suddenly struck up "Rock-a-bye-baby."

"We will show them," thought the boys indignantly, "when fighting time comes. We will show them what such babies can do."

The next day orders were received for the movement of the army down the valley. After a long day's march, part of which was during heavy rain, camp fires were lit and the wearied troops lay down for rest, but a little after midnight came a hurried order that the march must be resumed at once. "Rolls" sounded, the Boy Battalion formed and stood waiting for the word to march.

Despite the darkness and excitement Chaplain Frank Preston, who had already faced the terrors of many battles, called the boys about him for prayer. He spoke of their homes, their fathers and mothers, of the approaching bloodshed and the hope of victory. He spoke of life and death and the home beyond to which some of them might now be very near. There were solemn faces and misty eyes when his voice ceased, then the command was given and the march to New Market began.

Four miles from New Market the Confederates, under Wharton, were overtaken and joined by the cadets. A little later a body of skirmishers dashed up and passed to take position in front of the infantry, then General Breckenridge and his staff galloped by. The entire command now advanced rapidly and reached a sharp bend in the road; turning it they saw New Market, and the enemy awaiting them.

On the left was a bold range of hills, on the right the Massanutten Mountains. At the base of the mountains was a creek; nearer still, and on its banks, a beautiful strip of green meadow land which skirted the village.

Here on the meadow were stationed the enemy's skirmishers, and in the cemetery around the village church they had already placed a six gun battery ready for action. It was in the rear of their infantry, and where it stood could shoot above their heads at the approaching Southern army.

The Confederate cavalry galloped to the cover of the creek. One of their brigades moved from the pike double quick, the skirmishers went forward at a run, while the artillery came thundering into position.

The six gun Federal battery in the cemetery opened at once upon the cadets, who were in the direct line of attack, and they answered with a hot fire from their own artillery. Now there was hurrying and dashing of troops, dense clouds of white and blue smoke, the exploding of shells, crashing of smaller arms, and the battle was on in earnest.

Four of the cadets had been left a short distance off to guard the baggage wagons, but suddenly a gallant young fellow, John Wise, called out. "Boys, the fight is on! the corps is going into action! I cannot wait here, decide for yourselves!"

His companions, Stanard, Redwood and Woodlief, sprang to his side. "We are with you!" they answered, and the four dashed forward, overtaking the Battalion just as it was moving double quick up a

slope. At this moment command was given to strip for action, and blankets, knapsacks—everything was dropped but the guns.

Then forward and up the slope the Boy Battalion rushed, "For Virginia! For dear old Virginia!" were the words echoing through their hearts, while cheer after cheer rang down the lines. As they advanced Sergeant-Major Woodbridge dashed forward 40 paces in front of the colors, but the reckless act was seen, and he was quickly ordered into line. Evans, brave and dauntless, bore aloft the white banner and every cadet lifted to the ensign eyes flashing with eager enthusiasm. So they went over the crest of the hill and appeared in full range of the enemy's guns.

On their right came Echols' brigade charging with the "rebel yell." In front they were met by a shower of shells from the Cemetery battery, and on all sides was the deadly rattle of musketry, but not one of them flinched nor turned. A shell came hurtling through the air, burst in the foremost ranks, and Young Wise, he who had voluntarily left a place of safety, fell, shot in the head. Sergeant Cahell saw it, but there was not a moment to lose, he could not pause, and only called out in a firm voice, "Close up men! Close up!" as they dashed on. A few feet from John Wise fell little Captain Hill, Reed and Merritt a short distance farther. Five were brought down by the same shot, but Wise was not mortally wounded. The Cadets were in the lead at this point, and the entire Confederate force was advancing. The six gun battery of the enemy kept up a galling fire, and their infantry poured forth volley after volley.

Suddenly Cahell, first sergeant of Company "D," fell dead. Near him Crockett and Jones went down mangled and torn by cannister. A little farther along lay McDowell, a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson and Wheelwright fell a few steps away, and Commandant Shipp lay, somewhat removed, dangerously wounded. "Down! Down!" ordered an officer in ringing tones, "Down and fire!"

The boys dropped, firing from their knees, all save Evans, who stood upright and unwavering, cheering and lifting the colors high above his head.

The crisis had been reached. The field was full of dead and dying. The Cadets halted a moment;

they must charge again or retreat, and at the moment Henry Wise, one of the most beloved of all their command, cried desperately:

"Rise boys! Rise and charge! Rise and charge!"

"Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die!"

And "charge" they did. Right into the "jaws of death," in face of the blinding fire from the enemys' six-gun battery. With a cry of defiance they reached the Federal infantry, which retreated before them. Some of the gunners were leaving the battery and flying in confusion. The Cadets pressed on, exhausted, some of them shoeless and wet to the skin, but with intrepid bravery courting death at the mouth of the cannon. They reached the teams and disabled them, leaped upon the guns, and cheered and yelled in delirious joy over their victory. Evans sprang upon a caisson, waving the white banner and lifting it where it fluttered out over the Federal artillery.

The victory of New Market was won. It was evening and the picket fires were lighted. As the sun went down the Cadets turned back to the bloody field to pick up their comrades.

Out upon the green wheat field, now trampled and gory, were found three. Cahell, first in his class, second in the command, the peer of any boy in the battalion, was the first one recognized. Near him was little McDowell lying as if asleep. In the last agony he had torn open his jacket and shirt, and there on his white breast was the death wound. Not far away lay Stanard, his body still warm; he had died only a few moments before. There was a smile upon his lips as if they had just spoken words of tender farewell; death must have come to him mercifully.

Fifty were dead of that joyous band. Fifty were wounded. They were victorious, but in the presence of their dead the joy of victory was drowned in bitter tears.

The battle of New Market was over. The Boy Battalion had done its duty. No braver American soldiers fought in all the desperate conflict. Not one turned his back to the foe nor his face from the hurtling cannon.

HOW AN AMERICAN BOY IN INDIA CELEBRATED WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

BY IRA J. STODDARD, JR.

I know that every boy who reads this paper has admired the pluck of the boys in Boston who, during the Revolutionary War, visited General Gage and protested against his soldiers breaking up their skating ponds and destroying their snow forts.

I, as a boy, took that story in United States history as the principal reason for my dislike of British "Red Coats" and thought it had much to do with the continued coolness between the two countries. The following incident coming under my own observation, proved to me, however, that all "Red Coats" were not villains, as I had formerly supposed.

The English population of a small hill station in British India consisted of Major Cumber, chief magistrate of the district, one police officer, and the station doctor, with their families, while Mr. and Mrs. Carson and their son Hal were the only Americans in that part of the country.

Hal was a rumping, shouting boy about the noisy age of fourteen, who had lately been transplanted from a home on the Illinois prairies to the hills and heathen of India. His time was now mostly occupied in finding something to kill that time with, as he was the only white boy within a hundred miles and company was scarce.

In front of the Carson bungalow on the point of the hill was a square brick monument marking one of the points on the British triangulation survey of the Brahmaputra Valley. The top of this monument was some eight feet square and ten feet above ground, so situated as to be visible for many miles in all directions. In the center of it Hal had fastened a straight bamboo, forty or fifty feet long, for a flag pole, and on every occasion, when he could find an excuse for so doing, he would hoist thereon the Stars and Stripes he had brought from America. The arrivals of steamboats going up or down the Brahmaputra river two or three times a month were the most frequent events of interest to the little community on the hill. From the survey monument, Hal was generally the first person in town to see the smoke, miles away up the river or coming around the point five miles below. At first sight of smoke the flag was run up, as Hal said, "to comfort any homesick Yank who had strayed so far from home."

The only playmate Hal had was a native boy from the distant hills, whom Mrs. Carson had taken to raise. This boy, Jilly, was a bright wide awake fellow, always ready to help in any fun or mischief Hal might invent. The black boy knew how to snare the wild parrots and trap the big lizards that were plenty around the hill; while Hal in return taught him to speak English, spin tops, play checkers and shoot "white man's gun."

They made a matched team. The combination of Western independence with the savage instincts of the "hill boy" fresh from the jungle, frequently produced events that "hustled the East," and awoke the dreamy Hindus in the bazaar below.

One morning at sunrise, Hal took his shotgun from its rack and told Jilly to bring the flag out and hoist



THE CARSON BUNGALOW.

it on the pole. "Steamboat cum alone?" asked the native. "No! no boat, Jilly, but we'll run the flag up and then I'll tell you why."

So out to the monument went the boys, and the beautiful flag was soon flapping in the morning breeze, which at that time of year was blowing cool from off the snow tipped Himalayas, visible in the northern sky.

"Now, Jilly! you're an American, ain't you?" asked Hal.

"No! I no Merican. I Garo. Mother Garo; father Garo; all Garo; born way up in hills; no white man," replied the black boy, earnestly.

"O yes! I know that; but you'd like to be an American. You live in an American family; eat an American's food and are learning to read and talk American. Now, you've got to try being an American citi-

THE AMERICAN BOY

zen today, just to see how it goes. The very first thing an American boy learns about is George Washington, the greatest man that ever lived. He drove the British out of the United States. He never told a lie. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. Today is his birthday! "Now take off your pagaree (turban) and hold as loud as you can yell. Three cheers for George Washington and the Stars and Stripes!"

"Hi! Hi! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!" And the American yell for the first time struck the hills of British India.

"Hello! you young scamps: what are you up to now?" And Major Cumber, the magistrate, out for his morning ride, reined up his Arabian at the base of the monument.

"No, sir!" replied Hal, "we're just celebrating Washington's birthday, and I'm teaching Jilly how to be an American citizen."

"Washington's birthday? American citizen?" shouted the Major. "Well, sir! Well, sir!" he continued, excitedly, "you'd better look out how you celebrate here. You're in British territory, and your George Washington you talk so much about was a notorious old traitor, and you'll soon be one if you keep this up. I think, as chief representative of Her Majesty in this district, I ought to arrest you for trying to lead astray one of her subjects."

"Jilly! (and the boy jumped as if he'd been struck by a cobra) you'd better be careful how you hurrah for George Washington; you belong to the British Government."

"Salam Sahib, me holla no any more; me no Merit-frightened at the officer's savage tone.

"Here, you shut up talking that way," interrupted Hal. "You've got to be an American today; you can't go back on it now. Guess we ain't hurtin' anybody. I'm goin' to holler for Washington all I want to. He's a better man than your Lord Cornwallis; he liked him too," said Hal crossly.

"Well! Well! You needn't bristle up so about it. You better drop it now. I'll let you know after breakfast what I think about it. I'm not sure you should be allowed to teach these hill savages your false notions of American freedom; they might want some of it themselves, and they're too saucy now."

And the Major galloped away toward the parade ground.

The Western boy hardly knew what to do. He stood looking at the fine horse and uniform disappearing over the hill.

But the boy of the dark skin had been taught to fear the law in the person of army officers.

"Better take the flag down, Lora Sahib," he said.

"Major he look very black."

"Take the flag down? Not much," answered Hal, angrily. "You're scared, you are; you've got the shivers, you ain't worth two cents for an American. In the United States we say, 'If any man attempt to pull down the American flag, shoot him on the spot,' so you'd better look out. We'll just let her wave. If the

Major wants it down, he'll have to take it down himself."

The boys went back to the house and Hal, angry all over, told his mother what had happened. Mrs. Carson advised him to take things cool and wait; anyhow, the Major had to be obeyed in that district. But the jungle boy would not be comforted. "He much very cross; he put us in khaboose; he kill plenty hill men; he maybe hang us."

But under the influence of a good breakfast and Mrs. Carson's advice the boys grew calmer.

Late in the forenoon the two boys were sitting on the veranda, having a game of checkers, when Jilly suddenly jumped up, exclaiming:

"Here come police! Got paper 'rest us!'"

And sure enough, here came the Major's tall orderly, in his big red turban and bright uniform.

He stepped up to Mrs. Carson, gave a left-hand salute, and handed her a note. Then in the same military manner he handed a large package to Hal.

Mrs. Carson opened her note and read as follows:

"My Dear Mrs. Carson:

"Will you and your family dine with us this evening at half-past seven?"

"Yours sincerely,

"ANNIE CUMBER."

With much fear and trembling Hal opened his package. Jilly looked on with starting eyes.

"And when the pie was opened the birds began to sing."

When the package was opened the boys began to



TWO BOYS AND A MAJOR

father had built for me during the winter. I so gloried in my new possession that the tippy canoe of former days was forgotten, and the silvers having been reduced by the wear of trousers thereon, it was presented to Farmer Banks and for a long time served as a watering trough in his barnyard.

The canoe pleased me greatly and many pleasant voyages were taken in her each summer for several years. Finally a number of sailing canoes were brought to our resort, and their speed so greatly surpassed that of my little cat that I became dissatisfied, and the next winter my leisure moments were spent in building my first canoe, which I called "The Gleam." I shipped this craft to Traverse Bay and sailed her successfully over most of the water courses of northern Michigan. The little ship proved to have many excellent qualities, and being of my own design and workmanship, I was of course greatly pleased.

I loved my boat, and enjoyed every moment of the many hours spent aboard her. For several years I was contented with my canoe, which carried me over many miles of water, but never a song she sang but bore a message from the sea, and I was truly becoming restless to try life on the real old "briny."

I had always wished to make a sea voyage; in fact such a trip had long been my fondest dream. Such air-castles as the active imagination of a youthful mind will build! Many times had I mapped out long cruises, but yachts of sufficient size in which to make such a journey are not always to be had, and it was not until our moving to our home in St. Joseph, Michigan, that I had the proper shop room and other facilities for the building of such a craft, and of course the hiring of one built was never even thought of.

My shop being completed, I immediately began to design my new craft. Owing to the fact that I intended my boat for service on lake, river and ocean, it was somewhat difficult to secure a combination of qualities which would make a craft suitable to so many waters, each peculiar in its requirements. After much study and thought, however, I finished my plans, which I hoped would prove satisfactory.

were in my case. I had the material in the shape of a good big cedar the 10 feet long and 14 inches wide. The official measurer said it would be fair for me to build as large a boat as possible out of said timber, so with this restriction the work was commenced, and after much choppin' "with my little hatchet," and the culmination of our screw driver, which had been pressed into service as a chisel, the new boat was finally completed, and many were the complimentary remarks passed on the beauty of her lines. The most flattering words were those of an old farmer, who declared that it would make a most excellent pig trough if the silvers were only smothered down a little.

Next thing was to secure a crew, but the sailor-lads objected to the quarters offered for their accommodation, so after trying in vain, the captain decided to navigate the craft alone.

Folks said I would get drowned and tried to discourage my desire to be a navigator. However, notwithstanding the tippy qualities my "dug-out" possessed, we became great friends. At first it was hard work to keep right side up, but after practicing some time, and balancing the contents of my pockets and adopting the new style of combing the hair, things went all right, and, strange to say, I did not drown, but returned to my winter home very much alive indeed.

During my youth I spent my summer vacations on Grand Traverse Bay, and it was there that my "dug-out" was built.

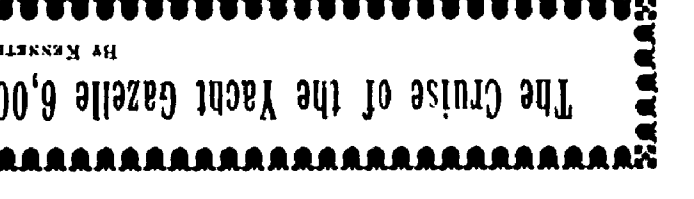
When June days came and school was done, we once more returned to our summer home. I was anxious to again try my boat, but alas, I had outgrown the ship, and try as I would I could not squeeze in.

Relief came, however, in the shape of a trim little

CHAPTER I

Luckily the style of parting the hair in the middle and my first creation of a yacht came into existence at about the same time, and this fact no doubt is responsible for my still being an enthusiastic follower of the sport.

Nowadays the yacht designer is given certain measurements, and is obliged to shape his model so as to come within the prescribed limits. But in the days of my first yacht things were just reversed; at least they



THE GAZELLE OF ST. JOSEPH

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters.

By KENNETH M. RANSON

The new boat was to be 30 feet over all, 22 feet long on the water line, 9 feet wide and 3 feet draft. Her sail area was 537 square feet in the yawl rig. In my design, my first aim was for staunchness and seaworthiness and comfortable accommodation for a crew of four. With these features I hoped to combine fair speed.

She was built with a modern spoon bow and overhanging stern. The cockpit was to be large and self-balling. Large lockers for robes, lanterns, tools and extra anchors were provided for in the wings under the seats.

All the rigging was simplified as much as possible. The running rigging all led aft to the helm.



GAZELLE'S CREW AND FRIENDS

Much attention was given to the cabin below, which was large and comfortable, being 14 feet long, 9 feet wide and 5 feet high. Forward was arranged a shelf for canisters, dishes, etc., while underneath was a row of four drawers, one for each of the crew, where might be kept wilting material, etc. The provision locker was below this, and, being large, afforded room for a big supply of duff. The berths were arranged with hinged tops, so that the large space beneath these could be used for the storage of satchels and other things. Straps were provided to hold the mattresses and bedding in a roll underneath the deck while not in use, and curtains, hung on hooks, hid them from view, giving a cozy look to the cabin during the day.

The table was hinged on to either side of the center-board box and when lowered took up little or no room. Many little things to add to the comfort of the crew and the coziness of our quarters below were included in the design, and thus was built the craft in which I expected to make a long voyage.

I was lucky to secure some splendid white oak, which, though harder to work, makes a very strong, serviceable craft. So I used this material entirely in the building of the hull.



THE BERTHOPLACE OF THE GAZELLE

I had the yacht well under course of construction before I began to say anything about the long voyage, but at last I laid my plans before Arthur Morrow, who was to be my mate, and he was so enthusiastic that he wanted to sign papers at once. Next we spoke to Clyde Morrow, Arthur's cousin, and although he didn't believe we were in earnest at first, after being convinced that we were, he was very anxious to become one of the crew. We waited a few days before selecting the fourth member of our crew, until our friend, Frank Chauvet, came home from Chicago, where he had just been graduated from the manual training school. Then we all met for consultation, and, although we expected to hear many objections from our parents, when we should lay our plans before them, we had shaken hands and sworn to stick like glue.

I was well pleased with my crew, for they were boys of the true blue type. I was the oldest of the four, but our ages ranged nearly the same, all being in the very early twenties.

Nailing our motto "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," over the door, we worked diligently on the boat, and by the last of July had the hull com-

pleted and ready to move to the river, three-fourths of a mile distant.

This was an undertaking that very few people thought we would successfully accomplish. The boat was of an awkward shape to handle on land and weighed fully three tons. On the road were several turns and a steep hill and at its end a railroad crossing.

The boat was too large to go through the door, so the entire end of the shop had to be removed, but we did not care for this, and succeeded in safely moving her to the truck on which we intended to move her.

Our plans were carried out successfully and though it took us two days to do it, we were finally overjoyed to have her on the ways all ready to launch.

On the fourth of August, 1898, at three in the afternoon the little vessel was launched with all the pomp and ceremony generally accorded ships of which are expected great things. As she glided gracefully down the ways to the bosom of the shining river, she was christened "Gazelle" by one of St. Joseph's fairest maids. That evening the press contained the following:

THE LAUNCHING OF THE GAZELLE

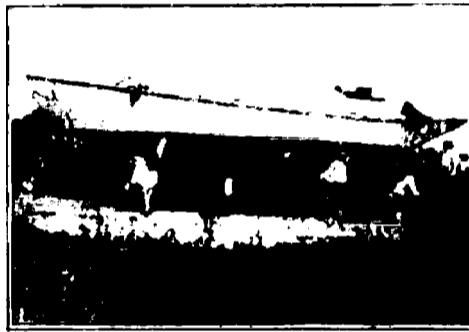
The pleasure yacht *Gazelle* designed and built by Kenneth M. Ransom, of this city, was successfully launched this afternoon at 3 o'clock at Napier's bridge, where a large crowd had gathered to witness the event. Miss Ree christened the little vessel "Gazelle" in most excellent style, and everyone present wished a successful future for the trim little craft.

Much interest has been manifested in the boat and crew from the fact that Mr. Ransom and his associates, Arthur Morrow, Frank Chauvet and Clyde Morrow, all well known young men of this city, intend making an extended trip on the yacht.

They propose to be gone one year and will leave as soon as the work of finishing and rigging the boat is completed.

The proposed route is as follows: Leaving St. Joseph they will cross the lake to Chicago, where they will enter the Illinois and Michigan canal, which will take them to the Illinois river. On this stream they will strike the Mississippi river at Grafton, and proceed down the great stream to the Gulf of Mexico. Coasting around the gulf the party will visit all the places of interest on the coast line of Mississippi, Alabama and Florida, after which they will turn the point of Florida and continue up the Atlantic seaboard to New York City, thence by the Hudson river, the Erie canal and the Great Lakes, home to St. Joseph.

It is an undertaking full of risk and danger, but the boys are confident of success, and it is hoped their cruise will prove successful in every way.



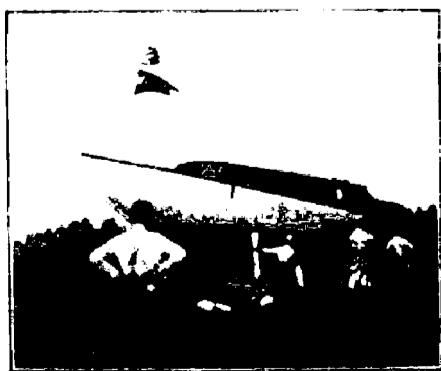
ON THE WAY TO THE RIVER

People now began to ask us questions on all sides. It was indeed amusing to hear the remarks that were made in regard to our trip. Very few people thought we would ever start, and most thought we were crazy to even think of such a thing. Six thousand miles in so small a craft and much of the distance on the ocean, did seem almost impossible. Some tried to persuade our parents not to let us start, but we had set our hearts on going, so that they, too, were very much interested in the successful accomplishment of our proposed plans.

Those that thought we would start said: "Let the boys alone, they will get enough of it before they get to Chicago, and will be glad to return home." This is the kind of encouragement we received, but we didn't care, and just "went on sawin' wood" and soon the *Gazelle* began to look shipshape. There was much to do before we could start. There were the spars to make, the ballast to stow away, the rigging to be splinted on and set up, and so on.

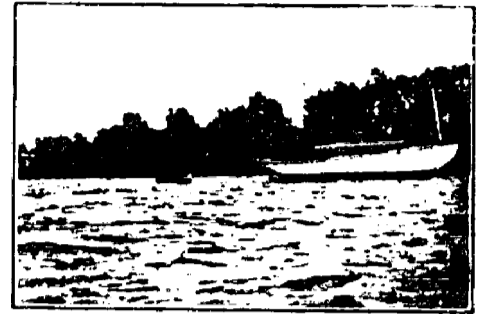
Although we worked hard, August slipped by and a great deal still remained undone. Luck did not seem to favor us during the next month. In fact, we had so many little reverses that friends began to say we were "hoodooed," and that we had better give up until another year. Here were some of our strokes of bad luck:

Someone allowed a dog to come out to the yacht



GAZELLE ON THE WAYS, JUST BEFORE LAUNCHING

with him in a boat. The canine was wet and covered with mud. Notwithstanding this fact, however, his dogship jumped aboard and made himself comfortable on the freshly painted deck and before he was removed succeeded in making it a sad sight to behold. This was bad enough but to make matters tenfold worse it rained that night and the blue paint on the cabin roof ran down the nicely varnished cherry cabin house. When we beheld the sight next morning everything seemed "blue" indeed. After much scraping and sandpapering we had things once more cleaned up and



GAZELLE JUST AFTER BEING LAUNCHED

ready to repaint. This time we had splendid luck and the *Gazelle* certainly did look fine.

From now on all went well for some time. We were feeling jubilant over our better fortune and were almost sure our trials were at an end, but alas, one night a very strong wind blowing up stream raised the water in the river several feet, the *Gazelle* dragged her anchor and went ashore, after which the water again receded and left her nearly high and dry. This was indeed discouraging, for it would be a very difficult task to get her afloat again.

The river was still falling, leaving the boat higher and higher each hour, but try as we would we could not get her afloat until her ballast was unpacked and taken ashore. What a job it was; 3,500 pounds of scrap iron, and it all had to be carried to the bank in pails. It was not much sport toting the heavy loads ashore through water and mud nearly three feet deep. A nasty, cold October drizzle added to the discomfort of it all, but we kept at it all day, and by eight o'clock in the evening our efforts were rewarded by the *Gazelle's* again being afloat.

It was a wonder we did not catch cold or something worse. Next day we put the ballast aboard once more and from that time on we were careful to anchor the boat doubly secure. Notwithstanding the fact that it rained nearly every day during the month of October, we completed our work by the 15th and everything was ready aboard.

Sailing down the river to the harbor, we found good anchorage in the lee of the U. S. Life Saving Station, and began to put our stores aboard.

It was great fun, those last few days. The lake was very rough and the swells backed up the river and caused our little craft to roll and pitch at her anchorage, greatly to the discomfort of our many visitors, who invariably became sea-sick. The cook, too, threatened to jump his job unless he was provided with an assistant to hold things on the stove, but we told him that he must get used to such little discom-



U. S. LIFE SAVING STATION, ST. JOSEPH, WHERE THE START WAS MADE

forts. He did not seem to see it that way. Life on the rolling deep was a new thing to him.

It did seem as if we never would get all our stuff aboard, and it was wonderful the amount of things we packed away. Our girl friends were very kind to us, so that our lockers were well filled with homemade preserves, pickles, etc., and the number of loaves of bread, the cakes and pies which had been baked by friends who did not wish to see us go off to starve, made our yacht seem like a floating bakeshop. These same friends also made us many pretty and useful things for our cabin, including lounging pillows, curtains, a chart case and sewing bags complete with needle books, thread, buttons, etc., all useful to our bachelor life.

At last everything was complete and we triumphantly announced that we were ready to start. Day after day we waited for favorable wind and wave, hoping that it would moderate so we could give our craft a trial before starting across the lake, but the condition

of things grew worse if anything, and the season became so late that the sailing of the lake was fraught with great danger, so that once more our friends begged us to give up our cruise, at least until another year. We would not listen to this, however, but patiently waited for better conditions.

I took advantage of the delay to complete our little yawl boat, which we called Nibs. This boat was 11 feet long and although weighing but 45 pounds was very strong and in a pinch would carry our whole crew.

We also gave a little spread aboard and although the young lady guests insisted on doing the cooking, our chef did not seem to feel hurt, and did not even show evidences of disapproval of the dishes as they were served.

Another very pleasant event of those last few days was a dinner in honor of the crew, given by Miss Rice, who had named and christened the Gazelle. So that all in all our delay, though provoking, was not without its compensating pleasures.

On the morning of October 24, 1898, the wind, which had been a little north of west for several days, took a shift to the southeast. The barometer indicated a slight rise and I decided to make a start, with the hopes of reaching Chicago before another change. The weather still looked doubtful, however, but we would at least give our craft a good test.

Our parents and a number of our friends came down to the wharf to bid us adieu, and at eight o'clock our anchor was brought on deck, and as the wind filled our sails the Gazelle gathered headway and we were off.

As we rounded the south pier which forms the river harbor, we were heartily cheered by our friends who had gathered on its outer end. Our cannon had been loaded and as Gazelle rounded the pier and stood out into the lake, we fired a salute and sped on our way.

Besides our crew of four we had one guest, Mr. Fred Hamilton. Fred is a jolly fellow and as true a

sailor as ever walked a ship's deck. When we invited him to accompany us to Chicago we told him that most people said we would never reach there alive. Notwithstanding this he was glad to accept our invitation, and said: "Well, boys, I don't agree with them, but at any rate we will enjoy it as far as we go."

The day was cold and cloudy, a fine mist hung over the water, making oil-skin clothing very comfortable indeed. In fact, a sailor would say it was "nasty," and I predicted another blow in the near future.

If my hopes for my new craft had been high, her performance more than met my expectations. She balanced beautifully and the way she rode the short, choppy seas was splendid, showing beyond a doubt that she would prove a wonder in a sea way. So, with swelling sail and increasing gale I held her on her course for Chicago.

(To be Continued.)

A BOY IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS

CHAPTER IV.

Ben Butler was not always tragic, as I pictured him to you last month. He could be a buffoon at times, and here was one time. Butler had presented a bill for a pension in behalf of an old lady. The old lady had pestered the life out of her Congressman friend, coming to Washington, dogging his steps, writing him letters, soliciting interviews, and when not thus engaged, sitting in the House gallery as nearly over the place where Butler sat as possible, and leaning forward and intently watching every act and greedily devouring every word of the Honorable Ben. In the hope that the next moment she would hear the stentorian voice of the Reading Clerk announcing to the House by title:

"A BILL TO PENSION SARAH JANE BLANK."

I happened to be on hand at the moment when the bill to pension the poor old lady was put upon its passage, as they say. Butler evidently knew it was coming and doubtless he had told the old lady that this was to be the eventful day and hour. She was there. Her eyes were glued on Butler. He evidently felt the gaze, for repeatedly he turned and squinted his funny eyes up to where she sat and grimaced as if to say, "Just hold your horses, my dear; it's coming." Butler's neighbors got interested and they, too, spent much time watching the poor old pension-seeker. One man told another until half of the several hundred Congressmen present knew what was going on and waited with no little interest the denouement.

The Reading Clerk—a fat man of big voice, a Mr. Charles Clisbee of Michigan, now dead—was reading, by their titles, to an unattentive house a lot of bills which were being voted on and passed in a listless sort of way. Suddenly, with an extra depth of tone and unusual distinctness, for he had evidently known something of Mr. Butler's case, the Clerk roared out something like this:

"House Bill number 18926—A bill to pension Sarah Jane Blank," etc.

It was the old lady's bill. She heard her name. She was leaning far over the railing that alone kept her from tumbling headlong to the floor below. A hundred pairs of eyes were on her. Butler wore a big buttonhole bouquet. His face was radiant. The old lady's was white and drawn. The speaker put the vote and such a shout of "ayes" went up from the floor as was seldom heard.

Butler rose from his seat, faced the old lady, took the flowers from the lapel of his coat and threw them with all his strength into the gallery. The old lady rose and curtsied; Butler bowed like a French beau. The old lady curtsied again; Butler bent double. Again she curtsied, and this time she raised both her hands to her lips, planted a kiss on them with a smack that resounded through the hall and threw it with both hands to the gallant Ben. He responded in kind and the House resounded with shouts of laughter—but for just a moment, for the dear old woman who had been chasing the slow moving machinery of a not too grateful government, perhaps for years, fell in a faint. Butler hurried out of the west door of the hall, and the gallery doorkeepers lifted the prostrate form and carried it to an adjoining committee room. I went, too, and there I saw gruff old Ben Butler as tender as a mother bathing the old lady's forehead with cold water, rubbing her hands in his, and talking to her as a mother would talk to her sick babe. It was over in a few moments, and when I left them she was holding Butler's hand in both hers and reciting tearfully and feebly the story of her sorrows and her poverty, and raining blessings on the head of the old fellow who had been "cussed" by more people north and south than, I was about to say, any other man then living.

After writing this chapter I happened upon some interesting facts regarding Mr. Butler in the pages of Clark's "Life Sketches of Eminent Lawyers," and I cannot forbear going back and inserting some of the interesting items regarding this picturesque character which I there find.

Mr. Butler's practice before the war was the most lucrative of any lawyer in New England—at least \$25,000 a year, and the last few years it amounted to \$50,000. He died worth \$7,000,000. His largest fee was in the Prize Acts cases in the United States Supreme Court at the close of the war in which he received a \$75,000 fee. He was leading counsel for the prosecution in the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. He held that a lawyer ought to know something about everything. He spent a week in a repair shop, coat off, hammer in hand, testing the resisting power of iron in order to intelligently try a railroad accident case. He studied all the books on scurvy that he could find in order to prosecute a sea captain, who was defended by Choate, and recovered a verdict for \$3,000 against the captain for negligence in not taking sufficient vegetables on board for the voyage. "He excelled all lawyers," said Judge Abbott. "In keeping out and getting in evidence." He once accused Judge Hoar of mistaking dyspepsia for a conscience. He was offered the Vice-Presidency with Lincoln in '64 but declined unless the President would agree to die within three months after his inauguration. He did die in less than a month and a half. Dr. Ayer was once an opponent of John K. Tarbox in a Congressional election. Butler alluded to the campaign as one between Tarbox and Pill-box. He didn't believe much in genius, saying that diligence, hard study and careful thought are the only roads to success in any branch of the law. He was not a great lawyer such as was Curtis, nor a great advocate like Choate, nor a skillful conductor of a case like Durant, and yet even before the war he had encountered and overthrown Choate, the redoubtable Farley and many more of a race of giants. His quickness, his marvelous memory which carried the details of the most complicated cases, his audacity, which amounted often to imprudence, his readiness, made him a formidable adversary. As an example of his imprudence, he said once of a Rhode Island District Judge that he was "an inferior Judge of an inferior Court of an inferior State." His judgment was bad, but he was full of resources. A trial with him was a battle, and politeness, even humanity, were entirely beside the question when he set out to win. He said of himself that he had committed the Four Gospels to memory and that he was able to recite them when called upon, even to the first eighteen verses of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "In which everybody seems to beget everybody else."

As an example of his quickness the following is related: When one of his witnesses gave some damaging evidence against his opponent the opposing counsel gave a groan, doubtless intended for effect on the jury. In an instant up sprang Ben with "Stop! Stop!! Stop!!!"

"What's the matter, Mr. Butler?" asked the Judge.

"May it please your honor, my brother L— is taken suddenly ill. Did you not hear him groan just now?" The Court might like to take a short recess, I thought.

It is needless to say the effect of the groan was neutralized.

He was cross-questioning a witness in a somewhat sharp manner and the Judge interrupted, reminding him that the witness was a Harvard professor. "I know it, your honor," he replied; "we hanged one of them the other day."

Senator Lyman Trumbull said of Butler: "He was of versatile talents, great resources and executive ability. He was egotistical, and not always scrupulous in the means employed to accomplish ends, but he possessed great ability and rendered his country valuable service."

In a letter to the Boston Herald on "How to Get Rich," Butler said: "If a young man's father can give him anything to start on in the world he had better invest it in real estate and let it accumulate and then himself set about earning his living."

As another example of his quickness the following is narrated: On one occasion he was discussing a point of law before the United States Supreme Court when one of the Judges remarked:

"Mr. Butler, that proposition of law is settled in *Brown vs. Smith*."

"I understand that, your honor, but I want to give the Court a chance to get right," said Butler, nothing daunted.

Butler's brain weighed 62 ounces, four ounces more than the brain of Daniel Webster, which until then was the second largest on record, the first being that of Cuvier, which weighed 65 ounces.

* * *

Speaking of the Reading Clerk, perhaps American boys would like to know something about this important official, or rather these important officials, for there are several Reading Clerks.

You would think to see the readings clerks of the Congress I am telling about—the Forty-second—that they had been chosen for their weight for they were big men,—that is, big of girth. But such was not the case. They were chosen for their big voices. These men serve many purposes. Long communications, long bills, long roll-calls, have to be read or repeated by some one who can be heard throughout the great hall—sometimes amid much confusion. So it is necessary to employ men able to do this sort of work easily and continuously. Much of the reading is mere matter of form and is not intended to be heard. In such cases the Reader takes a monotonous tone that is easy for him; he reads rapidly, without inflection or emphasis, much to the disgust of visitors, to whom even the prosiest matter has some interest. The Reading Clerk is a convenience to the members in the way of relieving them from continuous speaking. For instance, a member is in the midst of a long speech. His voice breaks or he tires. All he needs to do is to have at hand some extract from book or paper bearing on the subject, which he indicates he will send to the Clerk to be read. A "page" is at his side in a moment, takes the book or paper to the Reading Clerk's desk, and that individual rises and reads while the member takes his seat, rests, collects his thoughts, confers with his friends, or possibly takes a nap. When the Reading Clerk has finished, the member is in trim to resume his speech. In this way a member may hold the floor for hours and even days, and a continuous speech of a week's duration becomes a possible thing. Sometimes, to prolong debate and put off a vote, speakers will inject into their speeches some queer matter which by their direction is read from the Reading Clerk's desk. A speaker once sent up and had read whole books of the old testament. It was an abuse of privilege, of course, but privilege is not the only thing abused in the United States Congress.

The Reading Clerks are ranked as assistant clerks of the House, there being above them in rank the "Clerk" and the "Chief Clerk." Their salaries are, or were in those days, \$3,000 a year. It may interest my readers to know that the lower branch of Congress employed at that time 152 officers in the departments of the Clerk, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Postmaster (for each branch of Congress has its own postoffice in the Capitol building), the Doorkeeper, making quite a little army of men drawing from \$800 a year to \$5,000 each, the last named amount being drawn by the important officer known as "The Clerk."

The Senate employed 110 officers, the highest salary, \$5,000, being paid to the official known as the "Secretary of the Senate," who corresponds in dignity and duties to the "Clerk" of the House.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING.

REUBEN GILBERT DAYTON A SUCCESSFUL STUDENT IN THE YALE LAW SCHOOL, THOUGH BLIND.

Reuben Gilbert Dayton, a blind boy who is making a success of the study of law in Yale University, was born in New Haven, Conn., twenty-three years ago, and is now a resident of Bridgeport, in the same State. He himself tells the story of his loss of sight as follows:

"One day when I was twelve years old I was playing with a little companion. We were riding in a go-cart when suddenly it struck an obstacle and I was thrown to the ground, falling heavily on the edge of the curbstone. One summer afternoon about ten months afterwards while playing in the hot sun I was sun-struck. For twelve long weeks after this I was confined to my bed and many times my life was despaired of. I had the advantage, however, of a strong and vigorous constitution that pulled me through and sustained me through the period of weakness that followed. The doctor said there was no doubt that my blindness was brought on by the fall and the sunstroke. It was in the second week of my illness that my sight began to fail, and at the end of the third it had gone entirely. I was taken to the eye and ear infirmary in New York City and examined by expert oculists, who declared that they could do nothing for me. Then I was taken to Dr. Agnall, who was then declared to be the greatest



eye specialist in America. He pronounced my case a hopeless one. I was then sent to the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston. There I spent ten years and was graduated in 1895. I remained, however, in the school until 1897 preparing for college. In the fall of 1897 I entered the junior class of the Bridgeport High School, where I met many kind and thoughtful friends, who extended to me at all times a helping hand and did everything in their power to assist me. I was graduated from this school in the class of '99. It had been my desire to take a college course and then enter a law school. My father was not able, however, to send me to college, and for this reason I entered the law school directly from the high school. This was made possible only by our practicing rigid economy. In learning my lessons I do not make use of embossed books or other devices designed for the exclusive use of the blind; all my lessons are read to me by a classmate. If the lessons happen to be unusually difficult a second reading and in some cases a third becomes necessary. When I complete my law studies it is my intention to enter on the practice of the law at Bridgeport."

Such stories as the life story of this young man are given in the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY for a purpose. That purpose is to impress upon boys everywhere what can be done by a boy amid almost overwhelming obstacles. Young Dayton says that his motto is *Nulla vestigia retro*, which in English means "No step backwards." It may well be the motto of every American boy.

Charles E. Woods, the son of a New York carriage manufacturer, while still a schoolboy, realized that his father's business was approaching important changes. He turned his mind to electrical studies, and when he left college entered the carriage factory in New York, and designed and started the manufacture of automobiles of elegant design with electricity for the motive power. Within a few years he has started the business in a new direction, in which he thinks all the big carriage builders will have to move soon.

It is well in education to have an eye for the future.

A BICYCLE RECORD FOR A YEAR.

On New Years day, 1899, Lin Hendricks, of Norristown, Pa., a twenty-year-old boy, made a resolution to ride his bike at least three miles each day out of doors during the year 1899. He kept his resolution, and during the year averaged 27 miles a day, running up a grand total of nearly 10,000 miles. He did his work every day, whether the sun shone or the rain came down. His toughest experience was during the blizzard which prevailed last February. On that day it took him three hours to ride his required three miles.

BOY GOLF CHAMPIONS.

There were 46 starts in the open New Year's tournament of the Golf Club of Lakewood, N. J., on the morning of Dec. 30. The temperature was a few degrees below zero and a north wind swept over the links, yet no less than five men had the good fortune to finish under 100 strokes. The best score of the day (93) was made by a boy of sixteen—N. Malouf, of Garden City, L. I. Under the circumstances the score was a very fine one, as a ball driven up into the air was blown all over the course.

A recent intercollegiate golf tournament at Garden City, L. I., brought a new star into the golf world. Percy F. Pyne in this tournament became the new intercollegiate golf champion. He is 18 years of age and the son of a multi-millionaire of Princeton, M. Taylor Pyne. Young Pyne has won seven cups during the past seven years and broken the records of all the local country clubs which he has visited during the summer vacations in California, Canada and New Hampshire. He never hurries himself nor gets "rattled." He plays his steadiest game when he has four down and four to go. His strong points are his driving and footing. His driving is exceedingly long and his stroke is very accurate. He is capable of making the Garrison finish nine time out of ten.

WINNERS OF THE PRIZES IN THE GRAND RAPIDS EVENING PRESS CONTEST.

The Grand Rapids Evening Press offered prizes for the best poems and the best stories written by newsboys. The first prize in the poem contest was won by Worthy Cone. This poem reads as follows:

There is a town in Michigan
Where the newsboy has a snap,
Hustling for the Evening Press -
The lucky little chap!
Grand Rapids is the town I mean,
Her newsboys are as bright
As any in this land of ours
Who sell on street at night.
He's not a walf—the Press boy ain't—
He works because he likes it,
He's training for a bigger field
When big enough to strike it.
I sell the Press and do not think
The Press could do without us;
I guess the Press is glad of this
When it stops to think about us.
Think about us?—you'd say it does;
It gives us many a treat.
Looks right after us all the time—
Oh, its record can't be beat
There is no boy in any place
That has a friend more ready;
We'll stand by it through thick and thin
And try to be as steady.

The first prize in the story contest was won by Arthur Loucks. The story is entitled, "A Newsboy's Opportunities." It reads as follows:

A newsboy, as he is today, has the best chance of any boy to become a statesman or great man. The newsboys of to-day ought to and will, most likely, follow the newsboys of past years, and become great men.

The newsboys are in the position, where they can see the good and evil of this world. They usually see how much better it is to be good and follow that course.

The two great classes of boys, who usually make great men, are newsboys and farmer boys. The farmer boy does not see the evil ways of this world and is brought up good, but he is more apt to fall in bad ways than a newsboy.

The newsboy is brought up among the the good and evil of this world, and if he takes the better side, he is not apt to go back and follow evil ways. The quotation is, "First a strong body and then a strong mind." The newsboys get all the fresh air and strength they need in their work. It is the boy who has to work for himself, that gets a strong mind and a good education. The largest per cent. of our statesmen were either newsboys or farmer boys. Who knows but what in our own town, there are newsboys selling papers, who will some day make great statesmen. The newsboys in Grand Rapids have just as good a chance to make great men, as the newsboys anywhere else. With the training and good advice they get in the Happy Hours, they are bound to become great men. And remember it's the boy who has to work for himself, that always wins.

THE SON OF EX-PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Irvin McDowell Garfield, son of the martyred President James A. Garfield, is 29 years old. At the age of 23 he was graduated from Williams College and from Harvard University Law School in 1896. Both at Williams and at Harvard he was a great football player. He began the practice of law in Boston, and is a member of the law firm of Proctor & Warren.

James A. Garfield was wont to say to his sons, of whom he had four, "Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours, part of yourself."

DRUMMER KEEP, THE GUARDS' BOY HERO.

The sergeant-major of the Third Battalion English Grenadier Guards during the Crimean war has given the following account of the conduct of a young soldier, who was only ten years old:

"This boy accompanied the army to the heights of Alma, preserving the most undaunted demeanor throughout the battle. Shot and shell fell about him like hail; but, notwithstanding the weariness of the day, present dangers, or the horrid sight, the boy's heart beat with tenderness towards the wounded. Instead of going into a tent to take care of himself after the battle, he was seen venturing his life for the good of his comrades, stepping carefully over one body after another, collecting all the broken muskets he could find, and making a fire in the night to procure hot water. He made tea for the sufferers, and saved the life of Sergeant Russell, and several of the private soldiers who were lying nearly exhausted from want. At Balaklava, again, he assisted the wounded. He did his duty by day, and worked in the trenches by night, taking but little rest. At Inkerman he was surrounded by Russians about twenty minutes, and, to use his own words, 'thought it was a case with him.' He received one shot, which passed through his coat and out at the leg of his trousers; but he was unhurt. He helped, with all the bravery of a man, to get in the wounded. He waited on the doctor when extracting the shot from the men, and on the men before and after. Some of the wounded say they would not have been alive now had it not been for this boy's unwearied watchfulness and kindness in their hours of helplessness."

A BOY POET.

Grand Rapids (Mich.) boasts of a boy poet of 12 years, by name Charles G. Hall, who at the age of 11 wrote the following verses. There have been many verses, good, bad and indifferent, written on "The Maine," but perhaps none have been written by a boy of 11 that are any better than these:

THE MAINE.

Grieving and weeping,
Calling in vain
For the ever lost friends
That went down with the Maine.
Crying for vengeance
In war against Spain,
And make them pay up
For the loss of the Maine.



The cause of the explosion
As yet is unknown;
But a hole in the bottom
The divers have shown
Leaves trace of torpedoes
With which it was blown,
That ship of our country,
Protecting our own.

War will soon follow
The wreck, we all know,
It is only delayed
'Cause the President's slow.
War must soon follow
The Maine's dreadful fate,
And punish the Spaniards
Before it's too late.

Charley says that many of the poets whom he has read about did not do very well at first, and that if his verses are not perfect in rhyme and measure he expects in time to make amends. The boy gets no assistance in his writing, has no unusual opportunities, is laughed at sometimes by his fellows for being a "dreamer," but he is an American boy and expects to make himself a success as a writer.

MARY P. SAYERS.



BERT THEOBOLD.



ROBERT DOUGHERTY.



CARL GERDES.



GEORGE SEELIG.

HIGH GRADE BOYS IN THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOLS.

THE eight boys whose pictures are given on this page received last year the highest grades in the San Francisco public schools; that is, they and four girls left nearly 37,000 other girls and boys behind them in the race for the highest grades. Isn't this something to be proud of?

The percentages received by these boys were as follows: Robert Dougherty, 94 per cent; Arnold Cohen, 93.8 per cent; Bert Theobold, 93.6 per cent; Laurence Bufford, 92 per cent; Carl Gerdes, 91.6 per cent; George Seelig, 90.8 per cent; Angelo Cuneo, 90.3 per cent. T. Fitzgerald, 90.3 per cent.



ARNOLD COHEN.



LAURENCE BUFFORD.



ANGELO CUNEO.



T. FITZGERALD.

AN HONEST BOY.

Henry Nieberding, who lives with his parents at 138 North Port street, Baltimore, deserves to be commended for his honesty. He is only nine years of age, but helps his parents by his daily labor in one of the large manufacturing houses of the city at a salary of two dollars a week.

One Saturday evening recently he had received his wages for the week. The money was in a little envelope, which he put in the inside pocket of his coat. He was on his way home, and at the north west corner of Baltimore and North streets he slipped on a grating. As he recovered himself he felt for his money, but it was gone. He looked through the grating, but could see no trace of it. He then burst out crying, and attracted the attention of the bystanders.

Captain Thomas Barranger, of the Central Police District, heard the boy's story. He pitied the little fellow, and, taking \$2 from his pocket he gave it to the little fellow, telling him that if he found his salary he was to return the money to him. Captain Barranger never expected to see the boy again, but the following evening he walked into the station house, and, asking for the captain, he handed him an envelope containing \$2. It was his pay envelope, and the boy explained that after he had gotten home he found the envelope where it had slipped down between the linings of his coat.

ELECTION AT HARVARD FOR "CLASS-DAY" OFFICERS, ORATORS, ETC.

The Senior class of Harvard college has elected the following as its "Class Day" orators, etc.:

First marshal, W. A. M. Burden, of New York city. He entered Harvard from the Groton School, where he was prominent in foot ball. He has been captain of the Harvard foot ball team during the past year. He is from an aristocratic family, but is unassuming and domestic in his ways. Second marshal, F. L. Higginson, Jr., of Boston. He received within ten votes of as many as went to Burden. He is the captain of last season's winning boat crew. He also prepared for college at Groton. Third marshal, Walter Ayres Boal, who was prepared for Harvard at the Harvard School in Chicago. He was a prominent member of the foot ball team but did not play in the most important games of the year because of an injured knee and a broken chest bone. He is a famous hammer thrower, bright in his studies, standing near the head of the class. Secretary, Elliot Spalding. This is the most important place on the list of officers. He prepared for college at the Hopkinson School, Boston, where he was noted as a manager of the school athletic teams and publications. In his freshman year he was manager at Harvard for the freshman foot ball team and crew. In his sophomore year he was assistant manager of the Harvard Crimson, and more recently manager. Last year he was assistant manager of the foot ball team. Orator, R. C. Bolling, of Little Rock, Ark. He was prepared for Harvard at Penn Charter School, Philadelphia. There were no votes in opposition to his being made class orator. He distinguished himself all through his college career as a debater. He was an editor of the Harvard Monthly in his junior year and has done creditable literary work. Poet, J. C. Arensberg, Pittsburgh. He was prepared for Harvard at Shadyside Academy. He is one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly and has made a good record as a literary man. He has also had marked success in student theatricals. Ivy Orator, Murray Seasongood, of Cincinnati. He was prepared for Harvard at Cincinnati high school. He is one of the editors of the Harvard Advocate and has done excellent literary work. Odist, Bartlett Brooks, of Orrington, Me. He was prepared for Harvard at the Bucksport Academy. He is said to have written some very clever verse. Chorister, Chester O. Swain,

of Malden, Mass. He has made a brilliant record in college as a foot ball player and musician. He was formerly leader of the Freshman Glee Club and now of the Varsity Glee Club. His athletic record is well known to every follower of Harvard athletics, and he is a very popular young man.

A BRAVE BOY OF FOUR YEARS.

A dainty little romance and an act of heroism worthy of a strong man is tied up in the following:

Peter Jackson, a four-year-old New York boy, has a sweetheart named Agnes Fortenbacher, three years old. We are told by the newspaper men that ever since they were big enough to talk and walk Peter and Aggie have been inseparable. Last fall they entered kindergarten together. Peter always saw Aggie home to lunch, and again in the afternoon after school. One day during December they were waiting at a street crossing for a heavy truck to leave the way clear so they could cross. When the driver of the big truck drove by there was no one to guard Aggie but Peter, and no one to protect Peter. The little girl got under the horses, but escaped by the assistance of the little boy, who rushed in and dragged her out more frightened than hurt, but the little fellow was kicked in the head by the horse and concussion of the brain, a fractured leg and a broken arm were the injuries the brave lad sustained. The first words he said when he recovered consciousness were: "How's Aggie?" When they told him she was all right, he said: "All right, doctor, go ahead; it doesn't hurt so bad now;" then he fainted.

It doesn't take a man nor even a big boy to be a hero.

FIFTY MILES IN A LEAKY BOAT TO SAVE LIFE.

Fred Hector, of Duluth, Minn., a boy of twenty years, together with Gustave Olson, faced death in an open boat during a storm on Lake Superior the night of Dec. 11, in order that they might save twenty-five lives. The two made their way in a leaky, rudderless boat, which every moment seemed going to destruction, from the point where the steamer, Hiram H. Dixon, was drifting helplessly on the gale-swept lake, fifty miles to Two Harbors, to give notice of the vessel's peril. When they reached Two Harbors their clothing was coated with ice, and both were numb with cold, but their mission was successful, and the Dixon is now safe in port.

When the Captain found that he had lost control of his boat by reason of the breaking of the propeller wheel, he searched among the passengers and crew to find men to whom he could entrust the responsibility of taking one of the lifeboats and making for Two Harbors to get a tug to come to his assistance. The Captain asked Gustave Olson, the North shore fireman of local fame, and an expert sailor, who was a passenger, if he would undertake the trip if a crew could be made up. Olson instantly consented. Then the Captain's son, Fred, volunteered to become a member of the crew, together with three others, but the three backed out and Olson and Fred Hector made the trip. The lifeboat contained oars but no sail. Darkness set in soon after they got started, the boat began to leak, and she lost her rudder. One man had to steer with an oar while the other bailed out the water that came in from the top and bottom. The weather was freezing cold, the spray turning to ice as soon as it struck the clothing of the men. They crept into Two Harbors at 12:45 o'clock in the morning, covering the fifty miles in eight hours, forty-five minutes, under circumstances that have few parallels in the long annals of dangers on the north shore of Lake Superior.

Congress will be asked to recognize the splendid skill of Olson and Hector.

BOY HEROES AT FIRES.

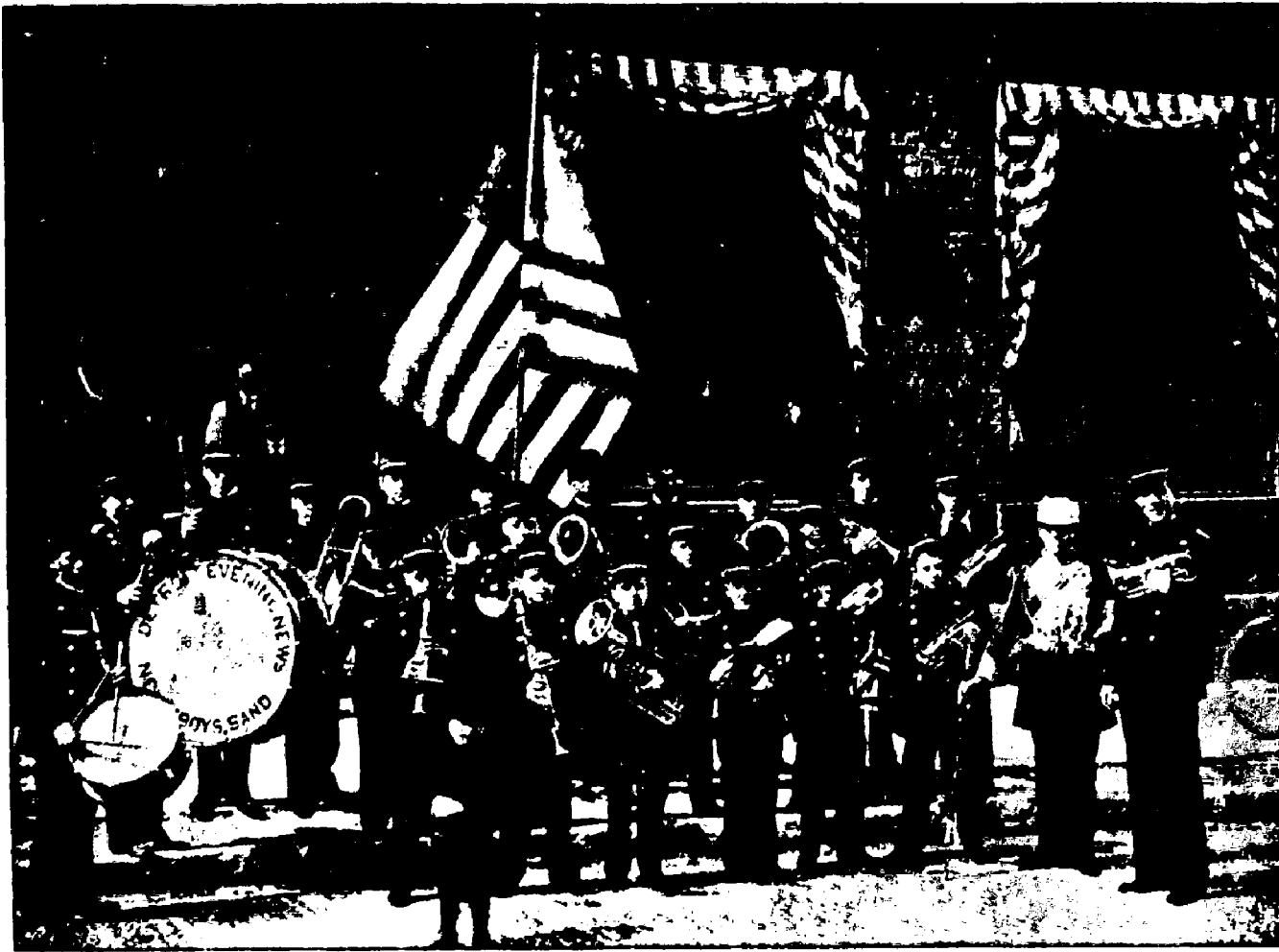
There was a fire at No. 70 Henry street, New York City, at 7 o'clock the morning of Dec. 16. The blaze was in the office of a coal concern occupying the first floor of a five-story brick tenement at that number. Two families lived on each of the four floors above the first. On the top floor lived the Monk family, consisting of the mother, a twenty-one-year-old son, and Mamie, George and Joseph, youngsters. Joseph, though only a small boy, works all night as a messenger. He reached home about the time the fire started, and, not being able to make his way into the burning building, he went through the house next door, to the roof, which is somewhat lower than the one in which he lives. The Monk family had gone to their own roof taking with them two small children belonging to another family. Joseph called to his brother John to throw the children, so the four little tots were thrown into the arms of Joseph, who by catching them, broke their fall and saved their lives.

A fire occurred at 110 Sullivan street, New York, on Dec. 19, and two other boys showed themselves possessed of intelligence and grit. A bracket lamp had fallen in the kitchen of an apartment occupied by John Sullivan and his family on the second floor of the building. There was in the apartment at the time only six children, the oldest of whom is Edward, a boy of twelve. As soon as Edward saw the flames he shouted "Fire!" and immediately began the work of saving his younger sisters and his brother, William Dewey, a little fellow of a year and a half. Edward picked up his baby brother and carried him to the fire escape outside the front window, at the same time leading his sister Lillie, nine years old, by the hand. He then went back into the room, and with the help of Henry Hager, a thirteen-year-old took out his other sisters, eleven, six and four years old, to the same place of safety. When the children had been properly cared for, the two boys ran back to the kitchen and succeeded in putting out the fire by boy who lives on the third floor of the same house, throwing water upon it. When the firemen reached the scene they found there was nothing left for them to do. The two boys had saved the tenement house and at least five little lives.

A ten-year-old newsboy in Chicago, Fogario Raphael, braved flames and smoke the night of Dec. 26 to rescue a helpless cripple from death. The boy was passing a house at 205 North Carpenter street at 8 o'clock, when he saw smoke coming from a window. He heard cries for help coming from the house, and shouts of "fire" from persons on the street. The boy did not hesitate for a moment, but ran up the steps through a cloud of smoke that almost overpowered him and found a man half suffocated lying in one of the rooms. The man proved to be a blind cripple who was alone in the house and at the mercy of the smoke and fire. The boy dragged the man over the floor to the door, where the firemen assisted him.

A BRAVE ENGLISH BOY.

Among the British regiments which took part in the hard fighting at the battle of Elandslaagte was the Fifth Lancers. Attached to this regiment is a fourteen-year-old boy who enlisted as a bugler. When the regiment engaged with the enemy, the little chap went out with his fellow soldiers and soon found himself in the thick of the fight. Dropping his bugle, he seized a revolver from a fallen soldier, and with this weapon went into the fight. When the regiment got back to the camp in safety, the men lifted the boy on their shoulders and carried him around in triumph.



DETROIT "EVENING NEWS" NEWSBOYS' BAND.

BRAVERY UNDER SUFFERING.

Instances of boy bravery are constantly coming to our notice. A boy sixteen years old, residing at Bowl's Ferry Road, Union Hill, N. Y., by the name of Frank Newberry, was employed by a company that was removing an old railway structure, and while at work going down a ladder, missed his footing and plunged ninety feet, bumping against rocks and timbers. His fellow employes carried him into a house near by, where a doctor attended him. The boy had a compound fracture of the left shoulder, and the ligaments of the same shoulder were torn, the elbow of his left arm was sprained and the arm broken in four places near the wrist. His right thigh was twisted and his whole body was bruised terribly. The boy refused to allow the doctor to administer chloroform to him, and while the doctor worked the boy sang. He declined to go to the hospital, and was taken to his home, where he will probably recover. The doctor says in his opinion the boy's bravery was without a parallel.

THE BOY PREACHER OF MANCHESTER.

Claude Hansburg Cooke, a twelve-year-old English boy, known among his friends as Jack Cooke, and in church circles as "The Boy Preacher of Manchester," is now in this country, astonishing and delighting all who hear him. What he says is impromptu, crudely expressed, but quickly and distinctly spoken, in an eloquent way. His face lights up as he speaks, lending a charm to his words. He seems to possess a certain instinctive knowledge, allowing him frequently to confound inquirers and surprise his hearers with the quickness and correctness of his replies.

A BOY BILLIARD WONDER.

Willie Hoppe, age eleven, is a genius with the billiard cue. He can do more with a cue in a minute than ninety-nine out of a hundred of us can do in five. He plays equally well at all kinds of billiards. Willie began to play at the age of five, and after that wanted to play all the time. He could play even when he had to stand on a chair to see across the table. When Willie was six his father took him on a tour around the country, and his exhibitions amazed those who saw them. One night he made 410 shots at a straight-rail game without a miss. Then he learned balk-line billiards, and could make from forty to sixty at a run. At twelve-inch balk-line he made a run of ninety-eight. The highest cushion carom he has made is twenty-eight. He never gets in the least excited, never shows temper or confusion, will not use a bridge, and half of his shots are played sitting in the middle of the table.

We are glad to know that his schooling is not being neglected while he is playing billiards. He is as successful in school as he is out. Last year he passed with a grade of 97 per cent., the best showing made by any boy in the class.

LOUIS MAGNUS, THE CHICAGO BOY VIOLINIST.

The following letter to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY comes from Louis Magnus, the 13-year-old boy violinist of Chicago, who is becoming famous. The letter is quoted verbatim, and is well written, both from the point of composition and penmanship, and indicates that the boy is bright in directions other than music:

Dear Mr. Sprague:

I received your kind letter and I assure you it gives me pleasure to comply with your request. I was born in Chicago, July 8th, 1886. I took my first lesson on the violin when four years of age and played in concert at the age of six. I guess I have played in almost every church and society in Chicago. I practice about four hours a day, and in connection with my school work it keeps me pretty busy. I get very little time for play. I don't care much for any other pleasure than music. I read a great deal and attend all the fine concerts and operas that come here. I am in the seventh grade at school and expect to graduate this year. I have a repertoire of about 100 solos, most of them memorized. I have a juvenile concert company of my own, consisting of a chorus of ten boy singers from various church choirs in Chicago; a cornetist, age ten years; a pianist, age nine years; and a reader, age eleven years. I secure most of my own engagements. I have traveled a great deal with my own company. I enclose you program of the kind of work my concert company did last year. I give my parents credit for my advancement in music, as it is through their encouragement that I have made such rapid progress, as everybody knows how easy it is to get discouraged in music. I have always wished I could become a great master of the violin, and if practice will do it I think I ought to have my wish realized. I expect

next fall to have a class of my own. I never heard of a boy teaching, but I am sure I could do it, as I understand almost everything in music. I could get a number of pupils now, but I haven't the time to teach yet. I have often wished I could play in Detroit, as I know of a number of boys there who sing and play fine. I have often wished I could meet Master Belmont, of Detroit. I suppose you know him? They say he is great, and I guess he is. He is older than I am. My greatest successes in concert are Ballade et Polonaise, by Vieuxtemps; concerto, Mendelssohn. Nocturne No. 2, Op. 9, Chopin.



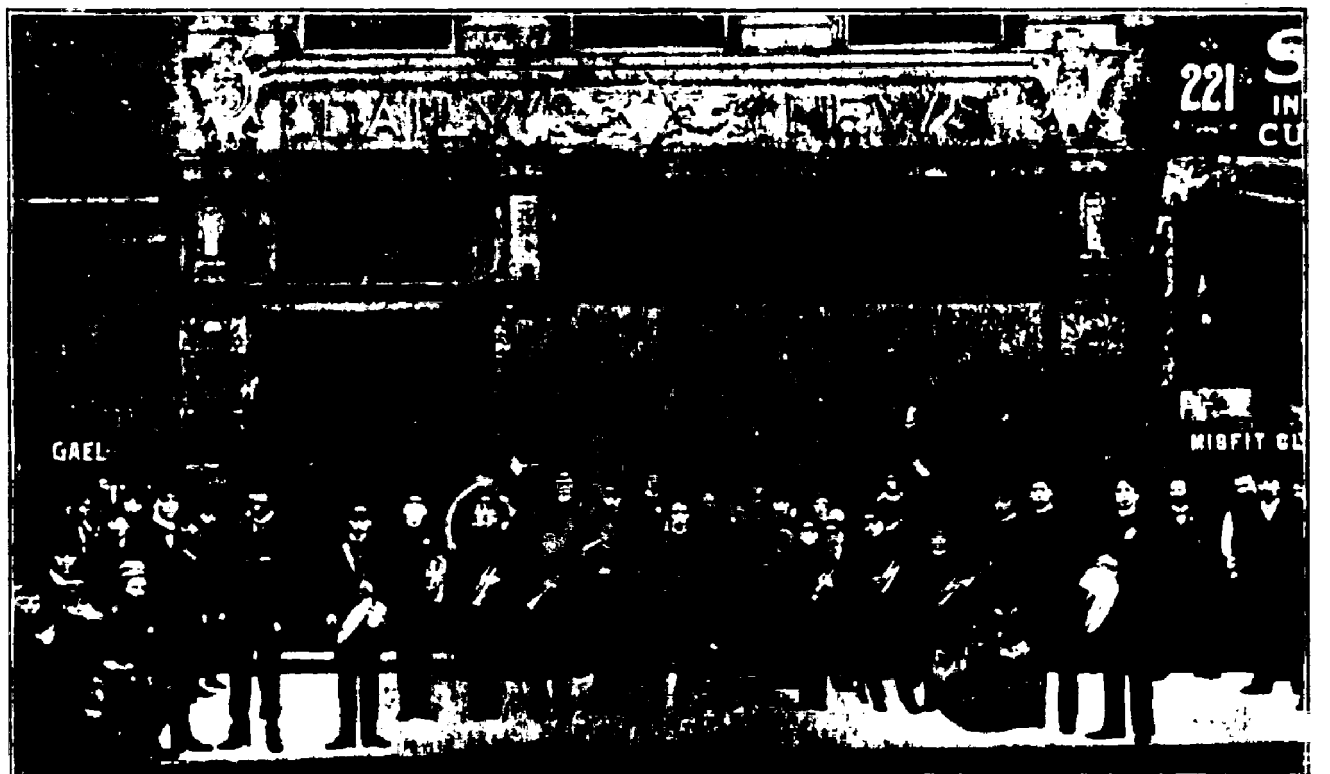
arranged by Reményi, Suite II, Goldmark, Concerto Op. 20, by Saint-Saens, Polish dances, Scharwenka, Faust Polonaise, Sarasate, Legend, Wieniawski, Concerto in D, Paganini, Witch's Dance, Paganini, Air on G string, by Bach, arranged by A. Wilhelmy. I send you my pictures by mail—one taken when I was nine years old, the other taken last November. I think I have told you all, so will close with kind wishes, from your friend, LOUIS MAGNUS.

I live with my parents at 368 Forty-fifth street, Chicago.

The following is a sample programme of the boy's concerts:

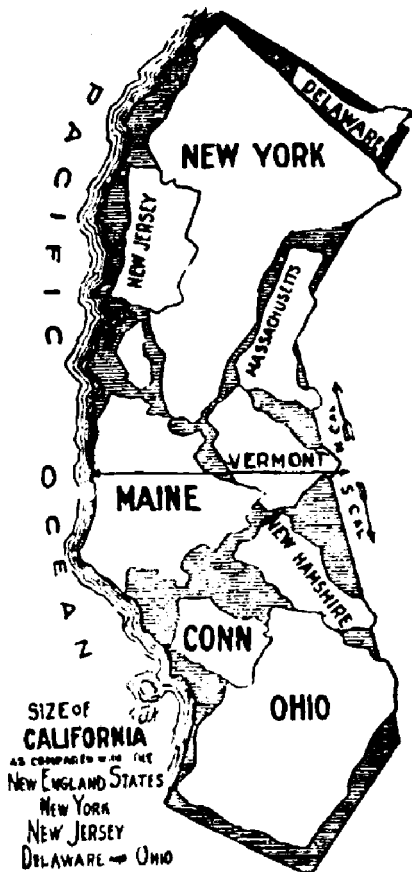
PROGRAM.

- Piano—a Grand Valse.....Chopin
- b Polonaise.....Magnus
- Miss Amelia Magnus.
- Vocal Solo—Flight of Ages.....Bevan
- Master Willie Brothers.
- Harp Solo—Nocturne.....Dreyschack
- Miss Percival Rice.
- Dramatic Recitation—A Vagabond Prince.....
- Master Norman C. Trumppour.
- Violin Solo—Sixth Concerto.....De Berliot
- Master Louis Magnus.
- Vocal Solo—Good-Bye.....Tosti
- Master Willie Brothers.
- Mandolin Solo—Applo.....Hughes
- Miss Percival Rice.
- Humorous Recitation.....Selected
- Master Norman C. Trumppour.
- Violin Solo—Romance.....Svendsen
- Master Louis Magnus.
- Vocal Solo—A Dream of Paradise.....Grey
- Master Willie Brothers.
- Harp Solo—Night Fall.....Ryder
- Miss Percival Rice.



MILWAUKEE "DAILY NEWS" BAND.

THE WORLD THRO' A BOY'S EYES.



Last year's statistics show that the population of London is 4,484,717.

The world's corn crop for 1899 is 2,611,000,000 bushels, of which the United States furnishes 2,200,000,000. Austria-Hungary furnishes 98,000,000, Argentina 72,000,000, Italy 68,000,000. The entire crop is about 111,000,000 bushels more than the average crop of the last four years.

The longest asphalted street in the world is Broad street, Philadelphia. It is of even width for eleven miles. It is also the straightest street. A carriage can be driven on this street and make only one turn in thirty-one miles. It is 113 feet wide, measures 69 feet from curb to curb, and thirty-five men can walk abreast on it.

WHO OWNS THE LAND?

Now that the United States is reaching out for new territory we are interested in learning that our globe has about 52,000,000 square miles of land surface, owned by some sixty different peoples. England has over 11,000,000 for her share; Russia, 8,000,000 in round numbers; then China, followed closely by France, and the United States, our own country having, without the Philippines, 3,609,630 square miles. Within the last eighteen years the great colonizing powers have added to their territories 8,670,120 square miles, in the following proportions:

	Square miles.
Great Britain	3,987,312
France	2,936,563
Germany	1,020,070
Russia	265,381
United States	160,601
Netherlands	123,677
Portugal	96,605
Spain	79,911

THE LARGEST FIELD OF WHEAT IN THE WORLD.

There is a little town in California known as Clovis. If you were up in a balloon just before harvesting time and were to look down upon it it would look like a speck of black in an ocean of yellow, for it is surrounded by an immense wheat field managed by a man by the name of Clovis Cole, and for him the town is named. Boys who live in the East and have never seen great Western wheat fields can hardly appreciate what we are going to tell them.

It requires fifty men and nearly 250 mules to harvest the Clovis field. If one man were to work in the way our grandfathers used to work in planting and sowing, it would take him thirty years to plow and sow this great field; really this field is as big as a dozen of our Eastern counties.

Clovis field in a heavy year yields enough grain to fill nearly a million sacks. It requires forty days for the five immense harvesters to harvest the grain, and at the end of that time four massive warehouses will be filled to bursting. The field contains 25,000 acres and is in Madera and Fresno counties. The owner of the field is a young man 38 years of age. He rides

about among his workmen clad in regular rancher's style, with overalls and cowhide boots. He roughs it with his employes, and goes about the big ranch as unassumingly as if he were a driver at two dollars a day instead of the wheat-growing king of the world. We have heard people call young Letter, the young man who made and lost so much in wheat on the Chicago Board of Trade, the "wheat king," but the title sounds hollow when used of him in comparison to its sound as applied to this young Californian who, standing in the middle of his sea of gold, may realize that he is helping to feed a hundred thousand men, women and children.

INFORMATION IN A NUT-SHELL.

Sound moves 743 miles an hour.—A rifle ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.—New York's net debt is \$240,000,000.—The Transvaal has 74 gold mining companies.—There are 9,000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.—There are 17,000 students in 140 colleges in British India.—Four tons of gold from the Klondike will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition.—The elephant has 40,000 muscles in his trunk alone, while a man has only 577 in his entire body.—80,000 inhabitants of Naples never know today how they will buy their meals tomorrow.—Buffalo's new Union railroad station is to have the largest waiting-room possessed by any railroad in the world.—The United States hatched 200,000,000 shad in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers the past year.—No American locomotives have yet been introduced into Germany; Germany having eighteen locomotive factories, with a capacity of 1,400 locomotives a year.—Cuba and Porto Rico used to buy annually \$5,000,000 worth of shoes of Spanish manufacture.—The Scotch fisheries exported last year nearly 1,000,000 barrels of Scotch herrings to ports in Northern Europe.—There is a police judge by the name of Herod in Chanute, Kans.—The Chicago Tribune, having kept a record for ten years, says that



"What's the matter over there, Jonathan?"
 "Same as over there, Sam."

the saloon business of this country is directly chargeable with a total of 53,436 murders in that time.—Thirty-five per cent. of the recent applicants for enlistment in the British army have been rejected for physical disability.—The profits of Great Britain's Postal Service are \$20,000,000 a year.—The most costly parliament in Europe is that of France. It costs \$1,500,000 a year.—In the Havana custom house are employed 214 Cubans, 84 Spaniards, and 32 Americans.—Forty-five per cent. of the houses of Berlin are owned by Jews.

The Transvaal is about the size of Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and Vermont combined.

GENERAL WOOD AND THE BOYS IN CUBA.

If there is one popular man in Cuba, that man is General Leonard Wood, who has just been appointed governor of the island. There are not many boys and girls in the city of Santiago who do not know General Wood when they see him on his big gray horse as he rides about the town. I remember seeing three little half clad olive skinned boys stop in the middle of the street on seeing the general, pull off their tattered caps and salute him with military precision, all three showing their white teeth as they smiled. And the general saluted in return as if they had been soldiers.

The tenth of last October was a famous anniversary day for the Cubans—a sort of Cuban Fourth of July—but curiously enough the inhabitants of Santiago had decided to celebrate it in silence, to have no merry-making, no music, no processions. Of course this disappointed thousands of Cuban children quite as keenly as the boys of an American city would have been disappointed if they had been deprived of fire crackers on the Fourth of July. General Wood heard of the trouble and having a boy of his own, he knew just what to do. He sent an invitation to all the children of the city to take a ride on the harbor in the government vessels. Bright and early on the great day all the tugs and other harbor craft belonging to the Americans appeared at the wharf side tooting their whistles, and hundreds of children who had gathered all in their best attire, tumbled aboard. Boat after boat was loaded and set out down the bay, with a band playing "The Star Spangled Banner" and the Cuban national air. In each of the boats there was a barrel filled with lemonade, and the voyage which followed was such as only a crowd of children who had never before made such an excursion could enjoy. The Spaniards had been in command at Santiago for nearly four hundred years, but there was never a governor who took any interest in the boys until the Americans came.

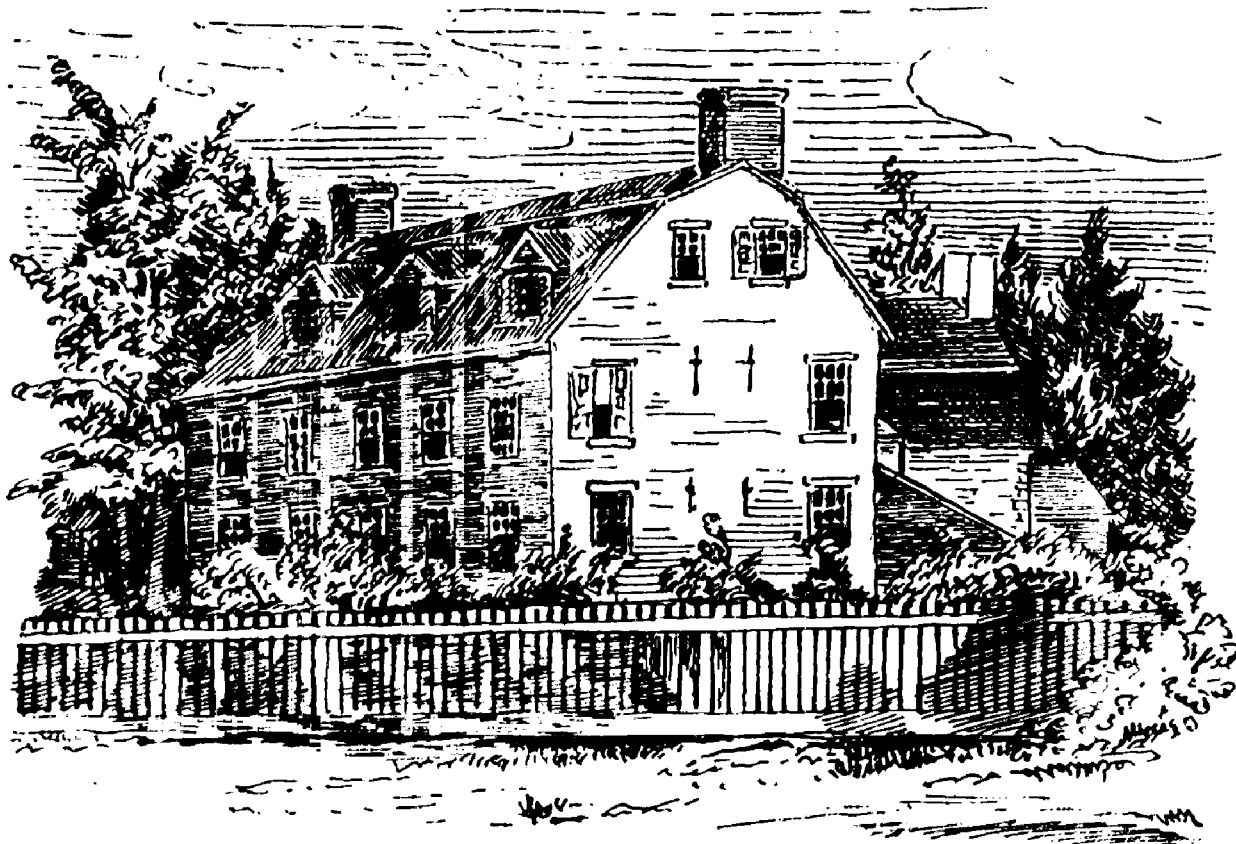
Since then General Wood is known in Santiago as "Our Friend" by the boys. Not many weeks after the picnic on the harbor, a great delegation of children appeared at the palace and asked to see the governor. General Wood is a tall, powerfully built man and he wears a brown khaki suit and spurs. The average Cuban man reaches hardly above his shoulder and so when he appeared among the boys and girls he looked like a very giant. The spokesman presented the petition. He said that the boys and girls of Santiago had heard that the boys and girls of America were only required to go to school five days a week, whereas every Cuban school holds a session on Saturday the same as any other day. Now, were not the Cubans free? And shouldn't they be entitled to the same privileges as their friends, the American boys and girls? And thus they made a strong plea for a Saturday holiday—a plea with which every American boy and girl will sympathize. The governor heard them through and then he explained to them that the time had not yet come for making such changes in the school system of Cuba, but that some time they might expect to enjoy the same privileges as the American boys and girls. And they left him with a cheer.

There are, indeed, no stronger friends of the Americans in Cuba than the boys and girls. They want to know just what is done in American schools, how the American children act, what they play and everything else about them. And then they want to do exactly the same things. What is more, they are anxious to learn English and they are learning it much faster than the grown people. Frequently when you go into a store in Cuba the clerks can not understand what you say, but they will bring some boy who is able to talk with you.

WATER MORE DEADLY THAN DYNAMITE.

Dynamite is a very tame explosive compared with common water. In one day the water breaks up more earth and rock than all the gunpowder, gun cotton and dynamite in the world does in a year. Water runs into soil, freezes, expands, splits the earth into little pieces. Water runs into the cracks of the rocks, freezes, and splits them. Water or sap in the pores of a tree may freeze and split the tree from end to end with a report like a gunshot. The water of the sea is thought by some scientists to flow to enormous depths into the bowels of the earth where, meeting with intense heat, it expands, and, requiring an outlet, creates great upheavals which we know as earthquakes and volcanoes. It is a curious fact that there is no known living volcano at a greater distance than 150 miles from the sea.

A. J. Passino, a young man twenty-one years of age, has been appointed assistant chief clerk in the offices of the Pressed Steel Car Company at Pittsburgh, a responsible position seldom offered to one of his years. The company does a business which involves millions of dollars a year, and the work of the assistant of the chief clerk is a very important one.



"YANKEE DOODLE HOUSE."

"YANKEE DOODLE" HOUSE.

A stirring national tune has always served a very essential part in war or in peace for a nation. In what are called "the piping times of peace" even martial music is well appreciated. But it is when the clouds of contention gather, and a country, chafing under the lash of a wrong, either real or imaginary, feels the stirring of the patriotic impulse, that the great force of martial music makes itself supremely felt.

The country must be sordid indeed and unhistoric which can claim no melody sacred to its needs and its hopes.

How enthusiastic the Englishman grows when he hears the loud notes of "God Save the Queen." How the German thrills at the "Wacht am Rhein." And with what ringing cheers the excitable French respond to the "Marsellaise." Spain, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia all have their anthems, more or less distinctive, and more or less excellent as compositions.

We of America are somewhat peculiarly situated in respect to original national music. We have any number of tunes that pass for national, but whose melody, it is sad to confess, has almost every time been appropriated from some foreign source. The music of "The Star Spangled Banner" has been filched bodily; and so has that of "Hail Columbia," and almost all the rest. But they all answer the purpose of awakening enthusiasm for our country.

If you would know how real enthusiasm feels you would need to experience some such sensation as fell

to my lot many years ago. I was a very young lad in Paris during the first year of our great civil war. At that time throughout all Europe there was hardly to be found anywhere a gleam of sympathy for the national cause, or the least hope of a restored Union. Such hopes and feelings as there were kept themselves hidden among the poor and lowly.

But one evening I happened to drop in at a little music hall (what they call a "café chantant") on one of the boulevards, when the orchestra struck up "Yankee Doodle."

I never had so delicious a sensation, and never expect to have such another. I went wild with joy, and perhaps made an exhibition of myself.

"Yankee Doodle" isn't of itself any great thing, but in a forlorn condition of one's native land, and heard on a foreign shore, it is, I might say, almost angelic.

And yet the whole thing, original and distinctive as it is, was neither original with Americans nor intended to be distinctive for them. It was composed by a young British officer, about the year 1777, while he was quartered in an old stone house nearly opposite the city of Albany, N. Y., on the Hudson river.

It was written in ridicule of the American patriots, and doubtless that British subaltern little imagined that his rollicking and undignified words would, in the course of time, grow dear to the hearts of such a mighty nation as the "rebels" of that day have become.

"The first of a series, "Notable American Houses," by W. J. Roe.

"THE YOUNGEST PERSON WHO EVER BORE ARMS IN BATTLE."

H. M. WHITE.

It is not often that a boy of ten years lays the foundation for national fame, but that is what one little fellow who was attached to a Michigan regiment did.

Many who read THE AMERICAN BOY have heard of Johnny Clem, The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga, no doubt.

In the book called "Michigan in the War," page 428, may be found a brief account of his killing a hog belonging to a Confederate sympathiser, against orders, and excusing himself to the colonel by saying that he did not intend to let any rebel hogs bite him. The same note gives an account of his shooting a Confederate colonel from his horse at Chickamauga.

Little Johnny was but ten years old when he attached himself to the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry, after an unsuccessful effort to join an Ohio regiment, being a native of the Buckeye State.

He did service as a drummer boy more than a year before he was permitted to become a regularly enlisted soldier, which honor was conferred upon him in May, 1863.

At the battle of Shiloh his drum was smashed by a piece of shell, and from that time until the battle of Chickamauga he was known as Johnny Shiloh.

After Chickamauga he became known throughout the country as The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga, although in point of fact he acted as marker during that battle until his regiment was captured.

From the date of this great battle, Gen. George H. Thomas, until his death, took a deep interest in the boy veteran, and treated him as a son. Young Clem



The photograph from which the accompanying picture is made was taken at Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1863, and is vouched for as genuine by "Johnny," now Major John L. Clem of the regular army. "Johnny" is the boy whose arm is resting on the chair.

served on the general's staff for a time, and during all of that period the warm-hearted general caused the boy to be carefully taught by his nephew, Col. S. C. Kellogg.

It was through Gen. Thomas's influence that Johnny eventually secured an appointment in the regular army, in which he is at this time serving as major.

There is little doubt that Johnny Clem was the youngest soldier in the Federal army, and Lossing's History says that he was probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle.

Not long ago the writer was telling some friends about a few of Johnny's pranks during the war, when a gentleman who resides in Chattanooga asked him if he would like to see a picture of the little fellow, taken while in the army.

The next day he brought the picture which accompanies this sketch. It was taken in Chattanooga during the year 1863, when the Twenty-second Michigan regiment was stationed there.

The little girl was Alice Edwards, now Mrs. A. W. Lauter, of Chattanooga, the wife of an ex-federal officer. The other little boy was her brother, James Edwards.

In order to make sure that there had been no mistake or imposition, the writer had it copied and sent a copy to Major Clem, asking him if he could identify it.

He wrote in reply that he remembered the Edwards family very well, and distinctly remembered when the picture was taken. He also vouched for the truth of the pig story, and paid a high tribute to the memory of Gen. Thomas, saying:

"I, like every other soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, revere and honor Gen. George H. Thomas more than any general in the army. He was one of God's noblemen."

About the close of the war the ladies of Chicago gave little Johnny a fine new uniform. In his letter to the writer he sent a picture of his young son



This picture, reproduced from a newspaper illustration, shows "Johnny" Clem with his hat in his hand and Master Jack Clem, his son, some thirty years later, in the same suit of clothes.

dressed in the same uniform. The fit of the clothes seems to be perfect, and the boy resembles the father quite strikingly.

There are few better known officers in the regular army than Major John L. Clem, little Johnny Clem of those bloody days so happily passed, The Drummer Boy of Chickamauga, grown up.

GOLDEN WORDS FROM COLORADO.

A few years ago when the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY was paying a visit to Cripple Creek, Colo., the great gold mining camp, a companion pointed out to him W. S. Stratton, who at one time was a carpenter about Colorado Springs, earning a few dollars a day at his trade, and now is the chief owner of the Independence mine, one of the most wonderful gold-producing properties in the world. On Sept. 25 last, this wonderful mine paid a quarterly dividend to its stockholders of \$488,000—by far the largest dividend ever paid by any Colorado mining company. During the three months which this dividend covers the mine had produced \$700,000 worth of ore. It is said now to be producing ore at the rate of \$225,000 a month. The dividend paid during the last quarter must have left something like \$300,000 in the treasury. Over a million dollars' worth of ore has already been taken out of the mine, with untold millions in sight.

Speaking of Cripple Creek ore, someone has suggested that Cripple Creek should exhibit at the Paris Exposition a solid piece of gold worth a million dollars. Such a cube of gold would measure 16.7 inches each way.

...THE BOY SCIENTIST...

The atmosphere extends at the equator 26,000 miles beyond the earth, and at the poles 17,000.

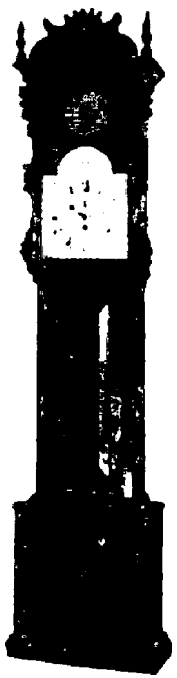
Liquid hydrogen has been made clear as water but with only one-fourth its specific gravity, so that cork sinks in it as lead in water. It is intensely cold, having four times the cold of liquid air. Air freezes and sinks in it. When a brass cylinder is dipped in liquid hydrogen and then withdrawn, the cylinder liquefies the air of the room, causing it to drip from the cylinder. Cotton dipped into it shows magnetic affinities. By putting hydrogen in a glass tube and freezing it, a vacuum is made that an electric spark will not pass through.

Mixed Colors.

- Red and black make brown.
- White and brown make chestnut.
- White and carmine make pink.
- Indigo and lampblack make silver gray.
- White and lampblack make lead color.
- Blue and lead color make pearl.
- White and emerald green make brilliant green.
- White and green make bright green.
- White and green make tea green.
- Purple and white make French white.
- Red and yellow make orange.
- Blue and yellow make light green.
- White and yellow make straw color.
- Black and Venetian red make chocolate.
- Light green and black make dark green.
- Lake and white make rose.
- White, blue and lake make purple.
- White, blue and black make pearl green.
- White, lake and vermillion make flesh color.
- Umber, white and Venetian red make drab.
- White, yellow and Venetian red make cream.
- Red, blue, black and red make olive.
- Yellow, white and a little Venetian red make buff.

A Remarkable Clock.

There is perhaps no other clock in the world like the one we are about to describe.



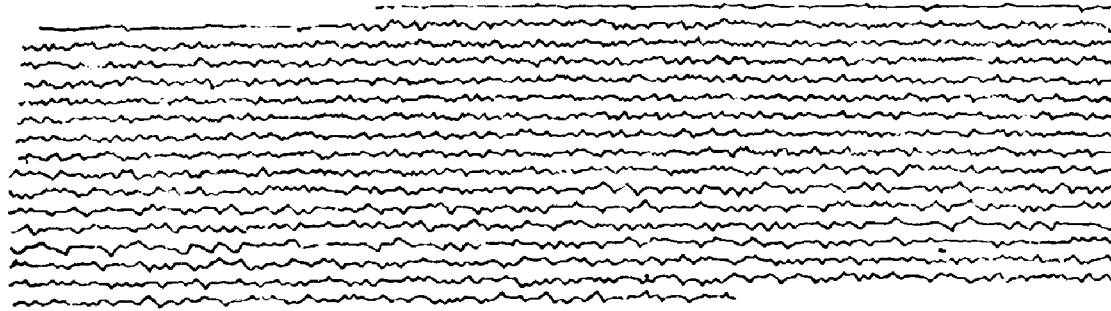
From the picture of it which you see in this column you will say that it resembles the old style "grandfather's clock." This clock was designed by Christian Jensen and his son, Joseph J. Jensen, watchmakers, Richfield, Utah, about three years ago, and has only just been completed. It has recently been on exhibition at the State Fair at Utah and attracted a great deal of attention.

This clock does many things besides tell the time after the manner of an ordinary clock: it tells the time of day all over the earth. One can also tell at a glance how many hours difference in time there is between one country and another. The clock strikes the hour and quarter hour and repeats at the operator's will. It also gives the phases of the moon as viewed from the earth, and the calendar of the month. The movements of its hour, minute and second hands are like those of ordinary clocks. It stands 8 feet 4 inches high and is 2 feet wide at the base. It runs by weights and gives second beats.

Mr. Jensen expects to receive orders to make clocks similar to this one for use in schools.

The Pollak-Virag System of Telegraphy

A successful test has just been made of a new system of rapid telegraphy. The test was made from New York to Chicago, a message having been sent over the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company from the office of the New York World to the office of the Chicago Tribune. The rate of transmission of the message was 65,000 words an hour. The test was successful, although it was snowing in Chicago and rain was falling at different points on the line at the time of the experiment. It is an automatic system, by which the message is flashed on sensitized paper. We present herewith a representation of the "photogram," as it is called.



A PHOTOGRAM.

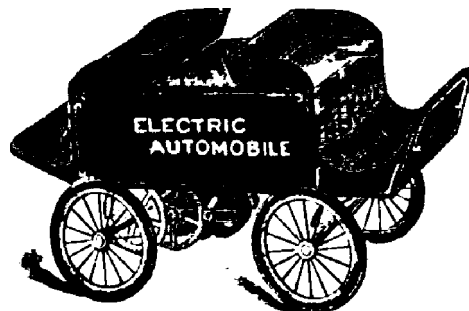
The following is the translation of the message, a facsimile of which appears herewith:

"This message is the first sent in the United States by the Pollak-Virag automatic rapid telegraph and automatically recorded. It was sent from New York and received in the office of the Tribune in Chicago. The sending and receiving of this were to demonstrate the practical utility of the Pollak-Virag invention in sending and receiving messages at a great saving of time and of telegraph wires. It will be transmitted at a speed of more than 80,000 words an hour, and the receiving instrument will register the words on a photographic sheet as fast as they are sent."

In Budapest, Hungary, where the only other tests of this invention were made, the rate of 150,000 words an hour was attained. Messages will be sent later from the Tribune office in Chicago to New York. This is over a greater distance than has been heretofore attempted. These messages are called photograms by the inventors, because they are recorded photographically by the receiving instrument. The inventors and demonstrators of this invention of telegraphing are Anton Pollak and Josef Virag, electrical engineers of Budapest, Hungary.

A Miniature Electric Automobile.

The Knapp Electric & Novelty Company have tickled the fancy of boys by putting upon the market the first miniature electric automobile. In no department of activity has there been more rapid progress in recent years than



in the manufacture of toys. Of course, it was to be expected that some one would take advantage of the automobile craze to make a miniature automobile. We present a picture of the one made by the Knapp company. It is a perfect little piece of mechanism. Two dry cells, easily procured from an electrical supply house, are fastened in

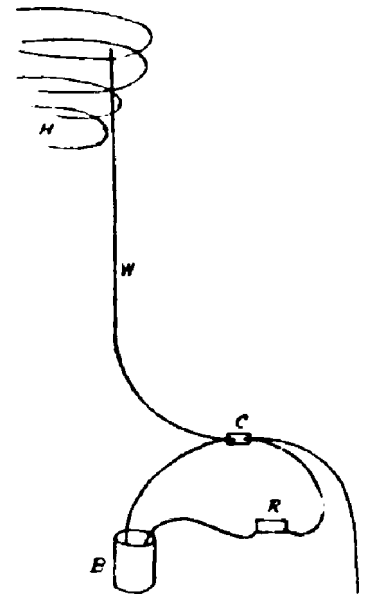
the body of the wagon, overcoming the objectionable feature of acids in batteries. These little cells will drive the wagon without stopping for five hours, but if used a few minutes only each day, fifteen to twenty hours may be obtained. The motor, gear, etc. are placed under the body of the wagon and drive the rear wheels. The front axle is pivoted, and the lever may be turned to any angle. It is fitted with a starting switch. The length of the wagon is 12½ inches; width, 6½ inches; height, 7½ inches. Diameter of wheels, 3 inches. Size of cells, 6x2 7-16 inches. Weight, boxed, 10 pounds. Price, complete, \$5.00. Send us \$5.00 or six new subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY and you can have it

Something About Wireless Telegraphy.

For several months past there has been constant communication between stations in England and France, 32 miles apart, by means of the Marconi system of telegraphing without wires. Marconi, the inventor, came to this country in October to report the international yacht races by means of his system. His work enabled the New York papers to set forth on a bulletin board the action and position of the Columbia and the Shamrock within two minutes of the exact instant of observation. The messages were sent to a fixed station on shore from a steamer moving on the sea, the greatest distance of the ship from the shore being about twenty miles, and the number of words sent about 33,000. The signals traveled from a vertical wire, which ran up to the top of a mast, to a corresponding wire on the shore, and the speed of transmittal was as great as that with the ordinary wire telegraph line. The system is too intricate for minute description here. Suffice it to say that the electric action at the end of the wire in motion, in the ether, waves that continue in force and form so as to take effect on the instrument at the point to which the message is sent, the greatest distance yet covered successfully being 110 miles. What is most remarkable about the discovery is that messages may be sent from one extremity of a

building to the other, through solid walls of brick or stone. The inventor says that the messages may be sent from one place to another in a city through scores of solid walls, and even through mountains. The value of this system to commerce and to the navy and the life-saving system is beyond measure. The battleships Massachusetts and New York have been fitted with additions to their masts for the reception of the apparatus required for this method of communication. Eight ships of the British navy have already been equipped with the apparatus. The admiral of the British fleet reports to his government that by means of this system he is able to hold his ships in as good control at a distance of eighty miles as at fifteen without it.

The inventor expects to so perfect the system as to send messages across the Atlantic. The chief obstacle in sending messages so far is the curvature of the earth, which is about 1,000 feet in 80 miles. During the summer of 1899, when Queen Victoria was staying at the Isle of Wight and the Prince of Wales was cruising in his yacht off the south coast of England, they kept in communication by means of the Marconi apparatus. Ships that pass in the night may report to one another at a distance of 100 miles. A ship in danger at sea may sound her cry for help over a circle 100 miles in diameter. This system will make a whispering gallery of the world.



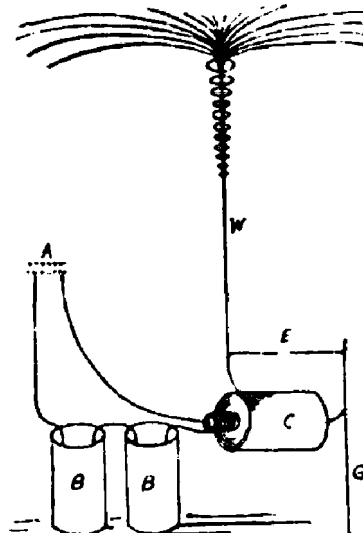
Explanation of Receiving Apparatus.
B. Relay Battery.
R. Relay Instrument.
C. Ground Wire.
G. Coherer.
W. Vertical Wire.
H. Magnetic Waves from Transmitter.

Work of an Eyelid.

A scientist has calculated that the eyelids of the average man open and shut no fewer than 4,000,000 times in the course of a single year of his existence.

A process has been discovered enabling artists not only to make facsimiles of original paintings in every outline but also to produce the depth of coloring, as well as the peculiarities of manner characterizing the painters of the originals. The process is an intricate and costly one, is not patented, but is kept in strict secrecy. It is a process of photo-gravure.

"Mamma, please give me a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you're not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." A pause. "Mamma, won't you please give me a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and whip you!" Another pause. "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to whip me?"—Tit-Bits.



Explanation of Transmitting Apparatus.
A. Place of Operating Key.
B. Batteries.
C. Induction Coil.
E. Spark Gap.
G. Ground Wire.
W. Vertical Wire.
H.H. Magnetic Waves.

HOW TO DO THINGS

How to Use the Gymnasium.

By PHYSICAL DIRECTOR E. J. GIANNINI, of the New York Athletic Club.

The first exercise I put a novice at is the pulley weights. This machine by means of various motions brings into play the muscles of the arms and the upper portion of the body only, as the legs are always kept in one position. Then I take the pupil over to the sculling machine. This apparatus imparts the same movements to the body as when a boat is propelled by a single oar from the stern. The same muscles are exercised here as with the pulley weights, only in a circular instead of straight motion and in a lateral direction.

The wrist roll is the next thing which I advise the beginner to work on. This exercise, which is designed to strengthen the muscles of the wrist and forearm, consists in turning a cylinder of wood to which is fastened a cord which winds up. At the end of this cord are hanging weights which furnish the necessary strain for the wrists. The finger machine is the next on the list. By its use the muscles of the hands are strengthened.

From the wrist machine I take the beginner to the abdominal pulley, which is useful for the purpose of strengthening and bringing into action the muscles of the abdomen and those of the trunk in general.

The waist reducer, with which I follow, is an endless pulley, and to work it one must go through exactly the same motions as when hauling on the main sheet of a boat or climbing a rope, except one does not have to pull up one's own weight. By means of a screw just so much friction is applied as is thought proper.

From the waist reducer we turn to the spring board, which, as every one is aware, gives the same exercise as running. This is the first leg exercise indulged in, as it may have been noticed that those heretofore described were for the upper part of the body. From this we go over to the chest bars. These are two upright poles set about two feet apart. One is grasped by each hand at a height a little below the shoulder. By means of these bars the muscles of the arm, back and abdomen are greatly strengthened.

It has been found by experience that the parallel bars are too severe a method of exercise for beginners, and as a substitute what is known as the traveling parallels have been invented. By this means the same exercise is gained, but instead of having to support his own weight the novice is enabled to use graduated weights by loading or unloading the machine.

I have mentioned no exercise that is likely to bring on a profuse perspiration, and that is just what is needed. So next we will have an inning on the bicycle machine. This mechanism allows for extra friction and consequently harder work by means of a lever. A dial in front of the rider tells him how far he has traveled, and after about a mile has been covered most men will be covered with moisture.

The intercostal pulleys are the next on the program. As the bicycle gave exercise to the legs, these are a return to motions for the upper half of the body, and they are very useful for developing the muscles in the neighborhood of the ribs.

In my own work with pupils I next give beginners an exercise which I have found by experience to be extremely useful for strengthening the neck, back and legs. I have a large ball, made like a medicine ball, only about twice as large and weighing 12 pounds. To use this you must lie on a mat on the floor and have some one to throw the ball to you. Then, after catching it, you throw it in the air and with your feet kick it to the assistant, who catches it and repeats the operation. All this time you

must lie with your legs and head off the mat.

The medicine ball is the next thing to take up. This I consider a small gymnasium in itself, and the use of it one of the most healthful exercises for a man, as it develops almost every muscle in the body. Care must be taken by a beginner not to exercise too fast at first, or dangerous sprains may result.

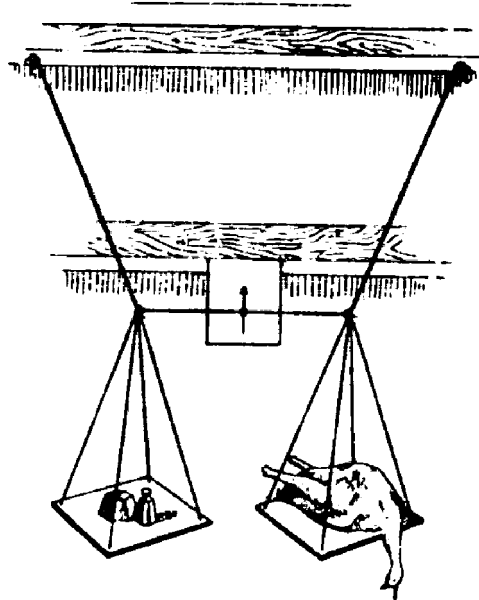
Now to wind up you should take a run around the tracks, if there is one in the gymnasium. The distance you should cover, of course, depends upon yourself and your condition. For the first week or so it is a good plan to run flat footed, so as to bring the muscles of the legs into shape by slow degrees and without straining any of the tendons.

In taking up any of these exercises it must be remembered that no fixed number of times for doing each exercise can be laid down. If you have an instructor, he will tell you when to stop; otherwise you must be guided by your own feelings and judgment. It should be remembered, however, that for the first few weeks it is better to do too little than too much.

Of course, after working in a gymnasium it is necessary to take a shower or other bath, and this calls for a word of caution. On no account should the bath immediately follow exercising. Much better wrap some covering around you, sit down quietly in some spot out of any draft for ten minutes or so.

Then, again, there are few people, even the strongest, who after exercising in this fashion can stand the shock of cold water as it comes from the faucet. Of course, there is no necessity to go to the opposite extreme and take a hot bath, but rather indulge in a tepid shower or plunge. After the bath do not go out into the open air or into a draft for some time, as all the pores are wide open and cold is easily caught.

Of course there are lots of exercises with dumbbells, bar bells and other machines of which I have not spoken, but every result for which these are intended may be attained by the methods I have mentioned.



How to Make a Pair of "Home-Made" Scales.

You can make a pair of scales out of two pieces of cardboard, a piece of string and two nails. Drive two nails into the edge of a horizontal shelf about 24 inches apart. Take a piece of string or thread about 3½ feet long, and tie in the middle of it a large knot; then tie the two ends to the nails, one end to each. Cut from cardboard two square pieces to serve as pans, and suspend them from the principal thread by four other threads. They should be suspended one on each side of, and about six inches distant from the knot in the center. Their weight will make the middle part of the principal thread take a horizontal position. Behind the central part of the horizontal thread

place a piece of cardboard and mark on the cardboard the place in front of which the knot lies when the two pans are at rest. Now put any article you wish to weigh into one of the pans. This, of course, will disturb the equilibrium, and the part of the thread that was horizontal will now take an oblique position, and the knot will no longer hang in front of the point marked on the cardboard. To bring the knot back to its place you must put weights in the empty pan, and when you have thus established a balance and brought the knot back to its place, the total of the weights will give the weight of the article. Of course, if you want to weigh heavy articles you must use heavy twine or rope. A thread will do for light-weight articles. These scales may be depended upon to give as accurate service as any scales that are sold in the stores.

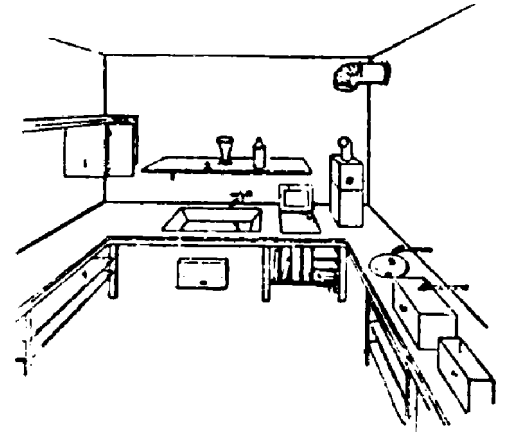
How to Construct a "Dark Room."

In planning the construction of a dark room in a basement, we will suppose that the basement is unfinished and has a dirt floor and a rough joist ceiling. Select a site near a ventilating shaft or smoke flue, if possible. Level the dirt floor and construct a floor for the dark room as follows: For an 8 by 10 room, cut nine pieces of 2 by 4 scantling, 7 feet 8 inches long. Arrange these 15 inches from center to center. Take two pieces of scantling ten feet long, spike these to the ends of the shorter pieces, making a framework 8 by 10 feet in size. Cover this with a good quality of matched flooring, trimming the ends and sides even with the framework. Now spike scantling to the joists overhead, making a frame 8 feet 1¼ inches by 10 feet 1¼ inches inside. Directly above the floor construct the side walls of a cheap quality of matched flooring, nailing it to the frame above from the inside, and to the floor below outside, leaving an opening 2 feet 10 inches wide and 6 feet 6 inches high for a door in one of the 10 foot sides. Strip can be nailed around the room on the outside about three feet from the floor, if the top and bottom nailing is not considered sufficient. Now cover the ceiling and sides (inside) with red plastering board or red rope building paper of a heavy quality, lapping the joints about two inches, tacking it on neat and smooth. It can be tacked to the joists above, or the top can be celled like the sides and the paper tacked on this, as preferred. Be sure and have all joints neat and smooth and light-tight. Nail 3-inch battens over the paper around the door opening, having them project in the opening about one inch for the door to butt against. The door can be made of flooring, putting the battens on the outside, and covering the inside with paper. Hang the door with 6-inch strapped hinges; door to open on the outside. Put on a suitable lock or latch, but put it on in such a way that no openings are left for the light to get in.

Along the ten-foot side in the room, construct a shelf or table at a convenient height from the floor, making it about two feet wide. It can be made of the matched flooring, selecting some of the best. Make the table true and level; the ends can be supported by strips nailed to the end walls and the center by the framework or tray rack, as shown in the sketch. Cut an opening near the center for a galvanized iron sink—about 20 by 40 inches will be large enough—and let in the sink, making the edges flush with the top of the table. In the left-hand corner, at a convenient height above the table, fasten a dry-plate box, box to be large enough to take the largest plate used. Have this box perfectly light-tight. Line it with black velvet or felt, and have door fitted with a spring so as to keep it closed. To the right of the sink have a platform for developing. Have this fitted with a cover something like an inverted tray. The cover when

down should fit the platform, making a light-tight joint. It should be hinged to the platform at the back, so that when not in use the cover can be thrown back. The size should be large enough to take the largest tray used. This arrangement is handy for slow development, as you can let down the cover over the tray, and all is secure from dust and light. Have lamp in the right-hand corner, and directly above it put an inverted stove-pipe elbow—6-inch will do. Connect the pipe from this with the ventilating shaft or smoke-flue, which will carry off the lamp fumes, keeping the room cool in the summer and at the same time ventilating it.

On the right have hypo table. This may be about two feet wide and reach across the room. Let wash-basin in flush at the left end, and place tray-racks and shelves below for trays, hypo, etc., as shown. In left side of room have table for drying racks, plate-holder, etc., with



shelves below and above. These can be arranged to suit individual ideas and must be convenient.

Run water-supply pipe on outside of room, with pipes through the walls and terminating in taps above the sink, wash-basin and washing-box. The pipe may be ½-inch galvanized; this you can have cut and threaded to order, and by screwing it together you can save the expense of a plumber. The sink and wash-basin can be connected with drain or sewer by a 1¼-inch galvanized iron pipe.

Cut 6 by 8 inch air inlet under one of the tables near the floor. Cover it so as to let in air but keep out the light. A small shelf above the sink is for developing solutions.

Cover the tables and shelves with white enamel cloth. Keep a supply of old newspapers; use these on the hypo table under the fixing box and trays, renewing them frequently. This will keep the hypo dust out of the room and help to keep your negatives free from pinholes.

Size of dark room can be altered to suit location, but do not make it too small. Have large lamp with large openings, well protected with suitable glass and curtains, so as to get plenty of light, but be sure and have it safe.—Photo Beacon.

How to Paper Your Walls.

Provide yourself with a pair of long shears, a yard-stick, a brush with which to apply the paste (a whitewash brush will answer), and some soft, clean cloths.

To make the paste, sift the flour, add one ounce each of alum and borax to every pound of flour, mix it smoothly with cold water, and pour over it gently but quickly boiling water, stirring meantime constantly. When it swells and turns yellow it is done, but must not be used until cool. It should be quite thin. If the wall has already been papered the old paper should be removed. Cut all the full breadths that will be required for the room, matching and numbering each, and saving remnants for door and window spaces. Fit the widths together at the top, and gently press first the edge, then the entire space.

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

Raising Rabbits for the Market.

A Fine Business for an Ambitious Boy Who Has Small Capital—Growing Popularity of the Hare for Food—Rabbit Culture in the Far West and Just How to Proceed in Starting Professional Hutches.

By DELIA T. DAVIS

The timid hare has recently come up in the world tremendously as a market product. Americans have somehow heretofore been rather disinclined to accept the rabbit as a table delicacy, notwithstanding the example set them by their European cousins; but all that is changed now, and so great is the demand all through the west for a fine quality of home bred hare that it is simply impossible to meet the orders. Large numbers of people living in the cities, who have only basements and back yards in which can be placed a few dry goods boxes, are breeding and raising rabbits for the markets, and thousands more could do so with profit.

As a good example of the rapid gains in rabbit raising, may be cited the experience of a little boy who a year ago bought a nice pair of rabbits for \$5. During the year he has raised from the original pair fifty-one rabbits, forty-eight of which he has sold at a dollar apiece. The cost of feeding has not been more than two dollars, so that the end of the year finds him with five rabbits instead of two, and \$41 to his credit in the bank, after deducting the original capital.

Culture tells in this industry the same as in any other, and there is just as much difference between the carefully bred and reared rabbit and the one that comes up anyhow, as between the cat of the alley and the aristocratic angora. A visit a few days since to the largest rabbitry in the country situated at Woodstock, Illinois, resulted in bringing out some interesting points as to the best methods of raising rabbits either for pets or as a food product.

RABBIT CULTURE.

"On almost any place," said the keeper, "an unused building or even a corner in a barn or basement can be turned into a commodious rabbitry with a comparatively small outlay, and by the exercise of a little judgment made to pay a nice profit.

"It is best to start with a limited number of animals, acquiring some practical experience before branching out too extensively. The three essentials of a good rabbitry are ventilation, light and dryness. Once these points have been gained, it really matters very little what kind of a structure comprises the rabbitry. Pure air and plenty of it, is of first importance to the well being of friend Bunny, and the great percentage of losses in raising rabbits under cover can be directly traced to bad air. Light is another indispensable, while the dry place conduces greatly to health during the cold and damp months.

"Hutches for rabbits the size of the Belgian hare should not be less than four feet long, two feet wide and one and one-half feet high. For the smaller breeds, one of less dimensions will do. The floor should be made as tight as possible, either by means of cement or paint, and absolute cleanliness must be observed, the bunnies being supplied with fresh beds of hay every day. The hutches of the doe should be provided with a nest box; a biscuit or cracker box, with an aperture cut out as entrance and the interior divided into two sections, is admirably suited to the purpose.

"The rabbits should be fed principally on dry food, such as hay, oats, corn and stale bread. An occasional feed of carrots is also desirable. In summer they are especially fond of dandelions, never seeming to tire of this delicacy, and which, fortunately, never injures them. Clover, plantain and mallows they eat greedily. Grass they like, but it is not so much their natural food as weeds. Once a day the mother and little ones

should have a dish of bread and milk, which they will be found to devour with avidity. Like all other animals, rabbits should be given fresh water in a clean dish every day."

The little ones do not open their eyes until they are nine days old, and then they take advantage of the first seeing moment to leave the nest and follow their mother into the larger compartment where she rests and eats.

As with all animals, feeding time is the vital point of the day, and it is very interesting to watch them then. No sooner is the attendant heard to approach, than each little bunny gets up on his hind legs, dances a jig, laps his tongue around the wire of the door and indulges in all sorts of graceful and disgraceful antics. I fear very little can be said for their manners individually or collectively, as each clamors impatiently for his share, apparently quite unwilling to await his turn.

Since the raising of rabbits on any extensive scale is quite a new industry in this country, it was found necessary at Woodstock to import a large portion of their original stock from England and Germany. One very much interested in the subject speaks of his surprise upon visiting a rabbit show in Germany to note the interested and intelligent way in which the children there used the catalogue, betraying a knowledge of the different breeds that would astonish the average American child.

The Belgian hare has attained great popularity in this country both as a pet and a market product, and is perhaps the most widely known of all the high bred rabbits. It is usually distinguished by a handsome coat of rufous red, flecked with black, although there is the black Belgian hare which is greatly admired for its beauty. Of the stock imported at Woodstock, one of the finest market rabbits has proved to be the Flemish Giant, from the prize winning strain at Crystal Palace, London. This rabbit is distinguished by its large, round head, bright, bold eyes, strong, erect ears, massive shoulders and powerful legs and feet, combined with unusual size. Its correct color is dark steel grey, and it is considered altogether a noble looking animal. On account of their exquisite beauty, the black and tans are reared exclusively for pets. They were imported from England, where sixteen years of careful breeding has developed in them perfect colorings and markings. Their bodies are covered with a fine, black, glossy coat, marked with tan around the eyes, ears, nose and on the neck, chest and feet, the under portion of their bodies being tan and white. They are natural pets, being very docile and fond of caresses.

The boy ambitious to start in on a little business of his own can not do better than to experiment with a small rabbitry, after, of course, informing himself thoroughly upon the subject. At present the west, particularly the far west offers the best market for well bred stock.

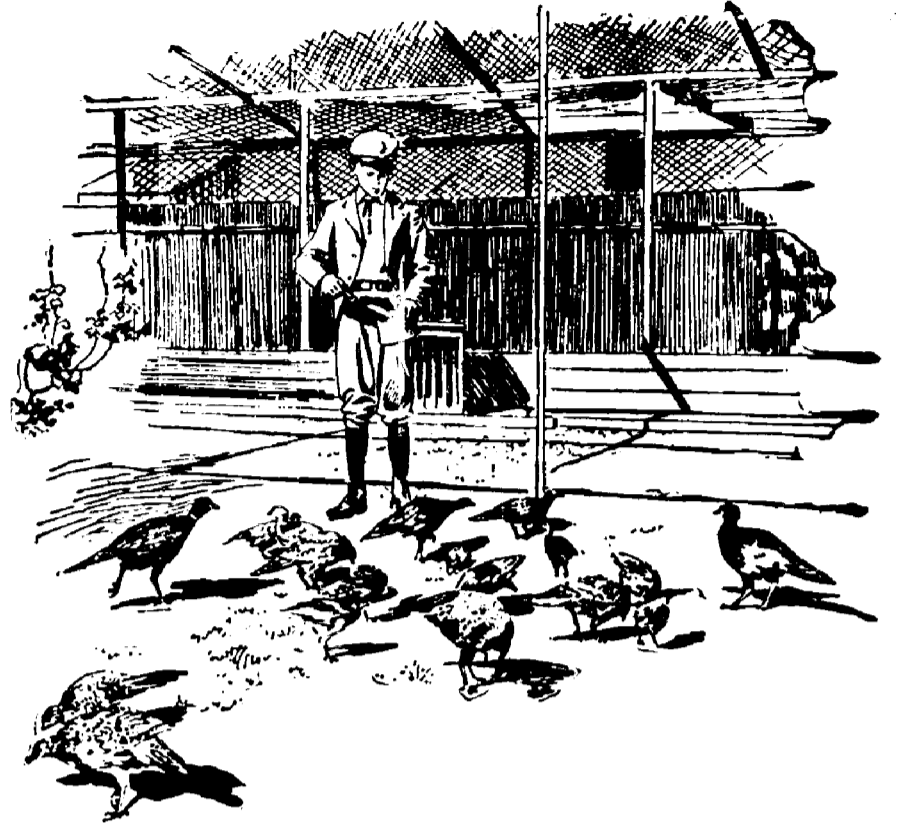
A Boy's Big Pheasantry.

It is Owned by Wallace Evans, of Chicago, Who is Only Thirteen Years Old—He Raises Something Like Eight Hundred High-Priced Birds a Season, and Always Has a Ready Sale for Both Eggs and Pheasants, Making the Business Profitable.

Wallace Evans, a slender, 13-year-old lad in knickerbockers, owns the largest pheasantry in the west, selling 800 eggs in a season and hatching nearly as many birds.

Such an enterprise conducted by a boy is generally a makeshift, but the Evans pheasantry is perfect in construction, having about 175 by 200 feet under wire with the latest improved hatcher and houses. It is divided into a network of special yards, every gate closing and locking automatically so there is no danger of the birds escaping.

The flock of gold pheasants is a gor-



geous sight with their brilliant yellow heads, capes of orange and blue, lined with vivid green, scarlet bodies, burnished wings and long graceful tails dotted with black. They are a fad among fanciers and their price is increasing as they now bring \$30 a pair.

The beautifully plumaged hen lays 30 eggs in a season which are worth \$10 a dozen. He has a large number of English pheasants furnishing a fine contrast to the golden beauties. They lay from 50 to 75 eggs, which are readily sold for \$5 a setting.

His covey of quails would make a hunter's heart leap, as they fly to cover with a whir of wings and warning cries. The old birds were imported from Tennessee where thousands of the luckless birds follow a trail of grain leading straight into a wire enclosed corral and are there shipped to breeders.

In the center of each yard is a neatly stacked pile of brush and straw which affords a native retreat for all the birds. The English pheasants are very handy and frolic in the snow and ice like children, but the golden hover in their houses in bitter cold weather.

Wallace also raises canaries on a large scale, and this aviary is an ideal place, for the songsters never dream they are imprisoned. Their breeding cage is a building 15x20 feet, filled up with branches and boughs, where they build their nests like wild birds and their play cage is 20x30 feet. A red squirrel with a splendid brush is their sole companion.

Then there are fancy chickens, Golden Polish with dazzling feathers that look as if they had been dipped in gorgeous dyes and black Polish white crested fowls, whose snowy bonnets are like nodding chrysanthemums. Fear is unknown in the pheasantry, even the timid quail comes at his whistle. He will have a large exhibit at the fourth annual show of the Chicago poultry and pet stock exhibition in January, and expects to add to his fine collection of first prize ribbons.

Taken as a whole, the pheasantry reflects unbounded credit on its boyish proprietor, who in addition to having the sole care of it, is finishing the eighth grade course in the Oak Park school.

JENNIE VAN ALLEN.

Saving by Proxy—The Way He Got a Start in the World.

There is a gentleman in St. Louis who is fond of telling the story of how he got his first start in the world. "Before I was married," he says, "I received a pretty fair salary, spending every cent of it as I went along. Then

I fell in love, but, try as I would, I could not see how two could manage on what had scarcely been enough for one. We talked it over, she and I, and considered the question of ways and means. She thought we could manage with my salary, and we were both so desperately in love with one another that we were brave to the point of rashness, and were married. I did not care to assume the responsibility of making that salary go around, and so questions of finance were left to my wife. We lived modestly, but very comfortably, and gradually added pretty things to the little stock of furniture we had begun with, until at the end of five years we had all we had space for. Of course, my salary had increased in that time, but so had the family, and there were hundreds of demands for which we had made no allowance when we discussed the subject before marriage. One day, in the course of the day's work, I made the discovery that, if I had \$1,000 to use immediately I could make several thousands before the week was out. That night I went home dispirited and discouraged. I began to think of the dog's life I was leading, living from day to day with no prospect of anything better as far as I could see, and by the time I had reached home I was cross and taciturn, but a good dinner put me in a better humor, and as we sat together in the dining-room after the children had gone to bed I told the dear woman about the fortune that we had missed because I did not have a paltry \$1,000. "How soon will you need it?" she asked, when I had finished the story. I told her that the money would have to be forthcoming within the next three days, and asked her if she did not wish she had a fairy god-mother to supply the want. "I will have it in three days," she replied, confidently, and I took the answer as a joke and thought little more about it, but imagine my surprise on the third day when she handed me a check for the amount. There had not been a year since we were married that she did not save at least a couple of hundred dollars, and she had kept her own counsel about it, too, lending it in small sums to the best advantage. A thousand dollars may not seem much to you, but it was a mighty large sum to me in those days. I made the investment and made several thousand, and the first thing I did was to pay her back what she had lent me. The little bit of capital I then had was all I needed to make a start with, and from it has come all the money I have since been able to make."

Choose carefully your books and your friends, for you will be like them.

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The first exercise I put a novice at is the pulley weights. This machine by means of various motions brings into play the muscles of the arms and the upper portion of the body only, as the legs are always kept in one position. Then I take the pupil over to the sculling machine. This apparatus imparts the same movements to the body as when a boat is propelled by a single oar from the stern. The same muscles are exercised here as with the pulley weights, only in a circular instead of straight motion and in a lateral direction.

The wrist roll is the next thing which I advise the beginner to work on. This exercise, which is designed to strengthen the muscles of the wrist and forearm, consists in turning a cylinder of wood to which is fastened a cord which winds up. At the end of this cord are hanging weights which furnish the necessary strain for the wrists. The finger machine is the next on the list. By its use the muscles of the hands are strengthened.

From the wrist machine I take the beginner to the abdominal pulley, which is useful for the purpose of strengthening and bringing into action the muscles of the abdomen and those of the trunk in general.

The waist reducer, with which I follow, is an endless pulley, and to work it one must go through exactly the same motions as when hauling on the main sheet of a boat or climbing a rope, except one does not have to pull up one's own weight. By means of a screw just so much friction is applied as is thought proper.

From the waist reducer we turn to the spring board, which, as every one is aware, gives the same exercise as running. This is the first leg exercise indulged in, as it may have been noticed that those heretofore described were for the upper part of the body. From this we go over to the chest bars. These are two upright poles set about two feet apart. One is grasped by each hand at a height a little below the shoulder. By means of these bars the muscles of the arm, back and abdomen are greatly strengthened.

It has been found by experience that the parallel bars are too severe a method of exercise for beginners, and as a substitute what is known as the traveling parallels have been invented. By this means the same exercise is gained, but instead of having to support his own weight the novice is enabled to use graduated weights by loading or unloading the machine.

I have mentioned no exercise that is likely to bring on a profuse perspiration, and that is just what is needed. So next we will have an inning on the bicycle machine. This mechanism allows for extra friction and consequently harder work by means of a lever. A dial in front of the rider tells him how far he has traveled, and after about a mile has been covered most men will be covered with moisture.

The intercostal pulleys are the next on the program. As the bicycle gave exercise to the legs, these are a return to motions for the upper half of the body, and they are very useful for developing the muscles in the neighborhood of the ribs.

In my own work with pupils I next give beginners an exercise which I have found by experience to be extremely useful for strengthening the neck, back and legs. I have a large ball, made like a medicine ball, only about twice as large and weighing 12 pounds. To use this you must lie on a mat on the floor and have some one to throw the ball to you. Then, after catching it, you throw it in the air and with your feet kick it to the assistant, who catches it and repeats the operation. All this time you

must lie with your legs and head off the mat.

The medicine ball is the next thing to take up. This I consider a small gymnasium in itself, and the use of it one of the most healthful exercises for a man, as it develops almost every muscle in the body. Care must be taken by a beginner not to exercise too fast at first, or dangerous sprains may result.

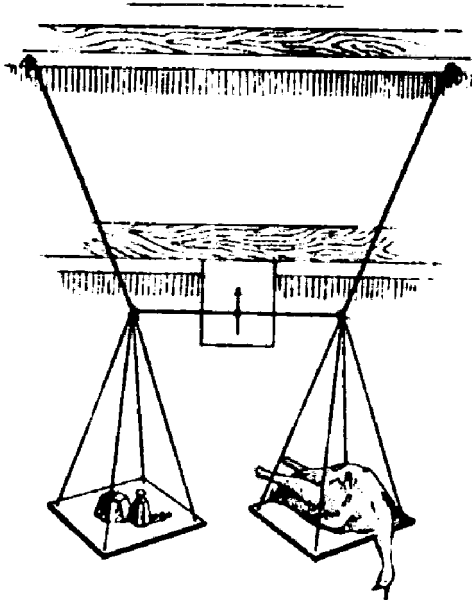
Now to wind up you should take a run around the tracks, if there is one in the gymnasium. The distance you should cover, of course, depends upon yourself and your condition. For the first week or so it is a good plan to run flat footed, so as to bring the muscles of the legs into shape by slow degrees and without straining any of the tendons.

In taking up any of these exercises it must be remembered that no fixed number of times for doing each exercise can be laid down. If you have an instructor, he will tell you when to stop; otherwise you must be guided by your own feelings and judgment. It should be remembered, however, that for the first few weeks it is better to do too little than too much.

Of course, after working in a gymnasium it is necessary to take a shower or other bath, and this calls for a word of caution. On no account should the bath immediately follow exercising. Much better wrap some covering around you, sit down quietly in some spot out of any draft for ten minutes or so.

Then, again, there are few people, even the strongest, who after exercising in this fashion can stand the shock of cold water as it comes from the faucet. Of course, there is no necessity to go to the opposite extreme and take a hot bath, but rather indulge in a tepid shower or plunge. After the bath do not go out into the open air or into a draft for some time, as all the pores are wide open and cold is easily caught.

Of course there are lots of exercises with dumbbells, bar bells and other machines of which I have not spoken, but every result for which these are intended may be attained by the methods I have mentioned.



How to Make a Pair of "Home-Made" Scales.

You can make a pair of scales out of two pieces of cardboard, a piece of string and two nails. Drive two nails into the edge of a horizontal shelf about 24 inches apart. Take a piece of string or thread about 3½ feet long, and tie in the middle of it a large knot; then tie the two ends to the nails, one end to each. Cut from cardboard two square pieces to serve as pans, and suspend them from the principal thread by four other threads. They should be suspended one on each side of, and about six inches distant from the knot in the center. Their weight will make the middle part of the principal thread take a horizontal position. Behind the central part of the horizontal thread

place a piece of cardboard and mark on the cardboard the place in front of which the knot lies when the two pans are at rest. Now put any article you wish to weigh into one of the pans. This, of course, will disturb the equilibrium, and the part of the thread that was horizontal will now take an oblique position, and the knot will no longer hang in front of the point marked on the cardboard. To bring the knot back to its place you must put weights in the empty pan, and when you have thus established a balance and brought the knot back to its place, the total of the weights will give the weight of the article. Of course, if you want to weigh heavy articles you must use heavy twine or rope. A thread will do for light-weight articles. These scales may be depended upon to give as accurate service as any scales that are sold in the stores.

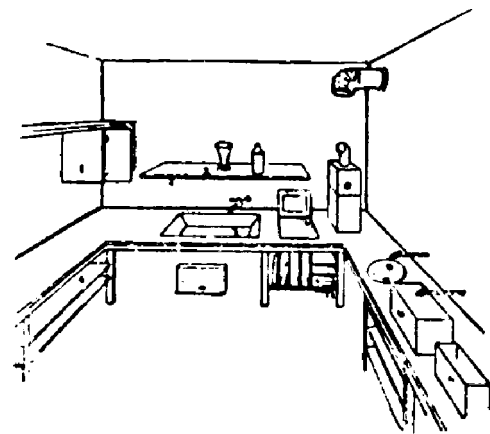
How to Construct a "Dark Room."

In planning the construction of a dark-room in a basement, we will suppose that the basement is unfinished and has a dirt floor and a rough joist ceiling. Select a site near a ventilating shaft or smoke flue, if possible. Level the dirt floor and construct a floor for the dark-room as follows: For an 8 by 10 room, cut nine pieces of 2 by 4 scantling, 7 feet 8 inches long. Arrange these 15 inches from center to center. Take two pieces of scantling ten feet long, spike these to the ends of the shorter pieces, making a framework 8 by 10 feet in size. Cover this with a good quality of matched flooring, trimming the ends and sides even with the framework. Now spike scantling to the joists overhead, making a frame 8 feet 1¼ inches by 10 feet 1¼ inches inside. Directly above the floor construct the side walls of a cheap quality of matched flooring, nailing it to the frame above from the inside, and to the floor below outside, leaving an opening 2 feet 10 inches wide and 6 feet 6 inches high for a door in one of the 10 foot sides. Strip can be nailed around the room on the outside about three feet from the floor, if the top and bottom nailing is not considered sufficient. Now cover the ceiling and sides (inside) with red plastering board or red rope building paper of a heavy quality, lapping the joints about two inches, tacking it on neat and smooth. It can be tacked to the joists above, or the top can be ceiled like the sides and the paper tacked on this, as preferred. Be sure and have all joints neat and smooth and light-tight. Nail 3-inch battens over the paper around the door opening, having them project in the opening about one inch for the door to butt against. The door can be made of flooring, putting the battens on the outside, and covering the inside with paper. Hang the door with 6-inch strapped hinges; door to open on the outside. Put on a suitable lock or latch, but put it on in such a way that no openings are left for the light to get in.

Along the ten-foot side, in the room, construct a shelf or table at a convenient height from the floor, making it about two feet wide. It can be made of the matched flooring, selecting some of the best. Make the table true and level; the ends can be supported by strips nailed to the end walls and the center by the framework or tray rack, as shown in the sketch. Cut an opening near the center for a galvanized iron sink—about 20 by 40 inches will be large enough—and let in the sink, making the edges flush with the top of the table. In the left-hand corner, at a convenient height above the table, fasten a dry-plate box, box to be large enough to take the largest plate used. Have this box perfectly light-tight. Line it with black velvet or felt, and have door fitted with a spring so as to keep it closed. To the right of the sink have a platform for developing. Have this fitted with a cover something like an inverted tray. The cover when

down should fit the platform, making a light-tight joint. It should be hinged to the platform at the back, so that when not in use the cover can be thrown back. The size should be large enough to take the largest tray used. This arrangement is handy for slow development, as you can let down the cover over the tray, and all is secure from dust and light. Have lamp in the right-hand corner, and directly above it put an inverted stove-pipe elbow—6-inch will do. Connect the pipe from this with the ventilating shaft or smoke-flue, which will carry off the lamp fumes, keeping the room cool in the summer and at the same time ventilating it.

On the right have hypo table. This may be about two feet wide and reach across the room. Let wash-basin in flush at the left end, and place tray-racks and shelves below for trays, hypo, etc., as shown. In left side of room have table for drying racks, plate-holder, etc., with



shelves below and above. These can be arranged to suit individual ideas and must be convenient.

Run water-supply pipe on outside of room, with pipes through the walls and terminating in taps above the sink, wash-basin and washing-box. The pipe may be ½-inch galvanized; this you can have cut and threaded to order, and by screwing it together you can save the expense of a plumber. The sink and wash-basin can be connected with drain or sewer by a 1¼-inch galvanized iron pipe.

Cut 6 by 8 inch air inlet under one of the tables near the floor. Cover it so as to let in air but keep out the light. A small shelf above the sink is for developing solutions.

Cover the tables and shelves with white enamel cloth. Keep a supply of old newspapers; use these on the hypo table under the fixing box and trays, renewing them frequently. This will keep the hypo dust out of the room and help to keep your negatives free from pin-holes.

Size of dark room can be altered to suit location, but do not make it too small. Have large lamp with large openings, well protected with suitable glass and curtains, so as to get plenty of light, but be sure and have it safe.—Photo Beacon.

How to Paper Your Walls.

Provide yourself with a pair of long shears, a yard-stick, a brush with which to apply the paste (a whitewash brush will answer), and some soft, clean cloths.

To make the paste, sift the flour, add one ounce each of alum and borax to every pound of flour, mix it smoothly with cold water, and pour over it gently but quickly boiling water, stirring meantime constantly. When it swells and turns yellow it is done, but must not be used until cool. It should be quite thin. If the wall has already been papered the old paper should be removed. Cut all the full breadths that will be required for the room, matching and numbering each, and saving remnants for door and window spaces. Fit the widths together at the top, and gently press first the edge, then the entire space.

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

Raising Rabbits for the Market.

A Fine Business for an Ambitious Boy Who Has Small Capital—Growing Popularity of the Hare for Food—Rabbit Culture in the Far West and Just Now to Proceed in Starting Professional Hutches.

By DEBRA T. DAVIS

The timid hare has recently come up in the world tremendously as a market product. Americans have somehow heretofore been rather disinclined to accept the rabbit as a table delicacy, notwithstanding the example set them by their European cousins; but all that is changed now, and so great is the demand all through the west for a fine quality of home bred hare that it is simply impossible to meet the orders. Large numbers of people living in the cities, who have only basements and back yards in which can be placed a few dry goods boxes, are breeding and raising rabbits for the markets, and thousands more could do so with profit.

As a good example of the rapid gains in rabbit raising, may be cited the experience of a little boy who a year ago bought a nice pair of rabbits for \$5. During the year he has raised from the original pair fifty-one rabbits, forty-eight of which he has sold at a dollar apiece. The cost of feeding has not been more than two dollars, so that the end of the year finds him with five rabbits instead of two, and \$41 to his credit in the bank, after deducting the original capital.

Culture tells in this industry the same as in any other, and there is just as much difference between the carefully bred and reared rabbit and the one that comes up anyhow, as between the cat of the alley and the aristocratic angora. A visit a few days since to the largest rabbitry in the country situated at Woodstock, Illinois, resulted in bringing out some interesting points as to the best methods of raising rabbits either for pets or as a food product.

RABBIT CULTURE.

"On almost any place," said the keeper, "an unused building or even a corner in a barn or basement can be turned into a commodious rabbitry with a comparatively small outlay, and by the exercise of a little judgment made to pay a nice profit.

"It is best to start with a limited number of animals, acquiring some practical experience before branching out too extensively. The three essentials of a good rabbitry are ventilation, light and dryness. Once these points have been gained, it really matters very little what kind of a structure comprises the rabbitry. Pure air and plenty of it, is of first importance to the well being of friend Bunny, and the great percentage of losses in raising rabbits under cover can be directly traced to bad air. Light is another indispensable, while the dry place conduces greatly to health during the cold and damp months.

"Hutches for rabbits the size of the Belgian hare should not be less than four feet long, two feet wide and one and one-half feet high. For the smaller breeds, one of less dimensions will do. The floor should be made as tight as possible, either by means of cement or paint, and absolute cleanliness must be observed, the bunnies being supplied with fresh beds of hay every day. The hutches of the doe should be provided with a nest box; a biscuit or cracker box, with an aperture cut out as entrance and the interior divided into two sections, is admirably suited to the purpose.

"The rabbits should be fed principally on dry food, such as hay, oats, corn and stale bread. An occasional feed of carrots is also desirable. In summer they are especially fond of dandelions, never seeming to tire of this delicacy, and which, fortunately, never injures them. Clover, plantain and mallows they eat greedily. Grass they like, but it is not so much their natural food as weeds. Once a day the mother and little ones

should have a dish of bread and milk, which they will be found to devour with avidity. Like all other animals, rabbits should be given fresh water in a clean dish every day."

The little ones do not open their eyes until they are nine days old, and then they take advantage of the first seeing moment to leave the nest and follow their mother into the larger compartment where she rests and eats.

As with all animals, feeding time is the vital point of the day, and it is very interesting to watch them then. No sooner is the attendant heard to approach, than each little bunny gets up on his hind legs, dances a jig, laps his tongue around the wire of the door and indulges in all sorts of graceful and disgraceful antics. I fear very little can be said for their manners individually or collectively, as each clamors impatiently for his share, apparently quite unwilling to await his turn.

Since the raising of rabbits on any extensive scale is quite a new industry in this country, it was found necessary at Woodstock to import a large portion of their original stock from England and Germany. One very much interested in the subject speaks of his surprise upon visiting a rabbit show in Germany to note the interested and intelligent way in which the children there used the catalogue, betraying a knowledge of the different breeds that would astonish the average American child.

The Belgian hare has attained great popularity in this country both as a pet and a market product, and is perhaps the most widely known of all the high bred rabbits. It is usually distinguished by a handsome coat of rufus red, flecked with black, although there is the black Belgian hare which is greatly admired for its beauty. Of the stock imported at Woodstock, one of the finest market rabbits has proved to be the Flemish Giant, from the prize winning strain at Crystal Palace, London. This rabbit is distinguished by its large, round head, bright, bold eyes, strong, erect ears, massive shoulders and powerful legs and feet, combined with unusual size. Its correct color is dark steel grey, and it is considered altogether a noble looking animal. On account of their exquisite beauty, the black and-tans are reared exclusively for pets. They were imported from England, where sixteen years of careful breeding has developed in them perfect colorings and markings. Their bodies are covered with a fine, black, glossy coat, marked with tan around the eyes, ears, nose and on the neck, chest and feet, the under portion of their bodies being tan and white. They are natural pets, being very docile and fond of caresses.

The boy ambitious to start in on a little business of his own can not do better than to experiment with a small rabbitry, after, of course, informing himself thoroughly upon the subject. At present the west, particularly the far west offers the best market for well bred stock.

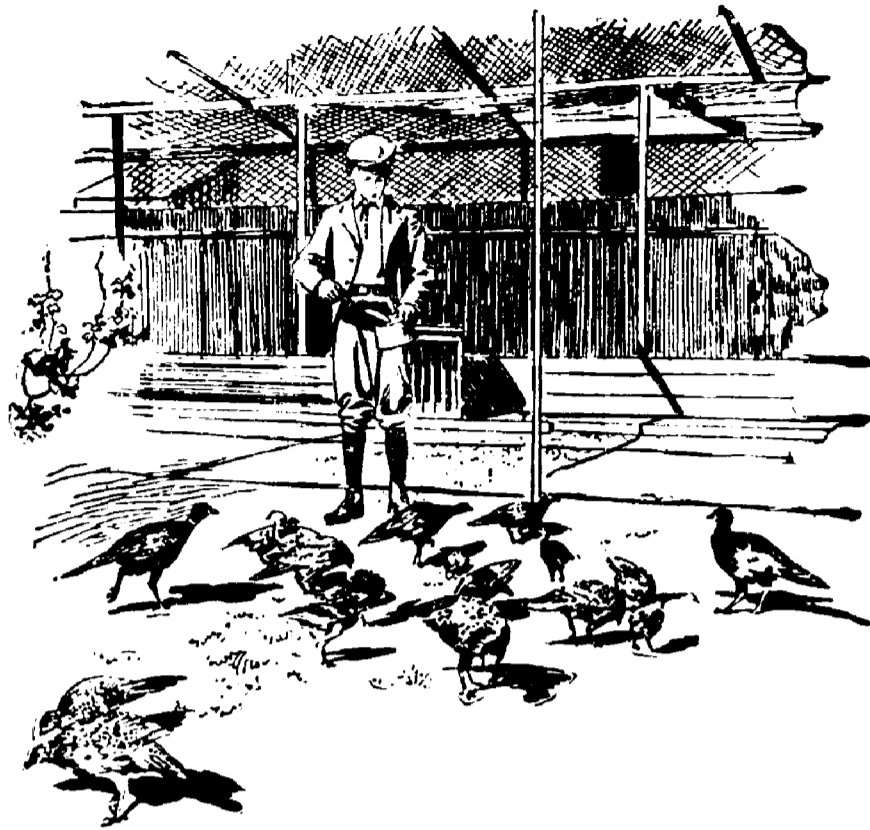
A Boy's Big Pheasantry.

It is Owned by Wallace Evans, of Chicago, Who is Only Thirteen Years Old—He Raises Something Like Eight Hundred High-Priced Birds a Season, and Always Has a Ready Sale for Both Eggs and Pheasants, Making the Business Profitable.

Wallace Evans, a slender, 13-year-old lad in knickerbockers, owns the largest pheasantry in the west, selling 800 eggs in a season and hatching nearly as many birds.

Such an enterprise conducted by a boy is generally a makeshift, but the Evans pheasantry is perfect in construction, having about 175 by 200 feet under wire with the latest improved hatcher and houses. It is divided into a network of special yards, every gate closing and locking automatically so there is no danger of the birds escaping.

The flock of gold pheasants is a gor-



geous sight with their brilliant yellow heads, capes of orange and blue, lined with vivid green, scarlet bodies, burnished wings and long graceful tails dotted with black. They are a fad among fanciers and their price is increasing as they now bring \$30 a pair.

The beautifully plumaged hen lays 30 eggs in a season which are worth \$10 a dozen. He has a large number of English pheasants furnishing a fine contrast to the golden beauties. They lay from 50 to 75 eggs, which are readily sold for \$5 a setting.

His covey of quails would make a hunter's heart leap, as they fly to cover with a whirl of wings and warning cries. The old birds were imported from Tennessee where thousands of the luckless birds follow a trail of grain leading straight into a wire enclosed corral and are there shipped to breeders.

In the center of each yard is a neatly stacked pile of brush and straw which affords a native retreat for all the birds. The English pheasants are very handy and frolic in the snow and ice like children, but the golden hover in their houses in bitter cold weather.

Wallace also raises canaries on a large scale, and this aviary is an ideal place, for the songsters never dream they are imprisoned. Their breeding cage is a building 15x20 feet, filled up with branches and boughs, where they build their nests like wild birds and their play cage is 20x30 feet. A red squirrel with a splendid brush is their sole companion.

Then there are fancy chickens, Golden Polish with dazzling feathers that look as if they had been dipped in gorgeous dyes and black Polish white crested fowls, whose snowy bonnets are like nodding chrysanthemums. Fear is unknown in the pheasantry, even the timid quail comes at his whistle. He will have a large exhibit at the fourth annual show of the Chicago poultry and pet stock exhibition in January, and expects to add to his fine collection of first prize ribbons.

Taken as a whole, the pheasantry reflects unbounded credit on its boyish proprietor, who in addition to having the sole care of it, is finishing the eighth grade course in the Oak Park school.

JENNIE VAN ALLEN.

Saving by Proxy—The Way He Got a Start in the World.

There is a gentleman in St. Louis who is fond of telling the story of how he got his first start in the world. "Before I was married," he says, "I received a pretty fair salary, spending every cent of it as I went along. Then

I fell in love, but, try as I would, I could not see how two could manage on what had scarcely been enough for one. We talked it over, she and I, and considered the question of ways and means. She thought we could manage with my salary, and we were both so desperately in love with one another that we were brave to the point of rashness, and were married. I did not care to assume the responsibility of making that salary go around, and so questions of finance were left to my wife. We lived modestly, but very comfortably, and gradually added pretty things to the little stock of furniture we had begun with, until at the end of five years we had all we had space for. Of course, my salary had increased in that time, but so had the family, and there were hundreds of demands for which we had made no allowance when we discussed the subject before marriage. One day, in the course of the day's work, I made the discovery that, if I had \$1,000 to use immediately I could make several thousands before the week was out. That night I went home dispirited and discouraged. I began to think of the dog's life I was leading, living from day to day with no prospect of anything better as far as I could see, and by the time I had reached home I was cross and taciturn, but a good dinner put me in a better humor, and as we sat together in the dining-room after the children had gone to bed I told the dear woman about the fortune that we had missed because I did not have a paltry \$1,000. "How soon will you need it?" she asked, when I had finished the story. I told her that the money would have to be forthcoming within the next three days, and asked her if she did not wish she had a fairy god-mother to supply the want. "I will have it in three days," she replied, confidently, and I took the answer as a joke and thought little more about it, but imagine my surprise on the third day when she handed me a check for the amount. There had not been a year since we were married that she did not save at least a couple of hundred dollars, and she had kept her own counsel about it, too, lending it in small sums to the best advantage. A thousand dollars may not seem much to you, but it was a mighty large sum to me in those days. I made the investment and made several thousand, and the first thing I did was to pay her back what she had lent me. The little bit of capital I then had was all I needed to make a start with, and from it has come all the money I have since been able to make."

Choose carefully your books and your friends, for you will be like them.

The Boy in the Office, the Store, the Farm and the Factory

Do One Thing and Do It Well.

Many young men, and some older ones, too, make the great mistake of dividing their energies. They are strong, enthusiastic, and desire to "rise." In their zeal to accomplish much as soon as possible they have two or more kinds of work on hand at the same time—preach and go to school, teach school and preach, preach and farm, farm and dabble in politics to secure office, etc. The result is they do nothing well, are mediocre in everything.

Paul had the correct idea. He said, "This one thing I do." No man can make a brilliant success of two or more callings. The man who succeeds, be he preacher, lawyer, teacher, merchant, farmer, doctor, carpenter or common toiler, is the man who gives his undivided energies to the one work in hand.

The man who is abundantly able to make a success of one calling or trade becomes "too thin" when spread over two or more all at the same time to do any of them well.

Battleship Show Window.

Messrs. Peterson and Kees, of T. C. Taylor's hardware store, Pendleton, Ore., recently fitted up an attractive "Battleship" Show Window. The main body of the ship was made by bolting two cross-cut saws together and spreading them to give proper shape to vessel. The conning towers were funnels, and masts were of gun rods. The fore and aft guns consisted of hose nozzles mounted on casters, while the main gunning stations were represented by milk strainers inverted, with shells sticking out to give a gun effect. The smoke stack comprised two small tin pans with nurse can on top. The railing around the ship was provided for by clothes pins for uprights, and smooth wire did duty as guard rails. A dark lantern made a good search light, and the life-saving boats were suspended by pocket cork screws. Dog chains were used for the anchor chain, the anchor being made from heavy sheet iron cut out in the shop. Cotton strewed around the window gave the desired sea effect.

The Printer Boy.

In the year 1725 an American boy about nineteen years old found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread.

He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work, and who are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing office, and inquired whether he could get employment.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

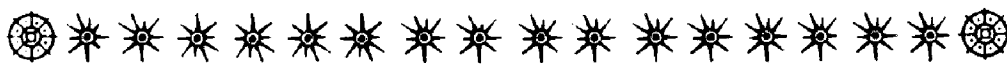
"Ah," said the foreman, "from America seeking employment as a printer? Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped to one of the cases and in a brief space set up the following passage from the 1st chapter of John:

"Nathanael said unto him, Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip said unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office.

He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America became a printer, publisher, author, Post master General, member of Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after that same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac."



A MODEL BOY—Do You Know Him?

Wanted—A boy, a brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say no, and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who doesn't believe the marvelous tales told in the story papers and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't do a mean act unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he should respect himself and keep himself in decent appearance; one who won't attack an old man because he is feeble and defenceless; one who won't torture dumb animals; one who won't steal; one who won't swear; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't revile or jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted a boy, a whole souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood? Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?—

American Teacher.



Advice on Learning a Trade.

You are learning a trade. That is a good thing to have. It is better than gold. Brings always a premium. But to bring a premium, the trade must be perfect—no silver-plated affair. When you go to learn a trade, do so with determination to win. Make up your mind what you will be, and be it. Determine in your own mind to be a good workman.

Have pluck and patience. Look out for the interests of your employer—thus you will learn to look out for your own. Do not wait to be told everything. Remember. Act as though you wish to learn. If you have an errand to do, start off like a boy with some life. Look about you. See how the best workman in the shop does, and copy after him. Learn to do things well. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Never slight your work. Every job you do is a sign. If you have done one in ten minutes, see if you can't do the next in nine. Too many boys spoil a lifetime by not having patience. They work at a trade until they see about one-half of its mysteries and then strike for higher wages. Act as if your interests and the interest of your employer were the same. Good mechanics are the props of society. They are those who stick to their trades until they learn them. People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business, who is willing to work and who seems disposed to be somebody in time. Learn the whole of your trade. —Ex.

Character Better Than Knowledge.

The following sentences spoken by Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler in an informal talk to the students of the University of California are just as applicable to pupils in grammar and secondary schools and therefore seem worth repeating: "It is what goes over into spinal marrow, into real life, that makes us; and what we are going to get out of our university life is not bits of knowledge, not maxims and rules for getting this or that, for learning this or that, for attaining this or that; but, after all, it is this one thing which we talk so much about and understand so imperfectly—it is character. . . . As I grow older I come less and less to respect men of brilliancy, and to tie to men for their character.

. . . . In a university, or elsewhere in the world, heart is more than head and love is more than reason."

A Talk to Farm Boys.

In the first place, no matter what the opinion of other people may be, and perhaps your own as well, there is no more honorable occupation, or one having wider opportunities, than the business of farming. There is nothing that any man may aspire to that a farmer may not hope to win. No business will return more for the amount of labor and capital invested, if intelligently applied, than farming. There is no business that leads to success without labor guided by education. The farmer is not a drudge. The fact that there are so many hard-working, poor men on farms, rented or mortgaged, is that they have been attempting all their lives to have muscular force make up for lack of mental ability to farm. There is no uneducated successful farmer. A man may succeed who has no book-learning, but he has learned his lessons from Nature herself and the book of experience.

There are failures in every branch of business, and in every case it is lack of education for the business, or a natural unfitness for that particular calling that is the underlying cause of the failure. It is so with farming. The man who lacks ability to carry on other business will make the most dismal failure of farming as well. For the poor boy who has nothing but his health and ambition to aid in his struggle for manhood there is no better place in the world than on a farm. Study farming. Learn the science of it. Read farm literature. Talk with your neighbors of their methods and experiences.

Aim high, but do not hesitate to begin low. You cannot hope to reach the top without some falls, and if at the bottom it won't hurt so much and you can learn the lesson as well. You won't be overburdened with capital, so must look well before taking a step. Study and plan ahead, always allowing for a wide margin, and do not count on more than half the amount of profit your figures say will be yours. This will save you many bitter disappointments, and you will be greatly encouraged should you get more than you expected. Make every dollar you can honestly, and add it to

your little bank account. Every young man should start a bank account. It is what he must call upon when ready to buy that farm—for of course every farmer must own his own farm. Swell the account with every dollar you can add to it. Watch it grow, and plan how to raise it another five or ten dollars. And while laying by cash to buy the farm, lay by the education to work it when it is yours. Don't think that you are wasting your life working for some one else, but think rather that you are going through a college course, getting a business education, experimenting on some one else's farm, with board, tuition and apparatus furnished free and getting good pay besides. This is your position, and if you appreciate it your farm, which must be your diploma, will be a credit to you.

If circumstances will permit, it will be of the greatest benefit to you to attend some agricultural school. Of course, you have a good common-school education, perhaps a high-school, maybe even a college education; but an insight into the science of farming will be of great benefit, as it will teach intelligent observation, which is half the battle.

Subscribe for two or three good farm papers, study them carefully, and discuss the subjects of their columns with your neighbors. You will learn much from the actual experience of men right in your neighborhood in this way. You will not feel able to purchase many books, perhaps, but you should have a few standard works on farming, gardening, stock-raising, etc. You can learn much by discussing these with men whose business make them specialists in these lines. Of course, you should not ask advice of a veterinary surgeon without the expectation of paying for it, yet this would not apply to discussing points of his business with him in a social way.

Be diligent, and when your apprenticeship is done, and you are able to make a large enough payment on your farm to reduce the interest below what your rent would be, and you feel confident that you can meet the payments, buy the farm. But go slow. Do not venture too far while there is a debt over you. Push your business to the utmost. Work to improve your farm, plan each season so that the next will be more profitable to you than the last, and some not far distant day the debt will be paid and you will have a good farm, well cared for, all your own. Then you will be ready for living—for widening out and developing your resources.

Being an intelligent young man, of course your stock will be only the best, and the careful breeding you have already given them has started the finest herd of cattle, the best drove of swine and the most profitable yards of poultry in the country. Your business now has only to develop and increase to bring noble returns. Your career as a successful farmer is assured.

And, boys, do not forget that your calling is a gentleman's calling. While about your work in the fields it may be necessary to dress in coarse, strong clothes of a cut suitable for the labor you are performing; but it is not necessary to wear a heavy, dirty coat when off duty, and it will take but a moment to change your heavy boots for light footwear. And when your business calls you into town, you can afford to put on a neater suit than your work clothes. You will be more respected and looked up to for it. It pays every business man to advertise, and no one more than a farmer. Half the secret of prospering is in making the world realize that you are prosperous. You can advertise your calling in no better way than to let the world see that your occupation brings in enough that you are able to live and dress as a gentleman.

The object of all effort should be the home. Live always within your means, but realize that nothing is too good for the home and home folks. Let your ambition be to make your farm an ideal farm, your home an ideal home.

The Boy in the Home, Church and School



RIGHT: LEFT:

HURRAH FOR UTAH!

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

THE DEWEY OF THE FUTURE.

PHOTOS BY JOHNSON, SALT LAKE CITY.

Curiosity is a trait for which all boys have a weakness, and unless there is something abnormal in their construction, they have an ever-enlarging share of whyness and whatness.

The possibilities of the boys are wonderful. They are diamonds in the rough, which, when the scars and ragged, jagged edges are hewn off, can be polished and transformed into precious jewels.

How to reach, how to hold, and how to develop the boys are vital questions that confront not only every Christian organization but every individual. Christian workers everywhere signally fail in this branch of the work.

Any one can work with boys who loves them. If you are a minister and do not love boys, you would better get out of the ministry at once! Love them, encourage and stimulate them to better living and higher thinking.

A big red apple, drawn from the deep recesses of a kind-hearted old-fashioned teacher's pocket has done more towards bringing a mischievous lad to the proper focus than quarts of hickory oil applied to his most vulnerable parts.

"You can't spell long words like hippopotamus and parallelogram," said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, "dat's where I'm lucky. I don't have to."—Washington Star.

A farmer was asked, "Is that horse yours?" "Why, yes, that is the finest horse in town, everyone knows that's my horse." "Is that your cow?" "Yes, the only thoroughbred Short-horn in town." "Is that your dog?" "Yes, he is a splendid setter. The very best one around here." "There is a boy. Is he yours?" "Well—er—yes, come to think of it, he is."

A boy is like a knife. Guess why? One boy says because he is sharp; au-

other says, because he has good metal, but it is not sharpness, nor good metal that fills our penitentiaries with boys instead of girls. A boy is like a knife because he may be lost, and because he is a good thing in good hands, and a bad thing in bad hands.

Even the worst boy loves his mother. He may give her lots of trouble by his disobedience, but he will roll up his sleeves and "pitch into" the boy who says aught against her. On the other hand, he will be willing to fight for the one who praises his mother and who strives by little courtesies to encourage him in doing that which his mother would like to have him do.

One boy, when asked why he didn't stay at home, answered that he used to when grandma was alive, for she would take me up to her room and we had good times together, but now sister has the parlor for her company and no time for me. Father doesn't stay at home unless he is sick, or "dead tired" and mother—well, she is a "reformer" and she has other things of more importance to think of and look after than boys.

I asked a class of boys if they were glad they were alive, and that all who were should put up their hands. Every hand went up instantly. If glad you are alive, what are you living for? No one answered. Finally one boy said, "We live to eat." That is true—many grown-ups are living for the same purpose. Each boy has a work that nobody else can do and we must make him to know that work.

A boy is frequently bad because everybody expects him to be so. This kind of youth may be tamed and even refined by having confidence reposed in him. Delegate him to perform some dainty little task requiring a certain amount of discretion, and note how his eyes will shine and his face soften into lovable lines. By appealing to his honor his gratitude is aroused, and gratitude is one of the noblest elements of character. It is not necessary that a child should express its appreciation of a favor by the oftentimes meaningless "I thank you."

Boys need encouragement. They feel that they are homely, awkward and in the way. Some of us have outlived that, but we can understand. After a boy has been away to school or college for a year, comes home expanded in body as well as intellect, and his mother criticises him, says he is big, awkward and uncouth, do you suppose that boy would feel like going anywhere, but to hide? But how much better he feels when father puts his arm around him and says "John you are such a big, manly fellow; why, you are almost as large as your father." Don't you believe that boy would go to church with his father?

Etiquette As Laid Down by George Washington.*

Every Action done in Company ought to be with Some Sign of Respect to those that are Present.

At Play and at Fire it's Good manners to give Place to the last Comer, and affect not to Speak Louder than ordinary.

When your Superiours talk to any Body, hearken not, neither Speak nor Laugh.

In Company of those of Higher Quality than yourself, Speak not till you are ask'd a Question; then Stand upright, put off your hat and answer in few words.

Be not Tedious in Discourse or in reading, unless you find the Company pleased therewith.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that Speak in Private.

Make no comparisons, and if any of the Company be Commended for any brave act of Virtue, commend not another for the Same.

Be no Flatterer; neither Play with any that delights not to be Play'd Withal.

Read no Letters, Books, or Papers in Company, but when there is a Necessity for the doing of it you must ask leave; come not near the Books or Writings of another so as to read them, unless desired, or give your opinion of them unask'd; also look not nigh when another is writing a Letter.

Let your Countenance be pleasant, but in Serious Matters Somewhat grave.

Do not laugh too loud or too much at

any Publick spectacle, lest you cause yourself to be laughed at.

Set not yourself at ye upper end of ye Table, but if it be your Due, or that ye Master of ye house will have it so, Contend not lest you Should Trouble ye company.—From Washington's "Rules of Civility."

*The spelling in this article is not to be considered in the prize contest for mistakes in spelling

Good Advice to Young Men.

The following epigrammatic periods are from President Porter, Yale College: "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortune; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance. Inscribe on your banner: 'Luck is a fool, Pluck is a hero.' Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws"

The Best Soldiers.

Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry, a veteran of the United States army, said in an address to the men of his command encamped at Tampa, Florida: "It is not the bully and the fighter who makes the good soldier. I would rather have a regiment of Christian gentlemen than a regiment of roughs. The Christian makes the best soldier." History proves this to be true. Every commander of men in the field knows it. "Christian gentlemen" make the best soldiers, as they make the best men for every position in life. "A Christian is the highest style of man."

Boys and Cigarettes.

By CHAS. R. HARRETT.

So swift is time that the boys of to-day are to be the men of tomorrow, and it concerns the world as to the kind of men they shall be. Each boy is a problem to himself and unto the world.

The solution lies in developing talent and in making the best use of it. Herein lies a strong element of success. Promiscuous companionship is one of the dangerous pleasures of boys, and where this disposition is at all strong, habits are generally of a loose and pernicious character. It is surprising that boys will acquire a habit and even persist in its indulgence when they know it is detrimental to any ambition, as they cannot prolong an evil habit without destroying the mental activity and development that are the currents of business and professional life.

SMOKING CIGARETTES.

The most prevalent and destructive habit among boys of today is the smoking of cigarettes. The cigarette habit is not only a self-imposed disease, but a deliberate crime. It is unnecessary to warn boys against taking deadly poison, but the effect of cigarettes is none the less fatal. A boy addicted to the habit does not notice the influence the poison has upon his mental and physical being. It makes him stupid, but he is not capable of knowing it. When under the influence he cannot realize that his mind is dulled. It acts like the opium habit and eventually gets complete control of him and weakens mind and body. It weakens the blood and the action of the heart and undermines the health. Why will boys persist in a habit they know retards mental growth and takes a demoralizing hold on life? Why will they indulge a habit that destroys the capacity to think and even hinders physical activity? If the result of cigarette-smoking were suddenly fatal, or believed to be dangerous, it would be discontinued, but, like all habits that destroy human life, it is very cunning in its work. It never makes the victim aware of its strength and deceiving influence, but when it has sapped the life, how proudly it holds the wreckage up to public gaze, and then snares another that is sure to fall a victim to its devilish plan.

WORTHLESS AND STUPID.

A cigarette smoker is invariably worthless in school, never an interested and progressive student. Application is a lost art to him. He is always behind in his work. All that faithful teachers can do for him is counteracted by the effects of cigarettes. It is too bad boys

will not and seemingly cannot see their threatened condition. It is too bad they should be willing to sacrifice all benefits for the stupefying effects of cigarette poison.

The world likes a clean, bright, active, manly boy; one that has some appreciation of life; one that is interested in acquiring the qualities that make men; one that can appreciate time and opportunity. It enjoys his wholesome sports, his romping, daring nature, his innocent amusements, but it deprecates the habits he so often acquires that alienate him from his mother, his home, desirable companions and books, all of which are his birthright. Boys, why do you smoke cigarettes? You know you derive no benefit from it. You know it is injurious to your mind and body. Do you smoke them because they are cheap, and you think the habit is manly? Are you unable to appreciate a clear, active mind? Do you know its value in the world? Do you know that human life, rightly used, is the most precious thing in the world? Do you know if you were told you should lose your life tomorrow you would be likely to die of fright today? You would be appreciative of living if you could see the end. You would not smoke another cigarette if you knew it meant death to you. Are you aware that continuing to smoke them will put you in a condition that, to the intellectual world, is worse than death? There is nothing more pitiable than a weak-minded person, and especially one that has brought such a condition upon himself.

MISTAKE MADE BY BOYS.

The mistake on the part of boys is in thinking that the indulgence of such habits is a harmless pleasure. They are unable to see that real pleasure is the product of a well-developed mind, one that is directed toward noble living. A smoker of cigarettes is stupid in thought. He has no disposition to get hold of life. The easy, dependent way is his way. He has no appreciation of the qualities and influence of manhood. All that people do and are is through acquired habit, and the quality of the habit determines the quality of the man. He is free to do as he pleases with the tastes he acquires. Each is presumed to have a distinct individuality. He may, by practice, learn to do many things that nature does not designate, but if he violates nature's laws he is obliged to suffer for it. Nature distinguishes between man and animals by giving man the possibility of a superior intellectuality, and at the same time leaving him an entirely free will. Our usefulness is determined by our tastes. If the tastes are wholesome and well developed, we find they give us the

qualities of usefulness and the higher aims of life. If pernicious in any particular they are sure to destroy the possibilities or cause to be neglected the opportunities that are likely to come to every well-meaning person.

NEGLECTS HIMSELF.

The boy who is addicted to the cigarette habit is usually neglectful of his personal appearance. If he does not show it it is because somebody takes care of him. He rarely has taste in that direction. If he has the taste he rarely has the earning capacity to gratify it. The promising boy cultivates his mind, is thoughtful of his wearing apparel and does not neglect his teeth and hair and finger nails. He is anxious about the means of self-support. What benefits are derived from smoking? None whatever. Who seeks your services because you smoke? Nobody. Who thinks more of you because you smoke? Nobody. Then are you not foolish to smoke or do anything that detracts from your value to the world? It makes you dread work. It destroys ambition and the energies that belong to a healthy boy. That man is strongest mentally and physically, barring infirmities beyond his control, who is freest from dissipation. You know good habits command your respect. You know the power of evil habits is strong. Some of the greatest minds of the world have surrendered to it and are surrendering to it every day.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Do you want to be somebody? Do you want to get hold of life? Do you expect to have the capacity to compete with others in the race? Do you think more of a destructive pleasure than you do of a good position? Are you willing to sacrifice happiness that you may indulge a worthless habit? Do you know that in deliberately weakening mind and body you are committing a crime? Do you know the difference between bravery and foolhardiness? It is foolhardiness to risk opportunity, intellectuality and life itself without a possible chance of reward. This is what you are doing.

Business men have established the custom of inquiring of the applicant for employment if he is addicted to the cigarette habit. If he is, he is immediately dismissed from any consideration for the position. They want wide-awake, active boys, and to such they offer good opportunities for advancement. They know the cigarette smoker has not the ability and the energy that are required in mercantile life.

If you are a cigarette smoker, do you know that you are stupid? Do you know that you lack neatness? Do you know that you don't like to work? Do you

know that you are ashamed of the habit? Do you know that you do not want your parents to know you have acquired the habit? Do you know it is hard for you to get up in the morning? Do you know you disgrace common sense? Then why do you do it? Do you remember when your mother first discovered that you were addicted to the habit? Do you remember how you tried to conceal it from her? Do you know how she feels about it? Do you know how sorry and disappointed she is? Do you know how proud a mother is of a promising boy? Do you know what your mother has done for you? Do you know what she is willing to do for you? Do you know that you cannot love her and smoke cigarettes? Then why do you smoke them?

BOYS CAN REFORM.

Habit long indulged is powerful, whether the habit is good or bad. Some time you may have tried to break away from a bad habit. Perhaps from smoking cigarettes. You summoned good resolves. You put forth all your energy and strength of character and purpose. Did you succeed? If you did, you possess the qualities that will make you strong and useful. Many instances are in mind where boys have overcome the habit and completely recovered from the effects. It can be done by any boy who is willing to accept advice and who has any determination. A good suggestion to one disposed to break away from the habit would be to smoke one less cigarette each day, until he found himself able to dispense with them altogether. It is doubtful if any one addicted to the habit can suddenly throw it off, but he can gradually do so. It would be a good evidence of character that a boy can say he has quit the habit, and he is worthy of commendation and congratulation on his rescue. His true friends will be ready to extend a hand of cordial support to him in his resolve. Bad habits are cowardly things. They are sneaky and vicious. They are unable to face manhood and womanhood. They lead you away from your mother's teachings. They make you disloyal to your opportunities. They delight in breaking mothers' hearts and in destroying human lives. Treat them as you would an enemy. They afford deceptive pleasures.

RESIST TEMPTATION.

Your mental capacity and conduct are to determine your place in the future, and your future depends upon the use you make of the present. To resist temptation is an assurance of a manly character. To possess and use such a character is to be a part of the best influence in the world.

How to Read.

A boy's library should not only contain the books which have stood the test of time as boys' books; but the more modern books as they come out. In addition to these the boy should have access to a good pronouncing dictionary, and, if possible Lippincott's Mythological and Biographical Dictionary, to which he should make frequent reference.

No unusual word should be passed over, if the reader is not sure that he knows not only its correct pronunciation, but its meaning. Allusions are frequently made in books to distinguished people who have written or said something worthy of note. Find out by your "Lippincott" when these people lived, what made them distinguished, and why their words live after them. Mythological allusions are also of frequent recurrence. If your book says: "It was a Procrustian bed," hunt up "Procrustes," and see what made it Procrustian; or if it says: "He slept like Endymion," try to find out how Endymion slept.

Some laughable mistakes are sometimes made by writers who have not made themselves familiar with these old stories; and the reader cannot fully understand what he has read without carefully observing this method of study. One who has never tried it cannot imagine the added interest of the story, and the hold it takes on the memory by these little helps.

Our outlook is broadening. Even

boys' books are dealing with large questions today, and the whole world is the scene of the exploits and adventures of boys in some momentous epoch of history, or at some remote geographical point; so, here, histories and maps should be consulted, to get the true conditions under which these things were accomplished, or supposed to be.

"This," you say, "will make slow reading." Yes, but it will be quite worth while to try it. A few books well read are far preferable to a great many books which you do not understand. Many of our most able statesmen, finest orators and best writers had few books, but read those few with diligence and care. Ruskin confessed to have based his inimitable style on continuous Bible reading, as when a boy it was his duty to read for his mother. Lincoln borrowed his first law books, which he read by the light of a fire of pine knots, and re-read until he thoroughly understood them.

To sum up, read carefully, slowly, thoroughly, understandingly.

LUCY A. LEGGETT.

THE BOY'S LIBRARY



A Talk With the Boys' Librarian.

Henry Wilson—For your library I would advise selections from the works of such writers as G. A. Henty, Horatio Alger, James Otis, W. J. Rolf, Mrs. E. E. Custer, Charles Carlton Coffin, J. T. Trowbridge, Rev. E. Kellogg, Kirk Munroe, W. O. Stoddard, W. I. Alden, J. G. Edgar, G. C. Eggleston, J. W. Knox, and Paul Belloni Du Chailu (dü-chá-yü). Of course, no American boy's library is complete without the inimitable stories of James Fennimore Cooper and Capt. Charles King.

As a birthday gift for your friend I would suggest G. A. Henty's "Bonnie Prince Charlie," for with the up-to-date boy Henty seems to bear off the palm in point of popularity, and in truth "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is a book to be read with pleasure and profit by young and old. Not once does the reader's interest flag as he pursues this thrilling but not overdrawn tale of adventure. The book is valuable, also, from a historical standpoint, and many a boy gathers more information from the "primrose paths" of historical romance than from tridgings

along the beaten track of text-book history.

The dashing young soldier-prince, Charlie, figures conspicuously in this story, but its real hero is Roland Leslie, son of the brave and chivalrous Leslie of Glenlyon. And the young hero is a character well worthy of the enthusiastic admiration of America's brave boys—boys whose hearts are ever ready to respond to the call "boots and saddles," and whose watchword (like that of brave Miltiades of old) is "Victory or Death."

Exciting episodes and thrilling adventures, that tread upon one another's heels in quick succession, and stirring experiences on the fields of Fontenoy and Culloden give to the story of the dauntless young Scot an interest that never lessens until the tale is told. And I think the eyes of every brave and chivalrous boy will grow dim as Roland (waiting in the starlit, blossom-scented garden of the old French convent of Tours) utters with indescribable tenderness the one word, "Mother," as he is folded to the heart of the parent whom for sixteen years he has known only in his dreams.

Richard Bradley—Yes, you were correct when you said that one of Washington's own guard was hanged as a traitor and a spy. The name of this guard was Thomas Hickey. A plot to murder, or at least to capture Washington and his generals was instigated by Governor Tryon, of New York, and his accomplice,

Mayor Matthews. A number of Americans were implicated in this plot, and among them were several of Washington's own guard. Fortunately for our brave commander-in-chief and his "ragged Continentals" the plot was discovered and frustrated in its incipency, and Thomas Hickey was hanged in a field near the Bowery.

In his interesting book, "A Tory Plot," James Otis gives an account of the exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes of two New York lads, by whom the claims Gov. Tryon's plot was discovered. He asserts that America, the greatest of nations, whose glorious "Stars and Stripes" float on every breeze that blows from ice-bound Alaska to the far-off shores of the Philippines, owes its freedom to the daring and clearheadedness of two boys not over sixteen years of age. For a full account of this plot see Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," Vol. 2, and Fiske's "American Revolution," Vol. 1.

Thomas Fielding—The Bon homme Richard was the flag-ship of the first American squadron. It was commanded by the celebrated naval hero, John Paul, who was by birth a Scotchman, but who on account of the great injustice done him in Scotland, renounced his native land, and came to America in 1773. John Paul settled in Virginia, and for some reason assumed the additional name of Jones. No character in the realm of history or romance is possessed of more interest and magnetic attractiveness than that of the bold and fearless hero of the seas, John Paul Jones. His gallant services as commander of the American squadron in the eventful days of '77-79 won for him lasting fame, and the enthusiastic love and gratitude of his adopted country. For a graphic and thrilling description of the encounter of the Bon homme Richard and the formidable English vessel, Serapis, I refer you to Winston Churchill's book, "Richard Carvel." A book, by the way, which every American boy would do well to read, not only because, from cover to cover, it fairly throbs with wonderful and thrilling adventure by land and sea, but also because it brings its readers into personal and intimate knowledge and association, as it were, with some of the world's most noted men of his-

tory, literature and art. Such men, for instance, as Washington, John Paul Jones, Lord North, Lord Baltimore, Charles Fox, Horace Walpole, "Junius," and Garrick.

L. H.—The real name of Oliver Optic was William Taylor Adams. He was born at Medway, Mass., July 30, 1822, and died at Boston, March 27, 1897. He was the founder and editor of Oliver Optic's Magazine.

Edward Malone—"The Bells," which you tell me is to be played by the Dramatic Society of X—College, is translated from "Le Juit Polonais," a drama composed by two noted French writers, Charles Alexander Chatrian (shä-tre-on) and Emile Erckman (erk-man). The works of these two authors are known as the Erckman-Chatrian series. I advise you to see the play, if possible, for its presentation (even by amateurs) will give you an excellent knowledge of one of the greatest masterpieces of modern literature. Sir Henry Irving, the celebrated English actor, has become famous in the role of Mathias, the burgomaster of "The Bells."

Charlie Willis—Samuel Finley Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph system, was born at Charleston, Mass., April 27, 1791, and died at New York, April 2, 1872. He was an artist by profession (portrait painting being his specialty), and the first president of the New York National Academy of Design. Professor Morse designed the model of the electric telegraph in 1832, and the first message sent over the wires was the announcement of James K. Polk's nomination for the presidency.

Willie R.—Yes, the seas you mention are similar in color to their names. The light reflected by the sea is always affected by the conditions of the atmosphere, and, therefore, the waters of the sea present at different times and places an exquisite and rainbow-like variety of coloring. There is still another reason for this variety of hue, and it is this: The body of every creature that dwells in the ocean is charged with a substance called phosphorus, and this substance (which, in itself, resembles white wax) shines in the dark like a dazzling flame. Consequently, the countless numbers of animals which dwell in the deep are like so many electric jets that cause the

waters of the sea to flash and scintillate like waves of flame. Certain sea animals produce certain shades, and the presence of myriads of such animals give to the seas you mention (the Red, Yellow, Vermilion and Black) their distinctive hues. No, the sea flowers are not real flowers, but animals, which are called flowers because they are like so many delicate and exquisitely tinted blossoms in the vast "garden of the sea." The wonderful and varied plant-animals are called sea-anemones. They can move about slowly, but have no eyes. They have slender arms, or "feelers," which they are constantly moving about in search of worms—the favorite food of the sea-anemone.

R. B.—There is no authentic evidence that Aesop ever really existed. The Greeks, however, claim that he was born in Greece, in the sixth century before Christ. Other countries, also, claim to have been his birthplace. Had Aesop really lived, he could not possibly have been the author of the celebrated "Fables," for it has been proven that many of them were composed eight hundred years before the time of Aesop. The fable of the lion and the mouse has recently been traced by the highest authority to Egyptian origin. Aesop is said to have been a slave in his youth, and in the Villa Albani at Rome there is a famous statue of Aesop which represents him as a dwarf, and nearly akin in appearance to the animals with which he was in such close sympathy.

By the way, boys, the Athenians perpetuated a noble sentiment when they erected a large statue of Aesop and placed it upon a lofty and enduring pedestal, thus signifying that to all men (no matter how lowly their station) the road to honor lies open. And that the sentiment embodied in the marble of the Athenians is a true one, each and every one of you has it in his power to prove. "Honor and shame from no condition rise," my boys, therefore each and every American boy can, if he will, become that noblest and grandest of all things—an honest man, and God Almighty's gentleman.

Sincerely your friend and librarian,
ALEXANDER JENKINS.

"Ward Hill at Weston."

By EDWARD T. TOMLINSON.

A characteristic story of a boys' boarding school is offered to young readers in "Ward Hill at Weston." The characters are so clearly drawn, and the temptations of school life so thoroughly exposed that one might imagine the author to be penning a leaf from his own experience, rather than drawing upon his imagination for the incidents here recorded. This, however, only goes to prove that boys' schools are very much alike all over the world. The importance of being able to say yes, and no, at the right time is made manifest in the young student Boyd, and the disastrous effects of a vacillating spirit, in Ward Hill's school career. Dr. Gray sums up the situation in a nutshell, when he says to Ward's father after the boy's failure to pass his examinations: "You are not entirely free from blame. You have kept your boy carefully from all evil, and that is right. I say no word against that, you understand, but there is a vast difference between keeping him from evil and training him to meet it. Ignorance is not strength."

Another evil has been clearly outlined in this sketch of boarding school life—the existence and baleful influence of secret societies, as shown by the "Zangs" of Weston. The book is so real that one rises from its reading with a feeling of having been one of the actors in this drama of school life, and with a desire to know the result of the bitter lesson which Ward's failure seems to have taught him.

The author promises this pleasure to his readers in a forthcoming book entitled "Ward Hill, The Senior." A. J. Rowland, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25.

"Swallow Castle."

An English story of a blind soldier and his struggles with poverty to sustain his family, while he rightfully is joint heir with his sister to a small estate, is told in the vernacular of the English yeoman, by Frances Harriet Wood. The sister, thinking her brother dead, suppresses the will, and afterward discovers him as a blind man being led about by his young son, and trying to sell trifles from a basket.

The remainder of the story gives an account of her struggles with conscience, her desire to make restitution, and the fear of losing her good name and influence. It is not quite fair to an author to tell the whole story in a review, so we leave the outcome of her late repentance to the curiosity of the reader.

The book is not in any sense a boys' book, but a story of simple English people, living their daily lives, and bearing their daily burdens, as other people do the wide world over, sometimes with fortitude and courage, sometimes with weakness and fear. Published under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London, England, and J. B. Young & Co., New York. Price 80 cents.

THE BOY JOURNALIST AND PRINTER.

The Southern Amateur Journalists' Convention.

New Year's Day came bright and crisp in Atlanta. The day was an ideal one. In parlor 112 of the Kimball House the amateur journalists of the South were preparing to hold their first annual convention. There was a fair attendance. At a few minutes past 10 o'clock a. m. Vice-president Wilmer W. Williams called the meeting to order, and made a neat little speech in which he expressed regret at being compelled to fill the place of the president, whose presence would have given so much pleasure to all. Then the regular order of business was disposed of, the most important and most eagerly discussed item being the adoption of a new constitution. After this a proxy committee was appointed to report during the afternoon session. At noon the convention adjourned for lunch.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the second session came to order. The reading of the proxy report was awaited with deep interest. Interesting communications were also read from clubs, associations and persons in all sections. Quite an inspiring document was read from the president of the New York Amateur Press Club. An ably written letter from Claude Trexler Reno was applauded—that is, that portion which referred to the "grand old National."

The most interesting feature of the day followed in the annual election of officers. The outcome in some respects, was surprising. The proxy ballots gave the presidency to Mr. Acee unopposedly. The other votes were extremely scat-



JOHN M. ACEE,
PRESIDENT SOUTHERN AMATEUR JOURNALISTS' ASSOCIATION.

tered. The following was the result of the election:

President, John M. Acee, of Georgia; vice-president, Elmer C. Wood, of Virginia; secretary and treasurer, W. W. Williams, of Georgia; official editor, Fred B. Smith, of Georgia; historian, John K. Arnold, of Kentucky. Next convention seat, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Louis M. Starring was awarded the title poet laureate, on verses written during the past year.

At 6 p. m., with the new president in the chair, the convention came to a close. The evening was given up to social functions which were greatly enjoyed.

The amateurs of Sioux City, Iowa, met on December 24th and formed an amateur press club, with Guy N. Phillips as president.

The First Annual Reunion of Philadelphia Amateurs.

On the evening of January 6th, under the auspices of the Irving Club, the first annual reunion of the Philadelphia amateurs, past and present, was held. The committee in charge consisted of Wallace B. Grubb, chairman; H. C. Hochstadter, Edwin Hadley Smith of New York, John A. Kugler, Wm. R. Murphy, Wm. H. Greenfield, Harris Reed, Jr., and George W. Darragh, all well-known amateurs.

The meeting was well attended and opened by Wallace B. Grubb in a very neat little speech. Mr. Reed suggested an organization which would insure annual reunions, and the idea was received with enthusiasm. A constitution was presented by Mr. Smith, and an annual reunion, to be held in January in Philadelphia, was provided for. Any person who is or has been a resident of Philadelphia, and is or has been an amateur journalist, is eligible to membership. Harry C. Hochstadter was elected president of the association; Wm. R. Murphy, secretary; Harris Reed, Jr., treasurer; Wallace B. Grubb, official editor. The "Clover Leaf" was chosen as the official organ.

After the business meeting a banquet was held, and toasts were responded to as follows: "Philadelphia's Place in the History of Amateur Journalism," by Edwin Hadley Smith, formerly of Philadelphia, now of New York; Theodore G. Meyer spoke on "Puzzledom's Relation to Amateur Journalism"; Charles W. Helms responded to "The Greater New York Amateur Press Club," and con-

veyed its fraternal greetings to the Philadelphia amateurs; George W. Darragh spoke briefly on "The Irving Club"; and Harris Reed, Jr., on the "Annual Reunion." Mr. Hochstadter, who was president of the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club in 1888, gave some interesting reminiscences. J. William Townsend, of New York, and William R. Murphy also made a few remarks. The meeting on adjourning gave a vote of thanks to the Irving Club, and to the committee for the excellent management of this reunion.

Charles W. Helms, J. William Townsend, and Edwin Hadley Smith, officers of the Greater New York Amateur Press Club, attended the reunion as representatives of their club.

The Boston Convention Attending Corporation, which was organized last August by New York amateurs for the purpose of furthering the attendance at the convention of the National Amateur Press Association to be held in Boston next summer, will hold its second semi-annual stockholders' meeting February 4th in New York City. The company now has about \$50.00 in the bank.

"The Welcome News" is published by T. Mauritson, at Dunlap, S. D. Judging from the copy before us, it should not be called "The News," however welcome its issues may be to its readers. It is more in the nature of a magazine or story paper, and its stories are excellent ones, considering they are amateur work.

Starting an Amateur Paper.

From the Actual Experience of a Boy Publisher.

By PHILIP F. McCORD.

When I first saw an amateur paper, I inwardly resolved to sometime publish a paper of my own. Other boys had produced a paper worthy of considerable praise, and why should I not try to achieve as much?

Several months passed before my paper, "Boylshness," actually appeared, which delay was occasioned by my being under a false impression as to the amount of money actually required for the venture.

Long before it appeared, however, I prepared myself in many ways for its introduction in amateur circles. All the names of those interested in amateur journalism coming under my observation were carefully entered in a small book.

Besides this, I selected a staff of contributors and made many outlines of the space arrangement of my prospective paper. In my mind's eye it was already a thing of reality; but, in fact, it was far from it. Truly, I enjoyed the prospect almost as much as I have the reality.

One of the most important questions to consider when starting a paper is the choice of a name. Try to select one that is original and striking, as well as suited to the contents of the paper. This was one of my greatest difficulties, and I changed its name several times, first announcing that it would appear as "The Elevator" (aiming to elevate the minds of all its readers), "The Forger" and "The Dictator" were also considered by me, and I am not yet positive that my final choice was the best.

"Caprice," "Fly Paper," "Pastime," "Ambition," "The Advance" and "Quillings" are among the best named papers now extant.

One name, "The Boys' Herald," was used for several consecutive years by different publishers. Each one purchasing the right to use it from his predecessor. Even the same engraved headline was used throughout its career. I know of another case where one boy sold his printing outfit to a friend residing in another state, whereupon the latter continued the publication of the former's paper. Another publisher, after discontinuing publication, sold the name of his paper alone for five dollars.

It is best to adopt some policy when starting a paper. Endeavor to produce something distinctively different from any other amateur paper. Among the present papers we have story papers, all-editorial sheets, note papers, in which amateur affairs of all kinds are discussed; school papers, newspapers, papers devoted to stamp collecting, amateur photography, the mail order world, and other hobbies. Then there are some that have taken up questions of reform, such as "The Dewey's" crusade against dime novelists, "Bits and Chips" against non de plumer, "The Rambler's" against press clubs, and "Boylshness" against note writers.

After deciding upon some policy, next comes the securing of an able associate, providing you intend to edit the paper yourself. It is best to select some experienced amateur journalist, and one who not only is active, but whom you think will conform to your views and aid the venture to the best of his ability. If you are successful in this, your paper will all the sooner be recognized for its worth, and you will have some one to consult who is not a beginner like yourself. I followed the above policy and benefited thereby.

Next comes the question of printing. If your time permits of the work, you should do as many others have done, purchase an outfit and print your own paper. Then it will be a purely amateur product in every sense of the term. An outfit to print the average sized amateur, six by nine inches, including press, may be purchased for the moderate sum of \$40.00, and for a smaller paper proportionately less. The above figure is furnished by Mr. Warren J. Brodrie, one of the strongest advocates of "Every amateur his own printer." If you cannot print it yourself, there are many amateurs who will do it for you at a reasonable cost, and several professional printers make a specialty of this class of work.

There are boys who started by printing their own papers who are now earning their spending money through the papers, and something more, by doing work for others. Chas. E. Wing, of Cleveland, not only prints his own paper but has secured a position in a professional office, and assists somewhat on the "National Amateur." He is considered a practical printer.

During the interval, from the time the copy is sent to the printer until you receive the printed papers, you can prepare and address the wrappers for mailing. Some adopt a special colored wrapper and even ink; while others mail the papers flat in large envelopes, to avoid creasing them. Even if mailed in wrappers, they should never be rolled. Three folds produces the neatest form for mailing.

Most papers exchange at least two copies with all contemporaries, and it is best to do so, as they cost very little, especially if you are fortunate in securing second-class rates. My exchange list now consists of about fifty active papers.

Now, for a little advice in regard to the make-up of the paper. Always give as much variety as possible in every number. Avoid running more than one serial at a time if the paper is small, but give a generous installment of that one. Unless the story is too long for use entire in one number, never divide it, as so doing spoils the thread of interest. Even should it appear lengthy at first inspection, careful editing may condense it considerably. This process of "bolling down" contributions is one of the benefitting drills derived from an editorship; so be an editor in reality, and not in name alone.

Try to start as many articles as possible at the top of the page. Remember that the typographical appearance of the paper depends much on the exact arrangement of space. Most amateur



WILLIS EDWIN HURD,
NEWPORT, N. H.

EX-POET LAUREATE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION.

papers average about three hundred words to the column. Never place two poems together—I've seen several poems grouped on one page of a certain paper, while the balance was devoid of poetry.

Several papers have adopted illustrating in a small way, which has resulted in many of the boys taking up this line of work. Already they have shown much talent for designing. Charles MacDonald, of Philadelphia, is very proficient indeed. Still, if no more than an engraved heading is secured, it gives a finish to the paper hardly obtainable by any other equal expenditure. Color work is also fast becoming popular.

If this article will not be of any practical service to you, I hope it has at least given some insight into the conducting of an amateur paper, but greater still would be my satisfaction if it has gained even one recruit for our cause. A friend of mine first heard of amateur journalism one day; the next he posed as an associate editor and was financially interested in a new paper.

As a parting word, let me advise my readers not to start a paper simply in the hope of pecuniary gain. While there may be financial profit, it will be the least of the advantages to be gained from the enterprise. Start a paper, if at all, because you hope for literary achievement. Have a strong love for the work, and a loyal admiration for the admirable cause of amateur journalism.



OLIVER HENRY LAFRANCHE,
RECLAMATION, CAL.

Oliver Henry Lafranchi is the western manuscript manager of the United Amateur Press Association. He is also a student of the Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, of Detroit. His home is at Reclamation, Cal., where he intends soon to begin the publication of a paper, to be called "The Criterion." He was formerly editor of "The Pen," a very neatly gotten up twelve-page little publication.

A Unique Periodical.

By PEARL HOWARD CAMPBELL.

Perhaps some of the boys who belong to amateur press associations or who edit papers of their own will be interested in hearing about a little paper which was published "at intervals" on Dewey's flagship. Of course, on so large and important a vessel there were men of varied talents and among them was L. S. Young, who afterwards wrote a life of Admiral Dewey, and who was editor of the paper which I shall describe to you.

It is very appropriately called "The Bounding Billow" and is printed in the form of a magazine about a quarter of the size of THE AMERICAN BOY. Perhaps its most interesting edition was the one published in June, 1898, probably as soon after the battle as the editor could collect his copy, and his paper, for part of it was printed on paper captured from the Spanish. Under the title was the statement that it was published "in the interest of American man-of-war's men." Like the more pretentious magazines, it boasted a cover design in colors, and beneath the appropriate motto, "We came! We saw! We conquered," were the crossed flags of the navy and the United States. Under these, at their intersection, was the liberty bell, and on either side, as if to protect it, were guns. The American eagle perched upon a globe just above the bell. Laurel wreaths encircled the victorious flags and beneath the whole design was the couplet:

"'Twas for Cuba and our honor, to avenge
our heroes slain,
That victory wreathed our banners when we
fought the ships of Spain."

The story of the battle of Manila Bay has been told many times, but never with more eloquence than in the June issue of that little paper whose readers were largely men who participated in the fight. Following this was the Spanish account as it was printed in a Manila newspaper. There were also bits of news, an exchange column, an account of the death of Captain Gridley and three poems by the editor. On the last page was a map of Manila Bay, made by one of the sailors.

The price of the paper was one yen, or about twenty-five cents, but doubtless before many years are gone it will be worth as many dollars, not only as an interesting souvenir of a great battle but for the historical information it contains. So if any of you editors were fortunate enough to be on the exchange list of "The Bounding Billow," I should advise you to preserve your copies until the battle of Manila Bay is less a thing of the present.

W. B. Littlefield and B. F. Moss, of Brooklyn, have issued the first number of a paper which they call the "Brooklyn Amateur."

The Greater New York Amateur Press Club.

The New York Amateur Press Club and the Brooklyn Amateur Press Club consolidated at a meeting held on January 3rd, and formed the Greater New York Amateur Press Club. Meetings will be held alternately in Brooklyn and in New York City on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. The officers elected were: President, Charles W. Heins; vice-president, James J. Wilkinson; recording secretary, B. F. Moss; corresponding secretary, Herbert S. Greene; treasurer, W. B. Littlefield; official editor, Otto Henschel; critic, Louis A. Perlowski. Edwin Hadley Smith was appointed on the executive committee, and J. Wm. Townsend on the committee on activity. The official organ of the society is the "New York Amateur," copies of which have been sent us. It is a most creditable official organ.



MORRIS COHEN,
JACKSON, MINN.

Morris Cohen publishes "The Advance" at Jackson, Minn. Its contents consist principally of essays, editorials and communications in regard to amateur journalism. The editor evidently endeavors to make it of educational value, however, as he announces a series of articles on Greek history. He shows enterprise in announcing also a series of stories of college life.

The Chicago Amateur Press Club.

The Chicago Amateur Press Club meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month in the club rooms of the Briggs House, corner of Randolph street and Fifth avenue. Visitors are always welcome. The following are officers: President, Henry Ed. Nothomb; vice-president, Carrie E. Schermerhorn; secretary, R. Percival Kelley; treasurer, Wallace R. Thurman; official editor, L. Halstead Sawyer, 6158 Ingleside avenue. We have received a copy of the "Chicago Amateur," the official organ of the association, published by Mr. Sawyer. The club now has thirty-one members. Fourteen amateur papers are published by members of this club. It is a noteworthy fact that of the ten papers listed on the roll of honor in the "National Amateur," five are published by members of this club.

Editors of amateur papers throughout the country have been very appreciative of THE AMERICAN BOY and very kind in the matter of devoting space to commending this paper to the public. We certainly wish to thank them.

We also wish to express our appreciation of the action of the New York Amateur Press Club, which at a recent meeting directed its Secretary, Mr. J. William Townsend, to express to us the congratulations of the club "on the really readable and meritorious publication you have launched into—as I might say, a lamentably abused field of literature." as Mr. Townsend expresses it.

The December "Privateer," published by Mathew Teller Collins, at Fort Edward, N. Y., must have been an interesting number to all amateurs. Its leading article is one on amateur journalism, by Eleanor C. Dowden. This issue was the final amateur issue of the "Privateer." On the last page is an announcement that with the January issue the "Privateer" will be enlarged and changed to a semi-professional publication.

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREVELL.

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

The first prize in the Photographic contest during the past month was won by Arthur V. Pillsbury, Reading, Mass.; the second prize was awarded to Joe Stone, Buffalo, N. Y.

Making the Camera Pay.

With a little practice it will prove an easy matter for any efficient amateur photographer to make money with his camera during the summer months. Wherever a boy with a camera travels, he is always besieged with the requests to "Take a picture of me, will you?" Young folks, as a rule, like to have their pictures snapped, and many are willing to pay for the same when completed. An industrious person, in a morning ramble through the park, will sometimes have a dozen opportunities to secure picnic groups numbering from ten to fifty persons.

The amateur has only to request the pleasure of taking a picture. Nine out of ten will answer "Yes, go ahead." The work of placing the group is something that requires experience, in order to do it with an eye to the best effect, but a little care in this direction will help any boy to pose them properly.

After the group has been taken, secure the names of those in the party, and a few days later you can show proofs. An order is certain to follow, for there are always some in every group that desire to retain a memento of the day's excursion.

Dark Development.

Amateurs will be surprised at the difference between a plate developed in absolute darkness and one which has been under the ruby light during the entire period of development, and the difference will be in favor of the one developed with the least light. The proper method is to cover the tray in which the plate is to be developed, with a piece of cardboard, immediately after it has been flowed with the developer. Keep it covered during the entire operation, except when hastily glancing at it to see if the development has been carried sufficiently far. By doing this a great deal of fogging that spoils so many pictures may be avoided.

An Excellent Formula.

It is not advisable for amateur photographers to make constant changes in their developing formulas. The makers

of plates, as a rule, know best what their particular plates require. But if the amateur really wants to experiment he is advised to try the following:

- Metol, 90 grains.
- Hydrochinon, 180 grains.
- Sal Soda, 3 ounces.
- Sulphite of soda, 3 ounces.
- Water, 32 ounces.

Dissolve the Metol in water, add the Hydrochinon, and then the sodas. After all the chemicals are thoroughly dissolved, it is a good plan to filter them. To develop, use one ounce of the stock solution to four ounces of water. On plates with a very short exposure, it is best to dilute the developer as high as one ounce to forty ounces of water. When sufficient details have appeared, the plate can be placed in developer of



FLASHLIGHT: by J. H. HOFNER, Detroit

normal strength—one ounce to four of water. Some makes of plates can be left in the developer several hours without fear of chemical fog spoiling the negative.

Taking Flashlight Pictures.

Flashlight pictures are more successful with interiors than with portraiture. A group engaged in some occupation, such as playing a game of cards, or apparently enjoying an afternoon tea, will produce more satisfactory results than where the subjects sit up stiff and staring, trying to look natural under the strain of a sudden blinding flash which is certain to shut eyes and distort countenances.

When a badly lighted room or hallway is desired, a flashlight is about the only way to obtain a picture. It makes a great difference, however, whether the walls are light or dark, yellow or blue, green or pink, in the quantity of magnesia to be used. These colors have different powers of absorbing light, and in the proportion as they reflect the flash the quantity of powder is to be graded.

As a rule, a "No. 2" cartridge box of flashlight powder will be sufficient to light a room 12 by 15 feet, provided the walls are not too dark. Perfectly light walls need less. Where a large flash is needed, two boxes of powder can be poured together. After the camera is properly focused, withdraw the slide and open the shutter, using a moderately large "stop." Put the flashlight cartridge on a shovel, a dustpan, or anything with a handle, in order that the hand may not be too near when apply-

ing the match and the magnesia bursts into light.

Hold your flash to one side, and considerably higher than the camera; then the shadows will fall under rather than above the objects photographed. These shadows should fall much as they would if the sun was shining at say three o'clock in the afternoon.

If you are taking an interior, it is well to make two flashes—one on each side of the camera. This cuts out shadows. It cannot be done when there are moving objects in the view. The flashes should follow each other quickly, before the smoke has time to fall. Make a point of closing the shutter as soon as possible after the flash.

It is best to develop flashlight pictures first with a weak solution, strengthening it after the details begin to appear on the negative. Finally, put the plate in a stronger bath to obtain good contrasts, and fix as is done with any negative.

Like everything else in the photograph line, experience is required in order to be uniformly successful in getting good flashlight photos. If the pictures on the wall are covered with glass, see to it that there is no reflection. Glass-covered bookcases must be moved so that the glass does not act as mirrors.

There is little danger of over-exposing except in the immediate foreground. If

will prevent them looking so out of proportion to the rest of her sweet little body.

Silas Wright—Always use enough developer to cover the plate instantly. While developing rub the face of the plate occasionally with a tuft of absorbent cotton, to break air bubbles and remove sediment.

Willie Fox—A panorama camera generally makes a negative four inches wide and twelve inches long. With a beautiful scene you will obtain a beautiful picture, much to be preferred over attempts to patch together two or three pictures.

Eugene Valentine—You must not use the same tray for both developing and fixing. The chemicals used in photography are very sensitive. If the least particle of the fixing bath gets into your developing solution it is liable to ruin the negative. Mark one tray "For Developing" and the other "For Fixing."

Clarence Corp—India ink makes very coarse retouching. With photographers it is only used to cover pin-holes or increase a high light. It cannot be used satisfactorily with a brush. No gelatine printing out paper will give good black and whites for snow pictures; try velox. A "real moonlight view," with the house lighted and the moon in evidence, will not be a satisfactory picture, for the length of exposure required will make the moon oblong instead of round, even if the light is strong enough to disclose the outlines of the surrounding objects. In taking a picture of clouds with the sun behind them try stop marked "16," with exposure marked "25."

Photographic Hints.

It is said that a pinch of salt in the gold toning bath will prevent the high lights from over-toning, bring the high lights and shadows up clear at the same time, and will save the details in white drapery.

"Agafa" is a one-solution intensifier lately put upon the market. Its object is to make a thin negative a better printer.

If you want to keep unmounted albumen prints flat, soak them in equal parts of alcohol, glycerine and water. Dry between blotting paper under slight pressure.

When a negative is too thick or intense, it can be reduced by rubbing it with a soft rag moistened with alcohol till the density softens down. For sharply defined outlines, use a stick of soft wood dipped in alcohol.

A good clearing solution can be made with 20 ounces of saturated solution of alum and an ounce of hydrochloric acid. Immerse negatives for a few minutes in this bath after fixing and washing. Then wash well after removal.

Making Pictures Glossy.

There are a great many admirers of extremely glossy prints. This kind of finish is not difficult to obtain. All that is necessary to do is to place the wet print on the smooth surface of a ferrotype plate, pressing it on firmly so as to exclude all the air. Let it stay there until perfectly dry, when it will readily come off with a brilliant finish.

Sometimes the print is inclined to stick to the plate, but this only occurs when the japanned surface has been roughened by repeated use. To obviate this, occasionally rub the plate with a solution of paraffin and benzine—a piece about as big as a pea in three ounces of benzine. Put it on the plate with a piece of chamois or a tuft of cotton wool.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charley Innis—Read the article on "Winter Photography," in the December number of THE AMERICAN BOY, and you will find all your questions answered.

Theodore Thobe—If the exposure of a plate is about right, it will develop in six to ten minutes, with the temperature of the developer at 60 degrees.

John H. Wilkie—Suppose you try your next snow picture with a ray filter or a color screen. Use a small "stop," and a quick exposure. The print you send is evidently very much over-exposed.

James Ward Kent—Read carefully all the literature that came with your camera; then read it all over again. If you follow the directions you will be sure to get good pictures. The camera is a good one.

Harry Brown—When you again take a picture of your little sister, be sure that neither her feet nor hands are nearer the camera than her face. That

Our special resolutions are usually made with the beginning of the new year, but this year they ought to be just one hundred times stronger and better than usual, for the year 1900 is, some say, the first year of a new century. Take time to think about it and let us have on a postal card your resolution for the year 1900. For the best one received from an AMERICAN BOY subscriber by February 18 we will give as a prize a copy of "The Beacon Prize Medals and Other Stories."

Boys in the Animal Kingdom

Twenty Thousand Rabbits Slain in One "Drive."

The biggest rabbit drives in the world are held in California—a state that rather prides itself upon its production of things on a large scale.

Jack rabbits multiply very rapidly and have a healthy appetite. Some years ago the supervisors of Fresno county bought \$300 worth of movable tight wire fencing, which could be set up anywhere in the shape of a gigantic "V" with a corral at the apex. On March 26, 1896, 8,000 people attended such a drive. The line of drivers was eighteen miles long, and, as it swept toward the corral, the rabbits fled in armies. Gov. Markham was one of those who watched the sight with interest as the drivers, some on foot, some on horseback, some driving light buggies—slowly closed in toward the center.

Thousands of rabbits were killed on the plain in attempting to make their escape, but the greater number poured through the fatal enclosure.

But if there were thousands dead there were thousands living, and men and boys went in with clubs to kill them. More than 20,000 rabbits were killed.

The Adventures of a Feline Pet During Months of Underground Wandering.

Little Annie McGinn, of West Butte, Montana, owns a kitten that has emerged from one of the strangest adventures that ever befell any little girl's feline pet. This cat in particular, after wandering through the mine workings under Butte, reappeared on the surface two miles from the place where she tumbled down a shaft. Pussy spent fully four months wandering through underground Butte, but has survived in good shape.

The cat becoming frightened at something, jumped down a shaft near the big Poulin hoist. She survived and opened up a howling contest by herself. Little Annie was heartbroken. Her brother secured a long rope and lowered it into the shaft, hoping the kitten would "catch on" and be hoisted, but the cat only howled louder. Annie used to carry bits of meats and bread over to the hole and throw them down for the cat to eat. After a couple of weeks the moaning in the shaft ceased. Annie gave up her pet as lost forever, and Christmas at Annie's home was not as cheerful for the owner of the lost kitten as it might have been had kitten not been so venturesome.

Early in the winter the miners in the Green Mountain, the Mountain Con and other shafts in the vicinity imagined they heard sounds similar to those made by a sick infant. Later the same noises were heard in the Anaconda, Mountain View, Gray Rock, Modoc, Mountain Chief, Rarus and the other workings on the Meaderville slope.

While some children were playing near the dump of the Colusa mine they were startled upon beholding a cat tumbling down the pile of rock with a car load of waste that had just been dumped. The cat mewed piteously as it rolled over just in time to escape a big chunk that came bounding past. The children ran to the rescue, and found a sorry-looking specimen of the cat family. Its hair was matted and soiled, its eyes red and it was sore and lame. The only mark of identification was the little ribbon about its neck, to which was attached a small silver bell. The feline underground explorer was, returned to its owner at once.—Anaconda (Mont.) Sentinel.

A Shipload of Cats for Manila.

It seems a little strange, but this country is not only sending soldiers but it is sending cats to fight in the Philippine Islands. The United States transport Sumner is to carry a cargo of up-

to-date American cats to Manila for the purpose of exterminating Filipino rats. It seems that the government warehouses in Manila are overrun with rats. A citizen of Manila wrote to a citizen of Newark, N. J., to this effect, saying that there were as many as 1,500 of them in one building and that they had teeth that could gnaw steel. In the letter the writer enclosed \$75, and asked his correspondent to buy and ship 500 cats. He expressed the opinion that \$75 ought to buy all the cats in New Jersey. The Newark man then inserted an advertisement in all the Newark papers, reading: "Wanted: Five hundred full-grown cats for the Philippine Islands. Deliver Friday and Saturday, 5 to 7 p. m. Price 15 cents each."

Such a hunt for cats as followed was never known in Newark. It seemed as if everybody in the town had a cat that he was ready to exchange for 15 cents. The commander of the National Guards of the collection—a handsome gray warrior named Miles. Soon the Newark man's cellar contained 335 feline soldiers. The debate in the cellar over the Philippine question and the discussion as to whether they would be able to finish the job and return to this country in time for the Thomas concert next June, grew so loud that the neighbors couldn't stand it. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals compelled the Newark man to remove the cats to an empty house in the lower part of Newark, where the numbers were later swelled to 500. The cats will be taken on board in crates, fed raw beef and stale bread, but no milk. It is thought that this will get them in fighting trim by the time they reach their destination. They will be given an hour a day out of their cages for exercise, and as cats never jump into the water there will be no danger of their running away, and there will be no cry of "cat overboard." The cats have adopted as their war cry, "Down with the Filipino rats."

What Wild Animals Cost.

A well grown lion can be bought for less than \$1,000. Lions seldom go in the market over \$1,200. A well-trained elephant will bring \$3,000. The lowest price paid is \$1,500. A fine grizzly bear can be bought for \$250. Giraffes cost most, \$3,500 to \$5,000 being their usual price. These animals are very delicate and have to be treated like a hothouse flower. Ostriches are also delicate, and are expensive. Monkeys are cheap, but die so rapidly from no apparent cause whatever that a traveling show has to replenish its stock often during one season.

"Spectacled" Animals.

Birds are furnished with a peculiar membrane, which, in a state of repose, lies in the inner angle of the eye, but is movable by two distinct muscles, which draw it over the corner. It is, to a certain extent, transparent, for according to Cuvier, birds can look through it, as the eagle does when looking at the sun. This membrane forms a pair of spectacles, or, at least, answers the same purpose. The membrane is called the third eye-lid. One of the most comical and grotesque animals is the "spectacled bear" (*Ursus ornatus*), which derives its chief attraction from the light-colored rings around its eyes. These—the greater part of the face being like the body, black—have exactly the appearance of a pair of common "goggles," through which the beast seems to look with an air of mingled wisdom and imbecility. The "spectacled bear" is only found in the mountainous regions of Chili, South America.

The Elfant.

By JOHNNY BROWN.

The elfant is a great ingy rubber beast, and is the biggest of all beasts put together. He has a trunk as one end, and a tale at the other, so that you don't always no which way he is looken. The elfant can't read, but he has two beautiful paper cutters groin out of his mouth. He is useful and strong, and can bat down things like walls. Once I rode on an elfant at the cirkus, and it rode on a nikle. He made a noise like a trumpet, and I fell off. If he wasn't so big I would have kiked him. Once a taylor stuk a needle into a elfant, and years after the elfant soked his house for him. This elfant at the cirkus soked me for a nikle, and I didn't stick a needle in him. The elfant grows in hot climets like coka nuts. Most elfants are good elfants, but if you ever see the elfant that did me out of a nikle, soke him good for me.



A HIGH STEPPER.

It is said that the natives of Abyssinia frequently ride upon ostriches. We present herewith a picture taken by a correspondent of the Scientific American, showing a man astride the back of an ostrich belonging to a South Pasadena (Cal.) ostrich farm. It is not likely that this form of amusement will become very popular on the ostrich farms of America.

The Noble Horse; How to Manage and Care for Him.

No matter what your horse and team may do, never get angry.

Speak sharply or firmly, but hold your temper.

To abuse a horse is inexcusable and expensive, and may be paid for in dollars and cents.

Remember he is the dumb beast, you the intelligent being ordained to own and control him; but not as a tyrannical master without feeling or appreciation.

Train a colt to know that you are his friend as well as master, and you will never need to whip except in rare instances of frights or backing.

When you go into the horse pasture, take something in your pocket for young and old, for they seem to say "thank you" and "we love you." You will have no trouble to catch them at any time.

Smooth and pet your colt with the hand, speak to him, pick up his feet often as the smith does; halter him young, and never throw a harness on colt or horse, but lay it on gently, that he may know you do not intend to hurt him.

Make all his loads proportionate to his age and strength, and let them be in position easy to start.

Be sure that every part of your har-

ness is safe to use, for one runaway may be more expensive than sets of harness; make the latter to fit him, that is, not a buckle or a part too tight or too loose, and see that no part galls him.

It takes bushels of grain to replace strength that is lost by wounds, bruises, or galls, or an inconsiderate master.

Examine his feet often, and see that the frog and hoof are kept free and clean from manure and other substances to cause disease.

Feed and water him with regularity, and he will soon expect it only at such times.

Learn the individuality of each horse and you will know better how to manage him.

Provide warm stalls with plenty of bedding, and give tired horses rest after night-fall and on the Sabbath as well as yourself; don't let your team stand exposed in low temperature and chilly storms, for it is the continued chills that ruin horses.

Careful feeders of horses know that in feeding oats, especially the whole grain, much depends upon the nature of the hull or chaff. It is not always the heaviest grain which gives the best results. That which is much above the standard weight has often a rough, gritty chaff, which so acts on the stomach as to expel much of the grain in an undigested state. The hull, however soft its texture, is always laxative, and a moderate degree of laxativeness is beneficial, especially to breeding animals, but there is no gain in passing through the heaviest grain in a nearly whole state. Better use a light grain, which will be more thoroughly digested. It is commonly supposed that the oat which sells for the highest price is the best feed, but it is not always the case.

Our Home Aquarium.

(Begin in December.)

For some days after our aquarium had lost its last occupants, the frogs, we busied ourselves in finding out all that we could about frogs and other aquatic animals, thinking to get the start of our mother on her next installment of living lessons.

We began to get impatient, however, before a day of leisure came, but were all ready when she said:

"Boys, do you think you could find some trowels, some little earth-diggers, among the garden tools, and a flat market basket?"

Of course we could, and so we tumbled over each other in our haste, for we were curious to know what was coming next. This time we took Billy, our old gray nag, and the "Cass wagon" and drove out to the "Concord wagon" Tying Billy to the fence, we clambered over, and walked through the sweet-scented leaves to an open space where I remembered going to gather ferns last year. There were only the dead stalks now, but right here our mother stopped, and, taking a trowel, began carefully to remove large squares of sod.

This seemed like just dirt to us, and we began to hunt for some living, squirming thing, but she said:

"Be careful, boys, don't break it. See here," and she drew out of the rich loam which had been covered by the half decayed leaves, a long white stem with something resembling a flower at the end. "This," she said, "is called an Indian pipe, and belongs to the carnivora."

"What is carnivora, mamma?" said Ned.

"Eaters of meat, Ned."

"O, now, mamma, flowers can't eat meat. You're joking."

"Some of them can, my son, and this, while not really carnivorous, still has some relation to that family of plants: the pitcher plant is a little advance on this, because it has a deeper cup, and the capillaries are more defined."

"Now, what are they?" we all said.

"They are little hairs that grow inside the cup. These grow downward, and the cup has a sweet liquid way down at the stem. Little flies and insects are fond of this, and crawl down to get it; but alas, they cannot crawl out, as these little hair-spikes hold them back. Then the flower contracts, and what it does inside nobody knows, but when it opens again, the little prisoner is nowhere to



THE PRIZE CAT FOR JANUARY, 1900.

A Cat Contest

Do you own a cat? Well, there are cats—and cats. There are good cats and bad cats; smart cats and dull cats; pretty cats and ugly cats; blooded cats and common cats; long, short, fat, slim, white, black, Tom, Maria, and many other kinds of cats. But what we want is the best and prettiest all-around cat—that is, a picture of him. We want to make him famous by showing his picture to ten thousand boys and ever so many boys' mothers and fathers and sisters in the pages of this paper.

Each month for a while we will give to the boy sending the most interesting cat picture within the month a dainty little locket of silver with the cat's name engraved upon it, so it may be hung from the cat's neck by a pretty ribbon and say to all his friends, "I am the prize AMERICAN BOY cat for February," or March, or whatever month it

may be. Remember, one locket each month to the most interesting cat. After a while we will give the dogs a chance.

Now, boys, send in your cat pictures.

ADDRESS PRIZE DEPARTMENT

THE AMERICAN BOY,

MAJESTIC BLDG., DETROIT, MICH.

N. B.—All pictures accompanied by stamps will be returned.

be seen, so he has evidently been absorbed by the plant."

"Ugh! what a cannibal plant it is," said Ned, "I shall never want to touch one again."

"O, yes you will," laughed our mother, "for the common potato blossom is closely related to them. This will be a good study," she said, turning to me, "look for it under the head of carnivorous plants."

By virtue of my sixteen years, my mother had begun to treat me more like a thoughtful man than a boy, and I was very proud when she addressed me in that half confidential tone which made me feel that she regarded me as being capable of understanding the matter under consideration.

The second basket was filled with some of the nice black loam and we then started for home.

"There are many things," said our mother, "which can be made interesting objects of study in a long country walk, and a little later in the season we will look for them."

When we reached home Lettie's small face beamed a welcome at the window, and "more polly-widdles, mamma?" she asked. She was evidently not in the secret this time, for, peering into the baskets, she said in a tone of disgust:

"Nosing there but brack dirt."

Our aquarium had been previously cleaned, and an adjustable glass cover made for it. The large basket of loam was poured in, leveled to a depth of about four inches, and the sods from the other basket laid on the top and carefully pressed down into the loam. The stone arch was placed in the center. Mother had a fine lycopodium growing in a small pot. This she sank between the pillars of the stone arch, "for present use," she said; "it is not necessary for it to look ugly while we wait for developments."

We were rather disappointed. That long box of black dirt and decayed

leaves, with the already familiar plant of running moss in the center, did not promise very speedy or interesting results, but mother said:

"Never mind, boys, just keep the earth well watered, half-closing the cover each day, and watch. You know that patient waiting for results is as essential to success in anything, as is the labor which precedes it."

"Yes," laughed Ned, "I remember how Lettie planted her flower seeds last summer, and pulled them up every day to see what they were doing down there in their little warm bed."

"Ey went to seep, and had to be woked up," explained Lettie, her head in her mother's lap.

"But you didn't get any flowers, did you, Lettie, dear?" said mamma.

We watched and waited, and after a few days two or three little white rolls pushed themselves through the leaves and we wanted, like Lettie, to see what they were doing, but our mother said:

"Hands off, boys, they are very delicate now;" but they still came thicker and faster and more of them until the earth was quite dotted with them.

They were quite white when they first pushed themselves into sight, but as they grew taller they assumed a light shade of green and shot straight up for two or three inches, still holding tightly the little curl at the top; but pretty soon they began to unfold, and then we knew that we were cultivating a fernery; for the feathery leaves began to disclose themselves and when the first frond shook itself clear of the close grasp at the curled end, and the long leaf disposed itself in a graceful droop, we were delighted, for hundreds of others were in different stages of growth, and bid fair to fill the case with living green.

As we exclaimed upon the delicacy of the beautifully tapering ends of the leaves, our mother said:

"You can see now why they were so

carefully guarded: had they grown like other green things, directly out of the earth, they would have been broken and marred, and their beautiful symmetrical shape utterly destroyed."

At the proper time the lycopodium pot was removed, leaving the arch clear, and when the ferns were well developed, by a strange optical illusion, we seemed to be looking down a long vista of greenery, into the cool depths of which we longed to plunge and forget the dusty highways of life.

Lettie and Tom were not as interested in vegetable as in animal life, and kept asking when the "live things" were coming. Mamma tried to explain that they would not come at all this time, but one day Tom came running into the sitting-room saying:

"Mamma, I'm sure there's something alive in the aquarium. Come, see!"

Lettie was holding two small fingers on the glass, for Tom had told her that she must see if it moved while he was gone. The space between the fingers marked a fraction of an inch.

"It did move a teenty-weenty bit," she declared.

"Yes, it is a snail," said mamma, "one of the very lowest order of animals. It carries, as you see, its house with it, for this, which it seems to be dragging, is its shell into which it can retire at the approach of danger. See!" and removing the top of the case she touched the little jelly-like thing which seemed to shrink slowly back into its shell. "That is an instinct possessed in common by some animals, and some flowers," said mamma, "which I will tell you about some other time."

This last experiment was so beautiful in its effects that we said:

"Now, we can never bear to destroy this, so what will we do for our next study?"

"Wait and see," said mamma.

(To be continued.)

Dyspepsia

One of the many causes of dyspepsia is the use of cereal foods improperly prepared. People fancy that grain food is simple, and consequently healthful. Whole grains, wheat, oats, etc., contain quite largely an element as indigestible as wood and no more nutritious.

CREAM OF WHEAT

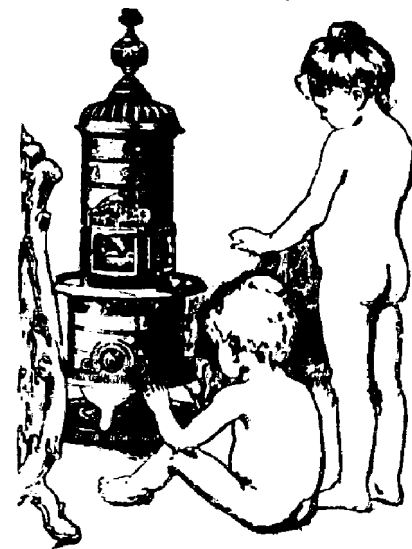
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Boys in Games and Sports.



R. A. MORTON. THE BACKS. J. G. GRIFFITH. W. C. EDSON. S. C. WILLIAMS.

J. S. WARNER. THE TACKLES. M. L. EBY.

A Remarkable Foot-Ball Team.

American boys will be interested in a football team whose goal line was never crossed during the entire season of 1899. The remarkable record of 257 scores against 5 by her opponents was made by the University of Iowa team. No team east or west has played throughout the season with such a record, Harvard alone approaching it. The friends of the University of Iowa claim for the wearers of the "old gold" the championship not only of Iowa but of the west, and there are many who believe they are the equals in individual and team playing of any eleven in the country. The strength of this team in defense was only equalled by its fierceness and speed of attack. No team in the west came nearer perfection in getting plays started and keeping them going. The interference was off like a flash and moved as a unit. Once clear of the line, the speedy backs were sure of long gains. It was a great team, drilled in the famous Pennsylvania "guards back," with many important variations added by Dr. Knipe, the coach. The team was trained into perfect physical condition, and kept so. The spirit of the men was remarkable and showed in every play; the utmost harmony prevailed at all times, each man sacrificing his individual aspirations for the glory of his team and the honor of his university.

Two weeks were spent in preliminary training before the opening of the season, and when the school year began, the task of making a team out of the individuals tried was fairly under way. Her first game was with the Iowa State Normal and displayed speed, clever dodging and brilliant defenses, ending in a score of 22 to 0 in favor of Iowa. Then came the game with the Alumni of the University, resulting in a score of 36 to 0 in favor of the champions. The game with the Chicago University eleven ended in a tie, the score being 5 to 5, but even the Chicago papers admitted that the Chicago boys had been out-

played. Seven succeeding games played, one each with Penn College, Rush Medical, Ames, Nebraska, Grinnell, Knox and Illinois, resulted in a total score of 194 for the University of Iowa and 0 for their opponents, the season closing with 257 to the credit of Iowa and 5 to the credit of their opponents in ten hard-fought games. In the game against Illinois the score was: Iowa, 58; Illinois, 0. This was remarkable, because Illinois had been beaten by only 5 points by Michigan and 23 points by the strong Wisconsin team, and had itself beaten Purdue.

It is impossible to pick out any one or more of the players as the best. "Team work" was Dr. Knipe's hobby, and the result shows the correctness of his theory. The men had no chance to become individual stars. Capt. Moray L. Eby, both in offense and defense, played hard and fast. He is 22 years of age and weighs 165 pounds. J. S. Warner, the other tackle on blocking kicks and in breaking up plays, is undoubtedly the strongest player in the line. He was most used where a big gain was needed. In addition to his ordinary work, he was called upon to do all the kicking. In several important games he scored field goals from the 25 to the 40-yard lines. He is 23 years old and weighs 190 pounds. James M. Brockway did brilliant work at right guard in line-buckling. He is 20 years old and weighs 190 pounds. Emmet F. Burrier, at left guard, weighs 185 pounds. He was particularly strong at defense work. Both Burrier and Brockway were badly crippled in the middle of the season, but played a plucky winning game in spite of their injuries. Mark E. Baker played a wonderfully consistent game at center, being strong on defense and passing the ball perfectly in offense. He is 19 years old and weighs 190 pounds.

The ends, F. A. Williams and H. B. Watters, are both strong men, of tremendous endurance, each weighing 169 pounds. The times they have had their ends turned this year can be counted on

the fingers of one hand. Iowa never produced a better quarter-back than Clyde Williams. He is quick and at the same time deliberate in passing a ball. His generalship in conducting plays was the best ever seen on an Iowa team. In the back field he was sure on handling



J. M. BROCKWAY. THE CENTER TRIO. M. E. BAKER. E. F. BURRIER.

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THE ENDS.
H. B. WATERS. F. A. WILLIAMS



THE SUBSTITUTES
A. A. STRATFORD. LLOYD HOWELL. F. H. WIELAND
E. H. LITTLE. C. E. HOOVER.

punts and ran every kick back, regardless of how many men came down with the ball. He runs fast and dodges or hurdles his tacklers. He is 19 years of age and weighs 155 pounds. At half-back, Will C. Edson and Ray A. Morton were swift of foot, quick in dodging and alert for every opportunity. Morton at right half weighs 176 pounds; Edson at left, 146 pounds. The latter has wonderful speed. Let him get clear of the line once and he is invariably good for a long gain. J. G. Griffith, full-back, is a wonderful dodger and a hard runner. He is a little man for a full-back, but he can work his way through a hole in a line in less time than most bigger men. In backing up a line he is everywhere at the right moment. His age is 19 and his weight 150 pounds.

Of the substitutes, Howell is a first-class defensive player. Little is strong, heavy and swift, with unbounded energy and courage. Hoover is very speedy and a good dodger. Weiland, by reason of a lame knee, was unable to show what he was capable of doing this year, but gives promise of being a valuable man. Stratford developed into a most valuable substitute for the back positions.

The work of the team has brought renown for Dr. Knipe, as a football coach, and has given the State University of Iowa a position of influence in the football world.

Two Big Catfish and an Alligator Gar

There are on exhibition at the Aquarium, down at the Battery in New York, two big western catfish, one weighing 78 pounds and the other 75 pounds, which were taken in the Arkansas river, about 30 miles above its junction with the Mississippi.

They had gone into the mud. Larger fishes might have been secured, but these of medium size were preferred because of the greater certainty of their surviving the long journey east. They arrived in good condition.

These big catfish are each about four feet long. When one of them happens to lie athwart the tank it reaches from the glass at the front of the tiled wall at the back. They are of the same general appearance as the familiar smaller catfish of eastern waters, having the same familiar barbels and feeders around the mouth, the same round, wide snout and capacious jaws, and the same little eyes, set wide apart. The mouth is about ten inches wide and the tail

spreads about eight inches. The fishes are each about a foot in diameter at the biggest part of the body. They are big fishes, and they look it.

The western river catfish, however, as is well known, grow to be much bigger than this, attaining often a weight of 200 pounds and a length of six feet and more; fishes thus carried over a man's shoulder would trail their tails on the ground. As sold in the markets along the Mississippi, these big catfishes—nobody would want a whole fish weighing 100 or 200 pounds—are cut up in steaks, the same as halibut is in the markets here, or big steak cod. These 75-pound catfishes at the Aquarium would cut very fair-sized steaks.

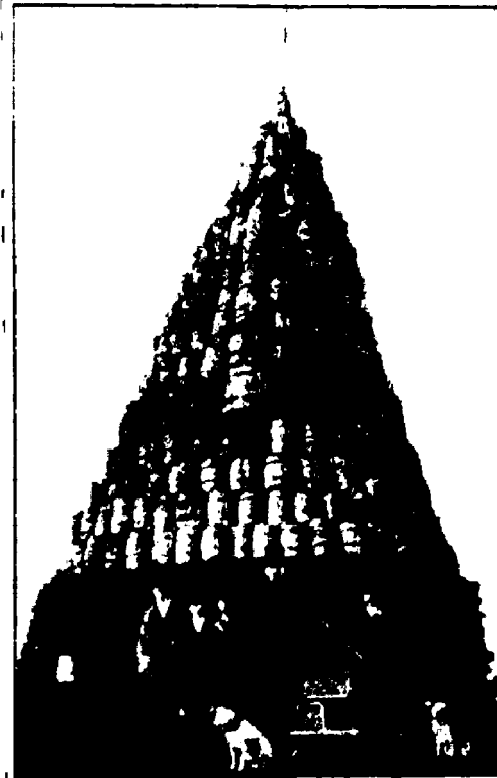
At home in their native rivers these big catfishes eat frogs or whatever they can get. It would seem as though the frog could keep away from a comparatively slow-moving fish like the catfish, but it might even be that a frog would jump into the wide-open mouth of a catfish without knowing it until it was too late. The big catfishes at the Aquarium have as yet eaten nothing since they have been here, now about two weeks but this excites no uneasiness, for it might be easily that in the colder waters, in nature, at this season, they would go a month or more without eating. Food is offered, however, to them daily, and as they become more accustomed to their situation and surroundings, they will doubtless begin to feed, to be thus enrolled among the heavy eaters at the Aquarium's table.

There was brought from the same waters, and at the same time with the big catfishes, an alligator gar of about four feet and a half in length, which is a pretty sizable sort of a gar, though they grow much bigger. The alligator gar takes its name from the shape of its snout and mouth, which are something like those of the alligator. The alligator gar is at home in either salt or fresh water. Its mouth is furnished with needle-pointed teeth, increasing in size from the beginning of the jaws to the end of the snout. Like the big catfish, the gar may roam off through a break in a levee into the comparatively shallow water on over-flowed lands, and the big gars may be ferocious when attacked and if struck at, for instance, fight back as a dog would in similar circumstances.

The big catfishes and the alligator gar are placed at the Aquarium in tanks on the ground tier, fresh water side.

A Big Bonfire.

When Admiral Dewey visited his old home at Montpelier, Vt., after the great celebration in New York, boys, and men, too, did everything they could to welcome him. Among the things they did was the building of an immense



bonfire. A great cone of barrels and debris seventy feet in height was built and when it was set on fire it could be seen for a hundred miles.

By the side of such a bonfire the ones most of us boys have enjoyed do not amount to much.

What bridge is warranted to support any strain?
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Ladies' Men's - Misses' - Boys'

How Can We Do This?
Heretofore all full fashioned hosiery was imported (full-fashioned hosiery means made on a machine that follows the lines of the foot and leg, so that it always fits like a glove and never loses that shape-keeping quality). Instead, we imported expensive knitting machines, and employed skilled workmen trained in the best foreign hosiery factories, with the result that we make hosiery, which, if imported, as formerly, could not be sold for less than 50c., that we can sell at 25 cents a pair!
For Sale by Live Dealers Everywhere.
Look for "WAYNE KNIT MATCHLESS" stamped on each pair. Insist on your dealers supplying you. If he does not keep them send us his name; we will see that you and he are supplied. Sample pair, one pair only to any person, 25 cents. Send size wanted.
If you don't want hosiery just now, send us your own and your dealer's name on a postal, and we will send you a very instructive book telling how the celebrated Wayne Knit Matchless, full fashioned 50c hose are made so as to retail at 25c per pair.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FT. WAYNE, IND.

Condition of Coins.

The value of a coin depends entirely upon its condition. A poor coin, no matter how old, has no numismatic value and should have no place in your collection.

- 1. Proofs, the first coins struck from the polished dies. These are not struck for circulation, but especially for collectors.
2. Uncirculated; sharp impressions fresh from the dies, that have never been in circulation; no spot or blemish.
3. Fine; a fine coin is one that may have been in circulation but on which every part appears clean, sharp and distinct.
4. Good; one in which the inscriptions, figures, dates, etc., are all sharply visible.
5. Fair; a coin may be considered in fair condition when its surface shows considerable wear or abrasion, its inscription and devices should be in a state easily determined though some portions may be worn down. The date, if any, should be visible.
6. Poor. Though a poor coin may have an illustrious ancestry and one of which it may feel proud, its hope of posterity is gone.

Besides these terms, others that modify them are often used to more particularly describe the condition, as "brilliant proof," "very fine," "good," or "fair." On the continent and in England the terms F. O. C., Fleur de coin and mediocre are used to describe these coins which are in the mint state or un-circulated, and those which grade between fair and good.

The Lafayette Dollar.

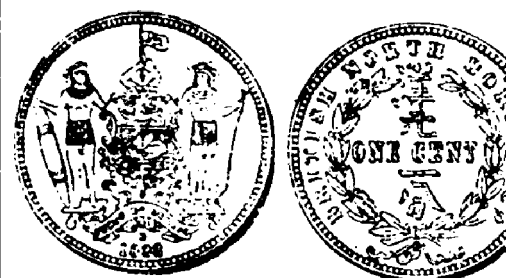
Most of our boys will remember that a few months ago collections were taken up in all our schools, with the object of providing a memorial to Lafayette. Many of you helped in this effort. It is said that between three and four million school children have contributed their pennies with this end in view.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Tyro—The Columbian Isabella quarter sells for \$1.00.
Frank B., Omaha—An 1846 dime in good condition is worth \$1.50.
Tim—A very common coin is the 1827 U. S. cent. Ten cents each would purchase all you would want of them.
C. A. C.—For a Lafayette dollar write to Robt. J. Thompson, Secretary, care of American Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, Ill. They sell for \$2.00 each.
C. M. G., Philadelphia—Your Mexican dollar of 1742 (Philip II. of Spain. 1724-46), in good condition should be worth \$2.50; at least the dealers would charge you that for one.

"X. Y. Z." Findlay—Your coin with strange characters is probably a Turkish coin or one of some of the Turkish dependencies. Send us a rubbing so that we may locate it correctly for you.

Jerry V., Des Moines—The coin you describe that your friend has in his collection is a cent of North Borneo. This



piece has a companion, a half-cent, and both were struck in England for North Borneo. The coin editor will send you both of these in mint state, or just as they came from the mint, on receipt of ten cents.

"Bob"—Your St. Helena half-penny is worth 25 cents. This is the only coin ever struck for this island, noted as the place of banishment of the great Emperor Napoleon. 1821 is the only date, and you will remember that this was also the date of the Emperor's death on that island.

C. H. F., Jr., Fishkill, N. Y.—Simply address your questions to "The Coin Editor, care of THE AMERICAN BOY, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich." and they will receive attention. Regarding "rubblings" see answer to H. C. F. Coins need not be sent, a good description or rubbing is all that in most cases will be necessary.

H. C. F., Exeter—A "rubbing" of a coin is obtained by placing the coin beneath a smooth white paper, and while holding it firmly in place, rubbing over the face of the coin on the paper with the flat end of a lead pencil. The best results are had by using a hard pencil, say a No. 3 or 4 lead. A little practice will enable one to do good work in this way.

Beginner, Marshall, Mich.—Wants to know who deal in coins. This department is not intended to advertise any particular dealer in coins. The dealers will no doubt consult their interests in due time by placing their cards in THE AMERICAN BOY. The Coin Editor is not a dealer but he has hundreds of duplicates from his cabinet that he will dispose of at low prices to encourage anyone in their efforts to acquire a collection.

Willie I. Halsey, Chicago, Ill., describes very nicely two coins in his collection and asks their value. The first is a U. S. cent of 1798, the same type of coin of which we give an illustration.



These types of the head of Liberty began with 1796 and continued up to and included 1807. This date is one of the commoner ones of the series. The coin, if in good condition, should be worth 75 cents. The second coin is a half dollar of 1828. There are two varieties of these, large and small dates, one also has a square base 2, the other has the base of the 2 curled upwards. It is a common date in both varieties. In good condition, 75 cents.

Some Interesting Facts About Coins.

One of the daily newspapers is responsible for the following: Though there are 1,000,000,000 copper cents in circulation, the Philadelphia mint has to turn out 4,000,000 a month to accommodate the demand. There are no mint marks on copper coins and nickels as now coined, and collectors pay high for coins bearing a mint mark. The first cents struck for circulation bear the date 1793 and the six varieties sell from

\$2.50 to \$6.25 apiece. The \$5 gold piece of 1822 is very rare. Only three are now known to be in existence. In Texas some years ago a silver shekel was found dating back to 142 B. C. Intrinsically it is worth about 50 cents, but collectors put a price of \$5,000 on it. One of the earliest coins known is a didrachm of Aegina, coined in 700 B. C. It is worth in money value 30 cents, but sells to collectors for \$7. Only five of the New York doubloons coined in 1787 remain. On one side of this coin is a picture of the sun rising over a mountain, surrounded by the words, "Novo Eberica Columbia Excelsior." Below is the designer's name, "Brusher." These coins are worth about \$700 each.

300 VARIETIES of stamps, 40c.; 200 25c.; 100, 6c. 80, CAL. STAMP CO., Santa Anna, Cal.
50 unused South America, 20 cents
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Approval sheets, 1/2 off. 8 stamps free.
CHARLES KING, 214 East 11th St., New York.

A Prize for Good Things from the Soldier Boys.

We all want to see our new foreign possessions through the eyes of our soldier boys, and to hear what is happening from their lips. These boys are writing home. Parts of their letters are sacred to the eyes of the home folks; there are other parts which should not be lost to the world—the plain story of their own and their comrades' self-sacrifice; a glint of humor; a witty thrust; a little description of the battlefield or camp in fact, any little tale from the front.

We will give a prize of \$1.00 to the subscriber sending us the best extract from a letter from a soldier boy, of the kind mentioned. If you have received a letter from the front, either forward to us the whole letter or copy out those parts that you feel are not meant for your eyes alone. Attach the name, rank and regiment of the writer, and the address and date of the letter. Address it "Prize and Puzzle Department AMERICAN BOY, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich."

We would like to publish every extract that is sent in and will do so if there are not too many. February 18 is the day when the contest closes.

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The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1874, Scranton, Penna.

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STAMPS—500 fine mixed, Australian (swan), etc., 10c.; 125 varieties, Cuba, Porto Rico, Phil. Isl., Album, etc., 10c.; 15 unused, 10c.; 30 U. S., 10c.; 12 Africa, 10c.; 15 Asia, 10c.; 15 Oceania, 10c.; 12 S. and C. Amer., 10c.; 15 W. Indian, 10c. Large stock, low prices. Agents wanted at 50 per cent. com. F. P. VINCENT, CHATHAM, N. Y.

STAMPS—50 different genuine Natal, Porto Rico, Orange F. S., Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, etc., with album, only 10 cents. Agents wanted, 50c. New 1900 list free. I buy old stamps and collections. C. A. SEEGMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

The present market value of the 1c., 2c., 3c., 6c. War Dept. UNPAID is about 20c., but, in order to try the merits of this paper as an advertising medium, I will send the above four stamps, together with six varieties Mexico Revenue, EACH ONE A DIFFERENT issue, for only 10c. in silver and a 2c. stamp for postage. CHAS. A. TOWNSEND, 316 Park St., ARRON, O.

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STAMPS WORTH HAVING IN YOUR COLLECTION. Can Jubilee, 1/2 and 6c., new 55c.; Can. Jubilee, \$1.00 to \$5.00, used, \$1.00; Porto Rico, 98-'99, 16 var., new, \$1.75; Samoa, Nos. 9 to 16 used, 40c.; Can. '98 Maple, 5c. to 10c.; new, 5c.; Can. '99 Numerals, 1/2 to 10c., new, 45c.; Can. '99 Numerals, 1/2 to 10c., used, 16c.; Can. 1859 17c. used, 70c.; Can. 1892 20c. and 50c., used, 24c.; Can. '99 Maps, 4 shades, used, 3c.; Can. Reg. 8c., new, \$1.50; Can. Env., 6 var., entire new, 25c.; Can. Env., 2v., sur., entire new, 25c.; Can. Env. 2c. Purple, new, 50c. T. S. CLARK 284 Alfred St., KINGSTON (ONT.), CANADA

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MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,
EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Prize for Mistake Hunters.

Look through this issue of THE AMERICAN BOY and find, if you can, a misspelled word. Call our attention to it at once on a postal card, giving page and line. Time allowance will be given to all competitors living at a distance. Address postal card to "Prize and Puzzle Department THE AMERICAN BOY, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich."

The first prize of \$1.00 will go to the first subscriber advising us of the mistake, the second prize of 50 cents to the second so advising us.

A prize of \$2.00 to the subscriber finding the largest number of mistakes in spelling.

It was the well-aimed guns of the American gunners that won our war with Spain.

The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent, "Thus far and no farther."—Beethoven.

Clothes do count—the boy can not learn that too early. Not necessarily expensive clothes, but those that show neatness, correct style, appropriateness and good taste.

Do you want a good position? Pay the price and you can have it.
What is the price?

Work sufficient to prepare you for the place. The price of any good position is careful, painstaking, faithful preparation.

"A good book" says Anna Warner, "whether of fiction or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book."

There are schools in almost every state for the purpose of reforming boys. They are generally known as Reformatories. There is one at Deer Island, Massachusetts. From recent reports it appears that of all the boys in the institution three-fourths of them are inmates for the second or third time. Now this looks discouraging; and yet it really is successful work if one boy out of four is reclaimed. The right kind of a father would think so if that one boy was his boy.

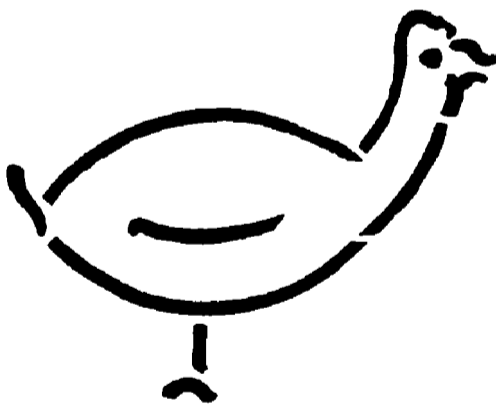
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AN EVERY DAY SCENE IN THE DAILY NEWS ALLEY.
MILWAUKEE NEWSBOYS WAITING FOR THE FIVE O'CLOCK EDITION.



When Is a Bird Not a Bird?

Here is a simple yet very interesting puzzle for our subscribers. You will see the bird in the accompanying picture is composed of eleven separate pieces. Cut these carefully out, and with them you will find you can construct a totally different figure. You must, in order to win this prize, construct out of the lines the figure which we have in mind.

To the competitor who, before February 18th, first succeeds in accurately reproducing the figure that we have made, the prize will be a splendid book for boys entitled "The Island Impossible," by Harriet Morgan, published by Little, Brown & Co. In case no one is exactly right the prize will go to the one who produces the most interesting figure. All solutions must be in by February 18.



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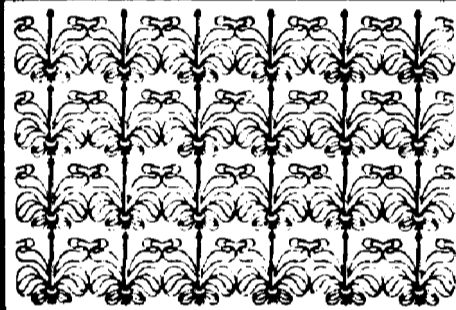
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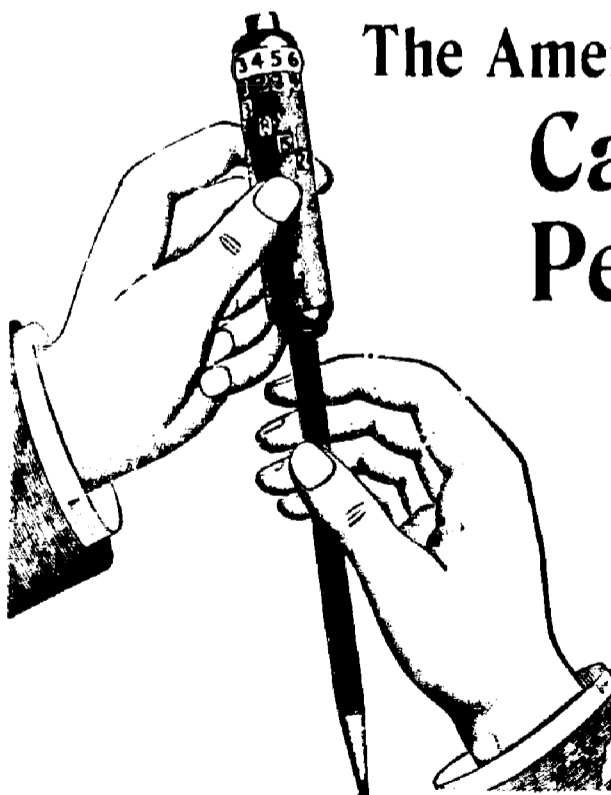
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XX

Have you ever thought that you might make a mistake at figures?

XX

Then get an
American Boy
Calculating Pencil



Because it is the only reliable never failing standby. It is the neatest educational novelty of the day. This Pencil is a marvel of ingenious mechanism. You will hardly believe that this pencil can figure quicker and more accurately than you can. It will calculate anything from 1x18 to 12x24 in the twinkling of an eye. It gives you 144 combinations and is absolutely correct. It can't make mistakes. It is made of pure aluminum and attached to a Faber Pencil. Fits any ordinary pencil. It has a good eraser. It protects your pencil point. It is a pencil lengthener and stays in your vest pocket.

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Address THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

THE BOY ORATOR AND DEBATER.

Some Hints for Young Debaters.

During the early part of the century one of the most prominent features of New England town life was the lyceum or debating society. The golden era of American oratory was the period immediately preceding the Rebellion, and many of the brilliant orators of that time received their first training in public speaking in these societies. In these practical days, little attention is given to this phase of educational training, and as a result it seems that the quality of our public speaking is deteriorating.

It is often said that the orator is born and not made. While it is undoubtedly a fact that true eloquence is largely a natural gift, still by careful training and persistent effort anyone can become able to present his thoughts in a clear, logical and forcible manner. Such training may be acquired in a debating society, and to at least one such organization every boy should belong.

A few words regarding the formation and conduct of a debating organization may be helpful. The writer firmly believes that there should be one connected with each school. Debating, thereby, becomes more a part of the pupil's education, and less of a pastime. In addition the benefit of the supervision of the teacher could be had. The restraint and advice of an older person is almost indispensable, whether the discussions are carried on as a part of the school exercises or not.

When the time arrives for the debate the pupils for the time being should drop their customary relations and resolve themselves into a society. A chairman and secretary should be chosen. These should be elected at every meeting, so that all may receive the benefit of the experience obtained in those positions. Disputants, at least two upon a side, should be previously selected to open the debate. When they have finished, the discussion should be made general, and all given an opportunity to participate. A debate conducted at least once a week upon this plan will prove of inestimable benefit to the pupils.

A few words as to the subject. The subject chosen should be evenly balanced. It should not be beyond the pupils. For example, it would hardly be profitable for scholars in the lower grades to undertake to discuss the tariff or the monetary question. Questions of

this nature should be reserved for maturer years.

I well remember the first debate in which, as a boy, I participated. The question was, "Resolved, That the city has better advantages for a boy or girl than the country." Strange to say, the negative triumphed by the close vote of 25 to 24. Another discussion that proved instructive as well as entertaining was "Resolved, That electricity is a more valuable agent for man than steam." We also found the old question, "Resolved, That the pen is mightier than the sword," an interesting one.

Such topics are simple, and can be intelligently discussed by scholars from 12 to 15 years of age. As they grow older and their minds develop, the consideration of mooted questions, such as the expediency of abolishing trial by jury, capital punishment, election of senators by popular vote, prison labor, restriction of immigration, governmental ownership of railways, and many others will prove most helpful.

The benefits to be derived from such practice cannot be over-estimated. The boy debater, if patient and persevering, will find that not only are his powers of speech being developed, but that habits of reasoning are unconsciously being formed, that his mind is broadening, that he is becoming keen, observant, self-reliant, and systematic, and the result will be a more intelligent and a more patriotic American citizen.

W. F. STEPHENS.

Johnny's Speech.

A small orator made his debut in front of a large audience the other night, and it is safe to predict that he will not follow further in the footsteps of Demosthenes after his recent experience. His deluded but loving family, who had egged him on to this sacrifice were mostly with him in the dressing-room. His age being 7, they wanted him to be sure that his bangs did not fall over his eyes and obscure his view of his mother, father, aunt, uncle, and cousins in reserved seats directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said the mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."


"You bet I will," said Johnny with a swagger.

"And let your hands hang easily by your side like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," assented Johnny.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
A PRIZE (without money or conditions) for every Correct Answer.
 To all who find in the accompanying Puzzle, Dewey's head in outline, mark it and return to us, we give at once an exquisite Tiffany Style simulative Opal or Ruby Sick Pin, FREE, and send 12 ten cent packages of Imperishable Perfume, to sell for us, if you can. When sold, return money and we give you FREE choice of a Heavily Plated Chain Bracelet, with lock and key, or a Solid Gold Shell Batcher Birthday Ring. Simply interpret puzzle, and we send prize without money or price. Write immediately. Don't put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.
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"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister, anxious to have him succeed.

"Yep," said Johnny, and he recited the first two lines:

I wish I had a little dog,
 To pat him on the head.

"That's right; he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go on in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Whoth scared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart seemed to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen.

"Speak up, now," said the manager of the entertainment. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow and the audience applauded, but he had a difficulty in finding his tongue, which seemed lost in the roof of his mouth. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience again applauded. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper:

"Speak up, now," and he began with the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

I wish I had a little pat
 To dog him on the head.

Roars of laughter and frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family.

He began again:

I wish I had a little pat
 To head him on the dog.

His father rose in his seat, but this only added to Johnny's confusion. Again the brave boy essayed:

I wish I had a little dog,
 To head him on the pat.

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.

gold were discovered it was greatly increased.

The British claimed that as they paid the larger share of the taxes they should have a voice in the lawmaking. Although the Boers proposed a naturalization law, trouble steadily increased. It was evident the British cared more for the mines than to become citizens of the Transvaal, and if the British settlers had been given the right of suffrage, they would have voted unanimously for annexation to Great Britain. Therefore if the Boers had succumbed to the wishes of England, their country would have been destroyed.

Although the British have at times apparently suffered injustice, the Boers are principally in the right. The present war is but a struggle to maintain their independence, and England's course in her present war is not justifiable.

Archie P. Whallon, aged 13 years, Fitchburg, Mich.

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W. E. SERVICE, Photographer, BRIDGTON, N. J.


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While it excels any 25-cent Soap, it sells at 10 cents. Made in the largest exclusively toilet soap factory in the world, by
COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Prize and Puzzle Department.

Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

The first prize of \$2 goes this month to Arthur V. Pillsbury, Reading, Mass.; the second prize of \$1 to Joe Stone, Buffalo, N. Y.

Award of Stamp Prizes.

The prize of one-half the foreign stamps accumulated in our office between the dates of going to press of the January and February issues of THE AMERICAN BOY, offered to the subscriber sending us the largest number of subscriptions during that period goes to Clarence Pyeatt, Fort Lemhi, Idaho. The total number of foreign stamps accumulated during the period was eighty. This gives to the winner of the first prize 40 stamps, as follows: One 1-cent blue Costa Rica; one 2-cent postal card Costa Rica; two 1/2-penny Great Britain; four 1-penny Great Britain; one 5-cent Newfoundland; six 8 Japan; one 10-cent Hong Kong; one 1-centavo, Mexico; four 5-centavo, Mexico; one 2 1/2 d. Jamaica; one half-penny Jamaica; one 2d. New Zealand; one 2-cent Philippines; three 2-cent Cuba; two half-penny Great Britain; ten assorted Canada.

The young man who got the stamps enumerated in the foregoing list earned them by getting seven subscribers. In addition to the stamps he received the premiums selected by him from our premium list.

awarded to the subscriber getting the second largest number of new subscriptions goes to Herman H. Smith Lamont, Ia. He receives three half-penny Victoria; one two pence half-penny Victoria; five 1-cent Hawaii; one half-penny Great Britain; one 2-cent Canada; one 1 anna, India; one 5-cent British Honduras; five assorted Mexico; one 5-cent Cuba; one 8 Japan; one Austrian postal card; one 3-Kr. Austrian. Mr. Smith obtained five subscriptions.

One-fourth of the postage stamps goes to Albert W. Fifield, of Minneapolis, Minn., who last month received one-half of the stamps accumulated during the thirty days preceding the date the competition closed. He receives four assorted Great Britain; one 10-cent Chinese; one 2-cent Chinese; seven assorted Canada; one surcharged Isle of Guam; one surcharged Cuba; one 5-cent Cuba; two 5-cent Mexico; one 1/2-cent Mexico; two half anna, India. Mr. Fifield sent in five subscriptions.

The same offer is repeated to those who send in the most new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY prior to Feb. 18. Bear in mind that the boys who earned the stamps during the past month also received premiums selected from our premium list. In addition to that, they became competitors for the money prizes advertised on the last page of this paper.

The Prize Animal Story for this Month

The settlement of Rover, Kentucky, in June, 1768, was attacked by Indians.

The settlers found refuge in their little block house.

After they had shot their last shot they thought their fate was near at hand, but one of the trappers had a large, faithful dog who had often taken messages to Fort Forest, about 20 miles distant.

So that night a message asking for aid was tied to the dog's neck. The heavy oaken door was softly opened and the dog sprang out.

There was a whoop from an Indian and an arrow pierced the dog's breast, but he arrived at the fort and fell dead from his wound.

The message was read and a troop of cavalry came to the rescue of the settlement.

It was the dog that had saved the settlement, which was afterward called Rover in honor of him.

Composed by Willie Halsey, Chicago.

"Is England's Course in the Present War Justifiable?"

ESSAY WINNING FIRST PRIZE.

Before deciding this question we must review the past history of South Africa.

The Boers were the first settlers of Cape Colony, and upon the annexation of the colony to Great Britain moved to Natal, and from Natal to Transvaal; an attempt to annex the latter led to a revolt, and the Boers were successful.

Their war caused a jealousy between the Boers and British, and when diamonds and

Essay Winning Second Prize.

HERMAN H. SMITH

I believe that England is not justified in her course against the Boers.

In history Great Britain is always found as a robber nation, always pounding upon smaller nations and making them submit to her; trying to get as much dominion as she can—so she is today. In the following you will see her aggressive power:

In 1652 Dutch farmers (Boers) settled Cape Colony, but in 1806 the country was ceded to Britain, and the Boers removed to Natal. In 1849 the British took possession of Natal, and the Boers crossed the Vaal River and formed the Transvaal Republic. It was acknowledged as a republic by England in 1852. In 1877, England added the Transvaal to her possessions, though she had acknowledged it as a republic in 1852. In the end of 1880 the Boers rose in opposition to this, and in 1881, England again acknowledged them, but they were forbidden to make treaties with foreign nations without her consent. The present war is over the gold mines; but did the treaty of 1881 provide that England should manage the Transvaal gold mines? England had no right to meddle with their affairs in 1877, and she has no more right now. The Boers are fighting for what every American holds dear to his heart—liberty.

"Sol."

FIRST PRIZE STORY ABOUT A BOY

"Sol" was as black as ebony, good natured, obliging and appreciative. He was a "prairie nigger," and knew little of the comforts of life. He was taken sick and I gave him capsules filled with quinine. When he was convalescent he crept slowly to my house, and with tears glistening on his lashes, said: "Oa, Missus, I prelates you kindness, and I's brought all you little boxes back 'cause I thought you might need 'em." Carefully wrapped in some soiled paper I found all the empty capsules. LEOILA T. PARK.

Answers to Puzzles in January American Boy.

- No. 12. Books speak aloud for future times to hear.
No. 13. B-rush, C-rate, V-alley, W-aight
No. 14. Tooth, Crowd, Door, Lath-e, Slight.
No. 15. De-fer, Ca-r-y, Sh-ine, Pa-rt.
No. 16. Copper.
No. 17. Herbarium.
No. 18. Hex, Mouse, Elk, Bison.
No. 19. Erasure, Refuse, Mine, Sure, Ice, E.
No. 20. Fortunate, Effluvia, Designate, Illuminate, Ornate, Hallucinate, Abolishate, Eliminate, Stagnate, Ruminate, Terminate, Emanate, Personate, Alternate, Originate, Importunate, Fascinate.

Prizes are awarded as follows:

- No. 12. William J. Wiscox, 112 Linden street, Scranton, Pa.
No. 13. H. S. Horn, Red Wing, Minn.
No. 14. Paul Vander Elke, New Glarus, Wis.
No. 15. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
No. 16. Harold E. Jackson, 117 Watson street, Detroit.
No. 17. Archibald C. Torney, Milwaukee, Wis.
No. 18. C. P. Fleet, Culver, Indiana.
No. 19. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
No. 20. Ronald Wythe, Cleveland, O.

For the first (and only) correct solution of the nine puzzles, the prize is awarded to Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.

Correct solutions of many of the puzzles were received from Willie Halvey, Chicago; Robert Davis, Armonka, N. Y.; George Scherer, Minneapolis, Kas.; Archie P. Whallon, Pritchburg, Mich.; John Price, Alpena, Mich.; Clarence H. Corp, Corfu, N. Y.; Will O. McNelly, Waukon, Ia.; Richard L. Wauch, Mt. Vernon, Wash.; Bert Wilson, Buffalo, N. Y.; Griswold Hurbert, Warren, O.; F. Sawyer, Mitch II, Ont.; Mac Clark, Kingston, Ont.; Charles Leahy, Seattle, Wash.; Edgar Robinson, Geopomowoc, Wis.; Jerome Hoyt, Omaha, Neb.; Earl Robinson, Dickinson, N. D.; Alex. Brimmer, Harrow, Ont.; Claude M. Kellogg, Hines, N. Y.; Hal P. Wirtse, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Glenn Goldsmith, Chattanooga, Minn.; Douglas F. Martin, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Albert W. Field, Minneapolis, Minn.; Willis L. Elliott, S. Portland, Me.; George Shattuck, Nashua, N. H.; William E. Stelger, Palmyra, N. J.; Lewis Wheeler, Elmwood, Mass.; John S. Wilson, Dearfield Center, Mich.; George L. Mengel, Reading, Pa.; Ralph Ehrenfeld, Leechburg, Pa.; Howard De Lamotte, Omaha, Neb.; Wayne Perger, Johnstown, N. Y.; Foster Gilroy, Lansdowne, Pa.; W. S. Rindington, Milford Center, O.; Willie V. Watson, Toronto, Ont.; Redmond S. Cole, Kirksville, Mo.; C. L. Howell, Philadelphia, Pa.; Arthur Nichols, Chilli, N. Y.; Archie Norcross, Liberty, Neb.; Harris K. Hoag, Lacota, Mich.; Chester D. Swallow, Gold Hill, Colo.; Fred Miller, Allegheny, Pa.; Elmer J. Corp, Batavia, N. Y.; Willard S. McIntyre, Chipman, N. B.; Elbert Moffatt, St. Joe, Mich.; John L. Chase, Glenn Ellen, Cal.; Milton B. Oanley, Clear Creek, Tex.; H. T. McLean, Hackettstown, N. Y.; E. B. Abbey, Orchard Park, N. Y.; Merle Richard, New York City; Murray Elder, Hensell, Ont.; Walton N. Brownback, Rogersford, Pa.; Sydney Thurber, Henniker, N. H.; Hal R. Martin, Wilkesville, O.; Alex. Brimmer,

Harrow, Ont.; Justin Tabor, Fairhaven, Wash.; Geo. B. Cawthorne, Sultepec, Mexico; Clair M. Barber, Scott, N. Y.

Excellent essays were received from Frank P. Collins, Hancock, Wis.; Paul Van der Elke, New Glarus, Wis.; George S. Fowler, New Haven, Conn.; D. Frost-Hiler, Prattsburg, N. Y.; Gordon Roper, Mishawaka, Ind., and good ones were received from many others.

Many excellent anecdotes were received. Our only regret is that several could not receive prizes. Some neglected to put name or date on their papers. Remember that we take distance into consideration in awarding the prizes for puzzles. The neat-est and best prepared papers were sent by Willard S. McIntyre, Chipman, N. B.

Puzzles, essays and anecdotes were received too late for mention in January from Adde S. Collom, R. F. Waugh, Otto Kell, Alice Bishop, Harry W. Crane, Wm. McNally, Franklyn C. Wedge, Orsel Robey, Foster Gilroy, Oliver H. Lafranchi, and Mac Clark.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 21.

Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 62 letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.
My 31, 11, 37, 12, 49, 23, 19, 48, 16 is a demity.
My 59, 27, 18, 3, 6, 51, 52, 22 is expansion.
My 59, 24, 33, 5, 14, 47, 11, 23, 45, is by quantity.
My 2, 29, 57, 55, 4, 1, 38, 20, is mortality.
My 55, 60, 22, 13, 19, 61, 36, 54, 21, 32, 9, is weight.
My 17, 8, 15, 21, 58, 28, is an era.
My 55, 16, 41, 12, 10, is black.
My 39, 25, 53, 5, 28, is the imperfect tense of will.
My 7, 19, 13, is to cut.
My 62, 16, 30, is an index.
My 24, 51 is a musical note.

No. 22.

Here are twelve personal pronouns with various meanings. Example: Loud I's—cries. Bulky I's—size. Your dictionary will tell you every one.
1. Prudent I's. 2. Faithful I's. 3. I's we eat. 4. I's of different color. 5. I's given as a reward. 6. I's that are a court. 7. I's that are a domestic nuisance. 8. I's that are unexpected. 9. I's we do in the morning. 10. I's who watch others. 11. I's used in building a railroad. 12. I's we hope to receive from you.

No. 23.

Charade.

My FIRST is a human being.
My SECOND we do to cure.
My WHOLE is a thing of beauty.
To all but the rich, it is rare.

No. 24.

Word-Square.

1 Cultivated fields. 2 Inclosed space. 3 To raise. 4 To note.

No. 25.

Word Half-Square.

1 A speech. 2 To come back. 3 To Ex-plate. 4 Harmony. 5 Wealth. 6 A propo- sition. 7 A letter.

No. 26.

Anagram.

1 soln hippel.

No. 27.

Buried Flowers.

- 1. A hero secures much fame.
2. The Japan Synod meets next year.
3. He sits on the porch, filling all the day.
4. A halp'n knots Kate's hair.
5. Gaza leads the Syrian cities in im- portance.
6. Fear but ushers tears to our eyes.

No. 28.

Behold a crossway and leave a hump.
Behold a bird and leave a bird.
Behold to boast and leave a torn fragment.
Behold instructed and leave anything.

No. 29.

Curtail bad and leave nothing.
Curtail a boy's name and leave embrace.
Curtail foolish and leave a foundation tim- ber.
Curtail a pledge and leave a foot.

No. 30.

Delete a player and leave a wharf.
Delete a young lord and leave cost.
Delete a spear and leave fine thread work.
Delete breach and leave to be still.

No. 31.

Drop Letter Proverb.

D-e-a-o-w-r-a-a-e-h-m-n.

Prizes.

The following prizes will be awarded for the first correct solutions of the puzzles ap- pearing on this page.

Puzzle No. 21—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation, by the Editor of THE AMER- ICAN BOY.

Puzzle No. 22—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation by the Editor of THE AMER- ICAN BOY.

Puzzle No. 23—A pamphlet on Practical Punctuation, by the Editor of THE AMER- ICAN BOY.

Puzzle No. 24—A six months' subscrip- tion to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.

Puzzle No. 25—A six months' subscrip- tion to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.

Puzzle No. 26—A six months' subscrip- tion to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.

Puzzle No. 27—A six months' subscrip- tion to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.

Puzzle No. 28—A copy of Jack the Young Ranchman.

Puzzle No. 29—A copy of Little King Richard.

Puzzle No. 30—A copy of The Iron Star.
Puzzle No. 31—A copy of The Young Puritans in Captivity.

Other Prizes.

To the subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY sending us before Feb. 18 the largest number of new subscribers, we will give not only the premiums to which he is en- titled as shown in our Premium List, but also one-half of the foreign stamps that are received in our office during the same period.

To the subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY sending in the second and third largest number of new subscribers within the same period, we will give in addition to the pre- miums to which they are entitled, as shown in our Premium List, one-fourth of the foreign stamps received during the sam- period.

For the best amateur photograph tak- en by a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY and sent us before Feby. 18, we will give \$2.00. For the second best photograph, \$1.00.

For the best 200-word essay on the sub- ject, "How Can THE AMERICAN BOY (this paper) be improved," written by and received from a subscriber to THE AMER- ICAN BOY before Feb. 18, we will give \$1.00. For the next best, 50 cents.

For the best anecdote of not over 150 words about animals, composed and sent in by a subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY before Feb. 18 we will give \$1.00. For the same, where accompanied by photograph, \$1.50.

For the best anecdote about a boy, con- taining not over 100 words sent in by a sub- scriber to THE AMERICAN BOY before Feb. 18, we will give \$1.00. If accompanied by the boy's photograph, \$1.50.

\$1,000 for Boys

A GOOD BIG SHARE OF THE \$1,000 IN MONEY PRIZES WHICH WE OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

THE AMERICAN BOY

Is yours, if you want it hard enough. As you will see by looking over the list of competitors which follows, the race is hardly begun.

For fear that some of our late subscribers may not know the conditions of the contest, we now repeat them:

Every one who obtains a subscription for THE AMERICAN BOY is en- titled to the premium which he may select from our illustrated premium list, a copy of which is furnished free to subscribers. In addition to this he becomes a competitor for the grand prizes to be distributed in November, 1900, as follows:

- 1. To the subscriber sending the largest number of new subscriptions at \$1.00 each during the year beginning Dec. 1, 1899, and ending Nov. 20, 1900, \$200.
2. To the one next in order in number of subscriptions sent, \$100.
3. To the two next in order, \$75 each.
4. To the three next in order, \$50 each.
5. To the five next in order, \$25 each.
6. To the fifteen next in order, \$10 each.
7. To the twenty-five next in order, \$5 each.

In this way, fifty-two persons will receive a total of \$1,000.

Subscriptions should be sent in when taken, and not held. We will keep an accurate record here of the totals sent in by the contestants.

We shall print from month to month the names of the leaders in the contest until we reach the month of September, 1900, from which time on the records will be secret until published in the December number.

Prizes will be sent as a Christmas gift, to reach the winners in the contest on Christmas day, 1900.

The fifteen contestants up to date who stand in the lead are in their order:

- ALBERT W. FIFIELD, Minneapolis, Minn.
EMERSON T. COTNER, Detroit, Mich.
CLARENCE PYEATT, Fort Lemki, Ida.
HEMAN H. SMITH, Lamoni, Ia.
WILLIAM NORTHWOOD, Forest Hill, Cal.
KARL MATTHEWS, Dubuque, Ia.
FRED. H. HILKER, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
FRANK A. WRIGHT, Lewistown, Mont.
FRANK FORD NORTHROP, Wayne, Neb.
AVERY C. HAND, Mansfield, O.
ROBERT M. GRAY, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.
MOFFAT A. GRAY, Detroit, Mich.
GEO. O. BACON, Ft. Scott, Kansas
C. NOONAN, Weaverville, Cal.
RAY LAMBERT, Anderson, Ind.

When we tell you that Albert W. Fifield, the highest on the list, has but nineteen subscriptions to his credit, you will see that it is possible for any boy to go in and take the highest prize before the distribution next winter. As fifty-five boys are going to share in this money, it is almost certain, if you do a little earnest work, that you will get something.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., DETROIT, MICH.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
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Detroit, Michigan, March, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy

SHIPS AND BOYS,



A SHIP should run steady; so should a boy.
A ship can make no progress wrong side up;
neither can a boy.

A ship should be staunch and strong; so should a boy.

A ship should ride the storm without
fear; so should a boy.

A ship should carry ballast,
that she may keep level in a
boisterous sea; so should
a boy.

A ship should
present the least
possible points of
resistance to
the element

in which she moves; so
should a boy.

A ship should serve
the purpose for which
she is built; so should
a boy.

A ship should
have a good pilot,
and should obey
his command; so
should a boy.

A ship should
be able to run at
good speed
against the wind;
so should a boy.

A ship should
be frequently in-
spected and thor-
oughly cleaned
and made sea-
worthy; so should
a boy.

A ship should
be kept at work;
idle she spoils. Just
so with a boy.

A ship should
know her destination
and keep to it through
fair and foul; so should
a boy.

A ship should run
slow in a fog and listen for
warning signals; so should
a boy.

A ship should be polite
and observe the etiquette of
her calling; so should a boy.

A ship should be ready to
respond to signals of distress; so
should a boy.

A ship should fly a flag and be true
to it everywhere and at all times; so should
a boy.

A ship should have a name, and should be
proud of it, and never afraid to own it; so should a
boy.

A ship should have a country and be true to it; so should a boy.

A ship should be manned by a crew sufficient to meet all emergen-
cies; so should a boy.

A ship should have a lifeboat as a means of safety in case of disas-
ter; so should a boy.

A ship should be able to stop and run backwards, if necessary to
save life and honor; so should a boy.

A ship should never sacrifice safety to speed; nor should a boy.

A ship should be equipped in a way suited to her voyage, carry-
ing no unnecessary burdens; so should a boy.

A ship should carry a compass by which to keep her course, night
and day; so should a boy.

A ship should carry an anchor, which, when cast, should hold fast;
so should a boy.

A ship should trim her sails to catch favoring breezes, being ever
mindful of her destination; so should a boy.

GREAT BY ACCIDENT.

We are told by some persons that Admiral Dewey was
made great by an accident.

They forget that Admiral Dewey was placed
in command of the Asiatic Squadron because
he was thought to be just the man for it.
In other words, had not Admiral
Dewey prepared himself for just
the sort of a mission that he was
chosen to fill, he could not have
had the opportunity; so that
it was not so much of an
accident after all.

The thing for boys to
know is that they should
prepare themselves in
such a way that when
the opportunity comes
they may not be found
wanting.

Men are called every
day into opportuni-
ties, but the quali-
fied only are
chosen.

The work is in the
preparation.

Some men never
have opportuni-
ties, but the most
of them have, and
those who have
them seldom
measure up to
them.

Dewey built on
sure foundations
in the discipline of
himself, of his ships
and of his crew,
and the study of
great ideals.

He made himself
and his crew perfect
in little things.

Dewey believed in
himself, and never
flinched when asked to
assume responsibility.

So a boy must have faith in
himself and the courage to
undertake things.

Dewey was prompt to act.
This age does not wait for lag-
gards.

HORACE MANN'S ADVICE.

You are made to be kind boys—generous,
magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't
let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in
his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that
doesn't require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it,
forgive him.





THE PATH UP THE RAVINE.

A HUNTING TRIP WITH RIP VAN WINKLE.

GEORGE W. SANFORD.

Rip Van Winkle lived in the Catskill Mountains. Of course he lived there for everyone believes that Rip did live, and I am sure he did because I have been where Rip took that long sleep of his. Did you ever see the mountains? The Rockies, or the Alleghanies, or the Green Mountains in Vermont. All mountains are not just like the Catskills, but mountains are mountains and the boy whose home is there learns to love them. And how he misses them when he goes away! Now, wouldn't you consider a boy fortunate to have a home where Rip had his? Of course, Rip lived and died many years before this boy was born, but the mountains never change.

Rip's home—if you call it home where a scolding wife holds sway—was in a little village at the foot of the Catskills. And it was on the mountains that Rip used to go hunting with his dog Wolf. It is upon one of Rip's hunting trips that I wish to take you. From the back of his house he could climb up a path through a ravine that a little brook had worn in its course down the mountain side. This was the only path that Rip could find and he always took it—up

and on, up and on—until he came to a large flat rock half way up the mountain side. Here he used to sit and rest—some one has since cut the words "Rip's Rock" upon it. There is a little house by the rock now, and a chair called Rip's chair, which looks too modern to be true. But this was not Rip's hunting ground, so after his rest he wanders on up the side of the mountain to the top. Mountains are often level at the top and Rip's mountain was not an exception. The top was where Rip and his dog Wolf were most happy, because there was no one to scold them there. What game did Rip hunt? Well there are partridges in the mountains now, and squirrels, but in those days there were wildcats and bears, and an occasional panther. He must have hunted these, though I suspect that squirrels were his chief game. But the partridges? Well a flint-lock gun is pretty slow to hunt partridges with, and I don't believe that Rip shot very many. Besides I doubt that Wolf was a bird dog anyway.

At the top of the mountain was a level spot, and I fancy that Rip used to lie here, with his gun in handy reach, and look out over the Hudson valley, and think and dream and wish. Far away to his left he could just see the tops of the Green Mountains. In front of him, in the distance, were the Berkshire hills. And most beautiful of all was the Hudson River wandering slowly and peacefully along—a silver ribbon in a map of green. Rip used to spend most of his time here instead of hunting. Wolf would wander around digging in old stumps and hollows, worrying the squirrels until he became tired, then looking up his master, would lie down and go to sleep. It was contagious. Rip caught it from the dog and he fell asleep up there one summer's day and slept for twenty years.

Do I write as if I loved the place and Rip? Well, I do, for it was my boyhood home, and Rip has always been a reality to me. I wonder if any boy can ask, "Who was Rip and where did he live?" If you do not know the story of Rip Van Winkle read Washington Irving's Sketch Book and the scene I have described will be as real to you as it is to me. Then sometime, perhaps, when you are older, you can visit the haunts of Rip and thus read the story again and enjoy it more than ever.

A Dash Through the Spanish Blockade

GEO. PARSON.



CAPTAIN PEREZ.

You would have laughed at the haste with which the flying fish of the old Bahama channel got out of the path of the Sommers N. Smith, newspaper dispatch boat, on the morning of June 4, 1898. For the Smith was wrathful, as you could see by the way she breathed and trembled and struck at the choppy seas, which continually sent showers of white spray on to her forward deck. She was wrathful because this was the sixth time within a month that she had been turned out of a snug berth in Key West harbor to search for Cervera's ships.

We on board propped our chairs to counteract the rolling of the boat, smoked, slept, speculated as to the whereabouts of the enemy's fleet, and prepared ourselves for another disappointment at Santiago, whither we were bound.

Toward noon we sighted the lighthouse on Lobos Key, a British possession at the southernmost point of the Bahama banks. As we approached, our binoculars showed several men putting off in a boat; and their feverish efforts with the oars, frequently interrupted to wave wild telegraphic signals, indicated their desire to intercept us. When we got close enough to see that they were Cuban insurgents we changed our course and picked them up.

I liked their appearance from the time they leisurely climbed over our rail. They were four in number, and were armed and clothed like brigands; but when you shook their hands and looked into their eyes you knew them for decent fellows. Their leader, Captain Perez, who spoke English, explained that they had been sent out by the insurgent government to get news of the progress of the Spanish-American war, as well as to lodge information with the American navy concerning a number of Spanish gunboats which were prowling about Nuevitaa, and which, he said, could easily be destroyed by an American cruiser.

We gave them a package of the latest newspapers,

promised to forward their information to Admiral Sampson, and were about to leave, when I announced my intention of accompanying them to the seat of their government. With Mr. Stephen Crane's revolver and cartridge-box, a ship's blanket, some canned meat from the galley, my camera and the captain's promise to call for me at Lobos on the fifteenth of the month, I dropped down the vessel's side into the open boat of the Cubans.

The Sommers N. Smith had become a smudge of smoke on the horizon before we reached Lobos key, to which place we rowed to await the afternoon breeze. Of Captain Perez's companions, two—Alonzo and Roque—were whites, while the third—Henrico—was a chunky black who resembled Napoleon, except for his color and teeth, which latter were sharpened to points, after the manner of cannibals. Their boat was a centre-board sloop, about twenty feet long. It possessed a compass, a home-made stove and no comfortable place to sit.

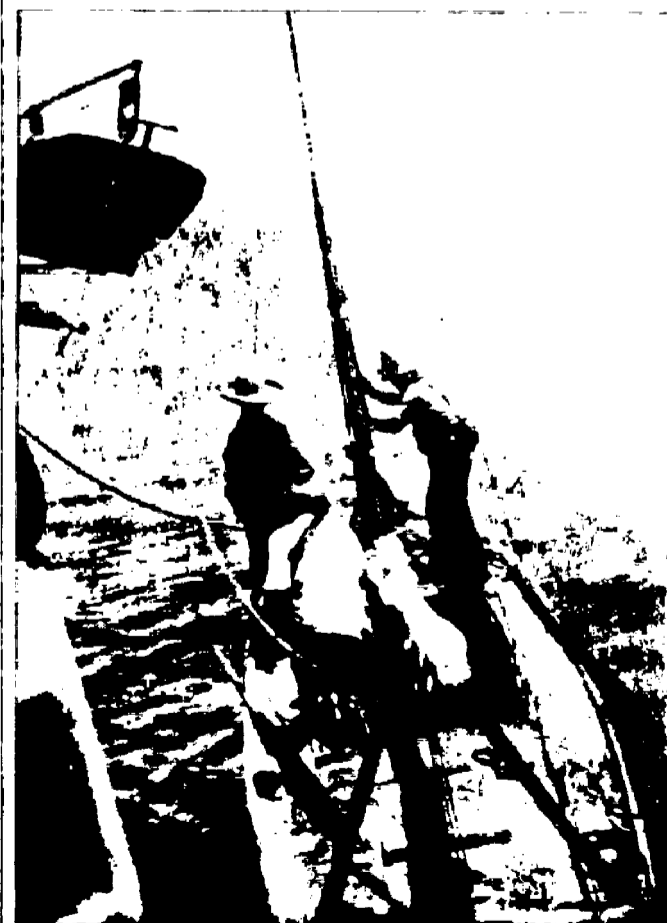
At Lobos key, which you can reproduce in miniature by sticking a lead pencil upright in the center of a buckwheat cake, Mr. Farrington, the head light-keeper, and his assistants, Messrs. Knowles and Smith, showed me a communication from Her Majesty which commanded them to preserve strict neutrality during the trouble between Spain and the United States. I hastened to assure them that I was not at all warlike, and that they would not endanger their interests by harboring me until the breeze sprang up.

At four o'clock we started, in a fair wind, for Palomas Key, which lay to the southwest, just beyond the horizon. We had scarcely left Lobos before Alonzo, who was the pilot, made out a smoke or "vapor" off to the southeast. I thought it must be the Smith, but as it approached we saw that it was a large steamer, which, when it discovered us, swung in several points to head us off. Henrico, after a careful scrutinizing of the stranger, declared that he had often seen her in Havana, and was for throwing our arms into the sea. I pointed out that if she were a Spaniard she would be towing the Smith, which could not possibly have escaped her. However, our feelings were decidedly unpleasant until, after approaching to within a mile of us, she suddenly put about and made off as rapidly as she had come. I afterward saw her in Puerto Rico, but at a distance, and without finding out her name or nationality.

Although the breeze freshened considerably with the coming of dusk, we did not reach Palomas key until nine o'clock. Here lived Pedro Roque, an uncle to the Roque in our party. Lowering sail, we cautiously brought our boat to a cluster of seine poles in front of his hut, from one of which fluttered an old strip of calico, a simple though eloquent signal that

the coast was clear for disembarking. Our hall brought an answering shout from the vigilant patriot on the key; shortly afterward a blinking lantern bobbed down toward the shore; and ten minutes later we were holding high carnival around the Roque fireplace—cooking our supper of canned meat and coffee, displaying our illustrated papers and recounting to a breathless family the details of Dewey's glorious annihilation of the enemy's squadron at Manila.

From Palomas Key it was ten miles across an arm of the sea to our next stop at Key Romano. By midnight, when we had done only half of this, the breeze, which had been light, died away altogether, necessitating an irksome turn at the oars; so that our watches pointed to three as we waded ashore at the house of



THE DISPATCH BOAT, SOMMERS N. SMITH.

Rafael Roque, our Roque's father. Here we had again searched for the private signal; in fact, our approach had been even more cautious than at Palomas, for Rafael Roque's nearest neighbors were Spanish soldiers, who were quartered at a fort six miles down the shore, and whose favorite diversion was patrolling the island in search of insurgent targets. Until daylight we fought mosquitoes, drank coffee and reviewed and prophesied events of the war. Then came breakfast, and after that a long and tedious wait for the cover of night.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Rafael, who had been faithfully on the lookout since daylight, came in and excitedly told us to run to the barn. It was not really a barn; rather more of a dilapidated shed, where he stored his fishnets. Once inside we glued our eyes to the cracks between the boards, and peering so, waited, revolvers in hand. Presently, from around a bend in the shore came a large sloop filled with soldiers. I asked Perez—and my voice was low, I remember, notwithstanding the boat was half a mile away—if they were Spaniards. He nodded his head affirmatively. As they approached we saw that they lined the cockpit in a solid row, their rifles between their knees. One steered, while another sat on the forward deck with his back against the mast and his rifle across his lap, smoking the inevitable cigarette and gazing indolently shoreward. Fortunately they remarked nothing of a suspicious nature about the Roque homestead, drifting past us, in the gentle summer zephyr, as silently as a float in a Labor-day parade.

At dark we moved our boat out of the clump of rushes which had screened it by day, said our farewells and left, determined to make the Cuban coast by morning. Our route lay along Romano key, past the Spanish fort, through a network of natural canals to Guanaja bay and thence to Guanaja. In the first half of the night there was little breeze, so we kept the boat in the shallow water near shore, preferring the pole to the oar. The moon rising, shone half-heartedly through a ghostly mist, which made vision uncertain and caused the brain to fill with strange fancies. Except for the occasional splash of a fish there were no sounds save the breathing of the men who poled and the ripple of water under the gunwales.

I think I must have been in a light doze when Captain Perez whispered sharply, "Los armos!" The boat

was instantly turned shoreward, while Alonzo passed along the machetes. Following the direction pointed out by Perez I saw a sail slowly creeping toward us. "Spanish patrol number two," thought I; "here's where I may get a chance to try Mr. Crane's revolver." We lay there fully half an hour, quietly killing mosquitoes, while the boat approached, glided past us by less than a hundred feet and disappeared in the mist and silver of the night.

Before we reached the fort a welcome breeze sprang up and swept away the fog. As we eagerly stepped our mast we imagined that our troubles were at an end, for with a steady wind four hours would see us in Guanaja. But, alas! it was a fickle night. Just as we were opposite the fort the breeze failed utterly. Amid groans and excited cautionings two men quickly took to the oars, and forthwith proceeded to make so much noise in the thole-pins that I thought we would surely be discovered. The poor fellows did their best, but they were fagged out, disheartened and nervous. With Captain Perez's permission I took their place and pulled two oars for an hour. There were many alarms, and we ducked more than once at electrical flashes from the sky back of the fort, but there was no challenge, no pursuit.

About midnight the breeze came to stay. And now Alonzo showed his worth as a pilot. Through a maze of narrow water courses, in and out among a thousand mysterious keys, under arches of hanging vines, across miasmal lagoons he brought us safely to Guanaja bay. It was through a region where a man might lose himself a hundred times; where he might wander and die and rot, and his friends be none the wiser.

As we burst from this ghoulish labyrinth into the bay our boat careened under the increased force of the wind. A crane, beating laboriously to windward, passed so close that I could have touched him with my hat. The full moon, gliding down the western sky behind a shifting veil of clouds, crested the waves with molten silver. I was thinking that I had never beheld so glorious a scene when Perez, touching my arm, pointed ahead to a dim shore on the horizon and said in a low tone of veneration, "Cuba." There was a stir among the men, they all looked, all pointed, all said "Cuba." They pronounced the word softly, as though it were the name of a dead parent.

Although Guanaja bay was a favorite rendezvous for Spanish gunboats we were fortunate enough to

cross it without detection, mooring our boat to the diminutive wharf at the ruins of Guanaja just as day was breaking. A pistol shot—aimed for the sake of practice at a buzzard which perched on a charred house-post—brought the mounted coast guards—Captain Perez's own company—with whom we breakfasted. Three horses were then led out, and Captain Perez, a guide named Sico and I started for the plantation of L'Esperanza, the residence of the government, thirty-five miles or more in the direction of the interior.

It was raining when we reached the coast, raining when we took horses for the interior, raining when we stopped at Rafael Mora's house for dinner; it rained all afternoon, all night, and for the next five days; for aught I know it is still raining in that pestilential and melancholy island. For the best part of two days we struggled through dripping jungles, swamps and overflowed streams, and on July 7 arrived at the government camp.

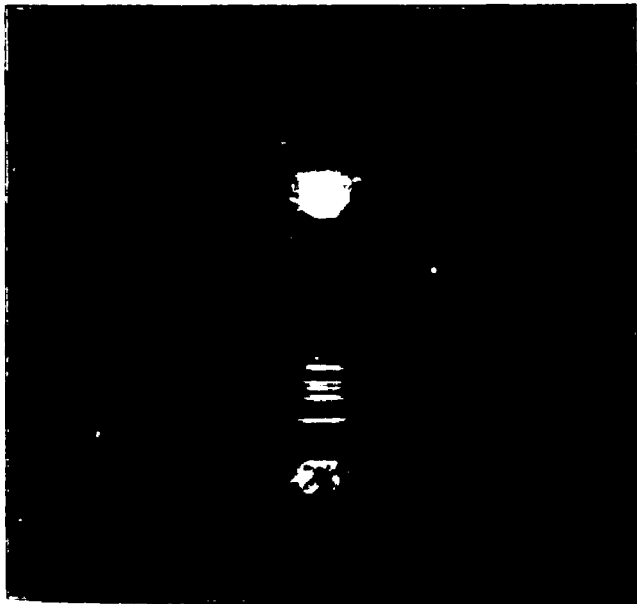
Space will not permit telling of our three days' stay with President Maso and his band of patriots; of our return to Lobos and our long wait for the Smith, which never came; of how we met Shafter's fleet in the old Bahama channel, and how the soldiers, mounting into the rigging, cheered our little party as we tossed about in the rough sea; of how I, shouting in the teeth of the gale, could not make them understand that I was an American and wished to be taken on board; or how, after another wait at Lobos, we finally set sail in our cockleshell for Key West, four hundred miles away, landing five days later at Miami, in want of water, sleep and food.

I have only tried to tell how one could reach the insurgent government in Puerto Principe province before Uncle Sam's troops came to Cuba.



The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters.*

BY KENNETH M. RANSOM.



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

CHAPTER II.

For two hours we held our course. The wind, which was fresh at the start, grew stronger as we left the land and its protecting lee. The sea, too, ran higher and higher, until under the power of the increasing gale it swept down upon us as if to wash our deck;

*In the autumn of 1897, the writer of this narrative conceived the idea of a yachting trip which should include a voyage from St. Joseph, Mich., by lake, canal and river to New Orleans; thence across the Gulf of Mexico, skirting the west and east coasts of Florida, by outside and inland sea, to New York City; up the Hudson River and the Erie Canal to Buffalo; and finally by the lakes to the place of departure.

The writer was but a boy. He enlisted the co-operation of several boy friends, and together they made a yacht with their own hands especially suited to the many and different conditions to be safely and successfully met on such a trip. The boat was built and christened the "Gazelle." On October 27, 1898, the cruise was begun, and in one year it was accomplished without serious mishap to boat or crew. It is an adventure full of incident, the story of which began in the February number of this paper.

Chapter I. tells how the idea first came into the writer's mind, how he went about getting together his crew, building his boat, and launching it. Seven illustrations accompany Chapter I.

the white crested billows tossing us about as they would a cork. Nevertheless the Gazelle forged steadily ahead, every stitch of sail drawing beautifully and so careened as to bring her lee rail just awash. What sport it was as she threw the spray in white foam from her bows and danced merrily on!

We were probably 18 miles from St. Joseph harbor, when an extra heavy squall made it necessary for us to reef our mainsail. This is a maneuver which is not always easily accomplished in a gale and heavy sea, but thanks to our yawl rig we experienced little difficulty in completing our task and soon had the sail again set with a double reef tied in.

I was greatly pleased to note that she balanced nicely under reefed canvas and still pointed well to windward.

After the squall passed the wind seemed to die out almost entirely, leaving us to roll about in the heavy sea without much headway. It was suggested that we restore the mainsail to its full size, but I remembered the old adage, "It's always calm before a storm" and decided to await results.

We were not kept waiting long, however. The wind, which had been southeast, shifted to southwest very suddenly and thus became dead ahead. I expected that it would change still more in a short time and eventually come out of the northwest, and such a wind is to be feared and avoided on the lakes at this late season of the year.

I had no desire to beat over forty miles to windward against a cold head gale and told the boys that with the wind in its present direction, we could not hope to reach Chicago before morning and that I thought it advisable to run back to "St. Joe."

At first a look of disappointment crossed their faces, for they were enjoying the sport and had never once thought of turning back. We thought of the remarks of those who said "we would never reach Chicago and would be glad to return soon," and heard the laughing jeers of those whom the term "land lubber" sufficiently describes. Of all this and much more we thought, but vanity soon gave way to reason, and all agreeing with Frank that "a live man was far better than a dead hero," we brought Gazelle about and were soon flying before the wind back to our haven of safety.

Fred and Frank, who had perched themselves on the stern, that they might notice the wake which we left astern as our craft fairly jumped from wave to

wave, called my attention to what appeared to be a heavy mist way off to windward, but coming nearer and nearer with wonderful rapidity. I knew at once that a severe squall was coming our way, and with all haste lowered the main sail. We were just in time. No sooner was the sail lowered and secured than the northwest gale struck us with tremendous force. The jib and mizzen sail tugged and pulled at their fastenings as if in one great effort to free themselves and fly off unhampered before the wind. Everything proved strong, however, and after the first few gusts, Gazelle settled down to business, and behaved so nicely that had it not been for the cold rain which chilled us through, we should have enjoyed it immensely.

The storm also made it difficult for us to see any landmarks, but we had our compass bearings and experienced no difficulty in reaching the entrance to the harbor. Great care had to be exercised in running in as the waves were breaking nearly over the piers and to strike the side walls meant instant destruction. It was no wonder, then, that we all gave a sigh of relief as the helm went down and Gazelle came into the wind safe once more at her mooring at "Old St. Joe."

Thus began the terrible storm of '98. Old sailors said it was the worst on record for many years. What little shipping there was at this time suffered great loss. But we were safe, and Gazelle had been tested in a manner that gave us great confidence in our craft even if we were glad that we were not abroad in the storm, which raged during the next two days and nights.

After our sails were furled and everything made snug on deck, we went below and after a rub-down and a change of clothing, we sat down to the meal which our cook had prepared. Never before had coffee been so welcome. Everything did taste so good; and some way we all felt jubilant.

Fred, who felt somewhat embarrassed when coaxed to accept a third cup of Rio, tried to excuse himself by proposing the toast, "Here's to the Gazelle, the boat that keeps on top." We all evinced our approval by a renewed effort to satisfy the cravings of our inner man and it was late in the afternoon before our feast was over, and we drew lots to see which ones would take shore leave first.

Frank and I were the lucky ones and spent the afternoon and evening on shore with our parents and friends, who were overjoyed that we were safe in port.

The storm reached its height during that night, but blew a tremendous gale all the next day and night. The lifesaving boys seemed worried at our crossing back and forth in our small yawl-boat, for the river was very rough, but the little boat was built for such service and caused us no uneasiness.

About four o'clock in the evening of the second day after our return the barometer began to rise rapidly

and we put everything in readiness for another start. At 8 o'clock the wind shifted to southeast and we all went ashore to bid our friends adieu once more. It was half-past ten when we again went aboard and in a few minutes all sail was set, and with moonlight beaming across Lake Michigan we slipped silently from our anchorage, and as we rounded the south pier on the port tack our little ship gracefully rose and fell on the choppy sea, and the last farewells of our friends ashore, who had come to bid us good-night, were mingled with the whistle of the wind in our rigging. The clock in the court-house pealed out eleven, and as the beacon light grew fainter and fainter the foaming crest at Gazelle's bows merrily sang "Well begun is half done."

It was a beautiful night—clear and crisp—and the wind, though somewhat ahead, was just strong enough to send us along at a lively clip. As the first faint streaks of dawn began to appear in the east, we knew by familiar landmarks that we were abreast of Michigan City, Indiana.



THE CREW OF THE GAZELLE.

After holding a short consultation, we decided to run in and send messages home. We found some difficulty in making the harbor, owing to a large steam barge having been wrecked at its entrance by the recent storm, but we finally succeeded in so doing, and after mailing short messages and a talk over the long-distance 'phone we again set sail. After an uneventful but pleasant sail of four hours we entered Chicago harbor in safety and our long cruise was at last begun.

Of course we were very greatly pleased to know that we were safely across the lake, but our experiences of the past few days were very fatiguing, so after supper we divided into four watches and all save the man on duty turned in.

The next two days were spent in selecting our outfit of dishes, cooking utensils, ammunition, etc., and in visiting the many places of interest to be seen in this great city. We also made arrangements for our towage up the Chicago River, to the first lock of the Illinois and Michigan canal at Bridgeport.

We bought everything we thought we would need in our cooking department, and when he had things in shape we invited our friends aboard to inspect our outfit. They all seemed greatly pleased and one lady remarked that we had more things than a woman would need to keep house with.

It was nearly dark when a tug took our line. The good-natured captain came out of the pilot-house and asked if we were all ready to start aboard the "Gazelle." He then gave the signal to go ahead and we were soon winding our way up the Chicago River. Although the many boats continually in motion on the river made it seem a regular labyrinth, our tug found a passage among them and we experienced no serious difficulty until we reached one of the immense steel grain ships, which for two days had been aground in the middle of the channel. Three tugs were pulling with all their strength in their effort to once more get her afloat. Our captain thinking there was no danger of her being free soon, undertook to pass her. We were about midships of the monster when, to our dismay, the stern began to swing around. It was too late for us to back out, so the captain rang on all steam in hopes of passing through before we were caught and crushed. It was no use, however, for the ship soon bumped into us and side by side we moved toward the wharf. Men gathered on the deck and shouted to us, but we were helpless and unable to better our condition. The steamer's bow was still fast in the mud and so utterly unmanageable. The captain, unable to do anything, contented himself by shaking his fist at our big companion, and saying some decidedly uncomplimentary things about her. It was a trying moment, but I was pleased to see how cool my crew were during this time of peril.

Nearer and nearer we were shoved toward the dock and it did seem as if our little "Gazelle" was doomed to certain destruction, but just as we were within about three feet of the piling the ship again grounded

and we were safe. A shout of joy went up on board all three vessels, for we had experienced a hair-breadth escape.

We backed out uninjured and passed the vessel on the port side and our little excitement was soon forgotten as we steamed along up stream. The captain having heard our call for supper, left his wheel in the hands of an assistant and came aboard, and helped us store away a large amount of bacon and pancakes and other good things which made our evening meal one to be long remembered.

At 9 o'clock we arrived at Bridgeport and after bidding us good-bye and wishing us every success for a pleasant voyage, our friends aboard the tug started back down the river. As she glided out of sight into the blackness of the night her shrill whistle echoed back a last farewell and we were left alone in the shadows of a great city.

We were up early next morning, and after paying our canal fees of \$2.88 we passed through the first lock and tied up in the basin to await a steam canal boat which we were informed would pass through the locks during the afternoon. We were in hopes of securing a tow and in this we were not disappointed, for at 2:30 our boat arrived and the captain being a jovial fellow, kindly took our line and we were soon travelling down the "big ditch" at the rate of five miles an hour. We enjoyed our afternoon very much, the scenery was new to us and very pleasing. The great drainage canal which the people of Chicago have built at an enormous expense could be easily seen from our deck. The derricks, inclined planes, and other apparatus used in building the canal were especially interesting.

The canal is 96 miles long and a system of 19 locks overcomes a fall of 140 feet. Owing to the lateness of the season, traffic on the canal was nearly at a standstill, so we were not always fortunate in getting tows, in fact 45 miles, or nearly half the distance, we towed the boat by hand. This was new life for us but we enjoyed our days as we had never done before. With ever changing scene, plenty of exercise and fresh air, together with our diet of coarse food, we all began to gain flesh in spite of our hard work towing the yacht.

The hunting along the canal was very good. Quail, prairie chicken, ducks and rabbits were quite plentiful, and in hunting them we not only had great sport, but kept our larder well supplied.

Finally after a journey lasting seven days we reached La Salle and the Illinois river. It was evening when we reached the city and although weary from our day's tramp on the tow-path, we went to the postoffice, where we found a large package of letters from home and friends. We forgot all about being tired or hungry in the enjoyment we found in the good news from home. After reading over our letters we brought forth our writing material and all the night and a portion of the next morning was spent in writing letters.

It was quite late when we awoke, and imagine our surprise upon finding the ground covered with snow. A thin layer of ice had also formed in the canal and gave us warning that we must hasten on our way. So again hoisting our masts and bending on our sails we were soon flying along, wafted by our white wings.

The Illinois River proved to be a very interesting stream. It is deep from bank to bank, making sailing very pleasant. All the bridges, towns and cities are for the most part well built and such farms as are not taken up by the game reserves are well kept.

Several little perplexing incidents relieved the monotony of plain sailing, but for the most part the run was easily and comfortably made.

At Peoria we found a sail boat called the "Ping," which we were told had been abandoned by its crew of Michigan boys who were nearly drowned by the boat's capsizing.

Although the boys had intended going to Florida their cold bath in the plain water of Peoria lake was sufficient, and not caring to repeat their act even in "Florida water" they returned home and their cruise was ended.

In order to keep the water in the Illinois River of sufficient depth to float the craft which carry grain, etc., down to the Mississippi River, four dams have been thrown across the stream at intervals. Thus a desired level is maintained and boats drawing five feet can navigate the stream even during low water. Great stone locks are built at the right of these dams, so that vessels can be locked from one level to another when passing up or down the stream.

It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we reached the first of these locks. We began blowing our horn several hundred yards above the lock, so as to give the gate-keeper time to open the gates that we might sail in. The wind was blowing fresh across the stream and with this beam wind we approached the lock with greater rapidity than we had anticipated. The gates were only partly opened when we reached them, so in order to avoid a collision I was obliged to tack ship and stand out into the stream. I had headed the Gazelle up stream as much as the wind would allow, so as not to incur a risk of running past the lock to port and going over the dam.

We did very nicely even against the current and were just coming about to run back into the lock, the gates of which were now wide open, when our wind failed us and losing our headway, we were

caught by a side current and carried past the lock toward the dam only a hundred yards below. The situation was critical. The current, which became swifter and swifter as we neared the dam, carried the yacht with great speed toward the brink. Old logs standing on end, together with other debris, made the seething mass look like a boiling death trap of destruction. To anchor would have been folly; there was only one thing to do—stick to the ship.

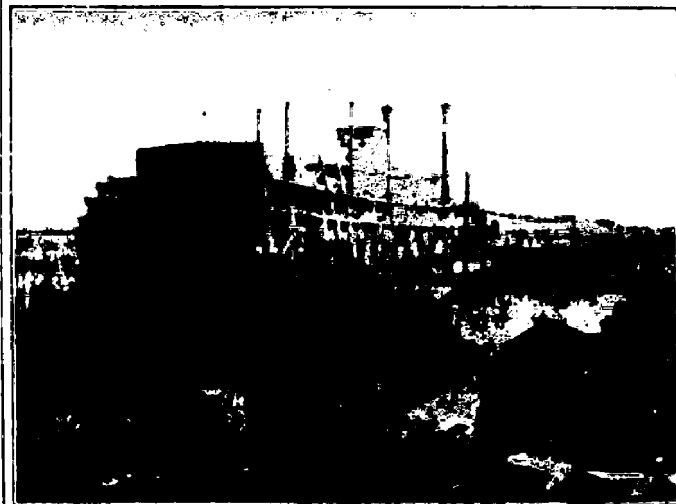
Imagine our feelings as we were carried on to what seemed to be certain destruction. We could now hear the water as it boiled below the fall, and as Arthur afterward described it, "We were about to see our finish," when a strong wind filled our sails and we began to hold our own with the current. Luck was with us and as the wind increased we began to gain inch by inch on the tide which went dashing by us. Once the wind seemed to fail and my heart dropped within me as I saw her lose headway, but we all gave a shout of joy as an extra hard puff struck us and we were able to turn the abutment of the lock into the still water.

It was a great nerve strain while it lasted, and we often thought of it as one of the most exciting incidents of our long journey down the river. It is needless to say that we exercised great caution in approaching the locks at the three remaining dams and had no further trouble.

It was Thanksgiving day when we reached Grafton and the Mississippi River, and we certainly had a great deal to be thankful for, including three mallard ducks and a complement of good things to make our dinner one which we will never forget.

Next day we proceeded on our journey and soon found we had a very tricky customer to deal with in "Old Mississippi." Sandbars, whirlpools, wing dams, sunken dykes, tow heads, etc., had to be watched with greatest care, but we passed the mouth of the Missouri river all right and soon after reached St. Louis.

This is a great city indeed, and many interesting sights and scenes we found. The Eads bridge, one of the finest structures of its kind in the world, greatly pleased us. It stands a lasting monument to the genius and ability of the distinguished engineer by whom it was planned and constructed. The levee was probably the most interesting place we visited. The stern-wheel river boats were new to us, and we were surprised at their size and power. We were greatly interested in the negro roustabouts who people the levee for a mile or more.



ON THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS.

During our stay in St. Louis the first heavy ice of the season filled the river and for several days all traffic on the stream was at a stand-still. We were somewhat worried for fear our yacht might be damaged but we bucked it out without mishap, and while the channel was still filled with the huge floes, we weighed anchor and with a light breeze wended our way down stream to the promised land of the "Sunny South."

(To be Continued.)

HOW ONE BOY WENT TO SCHOOL.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among others came a little fellow who was asked if he knew his letters.

"Oh, yes sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was again the answer.

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your school-master?"

"I never was at school."

Here was a singular case; a boy could read and spell without a book or master! But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop doors which they passed as they went through the city. His teacher, then, was another little sweep like himself, and his books the sign-boards on the houses. What may not be done by trying? "Where there is a will there is a way."

THE PERMANENT SNOW COMPOUND

Bernard and Brainerd Catlin Bought Five Dollars Worth Unknown to Their Father and Realized Barrels of Fun on the Investment.

CHARLES HATTELL LOOMIS.

(Copyright by the Author.)

"I'd as soon sell you my farm for two cents as to buy your compound," said Farmer Catlin to the black haired and uncanny looking stranger. He had arrived just at nightfall at the close of a long winter's storm. The fields and trees, and fences and roofs were white with snow and the two Catlin boys were delighted, but their father, with his knowledge of the work that it entailed would have been glad to see the snow take the same wings that had brought it and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. And here was this fellow having the impudence to offer him a compound that would make snow permanent.

Mr. Catlin had let the man into the little hall with its winding stairway that led to the bedrooms above, and now they stood talking while Bernard and Brainerd, his two sons eagerly listened to the stranger's entrancing conversation.

"Why, I've sold quantities of it to fellers down in New York who are going to use it to make toboggan slides that'll last all summer."

"Well, people in the city may have time for such foolishness, but what in tarnation do you suppose I want my farm buried under three foot of snow the year around for? Summer season's short enough as 'tis."

"But, papa," said Bernard, "you wouldn't have to work so hard."



"NOW DUMP THEM IN THE FIRE."

"And we'd live on the snow I s'pose. Snow pudd'n' and ice cream," said the old man sarcastically.

"And we could go sleigh ridin' when the weather was so warm that we'd wear just a shirt and trousers. Wouldn't that be dandy?" said Brainerd.

"Well, it's aout of the question. I ain't go'n' to buy your compaound an' the ain't no one so foolish in all South Ardmore to do sech a thing. Haow much is it?"

"Only five dollars a quart, and a quart will sprinkle an acre, besides which I donate a beautiful nickel plated machine for distributing it."

"Say, young man," said Mr. Catlin, suddenly. "I think you're dealin' in unlawful goods an' ef they ain't they ought to be. S'pose you was to strike some mischievous feller that had a grudge ag'in his neighbor? He'd sprinkle his fields with it while he slep' an' 't would be winter all the year 'raound on that farm. I don't question your bein' able to do it. Sence I see horse cars go alone I'm prepared for anythin', but you don't sell me nothin' of the kind. Good night."

With a little sigh the man slung his bag over his back and left the house.

Mr. Catlin went out to the barn to bed down the cattle and the boys followed the stranger.

"Say, do you sell that in small quantities?" asked Bernard.

"Don't like to open a can. You see a quart will last a life time, so you only have the first expense. Your father's got the wrong idea. I don't want to cover up his potato fields with snow the year round, but if he has a hill that ain't worth cultivating, and sprinkles it with this powder, you boys can coast all summer long and he can keep his milk and butter cool and comfortable without any need of ice."

"Wish we could see the thing work," said Bernard with caution. "Course such weather as this snow is going to stay anyway, but how do we know it would stay when a thaw came?"

"That's so," echoed Brainerd.

"Easy proved," said the stranger with a smile, "I'll build a little fire here out of some pine cones if you boys 'll get 'em, and I'll sprinkle a little of the powder on some snow and you can make snow balls that'll be good to play croquet with next August."

"Won't they melt?" asked Brainerd.



THEY WALKED AROUND THE HOUSE SPRINKLING IT IN A THIN LINE.

"If you can melt 'em I'll give you my whole outfit."

A bonfire in the snow always appeals to a boy, and they soon collected about a hundred cones from a tree near at hand. Then the stranger built a little pyramid of them, poured some kerosene oil on them from a tiny can that he carried in the pocket of his ulster and touching a match to it had a blaze in a few seconds.

The bright red blaze lighted up the snow and made it sparkle with a million diamonds, but the boys were too interested in watching the further processes of the stranger to notice the beauty of the scene. He took a little water sprinkler out of his other pocket and filled it with some of the powder. Then he dusted the snow with it for the space of a yard square.

"Now make the snow balls boys and put them into the fire."

The boys got to work and fashioned big, round snow balls, patting them into shape and hardening them by a pressure of the knees. When a dozen had been made the stranger said, "Now dump them in the fire."

The boys did so and were not at all surprised to see them resist the heat, for they had perfect confidence in the stranger. After they had been in the bed of coals for five minutes the stranger kicked them out of the fire, and although they were somewhat smoked they were otherwise just as good as when put in.

"Now, you see that my compound does just what I claim for it. You'd better buy a quart. Haven't you any money laid by for a rainy day?"

"Yes," said both boys.

"Well, put it into perpetual snow instead. Much more fun. You can make a coasting place on some hill that no one ever cultivates."

"Blakely Hill," said both boys together.

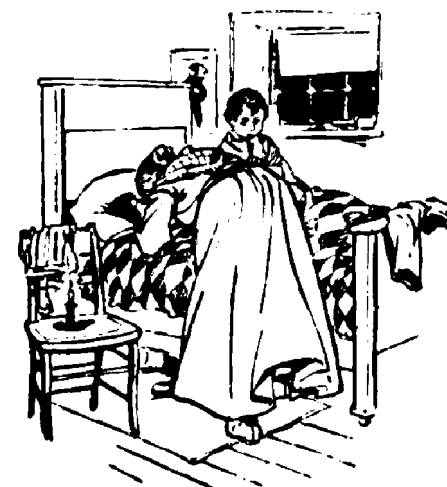
So Bernard sent Brainerd back to the house to get five dollars out of their tin banks—he generally made his younger brother run errands for him—and while he was gone the fascinating stranger gave him a quart can of the compound with a little nickel sprinkler, and then when Brainerd came back he counted ten half dollars into the stranger's hands.

"I think you boys are too good for this earth," said the stranger as he proceeded to go on his way.

"Why so?" asked Brainerd.

"Why, you seem so particular about only using it in places that ain't going to be cultivated. When I was a boy I would have sprinkled little patches here and there just for the fun of seeing heaps of snow in mid-summer."

"Oh, that'd be bully," said Brainerd, laughing at the



THE MOTHER KISSED THEM GOOD NIGHT.

idea, and Bernard seemed to think there were possibilities in it, so after the stranger had gone off into the darkness they opened the can and poured some of the white powder into the little feeder and then they walked all around the house sprinkling it in a thin line. Then they sprinkled the gate posts, and I am sorry to say the front path. The snow once hardened into place could not be shoveled off.

Then they got a lantern and set out for Blakely Hill, which was not far from the house, but which was three-quarters of a mile long, very steep, and never used for anything. On the way they passed the church, and whether by accident or design, they dropped a lot in front of the church on a big drift, and if you go up to Ardmore next summer you can see that drift gleaming in the hot summer sun. Everyone has to drive around it, but it has brought lots of summer people to the place, so no one has ever complained.

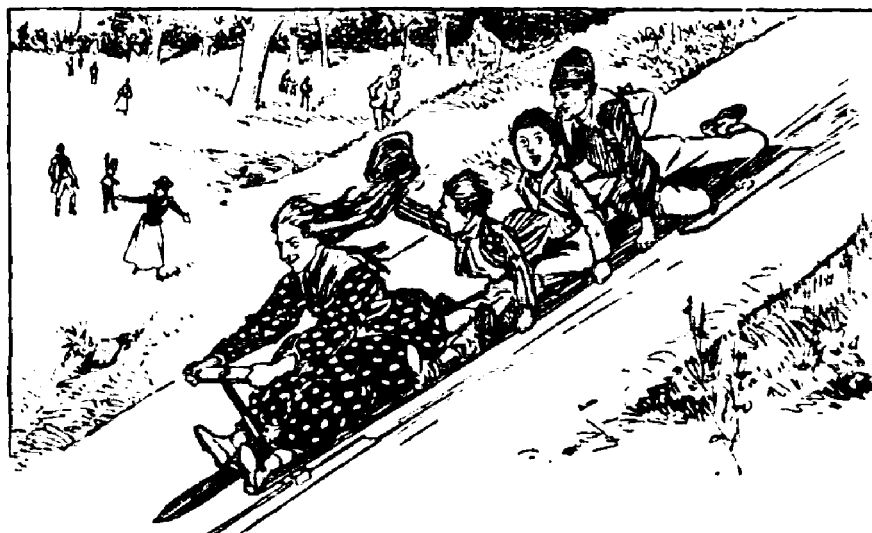
Arrived at Blakely Hill they sprinkled a path ten feet wide for the whole length and that used up all their powder but a little bit, which they saved for future use.

Then they went home and went to bed so early that Mr. Catlin said to his wife: "I declayre for't those boys get berrer'n better. I was always full of the ol' Harry when I was their age. Now I wouldn't have be'n contented to let that man go off with his mis'able compaound to-night if I'd be'n them. I'd a covered the farm with it."

"They're the best boys in the world, father," said Mrs. Catlin, and went up to their room to kiss them good night and tuck them in.

Boys are generally anxious to have snow remain, but in view of the queer things that were going to happen the Catlin boys wished hard for a thaw. But the weather held cold for two weeks and no one suspected that any snow had been chemically hardened. The boys built several bonfires on Blakely Hill to test it and it didn't melt a bit.

They hinted to their schoolfellows that when a thaw came there'd be more fun than a goat up at their house and at Blakely Hill, but beyond that they would say nothing.



WHEN THEY SAW MOTHERLY MRS CATLIN.

At last, toward the end of January, there came a warm rain, and snow in the vicinity of South Ardmore vanished like maple syrup and buckwheat cakes.

The boys heard the patter of the rain on the tin roof and they hugged themselves and chuckled. In the morning they were up as soon as it was light. The rain had stopped, but it was very warm. The mercury registered 52 on the front porch. They dressed and went out of doors in the morning twilight. Bare ground everywhere. Bare ground as far as they could see, except that on the front paths there was three feet of snow packed hard, and all around the house a drift, and two picturesque heaps on the gate posts, and under one of the pine trees a pile of ashes and half burned cones and twelve snow balls.

Mr. Catlin was disposed to be angry when he saw what had happened, but good Mrs. Catlin reminded him that boys would be boys and that they might have covered up his winter wheat.

"Well, it does beat all!" he said at last, and when he heard about the coasting at Blakely Hill he grinned like a boy and said: "Mother, what say we all go over there and renoo aour youth?"

Mrs. Catlin would never grow old. She was always ready for anything, so a merry family party, including the hired girl and the hired man, set out for the hill, drawing in their wake the boys' big bobsled.

Of course, lots of people saw them going up the road pulling the sled over the bare ground and many thought them crazy, but when a few minutes later they heard shrill cries of glee from Mrs. Catlin and the girl, and the deep bass laughter of the men, and the shouts and chortles of the boys, they ran out to see what was the matter.

And when they saw motherly Mrs. Catlin, her hair streaming in the wind, steering the bobsled down Blakely Hill on an eminence of hard snow, while all around the grass was fresh and green, owing to its winter blanket just removed, they came out, too, young and old, bringing sleds and trays and anything on which they could coast.

And from that time until people got tired of the sport, which wasn't until late in September, that hill was alive with coasting parties when the mercury was up in the hundreds and stored ice melted like heated butter.

But the pathway of three foot snow in the Catlin's front yard was a good deal of an eyesore to the old people, and at last they covered it with dirt and planted grass seed on it, and named their place "The Embankment," and took summer boarders on the strength of it, and now Mr. Catlin blesses the day the stranger sold the boys the wonderful compound.

White-Bob, Black-Bob and Gray-Bob

A Coasting Story of the New Hampshire Hills.

CHARLES STUART PRATT.

CHAPTER I.

"I tell you," asserted White-Bob, "it's the stunningest sled in the town!"

"And I tell you," declared Black-Bob, "it's the stunningest in the world!"

"Whose is all that?" inquired Gray-Bob, coming up to the two, and rounding a snowball in his mittened hands as he spoke.

"Tain't anybody's, and 'twon't be yet awhile," said Black-Bob.

"Well, then, where is it?" asked Gray-Bob, drawing back and sending the snowball smack into the center of the painted globe on the gable-end of the school-house.

"Well, you are a feller from 'way back, not to know 'bout Ripper Jones's latest! Why, Ripper Jones says he's beat his record, and when Ripper Jones says that, you can just believe it's the stunningest sled in the world."

"Let's chip in and buy it, then," cried Gray-Bob.

"You can't," put in White-Bob, "'tain't for sale."

"No," added Black-Bob, "he says he won't sell it—he's going to give it away!"

"All the better—we'll go right up after school and let him give it to us," laughed Gray-Bob.

"He ain't going to give it away till spring, and——"

"Why? 'Twon't be any good then, after the snow goes," broke in Gray-Bob.

"Why?" repeated Black-Bob and White-Bob both together—" 'cause he's going to give it to the feller, in all the 'Leven Districts, that makes the best——"

But that minute the master's bell jangled in their ears, and the three boys joined the rush to be the first in.

Just here I may as well say that the first name of each of the three boys was Bob, and that their last names were, respectively, Black, White and Gray; and so, to save all three answering when one was spoken to (or perhaps it was only in the regular course of country nick-naming), the other boys had prefixed the last names to the uncommon name of Bob.

And here, too, I may as well say a word about Mr. Timothy Jones—or, as he was commonly called by old and young all through the 'Leven Districts of Upton, Mr. "Ripper" Jones.

Mr. Jones had been the "boss carpenter" of Upton for many years, indeed up to the day the stinging on the Congregational steeple gave way after a gale, and dropped him a hundred feet or so down to the ground. When the pieces at last grew together, Mr. Jones was, as he himself drily put it, something of a man, but not much of a carpenter.

In truth he was a good deal of a man—shrewd, practical, ingenious and chock full of New England common sense and quiet humor. It was not long after the steeple-chase accident, as he jocosely called it, before the little shop by his house, to which he hobbled out every day, became a more popular resort than even the village stores. It was like the focus of a whispering gallery, and gathered all the news of the 'Leven Districts of Upton—yet no one heard evil or malicious gossip in Mr. Ripper Jones's shop.

Saturday was the boys' day, and to Mr. Jones they told all their haps and mishaps, and especially their quarrels; and he never failed to make peace, even in the quarrels between boys of rival districts. Long before arbitration became international, Mr. Ripper Jones was established as a final and absolute board of arbitration in the hill-town of Upton. So it was that whenever a boy thrust his head in at the door and called out, "I'm goin' over to Ripper Jones's!" his mother smiled and said, "All right!" because she knew it was all right.

Though Mr. Jones was now, as he said, not much of a carpenter, and could no longer build church steeples, or even houses, there were many things he could build. It was really amazing how many odd jobs, ranging from bird-houses to cradles and churns, the people of the eleven little neighborhoods of Upton found for him to do. They kept him so busy, indeed, that it is a wonder he ever found time to build the two famous sleds but for which this story would never have been told.

CHAPTER II.

Build two famous sleds he did, however—several winters before the events here related—and they fell into the hands of two boys in District Number Seven. These two boys were the heroes at every coasting meet of the winter, for no such sleds had ever before appeared on the hills of Upton. So perfect were the proportions of length and width, the balancing of weight and the spring of runners, that they swept by and beyond all other sleds, home-made or store-boughten, as a racer out-speeds and out-distances the all-round horse of the farm.

Now it chanced that District Number 'Leven was the rival of Number Seven, and that in Number 'Leven lived Mr. Jones and also the Bobby boys. And so, when the triumphs of their rivals could no longer be endured, the Bobby boys went to Mr. Jones's shop and laid the case before him, and demanded that he build for them a double-runner, or "double-ripper," as the Upton boys called it, which should utterly eclipse the two single sleds over in Number Seven.

The scheme of this rival double-ripper was kept a secret all through the summer, while Mr. Jones was working out the problem and building the sled, but with the first snow of autumn it somehow leaked out. I am not sure but the Bobby boys bragged about the new double-ripper themselves; and if they did it is little wonder, with the racer itself in their hands and Mr. Jones's predictions burning in their heads.

With the first good coasting a challenge went over to District Number Seven; and though the challenged ones hit upon a brilliant counter scheme, and worked all night to turn the two single sleds into a double-ripper, it was of no avail. The new sled went ahead of it in every quality of build, in beauty and comfort and speed, in a regular geometrical progression.

The victory of the Bobby boys was beyond their wildest dreams, and nothing short of fire-works and bell-ringing could express the rejoicing in District Number 'Leven. The shop-keeper gave the rockets, and Deacon Gray himself opened the church belfry to the boys.

Next day the new double-ripper was the talk of Upton, and on Saturday ten delegations of boys appeared at Mr. Jones's shop and besought him to build ten more double-rippers; and the boys of each district stipulated that their sled should surpass all the others.

Even Mr. Ripper Jones could not promise this last; but churns and cradles and bird-houses were set aside, and he did build ten sleds which were the wonder and delight of the districts that owned them. By midwinter coasting had become almost a mania in the hill-town of Upton. The men joined the boys on moonlight nights (the girls were with them from the start), and not only the men, but the maiden aunts and the mothers, and even, in some districts, the grandmothers too.

As the excitement grew, the doctors and deacons, and even the ministers, headed subscriptions toward bigger and faster sleds; and in one or two cases the district sewing-circles got up sociables in the district school-houses to raise money for double-rippers. To tell the various tales of these district sleds would take me too far from the present story.

The climax, however, was reached in the tremendous forty-footer which was the glory of District Number Ten. This monster, considering its length, could hardly have been strictly a double-ripper—at the very least it must have been a triple, and for aught I know it may have been a quadruple or even a sextuple ripper. If half the stories current be true, it must have been a marvelous experience to stand on the side of Tory Hill and behold this leviathan of sleds, with the forty men, women and children of the district on its back, sweep down the slope and go whizzing by with its accompaniment of whirlwinds on either side which carried away the hats of the spectators as it passed.

And so it came about that by spring no one in all the 'Leven Districts ever spoke of Mr. Timothy Jones by his baptismal name, or the more familiar Tim—every one spoke of him as "Ripper" Jones. This appellation was neither flippant nor disrespectful—it was rather a considerable compliment, quite as much as if they had called him "Colonel," or even "Commodore."

CHAPTER III.

And now it was Mr. Ripper Jones's turn to possess a secret.

Mr. Jones was put very much on his mettle by the fame of his sleds and the popular enthusiasm for coasting, and he became ambitious to break his own record and achieve a new triumph. To this end he had been secretly at work all through the summer, on other days than Saturdays, and at unheard-of hours when no one was likely to happen in. Working at this disadvantage, it was not until the end of November that his grand idea became a satisfactory reality.

The new record-breaker was a double-ripper. It was not remarkable for size, but its lines and proportions were as graceful and scientific as those of a Burgess yacht. It was painted a glowing red, and had a green leather seat stuffed with curled hair and edged with brass-headed nails; and on the morning of Thanksgiving day he had given the final touch—lines and curves of brass-topped nails along its sides which spelled its name, "Eureka."

On that day, too, after huge Thanksgiving dinners of roast rooster and duck and turkey, with cranberry

sauce and Indian plum pudding, and pumpkin pie and mince pie, Black-Bob and White-Bob stuffed their pockets with cracked butternuts and went over to Mr. Jones's shop to pull their wishbones.

Black-Bob came off victor in the first pull, with the bigger half of White-Bob's wishbone in his hand; and White-Bob was equally successful in the pulling of Black-Bob's lucky-bone. Then it came out that Black-Bob and White-Bob both had wished the same wish—a new double-ripper, a double-ripper to beat the world—which meant, of course, the ten other districts of Upton.

"Well, you Bobby fellers," remarked Mr. Jones, "I've got that very double-ripper right here, in my shop."

"You—have?" exclaimed the two boys as one. "Let's see it—won't you, please, Mr. Jones?"

Mr. Jones beamed on the boys, and then slowly answered, "Waal, I don't—know but what I will. I've been all summer a-makin' it, an' druv the last nail this blessed day before dinner—I'd never got any good o' my Thanksgivin' dinner 'f I hadn't—an' my word on't boys, she'll break the record!"

Mr. Jones fished about in his capacious trousers pocket, and at last brought up a key. Then he hobbled across the shop, the boys at his heels, and unlocked a closet door.

"It's red," cried Black-Bob, "and it's—"

"Eureka!" finished White-Bob, with a yell that gave some vent to his excited feelings.

"Yell away, boys," cried Mr. Jones, "yell away!—I feel a mighty sight like yellin' myself."

"Do, Mr. Jones! Do yell, do!" shouted Black-Bob and White-Bob—and Mr. Jones gave a terrific yell, to the ecstatic delight of the boys.

Having thus saluted his handiwork, Mr. Ripper Jones brought out the several parts and set up the "Eureka" on a long bench that ran the length of the shop.

"What do you ask for it?" cried Black-Bob the instant it was in place. "I hain't got much money with me," he added, diving into his pocket and slapping down on the bench a nickel, a dime, and five or six coppers, but that'll bind the bargain!"

"And that!" cried White-Bob, slapping down a silver quarter beside the smaller change—" 'cause district number 'Leven's got to have that sled, whatever it costs."

"Put that money straight back in your two pockets," said Mr. Jones with decision. "That 'ere sled ain't for sale."

"Who's—who's bought it? You oughter let us had a chance—you oughter, Mr. Jones," said Black-Bob, very much crest-fallen and not a little resentful.

"Nobody's bought it; nobody's seen it," said Mr. Jones; and the faces of the Bobby boys brightened. "And's I said," he went on, "that 'ere sled ain't for sale."

The faces of the Bobby boys fell again. They stared at the flaming red "Eureka," and then they stared at Mr. Jones—and at last they questioned in a slow chorus, "Ain't—for-sale—to anybody?"

"No, not to anybody, at any price—that sled's to give away," declared Mr. Jones in a tone that settled things, though there was a twinkie away back in his eye.

The Bobby boys stared again at the sled and at Mr. Jones, and this time they were speechless.

And then, in the silent shop, Mr. Ripper Jones announced that the "Eureka" was to be given as a prize to the boy in the 'Leven Districts of Upton who made the best coast between Thanksgiving Day and town meeting day in March.

So it was that the next day—and that was the day on which this story opens—Black-Bob and White-Bob went to school with the great "Eureka" secret bursting out of their buttoned-up overcoats. (Gray-Bob, it should be said, had been away to eat his Thanksgiving dinner at his grandfather's over in District Number Nine, which, being farthest from the main village, was rather slurringly known as "Way-back.")

Whispering and the passing of notes were forbidden in the district school of number 'Leven, but on this day after Thanksgiving, either because the master was less observant or more lenient than usual, an amazing amount of both went on unchecked. Long before night the news had spread to every desk in the room, and sharp on the stroke of four, every book and slate slid into place, and the first ring of the master's cracked bell, signalled a mob to the entry. Before the last had crowded through the schoolroom door, the foremost had got into coats and caps and mittens and were crossing the yard on the run. In three minutes a long line of flying figures was moving down the hill, along the level, and up the half-mile slope to Mr. Ripper Jones's shop.

As the Bobby boys entered the yard, the head of the line had reached the shop, where Mr. Jones stood in the open door. Between the short sharp pantings of his lungs, which jerked out the words brokenly, the leader cried,

"Oh, Rip—, Mr. Rip—, Mr. Jones, I've come up—to see—the prize sled—the 'Eureka'—double-ripper! All the fellers—are comin'—an' the girls, too!"

"Come in, come right in," said Mr. Jones, turning about and leading the way—and in five minutes, forty puffing boys and girls crowded the shop, and there was such an explosion of oh's and hurrahs and wordless yells that Mr. Jones declared the roof lifted a full inch. Then he had to tell them the whole story, and answer no end of questions.

"What's them? What's them?" called out Gray-Bob, in the first subsidence of the tumult. As he spoke he pointed to the wall, along whose length hung vast sheets of manila wrapping paper, numbered in order in big black numerals, one, two, three, up to eleven.

"Them?" repeated Mr. Jones. "Them's the score cards."

"The score cards!" echoed twenty boys. "The score cards!" echoed twenty girls.

"Yes—the score cards," said Mr. Jones. "And once a week, or so, you fellers of Number 'Leven, and the fellers in all the other districts, have got to come and report the best coasts—longest, swiftest, or otherwise—to go on them records. I put you on honor, to tell things—jest—as—they—is."

"We will that," cried Black-Bob.

"And win the sled, too!" cried White-Bob, full of faith in the prowess of Number 'Leven.

"Three cheers for Mr. Jones!" shouted Gray-Bob, and

having given, them with a will, and filled the air with flying caps, the forty boys and girls trooped out of the shop, and up the road, and down the road, away to their homes.

Mr. Ripper Jones stood in the door, a broad smile on his face, and watched them off. He knew that now, before another night, every boy in the 'Leven districts of Upton would know about the "Eureka," and have made up his mind to win her.

(To be Continued.)

How Russel Wray Joined the Yacht Club

FRANK H. SWEET.

CHAPTER I.

Almost from the time Russel Wray entered the employ of Schleight & Buckler, General Merchandise, at Upper Dam, his ambition had been to possess an ice boat. But a salary of five dollars a week, with four out for board, and clothing to be deducted from the other, does not leave much margin for what is not absolutely necessary; so the ice boat remained an ambition that seemed unlikely to be speedily realized.

Among Russel's duties was that of bringing the daily mail from Rube's Landing, ten miles away. Rube's Landing was a railroad town, and the distributing point for much of the upper country. Schleight & Buckler's merchandise was brought up from there in bateaus during the summer, and on sleds in the winter; and their pelts and the live wild animals which they occasionally dealt in, were sent down in the same way.

Russel usually took half a day or more to carry down and bring up the mail; starting at sunrise and not getting back in winter until an hour or two after mid-day. Generally he went on one of the company's horses; though sometimes in winter, when the snow was unusually deep, he found snowshoes easier.

At this point the river was more than half a mile from bank to bank, and widened to fully twice that distance lower down. There were few bends, and the prevailing winds during fall and early winter were lengthwise of its course. This kept the ice almost free from snow, even when the forests along the banks were drifted many feet deep.

Sixty miles down the river was Enterprise, a flourishing city of forty thousand or more inhabitants. Here was located a yacht club whose members divided their love between water craft in summer and ice craft in winter; and as the river was usually frozen by the middle of November and rarely open until the end of May, ice yachting was perhaps the more popular of the two.

It was these yachts sweeping gracefully over the ice which had first aroused Russel's desire to possess one. He was just from the backwoods, and glowing with his first wonder and admiration of the great river; and these almost living creatures, with their swaying, bird-like wings, seemed as much a part of the broad, beautiful vista as did the glittering ice and the snow-weighted foliage of the banks.

And even when he learned that some of them cost hundreds of dollars, and that few but wealthy people who had plenty of leisure cared to own them, his desire did not abate. Only it modified itself to something he might compass within his means, plain framework in place of costly, cheap cloth and low-priced runners instead of fine canvas and flawless steel. He watched the yachts as they swept along the river, and when one chanced to stop at Upper Dam, or at Rube's Landing when he was there, he examined it closely, minutely, and not altogether with an unskillful eye. He could make one that would be just as serviceable, he felt assured, even though it might not be as finely finished—that is, if he could obtain the runners and sail.

But a set of such runners as they used, he learned, would cost him fifty dollars; and even the cheapest grade in the market could not be had for less than twenty; and then there was the sail. The savings of an entire year—of two years—would not be enough to purchase both. But for all that, he began to select choice pieces of timber, and to fashion them after the best models he had seen. Except for the occasional arrivals of Indians with peltries, and the fortnightly pay days of the lumber camps, business was not brisk at Upper Dam. Schleight & Buckler had a book-keeper and a store clerk, and half a dozen Canadians and Indians to do the packing and hauling. Outside of carrying the mail, Russel's duties were light. He helped the clerk to assort and pigeon-hole letters and papers, and sometimes to give out the mail for an hour or two when business was unusually brisk; and he marked all the cases of peltries to be sent away, and on "lumber days," as the camp pay days were called, he remained in the store during the afternoon and evening.

At other times he did pretty much as he liked, and there were few forenoons that did not yield at least an hour or two to the slowly shaping timbers and planks. He selected a fine, straight tree for the mast, and cut it down and hauled it to the sawmill himself, where he had it squared. Then he rounded and shaped it with adze and drawing knife, and finished with sand-

paper and oil. It took him months to finish the mast alone, but the work was well and carefully done. Then there was the rudder and the rudder-post to fashion, and the frame-work for the steering runner, and the rails and box for the helmsman. It was nearly a year before everything was completed and ready for the runners and sail he was not able to buy.

As finished, his ice boat consisted of a triangle of planks, with the apex turned aft, and the base of the triangle square in front. Under each of the three corners the large skate-like runners were to be placed, the after one to be movable and controlled by a tiller. Into the center of the plank which formed the forward side of the boat, the mast was stepped, supported by rope stays running to the forward two angles of the boat. To this mast could be hung either a lug, lateen, sloop or leg-of-mutton sail, as he might choose.

Among the trees he had selected and cut was one which he found exceedingly hard to work. The grain was very close and almost like twisted wires. It had turned the edge of his tools so that they required continual sharpening. Finally he had laid the wood aside for oak, which would answer his purpose and not be so difficult to work. Now, one day, as he was debating the problem of sail and runners, a sight of this discarded timber gave him a sudden idea. But he took the timber into an unused corner of a store-room where he was not likely to be under the sur-

veyance of curious eyes. If the experiment proved a success he would not mind having it known, but if it did not he preferred it should be kept quiet. As yet he was only a tenderfoot in the country, and a fit subject for ridicule.

A week later he went to Mr. Buckler and asked if he might have some of the old sacking which came wrapped around certain of the goods, and which was always carefully removed and laid aside; but Mr. Buckler answered curtly that the company had use for it all. When he went out, Russel looked speculatively at a species of slender-trunked pine which grew on a hillside at a little distance, and especially at those trees which had dense, compact foliage.

About this time Schleight & Buckler received an order for a number of wild animals. A museum had been burned, and these animals were wanted to replace those lost by the fire. The order was urgent, and intimated that expense was not to be considered. Immediately all the hunters were notified, and extra inducements were offered to hasten success. But a week went by with only the capture of a pair of wolves; then came the report of three bears and a family of lynx being seen on an island thirty miles up the river, and the news was sent by swift messengers to the hunters in the immediate vicinity. Mr. Schleight himself went up to hasten capture.



"I CAN GET HIM THERE QUICKER THAN YOU."

Then nothing was heard for two days, but before sunrise on the third an Indian runner came with the information that Mr. Schleight had been badly hurt

could not do this; but for thirty miles up, the river was not less than half a mile wide, and was much wider lower down. With so much space, and with the smooth ice and steady breeze, he believed that he could use the tiller to make up for the inflexibility of the sail. To check the speed he had provided himself with a drag consisting of a mass of iron with a rough, jagged surface, connected to the boat by an iron chain.

Over the tree-tops the morning was beginning to break, and as he gathered headway and swept up past the company's wharf he heard a derisive shout, not unmixed with disapprobation at his going out when the head of the house was perhaps dying.

But a moment, and he had swept beyond them and even beyond a sight of the wharf. Ten miles up, and he was going at a high rate of speed, the wind slanting across his boat and the tiller holding firm. Ten miles more and he saw a dark speck in the distance, which rapidly resolved itself into a group of men bearing a litter. As he drew near he threw out the mass of iron, bringing the boat to a stop even sooner than he expected, and while the group was yet some rods away. By the time they reached him he had turned his boat to head down the river and arranged some cushions which he had brought in the box.

"Place him on these," he called eagerly. "I can get him there quicker than you."

The men laughed. "With a tree sail an' wooden runners," one of them sneered. "Why, boy, you're crazy."

But a moment, and he had swept beyond them and even beyond a sight of the wharf. Ten miles up, and he was going at a high rate of speed, the wind slanting across his boat and the tiller holding firm. Ten miles more and he saw a dark speck in the distance, which rapidly resolved itself into a group of men bearing a litter. As he drew near he threw out the mass of iron, bringing the boat to a stop even sooner than he expected, and while the group was yet some rods away. By the time they reached him he had turned his boat to head down the river and arranged some cushions which he had brought in the box.

"Place him on these," he called eagerly. "I can get him there quicker than you."

The men laughed.

"With a tree sail an' wooden runners," one of them sneered. "Why, boy, you're crazy."

But the injured man raised himself on the litter and regarded the boat curiously.

"Did you come up with that?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, in just an hour."

The man looked surprised.

"What, really!" he exclaimed. Then to the men, "Put me on the boat. The boy has been a good clerk, and I have confidence in him. And you know a good deal depends on my getting to a surgeon quickly. Never mind hurting me," as the men hesitated in lifting him, "only do it quickly."

Russel's face whitened a little as he took his place at the tiller, with the injured man on the cushions beside him. Coming up, he had only felt the exhilara-

tion of success and motion, now he suddenly realized the responsibility of his position.

But as the men grasped the boat and ran it out into the wind, and he felt himself gliding down the river, faster and yet faster, something of the old confidence began to return. From time to time he bent over the injured man, but always to meet with the same answer to his solicitous inquiry:

"I am doing very well, only hurry."

When they approached Upper Dam he again bent down.

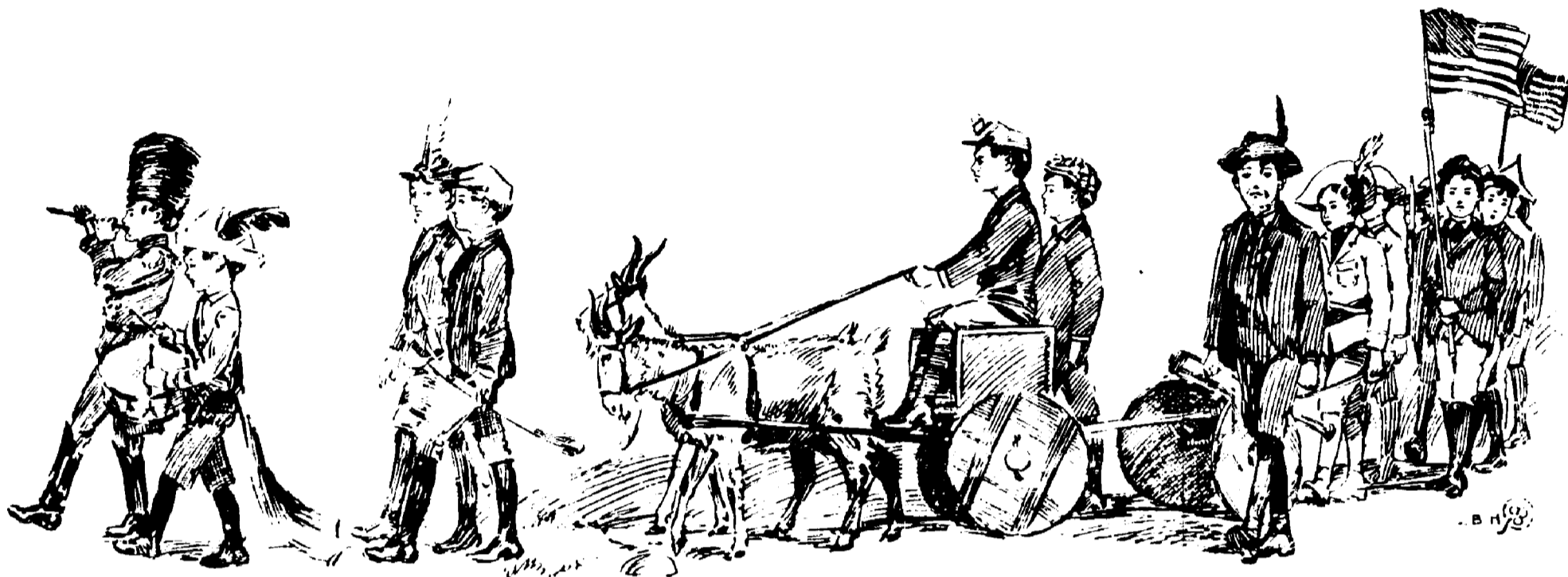
"Shall I stop or keep on?" he asked. "If the runners don't give out I can take you to Enterprise in two hours, and then get back to Rube's Landing for the

mail almost as soon as I could go with a horse. If we stop here, it will be nearly two days before a surgeon can get to you. But of course there's a good deal of risk."

"We'll go on," said Mr. Schleight decidedly. "It is less risk than for me to stop."

On the wharf at Upper Dam a group of men were waiting for the litter to come in sight. When they saw the boat with pine tree sail and wooden runners sweep by, they looked at each other and laughed. But two hours later the boat ran alongside a wharf at Enterprise, and twenty minutes after that the injured man was under a surgeon's care.

(To be Continued.)



THE RETREAT OF HARRY'S BRIGADE

PERCIE W. HART.

Perhaps the title does not sound very fine. Of course, as a general thing, soldiers don't retreat unless they are beaten. But—however, I'll tell you all about it and you can judge for yourselves.

There are seventeen boys in Harry's Brigade, that is if you can count little Arthur Morrison, the drummer, as a whole one. Arthur is such a small boy that I scarcely know how they came to enlist him. He is only six years old his last birthday, and none of the rest are less than ten, and General Harry is fourteen. But Arthur can play a drum splendidly, though. His Uncle Jack taught him how to do it and his Uncle Jack was a drummer boy in the Rebellion, before he became a general. But hold on. By rights, I should begin with the highest in rank in telling you about the brigade; and here I am commencing with the drummer, the lowest.

A brigade, you know, is a small army. Not just a regiment of one kind of troops, but usually consisting of bodies of soldiers from various branches of the service. In Harry's Brigade there is a battery of field artillery, two regiments of infantry, a band and a staff. It is commanded by Brigadier-General Harry Bliss, called General Harry for short; and Jimmy Parsons is his aide-de-camp, with the rank of major. The battery of field artillery consists of two privates and a captain. This officer's name is Willie Stirling. They had to elect him captain or he would not have permitted the use of his pair of goats. The goats are used to drag the gun, instead of four horses as they have in the regular army.

The gun and limber look just like those in real war pictures. If you don't examine it too closely. Arthur Morrison's Uncle Jack showed the boys how to make it. For wheels they took flour barrel heads, and nailed battens across to hold the pieces together. Then they bored good-sized holes in the centers and fitted stout wooden axles, with wire nails put through gimlet-holes in the ends, for lynch pins. The gun is a big base ball bat, and the trail is made from a strong stick of wood, with a ringbolt screwed into the end, to slip over a hook on the side of the limber's axle. The limber has the same sort of wheels and axle as the gun, but with an old soap box fastened upon it for the ammunition chest and driver's seat. The pole from the goat's cart is handy to fasten upon the front of the limber. The whole business is painted a dark gray color. It looks almost like the real thing. But you can see it for yourselves and a good deal plainer than I can describe it, in the fine picture of Battery A of Harry's Brigade going into action, that the artist has drawn.

The infantry consists of two regiments, the First and Second, with four privates and one colonel to each. The privates, all except one in each regiment

who carries a flag, are armed with air guns and wooden bayonets to stick in the muzzles; and the officers have swords and paper-cap pistols.

There are two boys in the band, little Arthur Morrison, the drummer, that I told you about at first; and Fred Hayden, the fifer. It would be a splendid band, but Fred can only play one tune on the fife, and that is "Home Sweet Home. It's a pretty tune, but you can't march very good to "Home Sweet Home," at least, the way Fred plays it. But Arthur makes up for that by beating regular marching time on his drum.

Every Saturday Harry's Brigade has a drill. Arthur's Uncle Jack keeps a big stock farm, with lots of fine cattle and horses, and he lets the boys use one of the fields for a parade ground. Sometimes the old general and a crowd of other people come and watch the drill. But upon the particular Saturday that I am going to tell you about, there was something or other going on at the other end of the village, and the boys had the place all to themselves. Not that the young soldiers cared. Far from it. It did not seem real to have an audience watching them and clapping hands, when the brigade was supposed to be fighting a fierce battle.

And now for what happened upon this day.

It was clear and cool, with bright, blue sky overhead, and the little army never looked better, as it defiled along the road leading to the parade ground.

First of all was the band, with Fred Hayden playing "Home Sweet Home" on the fife, as quick as he possibly could, and Arthur Morrison beating away at marching time on the drum. Fred's father is very rich and had bought him a beautiful uniform all scarlet and gold and a big tall bearskin cap, just like the fines of the real bandmen wear. I tell you Fred looked splendid. Arthur had on his ordinary clothes, but with a great blue and gold sash that had been made for a tall man, around his shoulders. It was so long that it trailed on the ground and kept tripping the drummer every few minutes. That sash had a good deal to do with the disaster of the command, as I shall show, later on.

Behind the band came Brigadier-General Harry, accompanied by his aide-de-camp. Both of them looking very warlike with military caps and clanking tin-scabbarded swords at their sides.

Next followed the field battery, drawn by the two goats; with Captain Stirling driving, sitting upon the limber. The two artillerymen walked, one at either side of the gun. It wasn't exactly right to have an officer driving, but Willie was the only person that the goats would mind, so he had to do it.

Last of all were the two regiments of infantry, the privates marching with bayonets fixed and guns on the shoulder; the standard-bearers with their flags unfurled; and the colonels with swords in hand and pistols in their belts.

As soon as the brigade reached the field they swung into line and took position in extended order. Then Harry and his aide-de-camp went up and down the parade, attended by the commanders of the different

corps, and inspected them. After this the general and the band stood still, and the troops marched past; first at ordinary step, and then at the double. The goats did not like this last part of it very much and Willie had hard work with them, but the two infantry regiments performed the evolutions in fine style.

As soon as this preliminary drill had been gotten through with, the First regiment went out as skirmishers, the Second regiment formed in line of battle, and Battery A occupied a little piece of rising ground and made believe to throw shells into the enemy's position. In fact, a regular sham battle was fought out, and Gen. Harry at length announced that the opposing forces had been defeated with heavy loss.

This was fine fun while it lasted, what with firing volleys from the guns and charging across the field, the privates bayoneting the burdock leaves and the officers cutting off the heads of the tall weeds with their toy swords. But just when all the troops were pretty well tired out from the sport and lying down upon the soft grass to rest, before starting to march back home, another enemy and a real one, too, put in an appearance. It was a big bull, called Julius, very fierce and ugly-looking. He had broken out of his paddock, and probably attracted by the noise they had been making, now came charging down upon the halted command.

At the first sight of the vicious animal the goat team ran away, notwithstanding the best efforts of the three artillerymen. After breaking clear from the limber and gun, the goats finally reached home without even so much as a scrap of harness left upon their backs. But the troops of the brigade did not get off so easily. There was a good, strong fence close at hand, and the infantry could have run and climbed over it, and so been safe. But, unfortunately, the band happened to be several hundred feet nearer the roaring bull than the rest of the boys. Moreover, the brilliant scarlet uniform of Fred Hayden acted like a magnet upon Julius, for bulls become fiercer than ever at the sight of this rich color. Julius tore along, with horns to the ground, ready to toss and gore his victims, while the whole brigade set up a warning shout for the benefit of Arthur and Fred.

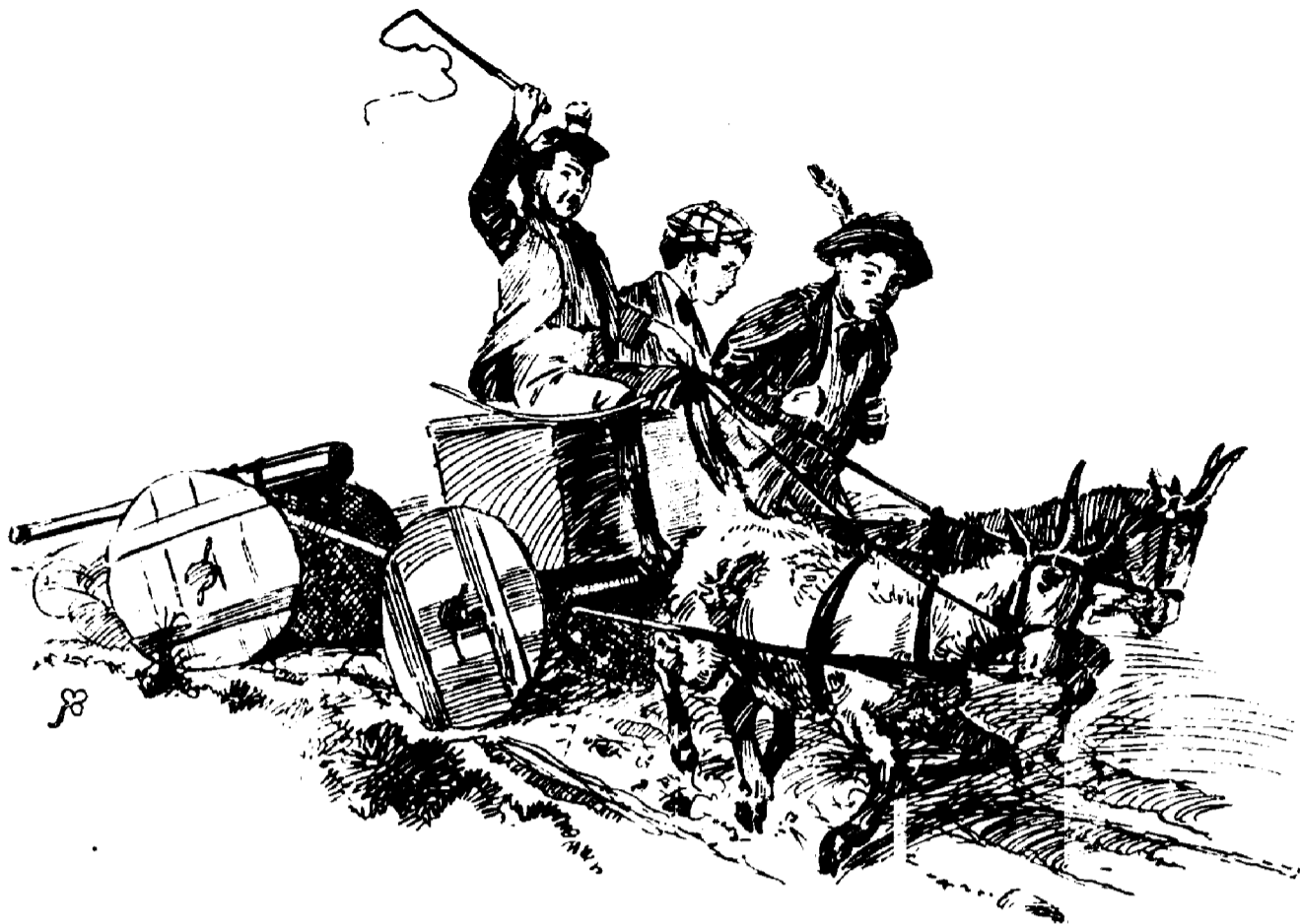
The latter was nimble of foot and ran like a very deer towards his companions. But Arthur was so little that he could not get over the ground very fast at his best, and the drum slung on his shoulder still further impeded his progress. But, worst of all, was the big sash. He had scarcely well started before it tripped him up and he fell full length upon the ground. He managed to scramble to his feet again, but the angry bull was almost upon him.

"First and Second regiments, charge!" called Gen. Harry, waving his toy sword aloft and gallantly leading his men.

All honor to Harry's brigade! There was not a single laggard!

Forming line as they ran and shouting at the top of their lungs, the little heroes flew to the succor of their comrade.

Julius, the bull, did not know just what to make of



THE GUN AND LIMBER.

this bold advance. He slackened his pace, pawed the ground viciously, and seemed undetermined about continuing his course. Profiting by this delay, the young soldiers reached little Arthur.

"Form square and prepare to receive cavalry!" shouted Gen. Harry.

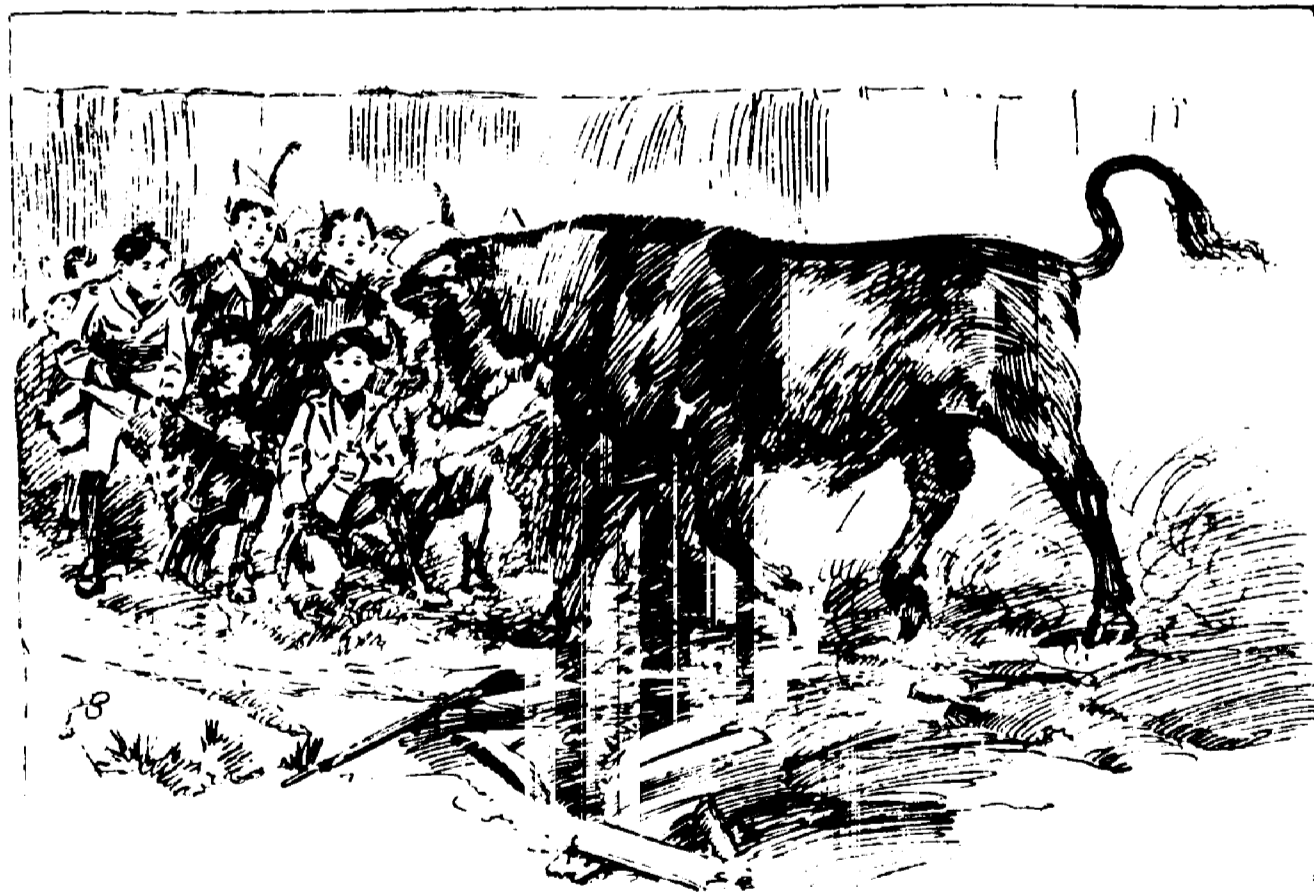
Hastily fixing wooden bayonets in the muzzles of their air guns, the little command formed up, with the small drummer in their midst, the front ranks kneeling with pieces braced upon the sod, the rear rank men and officers holding their guns and swords at the charge.

At sight of this bristling array of defensive weapons the alarmed bull grew still more cautious. He con-

tinued to bellow savagely and to gallop around and around the small square, evidently seeking for some weak point at which to attack. But the soldiers of Harry's brigade stood shoulder to shoulder and back to back, and the efforts of Master Julius were all fruitless.

Slowly and steadily, the little phalanx retreated. Step by step they went, followed sullenly and persistently by the infuriated bull. But at length the stout fence was reached, and one by one the boys scrambled over it, until all were safe.

Then they gave three cheers for Gen. Harry. And little Arthur Morrison and the General gave three cheers for the brigade. And they marched back home.



"FORM SQUARE AND PREPARE TO RECEIVE CAVALRY!"

We Send a Boy Reporter to the Paris Exposition.

Every boy who reads THE AMERICAN BOY will be able to see the great Paris Exposition that opens in April through the eyes of a boy. We have employed an American boy reporter to visit the Paris Exposition and report for us what he sees. This will be much better than having it told to us by men. Boys are interested in things that men overlook. Boys see things that men do not.

Now if there is anything about the great Exposition that any of our readers desire particularly to know about, our boy reporter will tell about it. It is not at all unlikely that, after making an extended visit to the Exposition, our boy reporter will visit other parts of the old world and tell his story every month in these pages. We are sure that the boys who read this paper will appreciate our efforts in their behalf.

PATRICK BOGAN CASH

MISSING AT MURFREESBORO.

The fifth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes."

By ANNIE ROBINSON WATSON.

It is very hard for the boys and girls of to-day to realize that only a short time ago, between thirty and forty years, a bitter war was raging over the fair southern states of the Union.

They have felt something of the enthusiasm and excitement caused by the Cuban war, when brave American soldiers enlisted under the "Stars and Stripes" to fight for the cause espoused by their country. But this does not make it possible for them to picture the sadness and agitation of those days when in the Civil war brothers went out from the same fireside to fight against each other; when men of the same blood, but living in different parts of the country, north and south, met on the green fields of Kentucky, Virginia and their sister states, and fought the bloodiest battles the world has ever seen.

No soldier known to history has excelled the American in daring and endurance, and on the hard-fought fields of the Civil war were heroes on both sides, of which the Nation is justly proud.

Some of these heroes were only boys, and in the varied scenes of life, whether in action or in camp, they were so earnest and faithful in the discharge of duty, so loyal to the banner under which they fought, that surely a memorial should be erected to the boy heroes of the conflict. If this is not done, at least they should be kept in loving memory by the youth of the land.

To one of these boy soldiers this sketch relates, Patrick Bogan Cash. He was only 16 years old, a fair haired, blue eyed stripling, descended from the best of Virginia's patriots who fought and bled in the struggles of the Revolution. The Spotswood, Dandridge, and other historic lines met in his blood, and he was courageous as a young lion, but tender-hearted as a woman.

He volunteered in the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment, Confederate, and went into service, as did many of the southern boys, with his old negro body servant to watch over and wait on him. Ephraim was glad to go with his young master, and felt that no other duty in life was so important as serving him.

The time came for their departure, and the family circle gathered about the gate, which led from the beautiful grounds out to the far fields where cannon shot and shell were bringing death and destruction to thousands. The horses were pawing impatiently, and a deep silence fell for a moment upon the little group.

"Mother," said Patrick, turning back for a last farewell, "I will never surrender, and I will never be taken alive!"

She threw her arms around the boy and kissed him passionately, then, as the old servant bowed low and murmured "Good-bye, Mistis, good-bye," she said brokenly, "Ephraim, remember—remember—do not come home without your young master; dead or alive you must bring him back."

"Yes, Mistis," Ephraim replied solemnly, "de Laud heppin me, I will."

It was not long before the Thirteenth Tennessee was on the bloody field of Belmont. The shot and shell flew fast and with deadly aim, and here and there hand to hand encounters ended many a noble life. Our young soldier was fighting with a detached squad of men and suddenly saw a Federal officer dashing toward him.

The officer, as he approached, lifted his sword and called quickly, "Surrender! boy, surrender!"

"Surrender yourself!" answered the young Southerner, as he leveled two revolvers.

"Surrender!" again cried the officer, leaning forward with a wave of his sword, but on the moment two shots from the pistols cut the air.

The aim was true, and with a momentary shudder, the officer fell from the saddle pierced by both balls, dead, his sword bathed in his own blood. His eyes seemed even in death to be fixed upon the face of the boy, and the two were so near, the encounter so sudden, that the young fellow dropped upon his knees, crying out in bitter agony, "Oh I didn't want to kill you, I didn't want to do it, but you wouldn't surrender. Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry!" and he bent over the prostrate form in a flood of passionate tears.

This, then, was war. He had killed a human being, one who had never harmed him, nor done him wrong. It was his first actual experience of the "horrors of war."

Suddenly a part of his command surged by, and one of his friends stopped and knelt at his side. "What are you doing?" cried his comrade, "what is the matter, wounded?"

"Oh, no, but see what I have done; this fine fellow is dead, but I had to do it, he would not surrender!"

A pitying smile passed over the face of the veteran. "Come on! Come on!" he cried, fastening to his side the sword of the Federal officer, which was still red with blood. "Come on; there's no time to wait here!"

A week or two later the mother of the boy received

by a messenger a package. It contained a beautiful sword, and on the hilt was fastened a slip of paper with this inscription:

" 'Twas on that dread immortal day
I met the Federal band;
A colonel drew his sword on me,
I tore it from his hand."

It was the sword of the young Federal officer, who had been killed by her boy. It had been sent her by a captain in the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment.

Weeks passed by, the fight of Murfreesboro was on and this regiment was hotly engaged. The fortunes of the South hung in the balance, and the line of fight was wavering, when Lieutenant Rolof Duke sprang forward, rallying the men. Just at his side was our young soldier crying, "Come on, boys! come on!"

Ephraim was not far away. He saw his young master disappear in the smoke and confusion, and heard his clear, ringing voice calling to his comrades, "Come on! Come on!"

At home news was received of this battle with the information that many were wounded, many killed, and some missing. Days passed and the mother waited and waited for news of her boy, but it did not come.

One evening she stood in the twilight on the broad gallery looking into the shadows, listening, watching, waiting. Surely she must hear from him soon, some word or token must come, she thought.

A mysterious feeling crept over her; the feeling of an unseen presence, yet there had been no sound save the birds stirring in the vines that quivered near by, and no one was in sight. But thrilling with apprehensive dread she waited, and suddenly a low, half-stifled sob reached her ear. Turning, just behind her, kneeling on the floor, she saw dimly a figure rocking to and fro. It was old Ephraim, his face hidden in his hands between which the tears fell slowly.

A moment there was silence, then she cried hoarsely, "Ephraim! Ephraim! Your young master! where is he?"

"De Laud only knows, Mistis, I done look fur him

ev'ry whar; he ain' 'mong de dade an' he ain' 'mong de livin'. I done spen' all dese days sence de fight a sarchin' fur him, but he done gone—gone. De Laud hab mercy on us! de Laud hab mercy!"

Then a long, low wail rent the air. The mother and the faithful old servant together mourning the loved one they would never see again until the last great day.

"Among the missing at Murfreesboro," that was all they ever knew. He had said he would never surrender, never be taken alive.

A little later, through the influence of Northern friends, every prison where Confederate soldiers were confined was searched. She thought he might have been captured and imprisoned. The poor mother could not believe him dead, her dear, her beautiful boy, the brave, tender-hearted young soldier, but he was never found.

The mother has long ago gone to join him in the land of unbroken peace, but the sword sent her from the battle field of Belmont is kept as a sacred relic by those who are left of the old family circle!

THE BOY TRAVELER.

ANNOUNCEMENT—We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured a series of articles from Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he will describe his adventures as a 16-year-old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1896 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$3.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as a pantry-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England, where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the Lord Mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It will give American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teach them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success in life.—The Editor.

CHAPTER I.

Our house at home was surrounded by a large yard that extended back to the railroad which ran from our little town to the great city to the north. It was very fortunate for me that we did have a big back-yard, for otherwise I might have had less money with which



ON THE ROAD.

to buy my clothing and school-books. As it was, the yard was an excellent garden-spot, and during the spring of 1896 I was very busy raising lettuce and radishes and other "green stuff" to sell to the neighbors. This was the fourth season I had spent in gardening. I began selling vegetables when I was ten years old, and now I had quite a number of customers among the townspeople. Every morning before school I started out with my basket, and when I returned home at eight o'clock I nearly always had thirty or forty

cents in my pocket for my morning's work. I always made enough in this way to pay for my new spring suit, and to buy what books I needed at school. Then I had money enough left to lay up a few dollars in the bank and to go to the circus and the dog and pony show when they came to town.

In the winter, when there were no vegetables to sell, mother helped me to make mince-meat, and I sold that instead. We had some horse-radish in the garden, too, and I grated that in the winter and sold it at ten cents a teacup full. So it was that all the year round I managed to have something to sell to my customers.

In 1894 there had been established in our town a "Free Public Library." This institution soon became exceedingly popular, and from one small room its quarters were soon enlarged to two larger rooms. More and more cards were issued every week and it

kept the librarian very busy indeed trying to serve the townspeople with reading matter. Saturday was the very hardest day in all the week for the librarian, so the library board generously agreed to allow her an assistant for that day. It was decided that this assistant should be paid twenty-five cents for each Saturday, and when I heard this I determined to try to secure the position. To be sure, twenty-five cents was not a large sum of money, but I didn't have anything in particular to do Saturday afternoons, so I wanted the place. I knew that in a public library I would be sure to learn a great deal about books that I had never known before, and the librarian was an educated woman, who could help me in many ways. This was in reality the chief reason why I desired the place.

When I made the application the library board, after some delay, decided that I would do. I was only twelve years old, but this fact did not seem to stand in the way. The board probably realized that it would not be easy to find an older person who would work for twenty-five cents. My work at the library was decidedly interesting. I certainly had no room to complain that I hadn't enough to do. I kept the books straight upon the shelves, arranged the latest books upon the counter, and did all I could to aid the people in their selection of reading matter. It took me some time to learn the names of all the books, and I made some ludicrous mistakes before I did learn, but after a time I became very efficient in helping our patrons select their books.

I began work at nine o'clock on Saturday mornings and worked until twelve. In the afternoon I began at two and worked until six. In the evening I was there from seven until nine. I was busy every minute of the time. If there was no one to be waited upon, there was always a pile of returned books to be placed upon the shelves, and the librarian was never at a loss to find work for me to do. Every Saturday night I went home with twenty-five cents in my pocket and something that I had learned during the day.

After I had been Saturday assistant in the library for a time, the old colored man who acted as janitor died, and it was suggested that I take his place. I would receive as janitor the munificent sum of two dollars a month, and this, added to my weekly wage of twenty-five cents as assistant, would raise my monthly receipts from the library to three dollars.

I accepted the new position without much thought of the work I would have to do. I had no idea what my work would be, but I was not left long in ignorance. The rooms were open on three days of each week and it was my duty to have them in "apple-pie order" on those days. One room had a Brussels carpet on the floor, and this had to be swept every-other day. The other room had a bare, wooden floor, and this I kept carefully scrubbed, and as clean as possible at all times. The windows were usually dirty, according to the librarian, but I labored faithfully to keep them clean. Then there were the fires to be made in winter. The library was on the second floor of the building, and I had to carry fuel up a long flight of steps. But this was not the worst thing about the position. For many months I scrubbed the flight of steps at the front of the building, though it was not the place of the library to have this done. The stairs were dirtied by members of the lodge which met on the third floor, but the librarian insisted that I keep them clean. I did this for a long time, but finally rebelled. "I won't do that any longer," I said one day. "Very well," answered the librarian, "you can give me your keys."

I gave them over, and thought I was out of the library forever. Mother was persuaded to have me return, but when I went back I didn't have the stairs to scrub.

All the time that I was acting as janitor and assist-

ant in the library, I continued my vegetable and mince-meat business. I was going to school at the same time, studying hard in the difficult eighth grade. But, strange to say, I got along better at school while working hard outside than I ever did before. I seemed to have an increased capacity for study, and rather enjoyed being kept so busy. I didn't have even my noon hour to myself, for then I had to go to the library and start the fires, so that the rooms would be comfortable when opened at two o'clock. The early morning, as I said, was spent in making the rounds of my customers. Every afternoon when school was out there was something to take me to the library. My evenings were for the most part spent in study.

The summer was the happiest time at home. I managed then to have more time to play, and we boys in



Harry Steele Morrison

THE BOY TRAVELER.

our neighborhood managed always to have good times. When a circus came to town it was almost certain to unload behind our house, and I could always find some way to work for admission to the "greatest show on earth." Sometimes I carried water for the elephants, and sometimes I passed bills. Then occasionally some of the showmen would want errands run to the laundry or the drug store, and in payment for these errands I always received tickets. It was seldom indeed that I paid to go in.

The most fun of all during the summer, to me, was the fun of camping out for a day or two at a time. There was a very small stream of water about five miles from town, and many a day two or three of us boys in the neighborhood would tramp out there to play at camping. To be sure there wasn't always water in the bed of the stream, but there was always trees about, and we could imagine that we were in some unexplored wilderness. We always brought with us a few cooking utensils and after we had built a fire we cooked our meals. We didn't have a varied bill of fare. Eggs and fried potatoes were all we usually attempted to cook, and I ate so much of them through the summer that I finally sickened of them and couldn't eat any for a long time. When we remained out over night, which wasn't often, we stretched ourselves in blankets and slept on beds of twigs and leaves.

My experiences in walking to the creek and camping out were to be of great value to me later on when

I lived alone in a great city and when I went through Europe afoot. But at this time I had no idea of ever going abroad, or even of working in the city.

In the fall of the year there was always the fair at our county seat, twelve miles away, and I always attended that. The last time I went I came home ignominiously in a cattle car. I had gone over with enough money to pay all my necessary expenses, but became infatuated with the chances for making money in a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and lost all I had. This was my first and last lesson in gambling. The impression left upon my mind by this experience is still quite vivid. When the last train left for our town I had no money with which to pay my fare, and after a great deal of hesitancy I decided that the only thing to do was to return in one of the stock cars. I met some tramps, who assured me it would be an easy thing to do, so I crawled in. The tramps were shrewd enough to hide themselves under the roof, and I remained in the lower car. After the train had gone a few miles the brakeman entered, and I was almost overcome with fright. It was dark, and he didn't see me at first, but after a minute his lantern shone full upon my scared white face, and he came over and shook me roughly. I could have cried out, but I kept quiet and waited for him to speak. "Thought you'd steal a ride, did you?" he demanded. "Well, I've a notion to kick you off right here." I spoke up now, and told him tremblingly that I had no money to pay my fare or I would have done so. He seemed to believe me, and finally went off. Then one of the tramps called down from his hiding place, "Good boy, you are fer not squealin' on us. You're all right, see?" I was relieved when the train entered the outskirts of our town, and when I was safely on the ground I made up my mind that I had stolen my last ride.

But in spite of numerous adventures, life in our little town soon became insufferably dull to me. I was beginning now to feel discontented with all my surroundings. It was monotonous to be always cleaning the library and always peddling things among the neighbors. I had done this long enough. It was time I was doing something new.

Many a time I stood at the back fence and watched the trains speed by toward the great city, and I wished with all my heart that I was aboard one of them. I felt sure that I would be very happy if I was only working in the city. There would be so much to see there, and so much that I could learn. And I would

be sure to make great progress, once there. While working in the public library I had read a great many books for boys, and in many of these books boys had left their homes in small towns and gone to large cities. And—a very remarkable fact—all of these boys in the books, had become rapidly rich and famous as soon as they reached the city. I didn't expect that I would become rich and famous as rapidly as these boys, but I did think I would make more rapid progress than I had made at home.



HOME OF THE BOY TRAVELER.

This idea of going to the city was more in my mind every day as time went on. I thought of going as I worked in the garden, and I thought of it as I swept out the library. I found my mind wandering continually to the great city streets, with their tall buildings and crowded sidewalks. I could even imagine myself seated in an office in one of those great sky-scrapers, working for some elderly man with gray whiskers, who took an interest in boys. I hadn't decided yet what I would like to do in case I went, but I read the "ad" columns very carefully in the morning papers, and noticed that a great many boys were wanted to fill positions of various kinds. The only thing that worried me was the fact that most employers were offering only three and three and a half dollars a week to boys, and I doubted if I could live upon so small

a sum in so large a city. I was willing to try it, however.

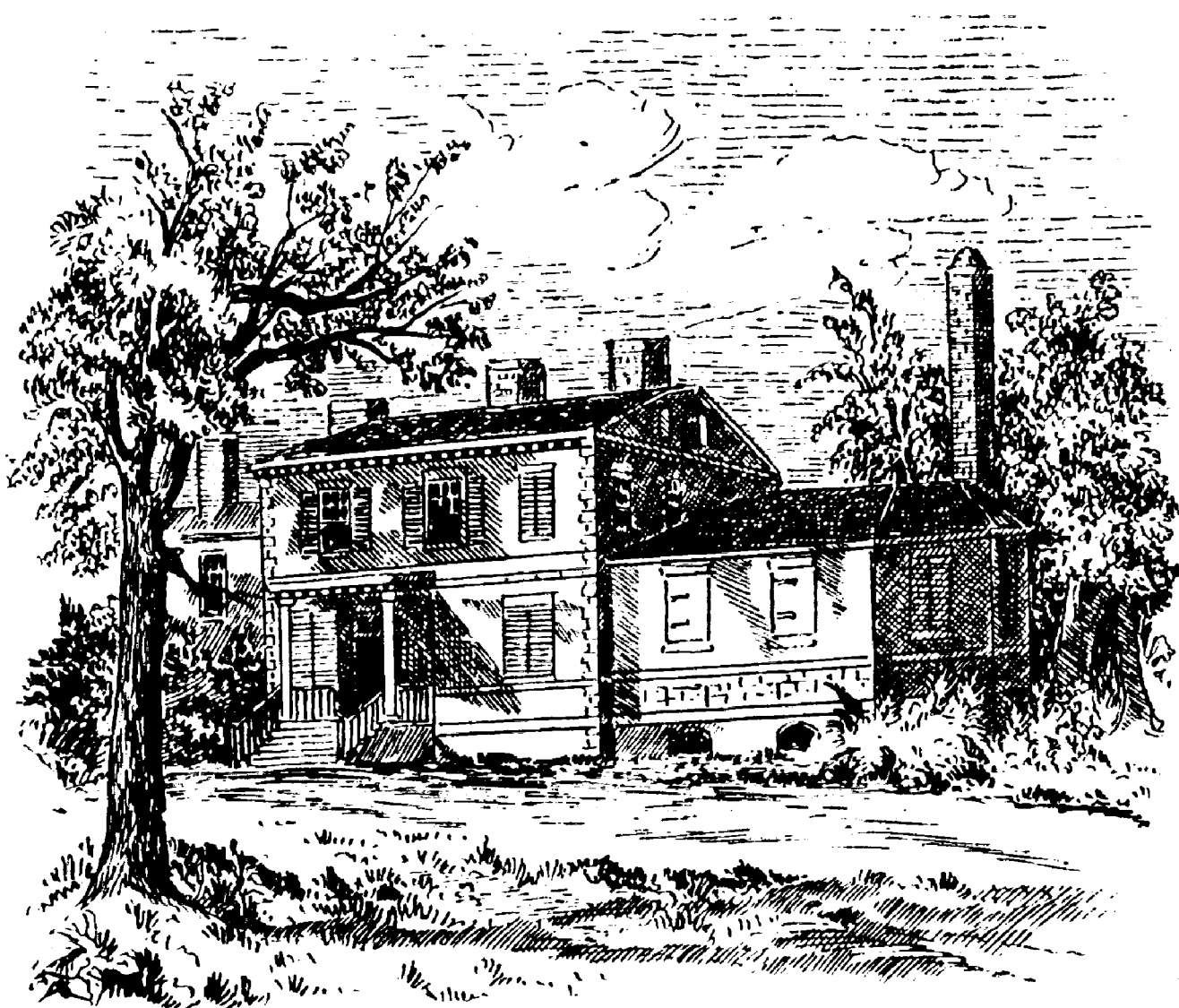
Finally I made bold to mention the plan to mother. She laughed at me in the beginning, as did all my friends. "You must be crazy," she said. "There are a plenty boys born and raised in the city, and who can't get work, without you going up there." And so the subject was dropped for that time. But I didn't cease thinking about it, and finally mother became so tired of hearing me ask for her consent that she said I might go. "But I will expect you back in a week," she said, and this was the general expectation in the neighborhood. Everyone understood that I was allowed to go simply to satisfy my longing, and it was generally taken for granted that I wouldn't be able to get work.

Now that it was decided I was to make the effort, my days were filled with happiness. There was so much now to look forward to, and so many plans to make. I was determined to go the very next day after school closed, for I needed no delay. I had saved fifteen dollars from my vegetable money, and this was enough to pay my expenses for a time.

At night I wasn't so anxious to go. When I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep, and realized that in a few days I would be in the great city alone, I felt less ambitious to make the attempt. But my fear disappeared with the morning, and my determination returned. There were but few preparations to make. I gathered together my few belongings and packed them in a cardboard box. I decided to take with me a few cooking utensils, some of the same we boys had used when camping out. I planned to do light house-keeping in the city, and to this end carried with me a small coffeepot, a stew pan and a skillet. With these and an alcohol lamp, I thought I could get along, and I little thought that before returning home these things would travel over Europe.

At last came the great, eventful day on which I was to leave home. I was up very early in the morning, and soon everything was ready and I started for the train. None of us were very tearful. I was delighted to be at last leaving for the city, and the others thought I would certainly return in a week or two. It would have been a more unhappy time all-around, no doubt, if we had but known that I would travel many thousands of miles, and over two continents, before returning home again.

(To be Continued.)



LIBERTY HALL, ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J.

"LIBERTY HALL."

Near Elizabethtown, in New Jersey, stood during the Revolution—and, I believe, still stands—the elegant mansion known as "Liberty Hall," the seat of William Livingston, one of the most effective of the "war governors" of the struggle for freedom.

William Livingston was a descendant of that famous

*The second of a series "Notable American Houses," by W. J. Roe.

family whose progenitor in this country was Robert, first "Lord of the Manor of Livingston" on the Hudson river. A patriot to the heart, William left New York and took up his residence in New Jersey, from which state he was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress.

In 1776 the people, thoroughly weary of Tory rule, tenderly escorted the insincere son of their beloved Benjamin Franklin across their borders into Connecticut, and elected Livingston chief magistrate in his

stead—an office which he continued to hold, term after term, until his death.

Livingston made himself so extremely active in the cause of the colonists as to greatly excite the anger of the British, who made not a few attempts to seize his person, none of which, however, were successful. It is even said that Sir Henry Clinton set a price upon his head, though this tradition wholly lacks confirmation. Livingston himself, who was not only a patriot, but a thorough going partisan, believed, or professed to believe it, and wrote a stinging letter to Clinton charging him with the perfidy. Clinton returned a prompt answer in which he said that even if he had contemplated so foul a crime as assassination, it would not have been to attain so trifling an object as the life of the governor.

Probably this passed in New York for the severest of satire and the most delicate wit, while it doubtless had the effect to make Livingston detest Great Britain and all her works more than ever.

Livingston's life is an example of a thorough partisan and an incorruptible man, worthy to be attentively studied, when so much that is political is depraved.

JOHNNY SLEEPY-HEAD.

They call me Johnny Sleepy-Head.
The reason why, I think,
Is 'cause I like to lie in bed
For "just another wink."

My father makes the fire below,
And calls, "Come, Johnny;" then
I say, "Y-e-e-s, sir"—and first I know
I'm fast asleep again.

Then mother calls, "Come, Johnny dear,"
So very soft and kind,
It almost seems that I don't hear,—
At any rate don't mind.

Then father calls "John Thomas!"
In a tone that makes me quake;
I pull my pants on wrong side up,
Before I am awake.

HOW TOMMY FELT.

It was my boy's sixth birthday,
And how proud he was, the lad,
Of his pair of tiny breeches,
Quite the first he'd ever had!

And when he knelt before me
To say his evening prayer,
I gave him six big kisses
And I stroked his dear soft hair.

"Oh, tell me, Tommy darling,"
Low I whispered in his ear,
"Do tell me, are you happy
That you're now a man, my dear?"

The boy looked straight up at me
As he tightly clutched my skirts.
"Oh, mother," Tommy answered,
"I'm so happy, it—it hurts!"

—Harper's Bazar.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING.



Arthur J. Griffith
5 to lightning calculator.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH'S REMARKABLE FEATS OF MEMORY AND CALCULATION.

Millford, Ind., is the birthplace and home of Arthur Griffith, a boy of nineteen, who has the right to call himself the "lightning calculator." Items of interest regarding him have been published from time to time within the last few months in the daily and weekly press of the country, some of the New York papers giving extended descriptions of the Indiana prodigy and his work.

In the January number of THE AMERICAN BOY we said a word or two about this remarkable boy. He is worthy of more extended notice. The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has some letters from the young man. In one of which he says:

"My home is at Millford, Ind. I early discovered for myself six methods for addition, fifty for multiplication, and six for division. I know the multiplication table up to 130. I can multiply in my head any numbers anybody gives me. I can run down three columns in addition at once. Am now staying at the Indiana University at Bloomington, Ind. I will get all this arithmetic copyrighted in my name and sell all of it that I can, so that I can go to some large business house and get a position. When I see a freight train go out that has not more than twenty cars on it I can hold all the numbers on all the cars after it has gone. I have been with many professors of high schools and not one of them carries so much arithmetic in his head as I do in mine."

Dr. Lindley, the head of the department of psychology in the Indiana University, investigated the marvelous feats of memory and calculation exhibited by this boy. He told his classes afterward that the boy's powers are far beyond those of anyone on record, notwithstanding the fact that the boy had attended school only up to the eighth grade. Dr. Lindley certifies to the fact that the boy knows the multiplication table up to 130, has a knowledge of the squares up to 130 and the cubes to 100. He knows the fourth powers up to twenty, and can multiply to five place numbers in six seconds. "His particular skill," says Dr. Lindley, "is in finding short methods. He can repeat in their order any number of figures read to him up to twenty, and can correctly multiply any two amounts each consisting of seven figures in eight seconds. He can mentally abstract the cube root of any number in ten seconds."

The boy is the oldest of a family of six children. His father is a stone mason in moderate circumstances. Those who have searched have been unable to discover any record of physical or mental peculiarity or defect in his ancestry. As soon as he was able to talk the boy began to count. Before his fifth year he was able to keep a record of the number of grains of corn he fed the chickens. The total for three summers, according to his childish count, was 42,173 grains. He says he could remember weeks afterward how many grains he fed the chickens on a given day. When seven years old, after a severe illness, he became epileptic. Partly because of this misfortune he did not enter school until his tenth year. At school he has made a fair record in general and his record in mathematics has been simply marvelous. When about twelve years old he began to develop methods of rapid calculation. While his memory is remarkable, it does not compare with that of other rapid calculators that might be named. In rapidity of calculation he ranks among the most rapid. His rapidity, it is said, is due not to his single processes, but to his short cuts. He is an inventor. He is a discoverer of methods, remembers his methods well and is able to describe them. Professor Bryan, of the University of Indiana, says: "The secret of his speed in figures

lies in his doing fewer things than other people have to do in order to obtain results. There have been many mathematical freaks, but none like Arthur Griffith, who knows why he does a thing and can tell you how and when he got his methods. To show his method, take this example: 1161 multiplied by 963 by the old method requires twenty-seven mental operations; Arthur does this in two mental operations. 384 multiplied by 421 requires by the old method twenty-one mental operations; Arthur gets his result in two mental operations. To get the third power of 995 requires sixty-nine operations by the old method; Arthur does this in six. To get the fifth power of 991 requires 356 mental operations; Arthur gets the result in thirteen." Professor Bryan says that if he can make the next scientific step to algebra he will be a new man, and the most wonderful prodigy of his type on record.

The professors are anxious to get suggestions in regard to the best method of employing and developing this boy's talents. They want him to write a book and describe the methods of rapid calculation which he has worked out. They are trying to discover whether the things he does have ever been done by others. Without ever having heard of algebra, he has discovered the binomial theorem and applied it to arithmetic. If he can grasp algebra, there will be no limit to his powers. The boy himself says that it is his habit to always note the numbers on everything that he sees, as freight cars, numbers on delivery wagons, telephone numbers, etc. While riding with Dr. Lindley on a train he saw on a car on a passing train the number 58,283. On still another car he saw the number 31,423. He multiplied these two numbers together while they were passing the train, giving as the result 1,831,426,709. He says he can never remember dates in history, while he can locate every town in the state and draw a map of the state from memory, accurately locating all its points. The boy is ambitious to get an education and do something in the world.



C. H. CAHOON, ALTERNATE. F. L. HEWITT.
T. F. COONEY. M. H. SULLIVAN

BOSTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL BOYS BEAT THE HARVARD WRANGLERS IN DEBATE.

In January a joint debate on the Boer question was held between the Boston University School of Law and the Junior Wranglers of Harvard University. The debate was not an intercollegiate one, in the sense of being arranged by the two universities. The challenge for the debate was issued by the Junior Wranglers of Harvard to the William E. Russell Class of the Boston University Law School. The Harvard men supported the proposition that the claims of Great Britain in the present controversy with the South African Republic are justifiable. The Boston University men fought for the Boers, on the ground of treaty rights, based on international law. Both sides showed careful preparation.

The presiding officer was Hon. Josiah H. Benson, Jr. The judges were: President Elmer H. Capen, of Tufts; ex-Governor John Q. A. Brackett, and Assistant Attorney-General Franklin T. Hammond.

The Harvard speakers were Henry P. Chandler, of Indian Orchard, Mass.; Waddill Catching, Louisville,

Ky., and Walter S. Heilborn, Boston. The B. U. men were T. F. Cooney, of Providence; M. H. Sullivan, of Boston, and Fred L. Hewitt, of Wollaston, all of the senior class in the law school.

Each speaker was allowed twelve minutes in his opening speech and five for rebuttal, and was very promptly notified by the chairman at the expiration of his time.

The judges announced a unanimous vote in favor of the negative.

RECEIVED THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST BIOGRAPHY.



The Shelby County Leader, Shelbyville, Ill., offered a money prize for the best biographical sketch sent in by a boy or girl residing in Shelby County. The prize was won by Claude Burgener, of Pleak, Ill., fifteen years old.

A BOY MINE HERO.

A few weeks ago the lowest levels of the No. 1 shaft in the Isle Royale Mines were flooded by water from an abandoned shaft in the Old Isle Royale Mine, which was broken into by a blast in the seventh level of the No. 1 shaft. At the first warning all but three men in the mines escaped. John Schulte, a boy of sixteen, at the risk of his life slid down the ladders and notified those who were working at the bottom of the shaft, and all escaped uninjured.

A LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY WHO PAINTS.

The youngest pupil ever admitted to the School for Crippled and Deformed Children in Boston is Joseph Crowley, now a nine-year-old boy, but at the time of his entrance in the school, five years old. The little fellow's sufferings have been almost constant since he first began to walk, when by a fall he received an injury to his spine. One is filled with wonder at the marvelous patience, even cheerfulness, with which the little fellow endures his troubles. He has developed extraordinary skill in penciling and painting. His work in this direction serves to divert his thoughts from his physical condition. He is a great reader, and the books that he receives from kind friends have enabled him to bear up like a veritable hero. Some time ago, one of his friends, who was about to travel in Southern Europe and the far East, gave to him a book descriptive of those regions. The gift was made that the little fellow might mentally pursue the distant journey with the giver of the book. His friend writes him letters from abroad, and these, together with the book, make him well acquainted with distant lands; so while the little invalid's body has been growing feebler, his mind has been strengthened and invigorated.

CALDWELL'S FLAG BILL WAS SUGGESTED BY A LITTLE BOY IN OHIO.

When John A. Caldwell, ex-mayor of Cincinnati, was a member of Congress, he fathered the bill that later became a law, making it an offense to print advertisements on the national flag or to deface it in any way, says the McKeesport (Pa.) Evening Times.

Behind the passage of the bill is a pretty little story showing how the words that fell from the lisping lips of a patriotic little boy suggested the law.

While Mr. Caldwell was a candidate for Congress and just before his election, a parade of some character was given in the city.

One of the most interested lookers-on that day was Daniel Dehner, son of John Dehner, a United States gauger, who lives in Home City, Ohio.

The little fellow is unusually bright and observant, and from his earliest recollection has been taught by his mamma and papa to revere the name of Uncle Sam and respect the Stars and Stripes.

The day of the parade the boy was looking at the decorations hung out by various business houses, and on some of them he saw the names of different kinds of goods offered for sale. He thought the printed matter marred the beauty of Old Glory, and, turning his face up to his papa, whose thumb he was holding at the time, he exclaimed:

"Papa, don't you think it is wrong to put pictures and letters on the flag of our country? The flag is not near so pretty that way, is it, papa?"

The child's observations, through friends of his father, reached the ears of the future congressman, and one of the first things that Mr. Caldwell did after taking his seat in Congress was to frame a bill making it an offense to convert the flag of the nation into an advertising medium.

A YOUNG TYPOGRAPHER.

Master William Slocum, the seven-year-old son of Fred Slocum, the well-known publisher of the Tuscola County Advertiser, at Caro, Mich., seems to have early developed ability along the typesetting line. He first began by setting up pica borders in em lengths, and for the past year has averaged about a column of leaded brevier each week, being paid therefor at the rate of one-half cent per line, pasting his string and receiving his envelope with the balance of the help on Saturday night. Of course, his working hours were varied with those



for play, the latter being largely in excess of the former. A few weeks ago George E. Miller, the Washington representative of the Detroit News and Tribune, with his wife and two little boys, spent Sunday at the Slocum home. They were about the age of young William, and so on Sunday afternoon he asked for the keys to the printing office to show his young friends "his" office. A couple of hours later the boys came back to the house with about a dozen cards like the one herewith, and careful inquiry developed the fact that young William had, unaided and alone, set up the form, in his 13-em stick, with no suggestion from anyone, justified it, put it on a small jobber and printed the cards for the boys.—Inland Printer.



A SMART CHINESE BOY.

There is a public school for Chinese pupils in San Francisco, Cal. Some persons will be surprised to learn that at the recent examinations this school reached a higher percentage than any other public school having no grade higher than seven. The percentage was 100.



One of its pupils, Wong Bock Yue, attained a higher percentage than any other pupil of any other grade or color in the city. Last month we gave a picture of Robert Dougherty, who received 94 per cent, but Wong Bock Yue received 97. Several of Wong Bock Yue's classmates gained as high a percentage as young Dougherty, who was the highest white boy. The seventh grade of the Chinese School ran from 84 to 97. In the fourth grade (primary) the individual percentage of 99 was attained, while no pupil ran lower than 82. In some of the White grades pupils ran as low as 0, while one entire grade averaged only 16. When we consider that Wong Bock Yue had, approximately, 36,999 competitors, his record is a wonderful one. The presiding teacher of the school is Miss Rose Thayer. She is assisted by five associate teachers. Her pupils number 150.

We have received a letter from the superintendent of schools of San Francisco, reading as follows:

San Francisco, Cal., Nov. 10, 1899.

Mr. W. C. Sprague,
"American Boy,"
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Replying to your favor of the 27th ult: Of the 88 schools in this department, one is devoted to the Chinese, and located adjacent to the Chinese section of the city. In last May-June questions were issued from this office under the direction of the Board of Education for the examination of fourth-ninth grades inclusive, as a basis for promotion and grading. Teachers of the next higher grades were the examiners, the ninth, and highest grammar grades, examined in the High Schools. Pupils' papers and reports were forwarded to this office, and to the astonishment of all, the Chinese pupils seemed to have made a remarkable record; that is, in the percentages of promotion in classes and average of individuals; in grasp of subject, power of expression and excellence of penmanship. This was the more surprising, considering the environment of the children when out of school. The Chinese pupils hear no language but the Chinese at home or about their plays; observe only such scenes as are in the Orient; and more remarkable, generally attend a school conducted in their own language, each day, after their dismissal from the public school. A local editor accounts for this success by the attitude of parents, the Chinese papa and mamma both being ready, he surmises, to assist by disciplinary measures in the preparation of home lessons, and support of teachers, making it a point to keep informed of the progress of their children.

The capacity of Wong Bock Yue could hardly be judged as compared with that of Robert Dougherty, because these boys were in different grades. The first obtained 97 per cent. in the seventh grade, average of five studies, and the latter 94 per cent. in the ninth grade. Again, the first was in a class of much smaller number of pupils. There is much credit due to Miss Rose Thayer and her assistants who manage the Chinese school, as well as to Miss Nellie Sullivan of the Mission Grammar School, who prepared Robert Dougherty to carry off the highest honors

of all the ninth grade pupils. In this department there are about 1,000 teachers, imparting instruction to about 40,000 children.

Very respectfully yours,

R. H. WEBSTER,
Superintendent of Schools.

By L. A. JORDAN,
Asst. Sec'y Board of Education.
(Superintendent's office.)

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY recently heard Rev. Dr. Ashmore, for thirty years a Chinese Missionary in China, say that the Chinese mind was equal, if not superior, to the American. The people of San Francisco have a demonstration of this before their very eyes.

YOUNG INVENTOR GETS \$5,000.

Abraham Allan Hendrickson, twenty years of age, son of John Hendrickson, of St. Albans, Vt., has sold all the patent rights in an exerciser invented by him and known as the "Hendrickson Exerciser" to Dr. E. Read Partridge, of 33 Union Square, Manhattan, for \$5,000. Hendrickson has had his exerciser patented in the United States, and has filed caveats in Great Britain and Germany. As Hendrickson is a minor, his father acted as his guardian in the transaction. Young Hendrickson has several other inventions about to be patented, which, it is said, are very valuable.

JAMES S. MOFFAT, THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN HISTORIAN.

So many histories of the Spanish-American war, good, bad, and indifferent, have been rushed into print during the past year that the topic has ceased to have interest for many people, but an exception will be made, we are sure, in favor of a booklet on the subject now before us, which has the unique distinction of having been written and published by a lad only fourteen years of age, Mr. James Stanley Moffat. Without going into critical details, we may say that some of the histories written by the "grown-ups"



have less actual and intrinsic merit than this little book. In its style, grammatical construction and other literary features it is, in fact, a remarkable and highly creditable production for a mere boy. It is clear, comprehensive and interesting. It is to be noted that this history is Master Moffat's first attempt at authorship. He gathered the facts on which it is based from the newspapers, beginning the work of compilation at the opening of the war. Young Moffat is a native of Florida, and his home is at West Palm Beach, where he holds the honored and responsible position of sole operator in charge of the International Ocean Telegraph Company's office. The fact that he is considered capable of filling such an important post, together with his achievements as a historian, shows that James is a boy of far more than ordinary ability. The world will doubtless hear of him again.

A BOY BUILDS A STEAM ENGINE.

Probably the youngest practical inventor that the world has ever known is Villa Shultz, thirteen years old, who lives on a farm six miles from Hagerstown, Ind. He has invented and made by himself, without any outside assistance, a steam engine which works perfectly. The engine is made of the crudest and roughest materials, which are ill adapted to such a purpose, but, notwithstanding, it is noiseless in movement and very rapid, is perfectly balanced and adjusted, and the parts are fitted together with the utmost accuracy. The boy had practically no tools to work with and the finished engine appears almost remarkable when considered as the production of a mere child with no tools, and only such materials as he could pick up about the barnyard. An expert and experienced mechanic and inventor was amazed at the boy's handiwork, and declared that but few skilled mechanics, if provided with only the tools and material the boy had, could have produced such an engine.

The engine is by no means a simple and useless toy, but is practical and is applied daily to useful purposes. The young inventor has made several machines, all of original design, which he operates with his engine. One of these machines is a bean huller, which hulls beans at a rapid rate.

The cylinder of the engine is composed of lead and pieces of scrap iron. The lead was first molded around a short piece of gas pipe, after which the pipe was removed and the inside of the cylinder shaped to a nicety with a steel scraper, also made by the boy. The steam chest is likewise of lead, and the valve, which is of the sliding pattern, is made of a piece of scrap steel cut and finished with a small file. This valve is operated by connection with a wooden eccentric on the shaft of the fly wheel. The piston heads are disks cut from pieces of an old crosscut saw. The piston rod and wrist are of steel. Every part is fitted perfectly. There is not a particle of packing about the steam chest, cylinder or valves, yet so nicely are the parts fitted together that no steam escapes. The boiler is fully as original as the engine, and very effective. It has steam gauges, whistle and safety valve, which

latter controls the steam pressure exactly. The boiler is built over a specially designed furnace, also constructed by the boy. The connection between the boiler and engine is a small gas pipe, into which the supply valve is fitted.

Villa Shultz' recreation is to work with tools, and he finds pleasure in making something. In making his machines he has worked with infinite patience at stubborn metals with dull files until his energy and genius triumphed over his difficulties. He is the personification of action and enthusiasm, and when not employed on his father's farm is working on his machines.



Harrison I. Drummond

Harrison I. Drummond, of St. Louis, Mo., is one of the solid young men of the country. He is the son of James T. Drummond, the leading spirit in the tobacco industry. He began his studies at Weyman Institute, in Alton, Ill., from which school he went to Yale, where he was graduated with honors in 1890. He at once entered his father's factory, where he spent three years in learning the details of the business. By close application he mounted round after round of the industrial ladder, and in four years was elected vice-president of the Drummond Tobacco Company. Three years later his father died, and he became head of the family. He was at once elected president of the company, and when the Drummond Tobacco Company was sold to the American Tobacco Company, a great syndicate, he was elected its first vice-president, which position he held until June, 1899, when he retired in order to devote himself more closely to his important personal affairs. He is a director in the American Tobacco Company, the Continental Tobacco Company, the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, and the Merchants' Laclede National Bank—the last two of St. Louis. He is the moving spirit in the Drummond Realty & Trust Company, incorporated to keep intact the estate of his father, which amounts to millions of dollars.

HERMAN NEGGESMITH GETS A MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE.

Herman Neggesmith, the thirteen-year-old son of Policeman George J. Neggesmith, of 31 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street, New York, is a hero among his playmates. One Sunday evening in January, President Jones and a committee from the State Volunteer Life Saving Corps presented the boy with a silver medal and a set of resolutions commending in high terms his rescue of Phillip Schaefer, a thirteen-year-old companion, from drowning on August 21 last. Young Neggesmith was standing on the Harlem Rowing Club's float watching some boys, among whom was Schaefer, who were swimming. Suddenly Schaefer was seized with cramp, and sank. His companions swam in terror toward the shore. Neggesmith plunged in, fully dressed as he was, and began diving for Schaefer, who had gone down. He found the boy on his second dive and brought him to the surface, and swam, unaided, to the float with his burden.

Neggesmith is called the champion boy swimmer of the Harlem river. He has saved three of his companions from drowning in the last three years and is said to be the youngest person ever awarded a medal by the Life Savings Corps.

JOSEPH MOSHEIN—A LITTLE LIFE SAVER.

Another instance of boy heroism is that of the saving from drowning on the evening of January 29, at Pottstown, Pa., of Walter, the nineteen-year-old son of George Whitman, of that city. He was skating with a number of companions when the ice gave way and the lad sank into deep water. His companions were greatly frightened and all ran away except Joseph Moshein, a lad of seven years, who bravely pushed his little sled within the drowning boy's reach just as he was about to go down for the third time.

Walter grasped it for dear life, while little Joe, at full length upon the creaking ice, held on to the other end, and in this manner kept the drowning boy's head above the water until men came with planks and ropes, and dragged him out of danger.

THE WORLD THRO' A BOY'S EYES.

THE POPULATION IN JUNE, 1900.

Government Actuary J. S. McCoy and Dr. H. S. Pitchard, superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey, have made estimates as to the population of this country in June, 1900. The two gentlemen are not far apart in their estimates. The former predicts a population of 77,766,000; the latter, 77,472,000. If the population of this country increases during the next century as rapidly as it has during this, we shall have a population in the year 2000 of over 385,000,000.

A BIG AUTOMOBILE.

Men in Cleveland are building an automobile 22½ feet long, which resembles an ordinary street car. It has a seating capacity of thirty persons, and is equipped with a 30-horse power gasoline engine. It is said it will consume but five gallons of gasoline in ten hours, and that it will run at any required rate of speed. The advantage of the new invention is that it requires no special track and can run where an ordinary vehicle can run. It may revolutionize the present system of street transportation.

OUR CHANCES IN EAST ASIA.

The United States of America has before it great opportunities in East Asiatic countries. Commerce and industry in those countries are still in their infancy, and yet their foreign trade in 1897 represented the enormous value of over six hundred million dollars. There are about four hundred million persons living in East Asia. The population and commerce of Japan alone exceed those of the whole of South America. No market of the far east should be neglected; the entire field should be exploited from Siberia to Siam with the same energy that is displayed in this country, but with ways and means suited to Asiatic characteristics and conditions.

MATCHES.

It is estimated that we use annually in the United States over 90,000,000,000 matches. These indispensable little articles were first used in this country less than 70 years ago. At that time a box containing 25 was sold for 25 cents, or one cent each. Today we buy a thousand for five cents. The industry is controlled by a gigantic trust, the only competition coming from Japan, which, strange to say, is exporting many matches to this country. The trust holds its control through a monopoly of the patents on the machines for making matches. A new machine has been invented, however, which will reduce the cost one-half. The inventor assures the public that he proposes to keep control of these machines and lease them to independent factories not controlled by the trust. It is to be hoped he will adhere to his good intention.

OUR NEW PEOPLE.

The total arrivals in this country, as shown by the report of the Immigration Bureau, during the year ending June 30, 1899, were 311,715, an increase over the preceding year of 36 per cent. Through a defect in the law, probably 25,000 persons came who were not listed. Those who came from Canada and Mexico were not included in the statistics. Of the total arrivals, Europe supplied 297,349; Asia, 8,972; Africa, 51; and all other countries 5,343; 195,177 were males and 116,438 were females. There were 43,983 under fourteen years of age; 60,446 could neither read nor write. There were 39,071 who had \$30 or over in their possession, and over four times that many had less than that amount. The total exhibited to the officers was \$5,414,462. A total of 3,798 persons were

refused admission to the country as being paupers, persons likely to become personal charges, contract laborers, diseased persons, convicts, or insane.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Every British soldier covets the Victoria cross, awarded for conspicuous bravery or devotion to country in the presence of the enemy.

The Victoria cross is a small Maltese cross, with a disc in its center bearing the royal crest. Underneath is an escrol bearing the inscription, "For Valour." The cross is hung by a blue ribbon, in case its recipient is in the navy, and by a red ribbon, if in the army. It is always worn on the left breast. The crosses are made from cannon captured at Sebastopol. For each additional act of bravery a clasp may be given, but it is said that not one has yet been conferred. Each wearer of the cross is entitled to a pension of £10 a year, with an additional pension of £5 for each clasp. Four hundred and twenty-five Victoria crosses have been given. Among the officers now fighting in the British army in South Africa, General Buller, General Roberts, General White, and a number of others are wearing the cross.

DENSITY OF POPULATION—A FEW INTERESTING COMPARISONS.

No region in the world offers the large or small farmer better opportunities for a competency than the South.

There are thousands of broad acres there awaiting intelligent development and cultivation. As demonstrating this fact the most recent authentic statistics give the following figures showing the population per square mile in the countries of the world, compared with that of the Southern States:

Germany	237
Bavaria	189
Prussia	223
Baden	285
Saxony	606
Belgium	541
Netherlands	379
Great Britain and Ireland	315
Italy	270
Austria-Hungary	171
France	188
Russian Poland	168
Denmark	148
Greece	88
Turkey in Europe	80
Russia in Europe (except Poland)	52
United States of America	21
The Southern States	9

The area of the German Empire is 211,108 square miles, a little more than one-fourth as great as that of the South. Its population is 49,421,064. If the South were as densely settled it would have more than 190,000,000 people.

Austria-Hungary has an area of 201,591 square miles, and its population is 41,827,700. With the same number of people to the square mile the South would have 169,000,000.

The area of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is 120,973 square miles, and its population is now more than 38,000,000. If the South were as densely settled it would have 256,000,000 inhabitants.

The kingdom of Italy embraces an area of 110,665 square miles, and its population is 29,699,000. If the South had as many people to the square mile its inhabitants would number 219,000,000.

The area of the Netherlands is 12,680 square miles; the population is 4,450,879. If the South were as densely populated it would have 287,000,000 people living within its borders.

Belgium has an area of 11,373 square miles, and its population is 6,030,043. If the South had as many people to the square mile as Belgium its population would be more than 430,000,000.

These figures, however, are likely to be changed during the next decade so far as they relate to the South at least, for the march of emigration is making a wide sweep toward milder climates, and men and women are fleeing from regions of half winter half summer to a more equable zone. They are beginning to discover that it is an immense waste of energy and money to spend so large a proportion of their time in the mere effort to keep warm and comfortable, when they may have that condition for nothing.

THE WORLD'S COMMERCE AND THE UNITED STATES' SHARE OF IT.

From the standpoint of wealth, the United States ranks first among the nations of the world. Great Britain has 75 per cent., France 60 per cent., and Germany 50 per cent. of the wealth of the United States.

In the value of the annual products of its manufacturing industries the United States also ranks first, the value of those of Great Britain being 44 per cent., Germany 35 per cent., and France 30 per cent. of that of the United States.

In commerce, although the wealthiest and also the largest manufacturing nation, the United States ranks third.

The commerce of the world in 1897, including both imports and exports, amounted in value to about \$18,500,000,000; Great Britain had 18.3 per cent., Germany, 10.8 per cent., and the United States 9.7 per cent. of this amount.

As the manufactures of the United States have increased enormously our manufacturers have been compelled to seek outlets for their surplus products. As a result the exports of manufactures have increased 237 per cent. since 1876, while the exports of all other goods have only increased 75 per cent.

The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 gave an impetus to our foreign trade by bringing to the notice of foreign visitors the character of our products. It also had the effect of placing American manufacturers in direct contact with the buyers and sellers in other countries. Aided by other causes, that Exhibition has had the effect of increasing our exports, until, in 1898, we led the world in the amount of the export of articles of domestic production.

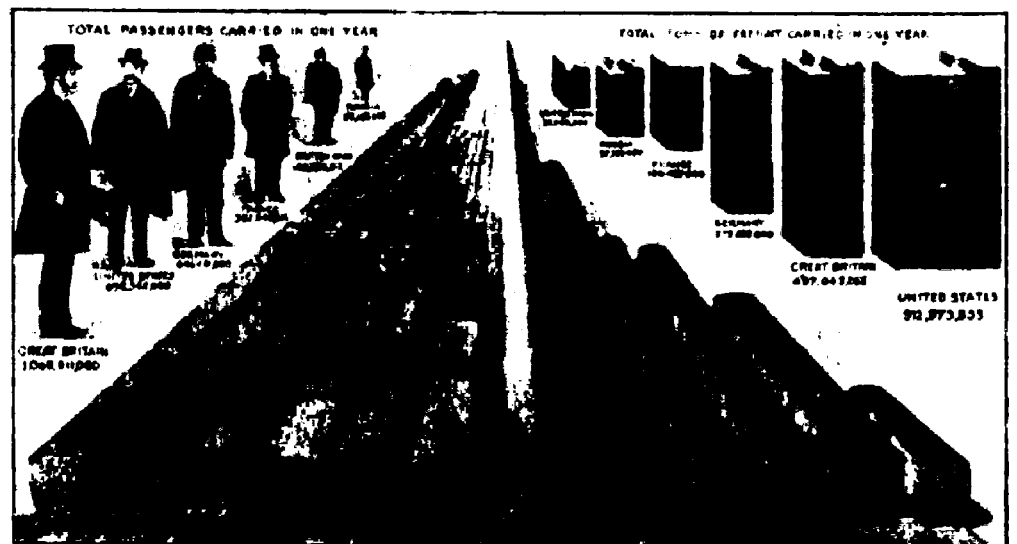
Our trade has been mainly along what might be called the line of least resistance—that is, with nations using the English language. During the last year, English-speaking countries purchased more than one-half of all our exports.

The Philadelphia Commercial Museum is endeavoring to increase the foreign trade of the United States and secure for our merchants and manufacturers a more direct and mutual trade with every nation of the world.

In order to aid in the accomplishment of this the Museum has, by means of the International Congress and the Export Exposition, attempted to bring together buyer and seller, fully confident that mutual intercourse will result in profit to both foreign and native manufacturers and merchants.

In round numbers about \$25,000,000 is spent on charity in the State of New York every year. This is almost enough to pay the interest on the national debt. It is equal to a per capita tax of about four dollars for every man, woman and child in the Empire State.

Canada is 300,000 square miles larger than the United States, and lacks less than that number of square miles of being as large as the whole continent of Europe.



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Total Number of Passenger Cars. Total Number of Freight Cars.



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member. All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used. THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes

members of all ages, and every one who is interested in any form of natural science is cordially invited. Established in 1875. Incorporated in 1892. Short notes of personal observation are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

The Agassiz Association and The American Boy.

We haven't now the time to tell you the history of the Agassiz Association. You will learn something of that later, for THE AMERICAN BOY has taken us in, and we hope to meet you all in these columns every month. First and last, we have had about thirty thousand members, scattered over all the United States and most of the countries beyond. This Association has seen a great many curious and beautiful things, has grown acquainted with hosts of jolly, good people, has done a good deal of hard work, and has had no end of fun; but a few years ago it did one very foolish thing—it began to grow old.

The boys and girls who first joined it grew to be men and women, and somehow the society began to catch their grown-upness, and to wear high collars and men's sizes of words; and long dresses with buttons in the back. This was the greatest mistake of its life. It has now been corrected. Henceforth we shall make it a rule to keep young. How young? Oh, anywhere from four to a hundred! It isn't years that matter; it's the way you feel, and talk, and behave. The worst thing of all is getting so old that you know too much. You can always tell that you are young enough to belong to the Agassiz Association by the feeling that there is plenty left to learn.

Now it's your turn to say something! What do you think of the idea of starting a little society at home? If you like the plan, write to us, and tell us a little about yourself and your folks, and we will tell you just how to go to work, and help you all we can.

For two years we kept a list of all the questions asked us by boys and girls about the Agassiz Association and its history and methods of work, how to organize a chapter, how to make by-laws and rules, how to start a museum, how to exchange specimens, how to collect and preserve all kinds of things; insects, and plants, and minerals, and birds; how to do this and how to do that—and then we wrote out the answers to all these questions as well as we could, and printed them. Would you believe it? the answers make a book! one hundred and fifty pages. It is called "Three Kingdoms, a Handbook of the Agassiz Association." This book tells pretty nearly everything we know, or that you will be likely to ask about our society. Before we printed it we used to have to write long letters to the boys and girls who sent us their questions, but there are so many of you! Sometimes we had to sit up till midnight writing letters. It was fun, but we had to draw the line at midnight, and there were still piles of letters unanswered. So now we have to ask you to send for a copy of this handbook, the very first thing, and it costs 75 cents, but then, after you join us there aren't any "dues" to be paid. That's something!

We don't mean that we do not wish to hear from you unless you buy a book; not at all—only that we can't possibly get time to write the whole book out in a letter to each one of you. If you want answers to all the questions the book answers, you must have the book, of course, but we want to hear from you all, any-

way; and you may address, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President A. A., Pittsfield, Mass.

Agassiz Association.

The Agassiz Association was founded in 1875. Its purpose is to encourage personal work in natural science, and to stimulate and direct that sort of original study which was the delight of Louis Agassiz from his boyhood to his death.

There are still some parts of the country where you cannot get good scientific training in the public schools.

If you happen to live in a place like that, the Agassiz Association will help you.

Most of the great observers made their observations close by home. Gilbert White watched the swallows that nested under the eaves; Darwin studied the angle-worms in his garden; Agassiz drew the fishes that he caught in the neighborhood brooks; Palissey found his fossils near his own dwelling.

So we like to set young people to work just where they are living. We like to have them make local museums, in which they shall have—not foreign curiosities and monstrosities—but complete and well-labeled collections of the plants and minerals to be found within a radius of five or ten miles from their door.

We invite you all to join us in this delightful work. You can join as a corresponding member, or you can organize a local club or "chapter." For this, only three besides yourself are needed, and they may all be members of your own family. We think the club plan is the best for several reasons.

The union of kindred students promotes the interest of each. Every one who finds anything wants some one he can show it to. A pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled. At the meetings of your society you are sure of an attentive and friendly audience.

Then, too, you can do many things as a society that you could not do alone.

You can purchase good books and apparatus; rent rooms; engage lecturers. take excursions, make a museum, and start a library.

The Boy Out of Doors.

The American boy is usually out of doors whenever he is not obliged to stay in. The house is good enough to eat and sleep in—barring camping season—and it is all right for rainy days—except during trout time—and rough winter evenings. At other times, boys indoors are like steam in a boiler, held in only by something that can resist a mighty pressure to the square inch. Recesses and vacations are safety-valves on the educational engine.

To the American boy out of doors, the Agassiz Association makes its strongest appeal. Not to teach him to open his eyes, nor how to see things. His eyes are wide open, and what he doesn't see, his American sister will show him. But a fellow sees so many things that he'd like to know more about. And he can't learn it all without somebody to help him. "What kind of bird is that?" "Well! look at that for a bug! Is it a kissing-bug?" "What's all this froth on the grass?" "How did this big, round

rock get into the middle of this smooth field?" "How does the sap get up into a tree?" "If this is a moth, what is a butterfly?" "Are these berries poisonous?" "If gills are to help fishes get air into their blood, why do they die when they are taken out of the water, where they can get it more easily?"

These and thousands of different questions arise to puzzle our boys and girls whenever they go roaming through wood and field. The whole world is full of interest and wonder.

"An upland fringed with orchard trees,
A meadow with its droning bees;
Between the two a marshy wedge
Of rushes green and angled sedge.
Wherein a brook has lost its way
Amid the tangled shadow's play.

"Between the marsh and meadow's bound
The sweet-flag's hidden wealth is found;
In blackest mold it has its birth—
The life-blood of its honest worth;
Its wrinkled roots, all fibrous grown,
Have magic virtues of their own!—
A taste, and lo! there spring again
These boyhood pictures in the brain!"

Wild Creatures in the City.

Boys who live in cities have abundant opportunity to study nature out of doors. Wild life in our great parks is better protected from snare and gun than in rural fields and forests. Many a successful botanizing and entomological expedition has been made within "city limits."

The frequent digging up of great streets, and the blasting of rock for deep foundations reveal unsuspected specimens of rare and interesting minerals.

The boys of the Agassiz Association have thus found beautiful crystals in the upturned foundations of Broadway and Fifth avenue.

But besides all these permanent resources of the boy naturalist in the city, there are occasional instances of stray "cattle" to delight his heart. He may be awakened in the gray dawn by the loud "honk-honk!" of wild geese, and even get a shot with opera glass or camera at the arrow-shaped flock as it cleaves the pure air above the city's smoke. He may note now and then amid a flock of hustling sparrows, some shy stranger bird, whose varying plumage and provincial airs brand him at a glance as country-born and bred.

In smaller cities visits from bewildered wild-folk are, of course more fre-

quent. Pittsfield, Mass., is a city of some 25,000 inhabitants only, but it is not the place where you would expect to "put up" grouse. Last fall, however, a fine fat "partridge," as we here call the ruffed grouse, flew from somewhere and alighted on our next door neighbor's lawn, where he strutted about for a few moments with the dignity of a lost Indian chief, and then with a loud "whirr" was up and away again. I hope he fared better than another of the same species a year before. This fellow came skimming along from the forest over the Housatonic river, and, entering the city proper, flew down a long street that extends from the west toward the writer's home, and finally, about 5 o'clock one morning, aroused the family by dashing through the window pane into the dining-room. He was so injured by the glass, that, as he crouched broken and bleeding on the sideboard, he was then and there put out of misery, and into the larder, by a boy's shot from a Flobert.

Last fall, while strolling on a hillside and within a rod of a cultivated farm almost inside the fire district of the city, we were startled by a dark red flash, and before we realized it a large fox had leaped the stone wall in front of us and vanished into his hole under the roots of a venerable beech.

About the same time a flying squirrel visited our elm trees. Bessie saw him first and exclaimed, "O, papa, see that funny bob-tailed squirrel!" and again, "He's running up that elm!" and then, "O, he flew right across the street!" We all laughed at this, but she insisted that she had seen him fly, and in a moment cried out, "There he goes!" and surely enough, we caught furry glimpses of the tiny creature running up and up to the very tip-top of a tall American elm, where he poised a moment like a bobolink, and then stretching out his legs, and the wing-like membrane that spreads between, he boldly launched forth upon the air, from a height of at least sixty feet, and with a downward, and later a gentle upward curve, made the grand "chute" to another tree, which, by measurement, was one hundred and fifty feet distant. It beat to-bogganing to death!

These are but a few instances, all coming under our personal observation, which may help answer the oft repeated question, "How is a fellow going to study about nature in a city?"

If all our readers who have seen wild creatures astray in cities will write and tell us about it, we shall be glad, and will say, "Thank you!"



HOW TO DO THINGS

A Champion Skater Tells How to Skate Fast.

Leroy See, a graceful young skater of the New York Athletic Club, gives great promise of becoming the champion of America. He is seventeen years old, and is now skating within a few seconds of the one-mile record. He recently covered a mile in 2 minutes and 57 seconds, and three miles in 10 minutes and 13 seconds. He holds the New York Indoor record for one mile, having made it in 3 minutes and 45 seconds. The young man is six feet in height and has practiced skating ever since he was in short dresses. His father is a veteran expert on the ice.

When asked as to how to skate properly, he told a New York Journal reporter that general physical development was one of the most necessary things. He said: "During the fall months ride a bicycle and work in the gymnasium. Take all kinds of exercise and plenty of it. Ankle straps should not be used at any time as they stop the circulation of blood, and under such conditions no man can do good work. By skating two or three miles a day one's wind is improved, and before one really is aware of it he acquires considerable speed without being conscious of fatigue or loss of breath. When it comes down to actual racing it is strokes that count. While there are many kinds of strokes, the most advantageous is the long straight sweep. This is a directly forward stroke, with the weight of the body thrown upon the entire foot. It leaves almost a straight line behind, which saves the distance that is lost when a

side angular stroke is used. Do not sweep the forward leg in starting, but simply shove ahead, pressing to the side with the opposite foot. As one skate shoots forward the other skate is gradually raised from the ice, the front point being the last to leave. On the start, the stroke must necessarily be short; but as momentum is acquired its length is easily increased. This is best done by thrusting one foot ahead powerfully, and pressing the ball of the other foot against the ice. Don't start a stroke with a jerky hip movement; it is not graceful, and retards the speed. Paulsen, the old-time Swedish champion, joined his hands behind his back and kept his eyes straight to the front. This reduces the wind resistance and is less exhausting than the sweeping of the arms. The body should be kept rigid. All unnecessary muscle exertion should be avoided. When moving along, raise the idle leg just enough to clear the ice, but always have it ready for the next stroke in case an unseen obstacle should interfere with the stride. Always have the pressure of the foot even when the stroke is at full speed. As the stroke dies out the heel is lifted first, and as one plunges ahead for the next sweep the toe assists in getting into full motion. The most effective way to get around curves is to take a comparatively long, easy stride, avoiding the choppy stride popularly known as "grinding." Skate on the inner edge of the right skate and the outer edge of the left. Incline the body inward, and give the skate very little forward pressure. One foot should cross the other about every two or three yards. The legs must sweep forward quickly all the while,

and not only be moving fast ahead but sweeping around the turn. This stroke requires much practice, but when learned the skater has mastered the secret of speedy work in rinks. Always have a warm robe to slip on after the practice spin, and never dress after hard work on the ice without first having a rub-down.

Sailing an Ice Yacht.

Sailing an ice yacht is a totally different matter from that of managing the ordinary vessel that sails through water. The highest speed can be made on smooth black ice from which all particles of snow have been swept, and, contrary to the prevailing opinion among laymen, the ice yacht makes her fastest time when both side runners are on the ice, and not when the windward one is six feet or more in the air, as the average draughtsman depicts her. The principal difference between the method of sailing an iceboat and that of sailing an ordinary yacht is when running before the wind. The summer yachtsman just eases sheets until the boom is broad off, and steers a straight course. Not so with the ice yachtsman. He never eases sheets on his craft, and it is a fact that on nearly every boat in the fleet the sails have been hauled aft as flat as they can be brought, and the sheet made fast on a cleat and never altered during the entire season. The ice yacht can never sail directly before the wind, but is compelled by a series of jibes to tack to leeward, first taking the wind on one side and then on the other. The reason for this is that there is so little resistance to

the forward movement of an ice yacht that she would quickly run out of the wind and be taken aback suddenly, with disastrous results, both to the rigging and the men who, even under ordinary circumstances, must cling to the backbone with all their strength. On other points of sailing the ice yacht behaves similarly to the craft whose mission is to plow the deep, except perhaps in the matter of speed.

The method of stopping the craft is by throwing her up in the wind, when the action of the breeze quickly brings her to a standstill. The rudder is then jammed hard over, so that it is at right angles with the runners at the extremities of the crossbeam. She is then as securely anchored as though held by a chain cable.

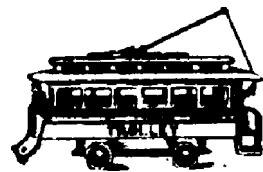
How to Cut Paper.

If you wish to cut paper into three or five equal parts, roll the sheet into a scroll until the ends meet twice; then mark the junction point with finger-nail or pencil, and the sheet will be divided into three parts. If one-fifth is desired, roll the paper four times. This is a simple trick, but everybody doesn't know it.

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JOS. T. STEELE, 2215 Beech Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

Making Money by Trapping.

One of the country boy's most important sources of revenue in the western states comes from the trapping of the muskrat, raccoon, opossum, fox, wolf, skunk, pole cat, mink, civet and otter. The market for the furs from these animals is not overstocked. Twice as many country boys could engage in this pastime with profit to themselves. In the states of Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska there are dealers in all the important towns who buy these furs from the boys and sell them to an exporting house in Kansas City. The prices of these furs at present are about as follows:

Opossum furs, ten to twenty-five cents; raccoon, from twenty-five to sixty cents; muskrat, five to ten cents; skunk, twenty-five cents to \$1; mink, seventy-five cents to \$1.50; otter, \$2 to \$7; civet, ten cents to \$1; wolf and fox, fifty cents and upward. The manner in which the animals are skinned and the color of the furs enter into the value of the skins more than their size.

HOW THE TRAPPING IS DONE

Successful trappers never use dogs or guns, but depend solely on No. 1 and No. 2 steel traps of the kind used in catching rats. The No. 1 steel trap is for all animals except foxes and wolves. For foxes and wolves No. 2, or larger traps, must be used. It does not pay men to make a business of trapping, because one person can cover only one patch of woods. At times, however, an experienced lad makes from \$5 to \$10 a week from his traps. This lasts only through the winter months, as the country boys are busy through the summer, when the animals breed and multiply and replenish the woods. Thus as long as the trapping business remains in the hands of the country boy there is little danger of the supply diminishing.

The methods which the boy trapper employs are simple. Early in the fall he walks through the woods and watches

for tracks. Just after a rain is the best time, or, better still, after the first snow. If he has trapped for several years he knows the tracks of all the animals valuable for furs, and readily distinguishes them from those of the squirrels, rabbits or dogs. As all the animals he wants run at night, the best time to watch for tracks is early in the morning.

NO BAIT IN THE TRAP

Finding where the most tracks are, he goes home and gets out about 20 steel traps. He takes them to the woods and picks out a location for each. He scrapes a hole perhaps an inch deep in the ground and in it he places a trap. He then sets the trap, and gently covers it with leaves. The trap is never baited. He sets all his traps in this way, fastens them to a tree or bush, and leaves them until the next morning, when he is up at daybreak, dresses hurriedly and makes a rush for his traps, before the morning chores are done.

It is necessary for him to make an early visit to the traps, for the animal, if left too long, will gnaw off the leg which is held and scamper away on three legs. The experienced trappers say it is seldom that they fail to catch at least one animal in a night.

The animals are quickly killed, and with a sharp knife an incision is made into the flesh, usually at the nose, and the skin is peeled off with the hands; the knife is seldom used. This done, all fat and flesh must be carefully removed from the skin, which is then spread out on a board to dry. Mink, skunk, civet, fox, opossum and otter must be "cased," or turned inside out. Skins bring from 10 to 15 per cent more when marketed in this form. Raccoon, wolf and beaver must be left with the fur side out. The skins can be kept a week or so, but should reach the importer within a month.

A SKUNK IS NOT A POLE CAT.

Perhaps the novice will be dismayed because pole cats and skunks will be the principal animals captured, but they are easily handled, and not the terrors the public imagines. Skunks and pole cats are killed as easily as a rabbit, and the pole cat furs are now in great demand. Many people imagine there is no difference between a skunk and a pole cat, but this is a mistake. The skunk is much the larger animal of the two. Squirrels have beautiful furs, but women will not have them, and so they have no fur value in the market.

If the youthful trapper lives near a creek or lake he will trap for muskrat and mink. The mink is by far the smartest animal with which he must contend. In order to catch him, the trap must be put partly under the water, and the other part covered with leaves. If the trap is baited with a choice morsel the mink is likely to become suspicious and carefully avoid the trap.

TANNED IN GERMANY.

The remarkable thing about furs shipped to Europe is that, after they are tanned, a large per cent of them are then exported to the United States and some are no doubt sold again within a few miles of where the animals were originally caught, after having traveled thousands of miles. The explanation of this is that the tanning operations must be largely done by hand and labor is cheaper in Europe. Besides, the art of tanning is not known in the United States as it is in Europe. Furs from this part of the country are tanned largely in Leipzig, Germany. Whole families engage in the work and reduce the cost of curing the furs to a minimum.

The value of the different furs fluctuates, according to the fancy of the women. Just now the fur of the skunk and opossum are popular. There are two white streaks in the fur of the skunk. All this white must be cut out, and only the pure

black used in the high grade garments. The white is dyed black, and the fur is sold at a lower price. But the dyed fur fades in time.

The skin of the muskrat is used principally in making men's fine hats. It makes a very light hat, and water does not damage it, as the muskrat is a water animal.

How to Find the Points of the Compass.

If you are lost and have not a compass nor the sun to guide you, the trees will serve as a safe index as to direction. The bark of the pine, fir, and other cone-bearing trees is lighter in color, harder and dryer on the south side, and often is covered with mould and moss on the north side. The gum that oozes out from the wounds and knotholes is usually hard and often of amber color on the south side, while on the north side it remains sticky longer, and is usually covered with insects and dirt. The nests and webs of insects, spiders, etc., in the rough bark of trees will always be found in the crevices on the south side. More large branches will also be found on the south side.

Ledges of rock will also testify. For instance, the sunny side will usually be bare, or at most only thinly grown over with dry mosses, while the north side will be found damp and mouldy and often covered with soft mosses and ferns.

A boy in San Francisco built up a profitable business through overhearing a remark made by a business man, as he was passing through one of the big office buildings. The business man said: "A scissors grinder could make money by visiting large office buildings and putting all the scissors and knives, etc., in order." The boy prepared himself and started out. He now has a regular route and averages \$15.00 a week.

What Two Boys Did With a Camera.

A. C. Burns.

Many boys have said to themselves, "I wish I knew how I could earn a little money," but still they make no effort to do so. As THE AMERICAN BOY is a paper for boys, I will endeavor to tell the boys through it, how a friend and myself earned a neat little sum with a camera.

About the middle of last October we conceived the idea of making and selling stereopticon views of the principal streets and buildings of our town, and



THE TWO BOYS.

the scenery in the vicinity, and as the town has a population of about 1,800 we felt sure we would be able to sell our pictures.

We procured the necessary supplies which consisted of cards, paper, etc., and made our samples. While one of the firm did the canvassing the other did the printing. In this way we were able to keep up with our work.

Our Camera was only an ordinary 4x5 camera, and not a stereopticon camera. On the plates we placed a piece of cardboard the size of the picture wanted, and marked it so that we could make all the prints alike. In making stereopticon views this way we had to make two prints for one view, so we required to be very careful in our printing to obtain the exact shade in both prints.

When we got about 50 views or 100 prints we toned, prepared and mounted them.

On the face of our cards we printed our names at one end and our address at the other, while on the back we put the list of views.

As I wish to make this article as brief as possible, I will say that we sold the views at 15 cents a single view or \$1.50 per dozen.

That our pictures were appreciated by our townspeople is proven by our sales, which amounted to 700 views within two months, netting us \$65.54 clear, or \$32.77 each, besides each of us having a copy of every view taken.

We were very careful to do our work well and did not lose over \$1.00 for waste and spoiled ones. The views were just as good apparently as those made by old reliable companies.

I sent THE AMERICAN BOY two of our views, that they might judge of the quality of the work done by two boys.

There is a disposition on the part of many persons to decry riches and say hard things against rich men. A rich man can do more good as a rich man than by giving his all to the poor and becoming poor himself. A man with capital may employ a number of less favored men, and the capitalist and the laborer may thus mutually support each other.



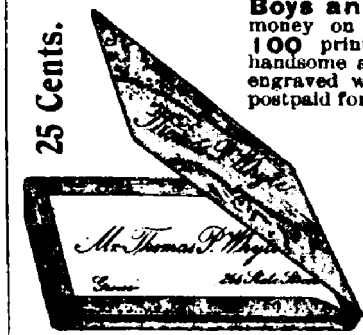
TWO OF THEIR PICTURES.

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Boys and Girls make money on our novelties. 100 printed cards and handsome aluminum case, engraved with name, sent postpaid for 25c.

AGENTS WANTED.

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Dr. Lyman Abbott is authority for the following statement: "If Adam was in truth born six thousand years ago, and were now living, and if every day of his life had been spent in honest toil, resting only on the Lord's day and he had in addition to supporting his large family, been able to lay aside as the result of his toil one hundred dollars every day, the idea of interest not in the dominant social system or in the practice under it, having been conceived—in all this six thousand years of accumulation, Adam today would not be worth as much as Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Vanderbilt, or Mr. Gould who had nothing or whose father had nothing, comparatively, a few years ago."

The Boy in the Office, the Store, the Farm and the Factory

Advice to Store Clerks.

J. Angus MacDonald has issued a pamphlet entitled "Rules and Regulations for Store Employees." He writes from an experience of many years. Some of the things he says will bear repetition:

"No matter how slow or annoying a customer may be, the last word on your part should be a pleasant one. Remember that you in a measure represent the dignity of the house. While a clerk's ability and salary are judged largely by the number of sales he makes, yet the wise employer watches evidences of his patience with his customers, methods of displaying stocks, and general demeanor. Many a shopper has learned to dread the supercilious smile of a clerk when a timid request is made for some lower priced grade of the article which is shown. It is the look more than the curt statement, 'we never keep any such things as that,' which makes the customer resolve to try some other establishment in the future. Then there is the clerk who has absolutely lost all interest in his place, and answers inquiries with an air of such complete indifference that one feels like an intruder. Then there is the clerk who tells you by word or action that you really ought to buy after wasting his time. He should learn the time-honored maxim, that it is no trouble to show goods. Never leave a purchaser in the midst of his purchases in order to go to luncheon. One clerk calls to another, 'John, will you finish up my customer; I am going to lunch,' and departs, leaving his work in the middle and making it necessary for the customer to go all over again the explanation of what he wants. Many clerks pay too much attention to their own personal affairs in working time. No conversation between groups of employees, reading or writing personal notes, or perusal of books, newspapers, etc., should be permitted. Manicuring, mending of garments, etc., are matters to be attended to elsewhere."

As a final paragraph in his directions to clerks, he says: "Avoid slang, gum,

onions, tobacco, drugs and drinks. Avoid frowziness, be honest, be truthful, be businesslike, be a credit to yourself and to your employer.

How to Make a Bicycle Out of Groceries for Display Purposes.

The rims of the wheels are made of hoops from coffee drums, using the full size for the outer rim and cutting the hoop and lapping the ends for the inner rim and springing it in so that it will hold the cans in place. I used cans of cream between the rims, because they are just the proper size. Inside of the rims I nailed four spokes and covered them with a piece of red cardboard, cut round and with strips cut out to represent spokes. Around the outside of the rim I pasted labels from spice cans and my wheels were complete. The diamond frame I made from wood, 2x1. I then covered it with packages of soap, which I tacked on. The sprocket wheel was made from a round piece of wood, covered with red cardboard, painted to represent spokes and cogs. The chain I made by stringing prunes on a piece of wire. The pedals were made of cakes of soap attached to a wooden crank. For a saddle I used two packages of figs, tacked on a board made the same shape. The handle bars were made by fastening two bottles of catsup on two pieces of wood, nailed onto the head of the frame.—Exchange.

Make the Farm Home Attractive.

If the boy is so worked on the farm that when he gets out with other boys and learns how they enjoy life and have their little seasons of innocent amusement he feels like a bird out of the cage, there is little wonder that he gets tired of the farm; he will seek something either better or worse. Whether the boys remain on the farm or not is a question with which parents have to deal, and it is in their power to make the farm home so attractive and dear to them that they will manifest no disposition to desert it.

Politeness.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a man of a boy who applied for a situation.
"Yaas," was the answer.
"Are you good at figures?"
"Yaas," was the answer again.
"That will do, I don't want you," said the merchant.
After the boy had gone a friend said: "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy; why don't you try him?"
"Because he has not learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,'" replied the merchant. "If he answered me as he did, how will he answer customers?"—Union Gospel News.

Looking for Work.

An employment secretary of one of the largest of the Young Men's Christian Associations says:
One of the severest trials of our employment secretaries is the man who hunts "most any kind of a job." With no clearly-defined idea of his own wants or ability, he willingly leaves it all to the secretary and contents himself with just "wanting work." We haven't many such members, but the following conversation has its moral:
"Have you got anything for me today?"
"What are you looking for?"
"Oh, most anything."
"How would a position as coachman suit you?"
"Oh, I don't want anything like that."
"What can you do?"
"Most anything."
"Except coaching!"
"Yes, except coaching, and things like that."
"Are you a machinist?"
"No, I never learned that."
"Blacksmith?"
"No."
"Carpenter?"
"No, no carpenter."
"Stenographer?"
"No."
"Bookkeeper?"
"No, I never did any bookkeeping."

"Well, what can you do?"
"Anything except those things."
"Would you care to run an elevator?"
"How much is there in it?"
"About \$6 or \$7 per week."
"Where is it?"
"In the Suburb building."
"That's a good ways out. How many hours do you have to work?"
"I don't know."
"Is there anything else in this morning? I would like to get something that would pay about \$15 a week."
It is seldom our department is able to place such a man.

The Printer's Devil.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, Aldus Manutius, a famous printer of Venice, owned a black boy whom he had purchased from a corsair, and whom he trained to assist him in his work. The art of manufacturing books in great numbers and at small expense was then so little understood by the majority of people that the honor was ascribed to Satan, it being impossible for them to understand how, without the aid of magic, they could be so rapidly multiplied. The suspicion that the Evil One had something to do with the new art was intensified in Venice by the presence in the office of Manutius of the black servant. So strong was the feeling that there was danger of his house and office being mobbed and his machinery wrecked. To prevent this Manutius proclaimed that he would bring his boy into the public square, and place him on a platform, which he did, and declared that any person not satisfied that the boy was flesh and blood could come and pinch him and make sure. The mistaken impression was thus removed, but before this time the name "Printer's Devil" had been attached to the boy, and was thenceforth applied generally to the boyish assistants in a printing office.—Detroit Free Press.

For Superior Mercantile-Training.

President Elliot, of Harvard University, thus spoke at the Commercial Congress held in Philadelphia last October, on the subject "Commercial Education":

"I ask your attention for a few moments to the chief features of a commercial education capable of preparing men and women for much more than clerical service and much more than narrow retail training. An indispensable element in the training I have in view is a sound secondary education—that is, an education in a first-rate school, public, endowed, or private, which occupies the whole school time of the pupil from 13 or 14 till 18 years of age. This secondary education should include the modern languages—an essential part of a good preparation for the higher walks of business life. It may or may not include Latin and Greek. For international commercial life in English-speaking countries, a good knowledge of three languages besides English is desirable—namely, French, German, and Spanish. A reading knowledge of the languages will ordinarily suffice for principals, but for travelling agents or agents resident abroad a speaking knowledge of at least two of these languages is desirable. This knowledge should be acquired at the secondary school.

"The following list of subjects is by no means complete, but may serve to give a fair idea of the diversity and difficulty of the subjects appropriate to superior commercial education: Economics, statistics, banking, currency, exchange, arbitrage, insurance, government tariffs, transportation by land and water, commercial geography, climates, ethnology, commercial products by region and by nationality or race, consumption by region and by race, maritime legislation, blockade rights, neutrals' rights, commercial law, industrial combinations of capital, labor unions, and—if I may use a new but convenient word—financing new undertakings.

"The successful merchant has to know more today than he ever did before, and he has to be more alert and more inventive. Hence his preliminary training should be both ample and more appropriate than it has been in the past."

Much Depends on the Clerks.

"It is difficult for a clerk to actually draw customers to a store," said an old merchant the other day, "but it is the easiest thing in the world for him to drive them away. Nine persons out of ten who suffer some real or imaginary discourtesy at the hands of an employe will resolve then and there to go somewhere else in future, and the consequence is that the proprietor never knows why he lost their trade. It is one of the serious problems of all large retail establishments. Of course, customers are themselves trying at times, but the clerk who is scrupulously polite always has the best of such encounters.

The Well-Informed Farm Boy.

A writer in the "Farm and Fireside" says: "Having had more than ten years' intimate association in an educational way with boys born and raised on and off the farm, I say without any hesitation, that so far as mental powers, solid foundation for any business or profession and general character are concerned, I would prefer the chances of the boy who spent the first fifteen years of his life on a farm where he had to work hard, rather than of the boy who has spent the same period of his life in the average city or village home."

The same writer, in referring to the means by which the boy on the farm may become well informed, says:

"First he should read and put into practice the material in some good farm paper. He can get one of these papers for fifty cents a year. Next a dollar should be invested in a good, clean, city weekly newspaper. This is better for him than a daily containing too much stuff simply to fill up. He will get all important matter in the weekly, and get it soon enough, too. Another dollar I would advise him to put in a good monthly magazine. Today there are several good magazines containing first-class articles on science, history, theology and fiction published at that price. But there are also magazines at this price filled simply with trash, so he must investigate before he subscribes. He can't afford to spend what little time he has on any-

thing poor. Not one farm boy in a thousand has an encyclopedia to use, and in most cases he would not use it to advantage if he had it, for too much matter would be given."

The Apprentice System in America.

The evils of our present mode of treating apprentices are so very apparent that they need not be catalogued. One of the worst is permitting a boy to spend the best years of his life in fitting himself for an occupation that will be swept from him by machinery. It is incumbent on everyone in the trades that this sort of confidence game should be stopped. Boys are being taken into printing offices supposedly to learn a trade, and are permitted but small opportunity to learn, to say nothing of instructions being given. After a term of five years or more they have learned to set type, and that is about all. If good workmen are scarce, it is largely because of the pernicious system, or lack of system, that leaves youth to its folly from indifference, or imposes on its confidence that some good thing will come from spending valuable years in learning to pick type, when the knowledge should be acquired in a few months under competent instruction, allowing time for a proper technical education within the prescribed period.—Inland Printer.

A Boy Knows What He Wants.

A thirteen-year-old boy is employed as manuscript reader by a firm which publishes juvenile books. He is paid for the work, and is required to make a written report. Some of these reports, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, are amusing.

A short time ago a manuscript which had been reported upon favorably by two of the regular readers was given to him. His report was as follows: "It's very good, but I don't think it'll do. I don't think the boys in my school would read it." He was asked to explain his report, and said: "Well, it's over their heads. That's all." A criticism which was afterward shared by the reviewers when the book was finally published.

Lately a manuscript was given to him to read. In about a quarter of an hour Henry was seen playing with his dog.

He was called to attention and went on reading, but left off in a few minutes to look out of the window. The book was not accepted. His mind's wandering, showing the writer's inability to fasten the boy's attention, was criticism enough, and this time his report was heeded, although the book possessed much literary merit from the grown-up person's point of view.

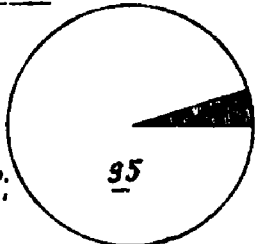
One of the books recently submitted to him is by a new writer, a Brooklyn girl. It is a book of adventure. He became fascinated and could not leave it. His report was most favorable, and the book was accepted.

"It's just fine," he wrote. "I couldn't go to bed till I had read it."

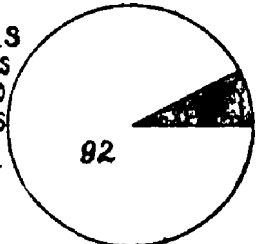
Keep That Boy.

Never let a boy who is heart and soul with your business leave your employ if there is the slightest chance of retaining him, says the Drygoodsman. He is the reserve force of your work and is the supporting army for all aggressive movements. There may be hundreds who can be hired for a great deal less money, but it is like dropping coins into the sea. The boy who pushes and pulls, who suggests and carries out, offers and fulfills, is not measured entirely by dollars and cents and you cannot afford to let him go because another is a little cheaper.

OUT OF 100
YOUNG MEN 5 ARE
PREPARED OR EQUIPPED
BY EDUCATION
FOR OCCUPATIONS
AND BUSINESS.
95 ARE NOT.



OF 100 GRADUATES
OF GRAMMAR SCHOOLS
8 OBTAIN THEIR LIVELIHOOD
IN THE PROFESSIONS
AND BUSINESS
92 BY MEANS OF
THEIR HANDS



The Boy in the Home, Church and School.

March.

- Evening Stars: Mercury—February 9 to March 24.
- Venus—January 1 to July 8.
- Legal Holidays: March 2, in Texas, anniversary of Texas Independence.
- Anniversaries: Boston massacre, March 5, 1770.
- Andrew Jackson born, March 15, 1767.
- Grover Cleveland born, March 18, 1837.

Well tilled gardens pay better than poorly managed farms.

Before proceeding to tame a bad boy a wise teacher should definitely understand just wherein the boy is bad.

"Men are usually tempted by the devil," runs a Spanish proverb; "but an idle man positively tempts the devil."

It isn't very consoling to know, As hither and thither we flap, That while it's overcrowded below There is always room at the top.

"A busy man," says a Turkish proverb (and it applies to a boy), "is troubled with but one devil, an idle man with a thousand."

Clothes do count—the boy can not learn that too early. Not necessarily expensive clothes, but those that show neatness, appropriateness and good taste.

Why is it that when a man falls in life he usually says, "I can't help it; I am as

God made me," and that when he succeeds he probably proclaims himself "a self-made man"?

An exchange says that two important events in the life of man are when he examines his upper lip and sees the hair coming, and when he examines the top of his head and sees the hair going.

"Now, Bobble," said a teacher in the natural history class, "what is a panther?"

"A man that maketh panth," lisped Bobble.—Exchange.

Professor Huxley defined "luck" as taking advantage of one's opportunities. Dr. Anderson Critchett, of London, holds to the theory that the moment when persons are expecting nothing from fortune is the moment when fortune is most likely to overwhelm them with her favors.

A Dartmouth catalogue of 1821 estimates the expenses of a college year for an economical student at \$98.65. The corresponding estimate in the 1899 catalogue amounts to \$273. The chief increase is in the cost of board and tuition, the latter having jumped from \$27 a year to \$100.

Charles Kingsley very beautifully says: "Let anyone set his heart to do what is right, and ere long his brow is stamped with all that goes to make up heroic expression." To which Phillips Brooks adds: "No man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him."

A teacher in a north of England board school was recently examining a class of small boys in mental arithmetic. She said, "If your father gave your mother thirty shillings today and two pounds tomorrow, what would she have?" And a small boy near the bottom of the class replied, "She would have a fit."

Provided the dunce has persistency and application, he will inevitably head the cleverer boy devoid of these qualities. It is perseverance that explains how the relative positions of boys at school are so often reversed in real life. This explains why we read so often that certain men who have won fame were dunces while at school.

About two and one-half years ago a distinguished divine of this country complained and said too many farmers' sons were being educated and made dissatisfied with conditions. Ah, my friend, who can tell whose son to educate? Admit there is a child to be denied the blessings of education; whose child shall it be? Who can tell which child the fate of a nation depends on.

Blind fish were recently drawn from the bottom of an artesian well 188 feet deep. They are colorless and square-mouthed. Their heads are large, and they have legs, with four tiny fingers on the front, and five toes on the hind foot. Down deep in the bowels of the earth, completely shut off from all communication with the upper world, these blind animals, it is said, have hunted other blind animals for uncounted cycles.

Boys are not things we can choose a pattern for and then turn them out by that pattern. Each boy has a soul of his own. Each boy lives in a world of his own and holds his own secret thoughts that we can never fathom. Don't try too hard, therefore, to make boys after your own image. You may make cruel mistakes.

Young men should make hay while the sun shines. On one of the eastern railroads it has been announced that after an employe passes forty-five he is too old to compete with younger men. You young fellows who are wasting time should remember this. This is becoming an immensely practical age, when an employer places the age limit at forty-five.

Once when Ruskin was standing before a great picture intently gazing on it, a boy burst into the room with a laugh. Ruskin looked around with a somewhat forbidding look and said: "Ah! You had better laugh when you are young, for every year you live will be more and more miserable."

If that was the best message Ruskin had to give to boys, we are disappointed in the man.

There is a vessel putting out to sea! Put your lips to the megaphone and ask "Whither bound?" Suppose the answer should come back, "Nowhere!" The Empire State Express is slowly steaming out of the Grand Central Station. Shout to the engineer, "Whither bound?" Suppose he should say, "Nowhere!" And yet millions are living like that; living, but to no high purpose, with no strenuous aim or compelling motive.

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How a Bad Boy Was Tamed. Some years ago a boy in Mr. Wana-maker's Sunday school behaved so badly that after trying for many months to get along with him by putting him in different classes, the officers and teachers held a meeting to discuss the advisability of expelling the boy. "It is a pity to turn him out in the street again," said the superintendent, "but we can't let him break up the school." Just then a timid, refined girl said: "Mr. Superintendent, I wish you would let me try what I can do with Johnny." The superintendent told her he thought it was no use. There is Sister This and Brother That and Elder So-and-So who have tried everything that possibly could be done to civilize him, and I guess you would not make out any better. "Still," he added, "if you really want him I will see that he goes to your class next Sunday." His new surrounding subdued him slightly the first two Sundays, but after that he misbehaved worse than ever. After school one day, the teacher put her arm around him and said: "Johnny, I am going to walk home with you." "Naw ye ain't," said he, pushing her away from him. "Well, then, you walk home with me," she continued. "I wouldn't be caught on de street with you," was his reply. She endeavored to interest him in some way, but it was all of no avail, and the surly child ended the rather stilted colloquy by spitting in her face. Even this did not daunt the persistent girl, for wiping her face on her handkerchief, she made a desperate effort to reach the boy by other means. Taking a visiting card from her pocketbook, she handed it to the boy, saying: "Here is my address, Johnny. Next Wednesday afternoon there will be a package for you at my house. I want you to come and get it." Wednesday came, and so did Johnny. Snatching the box from the servant who opened the door of his teacher's home in response to his ring at the bell, he hurried down the steps and into the street without a word of thanks. Stopping in the shade of a big tree a short distance away, he opened the package, and there

displayed to his wondering gaze was a jacket—just his size—a jack-knife and a ball. A little note accompanying the gifts said: "Dear Johnny: I love you." That stroke of diplomacy on the part of his teacher transformed a terror to a model scholar, and today he is an honored and well-known business man in a western city. The price of an education, whether gotten in school or out, is vigilance and self-labor. There is such a powerful element of failure in all human affairs that a shrewd man is always saying to himself, "What shall I do if that which I count upon does not come out as I expect?" This foresight dwarfs and depresses all but men of great resolution. The best temperament for great affairs is a combination of the apprehensive and the resolute. There are two classes of men in the world—men of action and men of contemplation. The former can do a thing when they are told how, and the latter know how it should be done, but cannot do it. It is rare that these two qualities are united in one person. Robert Browning teaches us to be satisfied with the present duty in his poem, "The Boy and the Angel." The boy Theocrite in doing his daily work cheerfully and well is pleasing and praising God. But the thought comes to the boy that he would like to praise God in some great way. His wish is granted, and he is lifted to what the world calls a higher sphere. The angel Gabriel is represented as asking the place and doing the work of the boy.

Gutchess College. The vital importance, to young men and women, of the thorough business education cannot be overestimated. Competition grows more insistent daily. Opportunity develops with competition. The demand is for competent business assistants; the business man has no time to instruct apprentices, he must have assistants already trained in business methods. This College gives the practical business education—pupils here live in an atmosphere of business; they learn to do by doing. Every business facility is here. No other college can be better equipped. 250 students placed in good positions during the past year. Day and night sessions. Terms liberal. Full particulars on application. Address GUTCHESS COLLEGE, Ramlet Block, Detroit.

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What to Read.

L. A. LEIGHT

This subject resolves itself, as do nearly all things educational, into child-study, for one must follow the tendencies of the child-mind to map out the course of reading which will most benefit that particular child, and if he is judiciously let alone, he will take the initiative in that direction himself.

The imaginative boy will read Grimm's "Fairy Tales" and the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" until they are dog-eared and thumb-worn, and all his life will be colored by the wondrous glow of the fairy torches and magic lamps which made his childhood such a beautiful dream of the impossible; yet it has not been time lost, for this boy, well trained, will have the creative faculty in literature.

The patriotic boy will want to know all about his country. Perhaps you think that comes by cultivation, but some boys are born patriotic. The music of the fife and drum are to them sweeter than any other music on earth, and their playground is a miniature field of Mars with the measured tramp of small marching feet, handkerchiefs doing duty for flags, and sticks for rifles. These boys will want to read stories of the Revolution, of the Civil war, and now of the Spanish-American war. They will want to know the why and wherefore of these dissensions, and as they grow older will become wise in their day, and worthy to exercise the right of free-born American citizens—the right to cast their ballot for true principles, just laws and good government.

The boy who is a born mechanic will want to read all about measurements, and everything pertaining to the line of work which his young fingers are eager to grasp, and there are books written on these subjects which are of intense interest.

Books of adventure commend themselves to most boys, and are broadening to the mind. They lead to a desire for travel, and stimulate a craving for knowledge of men and things that is

only to be gratified by seeing some of the wonderful things of which they read. Out of this tendency has grown all the knowledge we possess of the earth's surface, and the grand possibilities which promise to enrich the whole civilized world in the years to come.

None of these books need to be dry reading, for our novelists and writers, mindful of the dryness of history, have woven into many books a silver thread of romance, which, while instructive, also amuses and holds the interest of the young reader. These books, judiciously selected, are worthy to form the nucleus of a boy's library, around which may be clustered the heavier volumes which will naturally follow them.

For the history of our own country Fiske has furnished us a full, yet brief and comprehensive, account almost as interesting as a novel; Cooper has given us a series of stories which never cease to be of absorbing interest—there are stories of the early days of the pilgrim and the puritan and of the later days of the Republic which will well repay the reading.

To understand our own history, we must also know something of that of other countries, especially that of England and France.

Read first, Green's Short History of the English People." Read Bulwer's "Harold" for the Norman Conquest; Scott's "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth" and Shakespeare's Kings, for the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors; "The Abbott" and "Woodstock" for the days of Mary Queen of Scots and Cromwell. Read Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" for the days of the French Revolution. These books are all standard and will never need to be relegated to the back shelf.

THE BOY'S LIBRARY



BOOK REVIEWS.

"Boys and Girls of the Philippines and Around the World."

By HARRIET L. GEROME.

This book is evidently written for small readers, as it avoids carefully all words of more than two syllables, and imparts information by asking and answering questions, for instance:

"Is there a brick chimney on their house like the one on your house?"

"No, there is only a smoke-hole in the middle of the roof, with boards standing up around it."

The present volume gives the manners and customs of the children of Alaska, Mexico, Norway, Sweden, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Philippines and Hawaii. It also describes the animals of those regions and the industries and mode of life of some of the older peoples of these countries. The book is copiously and finely illustrated, and as the name of Stella W. Carroll appears upon the title page with that of Harriet L. Gerome, and not upon the cover, we are inclined to give her the credit of the illustrations.

There is much information between the covers of this little book for both young and old. Morse Co., New York and Boston.

"Little Beasts of Field and Wood."

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM.

To those who are interested in nature studies this little book will be intensely interesting, for it gives a description of the little denizens of the field and wood in such clear, concise, and well-chosen language that one instinctively feels that the writer is as familiar with the habits and customs of the "beasties" as observation and study can make him, and loves them for "all their tricks and their manners."

The work is well illustrated and presents the little creatures in some distinctive or

characteristic attitude, which serves to explain much of the text. It is not in the least didactic but makes running comments in a familiar conversational manner, and tells little stories to illustrate the peculiarities of the "beast" under consideration, until the reader feels that he is well acquainted with these small things of God's creation, and longs to know more of forest and field. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"Commencement Parts."

By HARRY CASSELL DAVIS.

A very interesting collection of valedictories, salutations, orations, essays, class poems and toasts are given in this volume of "Commencement Parts," which will well bear studying by students and others who are preparing for any kind of public declamation.

The selections have been well made and will serve as models of good English, as well as illustrate the happy application of subject and thought to time and occasion. It is sometimes very difficult to select a subject suitable for the occasion, and the author, being mindful of this, has given a list of fruitful subjects from which one can choose at pleasure.

The book, while intended to be instructive, is not in any sense didactic; it can better be termed suggestive, and is at the same time readable, recalling one's own college days, and the stirring occasions which called for eloquent speech.

Hinds & Noble, New York.

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THE BOY JOURNALIST AND PRINTER.

Climbing the Ladder of Journalism.

By BLISS STANHOPE

When I was a green, countrified boy in my early teens, and young in my intense desire to be editor of the New York Tribune, then my only ideal in newspaperdom, I often wondered how the men who so mysteriously collect the news of the day and publish it every morning, ever got a start in the business.

Realizing what a problem this question was to me, it might not be amiss to explain how one boy without money, influence, education or special talent, attained a position in the ranks of the wage-earners in this fascinating profession; a position low, it must be acknowledged, when compared with those occupied by the stars who have already figured in it, but nevertheless a position where he can combat with his equals in the contest, and rise above them if he so wills.

While trying to do a man's work with a boy's strength and for less than a boy's wages at my employment, I happened upon my first newspaper acquaintance. Penrose Robinson was half owner of a little weekly country sheet. He was in need of a correspondent from my town and offered me the position. The pay consisted of the necessary stationery and a copy of the paper each week. I was overwhelmed at his generosity and grasped the offer quickly to insure against his changing his mind. My "engagement" with the "Public Spirit" lasted for three years.

Shortly before leaving "The Spirit," I accidentally met with a copy of another weekly county paper, which I saw was not represented in my town. I applied for the position and, having no competi-

tors, I got it. My pay, outside of stationery and the paper itself, was 15 cents a week. This was raised to 25 cents shortly afterwards. I stayed with this paper four years, and got from it about \$40 in that time. Some may say that a salary of \$10 a year is rather modest. It was not the money that I was working for. I had a deep yearning to get farther on in the race and was willing to take anything to attain the goal before me—that editorial chair. It is this earnestness which accounts for the fact that young men and women persist in burning the midnight oil in study, or painfully scribble off their weekly budget of local gossip for their respective sheets. I ultimately realized that no matter how much country news I might send weekly to my employers, it would never get me a position on a city newspaper, so I determined to get a position as local correspondent on the Philadelphia Inquirer, then the most progressive paper in that city. No doubt my several letters and personal visits to the managing editor, amused him. My boyish scrawl, my green manners, misfit, worn clothing were hardly in place in that handsome, well-equipped office. At last, after persistent effort, I got the commission to represent the paper in my locality. I was to keep the state editor in touch with regular state happenings, the society editor with social events, and the Sunday news editor with local happenings for the weekly supplement. The bare chance of earning \$5 if I got a column in the paper almost overwhelmed me.

But I found, as everybody else who has tried has found, that columns of newspaper copy do not grow as fast as mushrooms. The first month I received 30 cents, the next 54. I was half a year in

the business before I got more than one dollar for a month's work.

Success with the one paper spurred me on to try others in the city. It took but little trouble, with the experience I already had, to get permission from the "Times" to represent that paper. Six months later I secured a like position with the North American.

Of course, all this reporting was carried on in conjunction with my regular work. When all the family had retired for the night, I would "light up" in my room and get "copy" ready for my papers. Many times after a hard day's work with the pick and shovel, I have stayed up until 2 o'clock the following morning to this special work. When I say that I never made more than \$15 a month at it, some may think the result disproportionate. I have, however, proved to myself that it was otherwise.

It was but a year ago that I at last secured a regular position on a newspaper. I stayed with the "Times" for three months. A better offer made by the "North American" drew me to that paper. At present I am no more than a "space man" on the staff. That exalted editorial chair of the "New York Tribune" is yet far beyond my sight even. Notwithstanding that, however, I am firmly convinced that but for the practice I had with those country sheets several years ago, I would not have been prepared for the work I have since been able to do. My experience, slight though it may have been, as a graduated amateur journalist, has taught me that a firm resolve to get there at any cost, a noble ideal and an unflinching devotion to the cause, are the essentials necessary to win success as a newspaper man.

Print Your Own Paper.

The article on the above subject, which we give below, appeared in a recent number of "The National Amateur," the official organ of the National Amateur Press Association. The members of the N. A. P. A. and the U. A. P. A. have doubtless read it, but this department of THE AMERICAN BOY has awakened an interest in so many boys who are not members of any of the associations, and who wish just the information this article gives, that we have decided to reprint it:

"There are many boys who are taken with amateur journalism, but who are kept from an active participation in it by an erroneous idea in regard to the necessary cost of the publication of a paper. There are others who are having their papers printed by amateur and professional printers, who do not realize what a small outlay is necessary in order to get out a paper of respectable size and appearance. If one is really careful in his selection of material, and knows how to expend his money to the best possible advantage, a very few dollars will place him in possession of a sufficiently large outfit of new material to get out a "uniform page" paper at a nominal cost. Now let us figure on just what is absolutely necessary. A font of 25 lbs. (or better, 50 lbs.) of eight point or ten point type, a few pounds of leads, two feet of brass rule, a composing stick, a pair of news cases, a galley, a hand roller, a little ink, a small bottle of benzine, an old tooth or nail brush, and a few yards of wood furniture, are all that are absolutely necessary, provided a professional printer is handy where you can have your forms made up and press work done. Twenty-five pounds of leaded type will very

nearly set up two "uniform" pages, and by the expenditure of a dollar or two for sorts, a 25 lb. font can be pieced out so that it will set up two full pages, or a 50 lb. font four pages. A galley on which to take a proof and carry the type to the printer can easily be made out of a pine board and couple of strips. A dry goods box is easily convertible into a stand for your cases, and any boy can, with the aid of a file, make himself a composing rule out of a piece of brass rule. The actual cost of the material is as follows:

- 25 lbs. eight point type.....\$8.26
- 10 lbs. two point leads..... 1.00
- 2 feet two point brass rule.. .14
- Pair news cases..... 1.00
- Composing stick..... .25
- Hand roller..... 1.00
- 1/2 lb. of ink..... .25

Total\$11.90

"To these figures must be added the cost of a stereotyped heading, which ought not to be more than 25 to 50 cents. Even these figures can sometimes be scaled down 40 to 50 per cent by the purchase of a font of second hand type and cases.

"It is often an easy matter to pick up a small marble slab for an imposing stone; otherwise, a thick, smooth piece of a plank will answer. The type can be set up, emptied on your galley, wedged in with wood furniture, a proof taken and the errors corrected. Then it can be carried to the printing office on your galley, or you can borrow a couple of chases and eight pairs of Hemple quoins, make up your own forms and carry them in the chases to the printer, and the press work will cost very little.

"There are other tools and materials which, although not absolutely indispensable, are quite necessary in the office of an amateur newspaper; for instance, a 5 lb. font of italics to match your body type, and a 1/2 case for same; a few fonts of job type for headings; a pair of tweezers, a planer, a mallet, a half dozen patent quoins with key, a few pounds of slugs and a cheap lead cutter. If you can go one step farther, and purchase a small printing press, you will then be in

shape to not only do the entire work of your paper, but also go into the job printing business, by means of which you can earn considerable money. A new self-inking 6 1/2 x 10-inch Pilot press can be purchased for \$28.50 cash. This press is made by Chandler & Price, of Cleveland, O., the makers of the celebrated C. P. Gordon press, and with this little machine you can do as fine work as any office in the land, although it is a lever press, and necessarily slow of operation.

"If this article meets the eye of any one who wishes to fit up an office of this kind, we shall be glad to correspond, and offer such advice or assistance as is within our power."

Notes.



RAYMOND N. CARY, DOWAGIAC, MICH.

"The Stork," published by Raymond N. Cary, of Dowagiac, Mich., is a bright and well edited publication. We have been furnished with quite a number of copies, and they indicate that the editor's idea as to size and style changes about once a month. We would suggest the adoption and maintenance of one size and style. F. R. Switzer, 235 1/2 North Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., is the editor of the paper. The paper is newsy, treating principally of matters in relation to amateur journalism and the various societies.

No amateur periodical that comes to our desk makes a better appearance than "The Scribe," edited by Franklin Curtiss Wedge and Claude Trexler Reno, of Torrington, Conn. The editors do not overstep the mark when they characterize their magazine as "a dainty relish



FRANKLIN CURTISS WEDGE, TORRINGTON, CONN.

in the literary line." Everything in the paper is well written. The contents, however, seem limited to essays and editorial matter, with one eight-line poem on "Success" thrown in for spice. Mr. Wedge is eighteen years of age, and was educated in the public and private schools at Torrington, Conn. His first article appeared in print in 1896, but his interest in amateur journalism dates back only a little over a year. The first issue of "The Scribe" appeared in February, 1899, but the paper is already recognized as one of the leading amateur papers of the country, and we should say deservedly so.

"The Cavalier" for February, edited by Harry Saynor and R. Percival Kelley, and published at 1612 Michigan avenue, Chicago, makes a handsome appearance in its neat blue cover. The first article is a review of Opie Reed's "The Jucklins," by Miss Octavia Meben. Henry Ed. Nohomb, president of the Chicago Amateur Journalists' Association, contributes a poem entitled "The Gift of Sympathy." Then there is a story entitled "One Day's

Sunshine," by Armanda E. Frees; and the editor contributes a column of short notes.

"The Courier," edited by T. Otley, with H. M. Post and H. Meyer as associates, and published in Chicago, is certainly an enterprising publication. The first contribution is a story of the "Malay Pirates," by Walter Lynn. The remainder of the paper seems to run pretty much to club news, there being exchange clubs, stamp and coin clubs, the Young Authors' Society, corresponding clubs and camera clubs among the number mentioned.

The Aurora Corresponding Society, many of the members of which are amateur journalists, held its annual party at Eldert Hall, Brooklyn, January 6th. It was a success. The party was given in honor of the Greater New York Amateur Press Club and visiting amateurs. The festivities included a banquet and a reception. B. Franklin Moss, recording secretary of the Greater New York Amateur Press Club, is president of the society, and acted as toastmaster at the banquet.

The Greater New York Amateur Press Club is planning for a reception at Boston next July to the amateurs in attendance at the N. A. P. A. and U. A. P. A. Conventions, as both associations will hold their conventions there in the first week of that month. At the meeting of the club, held February 1st, Samuel De Hayn, president of the U. A. P. A., applied for membership in the club.

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100 CARDS 25 Cents

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Agents Wanted.

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREENELL.

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ralph Greene—You should wash your Velox prints for at least 30 minutes in running water. It will do no harm to let them lie in the hypo for 20 minutes, except in warm weather.

Arthur Croydon—Yes, "Uko" is considered one of the new developing papers. It is somewhat similar to Velox and comes in special glossy, special matt, special rough for portraits; in carbon glossy, carbon matt and carbon rough for views.

Harry J. Weed—The negative you sent was developed too rapidly in too strong a solution. Take more time in developing, using a weak solution for the first five minutes and strengthening if

needed. When you develop quickly you force the high lights without giving time to bring out the necessary detail in the shadows.

James McCormick—Red blotches, such as are on your prints, are caused by handling the paper with greasy fingers. A combined toning bath should be changed frequently to get the best results, and prints should be washed at least 30 minutes in running water before drying them.

Flashlight Silhouettes.

Flashlight silhouettes give plenty of chances for artistic posing, and will be found to afford a good deal of sport. Put up a sheet in the middle of the room or between two doorways, and have the sitter reasonably close to it. Focus sharply. Profile views, with fluffy hair, and a position denoting alertness will give the most satisfaction. Burn your flashlight at the back of the sheet.

Pinholes in Negatives.

The best of photographers have pinholes in their negatives, and no amount of care will prevent them. But the number of pinholes can be greatly reduced by care in dusting plates before loading the plateholders; by the occasional wiping out of the interior of the camera with a damp cloth; by filtering the water used in the developer, thus getting rid of par-

ticles of sand; by filtering the developer when it becomes discolored by use; and by dissolving the developing agents thoroughly before using. Just as soon as pinholes are discovered in your negatives, the chances are that the precautions you should have taken have been neglected, instead of the manufacturer sending out defective plates.

One of the famous photographs of the world is Mr. H. C. Wilson's photograph of the great nebula in Andromeda, which necessitated a four hours' exposure. The nebula is full of gigantic whorls, and a better confirmation of the nebular hypothesis of world formation cannot be found, says Mr. Wilson.

Do Not Save on "Hypo."

"Hypo" is so cheap that it does not pay to keep it when it has become discolored by use. Take a two-quart fruit jar and put in it a pound of hyposulphite of soda and fill it up with water. Keep this as a stock solution, only putting a little at a time in the fixing tray. Do not pour any back from the tray to the jar. In the hottest kind of weather fresh "hypo" will prevent plates frilling, though it is best to use an acid bath in the summer. Whatever economy it is necessary to practice in taking pictures, the right place to commence is in the exposing of the plates. Five cents' worth of "hypo" will fix a hundred negatives.

About Velox Paper.

Velox paper is not a hard kind for amateurs to handle, and when once understood, will be preferred for many kinds of pictures to the regular printing out papers.

The directions that accompany velox paper are very full and explicit, but, as in many other things, practical experience is worth much more than theoretical knowledge. The writer has used probably half a dozen gross of the paper, and is sure he is not misleading the amateur when he advises the use of such papers

as velox, of which there are several kinds on the market.

As is well known, the paper is put in the printing frame with the negative in a subdued light, as it is very sensitive. Then it is exposed to lamp, electric or gas light for from 15 to 60 or more seconds, according to the density of the negative. Give your first picture a 25-second exposure, the holder being held a foot from the light. When it is taken out, there is no image, any more than there is on a plate before being developed. In fact, the paper is developed just as you would a plate, though the developer is much stronger. What to use for this purpose is told in a circular from the maker accompanying the package of paper. Suffice it to say here, that it is a mixture of metol, hydrochinon, sulphite and carbonate of soda, and a drop or two of a saturated solution of bromide of potassium. The print after being developed, is "hypo-d" and was e l the same as a plate. The fixing bath must be clean.

If you have a thin negative, use "carbon" velox; if the plate is thick and contrasty, use "special portrait." If you want a gray print, dilute the developer, if a green tone is desired, use plenty of bromide. Old developer will give a brown tone, and if you want red, soak the print in a bath composed of a strong solution of alum and hypo—half of each.

Every negative requires a different degree of exposure, because they are of different densities. There is no "toning" to be done after the print is developed, and, best of all, it is permanent, and will not fade.

15 Photos for 15 Cents. Send your Photo and 15c. with your address for 15 Royal Artiste Copies. Photo returned. Send stamps or silver. Pictures in ten days. W. E. SERVICE, Photographer, BRIDGEPORT, N. J.

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The Bewitched Camera.

Jack is a good fellow. Folks say he's one of the nicest boys in the block, and that means a good deal, for Willie Wrinkle, Tommy Egan and a half score of other young fellows live next door to or across the avenue from him.

The boys were delighted when they first heard that Jack had a camera. Boys usually are when something new enters their field of view, and a camera was to them a rarity.

It was a standard amateur, 4x5, all done up in a black leather case with lens, finder, plate-holders, a bulb and rubber tube and the other paraphernalia.

It took about two weeks' pattering around for Jack to get a dark-room. He tried the shed, the cellar and the attic, but his sisters, cousins and aunts wouldn't let him build a dark-room in any of these places, and so he finally rigged up the closet in his bedroom where he could work undisturbed.

of playing marbles or indulging in the ordinary and routine enjoyments of his old playmates.

At first the pictures were just awful. Jack studied them, read and re-read the directions that came with the camera, and began to discover his mistakes. Once discovered, a mistake was never repeated. It was less than a month before the whole world, as Jack thought, lay before him, to be photographed at his leisure.

But a paper came home one night. It was a catalogue of photographic material and had a lot of new information, particularly about ghost pictures.

With Jack to think was to act. In two days he had given a printer an order for 50 tickets which read:

"This ticket will admit one boy (or girl) to my show. I have a bewitched camera.

At 2 p. m., Saturday. Price 1 cent. "JACK JOSLYN."

P. S.—The show is in my shed.

All at once it became the fashion to talk about bewitched cameras. Mothers who sent their little girls to the store after dark had hard work getting them to go. Bad boys on the corner cried "ghosts"—and how the little girls ran.

Lanterns, too, were seen on the street—those made out of cigar boxes with queer images cut out and red paper pasted on the inside, all lighted by a candle—a terrifying object when seen at a distance. This increased the fear of ghosts.

Tommy Egan became inquisitive and wanted to know all about the ghost pictures, but as Jack suspected him of being one of a band of conspirators who had tried to scare his sister the night previous he refused to say a word, only promising that if Tommy wanted to see his show—and maybe his own ghost—Saturday afternoon, he could pay a cent and find out—if he could—all about them.

Saturday afternoon the shed was full. There were seats for all and none were empty. As a theatrical manager would say, Jack was playing to the capacity of the house.

The children looked around, but they could see nothing to indicate that ghosts were near them. Upon a small platform at one side stood a queer object with three legs, a piece of dark cloth and a black box. Jack stood in the door and collected his tickets and then marched

up on his improvised stage. Bowing and advancing to the front with all the graces of a concert performer he could manage, he said:

"I have here this afternoon a small leather covered camera. Observe me closely and you will see that I have nothing concealed about me whatever. What I do will depend upon how quiet you keep, and how you follow my directions.

"I am about to indulge in a wonderful feat with the aid of my black box. The ancient sorcerers of Egypt carried a black box and why should not I? With this box I shall take a picture of some one of you, and you shall also see on the self same picture, when the negative is developed and printed, that person's ghost. Now who will volunteer?"

It was a long speech and it made Jack tired, but he soon forgot his fatigue in the excitement that broke loose when he talked about showing little boys and girls their own ghosts.

Some of the wee ones cried, and two started for home. But Tommy Egan got up quite brave and said he wasn't afraid to see his own picture and his own ghost.

Jack was delighted to get a subject so easily. He opened up the big wide doorway, to let in plenty of light, and, seating Tommy in a chair facing the camera, took his picture. Quickly developing and then drying the plate with alcohol he made a Velox print, and sure enough there was Tommy sitting in the chair and Tommy, quite a shadow, though plainly distinct, standing beside himself!

Jack explained that ghosts always look like their owners and Tommy took the picture and rushed home. He has been a good boy ever since. He goes to Sunday School regularly and doesn't miss his prayers, morning or night.

As for Jack. He is the envy of the boys of the neighborhood—and some of the elders. His mysterious camera is talked about and his ghost pictures—for he has since made many—are wonderful. No one knows how he does it, but all respect the power that controls such a wonderful machine as The Bewitched Camera.

NOTE: An article on ghost pictures, with illustrations, telling just how they are made, will be printed in the next issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Selecting a Landscape.

Many French artists consider that a landscape is no picture unless there are three planes or parts—a foreground, a middle distance and an extreme distance. The importance of these three planes may be varied endlessly. As a rule a strong foreground is a necessity. If there

is no middle distance, it is like a jump from a mountain edge to the plain below—rather unsatisfactory. And without distance there is a shut-in feeling. Here are points that all amateur photographers should keep in mind when selecting landscapes for subjects.

A Hint to the Farmer Lad.

A "hard row to hoe" may be an easy row to photograph. If some farmer lad who has a camera will take a series of pictures of a field of growing corn, for example, starting in with the plowing and planting, and ending with the harvesting, he will have something of real value, especially if the dates are attached, and any other observations that may come to mind. There should be at least six exposures to make a set.

Photographic Notes.

You can obtain a "dull finish" by placing your prints between two clean blotters.

The American Aristotype Company have placed a self-toning paper on the market.

Never make an exposure of a plate just for the sake of "taking something." Always have an object in view.

During cold weather it is always best to warm your developer a trifle. It will act better on the plate and give you the contrast so necessary to good pictures.

Watch the sky for wind clouds, so called, and the thunder storms that occur at night for lightning flashes. Both are worth photographing.

A picture taken in the early springtime, with a haze over the distant hills, sometimes has an artistic value much higher than those taken with clear skies and no "atmosphere," or hazy effect.

Sir John Herschel, of England, owns the first daguerreotype ever taken. The subject was Miss Dorothy Catherine Draper, and the photographer was her brother, Prof. J. W. Draper, of the New York University.

"The Professional Pointer" says concerning Aristo-Platino paper: "When paper prints brown or purple, with muddiness in the half-tones, it is quite fresh and should be placed near a radiator or other warm place for a few days. Paper treated in this way will soon print a rich red color. Fresh paper must be printed darker than old paper which prints a cherry red. Always print in a warm temperature if you wish the best results."



FIRST PRIZE PHOTO, JANUARY CONTEST. To ARTHUR V. PILLSBURY, READING, MASS.

Jack learned lots of things those days. He developed until his arms ached from rocking the tray. He learned to say "hypo" as glibly as a professional, and as for toning solutions—well, Jack had the entire list from A to Z stuck up on the closet wall.

Camera work proved, quite naturally, great fun, and, to the envy of the other boys, Jack spent his spare time in the dark-room when he was not busy snapping the views around his home. Instead

Boys in the Animal Kingdom

The Most Beautiful Fish.

The most beautiful and costly fishes in the world come from China, and the rarest and most expensive of all is the brush tail goldfish. Specimens of these have sold for as high as \$700 each, and in Europe the prices range from \$250 to \$500. The brush tail gold-fish is so small that a five shilling piece will cover it, and probably there is no living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money.

Our Home Aquarium.

(Began in December Number.)

We lived near the sea, and our greatest pleasure was a visit to the coast. Sometimes we spent the day in wandering along the shore hunting for a gray stone, dignified by the name of diamond, as when the outer crust was removed a clear crystal was disclosed. This crystal after passing through the hands of a lapidary was hard to distinguish from a genuine diamond.

Sometimes, on hot days, we simply burrowed in the sand, and on rare occasions were permitted to bathe in the surf, but above all we loved to go up to the hut of fisherman John, and persuade

him to take us out in his boat, where we could see the star-fish expand like a gorgeous blossom on the top of the water as if coming up to meet the sun, and then suddenly fade to a dull brown as we touched the water with our oars.

Many were the stories old John told us of the wonders of the sea, and when our father said, one morning:

"Let's go down to the shore today, Mary, and take all the boys," our hearts jumped with delight.

"Me, too, mamma," said Lettie, with shining eyes.

"Yes, let her go this time," said papa, "we'll all help take care of her," for Lettie's small feet were apt to get very tired on long excursions.

The little concord wagon was soon made ready and after a little mysterious whispering between papa and mamma, a small rainwater keg was put in the back of the wagon.

"Doin' to bring home de ocean," was Lettie's comment, but we boys asked no questions, for we dearly loved a surprise.

The summer visitors had not yet arrived so we had everything pretty near our own way. Old John was getting his fishing tackle ready for the season, and his wrinkled face beamed with satisfac-

tion, when papa proposed that he should come with us up to Shark river to hunt for crabs.

Why the crabs all seem to congregate there is a mystery. The river is shallow and broadens out into a sort of pond just about deep enough to float a flat-bottomed boat, and we could see the creatures crawling about on the sand, apparently quite within reach of our little spears, but when we were sure we had them, they had backed with incredible speed out of sight.

"Why," said Tom, "I jabbed my spear right in front of his head; how did he get away?"

"He's a two-headed critter," said old John, "and runs putty nigh as fast one way as t'other."

"Has he really two heads?" asked Ned.

"No, I s'pect not; but he kin back water mighty quick, though."

Lettie was hanging over the side of the boat and poking around with a stick, when a vindictive little fellow rushed out from underneath a stone and seized the end of the stick.

"O, papa, mamma, I've dot one," she cried, holding pluckily onto her stick, then after an ineffectual pull she began to jump up and down and exclaim, "No, he's dot-ten mel!"



SECOND PRIZE PHOTO, JANUARY CONTEST.

To JOE STONE, BUFFALO, N. Y.



"NED," THE CAT THAT WON THE FEBRUARY LOCKET.

Another Cat Contest.

Do you own a cat? Well, there are cats—and cats. There are good cats and bad cats; smart cats and dull cats; pretty cats and ugly cats; blooded cats and common cats; long, short, fat, slim, white, black, Tom, Maria, and many other kinds of cats. But what we want is the best and prettiest all-around cat—that is, a PICTURE of him. We want to make him famous by showing his picture to twenty-five thousand boys and ever so many boys' mothers and fathers and sisters in the pages of this paper.

We will give to the boy sending the most interesting cat picture before March 18, a dainty little locket of silver with the cat's name engraved upon it, so it may be hung from the cat's neck by a pretty ribbon and say to all his friends, "I am the prize AMERICAN BOY cat for March." Next month we will give the dogs a chance.

Now, boys, send in your cat pictures.

ADDRESS PRIZE DEPARTMENT

THE AMERICAN BOY,
MAJESTIC BLDG., DETROIT, MICH.

N. B.—All pictures accompanied by stamps will be returned.

ECCS—\$1.00 per 15; \$2.00 per 40. From 15 leading varieties of Thoroughbred Poultry. Fine 90-page catalogue at S. K. MOHN, No. 8, Coopersburg, Pa.

J. H. TANGER, Hatton, Cumberland Co., Pa.



Breeder and shipper of most all leading varieties of Thoroughbred Poultry. Brahma, Cochins, Langshans, Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Games, Houdans, Polish, Leghorns, Hamburgs, Bantams, Pekin Ducks. Eggs \$1.00 per setting. Bronze Turkey eggs 20 cents each; \$2.00 per eleven. Send for catalogue.

ADVERTISEMENTS IN THE "ANIMAL DEPARTMENT" Should Pay.

Libby's Pork and Beans

The best beans baked the best—in famous New England style, and even more delicious than mother used to bake. Drop us a postal and we'll send you post-paid and free our "How to Make Good Things to Eat" book which tells all about and how to serve the fire-saving, time-saving, trouble-saving, delicious, dainty Libby's Luncheons. Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Of course we all laughed, and papa called her the "champion fisherman."

After we had caught a few of the ugly sprawling things we concluded that if we picked up any diamonds that day we must go back to the shore; so back over the country road we went, and after eating the lunch we had brought with us, loitered on the sands, picking up shells, and gathering "diamonds," few of which were perfect, however; then walked around the little deserted village and finally back to John's cottage, to prepare for home.

"Did you get them for me, John, as I wrote you?" asked papa.

"Ya'as, cose I did, but they don't grow 'round yere very plentiful. I put 'em in an old junk bowl putty well soaked with sea water, and the keg is putty near full, so best not joggle 'round much goin' home."

We were very curious to know what surprise was in store for us, but had been taught to wait, so we said nothing.

The next morning we found that the keg was filled with salt water, so Lettie was nearly right, after all; we had brought home as much of the ocean as we could. Papa then showed us in the bottom of the bowl or keeler some things that looked like a white jelly, and others that resembled pieces of brown bark.

"I wanted," said papa, "to show you the animal life which seemed to have an affinity with certain flowers or plants. I think mamma was telling you something about them the other day. Now, this one resembles the mimosa or sensitive plant, and expands its flower-like leaves when absorbing its food, but folds them up instantly when touched; see!"

While talking papa had been arranging the bed for them, and putting in new sea water. He then scattered a tiny bit of fish food, which sank to the bottom instead of floating on top like that we used to give our gold fish. Pretty soon the colors began to show themselves and a bright-hued flower disclosed itself to our wondering eyes.

"Now, make it shut up, papa," said Ned, and papa slowly approached it with a stick, when the leaves began to curl, and it was soon apparently nothing but a piece of jelly again.

"You haven't told us the name of this wonderful flower," I said.

"No. It is the sea-anemone. We have a plant flower by the same name, with the same sensitive characteristics."

"What about this brown thing, papa?" we all cried.

"He is not as pretty as the anemone, but for all that, he is a curious creature. This animal is called a barnacle, and fastens himself to the bottoms of ships,

sometimes spreading so thickly as to impede their progress, and they then have to be scraped off to free the working gear. These are parasitic, answering somewhat to the mistletoe in plant life, drawing their food from the thing to which they attach themselves. It is somewhat difficult to provide food for them when they are detached, as it consists of the slimy stuff which gathers on old wood, but perhaps we have enough to keep them alive for a few days."

Papa then began to feed them but they were obstinate or stupid for a long time, then a few of them slowly pushed out their tentacles or feelers and scooped in the food. We were so interested in the little things, that we would have kept them eating the whole time, but papa said that would not do, we must wait until they were hungry or they would not show us what they could do.

We kept these while the sea water lasted, and here received our first lesson in the close analogy existing between plant and animal life. Weeks of textbook study could never have impressed on our minds the truths taught us by these experiments.

The March of the Geese.

Some interesting stories are told of wild geese. We think of them as flying, not realizing that they have a reputation for marching. Years and years ago, before the days of railroads in England, history tells us that once nine thousand geese marched from Suffolk to London, a distance of one hundred miles; that for this long march but one cart was provided to carry the geese that might fall lame; the owners knew how well the geese would walk. It is said that once a drove of Suffolk geese and a drove of turkeys left Suffolk for London together, and the geese reached London forty-eight hours in advance of the turkeys.

Only a few months ago a flock of three thousand geese, in charge of three gooseherds, were driven down the quay at Antwerp and up the gang-plank aboard an English vessel. There was a narrow canvas side to the gang-plank. They walked sedately aboard and crossed the deck, going down an inclined board to the lower deck into an inclosure made ready for them.

It is said that a flock of geese can march ten miles a day. Thirteen miles a day is the regulation march of a German soldier. A traveler in the Arctic region says that he has seen the wild geese marching in those regions. They choose leaders who direct them as well as lead them. They walk about ten in a line, but

in a column, and carry their heads high. At a signal they spread out and feed, but at another signal from the leaders they fall into line again. These geese, when they cross water in their journey, swim as they march, in a column ten geese wide.—Exchange.

Electricity for Balky Colts.

A boy, residing in the classical town of Napoleon, O., had a Napoleonic idea suggested to him by a novel recipe for balky horses, indorsed by the West Pennsylvania Humane Society. As a result of his experiment he now limps about with his face in a sling and a broken arm. Electrical treatment had been the means recommended.

A small storage-battery, a push-button and wire were accordingly purchased by the boy. The battery was then rigged up on a buckboard, to which the animal was attached, the wires connecting with the bit and crupper. As was anticipated, the horse refused to budge. Young William, who was seated in the car, looked at his father, who was an interested spectator, and giving him a knowing wink, said: "Now see the fun, dad," touching the button connected with the battery.

The amateur horse-trainer's mind was a blank from the moment his fingers came in contact with the button, and remained so for over an hour. The surgeon who was called to restore the young man to citizenship and life received a detailed account of the electrical experiment by the lad's father, who said: "When Willie touched that button that colt gave a snort, kicked and jumped like she was possessed. She became so lively that I don't know just how it all did happen. Poor Will laid there on the ground; his face was white and his nose was bleeding. I thought he was dead. I got a bucket and poured water all over him. The buckboard was on top of the fence, and the colt was going down the road at a Nancy Hanks gait. Electricity for automobiles may be all right, but for balky colts it's no good. Is it, Wille?"—Collier's Weekly.

A little boy defined an octopus as an "eight-sided cat."

Another little boy was told that an abstract noun is the name of something which you can think of but not touch, and when asked to give an example said, "A red-hot poker."

A question for boys: Are you an automobile or a perambulator? You know one is full of push and the other has to be pushed.

Dyspepsia

One of the many causes of dyspepsia is the use of cereal foods improperly prepared. People fancy that grain food is simple, and consequently healthful. Whole grains, wheat, oats, etc., contain quite largely an element as indigestible as wood and no more nutritious.

CREAM OF WHEAT

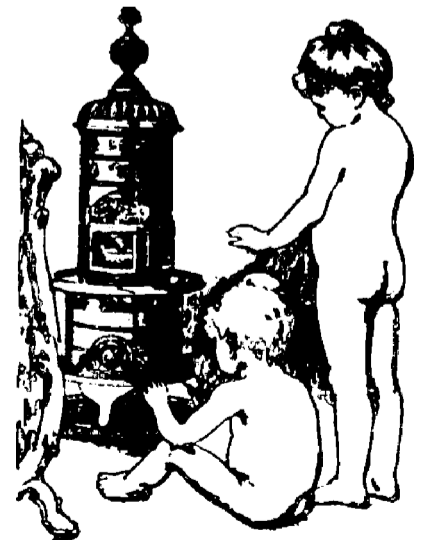
being entirely free from indigestible matter is peculiarly adapted to such as require an easily digested diet.

When buying Cream of Wheat ask for our beautiful gravures of north-western scenery. Your grocer gives one with each purchase of two packages.

Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

THINK OF THE COMFORT

In an Ideal Oil Heater. In the morning you can light it without getting up. When it has made the bed room comfortable, it will do the same thing for the bath-room. When you've bathed and dressed, roll it out into the dining-room.



Costs only one cent an hour. It's a money-saver. There isn't the suspicion of an odor. That's guaranteed. Your money back if it isn't entirely satisfactory. Ask your dealer.

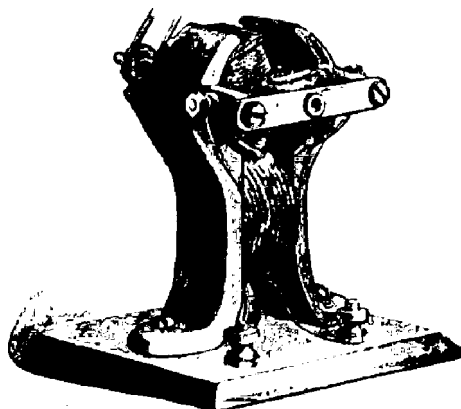
A. G. Barler Mfg. CO., 104-106 Lake St., Chicago.

Electric Novelties for Boys.

For Sale by The Collector Pub'g Co., Detroit, Mich.

LITTLE HUSTLER MOTOR.

Price, \$1.50, Delivered.



This is an entirely new departure in a cheap Motor. The armature has three poles, causing the motor to start without assistance when the current is applied.

It is a complete specimen of electrical science and workmanship and head and shoulders above the poorly made toy motors sold at this price.

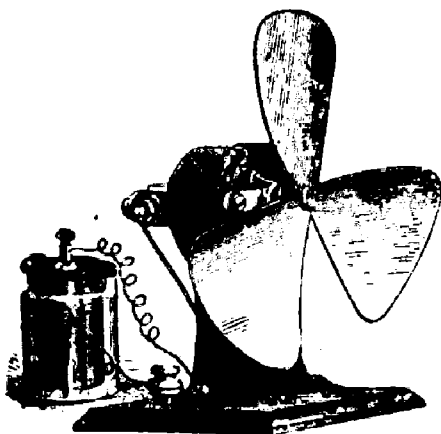
A critical examination will prove the truth of our statement.

It drives a 5-inch fan at a high rate of speed and is fitted with a pulley for running Toys, etc.

Any battery from the cheapest up, that will run any motor, will drive the Little Hustler. A cheap and efficient cell is an ordinary carbon cylinder cell.

LITTLE HUSTLER FAN OUTFIT.

Price, \$2.00, Complete.



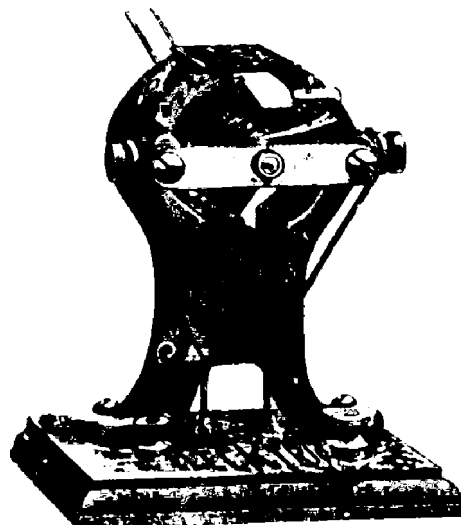
Consisting of 1 Motor, 1 Cell, 1 5-inch Fan, 3 extra Zincs, Connecting Wire, directions and formula for making the solution.

One battery charge will drive the motor 10 to 12 hours when it is easily refilled. Material that will last several charges can be purchased for a few cents from a druggist.

Sent by express, charges to follow. Weighs 7 lbs.

MOTORS LARGER THAN LITTLE HUSTLER.

Style A, \$1.70, Delivered; with 5-inch Fan, \$2.02, Delivered.



This is the finest small motor ever produced.

Has a three pole armature, adjustable brushes, the frame work is finished in black enamel and all brass parts are beautifully nicked.

Style B (2 to 4 volts) \$3.00, express to follow. Weight, 1 1/4 lbs. Height, 4 1/4 inches. With 6-inch fan, 4 blades, \$3.50, express to follow.

Style C (2 to 6 volts) \$5.00, express to follow. Weight, 4 lbs. Height, 6 1/4 inches. With 8-inch fan, 4 blades, \$6.75, express to follow. Fan guard extra, \$1.00.

Style D (2 to 8 volts) \$8.00, express to follow. Weight, 7 1/4 lbs. Height, 7 1/4 inches. With 10-inch fan, 4 blades, \$9.00, express to follow. Fan guard, \$1.00 extra.

BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT.

A Top That Spins for Over Forty-three Minutes.

Prof. Charles Jacobus, formerly city superintendent of public schools of New Brunswick and now manager of the C. A. Nicholas Publishing House at Springfield, Mass., is the inventor of the most scientific top that we know anything about. It has a record of spinning 43 1/2 minutes. It is of bronze, and has a steel point about one-fourth as large as the head of a pin. Even when it stops it does not wobble. The professor always carries it with him when he travels, for the amusement he gets out of it.

Mr. Jacobus was the principal of Naples Academy, Naples, Mass., from 1866 to 1869. He has always been an educator in the highest sense. He has used the top in illustrating his views of a symmetrical life. It serves admirably the purpose, as when properly started it spins quietly on and on through a long life, never wobbling, never tumbling, and even while motionless still erect and firm because of its own proper symmetry. Mr. Jacobus is not in the top business. The top is not made for sale. He has had many letters regarding it, but he is too busy a man to answer all the questions put to him. There seems to be no new principle observed in the making of this top. It is simply the most perfect top that has yet been made. The making of a top that can do such wonderful things was partly accidental. One can understand this when he considers that a man may make a thousand violins, and that very singularly one of these violins turns out to be worth more than the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. So it has happened that this top, constructed perhaps on a principle not differing from that on which tops have been made since before the time of the Pyramids, can do things that no other top can do and hence is worth more in proportion.

Coach Stagg and His Nine Months Old Boy.

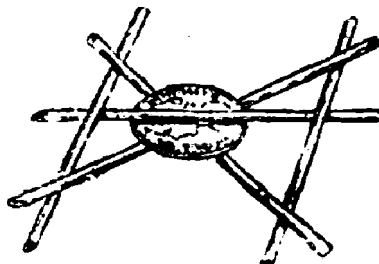


A. A. Stagg is the professor of athletics, if we may coin the title, in the Chicago University. Items have been going the rounds of the papers lately telling of the wonderful things that Mr. Stagg has been able to accomplish with his little boy less than a year old, in the way of developing him physically by a system of gymnastics in the nursery.

The papers say that the boy began active training at the age of four weeks; that from that time on he was given regular and systematic exercise, and that he now has strength and skill in muscular movement which surpasses that of children three times his age. The first attempts at exercising the little fellow were experiments, but the results soon showed that these were a great success. Simple movements of the head, arms and legs constituted the first week of training. The effect was noted from the first. Not only did the little fellow grow in strength in his arms and legs, but his general health improved. Light massage and easy movements were introduced for the body muscles, and the child was taught to hold his head up by the muscles of his neck. Friends of the athlete were often startled to see him roll the little fellow about and gather him up by the clothing without supporting his head, the youngster all the time crowing and smiling under the rugged treatment. He is now said to be the picture of robust health and happiness. He takes his exercise three times a day under the tutorage of his father. He is a good sleeper and keeps excellent hours. A short time ago the father left the city and the course of training stopped, and during that time the little fellow was peevish and fretful. Mr.

Stagg has taught his son several tricks. Since the boy was two weeks old he has been tossed about in rough and tumble fashion on the soft couch. His tumbling feats consist of head stands, somersaults and roll-overs, helped, of course, by a strong hand. When three months old the little fellow could toddle across the floor, supported by guiding hands which did not allow him to bear his weight on his feet. His next accomplishment was to raise himself from a sitting posture to his feet by simply using the leg muscles. Many a grown person would find it difficult to accomplish this feat. He has been taught to arch his back like a little wrestler, thus bringing into use the head muscles. He has been taught to use the abdominal muscles by raising the weight of the body from a horizontal to a vertical position without using the arms. One of his spectacular performances is to stand on his father's hands, effectively balancing his weight. He stiffens his back, throws out his chest, and looks every inch a man. At the age of eight months he hung by his hands from a small trapeze bar for a minute at a time. He is never in better humor than when taking his exercise.

Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are both athletes. Mr. Stagg's reputation is too well established to need comment. Mrs. Stagg has a record at the university in basket ball and tennis. She was one of the leading tennis players of the country in the summer of 1897. The newspapers say that the example set by Mr. Stagg in the treatment of his boy is being followed in the neighborhood, and that other infants are receiving regular exercise, the experiments in all cases being a success.



A Trick with Straws.

There are many interesting little tricks which may be accomplished with straws. One of them is as follows:

Get several straws and a coin, and fix the straws round the coin so that by catching hold of the end of one straw the coin may be lifted into the air.

A glance at the illustration will show how this can be accomplished.

The Obedient Sailor.

The Obedient Sailor is an interesting little toy. It should be made of plith cork, or some very light wood, and carved out as shown in the illustration. In its arms a rifle at the "shoulder arms" position should be placed. The barrel of the rifle must be made hollow, in order that in it may be placed, when desired, a piece of solid steel wire. The whole figure is to be fastened at the feet on to the flat side of the half of a leaden bullet. Upon the steel wire being inserted in the barrel of the rifle the sailor will lie down, and upon its being removed he will stand upright. The secret of these actions should rest with the performer who shows off the ways of the Obedient Sailor. The exhibitor should use some dexterity in placing the steel wire in the barrel in order to keep the secret of the sailor.



Electric Novelties for Boys.

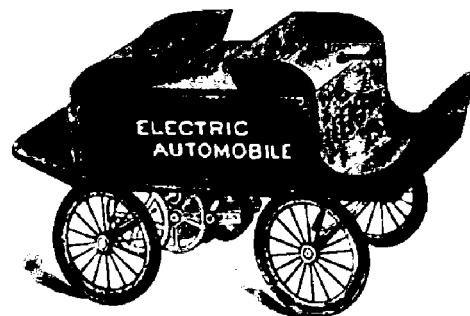
For Sale by The Collector Pub'g Co., Detroit, Mich.

TYPES C AND D.



ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE.

Price, Complete, \$5.00; Express to Follow.



It teaches, amuses and gives great pleasure. As an Electrical and Scientific piece of mechanism it is unsurpassed.

Two Dry Cells of regular size easily procured from any Electrical Supply House are fastened in the body of the wagon and overcomes the objectionable feature of acids in batteries.

Continuously, the battery will drive the wagon about five hours, but by using a few minutes only each day fifteen to twenty hours may be obtained.

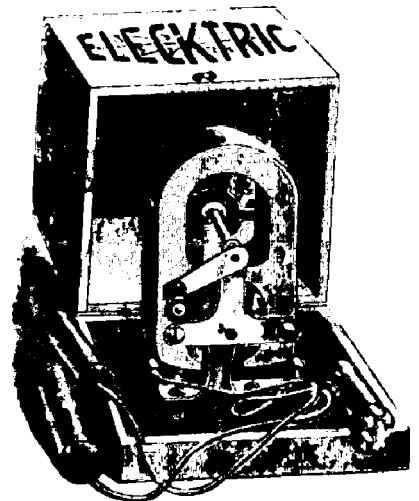
The Motor, double reduction gears, etc., are placed under the body and drive the rear wheels. The front axle is pivoted and the lever may be turned to any angle.

The body is beautifully enameled in green with gold trimmings, and fitted with a starting switch.

Length 12 1/2 inches. Width, 6 1/2 inches. Height, 7 1/4 inches. Diameter of Wheels, 3 inches. Size of Cells, 5x2 7-16 inches. Weight, boxed, 10 lbs.

ELECTRIC THRILLER.

Price, \$1.50, Delivered.



This little Shocking Machine is a surprise in mechanical perfection, finish and cheapness. Can be manipulated to make a giant tremble or not to injure a child.

Every boy wants one for instruction and experiment. It is a veritable Fun Factory and in a group, side splitting laughter is created by the many amusements and tricks the machine is capable of producing.

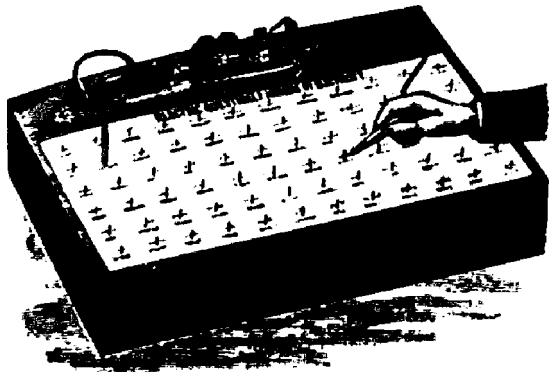
It strengthens the nervous system, costing nothing to run, can be applied without aid and supersedes Induction Coils and Medical Batteries. Furnished complete in a highly finished Cabinet with Hand Electrodes, Sponge Electrode for application to the afflicted parts, Crank, Multiplying Gear, etc., etc.

Electric Novelties for Boys.

For Sale by The Collector Pub'g Co., Detroit, Mich.

ELECTRIC QUESTIONER.

Price, \$8.00; Express to Follow.



Answers by electricity. Funny, entertaining, instructive. Every family in the land should have one.

Description—There are seventy-two pins on top of desk, over which a perforated card is placed, with thirty-six questions on the left side, and thirty-six answers on the right.

To Operate—Place the key attached to the left flexible cord on any of the thirty-six questions desired. Take the pointer attached to the right flexible cord and tap pins consecutively until the signal is given, when the answer can be taken from around that pin.

STAMPS 100 Foreign all diff. 1c. Postage 5c. Agents 505 1000 Huges 6c. List free. Q. STAMP CO., Toledo, O.

102 Foreign Stamps, China, Guatemala, Venezuela, etc., all diff. 10c. E. C. Down, 18, Sherborn, Mass.

300 STAMPS, 6c; 1,000, 20c. Big packet, 6c. Agents, 609 J. B. R., 29 Edwards St., Springfield, Mass.

Honduras, 1878, 1 & 2c., 3c. Salvador, 1890, 1, 2, 3 & 5c., 5c., all new. 30 var. U. S. used 10c., 30 for 5c., 10 Swiss, 5c., 1000 mixed 2c. Coins 1c., sold 2 & ex. S. CAL. STAMP CO., Santa Ana, Cal.

STAMPS—100 var. Labuan, British Guiana, etc. 10 cents. H. M. PULVER, PLYMOUTH, N. Y.

FREE—50 foreign stamps to all applying for my Approval Sheets of U. S. Colonials, British Colonials, etc., at per cent off 50th Catalogue. C. MOERAU, 55 Irving Place, N. Y.

FREE—An unused Department Stamp Catalogue for to any collector who sends us his address. Royal Exchange Stamp Co., Winoona, Minn. A used Treasury Catalogue 12c for 5.

FREE! ABSOLUTELY FREE! 8 all different varieties of South Africa War Stamps to each and every applicant for our "Gift Edge" approval sheets who can give good references. KOLONIA STAMP CO., DAYTON, O.

STAMPS—50 different genuine Natal, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, etc., with album only 10c. 1,000 mixed Chile, etc., 20c. 1,000 hinges, 6c. Agents wanted, 50c. New 1900 list free. C. A. STEGMAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

GOLD or Silver Plated Watch free to stamp collectors. Send 2c. stamp for particulars and 25 good stamps free. M. J. KLEINMAN, 2601 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

STAMPS—30 New Cuba 1/2c., 7 S Settlement 10c., 12 S Olympia 10c., 8 New Montenegro 10c., 12 Greece 10c., 5 Bolivia 1/2c., 10 Jamaica 10c., 5 Hong Kong 10c., 16 Holland 10c., 10 pocket album, 40 stamps, 4 pocket album stamps, printed on bond paper, bound in leather cloth cover, 10c. Best prices paid for lots or collections. Catalog free. Established 1862. W. F. BISHOP & CO., La Grange, Ill.

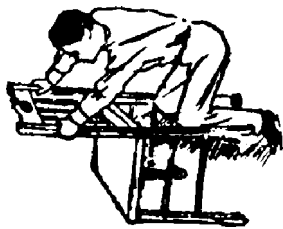
100 all different Genuine Stamps 4c. 12 1/2c War Revenue, 1/2c to \$1.00. 5c. 5 Picture Postage Stamps 5c. Cuban Bank Notes, brand new 5c. 5 Samoa Express, unused 7c. 100 fine blank Approval Sheets 15c. 1000 Hinges 5c. Bargain list free. Postage, 20c. extra. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

STAMPS—STAMPS—STAMPS—STAMPS BARGAIN. 3 Porto Rico stamps that catalog 10c. 9 pocket album, 1 price list, worth 20c., 10c. post free. Stamps on approval. Against references. H. C. CROWELL, 208 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

FREE For 2c. stamp and 5 names of active stamp collectors, I will send 3 unused Cuban stamps and 100 well mixed foreign from Venezuela, Mexico, etc. 10 unused German locals, 6c. 10 South American, 6c. 10 Australian, 6c. 10 Canadian, 6c. Special packet No. 126 contains 100 well mixed foreign, 100 mixed U. S., 25 mixed U. S. due stamps 15 mixed South America, 25 mixed Australia, 2 approval sheets containing 25 stamps each, value 80c., and 100 stamp hinges for 2c., post free. H. J. KLEINMAN, 2601 N. 12th St., Phila. Pa.

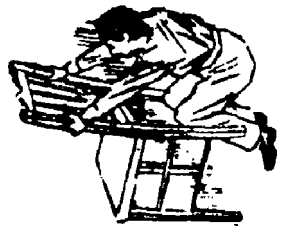
A Trick With Chairs.

Place a chair on the ground, so that the front half rests on the floor, the back and the two hinder legs being in the same horizontal plane. (See Fig. 1.)



Now invite a friend to kneel on the rail which crosses between the two hind-legs, and while in that position to pick up with his mouth a coin or a sweet resting on the back of the upper rail.

The thing at first sight seems a very easy matter; but if the boy who tries the experiment is not careful to bend his



knees and draw his body well back, so that his center of gravity shall remain in rear of the seat of the chair it will in-

evitably tip forward as shown in the second illustration, and the victim will see the prize shoot away from him at the very moment when he thinks he has secured it.

Very amusing indeed (to the onlookers, of course) are the antics which the victim will perform in endeavoring to get the prize from the top rail of the chair.

Helping Somewhere.

An unknown writer related a pretty little incident recently of a lady who called at the house of a physician, and, finding him out, asked his son where his father could most likely be found.

"Well," replied the lad, "you'll have to look for him some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that; I don't know just where he is, but he's helping somewhere."

"Helping somewhere!" Is there a grander, sweeter, better life in the world than that led by those who are always helping somewhere?"

KENNETH M. RANSOM,

DESIGNER AND BUILDER OF

SMALL BOATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Canadian Canoes a Specialty,

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Box 44, St. Joseph, Mich.

The Boy Stamp Collector.

A Typical Amateur Stamp Collector.

Editor THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.: I am an American boy and a devotee of stamp collecting. I became interested in this hobby in 1894. My collection began with the common United States stamps. Then I looked over old letters that belonged to my parents, and from them I secured many old and foreign stamps. My interest in stamp collecting increased, and in less than a year I had an album full of them. I made my album myself. Two pieces of cardboard served for the covers, and these, with a few dozen pages between, made up the album. It held about 800 stamps. I bought some stamps for cash and exchanged or traded for others, so that to-day I am the happy possessor of several hundred stamps, among them some that are quite valuable; and they are growing more valuable every year. I have several hundred Columbian and Omaha stamps. There is a premium on the Columbians, and the Omahas are in great demand. I am still getting Columbian stamps. The other day I ordered 100 of them from the east. My stamps are of a number of varieties, among them United States, France, Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Peru, Hawaiian Islands, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Italy, Japan, Netherlands, etc.

OLIVER HENRY LAFRANCHI, Reclamation, Cal.

We learn this month of the good fortune of one of our readers who was anxious to start a collection of stamps. He began to hunt up all the old letters and papers which he could find containing stamps, and upon some of them he found the five and ten cent stamps of 1847. Keeping one of each for himself, he wrote to one of the dealers whose advertisement he found in THE AMERICAN BOY, and asked what he would give for the stamps, stating that he was anxious to collect. The dealer replied that he would give him an International Album containing spaces for stamps from all countries and 1,000 all different foreign stamps with 2,000 stamp hinges for putting the stamps in his album, and he sent the stamps and received the packet and album. In this way he has started a collection which cost him nothing but the trouble of hunting for the stamps. There are lots of stamps to be found on old letters and papers which dealers will

gladly buy or exchange with you for a good start at making a collection of stamps, and undoubtedly many of our readers might be just as fortunate as the boy we describe.

Old letters written before stamps were issued are of no value. Beside old postage stamps don't forget that the early revenue stamps are valuable, too. These will be found on old legal papers such as deeds and mortgages, and on medicine bottles and packages.

A large number of the stamps of the British Colonies were already in these colors in the 1/2p, 1p, and 2 1/2p, which are the same as our 1c, 2c and 5c, and so change was unnecessary, but so many were changed that many collectors feel discouraged at the great increase in the number of varieties, and are therefore specializing, that is, collecting only such countries as particularly interest them.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. S. R.—A four-cent playing card stamp in nice condition any dealer will give you \$4.00 worth of stamps for.

M. A. S.—There are about 50 different revenue stamps of the United States which can be bought for 60 cents.

B. E. R.—The first issue of the stamps of the Hawaiian Islands are among the rarest stamps in existence, but all the stamps of these islands are very much in demand, even to the very cheapest varieties.

H. A. R.—The majority of stamps are worth no more on the original envelopes than off them, but almost all old stamps are worth more on the envelopes than off. It is better not to remove old stamps from the envelopes until you have written someone who can tell you about them.

J. R. T.—The stamps on the back of old photographs are sometimes valuable. The two-cent orange playing card and three-cent green playing card are sometimes found in this way and will bring from \$1 to \$3 each.

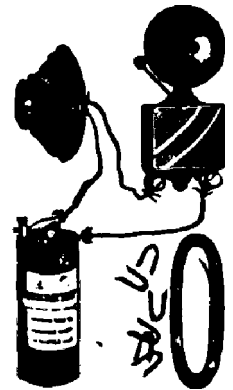
C. C. S.—The 3c playing card revenue unperforated, is a very rare stamp and if in good condition will bring a very high price. Don't be mistaken about unperforated,

Electric Novelties for Boys.

For Sale by The Collector Pub'g Co., Detroit, Mich.

ELECTRIC CALL BELL OUTFIT.

Price, \$1.50, Delivered.



The use of Electric Call Bells is well known. This outfit includes full directions, the wires can be run where desired and put in operation without a knowledge of electricity.

Outfit consists of 1 Iron Box Bell, 3/4-inch gong, 1 Cell Dry Battery, 1 Wood Push Button, 50 feet Insulated Wire, Staples, etc. Weighs 5 lbs.

The foregoing Electric Novelties are for sale by the

Collector Publishing Co.,

DETROIT, MICH.

STAMPS—100 varieties fine postage and revenues, neatly mounted in book, a nice collection. 27c. 1900 price list. All post free.

1, 2, 3, and 5 cent Canada Maple Leaves.....08c
1, 2, 3, and 5 " Numerals.....07c
50 cent Canada Jubilee, fine used.....25c
1, 2, 3, and 5 cent ".....15c
3 cent U. S., 1857, Vermilion, rare.....07c
Omaha, 1-10 cent, fine used.....07c
50 cent, ".....07c
Stamps on approval against A1 references.

CHAS. A. HALSTEAD, Lock Box 917, Chicago, Ill.

Stamp Bargains

100 varieties, album, and hinges.....10 cents
25 different United States.....10 "
17 " Revenues.....10 "
3 small albums, very neat.....10 "
15 different U. S. Colonials, worth 50c.....15 "
350 mixed foreign, fine lot, some scarce.....20 "
25 different Cuba, worth 10c each.....25 "
50 " scarce, from China, Newfoundland, &c.....25 "
30 " 80c and Central America, many unused.....25 "
1000 good stamps and small album.....25 "
30 different, unused, Philippines, China, &c., only 50 "
50 " British Colonials, \$3.00.....50 "
Fine Pound mixture, worth \$3.00.....only 75 "
50 scarce stamps, worth \$4.00.....only \$1.00

Postage extra under 50 cents. Our Approval department is the best out. Try it. References required. Each customer gets free our mammoth stamp Encyclopedia and price list.

The Stamp Store, 227 Garfield Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

WE OFFER..

Soudan, Camel Post, 4 varieties.....15c
Bosnia, 9 varieties, fine.....15c
Persia '94, 5 varieties.....10c
Austria Unpaid Letter, 5 varieties.....05c
Bolivia '94 complete, 1 to 100c.....15c
Bulgaria, 10 varieties.....08c
Costa Rica, '89, 1c to 1 peso, 7 varieties.....12c
Sweden Official, 13 varieties fine.....15c
Russia, 21 varieties, splendid value.....20c
Egypt, 15 varieties.....20c
U. S. Revenues, 50 all different.....25c
300 fine foreign, all different.....25c

Send for our 1900 catalogue, it's free for the asking.

THE MICHIGAN STAMP CO., Room 3, 146 Woodward Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

We wish to buy

OLD POSTAGE and REVENUE STAMPS

Look over your old letters and papers and see what you can find. Then

WRITE US.

We will give you cash, or if you prefer will give you other stamps in exchange.

Nearly all Postage Stamps previous to 1890 are worth saving, the 3c stamps being the commonest, but some varieties of these are scarce. 1c and 2c stamps of the present issue we do NOT desire. Anything else we will buy.

If you are a collector, send us your want list.

BOSTON STAMP COMPANY, No. 43 Milk St.,

J. FAVILL CAPRON, Mgr. BOSTON, MASS.

STAMPS, Album & List free. Agents 50%.

STAMPS in fine album, and cat. free. Agents 50%.

25 STAMPS FREE who apply for stamps 66 50 per cent com.

Send 30c. for Stamp Album Approval

THE CHEAPEST STAMP DEALER.

150 STAMPS ONLY A DIME.

STAMPS—1000

STAMPS—500 fine mixed, Australian (swan), etc., 10c.

100 VARIETIES of postage stamps.

I CAN PLEASE YOU

Special Lots at Special Rates to Agents

C. B. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

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MY APPROVAL BOOKS

PACKETS

W. W. MACLAREN,

STAMPS SENT ON APPROVAL.

C. H. MEKEL STAMP & PUBLISHING CO.,

A FEW BARGAINS IN SETS AND PACKETS.

THE PAN AMERICAN STAMP CO.,

which means that the stamps have no means of separation one from another but cutting, while the perforated stamps can be torn apart.

K. S. M.—A watermark in a stamp is the same as a watermark in a sheet of writing paper only smaller.

The present issue of United States stamps are watermarked U. S. P. S., but the watermark is so large that only part of each letter shows in each stamp.

The present issue of the stamps of most of the British Colonies are water-

marked crown and C. A., and the watermark is so small that in most cases the whole watermark shows in each stamp.

The difference between triangles 1, 2 and 3 of the 1895 issue of U. S. stamps is as follows:

In 1 the lines of the background of the stamp are the same thickness where they cross the triangle.

In 2 the lines of the background are much finer where they cross the sides of the triangle.

In 3 the lines of the background are broken where they cross the sides of the triangle, so that the background is plain between the edges of the triangle.

The Austrian stamp for which you ask a description is a revenue, so you will not find a place for it in your album.

The Boy Coin Collector.



AMPHIPOLUS, HEAD OF JUNO, B. C. 400-336.

Why Collect Coins?

They teach us mythology. Would you see the faces of Hercules, Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune, Bacchus, Mercury, Vulcan, Mars, Juno, Pallas, Proserpine, Ceris, Diana and Venus as idealized by those who deified them, and see the very coins they saw who worshiped them?

They teach us architecture. The temples of Romulus, Concord, Vesta, Venus, Jupiter and Janus. The Trajan Forum, the Circus Maximus, the Colosseum, the arches of Claudius and Nero and the Nearclan aqueduct are only a few among the many ancient and historic edifices we find on coins handed down to us.

PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.

One of the delights of collecting coins is the idea of association. How many coins have been handed down as heirlooms from generation to generation in families, and though the metal is often valueless, how they are prized by their custodians.

have looked on that one before his sight forever left him, or this coin Washington may have held in his palm. We do not know.

WHAT COINS TO COLLECT.

This is simply a matter of taste and must depend largely upon one's ability to purchase. When one realizes that the world's largest collections are far from complete, and never will be complete, it is vain to have serious ambitions in that way.

We want to impress upon the mind of the collector, that it is not the number of coins he has that he knows little or nothing about, that will be a pleasure or benefit to him, so much as the few he may have that he knows well.

The coin should be your teacher; mute though it is, it can teach you much if you will but use it as a text. Where is it from? Study the history of the country or city at the period or time it was struck.

Be persistent; keep your eyes open; and you will ere long be surprised at the fund of instruction and entertainment you have accumulated for yourself and friends.

George Dalton, of Norwood, Mich., on Feb. 6, found carefully concealed in an old wood pile in a piece of woods near the C. R. & S. railway, a collection of old coins that are presumed to be of value.

INDIAN RELICS, Geodes, Minerals, Fossils, Sea Shells, Corals and Curios.

CURIOS, Sea Wonders, Old Paper Money, Shells, Crystals, Gems, Minerals, Birds' Eggs, etc.

STAMPS Start collecting now! To beginners we send an elegant cloth bound album and 100 different FOREIGN stamps.

BEAUTIFUL CRYSTALS. Finest in the world. Unsurpassed in brilliancy and perfection.

A. B. CRIM, Middleville, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

300 FOR 25 Just to get acquainted. We have made up a packet of 80 varieties of good, clean foreign stamps, no cut cards, revenues or trash, which we will send postpaid for 27 cents.

Stamp Bought, Sold, Exchanged. Box 397. ECHO STAMP CO., WATERTOWN, N. Y.

APPROVAL SHEETS TRY OURS AT 50% COMMISSION.

Stamps at Prices Easy to Sell.

TAYLOR STAMP CO., 66 West Tupper Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LORD BALTIMORE PACKETS.

1,000 var. \$5.00; 1,500 var. \$12.00; 2,000 var. \$20.00. Superior to all other packets in quality and condition.

Jon. B. Burleigh, Jr., Havansstown, Balt. Co., Md.

A HANDSOME AND VALUABLE MINERAL SPECIMEN CABINET. BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE. Prepaid by mail for \$1.00. Containing 22 specimens of 22 different kinds of ores, minerals, petrifications and semi precious stones, as follows:

J. H. BLAKE, 1630 WELTON ST., DENVER, COL. (Mention this Journal.)

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Carl Holbrook, West Roxbury, Mass.—Your 1852 copper cent and 1864 nickel are both very common; the former worth 5 cents.

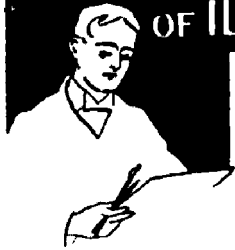
Fred Targatz, Schroyer, Kas.—There is no premium on the 1845 dime, 1854 dime and quarter with arrow points, or five cents of 1867.

Salon, Hackettstown, N. J.—The Columbian half dollar of 1893 sells for 75 cents, 1892 is the rarer date. Both are, however, easily obtained often at face value.

M. C. Dittmann, Phila.—The half-dollars of 1812, 1824, 1825 and 1836 are worth in good condition 75 cents each. There is a variety of 1836, without lettering on the edge, that is worth \$2.50.

J. W. B. Fulton, N. Y.—Though the 2 and 3-cent pieces are no longer issued by the U. S. mint they are still easily obtained and your pieces of 1864, 1865 and 1868 command no premium.

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Home instruction in drawing for newspapers and magazines by successful illustrators. Requires spare time only. Adapted to young and old, beginners and advanced students. An opportunity to enter a highly profitable profession. Full information free.

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114 West 34th Street, New York



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TRADE MARK
MATCHLESS
HOSIERY

50c Quality Full Fashioned Hosiery 25 Cents a Pair.

Ladies'-Men's- Misses'-Boys'
How Can We Do This?

Heretofore all full fashioned hosiery was imported (full-fashioned hosiery means made on a machine that follows the lines of the foot and leg, so that it always fits like a glove and never loses that shape-keeping quality). Instead, we imported expensive knitting machines, and employed skilled workmen trained in the best foreign hosiery factories, with the result that we make hosiery, which, if imported, as formerly, could not be sold for less than 50c. that we can sell at 25 cents a pair!

For Sale by Live Dealers Everywhere. Look for "WAYNE KNIT MATCHLESS" stamped on each pair. Insist on your dealers supplying you. If he does not keep them send us his name; we will see that you and he are supplied. Sample pair, one pair only to any person, 25 cents. Send size wanted.

If you don't want hosiery just now, send us your own and your dealer's name on a postal, and we will send you a very instructive book telling how the celebrated Wayne Knit Matchless, full fashioned 50c hose are made so as to retail at 25c per pair.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FT. WAYNE IND.

Soup For Six 10 Cents

"White Label" Brand

Seasoned just right—cooked just right and ready for instant use—"White Label Concentrated Soup"—enough in a ten-cent can for six generous plates full—add a little boiling water and it's ready. Tomato, Mock Turtle, Consomme, Beef, Ox Tail, Vegetable, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo-Okra.

Economical Soup Booklet yours for a postal. Be sure you get "White Label"

Packed only by **ARMOUR PACKING COMPANY** Department 16, Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A.

Ralph V. R., Onancock, Va.—The coins you send are an Annamese pewter cash and 1819 U. S. cent. You can purchase pieces in this condition for 5 cents each. They are worth more to keep than to sell.

Sphinx, Fishkill, N. Y.—A common army and navy token of 1863, issued during the civil war. There were many hundred varieties of these issued at this period and they passed current as cents during and for a time after the war.

J. B. L., Jr., Pa.—Your coin with a horse head over a plough, Nova Caesarea, and with reverse shield and E Pluribus Unum, is a New Jersey cent. These cents were issued by that state in the years 1786, 1787 and 1788. There are many varieties of these pieces and they are worth from 25 cents to \$3.00 each, depending upon variety and condition. Your rubbing does not show date, but is one of the common varieties.

W. G. Pratt, Alton Bay, N. H.—Not a pine tree "shilling," but a pine tree "III pence." A pine tree III pence in the condition yours seems to be is worth about \$3.50. The oak tree III pence is worth much more. These pieces of the denominations of II, III, VI and XII pence were issued for the colony of Massachusetts, and though all bear date 1652, the records show they were struck from year to year up to 1682. The only exception is the 41 pence oak tree, which is dated 1662.

E. H. Armor, Allegeny—Your 1794 half cent is illustrated in our December issue. Its value depends upon its condition, which you do not mention. If in good condition it should be worth \$1.50. Your other piece is a political medal of Abraham Lincoln. These presidential or political medals are quite common and but little collected. It is a difficult matter to put a price on them. Their sale is mainly through the auction room, where they bring from 10 to 25 cents each, some more and some less.

Henry Maclean, Detroit—The rubbings you sent we believe to be of a medal of

Poland and a medalet of Victoria. The former, while having a date of 1791, we believe to have been struck in 1891 to commemorate some Polish centennial event. Your rubbing is not distinct enough to give us all the inscription and you do not state whether the metal is silver or bronze. We have seen several varieties of the Victoria medalet similar to this, some of them struck in iron and silvered. Of no particular value.

H. O. W., Buena Vista, Cal.—There were three varieties of the 1883 United States nickel 5-cent pieces. First, those with the large 5 surrounded by rays, with shield on the obverse; second, those with head of liberty, and reverse large V and motto, "E Pluribus Unum," and the third, similar to last, but with the word "cents" in place of the motto. The second variety was discontinued because they were gilded by unscrupulous persons and passed for \$5 gold pieces, the lack of the words expressing the denomination being confusing to many. There is a general impression that this second variety is rare and commands a premium. A great many were struck and we do not believe this to be true.

Willie G. Halsey, Chicago.—Your rubbing is taken from a coin of Morocco. It is a 3-falus piece. Morocco is a Mohammedan country and dates its coins from the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet, which was in A. D. 622. This, added to the date of your coin (1288), would give us 1910 A. D. Of course, this is wrong, but we must remember that the Mohammedan year is a lunar and not a solar year, which makes it a much shorter one than ours, so a further mathematical calculation reduces your coin to 1871 A. D., when your coin was—I was going to say struck—but you will notice that it is a cast coin—one made in a mould. The geometric design on the reverse is held to represent the seal of King Solomon. This common coin is an interesting piece and is puzzling many older heads than yours. One virtue it has, that of being very common.

Baker's Bedside Table
ADJUSTABLE for serving meals, reading, writing, etc. Adapted for use over Bed, Lounge, Chair, etc.



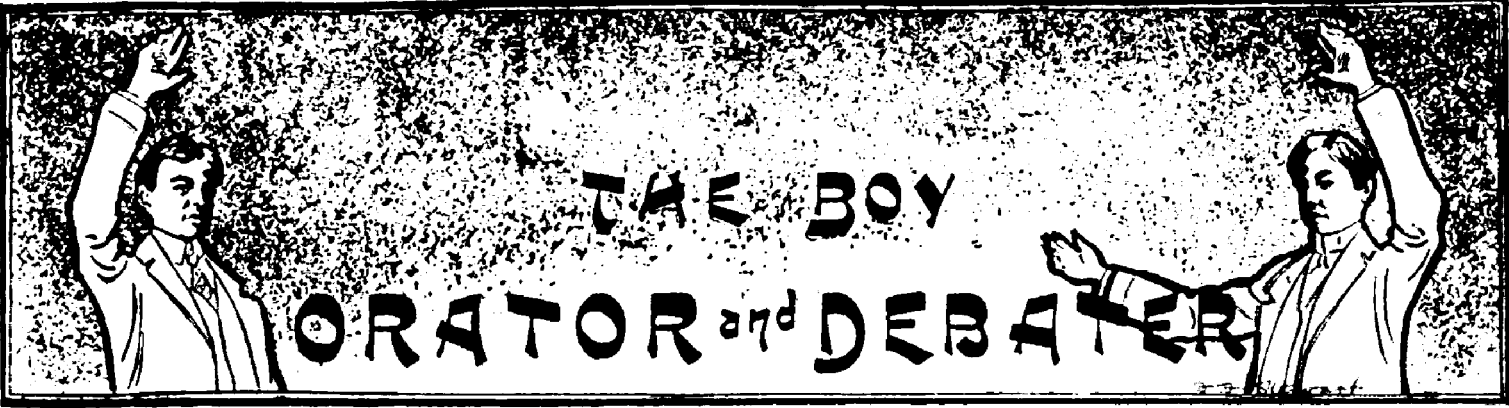
A GREAT COMFORT FOR THE SICK.
Finely polished quartered oak. Top can be extended, raised, lowered or tilted either way. Book Holders attached to each side. Frame is steel tubing. Table weighs 15 lbs., height 30 in. Adopted by U. S. Government Institutions.

Ideal Christmas Gift.
IN FIVE STYLES—Black Enameled, \$4.25; White Enameled, \$4.75; Nickel Plated, \$6.75; Brass Plated, \$7.00; Antique Copper Plated (very handsome), \$7.25. FREIGHT PAID east of Colorado. By express prepaid fifty cents extra. Prompt shipment and safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied. DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET FREE. Send for it.
J. R. BAKER & SONS CO.,
101 Wayne St., KENDALLVILLE, IND.

17 JEWELLED
adjusted, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set, genuine **NATIONAL SPECIAL** movement. Ladies or Gents size. **WARRANTED 50 YEARS.** 14K. Gold plate hunting case elegantly engraved. Fit for a king. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special offer for next 30 days, send your full name and address and we will send this watch C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent \$5.85 & express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain & charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again. **NAT'L HFG. & IMPORTING CO.** 224 Dearborn St. R 202 Chicago, Ill.

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ALL WOOL Cheviot Trousers
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THE AMERICAN BOY,
DETROIT, MICH.



The University of Michigan Debating Team Defeats the Chicago University Team.

Between athletic seasons student enthusiasm at the University of Michigan

bate being the semi-final of the second series of the Central Debating League, which consists of the Northwestern University, University of Minnesota, University of Chicago and University of Michigan. Last year the University of Michi-

debate on January 12 was on the question: "Resolved, That municipal ownership and operation of street railroads is preferable to ownership and operation by private companies." Chicago had the affirmative, and Michigan the negative. General R. A. Alger presided, and the judges were, Hon. Harry A. Garfield, Cleveland; Prof. C. A. Waldo, Purdue University, Ind., and J. K. Hamilton, Toledo, O. The Michigan debaters were all members of the law school. They were: A. M. Cloud, of Earlville, Ia., a graduate of Lenox College, who has won many oratorical contests and is an excellent debater; Martin H. Carmody, of Grand Rapids, Mich., who was a member of the Michigan team that defeated the University of Pennsylvania, in debate last year, and won first prize in the University oratorical contest; and Gustavus Ohlinger. Mr. Ohlinger, though an American, was born in China, and is now the stenographer to President Angell, of the University. The Chicago debaters were A. E. Bistor, R. S. Williams and B. Samuels. Mr. Bistor represented his college in the Northern Oratorical League last year and won second honors. The judges decided in favor of the Michigan debaters. This was quite a triumph for the University of Michigan. In the five debates so far held with the University of Chicago, Michigan has been successful four times, while Chicago has had to be contented with a single victory.



A. M. CLOUD. GUSTAVUS OHLINGER. M. H. CARMODY.

gans time to vent itself in intercollegiate contests in debating and oratory. On January 12, the debating team from the University of Michigan met the team from the University of Chicago, this de-

gan practically won the debating championship of the West by defeating both the Northwestern and the Chicago Universities, and every effort is being made to repeat the achievement this year. The

YOU are wanted for the new field; positions; large salaries. Address Prof. Steiner, Lexington, Ky.

BOY AGENTS WANTED to represent us. Can earn big money. Our very useful, new patent sells EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Every woman buys. HERE'S your chance. Don't pass it. Sample, circulars, particulars, ten cents. Write quick. Address GEORGE FORREST CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!! A Solid Gold filled Plain or Stone Ring for selling only ten of our Beauty Stick or Scarf Pins at 10c. each. No money required. Send us your name and address and we will mail you pins at once. Address National Jewelry Co., Box 4, West Mansfield, Mass.

HOW TO WRITE SECRET LETTERS.

For 12 cents in stamps I will send receipts for making five different colored sympathetic inks. You can have lots of fun, as the writing done with these inks cannot be seen until properly treated by some one who knows the secret.

F. E. CHEADLE, Erwin, Ohio.

BOYS AND GIRLS This CAMERA and OUTFIT FREE. We send this PRACTICAL CAMERA AND OUTFIT producing 15 pac Perflume. new. Easy to use. We will send you with large premium list, and the CAMERA or a will be sent you by return mail. THE CRESCENT TEA CO., Dept. 92, Springfield, Mass.

BOYS & GIRLS

Men and Women. Watches, Cameras, Air Rifles, Knives, Kings, Jewelry Silverware, etc. FREE for selling 20 packets of our PREMIUM FLOWER SEEDS at 10c each. No money in advance. Send name and address and we will mail you 20 packets with premium list and instructions. When you send us the \$2.00 and we will forward the premium you select. Don't miss this grand opportunity. Write for outfit to-day. Address: WESTERN SEED HOUSE, 15311 St., Maywood, Ill.

ELGIN A \$2500 Watch

In appearance. The handsomest genuine gold plated watch on the market. Double hunting case, superb SOLID GOLD PATTERN of engraving. Fitted with one of the following celebrated movements, Elgin, Waltham, Century, or genuine imported works guaranteed for 20 YEARS. Put this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination, you examine it at the express office and if as represented pay express agent our special introductory price \$1.50, and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want GENTS OR LADIES SIZE and order to-day as we will send out supplies at this reduced price for 30 days only. R. F. CHALMERS & CO., 218-220 Dearborn St., Chicago.

ADVERTISE IN THE AMERICAN BOY

The Old School Exhibition.

Oh, the old school exhibitions! Will they ever come again. With the good old-fashioned speaking from the girls and boys so plain? Shall we ever hear old "Iser," with his rapid roll and sweep, "And 'Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the deep?"

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs as Mary did of old; Their fleece is not "as white as snow;" they're wandering from the fold. The boy upon "the burning deck" is not one-half as fine— He was not "born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine."

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans; They've changed the old time dresses 'long with the old time scenes; They smile and speak in ancient Greek. In broadcloth and in lace; And you can't half see the speaker for the collar 'round his face.

Oh, the old school exhibitions—they are gone forevermore! The old school house is deserted and the grass has choked the door; And the wind sweeps 'round the gables, with a mournful whine For the old boys "born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Live Topics for Debate.

- 1. Should Congress authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds at will as advised in President's McKinley's message?
2. Is the new currency bill an adequate remedy for the money stringency?
3. If Cuba is entitled to independence why not the Philippines?
4. Is Christianity consistent with ordinarily reputable business competition?
5. Should Hawaii have representatives in our Congress?
6. The President recommends government aid to the American merchant marine. Is that a wise policy?

A little lad not more than five years of age heard his father and some friends discussing various matters. Suddenly one of the party exclaimed: "Well, say what you like, an honest man's the best thing in all the world." This roused the little one, who interposed excitedly thus: "I know that isn't true, for my mother is better than any man in the world."



PEN ARTIST EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

HUNDREDS of ambitious YOUNG MEN and WOMEN are making a brilliant success of our HOME STUDY COURSE IN Penmanship and Book-keeping by Mail

We have the cheapest and best course for home study of these subjects now before the public. Just think of it, we will send you 75 beautifully illustrated lessons in Penmanship for 75c an average of only 1c per lesson. We will send you 100 lessons in Book-keeping and furnish all the blank books, checks, drafts, notes, and instruction for only \$5.00, an average of only 5c per lesson. These lessons will prepare you for lucrative positions, rapid promotion and business success. To demonstrate their superior merits we will send you two lessons in Practical and Artistic PENMANSHIP FREE if you will send us 2c stamp to pay postage. If you cannot afford to pay the above prices for instruction, write us and we will show you a way by which you can earn either of the courses without canvassing and with very little time.

Address: PROF. G. W. TEMPLE, PRESIDENT.

Box A. B. 547. The Champaign Business College, Champaign, Ill.

MUSIC SALE. To close out our stock we send by mail 50 pieces, full sheet music size, all parts complete, all for 10 cts., or 4 lots for 30 cts. Money back if not suited. HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN, and 100 SONGS WITH MUSIC, 8 cts. A. M. HATHAWAY, 330 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Yankee Phonograph. IT TICKLES FOLKS. Complete with 1 record \$3

TALKS—SINGS—PLAYS—Excels for family entertainments. Results equal to high priced phonograph. Complete with one record \$3. Guaranteed; weighs 4 lbs. Standard records used 40c. each. It's the newest phonograph. Sell a few and earn one. Write for particulars. ARNOLD SUPPLY CO., 24 Stanley Terrace, Chicago.

500 BICYCLES \$3.10

NEW 1900 Models, \$11 to \$20 '98 & '99 Models, high grade, \$8 to \$13. Great factory sale. Direct to rider. We ship anywhere on approval, send us an order. EARN A BICYCLE distributing Catalogue for us. We will give one Rider Agent in each town FREE USE of sample wheel to ride and exhibit. WRITE AT ONCE for Bargain List and our SPECIAL OFFER. Address Dept. 166 M MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago.

FREE 1900

You can easily and quickly earn a BICYCLE, CAMERA, WATCH, SEWING MACHINE, Mackintosh, Ladies' Shoes, Jacket, Case, Dress Skirt or some other premium by selling a few boxes of our high grade Toilet Soap to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. We have the best plan for Boys, Girls and Women. Our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums including Ladies' and Children's Clothing, Furniture, Guns, Guitars, Mandolins, etc., mailed FREE. Write to-day for full particulars. DAWSON SOAP CO., 66 Fifth Ave., Dept. 160, Chicago, Ill.

WATCH AND CHAIN FREE

For a Few Hours' Work. We give this Silver-Nickel plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm, to boys and girls for selling 1 1/2 dozen packages of "DOVENSHIRE" The Sackett Wonder Afted throughout England. Finest Imported English Mallet Perfume. Bellon night. No money required. Send your full address and we will forward the Perfume post-paid, also a large Premium Catalogue. You sell it among your neighbors at 10c each, send us premium you select. Cash commission if preferred. If you write to DAY we will send you a beautiful jeweled Pearl or Stick Pin absolutely free in addition. STANDARD IMPORTING CO., DEPT. A33 St. Louis, Mo. This firm is well known for its honest goods and premiums.

Prize and Puzzle Department.

Who Said It.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will give \$1.00 to the first one of its subscribers who sends in the names of the Americans who uttered the following sayings:

- "Give me liberty, or give me death."
"We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."
"These are times that try men's souls."
"My only regret is that I have but one life to give to my country."
"'Tis our true policy to steer clear of present alliance with any portion of the foreign world."
"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!"
"To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."
"Don't give up the ship!"
"We have met the enemy and they are ours."
"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
"I would rather be right than be President."
"If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."
"Hold the fort! I am coming!"
"With malice toward none, with charity for all."
"Let us have peace."
"You may fire, Gridley, when ready."
"Don't swear—Shoot!"
"Don't cheer! The poor devils are dying."

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 32.

Behead to advance and leave a line. Behead to wind and leave a drink. Behead to stretch and leave to come in. Behead fanciful and leave a pine board. Behead a bit and leave full.

No. 33.

Animal Anagrams.

- 1. Hen plate.
2. 'Hiro snores.
3. Flab of u.
4. Raw sul.
5. Hewal.
6. O! a crush.

No. 34.

My FIRST is a cover. My SECOND is skill. My WHOLE is power; Now guess it who will

No. 35.

Rhomboid.

Across—1 watchful. 2 perfumes. 3 a native of Asia. 4 consumed. 5 a shelf. Down—1 a letter. 2 an exclamation. 3 a girl's pet name. 4 a flower. 5 an attempt. 6 to satisfy. 7 a boy's name. 8 abbreviation for "no good". 9 a letter.

No. 36.

Star.

- 1. Alas! I dissipate, carouse. Am noisy, sit up late; And then, behold me, I reform And lighten heavy weight.
2. Pertaining to or like a wall That shields besieged from harm Then turning, I, in my disguise, Am symbol of alarm.
3. I check, resist, am driving back The force against me hurled, And now I am a thing diseased, Accursed of all the world.
4. Now smooth and glossy, never harsh, In "getting on" it tells, And then I am the chiefest planks, Or timbers, in vessels.

The whole to form a star, and from point to point, through the center, to read the same backward and forward.

No. 37.

Word Square.

- A Klondike attraction.
A state.
A slender cord.
A performer.

No. 38.

A Palindrome.

You must find out a word that a city may claim Which backward or forward will yet read the same; Then one horizontal, without flaw or blame Which backward or forward will still be the same; Next think of a fruit that from Mexico came That backward or forward alike is the same; Then the title courteous of a married dame Spelt backward or forward that will be the same; And last the brave songs of the Northland will name The titles of epics of chieftain and thane, And these initials, connected, a dish of coart fame.

No. 39.

Positives and Comparatives.

- 1. To stake; an improvement.
2. A cartilaginous fish; one who glides upon the ice.
3. A healing substance; a tray.
4. To cower or crouch; one who settles on land without a title.
5. Rendered apart; a habitue of Wall street.
6. A bitter dose; a support.
7. A fierce wild animal; a carrier.
8. A prominent figure in politics; a large shallow dish.
9. To tremble; a member of the religious sect founded by George Fox.
10. To plant; a popular kind of hunting dog.

No. 40.

Numerical Enigma.

My whole composed of 33 letters, is a quotation from Milton. My 27, 13, 6, 17, 29, 21, 26, 9, 10, 15 is anxiety. My 14, 31, 18, 5, 2, 23 is recollection.

My 4, 16, 30, 6, 19, 32, 8, 26, 28 is a small dagger. My 20, 11, 25, 12, 7, 6, 15 is clinging. My 22, 2, 1, 18 is tender. My 23, 19, 24 is an insect.

Prize Resolution.

By HARRY E. CLAY, Lowell, Mass. My resolution for 1900 is: "I resolve to do my best in whatever I undertake."

Prize Essay on How Can the American Boy Be Improved.

By ALEXANDER MURRAY, Wilkesbarre, Pa. Although THE AMERICAN BOY treats of nearly every subject of interest to a boy I think it has overlooked a few. One of these which it has overlooked is the subject of drawing. There are many American boys who do not own a camera and cannot afford the same. But any boy can buy a pencil and some paper, and all it requires to draw is a little talent and practice.

Now I think if THE AMERICAN BOY would give prizes for original sketches and drawing it would get a great many more subscribers.

Another subject which would be greeted with applause is of stories and poems. Some boys have had incidents in their lives that are worthy of mention, but a greater number have not and those that have not may be able to write a story which would be appreciated by the readers of your paper just as much.

Then, again, you might give prizes for the best essay or composition on any subject, accompanied by photograph or drawing, such as Coal, How it is mined; Paper, how it is made, etc.

This paper might also give prizes for poems written by a subscriber of THE AMERICAN BOY on a subject chosen by the paper or boy, contained in so many lines, etc.

Jimmy's Physiology.

Prize Anecdote About a Boy, by ALLEN SRELY Kemptville, Ont. Jimmy was anxious to shine in school and eager to answer any question; but, alas! Jimmy was also very liable to get his answers sadly mixed. When the teacher

told the physiology class that "man's stomach was in the abdominal cavity below the diaphragm." Jimmy salted the fact for future use. Sure enough, soon after, the class came to a standstill at the question, "Where is the stomach situated?" This was Jimmy's opportunity! Excitedly he snapped his fingers, "I know." At last came the welcome, "Well, Jimmy," and then Jimmy's answer, "It's in the abominable cavity below the fryin' pan!"

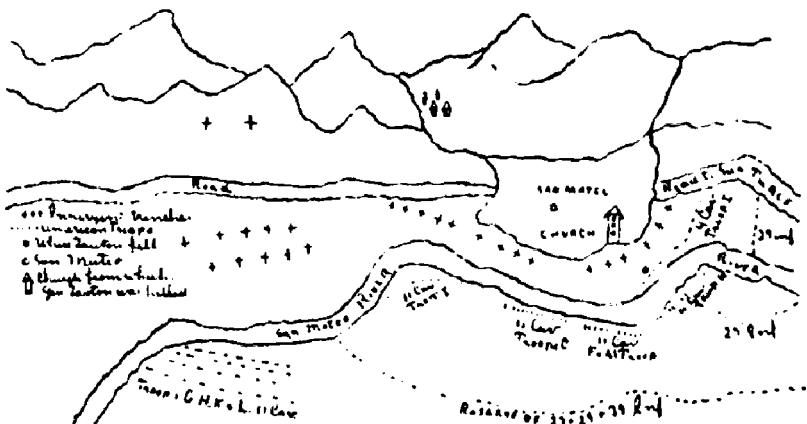
ALLEN SEELY.

The Prize Letter from the Philippines.

San Mateo, P. I., Dec. 24, 1899. I will write you a few lines giving you the details of our great general's death. We were in the scrap and it was a pretty hot one. It lasted over three hours of hard fighting and we got it pretty hard. We had three men killed, one of which was Gen. Lawton, and two privates; eleven were wounded two horses were killed and five wounded.

We left camp here on the evening of Dec. 18, at twelve and marched all night over the hills, and at a good rate to the northern end of the town. The infantry crossed down below to attack the south and west of the town. We had the town surrounded on three sides and on the fourth side were high hills and we could not get any troops over as they were all held by the enemy. After the cavalry were all out of the hills, the signal gun was fired and the battle commenced. There is a river about the town on three sides and that gave them a good advantage over us. We lay in a cane field and poured in a steady fire, but they returned it steadily. They showed as much nerve as we did. The fighting continued until about eight o'clock, thirty minutes, when one of Gen. Lawton's aides came and told us of the brave general's man.

Map of San Mateo, P. I., showing the position of Gen. Lawton's camp and the route of the Philippine army to the town.



MAP OF BATTLE IN WHICH GENERAL LAWTON WAS KILLED. DRAWN BY TEDDY GEISSMAN.

death. Then nothing could hold us back. We just gave a yell, passed it along the line what had happened, and for a time acted more like a lot of lunatics than soldiers, but pretty cool. We just swarmed that river, which was over our necks in some places, and had a strong current. We all crossed safely but one of our troop, who was hit by a bullet in his left breast. We didn't wait for orders but just swarmed their trenches and the "niggers" disappeared in a hurry, vamoosed to the hills, where we could not dislodge them. Our regiment's adjutant got a mauser in the left leg. C troop had three wounded, one died on the 21st of December, and the rest were of the infantry. We escorted Gen. Lawton's body back to Manila and then we took a ration-train out and we are still here. We had no artillery in the fight, as we could not get it across the river at San Turce. I could not write sooner as we were kept a hustling getting grub for our horses and ourselves.

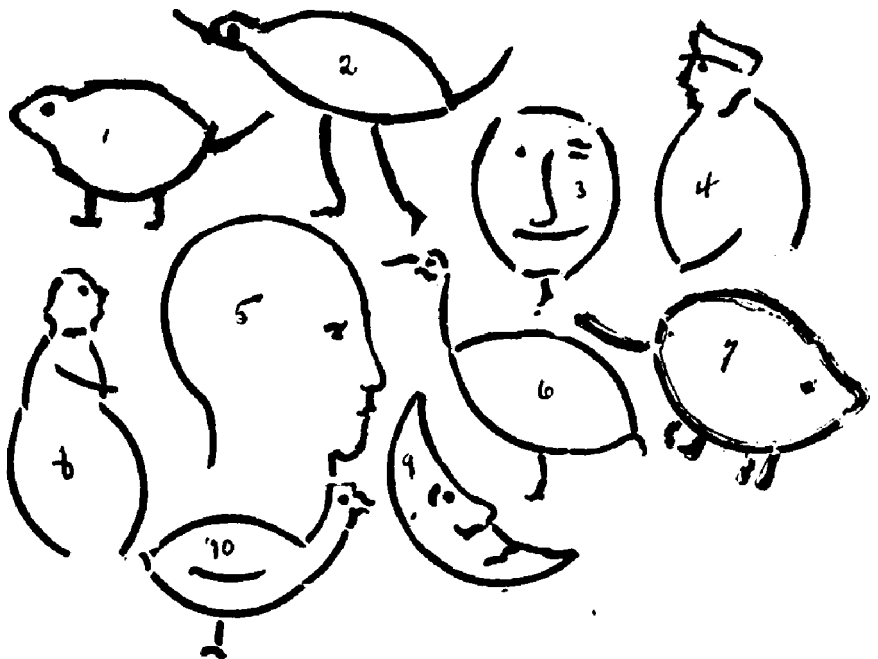
Very respectfully, TEDDY GEISSMAN.

Answers to Puzzles in the February American Boy.

- No. 21. If all the year were playing holidays. To sport would be as tedious as to work.
No. 22. Wise. Lies. Pies. Dyes. Prize. An-size. Files. Surprise. Rise. Spies. Ties. Replies.
No. 23. Mansion.
No. 24. F A R M A R E A R M A R K
No. 25. O R A T I O N R E T U R N A T O N E T U N E I R E O N
No. 26. Philippines.
No. 27. Rose. Pansy. Orchid. Azalea. Arbutus.
No. 28. B-ridge. F-owl. B-rag. T-aught.
No. 29. Naught-y. Hug-h. Sill-y. Paw-n.
No. 30. Pl-p-er. Pri-n-ce. La-n-ce. St-r-and.
No. 31. Deeds, not words, make the man.
Answer to question, What bridge can stand any strain—Bridge of a violin.

Award of Prizes.

- Prizes were awarded as follows:
No. 21. Clarence Gray, Bellevue Hospital, New York City.
No. 22. Robert A. Jerauld, Peru, Ind.
No. 23. Gerald J. Blee, Sandwich, Ill.
No. 24. Albert J. Matter, Waterloo, Iowa.
Nos. 25, 27, 28. Philip Savage, 44 Davenport street, Detroit.
No. 29. Harvey Miller, Fulton, Kans.
No. 30. No correct solution sent.
No. 31. Clarence Corp. Corfu, N. Y.
Correct solutions to many of the puzzles were received from 138 subscribers, besides those who received the prizes. Nearly every state is represented among them.
For best essay on "How can the AMERICAN BOY be improved?" to Alexander Murray, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; second prize for foregoling, to Benny Wikke, Montezano, Wash.
The prize for the longest list of mistakes is awarded to Glenn W. Bugbee, Parish, N. Y. The prize for the first received goes to Thos. J. Edwards, 813 E. Ann street, Ann Arbor, Mich. The prize for the second received goes to Frank Chaplin, 248 Abbott street, Detroit.
For the best animal anecdote (with photo), Howard Park Dawson, 399 Orange street, New Haven, Conn.
For best anecdote about a boy, Allen Seely, Kemptville, Ont.
When is a bird not a bird. Allen Seely, Kemptville, Ont.
For best resolution for the new year, Harry E. Clay, 31 Race street, Lowell, Mass.
For answer to puzzle, "What bridge can stand any strain," J. P. Garver, Linwood, Md.
For best soldier letter from the Philippines, Archibald C. Torney, Milwaukee, Wis., the letter being from Teddy Geissman.



QUAINT AND INTERESTING PICTURES MADE BY BOYS OUT OF THE ELEVEN LINES OF FIGURE 10.

largest number of subscriptions during that period, goes to Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn. The total number of foreign stamps accumulated during the period was 152. This gives to the winner of the first prize 66 stamps, and among them are some from Cuba, Hawaii, the Philippines, Mexico, India, Japan, Fiji, Trinidad, France, Brazil and others.
For the second largest number of subscriptions during the period, one-fourth of the stamps go to Byron Leigh, Douglas, Alaska, among them being some from New South Wales, Mexico, Hawaii, Fiji, France, Puerto Rico and others.
For the third largest number of subscriptions during the period, one-fourth of the stamps go to O. J. Poland, Big Bend, La., among them being some from Venezuela, New South Wales, Hawaii, Mexico, France, Japan, Jamaica and others.

Pisistratus.

Prize Animal Anecdote by HOWARD PARK DAWSON, New Haven Conn.

Pisistratus was a cat with a long pedigree and even longer name; but, alas, he had one failing, a fondness for chicken a la raw. One morning he came into the house with a half grown chicken in his mouth, which now and again would make a brave dash for liberty only to be recaptured by Pisistratus. At this stage of the proceedings the cat's master put in his appearance, gave the chicken its liberty, and returned to punish the cause of all the trouble. A pail of water standing near

gave him an idea, and Pisistratus was soon enjoying (?) a rather sudden bath. Whether the cat was a firm believer in "the water cure," or whether the supply of chickens ran low I cannot say. At any rate Pisistratus never caught another chicken, and he died at a good old age, lamented by all his friends. HOWARD PARK DAWSON.

When is a Bird Not a Bird?

In our February number, we printed the outline of a bird which is reproduced in figure 10 of the group shown herewith. We took the eleven separate pieces of which this bird was composed, and constructed of them another picture. We then offered a prize of one dollar to the first boy who, before February 18, should send us a picture made from these eleven lines that should be nearest like the one we had made. The prize goes to Allan Seely, Kemptville, Ont., who drew figure No. 6. Many interesting pictures were made by our boy friends. We show eight of the unsuccessful ones, and regret that we cannot show them all, for they are all unique and interesting. Number 1 was made by Willie H. Halsey, Chicago, Ill.; No. 2 by Richard E. Chapman, Hyde Park, Mass.; No. 3 by Eddy Foy, Toronto, Ont.; No. 4 by Walter J. Burch, age 12, Madison, Wis.; No. 5, as stated, by Allan Seely, Kemptville, Ont.; No. 6 by Ralph Ruth, Galveston, Tex.; No. 7 by Cecil Bock, Hebron, Neb.; No. 8 by Mrs. C. Fowler, Detroit, Mich.; and No. 9 by John W. Harsha, Charlevoix, Mich.

Prizes.

- The following prizes will be awarded for the first correct solutions of the puzzles appearing in this department:
Puzzle No. 32—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scorer.
Puzzle No. 33—An AMERICAN BOY Key Ring.
Puzzle No. 34—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
Puzzle No. 35—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
Puzzle No. 36—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
Puzzle No. 37—A six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of any one not now a subscriber.
Puzzle No. 38—A copy of "Little Beasts of Field and Wood."
Puzzle No. 39—A copy of "Amateur Photography."
Puzzle No. 40—A copy of "Massasoit."

Other Prizes.

To the subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY sending us before March 18 the largest number of new subscribers we will give, not only the premiums to which he is entitled as shown in our Premium List, but also one-half of the foreign stamps that are received in our office during the same period.
To the subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY sending in the second and third largest number of new subscribers within the same period, we will give in addition to the premiums to which they are entitled, as shown in our Premium List, one-fourth of the foreign stamps received during the same period.
Hundreds of American boys are handy with a pen or pencil. We offer a prize of \$1.00 for the best sketch, either pen and ink or pencil, by a boy under 18 years of age, the sketch to be in our hands by March 18. We offer a second prize of 50 cents to the one sending the next best sketch. Choose your own subject. Use a soft pencil, so that the picture of the sketch may be dark enough to reproduce, as we want to show in the next number of THE AMERICAN BOY what boys can do in this line.

Award of Stamp Prizes.

The prize of one-half the foreign stamps accumulated in our office between the dates of going to press of the February and March issues of THE AMERICAN BOY, offered to the subscriber sending us the

Do You Want to Earn Money? \$1,000 FOR BOYS

Do NOT FORGET that the time is rapidly approaching when we are to divide \$1,000 among 55 boys. Would you not like to be one of those who, in December next, will receive our check? Some boy will get \$200; another will get \$100; two will get \$75 each, three \$50 each, five \$25 each, fifteen \$10 each, twenty-five \$5 each. The boy who has sent us the largest number of \$1.00 subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY by the 20th of next November will get the prize of \$200; the next in order \$100, the two next \$75 each, and so on. Fifty-five boys in all will get a share in this \$1,000. You can easily be one of the fifty-five. You may not get the head prize, but you can get one of the smaller ones just as easy as anything. The boy who is ahead for the first prize of \$200 has only sent in twenty-six subscriptions, so that the race is still an open one for the \$200. There remains nearly nine months within which to work for these prizes. The twenty-five contestants who up to date stand in the lead are, in their order: Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn.; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit, Mich.; Clarence Pycatt, Fort Lembi, Idaho; Herman H. Smith, Lamoni, Ia.; Wm Northwood, Forrest Hill, Cal.; Fred H. Hilker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Karl Matthews, Dubuque, Ia. Moffat A. Gray, Detroit, Mich.; Frank A. Wright, Lewiston, Mont.; Robt. M. Gray, Hasbrouch Heights, N. J.; Geo. O. Bacon, Fort Scott, Kas.; Frank Ford Northrop, Wayne, Neb.; Avery C. Hand, Mansfield, O.; Clarence A. Campbell, Dickinson, N. D.; Wm. R. Franklin, Clio, Mich.; Byron Leigh, Douglas, Alaska; Geo. F. Barclay, St. Louis, Mo.; Donald Annis, Detroit, Mich.; Wyndham S. Scott, Wytheville, Va.; O. J. Poland, Big Bend, La.; C. Noonan, Weaverville, Cal.; Ray Lambert, Anderson, Ind.; Wm. G. Hurlbert, Warren, O.; Herbert Hotchkiss, St. Ignace, Mich.; Anton T. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.

We are making a very liberal offer, as not only do you stand a chance of getting the money prizes mentioned but you have in addition the privilege of selecting a prize from our premium list for every subscription you send us. You get not only the premium, but you get a chance at the money prizes.

Now go right to work, as you will find THE AMERICAN BOY an easy paper to solicit for. Respectfully,

Detroit, Mich. The Sprague Publishing Company.

THE AMERICAN BOY

The Only Distinctively Boy's Paper
in America.

(Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post-office as second-class matter.)

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 24 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail should be made in a Post-office Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Expiration. The date opposite your name on your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your Post-office address is given.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,
EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Prize for Mistake Hunters.

Look through this issue of THE AMERICAN BOY and find, if you can, a misspelled word. Call our attention to it at once on a postal card, giving page and line. Time allowance will be given to all competitors living at a distance. Address postal card to "Prize and Puzzle Department THE AMERICAN BOY, Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich."

The first prize of \$1.00 will go to the first subscriber advising us of the mistake; the second prize of 50 cents to the second so advising us.

A prize of \$2.00 to the subscriber finding the largest number of mistakes in spelling.

25,000 Boys.

We have the privilege this month of talking to 25,000 boys who subscribe for and read THE AMERICAN BOY. We consider it something of an achievement to have gotten, in less than five months, the attention and interest of so many boys. We may be mistaken, but we doubt whether any publication for boys or girls or both ever did the like before in the first five months of its existence. Then, if we take into consideration that each paper—particularly those that go to libraries—is probably read by at least two boys, we may with fairness claim to be talking this month to more than 50,000 boys and ever so many fathers and mothers—and sisters, too, for we know instances where the girls have fallen in love with THE AMERICAN BOY; quite natural, you say.

Over 25,000 boys will within a few days be wearing "The American Boy Button"—a big army which, single file, allowing them to march two feet apart, would stretch over hill and plain, a distance of nearly 20 miles.

Recruits are coming to this big army at the rate of 300 a day, counting Sundays. The full strength of a company of Uncle Sam's soldiers is 100 men, so that three full companies of boy recruits join our forces every day, making two full regiments of 1,000 boys each, every week—nearly nine regiments a month.

We say it is a privilege to talk to so many boys. It is a privilege to talk to one boy, to enter into the freshness of his spirit, imbibe a little of his enthusiasm, and give him a little of our encouragement and our counsel, to help him over a hard lesson, and if need be in order to hear his hearty laugh get down on all fours and tire ourselves all out in an undignified romp. So if it be a privilege to get down or up—which is it?—to the level of one boy, how much more is it a privilege to do so with 20 miles of boy.

THE AMERICAN BOY believes that it knows something of the boy nature. A

Three Favorite Flowers 6¢

Sweet Peas—Over 50 varieties of the best European and American named sorts.
Perfected Royal Show Pansies—Over 100 colors and markings, all the finest European varieties and largest flowering strains.
Nasturtium Dwarf—The best ever produced, and not surpassed for gorgeousness of color and brilliant effects.
One full sized packet of each variety for only 6¢, and addresses of two of your flower loving friends, will also include a copy of "Floral Culture," which tells how to grow flowers from seeds, and the Gaieties catalogue published, devoted exclusively to flower seeds.



Miss C. H. Lippincott—The Pioneer Seedswoman of America
325 6th Street South Minneapolis Minn.

dignified representative of an old eastern publishing house asked us a few days ago if we were not lowering our dignity as a publication in dealing so largely in personalities—in writing up this and that boy and giving portraits and otherwise getting down off the plane of "high toned" journalism.

Why, bless you, it is just as if you had come up to the window of our house last night and peeping in had found us having a romp with our boys just before the "good-night." You never had a boy and never did that, and you pitied us and exclaimed, "How disgraceful! How pitiful!" And when our boys went off to bed with a bound and a laugh and we settled back in our easy chair, tired and all out of breath, you said "Poor man!"

When you open one of these papers you see us at home with our boys and if we choose to let down our dignity for them it is our business and theirs, not yours. They like it and no matter how unbecoming we may appear to the critic who has only one standard of style and no boy, we like it. This is a boy's paper. The boys can do what they please with it, so long as they don't run it into the sort of journalism that appeals to the worst elements in a boy or run it into the cut and dried groove of youths' papers, all but one or two of which have met with disastrous failure in the past few years. The critic who would run this paper for us is invited to take his stand by the highway while this 20 solid miles of enthusiastic boy goes by and then come and tell us what is necessary to our success in publishing a boy's paper.

A Word to Advertisers.

The immediate favor with which THE AMERICAN BOY has been received by boys, and the consequent and rapid growth in its circulation, is evidenced in no better way than by advertisements appearing in this number. We venture the assertion that no publication for boys, and few publications of any character, have in their fifth month developed so great an advertising clientele as has THE AMERICAN BOY. Advertisers are favorably impressed with the character of the paper itself, and are convinced that it occupies a special field and is well suited to fill it. They are confident that we will exclude from our pages, so far as possible, objectionable advertisements. They are convinced that we are in earnest in building a circulation. Given, therefore, a good paper and a large circulation and reasonable advertising rates, there can be no question as to the patronage of these columns by the American advertiser who wishes to reach boys, and incidentally, boys' fathers and mothers.

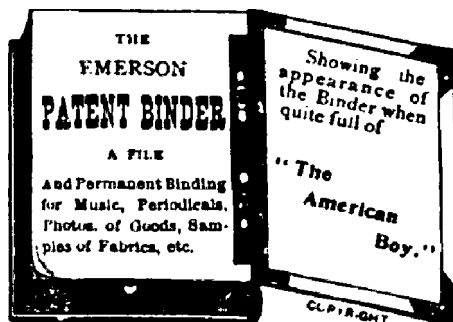
Five thousand copies of the first issue of this paper were printed, 8,800 of the second, 10,000 of the third, and two editions of the fourth, aggregating 17,000 copies, while this, the fifth issue, is 25,000 copies, with a prospect that a second edition of this issue will be necessary before the close of March. The April number will approximate 35,000 copies, at a conservative estimate.

The advertising rate is 25 cents a line (fourteen lines to the inch) subject to change without notice. Advertisements that come prior to the 15th of the month preceding date of issue will be given positions in the departments of the paper appropriate to their nature; that is, coin and stamp advertisements in The Boy Collector department, book advertisements in The Boys' Library department, pet and animal advertisements in The

Boy in the Animal Kingdom department, etc. The advantage of this classification to advertisers must be apparent.

A FIRST-CLASS BINDER

"THE AMERICAN BOY."



Many subscribers desire to keep their copies in permanent form, and for this purpose we offer the "EMERSON BINDER," the most practical binder made. Marbled Slides, Duck Back and Corners. Price, \$1.00, Delivered.

The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

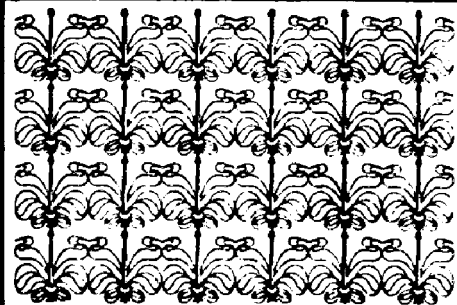
AMERICAN BOYS desiring employment evenings, or spare time, enclosed envelope ready to mail. \$19 month guaranteed steady work. Don't miss this opportunity. BINNS, DEPT. A, LIPPINCOTT BLDG, PHILADELPHIA.

No TROUBLE—No WORRY
PERFECT PRESSWORK
PERFECT COUNT

The Printing of
JOHN F. EBY
& COMPANY
is Perfect Printing

65-67-69 Congress Street West
DETROIT, MICH.

CHAS. J. JOHNSON, General Manager



JAN. GARNET FEB. AMETHYST MAR. BLOODSTONE APR. DIAMOND MAY. EMERALD

JUNE AGATE JULY RUBY

AUG. SARDONYX SEP. SAPPHIRE OCT. OPAL NOV. TOPAZ DEC. TURQUOISE

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

A PRIZE (without money or conditions) for every Correct Answer. To all who find in the accompanying Puzzle, Dewey's head in outline, mark it and return to us, we give at once an exquisite Tiffany Style simulative Opal or Ruby Stick Pin, F.F.F.E., and send 18 ten cent packages of Impenetrable Perfume, to sell for us, if you can. When sold, return money and we give you FREE choice of a Heavily Plated Chain Bracelet, with lock and key, or a Solid Gold Shell Mother Birthday Ring. Simply intercept puzzle, and we send prize without money or price. Write immediately. Don't put off till tomorrow what can be done to-day.

NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Box 249 DETROIT, MICH. DEWEY PUZZLE

The American Boy Calculating Pencil

YOU NEED ONE.

Have you ever thought that you might make a mistake at figures?

Then get an American Boy Calculating Pencil

Because it is the only reliable never-failing standby. It is the neatest educational novelty of the day. This Pencil is a marvel of ingenious mechanism. You will hardly believe that this pencil can figure quicker and more accurately than you can. It will calculate anything from 1x18 to 18x24 in the twinkling of an eye. It gives you 144 combinations and is absolutely correct. It can't make mistakes. It is made of pure aluminum and attached to a Faber Pencil. Fits any ordinary pencil. It has a good eraser. It protects your pencil point. It is a pencil lengthener and stays in your vest pocket.

NOW ON SALE AT OUR OFFICE.
BY MAIL, PREPAID, 15c.
Address THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

HOME



STUDY

Send 25c to-day for a 4 months' trial subscription to

The Book-Keeper

A handsome 200-page magazine for Book-keepers, Cashiers and Business Men. It will teach you Book-keeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law, Short Cuts, Corporation Accounting, Banking, Business Pointers, Amusing Arithmetic, Lightning Calculations, Etc.

None of the "Boy" readers want to remain where they are, to stand still and not advance, just to plod through life in the same old rut. They want to rise, to go ahead in the true American fashion. With some of you the opportunity to gain the necessary knowledge has been lacking. To win success now-a-days knowledge must be added to native brightness. Join THE BOOK-KEEPER'S Army of 60,000 Readers who are Learning to be Successes.

Each number of The Book-Keeper contains the experience of practical men who are successful. These men are specialists who write for no other publication.

One of our subscribers writes:

"WORTH ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A YEAR!"

THE BOOK-KEEPER CO., DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR SIR:—"Herewith find \$1.00 to pay for your magazine for another year. In remitting the trifle it takes to pay a year's subscription, permit me to thank you for the help and instruction I have received. I have derived at least One Hundred Dollars direct benefit from "The Book-Keeper" during 1899, as well as the feeling of being up-to-date and keeping in touch with new and advanced ideas. I consider "The Book-Keeper" the most useful magazine now issued from the American press, and I have had considerable experience in matters of this kind."

Yours very truly, D. F. POWER.

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FOR MOTHER TO READ



A Few Facts About Wyandotte Washing Powder

It is the only perfect washing preparation on the market, because it is the only one which does not contain caustic alkali; therefore, will not injure the hands, the most delicate textures, nor silverware, cutlery, pans or painted woodwork.

It is the only general household cleaner; equally effective in a hundred ways.

It makes washing easy and speedy—will not fade colors—acts as a bleach with white goods, cleanses thoroughly with little work; will not shrink flannels; acts like magic in washing lace curtains and dainty fabrics, and saves one-half the soap ordinarily used.

It removes grease from the hands, from dishes and cutlery; makes a perfect wash for silverware and glassware; cleans the bath tub, and once tried becomes indispensable to both kitchen and laundry.

It washes painted woodwork without marring or removing the fresh appearance; it will not injure oil cloth or linoleum; it removes the dread of housecleaning by making it light labor; it is always ready for use.

Wyandotte Washing Powder is the largest package on the market for five cents; it is, therefore, the most economical as well as the best of all washing preparations.

Get a package from your grocer and try it; if it does not more than meet every claim we make, the dealer will return your money.

On each package of Wyandotte Washing Powder are two trade marks (The Indian). For these trade marks we give handsome and useful premiums. Ask the grocer for one of our Premium Lists.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY,
Manufacturers of Wyandotte Washing Powder, Bell Starch, and Wyandotte Baking Soda.
WYANDOTTE, MICH.

TO THE BOYS

Write us for particulars of our plan of "How to earn a Watch in a day." We have a thousand watches for a thousand bright boys, who are willing to do a little easy work to earn one.

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
Vol. 1. No. 7

Detroit, Michigan, May, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy

SAVE THAT BOY

THERE were sixteen thousand boys arrested and thrust behind prison bars in Chicago last year. Add the number for five hundred other American cities. Then add again for the countless American towns, villages and country hamlets. Look at the result with complacency, if you can, Mr. Taxpayer, Mr. Philanthropist, Mr. Educator, Mr. Christian Gentleman. These boys were in most cases imprisoned for stealing — stealing a living! The story is ever the same: Homeless, neglected, abandoned, a day of hunger, a petty theft, a pre-arranged sale, and then one more blessed, mysterious, indigestible meal, for which "the law," grown robust on three "square" meals a day, sentences the tattered and terrified boy to a term in prison or "pardons" him that he may resume his life of hardship. Kind neighbors or friends usually take care of the helpless girls; the boys are abandoned, to live or die as they can or will. And these are American Boys! In free, enlightened, prosperous America! The land of "opportunity"! Christian America! Who will take care of the Boys? Who will save them?

A few good men and women in isolated spots, have gone down into filthy cellars and underground dens, and brought forth to God's sunshine, poor, tiny bits of humanity, with greasy, matted hair, finger-nails like claws, and clothes reeking with vermin, deserted by profligate parents, with nothing to eat but refuse, and by the alchemy of sun, air, water, bread and butter, and love have transformed and redeemed them.

Such men and women are Herman Lee Swift, of Children's Temple Home in Chicago, W. R. George, of the George Junior Republic, the promoters of the National Farm School at Doylestown, Pa., and of the National Junior Republic at Annapolis Junction, Md., and others whom we might name.

Can you believe us when we say that some, if not all of these, have had to fight in this work against actual hostility on the part of professedly good men and women, and in one case, at least, against hostile legislation?

Do we realize that these are American boys — American citizens in embryo? That the vote of one of these degenerates will count for as

much as will the vote of that other boy refined and cultured tho' he be?

Right here are the foundation stones of the Twentieth Century Republic of America being laid.

If you were building a house for your old age and for your children, and were the masons to lay the foundations in mire and put in here and there crumbling stone; were the carpenters to lay joists worm-eaten and rotten at the core, you would, on the instant, summon every

another. We will give sixty dollars to one of these institutions and let it select a boy for us from the city's slums. It will feed, clothe, educate, save him. He will be our boy.

How many readers of THE AMERICAN BOY will join in saving another boy? Send us one penny for every year you have lived. If you are ten years old send us ten cents; if fifteen years old, fifteen cents. If you can not do this send what you can, if only a penny. If sixty dollars is not raised in this way by June

1st next we will add enough to make up that amount. If you send enough to save two boys, it will be so used—every penny of it. We will acknowledge receipt of your subscriptions in our July issue and will publish the name and the picture of the boy chosen for you and give frequent reports from the good people who will have the care of him. This will be your boy.

Send your pennies, your dimes, or your dollars and watch for a miracle.

Street corners are poor colleges.

There is no poverty like ignorance.

What goes into the brain today comes out tomorrow.

Boys are the most neglected portion of the community.

It is no small tribute to be chosen as a friend by a boy.

Boy friends are as dear and beautiful a source of inspiration as this old world affords.

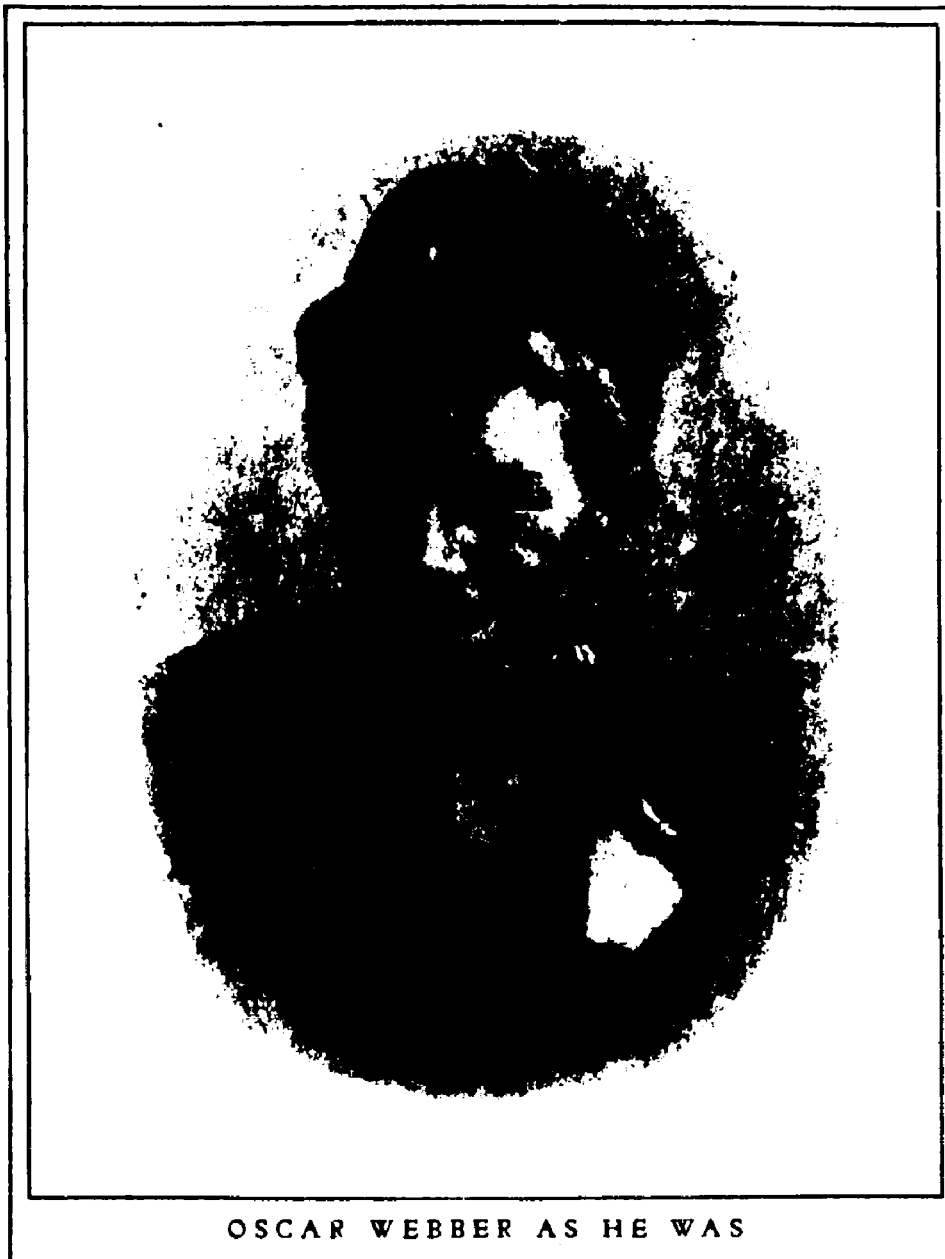
A good condensation of the greater part of advice to boys is, "Work hard and keep straight."

Many men do not discover the true relation of father and son until it is too late to save the boy.

More than once a Christian teacher has found a boy's father standing between him and the boy.

A boy and his father should be confidential friends, even if it takes a little time from the father's business.

Charles Dickens says: "I love these little people, and it is no slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

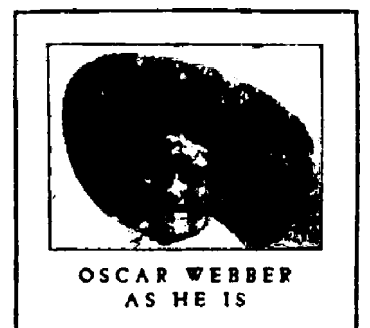


OSCAR WEBBER AS HE WAS

workman before you, and in unmistakable terms denounce the imposition and demand good material. Yet is not the substructure of our future country, which we ourselves expect to enjoy yet many years, and leave as a blessed heritage to our children, being erected before our very eyes from materials which we know will work its eternal injury and perhaps its destruction, without a word of protest?

We are told by one of these boy-saving institutions that sixty dollars will save a boy. Is he worth it? Would he be worth it if he were your boy?

But let's be practical. THE AMERICAN BOY will save one boy if its readers will save



OSCAR WEBBER
AS HE IS

THE BOY WHO MADE A TROLLEY CAR

By CHARLES HATTRELL LOOMIS

(Copyright by the Author.)

George Starbuck had always lived in the country, which was the best thing that could have happened to him. Have you ever thought, you city child, how little chance you have to become great or famous? You may become rich but the chances are that you will never be President, and all because you were unfortunate enough to be born and brought up in the city.

You have been taught to laugh each week at the poor countryman who is pictured in the comic weeklies as a sort of cross between a monkey and a sharper, but the countryman learned what neighborliness meant when he was a boy, and you will never know its meaning unless you leave the crowded city before it is too late. Go up into the country and learn to be neighborly and self reliant and you may get into the history books, and future little boys will have to learn all about you as you have to about George Washington and Gen. Grant and Daniel Webster and Chauncey M. Depew—all country boys.

George Starbuck lived at Graytown near Worcester in Massachusetts and he could make anything that he had ever seen. At seven he made a wagon, whittling the wheels out of soft pine wood and his father rode in it a half hour before it fell to pieces and broke his leg.

So when Mr. Starbuck took George to Boston and showed him trolley cars or "electrics," which is the absurd name they give them there, George said: "I'll make one when I get home." Remember he was only thirteen. But make one he did. How he knew what kind of timber to use passes me, but at the end of a week he called his father out to his workshop, which had formerly been a wagon shop and there was a



HE CALLED HIS FATHER OUT . . . AND THERE WAS A TROLLEY CAR.

trolley car, life size, and for all the world like one of those that run out to Cambridge and Arlington.

Mr. Starbuck was delighted. "What are you going to do with it, my son?" asked he.

"Well, I had some thoughts of selling it!" said George, "but after all, money is not everything, so now I think I'll take you and mother and a party of neighbors down to Boston in it, and when I get there the neighbors can go sight seeing, and I'll make enough money running it to raise the mortgage that is on this farm."

When you grow up you will find that farmers raise a great many things on their farms, but that mortgages are sometimes very hard to raise, but it is a heap of satisfaction to raise one, so you see George was a good boy to answer his father in that way.

"There's no time like the present for things that are pleasant," said Mr. Starbuck, so they decided to take the trolley to Boston the very next day. Now you may have taken the trolley to Boston yourself, but not in the way they took it—on a platform car.

They invited their neighbors to come early next morning and start with them for Boston, and twenty accepted the invitation. George and his father and mother ran the heavy trolley car upon a low hung wagon that they used when they wanted to carry plate glass to market, and then the neighbors and all piled into the car, and George hitched a pair of cattle—which is country for a yoke of oxen—to the wagon and they were drawn down to the station with ease. It was, of course, easier to take the car off the wagon than to put it on. They started the willing oxen home, sure that they would find their way by themselves.

Then they all sat down in the car to wait for a freight train to come. In a few minutes a freight train stopped to unload some empty milk cans, and George removed his cap and politely asked a brakeman if he would help him put his trolley car upon a platform car, as he was going to take it to Boston. The brakeman had been born in the country and that made him willing to be helpful, so he jumped down and signalled the engineer not to start, and then after the neighbors had all gotten out of the trolley, he, with the help of the Starbucks, put the car upon the platform car. Then George and his parents and all the neighbors stepped inside of the car and the train started for Boston.

Pretty soon the conductor, who was a city bred man, came along and asked them for their fare.

George's feelings were hurt, and he said: "Why, why should we pay any fare? I am taking my parents and some neighbors to Boston in my own trolley car. I will pay you freight for the car, but not one cent for car fare."

The neighbors all cheered these noble words, which sounded very much like the famous sayings of famous men, and the conductor was covered with confusion and left them to enjoy their trip. In a few hours they ran into the freight yards at Boston, and then the pleasant brakeman assisted the three to place their car upon a trolley track and their journey was ended. You may wonder why the neighbors did not assist. They wanted to the worst way, but George said: "No, this is a holiday trip and I don't want you to feel that you have any chores to do. Mother and father and I will do all that is necessary, and you must have as good a time as you can and meet me here at twelve tonight, for I expect to go back then."

The neighbors gave him three times three and a tiger, but as he didn't know what to do with a tiger in Boston he gave it back to them and they went away with it.

George fitted the trolley to the overhead wires and his mother turned on the current and then took her seat inside and Mr. Starbuck acted as motorman and they glided up Summer street as if they had always done it. I think that George is deserving of a good deal of credit for having made so big a vehicle in a week with no tools but a jack knife and a scythe.

At Arch street they were hailed by a man who was standing on the corner. Mr. Starbuck stopped at once. This naturally puzzled the man on the corner, because, as a general thing, a trolley car does not stop for passengers. As soon as he stepped on board he asked George, who came around for his fare, why the car stopped.

"Why, this is father's first trip and he doesn't know the ropes very well. He thought it would be easier for you to get onto the car if it stopped. The fare is ten cents, for you see this is really my private car and I'm trying to raise the mortgage on father's farm."

The passenger, who had been born in the country, paid the ten cents at once, but he advised George to stick to the usual five cent fare. "For," said he, "most of these people are city bred and they won't care a snap about your mortgage. They are not neighborly enough."

This was the first time that George had heard that city people were not neighborly and it grieved him. But the car soon filled up and even at five cents a head he had a pocket full of nickels. He went out on the front platform. "I guess we can go back tomorrow with the mortgage raised."

Then his mother came out and joined them. They were going through the shopping district and could not move any faster than a mile an hour, because there were so many women crossing the tracks to go to the shops.

"Look here," said Mrs. Starbuck to George, "there's no use in letting these people ride far for five cents. It's a private car. Why not call out 'change cars' and then fill up the car with new passengers?"

I fancy that Mrs. Starbuck had a little city blood in her. George was a dutiful son and he immediately stepped to the door of the car and yelled "All out!" and the passengers scrambled out like a flock of sheep and he was free to fill it up again. Only the first passenger stayed in and said: "That was a clever move." So George said he might ride all day long if he wanted

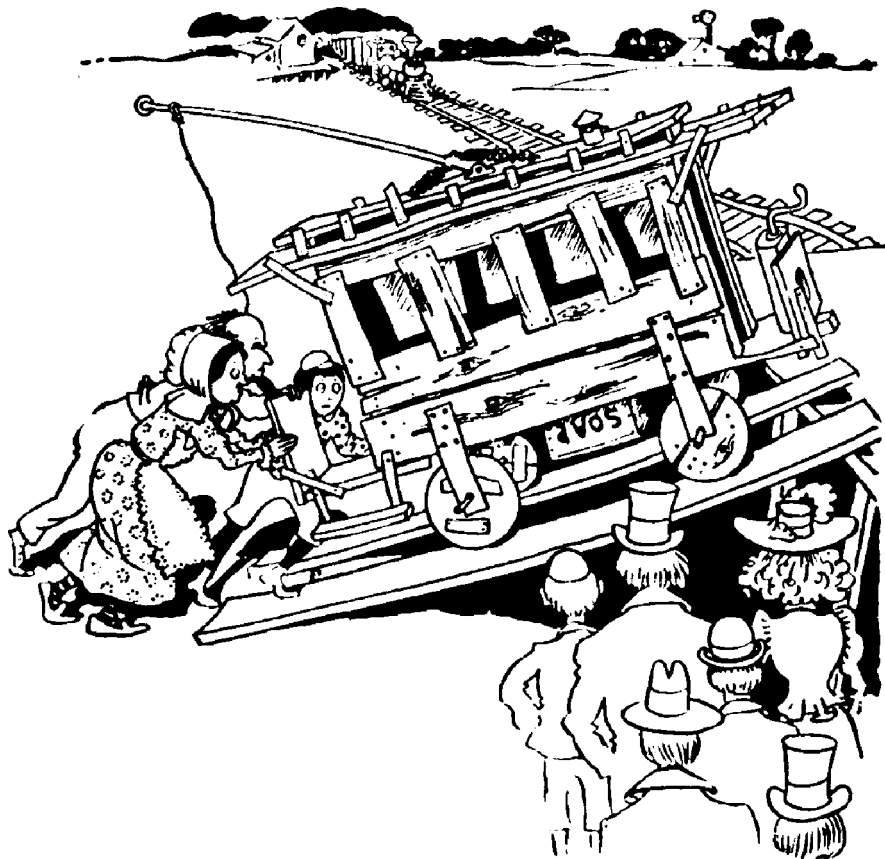
to, and although he was very busy, he did ride all day long because such chances don't come very often.

Along in the afternoon they were passing the Hotel Vendome and the neighbors came out and hailed the car, not recognizing George. They had been sight seeing and they had all registered at the hotel in hopes of seeing their names in the newspapers. Of course George would not let them pay a cent, and as they nearly filled the car and rode way out to Brookline, he didn't make much money that trip. But he left them at Brookline and ran back quickly to the shopping district, where he soon made up a load.

One time a stout, prosperous looking man got upon the car and asked George what line he belonged to. George told him politely that it was a little line of his own.

Then the prosperous looking man, who said he was the president of one of the leading car lines, quoted the famous words of Gen. Grant and said: "Do you propose to fight it out on this line all summer?"

"No, sir, as soon as I raise the mortgage I am going to take my car home and make a hen house out of it."



THEY PUT THE CAR UPON THE PLATFORM CAR.

"Are you a country boy?" asked the man.

"I am, sir," said George proudly.

"Run all you want, my boy. I give you permission. I was once a country boy myself and if you can make an honest penny out of these people, you deserve to raise your mortgage. Only you must give me a dollar to pay for your license."

George handed him the dollar and he got off the car. And now I must tell you that the man was not president of any company, but simply a bad man who saw a chance to make a dollar out of simple hearted George. But George was rewarded, as a big theater



ALL TIRED OUT AND LOADED DOWN WITH SAMPLES FROM THE FOOD SHOW.

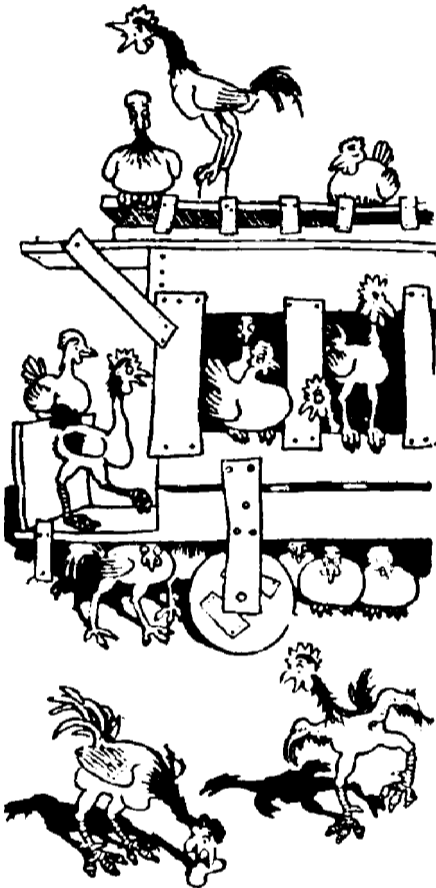
party boarded the car and rode five blocks to the theater, and when they left he counted up his money and found that he had just enough to raise the mortgage.

It was eight o'clock and as none of them had had a bite to eat all day, he ran the car off on a siding and they took dinner at the Parker House, where they had Parker House rolls and maple syrup.

After dinner they went back to the car and found it full of street boys. "Want a ride?" asked George, and the street boys shouted yes, so George took them all over the city for nothing. But I am sorry to say that the boys were rude enough to ask him whether the car wasn't homemade, and this so incensed Mr. Starbuck that he drove them all out.

But by this time it was nearly twelve o'clock, so they ran down to the freight yards and were lucky enough to find the same brakeman there. The neighbors had come, too, all tired out and loaded down with handbills and samples of different foods, for they had been to a food show at the Mechanics' Institute. They reached Graytown early in the morning. The faithful oxen had come down to meet them, and this time all the neighbors helped to lift the car onto the wagon, so it made it easier.

Then when they had reached the Starbuck's, George raised the mortgage as high as he could and they all cheered and cheered and told him they had never had so good a time in their lives and they hoped he'd have many happy returns of the day.



THE HENS TOOK TO IT AT ONCE.

Then George put the trolley car into the hen yard and the hens took to it at once.

As for George he became a simple country boy once more. But if he had been a city boy he would have run that trolley car into the ground.

But there is not a city boy in the United States from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, who could have built a trolley car inside of a week, inside of a shed, with a jack knife and a scythe.

The House of Too Much Trouble.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE in the Juvenile.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't made for little boys.

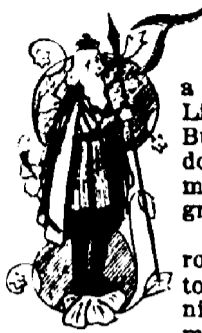
And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Every room is set in order—
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
With a lily on his breast.

JOHN'S KING OF THE FAIRIES

JENNIE HELMES BLANCHART



HERE'S no use! I can't speak pieces! I'd rather stan' in front of a cannon, any day, than get up like a girl and speak 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,' or 'The Boy Stood on the Burnin' Deck.' I never know what to do with my hands, and everybody makes fun of me 'cause I'm such a great overgrown booby.

"I'll just write my own excuse tomorrow, tell Miss Jones I had to stay out to help mother wash. I'll have a picnic here by the river, all alone by myself."

Thus soliloquizing, John Brant flung himself down under a wide-spreading willow tree, in the soft green grass. He was not alone, for sweet-throated songsters made the wood ring with their melody. But John was too intent on mischief to listen to their songs.

"Guess I'll make a whistle."

Cutting off a small branch, he moistened it with his lips, gently pounded it with his knife handle, and at last trimmed and finished it. He blew such shrill blasts that a robin flew in affright from the branches overhead.

"Oho! oho! so you've a nest up yonder? Well, I'll just put away this whistle and try my hand at a sling-shot. I'll pepper your nest so full of holes you won't know it from a hornet's nest when you get back."

Chuckling with delight, he rolled lazily over, and crawled on his hands and knees to the edge of the bank, where he cut a pronged stick, trimmed it to proper size, then began searching in the pockets of his capacious jeans for the necessary strap, string and rubber. All were found but the last named, and as a successful sling cannot be made without rubber, John's temper gave way. Screwing his face up into a mass of puckers, he probed deep into his vest pocket with fore finger and thumb.

"It's no go. I'm positive I put that in my pocket this forenoon; bet a nickel Ben Wade stole it; he's meaner'n anything anyway, always puttin' up some job on me. I'll get even with him, I'll put a bent pin in his seat to pay him for spoilin' my fun. Oh, hum, wish't I had a rifle. It's no fun 'thout a fellow can kill something."

Stretching his hands above his head, he rolled over on his back and began to throw sticks and stones at the nest overhead.

"I'll climb up after a while and throw nest and all into the river, just to see the old bird show off when she comes back with a worm in her bill. Wonder what she'll think. Oh, this is lots nicer than being in the old hot school room. I feel drowsy; wonder what mother'd think if she knew I'd played hookey? Hark! what was that? I thought I heard something; sounded like a cricket. Hello! there it goes again."

John opened his eyes very wide and there, close to his face, perched on the unfinished sling shot, stood a little man no larger than a grasshopper, wearing a tiny crown of gold and clothed in kingly garments. John stared and tried to rub his eyes, but something held him as if in a vice.

"So, ho! Master Hookey, here you are. Pretty chap, you—nice fellow—mother home, bent low over the washtub, washing day in and day out to support her four children, and you idling, who should be her main stay, her helper. But, then, she's educating you. You're to be a doctor some day. Eh? Ran away from school because your teacher wanted you to give a recitation, and you just wouldn't speak pieces, 'rather kill birds' and lie than do that. Oh, you're a fine specimen! I shall have to examine you more closely."

Stepping over on John's cheek, he thrust the end of his needle-like sceptre into the corner of his wide-stretched eye.

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed the now thoroughly frightened boy, "Oh, please let me up!"

"Oh, stop your shouting. I'll let you up presently." Stepping over on to a twig, he waved his sceptre

majestically over John's face, so close that it grazed his nose, chanting a dirge-like tune three times over in a foreign tongue. At last, with a grand flourish, the little king commanded him to rise. But wonder of wonders! Instead of a healthy, fun-loving boy, stood a poor crippled robin, with drooping head and broken leg dangling pitifully.



STOOD A POOR CRIPPLED ROBIN.

"Oh, you need not try to cry. You can't.

Birds can't cry; they can only chirp and look their distress, just as you are looking now. I know it hurts to have eyes put out and legs broken; but then, boys must have fun—and they can't without a rifle or sling-shot. Hop off, now, and don't make such a fuss; you'll get over the broken leg in time. Ben Wade was a little mean to use your rubber to maim you, but then, he must shoot something. Just hop up into the tree and look into Mother Robin's nest; see how happy she is with babies four. She'll not mind you, a crippled bird. Listen to her happy voice as she feeds her little ones; then ask yourself if it isn't a good thing the fairy king changed you to a bird before you climbed the tree to destroy this happy family. Oh, don't look so woebegone; it's better any time to be a bird than a great, lazy, cruel boy, thinking of nothing and doing nothing good, lying in idleness under a tree, thinking and planning how to kill God's little innocents. Oh, you'll be much happier; you'll be more useful, too"

"I would advise you to go far into the forest where the little songsters have perfect happiness—no bad boys there. You're thinking of mother's nice biscuits and honey; never mind, you'll get used to worms; they'll taste queer at first, but you'll gradually forget all the goodies you've been used to; and you'll miss, for a time, mother's good-night kiss. Mothers love their children, no matter how badly they may have been treated by them. Of course, she'll worry for a time and miss you—miss your muddy foot tracks she always had to clean whenever she asked for a pail of water or of coal, miss the sour face and saucy answers when told to do the most trifling thing, miss you at meal time, miss buying your clothes. Poor widowed mother!"

"You're feeling badly; no one ever told you of your badness before; you no doubt would change, would do better; but all you can do now is to sing. I'd advise you to do that.

"Well, I must be going; I've work to do. I'm sorry to say there are many bird-boys running at large; I'm always on the lookout for them. Good-bye! I trust if ever by chance you change your form and become a boy again, mother, teacher and birds will see a change in you."

Bowing low, the king of the fairies vanished from sight.

With a twinging pain in his leg and a throbbing sensation in his head, John awoke—to find he had fallen over the bank, with one foot dangling in the water. Blood was trickling down his nose and his ankle pained, but he didn't care, for, blessed knowledge, he was a boy again. Looking back, he could see the nest and Mother Robin, with her head turned sideways, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh, you needn't fear me, I'll not harm you. I've learned my lesson; my leaf is already turned; I've profited by what I've heard. Henceforth mother'll never have to ask me to fetch a pail of water, and I'll lick the very first boy I see makin' a sling."

Gathering himself together, he limped slowly towards home, making good resolutions as he went.

"I'll make a clean breast of it to mother, and she'll write my excuse for me. I'm sure. I mean to surprise Miss Jones tomorrow with 'Sheridan's Ride.' Yes, sir! I'll speak it tomorrow if I have to sit up all night to learn it. Gracious! but I'm stiff and sore. I've had a narrow escape; nothing'll ever make me believe I haven't seen a real fairy, and actually been a bird."



HE LIMPED SLOWLY TOWARD HOME.



Review of Chapter I.

"Chip" was a New York newsboy who had never been outside of New York City and had never seen fruit growing on trees. Another newsboy who had been in the country told him that out in the country beyond the big houses there were apples, peaches and pears hanging from the trees. He tried to imagine how the trees would look, but it was too much for him. The night following the day on which he had received this information, while trying to sell the few evening papers that still remained of his

stock, he fell in with a richly dressed young man who was clinging to a lamp post, drunk. A notorious sneak thief was preparing to go through the young man's pockets when Chip remonstrated and threatened to call a policeman. Chip then called a cabby, and persuaded him to take the young man home. The boy climbed into the cab, under protest from the driver, and saw his intoxicated companion safely inside of the latter's home. The butler who answered the door rewarded the cabby, but forgot to reward Chip. Strolling down Fifth avenue a few hours later, the idea suddenly struck the boy that he would go out and see the "country" where apples grew on trees. He had in his pockets twenty-seven cents. Chapter I ends with Chip stacking his two nickels and seventeen pennies upon the counter of the ticket seller at the Grand Central depot.

CHAPTER II.

"Gimme a ticket," he said.

"Where to?" inquired the man, smiling.

"Ah, go on!" said Chip. "D'ye suppose I care? Jist gimme a ticket fer twenty-seven cents."

"I can give you one for twenty-five or one for twenty-eight. That's the nearest I've got."

"Well," said Chip, "if yez can't oblige a feller, why gimme one fer twenty-five. An' yez kin give me back me odder two cents, see."

The small boy got his two cents and his ticket, and marched past the gateman and boarded the train, feeling "de biggest man in de hull caboozh," as he afterwards put it himself. He lounged back in the soft velvety seats with an air of oriental luxuriance.

"Say!" he thought, "dis is like de divan what Princess Paulina sat on when Diamon' Dan seen her."

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The chances are that Chip will grow old before he ever forgets that brief half-hour's ride. Everything was new to him. There was the car itself and the mighty depot, there were rows of houses and tunnel openings and gas-lights flashing by in a bewildered maze; then by and by, and best of all, there was the country, another world, a land of dreams to this little waif of the streets. The idea of so much land was a totally new one to him. He had seen vast extents of water, from the battery where he used to swim and dodge "cops." But land to his mind was a city lot bounded by a fence, or a city park with railings and "keep off the grass" signs. It was no wonder that he gasped and stared about him and gasped again.

And the grass and trees and flowers! He recalled what Scrapy had said—"Dey ain't no cops in de country." He wondered if it really could be so, if people would actually let him turn somersaults on that grass. He longed to get out and try, but he remembered that the farther from the city he went, the thicker the fruit ought to be. So he kept his seat and waited.

Once a man came along and tried to steal Chip's ticket. The youngster hung on; he did not mean to be "buncoed." At last, however, seeing others giving up theirs peaceably he concluded that it was all right, and let go of his. After that there was nothing to disturb his reveries, and he was whirled on past station after station, until the blue coated man came again.

"Tickets," he said, tapping Chip on the arm.
 "Ah, go on!" cried Chip.
 "Where's your ticket?"
 "Say, you, how many tickets do you want anyhow Ain't I giv'n yez on?"

"Where was it to?"
 "Say! How should I know?"
 "Don't you know where you are going?"
 "Naw!"
 "How much did you pay for it?"
 "A quarter."
 "A quarter! Good gracious, boy, you've passed; station long ago."
 "I don't care," said Chip. "De company's out, dat I'll git out at de next station."
 And he did.
 "Now de first ting" he mused, as he gazed about "is to git a line on some o' dem trees. I'm jist lu' nough to light right in."

He did not see anything very promising at the station. There were houses and streets just the same as in New York. But he had seen country just before the entered the place, so he made up his mind that all he to do was to walk; and he started.

He found to his joy that he had not very far to go the big broad avenue before the houses began to be far apart and the trees thicker. Yes, he was really get out into the country. And then suddenly he stopped. Across the way was a lawn with all kinds of plants flowers; and right near the fence was a big tree grunting with a burden of laughing, red, fat apples. There was a high iron fence, but Chip didn't mind. For if apples were free and there were no cops, 'nough Chip climbed the fence.

It was a good, tall tree that he stood beneath. E would have made no difference if the first limb had even twice as far from the ground, he would have climbed somehow. For two P. M. yesterday was the portion of our friend's last meal, and he was hungry in portion. He didn't wait to climb very high; he reared the first limb he could, seized the first apple he could started. He stopped some fifteen minutes later. I don't know how many he ate, but an apple a minute is not fast for a boy. So no wonder he stopped.

A person who has been hungry as often as had Chip is not likely to forget that there is a fit. Consequently his next care was to stuff his pockets began then to think of getting down, an intention which was suddenly accelerated by a most unexpected rupture.

"Help! Thief! Stop him! Grab him!"
 It was a shrill female voice. Chip did not for a moment suppose that it was meant for him, until he peered over saw the owner of the voice running across the lawn shouting meantime for "Tige" and the gardener. He realized the situation then; he dropped to the ground, climbed over the fence, and "lit out" for dear life. female and Tige and the gardener were all a memory few minutes and then Chip sat down to rest.

"I wonder if it's women what's cops in dis place, say, I wonder if dis is still Ameriky, anyhow. I c'n awful long ways."

He spent that day in the country, and in part there never yet was so much fun all crowded into day. He watched squirrels and chickens and cow picked flowers and climbed trees; he played ball in green field with some village boys he met (and he them); he went in swimming in a little stream, for the first time in his life without fear of the cops; and in the



He was busily absorbed in devouring his supper.

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 The supply gave out late in the afternoon and he got hungry again. If there were only women to chase him, he said, no reason to fear, so he returned to the same place, climbed the fence and the tree and fell to work as before.

But this venture did not turn out quite so happily. He was busily absorbed in devouring his supper and did not pay much attention to anything, until finally he happened to look down towards the ground. He was startled to see a man peering up at him.

"Aha, ye rascal, ye! So oi hov yez! Coom down out av that, now, an' be spy or oi'll coom up an' fetch yez."

Chip came, considerably surprised and bewildered by it all. The man seized him roughly by the collar and marched him up towards the house.

"Is dis a cop? Or what?" thought Chip.
 "O'ive got the rascal, Mrs Marcy," shouted the captor.
 "O'ive got him! The same spalpeen, too, what coom this mornin'—the wan cook was tellin' yez about."

There were a man and a woman sitting on the piazza of





J I M
A TRUE HUNTING STORY
BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN



"JIM"—a commonplace, unsignifying, ordinary name, that, is it not? But Jim was no commonplace, unsignifying, ordinary dog. I don't know how it happened that I called him Jim in the first place. Probably that was the only name that occurred to me the night I brought him home, wrapped in my overcoat, a lank, staring-eyed puppy, but one with a pedigree that stamped him a member of the best and most

us. By the time Sandson and I had taken up our position at the deer-run, with Loch, his cries had died away altogether—swallowed by the distance.

Loch was now loosened. We waited at the run. Shortly we heard him on the opposite side of the lake.



OF HIS SPIRIT THAT WE HEAR."

to Sandson. He accepted, holding us. We both watched the bank suddenly a splendid buck came he foliage and leaped into the back until he saw that the animal with his hoofs, and then fired. The of the surface, fell to his knees and the shallow. Shortly, Loch came apparently eminently satisfied with k of securing our first deer. Until ere at the edge of the lake for Jim ince. Sandson shouted between his as no answering cry. We carried mp. Toward four in the afternoon e by exclaiming, "There's Jim!" m away over in the west came the Gradually it died away. As night r that Jim had lost our scent, and I hallooed until we thought our d. There was no reply. At about ere shaken by hearing the old, this time further toward the north. morning I awakened to hear Jim's led as I pictured his fagged appear-

But he did not come with day-imagined that we heard him again, must have been mistaken, as now ell from the north. at evening. It was no mistake. I y as clearly as I recognize my own ls sheet of paper. And before we heard it again. The affair by this be a matter of laughter. I saw by t he was worried. Besides, it was nerriment suddenly to hear, away ackness, the weird, ghostly baying ight no further sound of Jim until then it seemed to come from the y awake in the night, Sandson and stillness, the same, long, low cry. ing the truth when I say that, by

this time, both of us were thoroughly frightened. Sandson, then and there, voted we pack the outfit and return home the next day. I remember that he said, in a half whisper, "Ken, the dog has died, and it's the wall of his spirit that we hear. Have you noticed that Loch has not answered the cry of his friend once?" I pondered over this strange feature of the case, and I was not prepared to smile at Sandson's explanation. Toward three o'clock, a cold shiver was sent over me by hearing my dog's call again.

I nudged Sandson.

"Did you hear that?" he said. He was wide awake.

"Yes," I replied, "where do you make out it comes from."

"From the south," he replied. "Ken; I'm going to get out of this. It's getting closer. I have as much nerve as the next man, but this is too unearthly for me." We heard nothing further, but we breathed a deep-drawn sigh of relief at sight of the first tinge of gray and yellow in the eastern sky.

At breakfast I noted the look of dogged determination on Sandson's face, and judged that he still held to his idea of breaking camp that day. As I arose from the rough bench at the table, I was startled at the sound of an animal's footfalls, behind me, in the underbrush that encircled the open space of our camp. Sandson and I awaited breathlessly the approach of whatever might prove to be the creature there invisible. Shortly, into the scant open, walked, with painful slowness, a huge, gray fox. He was little more than a skeleton. His eyes protruded from his head, and his tongue lolled from his mouth—tremendously swollen, and of a gray green color. Seeing us he made to sheer away. He staggered, uttered a strange,



AT NOON WE . . . HEARD HIM AGAIN.

gurgling sound, and fell lifeless in his tracks. We had scarcely arrived at a comprehension of the situation when, from the opening made by the fox in the bush, came Jim. I was too dazed even to utter an exclamation of wonder. Sandson stood statue-like, his lower jaw relaxed. My dog's bones seemed just ready to prick through his hide. His eyes, too, were protruding, and his tongue, bleeding, dangled between his teeth. Blood from wounds made by the thorns of the underbrush was sticky in the hair of his breast, and his legs were dyed deep red where the life fluid of his own body had dried on them. He saw me and, for an instant, the old light of friendship seemed to glow in his red eyes. Then it went out. His legs gave way beneath him, and he sank dead, there, before me.

In my study now, in front of the little table in the corner, is a rug of dog-skin. Jim is with me still. Though not the Jim that chased the gray Canadian fox for three days and three nights—faithful to his kind even unto death.

on't father be glad to hear that ing."

ving they had been scouring the r"—up the lake and down, to this back into the interior to various ers, to Fagan who kept the store to John Faquier, the fur trader, alf-breed at the foot of the hills—

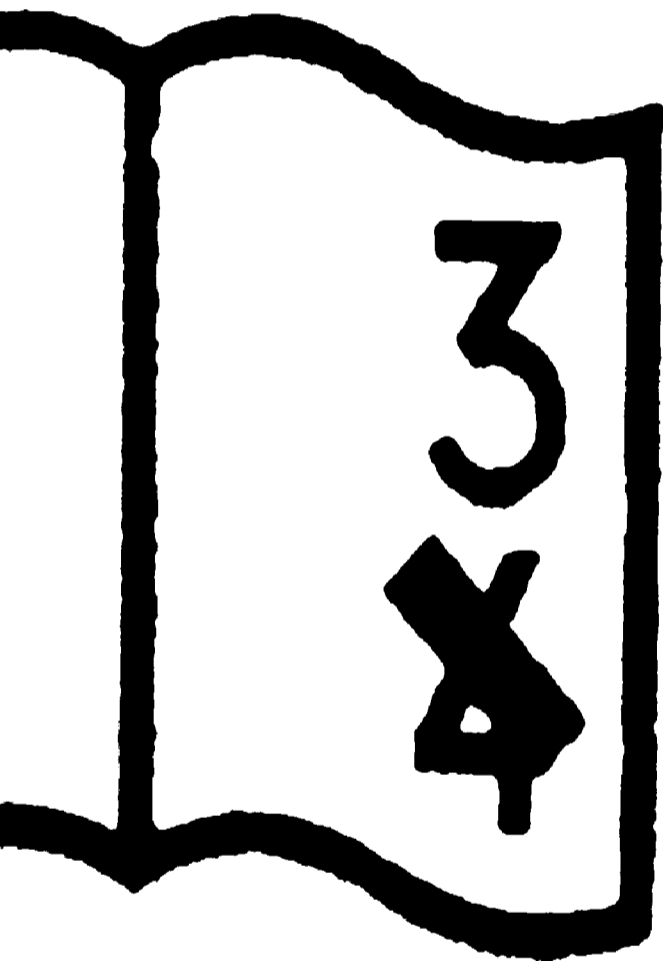
bearing the message that all were to gather at their house on the following Sunday, and that Father Burns himself, of Duluth, would be there to speak. And every one of them, not even omitting the half-breed, had promised to come.

Side by side the boys sped on, the miles slipping away easily behind. Now and then a point of land rushed up and past, dim and shadowy in the white light of the moon; and once or twice in the far distance they heard the sinister voice of some night-prowling animal. On and still on, and then through the crisp air came the sharp click of other skates, followed by the glimpse of a dim figure, which rapidly grew plainer as it approached.

As it came near, one of the boys said, "Aunt Jane," and the other added, "Going home to see her mother," and then the figure shot past, waving its hand and smiling brightly, and they raised their fur caps and

flew on, feeling a sudden glow of pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Everybody knew and loved Aunt Jane, the neighborhood "aunt" who went from house to house doing sewing or nursing; and who, in spite of her fifty odd years, could still give the boys and girls something to do when she went skating with them. Now she was on her way to spend the holidays with her mother at the foot of the lake. Everybody knew she was going, and everybody felt glad, and everybody wished they could be there to see the meeting.

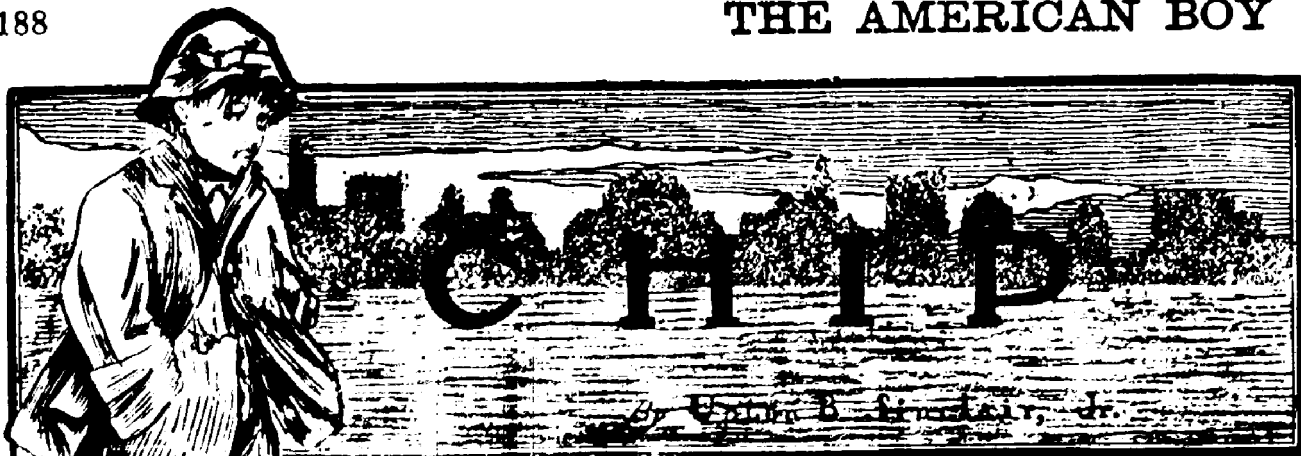
One, two, five minutes passed; and then came a long, menacing howl which made the boys shiver involuntarily and bend forward to their work. They knew that voice. Every winter, when snows grew deep and food scarce, wild animals were accustomed to make predatory incursions from their northern fastnesses; and among them it was not uncommon to hear the howling of wolves. But this was not a wolf of an ordinary pack, but an outcast from its own kind, grown fiercer and more cunning through its isolation. All the country round had learned to fear him, and to hunt him, and to lay traps for him—but so far in vain. The boys' faces grew tense as they sped on, and they listened, almost with bated breath, for the swift following of footsteps behind. Ordinarily, they



HERE was a crackling of snow as two figures pushed their way through the underbrush down to the edge of the lake, and there paused to brush the still-clinging masses of white from their leggings, and to fasten their skates firmly and securely to their heavy, home made boots. Then they shot out across the smooth, frozen surface, almost as buoyantly as birds, and almost as naturally, the sharp click, click of their steel runners ringing clear and musical in the crisp, still air.

"This is better," one of them called to his companion, with an inflection of satisfaction in his voice. "Twenty minutes more, and we can be at home."

"Yes, ten miles this way is easier than one on foot ploughing through the woods," rejoined the other,



Review of Chapter I.

"Chip" was a New York newsboy who had never been outside of New York City and had never seen fruit growing on trees. Another newsboy who had been in the country told him that out in the country beyond the big houses there were apples, peaches and pears hanging from the trees. He tried to imagine how the trees would look, but it was too much for him.

The night following the day on which he had received this information, while trying to sell the few evening papers that still remained of his stock, he fell in with a richly dressed young man who was clinging to a lamp-post, drunk. A notorious sneak thief was preparing to go through the young man's pockets when Chip remonstrated and threatened to call a policeman. Chip then called a caddy, and persuaded him to take the young man home. The boy climbed into the cab, under protest from the driver, and saw his intoxicated companion safely inside of the latter's home. The butler who answered the door rewarded the caddy, but forgot to reward Chip. Strolling down Fifth avenue a few hours later, the idea suddenly struck the boy that he would go out and see the "country" where apples grew on trees. He had in his pockets twenty-seven cents. Chapter I ends with Chip sticking his two nickels and seventeen pennies upon the counter of the ticket seller at the Grand Central depot.

CHAPTER II.

"Gimme a ticket," he said.

"Where to?" inquired the man, smiling.

"Ah, go on!" said Chip. "D'ye suppose I care? Jist gimme a ticket fer twenty-seven cents."

"I can give you one for twenty-five or one for twenty-eight. That's the nearest I've got."

"Well," said Chip, "if yez can't oblige a feller, why gimme one fer twenty-five. An' yez kin give me back me odder two cents, sec."

The small boy got his two cents and his ticket, and marched past the gateman and boarded the train, feeling "de biggest man in de hull caboozh," as he afterwards put it himself. He lounged back in the soft velvety seats with an air of oriental luxuriance.

"Say!" he thought, "dis is like de divan what Princess Paulina sat on when Diamon' Dan seen her. It's great!"

The chances are that Chip will grow old before he ever forgets that brief half-hour's ride. Everything was new to him. There was the car itself and the mighty depot, there were rows of houses and tunnel openings and gas-lights flashing by in a bewildered maze; then by and by, and best of all, there was the country, another world, a land of dreams to this little waif of the streets. The idea of so much land was a totally new one to him. He had seen vast extents of water, from the battery where he used to swim and dodge "cops." But land to his mind was a city lot bounded by a fence, or a city park with railings and "keep off the grass" signs. It was no wonder that he gasped and stared about him and gasped again.

And the grass and trees and flowers! He recalled what Scrappy had said—"Dey ain't no cops in de country." He wondered if it really could be so, if people would actually let him turn somersaults on that grass. He longed to get out and try, but he remembered that the farther from the city he went, the thicker the fruit ought to be. So he kept his seat and waited.

Once a man came along and tried to steal Chip's ticket. The youngster hung on; he did not mean to be "buncoed." At last, however, seeing others giving up theirs peaceably he concluded that it was all right, and let go of his. After that there was nothing to disturb his reveries, and he was whirled on past station after station, until the blue coated man came again.

"Tickets," he said, tapping Chip on the arm.

"Ah, go on!" cried Chip.

"Where's your ticket?"

"Say, you, how many tickets do you want anyhow Ain't I giv'n yez on?"

"Where was it to?"

"Say! How should I know?"

"Don't you know where you are going?"

"Naw!"

"How much did you pay for it?"

"A quarter."

"A quarter! Good gracious, boy, you've passed your station long ago."

"I don't care," said Chip. "De company's out, dat's all. I'll git out at de next station."

And he did.

"Now de first ting" he mused, as he gazed about him, "is to git a line on some o' dem trees. I'm jist hungry 'nough to light right in."

He did not see anything very promising at the start. There were houses and streets just the same as in New York. But he had seen country just before the train entered the place, so he made up his mind that all he had to do was to walk; and he started.

He found to his joy that he had not very far to go up the big broad avenue before the houses began to be farther apart and the trees thicker. Yes, he was really getting out into the country. And then suddenly he stopped. Across the way was a lawn with all kinds of plants and flowers; and right near the fence was a big tree fairly grunting with a burden of laughing, red, fat apples. There was a high iron fence, but Chip didn't mind that. For if apples were free and there were no cops, 'nough said! Chip climbed the fence.

It was a good, tall tree that he stood beneath. But it would have made no difference if the first limb had been even twice as far from the ground, he would have climbed somehow. For two P. M. yesterday was the precise hour of our friend's best meal, and he was hungry in proportion. He didn't wait to climb very high; he reached the first limb he could, seized the first apple he could and started. He stopped some fifteen minutes later. I do not know how many he ate, but an apple a minute is not very fast for a boy. So no wonder he stopped.

A person who has been hungry as often as had little Chip is not likely to forget that there is a future. Consequently his next care was to stuff his pockets. He began then to think of getting down, an intention which was suddenly accelerated by a most unexpected interruption.

"Help! Thief! Stop him! Grab him!"

It was a shrill female voice. Chip did not for a moment suppose that it was meant for him, until he peered out and saw the owner of the voice running across the lawn and shouting meantime for "Tige" and the gardener. The boy realized the situation then; he dropped to the ground, climbed over the fence, and "lit out" for dear life. The female and Tige and the gardener were all a memory in a few minutes and then Chip sat down to rest.

"I wonder if it's women what's cops in dis place. An' say, I wonder if dis is still Ameriky, anyhow. I come a awful long ways."

He spent that day in the country, and in paradise. There never yet was so much fun all crowded into one day. He watched squirrels and chickens and cows; he picked flowers and climbed trees; he played ball in a fine green field with some village boys he met (and he beat them); he went in swimming in a little stream, for the first time in his life without fear of the cops; and in between



He was busily absorbed in devouring his supper.

all these glorious recreations he munched the apples he had brought with him.

The supply gave out late in the afternoon and he got hungry again. If there were only women to chase him, he said, no reason to fear, so he returned to the same place, climbed the fence and the tree and fell to work as before.

But this venture did not turn out quite so happily. He was busily absorbed in devouring his supper and did not pay much attention to anything, until finally he happened to look down towards the ground. He was startled to see a man peering up at him.

"Aha, ye rascal, ye! So of hov yez! Coom down out av that, now, an' be spy or o'ill coom up an' fetch yez."

Chip came, considerably surprised and bewildered by it all. The man seized him roughly by the collar and marched him up towards the house.

"Is dis a cop? Or what?" thought Chip.

"O'ive got the rascal, Mrs. Marcy," shouted the captor. "O'ive got him! The same spalpeen, too, what coom this mornin'—the wan cook was tellin' yez about."

There were a man and a woman sitting on the piazza of the big homestead. Chip could not see the man's face for a honeysuckle vine was in the way; but the other rose at Chip's approach and he saw that she was an elderly woman with a sweet kindly face. He took heart at once.

"Why, how very, very tiny he is!" she exclaimed.

"Faith, mum, an' there's room fer mischief a plenty in him."

It seems so. Little boy, what makes you steal our apples?"

"Stealin em? Ain't dey free?"

"Why no, of course not. Pray, what put such a notion into your head?"

"Don't yez let him be a foolin' av yez, Mrs. Marcy," said the gardener. "He's a sly rascal."

"He doesn't look very sly, Perkins. And I really don't think you need hold him quite so tight. You won't run away, will you, little boy?"

"Hain't got no place to run to," said Chip.

"Mercy me! Haven't you any home?"

"No'm."

"You don't say so! And were you hungry? Was that why you stole?"

"I didn't steal," said Chip, feeling about to burst out crying.

"An' you mustn't say so. I never stole in my life. De fellers all told me, down in de city where I'm a newsboy, dat apples growed on trees in de country an' was free. An' I paid all me money but two cents fer to come up here an' see. An' den you go an' say I stole. I didn't mean to steal. I hadn't had anything 't eat since yistidday noon—"

"Mercy me!" cried the lady.

"But I wouldn't a cared. If I'd a know'd 'at dem apples was your'n I wouldn't a taken one. So now!"

"You poor, dear little boy. Why, if you had only asked me, you should have had all the apples you could eat!"

"I had two cents," put in Chip. "I could a' buyed some. P'rhaps," brightening up, "p'rhaps it'll pay fer what I took an' den you won't call me a thief."

"You may go, Perkins," said Mrs. Marcy, smiling.

"I do not think this little fellow needs to be held. What is your name, my boy?"

"Chip, mum."

"Chip! How funny! What else?"

"McGinnis, mum."

"Chip McGinnis. Well, Chip, you needn't mind about the two cents. You may say I gave you the apples. But I do not think they make a very satisfactory meal, so I'm going in to see what else the cook can find. You wait for me."

She entered the house, and Chip and the man on the piazza were left all alone. Just then the latter rose to his feet and yawned. Chip started back.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "it's de feller who was drunk."

The young man gazed at him languidly.

"Souny, haven't I seen you somewheres before?" he asked. "I think I know your face."

"Y'ought to," said Chip. "I'm de boy what took yez home las' night."

"Great Caesar!"

The young man turned pale with fright.

"For Heaven's sake, my boy, don't breathe a word of that."

"Why not?" inquired Chip, innocently. "Ain't ashamed of it, are yez?"

"As ashamed of it as I ever was of anything in my life. Boy, I swear to you on my heart it was the first time I ever tasted liquor in my life. And I mean that it shall be my last. It would kill mother if she knew it."

"All right," said Chip, I'll be mum. But if I was you, I wouldn't feel so ashamed of it. You ain't de on'y one what gits dat way. Now dere's me fadder, fer instance. He's dat way all de time. He's on'y ashamed when he ain't. An' me mudder was jis de same."

"Has she reformed?" asked the other, laughing.

"Me mudder? Naw! She's dead," answered Chip.

"Oh," said the young man.

Just then his mother came out again, followed by "anodder buttons wid a bang up spread."

"Mother," said the penitent, "I have been talking to this boy, and I find that I knew him in the city. I owe him a good turn, too, so I think we shall have to keep him somehow."

Chip is a "norfice boy," now.



The young man gazed at him languidly.



"JIM"—a commonplace, unsignifying, ordinary name, that, is it not? But Jim was no commonplace, unsignifying, ordinary dog. I don't know how it happened that I called him Jim in the first place. Probably that was the only name that occurred to me the night I brought him home, wrapped in my overcoat, a lank, staring-eyed puppy, but one with a pedigree that stamped him a member of the best and most celebrated fox-hound family in the county. His mother's name was "Dora," and his father's "Fox"—"John Fox," to be exact—but he himself was "Jim," just plain "Jim."

In time Jim developed into a superbly marked animal, with an exquisitely pointed muzzle, and a brace of ears that distinguished him among a hundred of his kind. His friendliness with "Loch," a big stag-hound, was a trait that came to light very early in his career. The two were inseparable in kennel, and when one was loosened and the other kept tied, he whom it was necessary to leave behind, would pine and mope at the end of his chain until the bounding, leaping return of his fellow, when he would express his great delight in the glisten of his eyes, the cavorts of his body, and the energetic, emphatic wagging of his tail.

Jim and Loch were often my companions in the hunt, and not once had I occasion to feel that my confidence in either of them was, in the slightest degree, mis-



A BUCK LEAPED INTO THE WATER

placed. When occurred the verification of a prophecy made of Jim by his earliest master (of which I shall tell you shortly), that he had in him the making of a magnificent fox-hound, he was a few weeks past his second birthday. A new, bright, brass collar had been the gift marking that anniversary.

With my friend Sandson I set out one day for the big game country of Northern Ontario, ostensibly in search of deer, but, in reality, ready to bag whatever might show itself. We were allowed the two dogs by the Canadian laws governing the pursuit of game in the Dominion, and a journey of three days found us in the heart of the deer country.

Early the first morning, as we were tramping along toward the little lake which was our destination, the two dogs sniffing now and again in anticipation of what we all hoped might soon occur, Jim suddenly seemed to catch a scent. He was off at once, baying deeply, as is the custom of the fox-hound when following his true vocation. As we continued to push forward we heard him farther and farther in advance of

us. By the time Sandson and I had taken up our position at the deer-run, with Loch, his cries had died away altogether—swallowed by the distance.

Loch was now loosened. We waited at the run. Shortly we heard him on the opposite side of the lake.



"IT'S THE WAIL OF HIS SPIRIT THAT WE HEAR."

I offered the chance to Sandson. He accepted, holding his gun in readiness. We both watched the bank across from us. Suddenly a splendid buck came bounding through the foliage and leaped into the water. Sandson held back until he saw that the animal felt the bottom beneath his hoofs, and then fired. The buck jumped clear of the surface, fell to his knees and toppled forward in the shallow. Shortly, Loch came swimming across, apparently eminently satisfied with his share in the work of securing our first deer. Until noon we lingered there at the edge of the lake for Jim to put in an appearance. Sandson shouted between his palms, but there was no answering cry. We carried our buck back to camp. Toward four in the afternoon Sandson startled me by exclaiming, "There's Jim!" I listened. Yes; from away over in the west came the bay I recognized. Gradually it died away. As night fell we began to fear that Jim had lost our scent, and both Sandson and I hallooed until we thought our throats were cracked. There was no reply. At about ten o'clock we were shaken by hearing the old, familiar cry again, this time further toward the north. Once in the early morning I awakened to hear Jim's hunting bay. I smiled as I pictured his fagged appearance at daybreak. But he did not come with daybreak. At noon we imagined that we heard him again, but decided that we must have been mistaken, as now the call sounded well from the north.

But at sunset, that evening, it was no mistake. I recognized Jim's bay as clearly as I recognize my own hand-writing on this sheet of paper. And before we turned in, we both heard it again. The affair by this time had ceased to be a matter of laughter. I saw by Sandson's face that he was worried. Besides, it was not conducive to merriment suddenly to hear, away off there in the blackness, the weird, ghostly baying of a hound. We caught no further sound of Jim until the next afternoon, then it seemed to come from the due east. As we lay awake in the night, Sandson and I heard, across the stillness, the same, long, low cry. I shall only be telling the truth when I say that, by

this time, both of us were thoroughly frightened. Sandson, then and there, voted we pack the outfit and return home the next day. I remember that he said, in a half whisper, "Ken, the dog has died, and it's the wail of his spirit that we hear. Have you noticed that Loch has not answered the cry of his friend once?" I pondered over this strange feature of the case, and I was not prepared to smile at Sandson's explanation. Toward three o'clock, a cold shiver was sent over me by hearing my dog's call again.

I nudged Sandson. "Did you hear that?" he said. He was wide awake. "Yes," I replied, "where do you make out it comes from." "From the south," he replied. "Ken; I'm going to get out of this. It's getting closer. I have as much nerve as the next man, but this is too unearthly for me." We heard nothing further, but we breathed a deep-drawn sigh of relief at sight of the first tinge of gray and yellow in the eastern sky.

At breakfast I noted the look of dogged determination on Sandson's face, and judged that he still held to his idea of breaking camp that day. As I arose from the rough bench at the table, I was startled at the sound of an animal's footfalls, behind me, in the underbrush that encircled the open space of our camp. Sandson and I awaited breathlessly the approach of whatever might prove to be the creature there invisible. Shortly, into the scant open, walked, with painful slowness, a huge, gray fox. He was little more than a skeleton. His eyes protruded from his head, and his tongue lolled from his mouth—tremendously swollen, and of a gray green color. Seeing us he made to sheer away. He staggered, uttered a strange,



AT NOON WE . . . HEARD HIM AGAIN.

gurgling sound, and fell lifeless in his tracks. We had scarcely arrived at a comprehension of the situation when, from the opening made by the fox in the bush, came Jim. I was too dazed even to utter an exclamation of wonder. Sandson stood statue-like, his lower jaw relaxed. My dog's bones seemed just ready to prick through his hide. His eyes, too, were protruding, and his tongue, bleeding, dangled between his teeth. Blood from wounds made by the thorns of the underbrush was sticky in the hair of his breast, and his legs were dyed deep red where the life fluid of his own body had dried on them. He saw me and, for an instant, the old light of friendship seemed to glow in his red eyes. Then it went out. His legs gave way beneath him, and he sank dead, there, before me.

In my study now, in front of the little table in the corner, is a rug of dog-skin. Jim is with me still. Though not the Jim that chased the gray Canadian fox for three days and three nights—faithful to his kind even unto death.

A BRAVE CHASE

By FRANK H. SWEET



THERE was a crackling of snow as two figures pushed their way through the underbrush down to the edge of the lake, and there paused to brush the still-clinging masses of white from their leggings, and to fasten their skates firmly and securely to their heavy, home made boots. Then they shot out across the smooth, frozen surface, almost as buoyantly as birds, and almost as naturally, the sharp click, click of their steel runners ringing clear and musical in the crisp, still air.

"This is better," one of them called to his companion, with an inflection of satisfaction in his voice. "Twenty minutes more, and we can be at home."

"Yes, ten miles this way is easier than one on foot ploughing through the woods," rejoined the other,

cheerily. "But won't father be glad to hear that every body is coming."

Since early morning they had been scouring the surrounding country—up the lake and down, to this trapper and that, back into the interior to various farmers and squatters, to Fagan who kept the store at the cross-roads, to John Faquier, the fur trader, and even to the half-breed at the foot of the hills—bearing the message that all were to gather at their house on the following Sunday, and that Father Burns himself, of Duluth, would be there to speak. And every one of them, not even omitting the half-breed, had promised to come.

Side by side the boys sped on, the miles slipping away easily behind. Now and then a point of land rushed up and past, dim and shadowy in the white light of the moon; and once or twice in the far distance they heard the sinister voice of some night-prowling animal. On and still on, and then through the crisp air came the sharp click of other skates, followed by the glimpse of a dim figure, which rapidly grew plainer as it approached.

As it came near, one of the boys said, "Aunt Jane," and the other added, "Going home to see her mother," and then the figure shot past, waving its hand and smiling brightly, and they raised their fur caps and

flew on, feeling a sudden glow of pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Everybody knew and loved Aunt Jane, the neighborhood "aunt" who went from house to house doing sewing or nursing; and who, in spite of her fifty odd years, could still give the boys and girls something to do when she went skating with them. Now she was on her way to spend the holidays with her mother at the foot of the lake. Everybody knew she was going, and everybody felt glad, and everybody wished they could be there to see the meeting.

One, two, five minutes passed; and then came a long, menacing howl which made the boys shiver involuntarily and bend forward to their work. They knew that voice. Every winter, when snows grew deep and food scarce, wild animals were accustomed to make predatory incursions from their northern fastnesses; and among them it was not uncommon to hear the howling of wolves. But this was not a wolf of an ordinary pack, but an outcast from its own kind, grown fiercer and more cunning through its isolation. All the country round had learned to fear him, and to hunt him, and to lay traps for him—but so far in vain. The boys' faces grew tense as they sped on, and they listened, almost with bated breath, for the swift following of footsteps behind. Ordinarily, they

would not have run from one wolf, but this was different, almost as dangerous as an entire pack, and besides, they were unarmed.

But suddenly one of them cried, "Aunt Jane!" and then both sunk their skate heels deep into the ice and came to an abrupt stop. A quick look into each other's eyes, and then they whirled and sped back over the course they had just come. That long, exultant howl had meant more than mere defiance; it proclaimed the discovery of prey. Aunt Jane had gone in that direction, and the wolf had scented her trail.

Scarce a minute had passed since the fierce howl of discovery, but only too well they understood what even that might mean. Side by side, with heads forward and elbows close pressed to their sides, their skates clicking sharply and regularly, they flew on, having no further thought of themselves, but only of the woman on her way home to spend the holidays. She was a woman, with little knowledge of wild animals; while they were strong young fellows, accustomed to hunting.

If any plan of action flashed through their minds, it was to draw the attack of the wolf, and then to lead it away to some other part of the lake. They were

in keeping ahead of them now, they wondered a little uneasily how it would be in case they were pursued.

However, there was little danger of that so long as they pressed him closely. He was running now with nose to the ice and ears flat, the very embodiment of frantic haste and fear. A mile was passed in this way—two; and then Lone Wolf swerved in toward a long, narrow cove, beyond which lay the denser forest and his stronghold.

On and still on, and now the boys were thinking more of their own escape than the wolf's. By this time Aunt Jane was too far away to be in danger; besides, if the animal had not already forgotten her scent, it would take time for him to recover it. Once or twice they slackened their speed slightly, thinking to let him increase the distance between them before they turned back up the lake. But the instant their speed decreased his decreased also, and they could see him turn back his head inquiringly. Then they sped forward again, more impetuously than ever. His fear was their only safety now. That gone, they could not stand against him without weapons; and they were not as confident about distancing him on skates as they had been.



THERE CAME A FLASH AND REPORT . . .

accounted the swiftest skaters in all the country round, and on a fair field of ice, with no obstacles, felt that they would stand a fair chance with even the "Lone Wolf," as he was called. Perhaps they might outdistance him, and then circle back and escape. Of course, if a skate-strap should break, or any one of a possible dozen accidents happen—but they would not think of that.

Almost as these thoughts flashed through their minds they saw him ahead, his nose in the air and his ears forward. Evidently he had heard the sharp ringing of their skates, and was waiting to see what it might portend.

As they sped straight at him, swiftly, unswervingly, another wolf would have turned and fled; this one moved toward them slowly, his head up, showing his teeth.

But as they rushed on to within twenty yards, ten yards, five yards, implacable, silent save for the clicking of their skates, even the Lone Wolf's front began to waver. What did it mean? He was accustomed to see people turn and fly, or at least hide behind trees or rocks and shoot at him. But these did neither; they were rushing down on him as though perfectly sure of the result—as of course they were, otherwise they would not do it.

And apparently with this conclusion Lone Wolf's last vestige of bravado gave way, for he turned and fled incontinently down the lake. The boys gave one ringing shout and followed.

But as they flew on they wondered how the thing would end. It was more inspiring to chase than be chased; but they knew enough of wolf nature to feel assured that the moment they stopped the wolf would stop also, and the moment they turned back he would follow. And as the animal seemed to have no trouble

On and still on, and at length they saw the faint, glimmering light of a camp-fire in the distance. It rushed toward them rapidly, like the headlight of a locomotive; but the wolf, with his head turned back, fearful and suspicious of his pursuers, did not see it until too late to swerve aside. As he reached the circle of light and turned sharply at right angles to his course, there came a flash and report, and with one convulsive bound he rose into the air and then fell back upon the ice, motionless. A second later the boys came to a stop beside him.

"Too late, partners," the owner of the campfire called gruffly, "he's my pet now. I shot him." Then, as he came forward, "Hello, Maurice and Ed Collamore! You here? What you doin' huntin' a critter like Lone Wolf in the night; hey, boys? Where's your guns?"

"Haven't any," Ed answered, coloring a little, "and for that matter, not even a jackknife." Then he told of their meeting with Aunt Jane, and the subsequent chase of the wolf. The man listened incredulously at first, then derisively, then with something else coming into his deep-set eyes.

"It's the craziest, most idiotic, foolishest—" he stopped suddenly and placed a hand upon each of the boys' shoulders—"bravest thing I've come across. I'm glad Aunt Jane's all right. She nursed my little girl back to life once. But come up to the fire an' eat supper with me. It's jest ready. Then I'll skin the wolf an' after that go back home with you. Mebbe there's more wolves prowlin' round, an' it's jest as well to have somebody along with a gun. Chased old Lone Wolf clean across the lake without so much as a jack knife! H'm! h'm! most idiotic—h'm! bravest thing I ever knew."

*RANDOLPH FAIRFAX

The seventh story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

By ANNAB ROBINSON WATSON

Many have been the noble scions of the noble house of Fairfax since it was established in Colonial days in America, but foremost among them all should be recognized this young soldier who possessed, in a most eminent degree, the exalted attributes of his people.

His father was Dr. Orlando Fairfax, of Alexandria, Virginia, who was the grandson of Lord Fairfax. His mother was Virginia Randolph, and it is interesting to know that through her he was tenth in descent from Pocahontas and her husband, John Rolfe. His ancestors rendered notable services to the mother country, and one of them, William Henry Fairfax, was killed at the battle of Quebec. Before the engagement General Wolfe touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Young man, when we come into action remember your name."

Randolph Fairfax was born November 23, 1842, and from early childhood was remarkable for great personal beauty. His eyes were a clear liquid hazel, his hair brown with a golden tinge, his features regular, and his complexion clear and brilliant.

Even when quite a little child it was observed that in every emergency he was concerned to know what was right to do, not what pleased him best, and when the decision was once made there was no further hesitation.

He was light-hearted and joyous, a great favorite in the family circle and among his young companions, but recognized by everyone who came in contact with him as possessing a firm will and unwavering courage.

When about ten years of age he belonged to a club of boys who, on summer afternoons, went boating on the Potomac river. Sailing had been prohibited by his mother. It was understood between them that he could only go out in the boats when the oars were used.

One day the boys had a meeting to arrange an excursion up the river.

"The weather is so fine," said one of them, "that we will not have the trouble of rowing, the sail and wind will do the work."

"Then I cannot go," said Randolph Fairfax briefly.

"Not go," replied his friend, "what's the matter?"

"Don't you know?" was the reply, "I promised my mother not to go out in the sail boat."

"Oh, well, that makes no difference; she only meant when the weather was bad; no one could object on a day like this."

"She said nothing about the weather, neither did I. I gave my promise not to go except when we used the oars."

"It'll be easy enough," said another boy. "Just ask her about it, she'll say yes, of course."

"I can do that," replied Randolph, and so he hastened home and to his mother's room.

He threw his arm caressingly about her neck, as was his custom, saying, "Mother, dear, I have something to ask. The weather is so fine that the boys are going sailing. May I go, too, just this once?"

She looked into his eager, young face with a tender light on her own. Then she hesitated a moment, gazing out into the beautiful sunlit garden.

"Go sailing, dear? I am very sorry, but really I cannot, cannot consent; it is so dangerous, an accident might easily happen to a party of boys in a sail boat."

"Well, never mind," he answered cheerfully. "I would not go without your consent. Perhaps they will be satisfied to use the oars. They are waiting for me now, I will not join them unless they do." He kissed her good-bye and went off smiling.

The hours passed by, the afternoon was advancing rapidly, the mother was wondering what detained him so long, the sun was setting and it was warm and sultry. Suddenly she heard his merry whistle on the lawn. "I'm back again, mother," he called, coming in and throwing himself on the cane seat on the verandah. He was warm, dusty and tired.

"Why, where have you been, Randolph?" she asked hastily. "I thought you were enjoying the cool breeze on the river."

"Well, mother, the boys consented to use the oars but when we had gone four miles up the river they insisted upon raising the sail. I felt that it would be wrong to stay in the boat, so made them row to the shore and let me get out. It was hot and dusty to walk back those miles, but I could not break my promise to you."

The spirit characterizing his entire life is shown in this incident. Unfailing devotion to duty and loyalty to principle.

In August, 1864, he went to visit his aunt, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, who had a son near his own age, and accompanied them on a tour through out the Northern States. His uncle, Mr. Morris, being familiar with the historical associations of the points

*Permission was secured to use facts and passages from letters and diary, as given in the "Memoir of Randolph Fairfax," which was published in 1863 by Rev. Phillip Slaughter. To this memoir the writer is deeply indebted as well as to correspondence with friends of the young hero.

A. R. W.

visited, made the trip both interesting and profitable for the two boys.

While on a Lake Champlain steamer, Mr. Dewy, an ex-Senator of New York, was much attracted by Randolph's appearance and introduced himself. On hearing the boy's name he remarked: "I would not like to have a name so famous that I could add nothing to it."

"It is the name of my ancestors, and if they have made it famous I at least will try and do nothing to impair its brightness," was the earnest reply.

In the fall of 1857 Randolph entered the Episcopal High School, under the care of the Reverend John P. McGuire. On his fourteenth birthday he asked his mother to give him a Bible, saying he would try to make good use of it. A little later he was confirmed at St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, where Reverend Mr. Johnson was then rector.

About this time he commenced a diary which, after his death, was found among his papers. In one of the first entries was given his idea of life and duty. He says: "Throughout each day I shall try to preserve a sense of the presence of God, and try thus to regulate my actions. Feeling the salvation of my soul as paramount to all other aims, and that it is my duty to work in Christ's cause in season and out of season, I will try to do my best by word and deed to lead others into the way everlasting.

"I will endeavor to improve every moment of time—to think much of the shortness of life, and that I may at any moment be called away to meet a just God. I will do nothing out of revenge, nor anything I should justly think mean in another."



RANDOLPH FAIRFAX.

These were the rules written by himself, a boy only fourteen years of age, for self-discipline and guidance. At the examination in June of this year, 1858, he took the honors in every class and went home laden with medals and certificates of proficiency.

In 1859 he took the highest prize of the school, the gold medal, besides many smaller prizes. Mr. McGuire, being asked which one of the boys under his care he considered the most gifted, said: "Take him altogether, Randolph Fairfax."

In his diary, written at this time, he says, "How little are these vain honors compared with the crown of glory! Oh, that I could estimate them aright and could see myself as God sees me! Oh, Father, have mercy upon me for Christ's sake!"

From the high school he went to Dinwiddie Academy, from there to the University of Virginia, in 1860.

Before the close of this session Virginia seceded from the Union, but, restrained by the wishes of his parents, he did not join the Southern army until August 12, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in the Rockbridge artillery, at Manassas Junction. He was now in his nineteenth year.

In a letter home, dated November the 12th, 1861, he says: "Last Friday we marched from six o'clock in the morning till seven in the evening, stopping only to water the horses, marching twenty-five miles, of which I walked twenty-two. Slept that night in a barn; next day crossed the Blue Ridge in a drenching rain."

Speaking of the battle of Kernstown he says: "On our way to position our battery had to cross a wide, open bottom, exposed to the fire of artillery. Seven shells exploded near us, disabling one of our guns. Just before we got into position a shell passed through one of the wheel horses of our third piece and into the other, where it exploded, tearing off the legs of the driver and the foot of a man walking by the gun. It was a horrible sight to see the mangled horses and men lying on the ground. * * * I have great reason to be thankful to God for my preservation and that of my friends. My only trust in such times of danger is that I am entirely in God's hands and He will preserve me until His own good time. Our piece was the last to leave the field. I escaped with a bullet hole through the skirt of my coat."

Of a later engagement he says: "For an hour we were exposed to the heaviest artillery fire I ever saw. Shot and shell seemed to pour over in one successive stream and burst in our midst. * * * I was struck by a piece of a shell on the collar-bone, but fortunately received from it only a bruise which put me on the disabled list yesterday. * * * Don't trouble yourself about my promotion. * * * I would not feel right in accepting a position that would take me out of active service."

Speaking of the battle of Slaughter's Mountain in August, he says: "We had a splendid view of the battle from a hill on which our battery was posted. It was the grandest sight that I ever saw. Artillery was blazing from every rise in the valley below, shells bursting in every direction, batteries and horsemen galloping over the field in pursuit, while away off on our right we could see the long line of Yankee Infantry

drawn up to oppose Longstreet and sheets of smoke bursting from their guns. Soon a cloud of smoke enveloped the plain and we could only hear the successive roar of artillery and rattling of the musketry gradually becoming more and more distant."

In November, 1862, the Rockbridge Artillery, to which Randolph Fairfax belonged, after a march of fifteen days, encamped near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock River. From this point Dec. 7, he wrote, "The weather now is intensely cold and I fear many of our poor soldiers are suffering. Oh, how I wish that this cruel war would cease. I think when peace is declared, I shall be like a man just released from prison, or a condemned criminal just receiving his pardon. May God bless and keep you all."

On the 11th of this month, only four days later, he wrote his last letter; it was to his mother, just after the first day's engagement at Fredericksburg.

"Remembering your injunction to write immediately after every battle, I hasten to obey it and relieve you of any anxiety on my account that may have been awakened by the engagement of yesterday. * * * The enemy has crossed the river and now has possession of Fredericksburg. * * * The day before yesterday we had an affray with the gunboats on the river below. Our battery was sent down with the long range guns. We only succeeded in getting five or six shots at a boat passing up, but our twenty-six pounder, with a Whitlock gun, had a sharp duel with five gunboats above."

On the next day the fight continued, and the section of artillery to which Randolph Fairfax belonged was under the most tremendous fire. He was working, with companions, one of the twenty-pound Parrots. Late in the afternoon it had ceased firing for a short time when Gen. Jackson rode up and ordered all the guns to be shot and fired simultaneously. This drew the fire of the enemy's guns and a shower of shot and shell deluged the spot occupied by the Parrot gun and its brave defenders. About sunset, facing the burning hall, Randolph Fairfax fell, his left temple pierced by a fragment of shell.

At his side, mortally wounded, were two of his comrades, Lieut.-Col. Coleman, and Arthur Robinson of Baltimore. "Coleman was professor of Latin at the University of Virginia. Arthur Robinson was of the best blood of Maryland and Virginia. Both were Christians and died full of hope."

Lieut. Thomas McCorkle and Berkeley Minor bore Randolph Fairfax from the field. McCorkle only lived an hour or two longer, and together the two friends were buried by their comrades on the field of glory, only a short distance from the point where they fell, on Saturday night, December the 13th, 1862.

So ended the life of a boy Confederate, a private barely nineteen years of age. On the battlefield, calm, earnest and determined; in camp, uncomplaining and cheerful; on the march, in cold, heat or hunger, he was never heard to murmur. In conversation and deportment, he bore himself with the purity which would have been seemly in the presence of his mother and sisters. At the battle of Malvern Hill he received a wound which many would have considered a sufficient reason for retiring from the awful scene, but he persisted in remaining at his post and did the work of two until the battery was ordered off the field. Surely it is well that a record of the lives of such American boys be faithfully preserved.

Reverend P. J. McGuire, for years his preceptor, says: "Intellectually, he was undoubtedly one of the first young men of his day. * * * Morally, I have not known his superior. * * * With a quick conscience and a most sensitive regard to whatever was right, * * * he was ever ready to resist the slightest offense against a stainless morality. The uncommon purity and blamelessness of his whole life cannot be accounted for without looking to those spiritual influences which alone sanctify the heart, and clothe the life in the beauty of holiness."

Among the many tributes paid to his memory received by his parents was this letter from Gen. Robert E. Lee:

Camp Fredericksburg, Dec. 28th, 1862.

My Dear Doctor:—

I have grieved most deeply at the death of your noble son. I have watched his conduct from the commencement of the war, and have pointed with pride to the patriotism, self-denial, and manliness of character he has exhibited. I had hoped that an opportunity would have occurred for the promotion he deserved; not that it would have elevated him, but have shown that his devotion to duty was appreciated by his country. Such an opportunity would undoubtedly have occurred; but he has been translated to a better world, for which his purity and his piety have eminently fitted him. You do not need to be told how great his gain. It is the living for whom I sorrow. I beg you will offer to Mrs. Fairfax and your daughters my heartfelt sympathy, for I know the depth of their grief. That God may give you and them strength to bear this great affliction is the earnest prayer of your early friend,

R. E. LEE.

Randolph Fairfax, noble scion of a noble house, but only a private in the Confederate ranks, a gunner in the artillery service. He reached in his nineteen years the fullest measure of an exalted manhood, and was a "faithful soldier, alike of his country and of his God."

BIOGRAPHY OF A "PUSHER."

I am going to tell you a true story about a not very remarkable boy who never did any great thing. That will not be very interesting, you say. Well, I shall tell it, nevertheless, because the editor says that common, everyday boys get the notion sometimes that it is only the boy of great family or great opportunity who gets ahead in the world, and he wants these boys to see what just a poor, common, everyday kind of a lad can accomplish.

Now, there are very few boy readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who began so far down as the boy about whom I am going to tell you, because this boy found himself at the age of ten in New York City without father or mother to help him, without a home he could call his own, without an influential friend to assist him, with only a few cents in his pocket, and without ten words of the English language at his command. How many ten-year-old boys who read this paper are in so bad a fix as that?

I am going to tell you how, by his own efforts, this boy came in eleven years to graduate at one of the greatest universities in America, and then, starting to practice law without a penny in his pocket, how in one year more he had an office of his own, and in three years more brought to America his old father and his little sister and gave them a home, and how he amassed in these three years a little fortune of five thousand dollars, as shown by his savings bank book, and built up a business that will pay him in his fourth year of practice five thousand dollars.

There are so many people who are crying out against our country, and against labor and political conditions that prevail, declaring that a poor boy in this country has no chance, that I must tell this little story to show that it is still possible for a poor boy to make his way, if only he has good habits and enough patience and grit.

But to my story.

The boy was born in April, 1874 (twenty-six years ago), in Kowno, Prussia. His father was a school teacher and a great student of the classics. His grandfather was a wise old fellow whom people called a philosopher; indeed he wrote a big two-volume treatise on Psychology, and went about talking like old Socrates.

But with all this good blood in his veins nothing could take the place of the mother who died when the little Prussian was nine years of age. Then life became hard for him, and, child as he was, he began to cast longing eyes toward America, which he had heard was the land of opportunity, though an older brother who had already crossed the ocean was doing little to prove it in the great city of New York.

He was now ten years old. He managed to get together forty-two dollars, the greater part of which his father gave him, and with his little valise containing a few clean handkerchiefs, the little Prussian ten-year-old set out alone for America. Think of it, boys!

Get down your maps and look for Kowno, Prussia; then look for New York, U. S. A.; then think of a ten-year-old boy with forty-two dollars in his pocket and not a word of English on his tongue, starting on that long journey.

We shall not relate the story of his trip, as that is not to our purpose. Suffice it to say that he counted the days and the hours, as he told me, till his eyes should rest on "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

When immigrants land from the big ships in New York they come through Castle Garden. Here Edward, for that is his name, found himself in due time, jostled here and there, hugging tight his little valise, which contained the few handkerchiefs that "a beautiful young English maiden," as he described her, washed for him on board the steamer, and one dollar and twenty-five cents in money.

But he was in America! His heart beat hard against his little breast, and his eyes lit up with wondering interest as he stepped out on Broadway and he at last realized, as best a mere boy might, that he had the great new world of opportunity before him.

Safely stowed away in a pocket of his jacket was a little paper on which was written "62 Christy St." Here he was to find his brother. But where was 62 Christy St.? The search began in the morning, and 'twas not 'till late in the evening that, footsore and weary, the little fellow appeared at the door of his brother's home and received a kindly welcome.

You might think that the next day this boy would want to see New York. If it were you, instead of Edward, perhaps you would have said: "Well, I have had a long hard trip. I will rest a while here at my brother's. He is poor and can ill afford to keep me long, but he certainly will allow me to spend a few days getting acquainted with his family and seeing New York. To-day I will go up to Central Park; tomorrow I will go across the Brooklyn bridge; next day I will visit Brooklyn and the Navy Yard; then I'll get something to do."

Not so with Edward; and here is revealed one of the secrets of his success. Not one day elapsed ere he had searched and found work. He engaged to work for a man who made canes and umbrellas. He was to work from seven in the morning 'till six in the evening, and to receive as wages one dollar and seventy-five cents a week. It was a hard job at poor pay, but it was work; it was a chance to do something; it was a start; it was the first rung of the ladder, and he mounted it eagerly.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOY TRAVELER

ANNOUNCEMENT—We present herewith the third chapter of the narrative from the pen of Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he is describing his adventures as a 16-year-old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1886 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$2.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington, where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as cabin-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the lord mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It gives American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teaches them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success of life.—The Editor.

CHAPTER III.

My visits to the city editors didn't encourage me very much in my ambition to become a reporter. When I told them my age they laughed at me, and said I had better wait a few years before beginning work. Some of them asked me what I had to write about. I told them I hadn't anything in particular, but thought I could find something if they would just give me a position. Then they laughed again, and told me to find something first; they would see later on about giving me a place.

From one office to another I made my way, meeting with absolutely no encouragement until one day I made up my mind to call upon the man who was considered the ablest editor in all this part of the country. I rather dreaded going, fearing that he might be even more discouraging than the others, but when I entered his office he received me very pleasantly, and carefully questioned me as to my aim in wanting to enter newspaper work. He gave me much good advice; and before leaving I had it fully impressed upon my mind that if I wanted to be a reporter I would have to first find something interesting to write about. The great editor told me that I was too young to take a regular position upon a paper. "But if you can do something extraordinary," he said, "something that will give you interesting material to write about, I am sure you can sell the articles, and in that way get a start in your chosen profession."

His words made a very deep impression upon my mind, and for a long time I tried my best to think up something new that I could do. I thought of doing a great many wonderful things, and had a new idea every day, but somehow all of them had some great obstacle in the way of their accomplishment. I soon became rather discouraged again, and even thought I would have to give up my determination to be a reporter, when I read in a newspaper a particularly glowing account of the preparations for the coming Queen's Jubilee in London. The article told of the wonderful decorations there would be, of the great throng sure to be present from all over the world, and of the gorgeous parade. I read it all with wonderful interest, for it had just occurred to me that if I could get to London, could see the Queen's Jubilee, and perhaps see Mr. Gladstone and the Queen herself, I would have done something that perhaps no other boy had done, and have something interesting to write about for the papers.

Little by little it dawned upon me that here at last was the thing I ought to do. This was the plan I must follow if I wanted to get my start. It seemed a truly glorious idea, and I could have jumped up and down with joy when it came to me. The day had not passed when I had the trip outlined in my mind. I thought I knew exactly what I would do, and how I would do it. I had it all arranged very nicely. Of course I had no money to start with except my twenty-five dollars earned in the checkroom. Therefore, I would want to save as much as possible, and in order to do this I thought it would be a good plan for me to work my way on a lake steamer from Chicago to Buffalo; and as I had a very little idea of distances in the east, I thought that once in Buffalo I could get to New York very easily. Those cities being in the same state I thought they must be very near together, and if it cost too much to pay my way, I could walk. Of course I didn't think of the distance being four hundred and fifty miles.

Once in New York, I thought I would work my way abroad by washing dishes or doing work of some kind on a steamer. I had read advertisements in New York papers calling for men to work their passage, and I thought if there was work for men, there must be something I could do as well. Once in London, I would of course send articles to the editors, they would send me large checks in payment, and after that it would all be smooth sailing. This was the trip as I planned it first. It turned out to be a very different experience than I had expected it would be.

The very next day I went around again to see the editors, and to tell them about the trip I had planned. Most of them laughed at me more on this second visit

than on the first, and I felt much hurt over it. They said they had heard of boys starting out on trips of this kind, and they never had known any of them to get through successfully. They said they didn't think I would be any exception to the rule, and advised me to remain in Chicago, even if I was earning only three dollars and fifty cents a week.

All this was very discouraging. I had started out hoping that some of them would sign a contract with me for articles before I went and pay me some money in advance. If they would do this, I would be able to start with more than twenty-five dollars. But they ridiculed the idea, said that I wouldn't likely get any further than New York, and that therefore they didn't think it good policy to pay me any money in advance. So I saw that I would likely have to go with what I had in hand, and I was quite willing to do so. I felt sure I would be able to reach England and that I would send articles to the papers, which they would want to print. So I went ahead and completed what few arrangements there were to make before leaving.

When I thought it about time to start, it occurred to me that I had better write home and let mother know what I expected to do. I anticipated having some difficulty in getting her consent, and hesitated some time before I could decide what sort of a letter I had better write. Then I wrote a short note announcing that I expected to leave for Europe very soon, and that I didn't have time then to tell the particulars. I can imagine now the consternation caused by this letter when it reached home, but I was surprised and hurt at receiving a special delivery letter saying that if I wrote anything more about taking such a wild-goose chase they would feel obliged to send an officer to Chicago and bring me home!



ASKING A POSITION FROM THE EDITOR.

I hardly knew what to do then. I wondered if this was really to be the end of the whole trip, but by this time I had lain awake so much at night, thinking about the wonderful things I was going to do and see, that I felt I simply couldn't exist unless I went. When this feeling comes over a boy he is usually sure to accomplish his purpose. Almost every day for two weeks I wrote long letters home, asking them to allow me to make the attempt, and finally I got an answer saying that as I was so very persistent, I might as well try. So after all I succeeded in getting the necessary consent.

There was now nothing to hold me back and I decided to start as soon as possible. Before leaving, however, I thought of a better and simpler plan of getting to New York than working my way on a lake steamer. I decided to call upon the editor who had shown such an interest in me at first, and ask him if he couldn't get me a pass to New York over one of the railroads. He laugh'ed when I asked him, and very readily gave me transportation as far as Philadelphia. I knew it wouldn't cost me very much to get from Philadelphia to New York and was glad that I had made the request, for it saved me no small amount of work and worry.

On the great day I had set for my departure, I arose very early in the morning and put the few things I wanted to take with me into an empty shirt-box. I had no grip to take, and anyhow I thought this box would be very convenient to carry. When it should be worn out I could discard it and secure something else in its place, and it held just the things I wanted to take, which weren't numerous at all. When everything was ready I went alone to the station, for there was no one to see me off. I couldn't help feeling that it was rather discouraging to start off alone in this way, but I kept up my courage and said to myself that there would be friends to meet me if I came back successful.

The train was a fast one, and I was soon well

started on my way East. As soon as I looked at my pass, I saw that by its provisions I could stop over, if I cared to, at Washington, and as soon as I read this I determined to take advantage of it and make an effort, at least, to secure an interview with President McKinley. I thought if I were going to Europe to see Mr. Gladstone and the potentates there, I ought to start out by seeing our own President. So when the train pulled into Washington I left it, checked my box at the station, and hurried at once up to the White House. I was delighted with everything I saw on my way, and when I finally reached the Executive Mansion I was overflowing with patriotic enthusiasm. I encountered several officers at the door of the building, who asked me whom I wanted to see. "I want to see Mr. Porter, the President's secretary," I said to them, and they allowed me to pass and reach the waiting-room. There I met a doorkeeper who was exceedingly pompous and self-important. "Whom do you want to see, young man?" he demanded. I told him that I wanted to see Mr. Porter, please. "Well, you needn't wait around here, Mr. Porter ain't got no time to waste on boys." "Time isn't valuable with me," I replied, "and I think I'll wait for a time." The doorkeeper looked at me in astonishment, while I seated myself, but he said nothing more in the way of remonstrance.

It was very interesting in this waiting-room. There were men and women there from all parts of the country and of the world, almost. The majority of them had come to ask the President for office of some kind, but others were there hoping merely to shake his hand. Most all of them were disappointed, for but few entered the President's office that afternoon. I sat very quietly in my chair, observing all that was going on, and after awhile I saw Mr. Porter himself pass through from one door to another. I knew him from his pictures, and, waiting until he returned, I went up to him, and told him of the trip I expected to take. "I am very anxious to see the President before leaving," I said.

Mr. Porter was very much interested. "You certainly deserve credit for undertaking such a trip," he said, "and if you will wait until after four o'clock, when the President's office is closed to the usual visitors, I think I can get you in all right."

Of course, I was delighted at having been so pleasantly received, and sat down again. The pompous doorkeeper now beamed upon me in a charming manner; he had evidently been much impressed with my conversation with Mr. Porter. At four o'clock all those waiting were sent away, and Mr. Porter soon came to take me to the President. We passed through many rooms to the private office, but Mr. McKinley was not to be seen. I thought he had certainly gone out somewhere, and that I wouldn't be able to see him after all. But Mr. Porter was persistent. "Having gone this far we'll keep on," he said, and we finally came to the President, seated with Mrs. McKinley, in the private sitting-room of the White House. I was introduced, asked to sit down, and had to tell them all about the trip I had planned, and of the wonderful things I hoped to accomplish before returning. They were as kind as could be to me, and I think I can almost say that the President was the first man to really encourage me to take the trip. In Chicago everyone had either done everything possible to induce me to remain at home, or else they had said nothing at all, treating the plan with contempt. But the President was different. "When an American boy starts out with a good end in view, and tries hard in the right way, he's very likely to succeed." With these words the President left me, and I went out feeling more happy than for many a day.

I did not remain in Washington, but went on to New York, where I arrived one evening about eight o'clock. It was now early in the month of May, so that it was quite dark at this time in the evening. I was quite bewildered when I disembarked from a ferry-boat on the New York side of the Hudson river. I had never before been in a city so large. I knew nothing of the neighborhood in which I found myself, and I didn't know where I might be able to get a bed for the night. I went up to a policeman and asked him if he could recommend a cheap boarding-house, but he didn't seem to know of any. He scratched his head and thought for some time, and finally announced that he knew of a Mrs. McNulty living uptown who took in boarders. "How far away does she live?" I asked. "Oh, about eight miles," he answered, so I decided I wouldn't go to Mrs. McNulty's that evening. I then walked over to a brilliantly-lighted thoroughfare, and went into a drug store, where I inquired for a cheap lodging-place. They were very pleasant to me here, and sent me to a good clean place, where I secured a bed for twenty-five cents.

The next morning when I awoke, I started down Broadway to see something of the city, and saw before me, all at once, the tall building of the New York World. I didn't know anything about the newspaper, but I was immediately impressed with the building, and it occurred to me that perhaps the editor of

this paper would be more willing to make a contract with me for articles and pay me some money in advance, than the editors in Chicago had been. I determined to call upon him, at any rate, so I entered the elevator and went up to the eleventh floor. There I came to a door with the words, "Editorial Offices of the Evening World," upon it. There were also the words, "No Admittance," but I walked right in. I had already learned in Chicago that it doesn't pay to stop at signs in newspaper offices.

I found the editor seated in his closet-like compartment, and lost no time in stating my business. I was very self-confident at this time, and felt that I had a great deal ahead of me to do. I told the editor that I was going to Europe after about three days; that I was going to see Mr. Gladstone and perhaps the Queen. "And if you want anything in the way of such articles," I said, "you had better tell me now, for I certainly won't have time to come back again before sailing." The kind editor looked at me in astonish-

ment. They are probably used to seeing all sorts of persons in the office of the World, but at this time I was no doubt a new sort.

"How do you expect to get to Europe?" he asked. "Why," I replied, "I have twenty-five dollars to start with, and I am going to work my way across the ocean on a cattle-steamer." He didn't wait to ask me any more questions, but called one of the reporters. "Here," he said, "is a chap you had better write up, and get P—, the artist, to make a sketch of him."

I sat down, and the reporter began to ask me all sorts of questions. Finally, he wanted to know if I could write as well as I could talk. "I always thought I could write much better," I said. "Well, if that's the case, you had better write the story yourself," answered the reporter. So I sat down and wrote the story of my trip so far, and told also of the many things I expected to do. The artist, in the meantime, made a sketch of me.

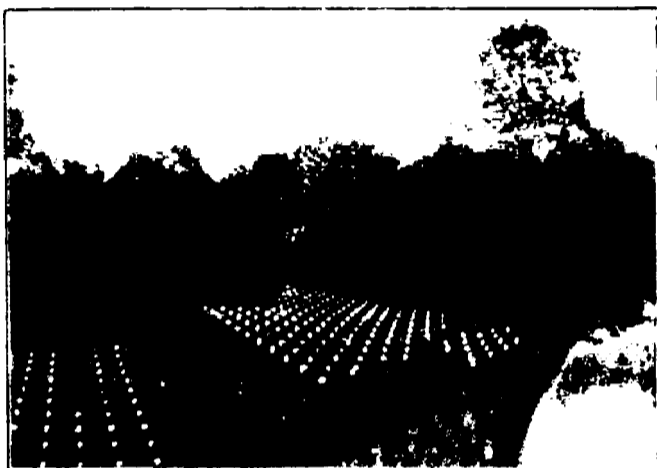
About two hours later I crossed City Hall Park, outside the building, and heard the newsboys crying out, "Extry paper, all about the Boy Reporter going to Europe to interview Mr. Gladstone," and when I bought a copy, I saw there upon the front page, the first two columns filled with the story of the trip I expected to take, and they had an imaginary sketch of me seated at Haward castle, interviewing Mr. Gladstone. It was all very wonderful, and I could hardly believe my eyes. In the first place, it was a new experience for me to have my name in the paper, and then again I wasn't used to the ways of New York journalism and it seemed scarcely possible that they had issued the paper in such a short time after I first visited the office.

All that day I went about New York, hearing the newsboys crying out, "Extry paper, all about the Boy Reporter," and I could hardly believe I was the boy all this noise was being made about.

(To be Continued.)

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

By KENNETH M. RANSOM.



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG.

CHAPTER IV.

It was to be my day at the tiller, and I had promised the boys an early start and a big day's run toward Natchez, which we were to visit next. So when the alarm sounded at half-past five, I rolled over, rubbed my eyes, and bumping up against the center-board box to make sure that I was awake, jumped up, donned my clothes, lit the fire and put on the tea kettle, for the benefit of the cook. But cooks must not be humored, even on a cruise, so I gave one mighty call, "All hands up for breakfast," and went on deck.

Experiences of the past had taught us that we should not be surprised at weather changes, but as my head reached the open-air, at the same time receiving a huge piece of snow, which had fallen from the furled mainsail, I was certainly perplexed.

Was this indeed far south Mississippi? Was this the sunny south we had hoped for?

As I looked out into the dark gray of early morning, I beheld the whole face of nature covered by a white veil of "the beautiful." Our cockpit, too, had received its share and even more, for the wind-swept decks had there deposited for safe-keeping their share, until our standing room was now two feet deep on a level.

But, no, it is surely old Mississippi, for there nestling among the trees was the plantation house, the cabins where the darkies make their homes hard by; and, as a last proof that we were truly in the south, only under exceedingly strange circumstances, an old negro approached with a basket of sweet potatoes. "Wid de mastah's compliments." As I handed him back the basket, which I had emptied, he remarked, "The lawd hab mercy on pooh, ole frozen Dick."



NEGRO BOYS SELLING WAR RELICS AT THE BASE OF THE GRANT-PEMBERTON MONUMENT, VICKSBURG.

Using our dustpan for a snow shovel, I soon had everything once more in sailing order on deck.

Cold as it was, the wind was in our favor, so we hoisted our frozen canvas, bade adieu to our friends and were soon speeding along at a rate that bid fair to break the record for a day's run. We were making fine headway and all in all, felt quite satisfied with the day, until nearly noon, when the wind increased to almost a gale; then rain fell and froze as fast as it fell, making the decks slippery, the sails like boards, and the rigging stiff and hard to manage. We stuck to it, just the same, notwithstanding the fact that under such circumstances the navigation of a sailboat becomes very hazardous. The fact was, we were unable to lower our sails on account of the icy ropes not running through the pulleys, so it became a matter of necessity to keep on regardless of results, until we could find some cove which would furnish us complete protection, should we be compelled to pass the night without lowering our canvas.

The river channel was very crooked, making it necessary for us to change our course often. This greatly complicated matters, for with our sails and ropes in their frozen condition, the former could not easily be changed, and it was necessary to depend entirely on the helm to keep the channel while the position of the sails remained the same. I was certainly glad when we finally reached a nice sheltered cove in the lee of a great forest. Running the boat up to the



DRIVING A BARGAIN ON WAR RELICS ON THE VICKSBURG BATTLE-FIELDS.

bank, we made fast to a large cypress tree. So protected was the place that scarcely any wind struck us. This was indeed lucky, for it gave us a chance to limber up our ropes and lower our sails, which would, under other circumstances, have broken all to pieces in their frozen condition. Although we tied up soon after one o'clock, we found, upon consulting our light-book, that we had traveled forty-one miles, leaving a distance of fifty-two miles still to be traveled before reaching Natchez.

Our landing place was a splendid one, for, notwithstanding the very high stage of water, the land was here high and dry. The forest was composed mostly of gigantic cypress trees, from whose branches hung in beautiful festoons the Spanish moss, which grows in such abundance in parts of the south. As evening began to fall the sky cleared and the moon came out bright and silvery, its rays falling on the ice-covered moss, making it seem like one great mantle of crystal lace fashioned in patterns rare and beautiful. Like a million jewels it shone, as the gentle breeze awayed it slowly back and forth in the moonbeams. Surely this was indeed a deep, tangled wild wood.

With promise of a fine day for the morrow, we retired in good spirits. The barometer was rising and when morning dawned, we found it had indicated rightly, for although the air was still cold and wintry,

the sky was clear. It was Arthur's day to sail, but being still delicate from his long siege of sickness, I did not deem it prudent for him to expose himself; so I took his place at the helm and at an early hour had the yacht again under way.

It was a splendid run. The river channel was deep and the beacon lights so placed as to be easily found. Great bends in the river, with the channel on the concave side, made it possible for us to run quite close to the banks, thus giving us a splendid oppor-



NATURE RUN WILD.

tunity to see the great levees which are built up to keep the water from inundating the surrounding country.

These levees are built and maintained at an enormous expense. They are simply great V shaped hills made of clay or other firm soil. They are often one hundred and fifty feet through at the base, with a width at the apex hardly wide enough for a wagon road.

River life is very interesting in this section. Almost every variety of river boats are now seen. The typical Mississippi river houseboat is here found in all its glory. All sizes, shapes and conditions of this type of boat are met. Some neat and tidy, others slung together of rough lumber or driftwood, but all floating down stream in hopes of some day reaching New Orleans.

The crews of these boats form the different classes of river life. Some of these boats are owned by merchants who ply up and down the river on legitimate business, but a far greater number are captained by a desperate class of men. Almost every kind of vice is carried on by these house boatmen. Their dishonest dealings with the people living along the river have given the latter just reasons for being suspicious of navigators, and one must certainly come well recommended to get a favorable reception.

All kinds of schemes are devised for cheating the ignorant negroes out of their hard-earned money, and it is a common thing in passing a boat to be hailed with the inquiry, "What graft you workin'?"

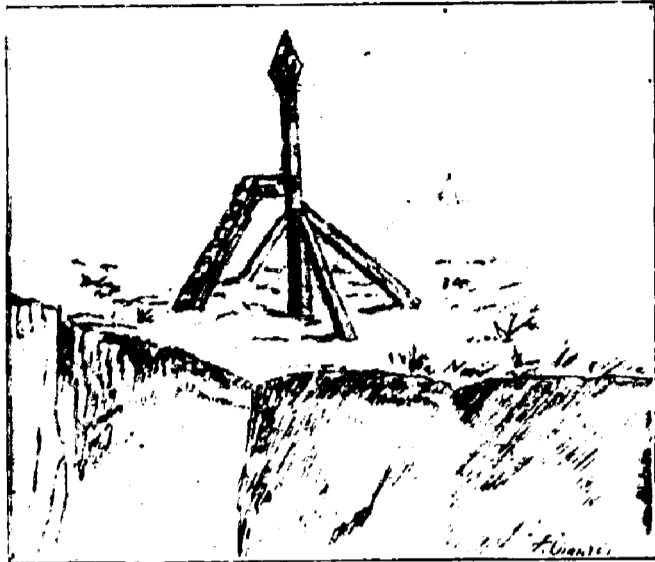
Notwithstanding the fact that we were often thrown in contact with these men, we so shaped our ways



ALONG THE MISSISSIPPI.

that we did not once enter into a quarrel or altercation with them during our voyage down, and we are quite proud of this record.

During the afternoon we passed one of the government snag boats. These boats are very interesting, indeed, being very wide and built with two hulls so that the derricks and windlasses used in raising snags, trees, etc., can be worked from the center between the hulls. Every appliance and the most modern



A MISSISSIPPI BEACON LIGHT.

machinery is provided for these boats, which are a great success in keeping the channel free from dangerous obstacles. The snags, after being raised, are sawed up into wood and when they become somewhat dry are used to feed the fires under the boilers.

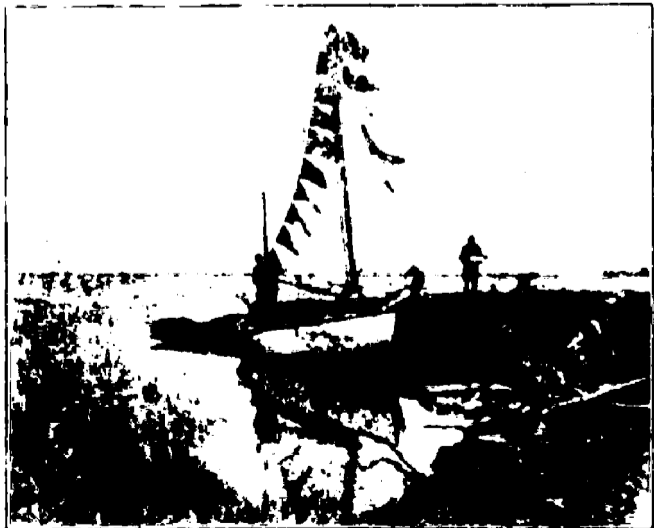
It had been our plan in the first place to try and reach New Orleans some time before Christmas, and after a brief visit, to continue on to the Gulf of Mexico and reach the Florida coast by the first of the year, spending the winter months in a cruise among the ten thousand islands, and, as soon as spring was far enough advanced, continuing up the Atlantic seaboard to New York. The unusual winter with which we had been obliged to cope and our long delay in the ice at Philadelphia Point, and the severe illness of our mate and consequent delays, had long since made us abandon all thought of carrying out our original plan so far as time was concerned. But we did hope to reach New Orleans in time to be present at the Mardi Gras festival which was to take place in the middle of February. We were planning our runs so that with reasonable good luck we would be there in good season for the event.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we rounded the last bend in the river before reaching Natchez, which we could plainly see in the distance. Gazelle now having a course nearly before the wind was speeding along beautifully, and in less than an hour had come to anchor in a protected place at the foot of the road which leads up the hill to the city far above.

It had been a pleasant and very speedy day's run. The day, however, was not yet done, so after furling sails Frank and I went up to the city for our mail and to look about us. Long will I remember that evening at Natchez. How we climbed the hill to the level plateau on which is situated this beautiful city. Never before had I witnessed such a glorious sunset as was now before me.

I was glad to find a message from home at the post-office. It informed me that my next mail would be sent to Baton Rouge, which news greatly worried me for we had hoped to receive our funds, and our exchequer, on account of our prolonged stops, was now low. If luck favored us, however, we could reach Baton Rouge in two days and we had enough provisions to last until then if we were prudent.

After spending the greater part of the next day looking about Natchez, we again set sail and at dusk came to anchor at a little parish called Green's Store. For



GAZELLE RESTING A BIT.

our oil might not last until reaching Baton Rouge, and anxious to be on the safe side in having plenty of provisions in case of an unexpected delay, the cook proposed a scheme to replenish our larder even though our exchequer was lacking, until we should reach the capital city of Louisiana. Producing an immense cake griddle which had been purchased with the rest of our outfit, but which, on account of its being a great deal larger than the top of our stove, had never been of use to us, he proposed that we take it ashore and make a trade for provisions. No one seemed anxious to demonstrate his ability to make an advantageous bargain, so it became necessary for us to draw lots to see who would do the deed. As usual, I drew the short end of the stick and Arthur the next shortest, so he and I started forth to trade. It took us some time to convince the storekeeper that a cake griddle of such a tremendous size was an absolute necessity in every first-class stock, but we finally won him over and returned aboard with coal oil and provisions galore. Our conscience did not trouble us a bit, though he allowed us twice as much as we paid for the article in Chicago. Why should we, when he set his own price? Anyway cake griddles are expensive things at this parish, and we had to make our "freight."

One more day and we reached Baton Rouge, just in time to get our mail, cash our checks, and put a big supply of provisions aboard. We had hoped to leave Baton Rouge before nightfall, for it is a very exposed place, the river having a straight-away sweep of over eight miles. During the afternoon our barometer had fallen far lower than ever before recorded. This meant that something unusual was going to happen, and our fears were certainly confirmed when we read the dispatches stating that a terrible blizzard was sweeping over the entire country and would reach us by night. It was too late to move far in the darkness of the night and there was danger of making a bad matter worse, so we were obliged to remain where we were. The storm, which raged for the next three days, was the



THE OLE CABIN HOME.

most severe ever recorded in the South. Even at Baton Rouge the mercury registered as low as five degrees below zero. During this storm we had a terrible time, but again the Lord was with us, and though it seemed as if we would certainly meet destruction from being dashed onto a raft of logs anchored but three feet astern of us, our anchor had fouled on a root and thus held and proved our salvation. The sea ran high even in the river and the flying spray, which froze as fast as it struck the boat, soon formed a coating of ice over six inches thick all over the boat. This tremendous weight was a source of great danger. It therefore became necessary for us to chop the ice off with our axes. This was a severe experience. The weather being so cold we could work but a few minutes at a time; the spray dashing clear over us and freezing on our faces and hands, which were already cut and bleeding from the sleet driven by the furious gale. How we accomplished the work without mishap I know not, for while we worked it became necessary to lash ourselves to the mast and rigging to keep from slipping overboard. By hard and persistent labor, however, we managed to keep the boat afloat until the storm abated and our dangers were over. Our safety was purchased at the price of frozen hands and ears, and bumps and bruises too numerous to mention.

At the little parish town of St. Gabriels, ninety

miles above New Orleans, we succeeded in finding a protected pocket before the coming of the heavy ice which filled the main channel of the river for a week. It was too bad to be thus delayed, but we were at least safe and here was a chance to rest. We became acquainted with the people, who were very kind to us and made our stay among them a very pleasant one.

Everyone seemed interested in the little boat, which had traveled all the way from far away Michigan, and our visitors were numerous. Sunday we decorated the Gazelle in her international code colors, and during the entire day the darkies begged us to give them "one ob dose flags fer de quilt."

On February 21 the ice was nearly gone, so we thought it best to make all haste for New Orleans. It was three in the afternoon when we left the little old-fashioned town, but we got a good start at any rate and night found us at the village of St. Germaine. It did not seem possible that our journey down the great river was nearly done, but such was the case; two days at most and we would reach New Orleans. Next night found us only thirty-seven miles from the goal which we would reach on the morrow with anything like fair luck.

When we awoke next morning there was not a breath of air stirring, but I predicted a good breeze before the end of the day, and in this I was right, for it came, but from whence I know not, for not a cloud appeared in the sky. What a day! Surely this is "the sunny South" at last! How beautiful the mansions situated among fine groves of magnolias and rare imported trees which seem to grow to perfection in this mellow climate.

The Gazelle seemed glad as she forged ahead, as if to say, "Hurrah! I have conquered, I have stood old Mississippi's bumps and jars! All these are of the past and now for Old Ocean!"

Light after light was passed and marked off on the list, and soon the last one shone out. It had no name, so as we lustily gave three cheers for the last of the little beacons which had so long been our guides and dubbed it "Omega," the Gazelle sped on with only the smoke of the great cotton market as a guide, and we at last had reached the Crescent City—New Orleans.

(To be Continued.)

The Little Arab.

By J. E. TORRANCE.



Hello, Mister Lawyer,
good mornin' to you.
Has you got any work
What a Arab kin do?
Where does I live at?
Say? Oh, mos' any-
wheres;
Stays sometimes in cel-
lars an' sometimes in
stairs,
An' sometimes I sleeps
in a railroad caboose;
But mos' of the time I is
jist runnin' loose.

'Member the time when
you gived me a nick,
Fer cleanin' yer shoes
and fer doin' 'em sick?
Well, what do you s'pose
ever went with that
med?
Spent it immejit fer a
big loaf of bread.
I was mos' mighty hun-
gry and went to the
bake
An' blowed it all in fer
my poor stummick's
sake.

Then I struck out fer home—oh, yer smilin' at that;
My home's anywheres that I takes off my hat—
An' I met an ol' woman a-beggin' her way,
But she 'd got nary penny the hull blessed day
To pay fer her supper, an' she was real old,
An' her clothes was so thin, she must a-bin cold.

Her hair was all white an' her ol' back was bent
Where the aches an' the twists of the rheumatiz went,
An' her eyes was so sad an' her fingers was blue,
An' her shoes they was tored an' her toes had come
through;

An', mister, you looks like you 's goin' to laugh—
But I couldn't give that ol' beggar jist half.

I dumped the hull loaf in her shaky ol' lap
An' when she said "bless
you," I pulled down my
cap

An' swallered a lump—
not bread, 'member
that—

But a lump in my throat
mos' as big as your hat;
Fer my buzzum it heaved
an' my heart jumped
about
'Till I thot it 'd mighty
nigh flop itself out.

Say! I'd ruther go
hungry mos' any ol' day
Than to see a poor wo-
man a-suffrin' that
way—

I'd ruther help her than
buy a new toy—
I makes an' I spends like
a 'Merican boy.

What is that, Mister
Lawyer, a dollar fer
me?

An' 'thout any workin' ?
Y'r trumps, does yer
see?





GREAT FREE SHOW FOR THE MILLIONS THIS MONTH

In one respect the sun's total eclipse on the 28th of this month will be without precedent. Its path, instead of extending over the sparsely settled regions that intervene between Iowa and the western coast as in 1878, or stretching over the watery expanses of the Pacific as in 1883, when the United States had to send an expedition to the Caroline Islands, four thousand miles west of South America, or let the eclipse go unobserved, will cross the six states of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, touch Virginia and traverse a very fairly settled portion of the republic which is covered with a perfect network of rail. The track of totality begins on the Pacific Ocean just west of Mexico at sunrise, trends due eastward over Mexico, enters the United States very near New Orleans, La., extends northeastward over Mobile and Montgomery, Ala., passes close to Atlanta, Ga., and Columbia, S. C., over Raleigh, N. C., and leaves this country in the region of Norfolk, Va., and Cape Henry. Besides the cities named, it includes thirty other towns that are large enough to find place on the smaller maps. After leaving the United States the path of the eclipse crosses the Atlantic Ocean and touches Europe at Colmbra, Portugal, takes in Algiers and Northern Africa, and terminates near the northern end of the Red Sea at sunset. The eclipse will last about one minute and twelve seconds near New Orleans and one minute and forty seconds near Norfolk.

Hitherto only the favored few, who could afford to spend days and perhaps weeks in travel, have been able to view the great spectacle; this time a million of people at least can witness the phenomenon from their own doorsteps. Other millions dwell within an easy day's journey of the path of totality, and far more than half the entire population of the country will be able to witness a portion of the show at home, for a partial eclipse will be visible in every state east of the Mississippi. Nature has arranged no similar display with such consideration for the masses within a generation. Total eclipses were visible in the United States in 1867, 1878 and 1889, but their paths did not traverse closely settled regions.

"ALL ABOARD FOR THE ECLIPSE."

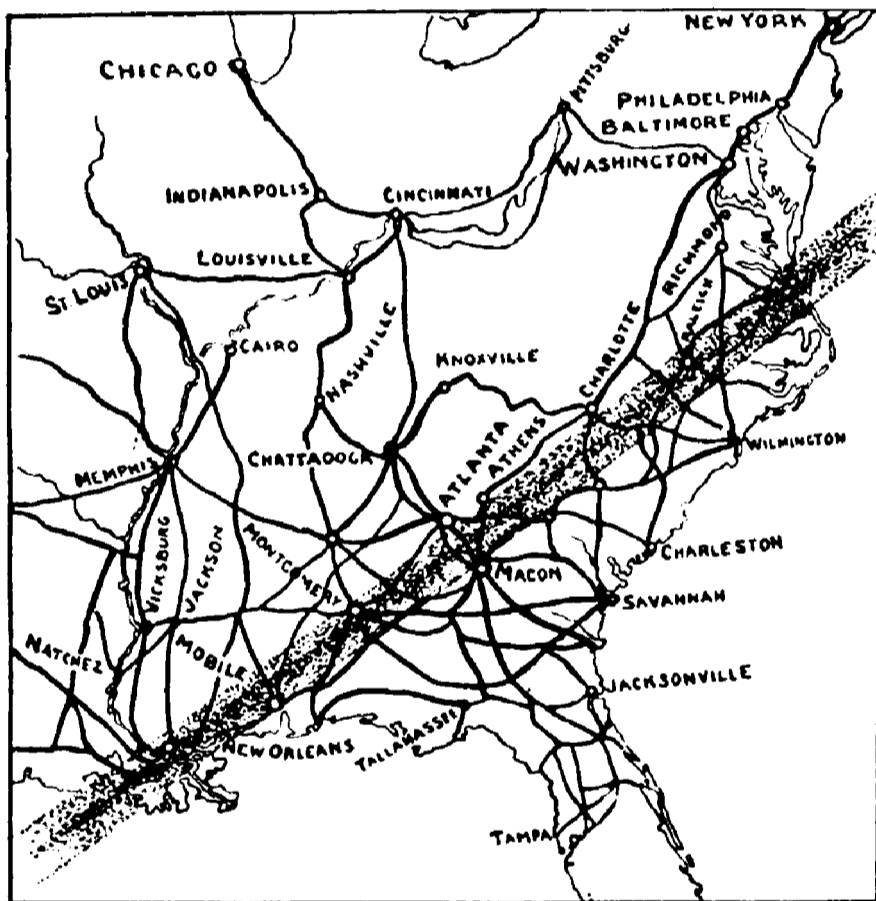
Already the railroads have begun to take advantage of the situation. None of the great cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville is more than twelve or fourteen hours removed from the path of totality, while some are much nearer. And, according to Professor S. J. Brown, astronomical director of the Naval Observatory, arrangements are being made by several of the lines which connect these cities with convenient localities where the eclipse will be total to run special eclipse excursions, some on the day of the event and some on the day just preceding it. This will undoubtedly result in a temporary boom for many of the eclipse cities. Besides the great towns mentioned, every one of the Atlantic Coast cities south of Norfolk is within easy reach of the great show, and every one of them will unquestionably send its quota of sightseers.

The accessibility of the path of the eclipse will render the coming event of incalculable value to science. Preparations are being made by nearly every scientific institution in the country to place their best instruments and most skilled observers in the field. The United States government will spend thousands of dollars establishing observation stations along the path of the eclipse. As Uncle Sam's chief star gazer, Prof. Brown will have charge of the government's principal observations. He is making preparations for the work with a knowledge born of long experience and a natural genius in all matters appertaining to his science. He has been connected with the observatory for nineteen years. He is a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and holds the rank of commander in the navy.

"Greater results are probable from the observations this year," says Prof. Brown, "than from any taken

heretofore. During the half decade since the last total eclipse there have been great strides in improvements in the apparatus employed in the work. Photography has been wonderfully developed and the improvements in photography alone may effect remarkable discoveries during this year's eclipse. Moreover, the ease with which the eclipsed region may be visited will increase the number of scientific observers enormously.

"The government is already preparing to occupy several stations along the path of totality. The necessary apparatus is being gathered and arranged, and men specially adapted for the work are being engaged and their special parts in the observations are being outlined. Congress has allowed \$5,000 to the Naval Observatory for expenses and \$4,000 to the Smithsonian Institute. The Naval Observatory will send out two expeditions. The points from which they will observe the eclipse have not yet been chosen definitely, but they will probably be located about two hundred miles apart, one in North Carolina and the other in Georgia. A floating cloud which might obscure the eclipse at



ALL ABOARD FOR THE ECLIPSE.

MAP SHOWING NET WORK OF RAILROADS THAT MAY BENEFIT BY NATURE'S GREAT FREE SHOW THIS MONTH.

one point may not affect in the slightest the view from the other, and it is to obviate the danger from cloudiness that has caused the division of forces.

"In anticipation of this year's eclipse, the weather bureau has, for three years past, been collecting data of the weather conditions in past Mays along the line of totality at all times of the day. The result of this investigation has been to show that there is less danger of cloudiness in central Georgia and eastern Alabama, nearly due south of Atlanta, and that therefore this is the best region for locating the eclipse stations so far as that consideration is concerned. The scientists of the observatory, however, have taken thought of other conditions also, and although the period of eclipse is longer in the neighborhood of Norfolk, have about decided to establish stations on high ground in North Carolina and Georgia. The stations selected will be occupied two or three weeks before the eclipse. The instruments will be erected and the part each man is to take will be thoroughly rehearsed. There will be a careful division of the work during the eclipse. Each man will be assigned to some particular duty, and he will bend every effort to the gathering of all data possible in that connection. There will be but a minute and a half in which to make all the observations, and it is imperative that the whole affair should be carefully systematized and that each man should know definitely and absolutely what he is to do.

THOUSANDS WILL TAKE OBSERVATIONS.

"No previous eclipse has had the attention of so many skilled observers as will watch this one. The Smithsonian Institute will have a corps in the field under Prof. S. P. Langley. Princeton College will have a force under Prof. Young; the University of Pennsylvania under Prof. Stone, and the Yerkes Observatory will conduct an expedition with Prof. Hale at its head. These are only a few of the institutions which are preparing for the field. In fact, practically every college and scientific institution in the country will be represented. All told, probably a hundred expeditions of this kind will be sent to the path of totality well equipped for some portion of the work.

"The eclipse will be a great attraction for amateurs—persons who own photographic outfits or other scientific instruments used in observing the phenomena of the solar eclipse. Letters have been received at the observatory which warrant the prognostication that probably one thousand of these unattached 'amateurs' will be somewhere along the path of the eclipse. The government does not discourage these amateurs, but rather gives them every encouragement, and courts contributions of photographs and data from them to add to the government records. It is remembered that one of the finest sets of photographs of the eclipse in India in 1896 was taken by an amateur with a home-made camera, but one having an excellent lens. Amateurs have been a help in the field in many instances, and they are always ready to volunteer their services. When Prof. Cambell, of the Lick Observatory, went to observe the eclipse in India, he took only his wife for assistant; on the field he found all the trained volunteers necessary to manipulate the seven instruments he made use of.

"The expeditions to be sent out by the Naval Observatory will not be large ones. They will consist probably of five or six observers, including photographers. But the men sent will be the best procurable. The government naturally has superior resources to draw on for making observations. It has at its disposal the lenses and spectroscopes gathered during the last twenty-five years, and its appropriation of money is probably larger than any of the institutions could afford to devote to the purpose. Large instruments are now being prepared for use next May. A number of special photographic instruments, ranging from a forty-inch telescope down will be erected on the field. Instruments will be selected in all cases because of special fitness."

The Naval Observatory will shortly have ready for distribution a little pamphlet containing a map of the path of the eclipse on a sufficient scale to show most of the towns and cities, railroads and streams and the elevation of points along the path of totality, together with the exact time of the eclipse. It will also contain suggestions for amateurs, by following which they may be able to contribute much that is valuable from their observations. After the eclipse the observatory will publish a complete report of observations, with reproductions of photographs and drawings. Any sketches, photographs and observations of contacts in any observation, of sufficient merit to make them worthy of preservation, will gladly be received by the scientists and included in this publication.

A HUGE CLOCK.

Philadelphia has one of the three great clocks of the world. It is located in the tower of the Municipal Building. It has four dials, each twenty-five feet in diameter, these dials, including the frame work and glass, weighing forty thousand pounds. The total weight of the four faces of the clock is eighty thousand pounds. The clock is operated by compressed air. The time indicating device is a marvel of mechanism. There is a separate driving mechanism for each dial. The hands are made of sheet copper, the long one measuring twelve feet and the short one nine feet. A pneumatic service turns on or off six hundred electric lights, illuminating the dials at night. Since January 1, 1899, when the clock was put in operation, it has kept nearly perfect time.

The mints in China are established, not by the authority of the central government, but by the men in control of the various provinces. Each has its own standard, so that the coins turned out by each mint have a different value. The so-called "dollars," for instance, vary in value from 62 cents to 71 cents, according to the province in which they are made. Even the copper "cash," which are made with a hole in the center, to facilitate stringing them together, have no fixed value. In some cases 1,000 of them equal a dollar, while in others twice as many are required.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

EDGAR GOLIFFE, A SUCCESSFUL BOY SALESMAN.



placed so many young Americans in the front ranks of business life.

Edgar Goliffe, fourteen years old, is an enthusiastic salesman for Goliffe Bros., cycling agents, Plymouth, Mich. Goliffe Bros. ordered eleven Featherstone bicycles for their trade last season and the fourteen-year-old boy sold them all. There was only one firm in Plymouth that sold more wheels than he did, and that firm only beat him by three sales. He is possessed of that spirit and energy that the world calls "hustle" and which has

VALENTINE MILLER, ANOTHER "BLIND TOM," PERHAPS.

Ukiah, Cal., has a musical prodigy in the person of a blind boy of seven, Valentine Miller by name. He is the younger of two sons, both blind, born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller. Valentine is straight, and slim of figure. His face is oval, and his head is unmistakably that of a musician. His hands are of such marvelous pattern that it would seem as though they were fashioned only for the making of music. His mother tells wonderful stories regarding the effect of musical sounds upon him when he was an infant. Until he was five years old, the only music that he heard at home was that which was ground out of a small music box. Nothing in the world pleased him so much as to sit and turn the little crank and listen to "Home, Sweet Home," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," and "Old Black Joe." It was impossible, almost, to get him to play out doors, so long as he could sit and play with his music box. When he was five years old an uncle bought him a zither, and within a week he could pick out on the strings all the tunes in his music box. Shortly before he reached the age of seven, he was given the opportunity of playing on the piano. It was a second-hand piano, and when it reached the Miller home it was out of tune. The boy detected the fault at once, and pointed out the keys that needed tuning. Within two or three weeks he was playing all the pieces he had ever heard. Experts have tested the boy in various ways. New songs have been sung to him, and he has at once gone to the piano and played them. Complicated chords have been played on the piano, and the boy has promptly stated the number of keys struck and the notes they represented. He plays the piano, violin, harp, zither, guitar, mandolin and banjo.

Charlatan Kittredge, a writer in the Overland Monthly for March, tells of a visit to the home of this boy. He says that after hearing the boy play on a variety of instruments, the little fellow said:

"You play for me, please!"

"Imitating his own example in willingness I played through the first part of 'A Song Without Words.' Valentine, meanwhile, sitting close by my side, his ear bent to the piano, his breath coming quickly, and the color deepening in his cheeks. When I stopped he said softly, breathlessly, 'That's pretty—play it again!'"

"I commenced again at the beginning, with the conviction that I was playing for a critic, and one well worth pleasing. This feeling was intensified as I went on. The child's head swayed in time with the music, his lips parted, the wonderful hands moved restlessly in the air, and presently, as I neared the final movement, like one inspired, he began to direct me with masterly certainty, while my fascinated eyes never left his glowing face.

"Now the loud pedal—now the soft—both pedals now—no, softer, softer—don't play it so loud! Now come out louder—there, there, now softer—soft—soft, oh, very, very soft: so—up, quick—higher, louder! There—stop loud! Take off your hands! . . . You played it right then."

"There was a thrilled stillness in the now dusky room, all eyes were wet, and mine at least were brimming. I could only clasp the quiet little form and weep and wonder. 'Out of the mouths of babes' again; but this wisdom seemed the most wonderful of all."

TO THE KLONDIKE ON A BICYCLE.

Oliver Lawson rode a bicycle most of the way from Dawson City to Skaguay recently, the distance being 324 miles. He made the trip in fourteen days, and believes from his experience that when the lakes freeze and the trails become worn and packed, the time between Dawson and Skaguay can be reduced four to five days. He carried 25 pounds of baggage strapped to his handle bars.

A HERO OF THE PIANO.

Max Hambourg is a boy of twenty who has fairly stormed the public with his performances at the piano. He is a veritable hero of the piano at the present time. He has been playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra recently, and has captured the public with his dazzling command of technique. He is said to lack somewhat in expression, his tone being an immense one. When he comes to rushing the last movement to a climax, no one, even among the older masters of the keyboard, is to be mentioned in comparison with him.



LORD "BOBS" WHEN A BOY.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY takes great pleasure in giving a picture of a number of young English army officers reproduced from a photograph taken in 1862 by C. W. Carter, a photographer now at Salt Lake City, Utah, who was at that time serving under the now Lord Roberts as a subaltern officer in the Royal Artillery. The picture shows one young man sitting. That is Lieutenant Roberts, who is now leading the British forces to victory in the Transvaal and is known throughout Great Britain and her colonies as "The Hope of England."

FLAVEL HENRI LACQUES-WAGGONER, A CUBANO-AMERICAN BOY ARTIST.



A picture of the boy who won the prize of five dollars offered last year by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, for the best poster design to be used in the announcement circular of the popular book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will interest, we are sure, the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, particularly when we say this boy's mother was a Cuban and his father a white American. He is a fourth year pupil in the Indianapolis High School, is eighteen years of age, frail of body but industrious, and genuinely in earnest in all he does. From the fact that he won the prize referred to, we may know that he has marked ability with pen and pencil. The firm offering the prize gave no suggestion as to the conception or composition of the poster, the creative genius of the artist being relied upon entirely. The boy had seven competitors, and won easily over all. His contribution to the Arts and Crafts Exhibit at the Indianapolis High School last year was the subject of much favorable comment, and several of his sketches have since been exhibited in Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities. His inclination to art, however, has not caused him to neglect other branches. He is proofreader for the Daily Echo, the school journal, and often contributes verse to that journal and to Indianapolis daily papers.

JOHN H. TOOMER, A TYPICAL YOUNG COLORED MAN OF THE NEW SOUTH.

John H. Toomer is a representative young colored man of the State of Georgia. He is twenty-three years



of age, and shows much of the enterprise and ability that is coming more and more to characterize colored boys. His schooling was received between the ages of seven and fourteen. Leaving school, he entered the office of the Labor Union Recorder in Savannah, as printer's devil. In three years he was business manager. Beginning in 1895, he for one year published a paper of his own known as "The Youth's Enterprise." In 1896 he sold the paper to a

Macon company, which now publishes it. He was then made state agent of the International Migration Society, and during the year 1896 he sent two steamships full of emigrants to Liberia. In 1897 he enlisted in the revenue cutter service on board the U. S. S. Boutwell, remaining until the war with Spain began, when, with a number of his mates, he received orders to transfer from the Boutwell to the U. S. S. McLane, then doing blockade duty on the Cuban coast under Commodore Watson. He was at once appointed captain's orderly. After the war he returned home and became city reporter of the Savannah Evening Journal, this being the first time that a colored man was ever employed on the reportorial force of a newspaper published by whites in Savannah. In April, 1899, Mayor Myers, of Savannah, appointed Toomer superintendent of the colored cemetery. Resigning this in a short time, he was appointed messenger in the city's department of public works. He remains true to his first love, however; and in addition to his work as messenger, he manages the Monthly Advocate, a paper "devoted to the social, political and intellectual interests of the young people of the colored race. He is an orator of no mean ability, and, being small of stature, he has been dubbed by his acquaintances "The Kid Orator."

A THREE-YEAR-OLD-BOY RUNS AWAY WITH A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

Little Charlie Evans, aged three, ran a locomotive twenty miles out into the country from Portland, Oregon, recently, all by himself. Charlie says that he ran the engine for fun, but it wasn't much fun for his father and hundreds of persons who witnessed the performance. No one was aboard the engine but the little three-year-old. Nothing was between him and a frightful accident, save the frail strength of his little arm resting upon the big quivering lever.

The engine was standing with steam up in the yard of the Fort Johns line. The engineer, Charlie's father, had gone to lunch. The yard was almost deserted. The only sound to be heard was the breathing of the giant iron horse. The little fellow toddled into the yard and concluded it was a good time for him to learn how to run an engine. He wasn't the least bit afraid of the big horse. It was papa's, and anything that papa had was all right. After many slips he succeeded in getting into the engine. Reaching out with both chubby hands he took hold of the lever just as he had seen his father do. Slowly the big monster moved out of the yard, the young engineer laughing in glee. People saw it moving, but nobody paid particular attention to it, thinking that the engineer was in the cab. Charlie had been gone ten minutes when the father came out to look for him. He found no Charlie and no engine. Instantly the truth flashed upon him. Hurried inquiry developed the fact that the engine had been gone for ten minutes. Then people began to look grave, for a runaway engine is a dangerous thing. Telegraph and telephone wires were immediately set to humming. Portsmouth was the first station beyond Portland. The men at the Portsmouth depot were telephoned and urged to stop the runaway, but that was easier said than done, and the big engine and its infant driver whirled by Portsmouth amid a waving of arms and shouting of voices. The boy was apparently enjoying his trip too well to stop the machine. He didn't know, of course, that the steam in the big horse was running down, and that gradually she was losing pace. Soon he struck an up-grade and ere long the little fellow was grasped in the arms of a strong man and the big horse was at a standstill. The little fellow wanted to know what was the matter and asked the man if he couldn't "fix it" so that he could keep on going. The man, of course, told him that he couldn't, and the little fellow was disappointed.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the twenty-three year old son of the richest man in America, the head of the Standard Oil Co. He has already given evidence that he possesses much of his father's ability to make money. The young man is quite simple in his tastes and as different from the usual rich man's son as one could imagine. In this particular he is a "chip from the old block," for the senior Rockefeller is a man of plain and simple tastes. The editor remembers but a few years ago meeting Mr. Rockefeller on the platform of the little Sunday school in Cleveland. The millionaire superintendent of that Sunday school was as simple and quiet in his manners as if he were the poorest among them all. The son is a graduate of Brown University. He teaches a class in the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church Sunday School in New York city, as his father did at one time. He is of medium height, blue eyes, clean shaven, strongly built, and straightforward in manner and speech. He is fond of horseback riding, does not smoke nor drink. He was a hard student when at Brown, but not a recluse. He went in for football and skating, but cared nothing for lawn tennis or chess. He plays the violin, and in this respect he is not unlike other members of the family. In the Cleveland Sunday school to which we referred, the orchestra was made up largely from the Rockefeller family, Mrs. Rockefeller playing the piano and several of the daughters playing stringed instruments. About a year ago young Rockefeller was elected a director of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad. He is already well versed in the affairs of the Standard Oil Co., in whose office he has a desk, before which he sits and works as hard as does any clerk in the office.

Riches hurt most young men. Not so with this one.

DAVID STUART FULTON, A BOY WHO PREVENTED A RAILROAD COLLISION.

Some person unknown had opened the throttle of an engine as it stood in the Northern Central round-house at Shamokin, Pa., February 12. The engine shot out of the round-house and tore through the streets of the town. But for the timely action of David Stuart Fulton, a twenty-year-old boy, a frightful collision between the engine and the Lehigh Valley passenger train, near Excelsior, Pa., would have taken place.



DAVID S. FULTON.

The boy, who is a clerk in the train-master's office at the Northern Central and Lehigh Station, saw the runaway as it approached the station, and quickly running to the edge of platform he waited until the locomotive was abreast of it, when he jumped and landed on the tender. Then recovering himself he crawled into the cab and brought the engine to a standstill.

Young Fulton started to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as messenger boy in the superintendent's office. He has been promoted several times, and by this act has earned further promotion.

A BRAVE LAD.

They were playing tag on the barge Seth Low at the foot of Broad and South streets, New York City. There were about a dozen of them, all boys varying in ages from nine to fourteen years, and they were having a merry time.

"Say, fellows," shouted Charley Tague, who is nine years old, and who lives at No. 23 Coenties slip, "let's all jump from the barge to the dock. I'll do it first; it's easy."

He jumped, but fell into the river. It was here that the heroism of his companions asserted itself.

Tague had hurt himself in his fall and was unable to swim. James Dolling saw this. He is only twelve years old and lives at No. 38 Front street. He tied a rope around himself. "I'm goin' to jump into the river after Charley," he said, "and I want you fellows to pull us up when I say the word."

So Dolling jumped into the water and in a few moments he had the almost drowned boy in his arms. "Now, boys, pull for your life!" he cried.

Among those who pulled were Joseph Harrison, thirteen years old, of No. 71 Reade street; William Doran, aged twelve, of No. 107 Broad street, and Michael Rielly, whose father is captain of the Seth Low. They pulled with a will and landed the two boys in safety. The little Tague boy was hurried to his home, where he was resting comfortably last night, out of all danger.

It was only after he had taken the Tague boy home that Dolling thought of his own wet condition. When he entered his home his mother was at first inclined to scold him, but when she heard what he had done she took him in her arms and kissed him.

GOUNOD ROMANDY, A SIX-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST.

On the return of Battery D, Los Angeles Volunteers, from the Philippines, recently, the committee having in charge the celebration in honor of the boys, received from Gounod Romandy a note which read as follows: "I am Dion Romandy's little son Gounod. My father played at the Orpheum, and if he was alive I know he would play for the returning soldiers. I am only six years old, but would like to play for the Soldiers' fund. I will try my best. Will you be kind enough to let me take part? Gounod Romandy." He did take part, and the audience was thrilled to see a tiny child, with hair long and silky—an almost pathetic little figure—standing on the chair of the orchestra conductor and drawing from a violin most beautiful music.

When Gounod Romandy was a year old he showed a passion for music. His father bought a small violin for him. The boy at once dropped all his other toys for this new and greatly beloved one. He insisted on taking lessons from his father, and up to the day of the elder Romandy's death the little fellow was his pupil. Gounod has an artist's temperament. He is dreamy, sensitive and poetic. His eyes are deep and are expressive of that which is far beyond the years of the ordinary boy of six. He is exceedingly reserved. His grief over his father's death is touching. Every week he goes to his father's grave with a violin case full of flowers. One day his mother missed him and a search was instituted. He was found at his father's grave, lying by the side of the mound weeping with all the bitterness that babies are not presumed to feel.

A BOY COMPOSER.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has received from Howard Van Sinderen Tracy, a 12-year-old boy of Evanston, Ill., a piece of piano music of his own composition. He says it is his first musical production. It is entitled "Vulvis et Umbra," translated, "Light and Shadow." Musicians who have seen the composition consider it something remarkable. The boy's little sister at the age of nine won a prize offered by the New York Herald for best pen and ink sketch.



HOWARD VAN SINDEREN TRACY.

From boys and girls who give such great indication of talent much may be expected in the future. Perhaps we can obtain from our young friend, the composer, a sample of his work for some future issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.

A BOY WITH A SWEET VOICE.

Grover Anderson, a fourteen-year-old boy of Goshen, Ind., was one day singing in an alley in the rear of the Goshen Opera House. A member of a company playing "The Heart of Maryland" in the opera house at the time, was attracted by the voice, called the boy into the building and asked him to sing. The manager of the company visited the mother of the boy and offered to give him a musical education. She at first refused, but some weeks afterwards, when urged by letter, consented. The boy will go to New York and receive instruction from a master.

A YOUNG NEGRO COMPOSER.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, a gifted negro composer, who was born at London, England, twenty-five years ago, has been making a profound impression recently through the performance of his aria entitled "Onaway! Awake Beloved!" from "Hilawatha's Wedding Feast." The qualities shown in the work of this young man are positive evidence that he is to take rank with some of the leaders in musical composition. He is the son of a negro doctor who left Sierra Leone, on the western coast of Africa, more than twenty-five years ago, for England, to pursue studies in medicine. The son of the physician exhibited pronounced musical tendencies at an early age, beginning to play the violin at six. Ten years ago the beneficence of a friend made it possible for the young man to enter the Royal College of Music in England as a student of the violin. Later he was made a professor of violin playing in the Croydon Conservatory of Music, and took the conductorship of the string orchestra in that institution. He won a composition scholarship at the College in 1893; then worked unceasingly for the next four years under the guidance of Professor Stanford, a composer of international reputation. Since that time he has made steady and rapid strides forward. He has been heard recently in this country at concerts of the Chicago Orchestra.

WILFRED YOUNG.

"Success" gives a short account of a New York school-boy, Wilfred Young, a bright little singer who about a year ago made an engagement at fifty dollars a week to sing in one of the Metropolitan theaters, and who afterwards went to Paris to take lessons under one of the best violin instructors of Europe. The boy is sixteen years of age and has the gift of a singularly clear and beautiful voice. His voice was discovered when he first sang in a surpliced choir. He went on the concert stage at the age of fourteen, and now aspires to be a great dramatic singer. His great ambition is, he says, to be rich enough to buy for his parents a country seat somewhere near New York and get for himself an automobile.

ORRIS BENSON.



ORRIS BENSON.

Orris Benson, a pupil in the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, lost both sight and hearing when a child three years old, from spinal meningitis. Since the fall of 1889 he has been in the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. He was at first placed in the Male Kindergarten at the Mauston House.

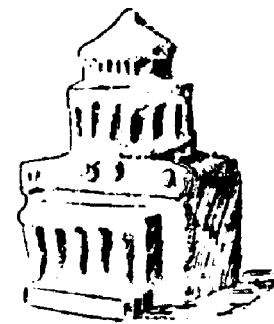
At the time of admission the boy had no remembrance of the general appearance of persons and things, but had

a somewhat indistinct idea of black and white. The first word he learned to speak by means of a manual alphabet was "key." Then, little by little, step by step, he learned the names of other common objects. In the same slow, tedious way he was later taught the elements of speech. He was not required to do much at any one time. Soon he could understand easy conversation and compose a few simple sentences. After being transferred to the main building of the institution he was taught to converse by speech.

The boy shows great fondness for history. Heroic exploits of the makers of the nation arouse him to such an extent that he has several times expressed regret that he could not be a soldier. He also enjoys studying geography, with the help of raised maps. He has been studying arithmetic lately, but has not yet advanced far in this branch.

Orris Benson has become an expert modeler in clay, and the most clever thing he has done is Grant's tomb in miniature. His eyes have not seen the tomb, and he has not more than touched its massive columns, yet he has faithfully copied it. He has not even heard a description of it, but has seen it through the eyes of one of his fellows, who has been told, by fingers as clever as his own, how the beautiful structure looks and how the various details of its architecture are arranged. This is really a wonderful thing, when it is considered that the boy knows absolutely nothing about the appearance of the building except such information as is conveyed to him through the sense of touch. Orris is also an expert typewriter and is quite proud of the accomplishment.

At home, during vacations, he assists his father, who is a carpenter. Last summer he helped a friend during the haying season, and was quite elated when called upon to pitch hay. In the Trade School of the New York Institution he learned to cane chairs, and in this and various other ways he manages to earn his spending money during the long summer vacation. When alone, he thinks and plans and tries to invent something useful. His chief aim in life is to fit himself to earn a comfortable living when his school-days are over and the battle of life is begun.



A BOY GETS THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS DAMAGES.

Henry Walters, a nine-year-old boy, was awarded \$30,000 damages by a jury in the court of Judge Holcomb, in Chicago, a few days ago, the defendant being the city of Chicago. The little fellow was rendered helpless for life by an injury sustained in falling through a hole in the viaduct at thirty-fifth street. This is said to be the largest verdict ever given against the city of Chicago in a suit for personal injuries.

Charles Hardwick, a fourteen-year-old Peru (Ind.) boy, rescued his mother and three sisters from their burning home the morning of Feb. 27. When he found the house on fire he jumped from the second story window. Remembering his mother and sisters were still in the house, he fought his way through the flames and succeeded in alarming them and getting them out before the roof fell.



WILLIAM LABARON BELL.



AUBREY STRANSON NASH.



HAROLD YALE.



PEZANT BAGDASARIAN.

The Choir Boys of Grace Church and Their School

VINCENT VAN MARTER BEEDE.

A famous place of worship in this country is Grace Episcopal Church, in New York City, and at Grace Church is one of the few American choristers' schools patterned on those of the English cathedrals. To some people Grace Church seems a little out of place; for nestling against it is a famous restaurant and bakery, and it is hemmed in by shops and great department stores. The endless rumble of a great city beats against its gray walls. Buzzing and clanging cable-cars add to the din. But set your foot inside the threshold of those carved doors, open all day and every day, and you are in a quiet world, miles and miles away from busy Broadway—although you are within a few feet of it! You may be tired when you first sit close against that stone pillar; when you go out of the doors you are stronger and better.

Riding up Broadway on the cable-car, and still blocks and blocks away from the church, you can see, on a bright day, the tapering gray spire and the golden cross. If the wind is in your direction, and you are in an open car, may be you can catch the notes of Grace chimes. I don't know how many people, men, women and children, rich and poor, stand still to listen when those rich notes soar above the din of the street. Grace chimes pay no attention to the nervous cable gongs. "Let them bang," they seem to say; "they are doing their best to keep folks from being run over; and we're trying to make people happier. We all have our use."

One day the choir-master of Grace Church asked me if I wanted to see where nine of his boys ate and slept and played games. He called a curly-headed little chap, his choicest solo boy, and said to him, "George, take good care of my friend, and show him everything."

This boy was dressed in a dark blue military suit trimmed with white braid. His shoulder-straps ranked him as captain, if I remember. He was a well-mannered, merry fellow, and we got on nicely together.

We passed through a dingy door and up a dark staircase; and now there was an end to dinginess and darkness.

"This is rather an old house," said George, by way of apology, "but we boys are glad to be together. We used to live in different places. Isn't this a bully room, though?"

I agreed with him. In the dining and living rooms at the front of the second story two boys were playing crokinole, and the game was so exciting that they did not notice that we were in the room. One of the boys, the little brother of George, would have made a good Cupid. He had a great shock of curly hair which George said was "so handy because Chester doesn't have to comb it often." On this floor and the one above it were eight little rooms into each of which my guide insisted on piloting me. He was obeying the choir-master's orders like the good little soldier that he was.

"This is Geordie's room," said he. "He likes red so much that the House Mother has given him a red carpet and table spread. They're pretty nice; but green's my favorite color. Geordie's a nice boy. Do you know him? His mother and father died and now the church takes care of him. I'm sorry most of the boys are away this afternoon."

"You fellows like books," I remarked, "I've seen a good many in every room, so far."

"Oh, yes, we read whenever we get a chance. Henty's our favorite; and don't you think 'At the Back of the North Wind' is great? This is Baggy's room we're in; Baggy's short for Bagdasarian. See that set of histories? He got the books for Christmas from the choir-master."

In the next room we found a sick boy; for choir boys are sick once in a while, although they take more pains to keep well than do most boys. The sick child was the brother of Baggy. Baggy and his brother are

Armenians. George—Baggy—has an unusually sweet voice and often sings solos.

The choir boys' house is intended principally for out-of-town members, of whom there are a number. Until six years ago Grace Church had never known a boy choir, a quartette of grown persons supplying the music. The vestry was afraid of boys. "The little rascals are too hard to control," they said, "and their voices don't amount to much." How mistaken we sometimes are! Nowadays, people travel many miles to hear these boys sing; and if you hear them, you will not wonder. Mr. James M. Helfenstein, a young man and a graduate of Columbia University, was organist and choir-master at All Souls'. He persuaded the vestry of Grace Church to allow him to train a boy choir, and after that first service in which the youngsters took part, the vestry said, "The boy choir has come to stay."

A boy passing examination for Grace Church choir must be 11—manly, truthful, neat about his clothes, fond of a cold bath, not a bit fresh, a hater of cigarettes, and, of course, the owner of a voice that can be trained into a thing of beauty. Candidates from outside the city are advertised for in church papers. Nine years is a good entrance age. Last year four boys were chosen in this way, one coming from Steubenville, O., another from Cambridge, Mass., a third from Elizabeth, N. J., a fourth from Ashland, Pa. These boys, in return for their singing, are given by the church a home, food, clothes, and such schooling as you have in a private school, besides the thorough musical training which the choir-master provides. By means of written agreements drawn up between parents and vestry, the boys are dedicated to the services of the church until their voices "break" It is a noble occupation for any boy—this singing to the glory of God in one of His churches. I wonder if the little fellows in choirs this country over realize how much comfort they are giving to others by their singing?

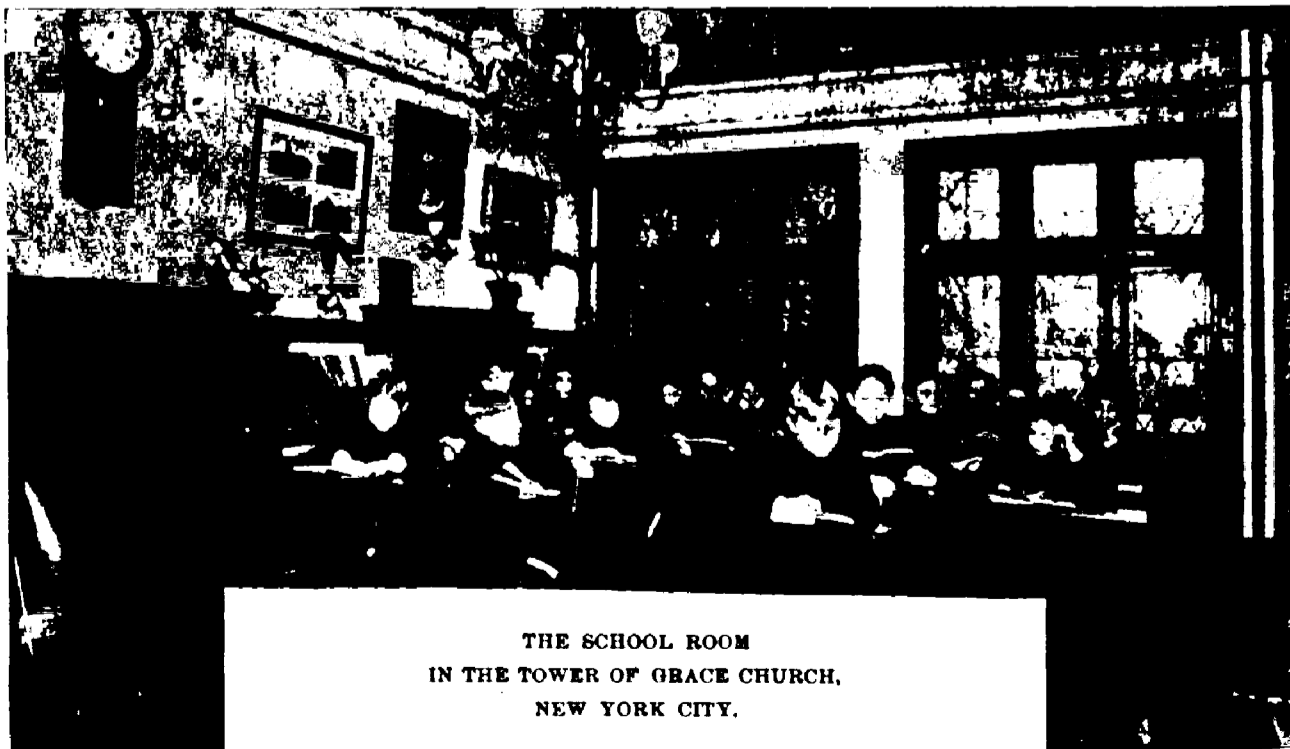
The Grace Church boys lead a busy life, with about one-quarter the time for "sport" each day, that boys usually have. Yet they are as happy a lot as you can find. The Tower School-Room, at the rear of the church, is an attractive little place, as you can see by the picture. Here the boys work hard at the usual studies for boys of their age. They are taught by one

of the rector's assistants, the House Mother, and others. While this school hardly fits a boy for college, because the treble voice rarely lasts up to the sixteenth year, it does all but that; and a Hobart College Scholarship awaits the painstaking lad.

The little choristers are organized into a military company and are drilled twice a week at the armory of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Honor boys—in study, drill, and conduct—are made officers and wear swords. I once met the company as they were stepping along steadily on crowded Broadway, with guns at "carry." Every one made room for the boys, who took notice of neither laughs nor stares. They were a pretty sight. The bobbing golden hair of the one little chap seemed to catch all the stray sunshine there was on the crowded thoroughfare.

Grace Church boys are not prigs. They know that a solo voice, though it may be naturally of fine quality, must be constantly trained to keep it in proper condition. They are certain that it doesn't do to catch cold; and they don't keep on wet shoes, nor get overheated and then cool off suddenly. The most promising voices have private training from the choir-master each day. So what with secular studies, vocal practice, general rehearsals, and military drill, no wonder the solo boys have little time for base ball. Nevertheless, one of the boys finds time to practice on the violin.

There are three, four, and sometimes five general rehearsals a week, the afternoon rehearsals taking place in the choir-room, and final practice taking place in the chancel. At this time the seven boy altos—these are big boys—the five tenors, and the five basses join with trebles, the harp and the organ. Miss Maud Morgan is the harpist. On Sunday the choir boy offers the results of his careful

CHESTER WINTER.
"CUPID IN THE CHOIR."

THE SCHOOL ROOM
IN THE TOWER OF GRACE CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY.



HAROLD SALTER.



GEORGE BAGDASARIAN,
SOLOIST.



GEORGE WINTER,
SOLOIST.



"THE BROWNIE."

training to the ears of a congregation which knows and must have the best and the best rendered church music. There are three regular Sunday services, for each of which must be provided difficult music.

The boys sing at weddings and funerals and occasionally at secular concerts. For this latter work, however, they have little time. I heard seven of them sing at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, and at a benefit concert in Elizabeth, N. J., these same boys supplied five songs in chorus and four solos. Think of a boy of fourteen singing with perfect ease selections from oratorios like "Elijah" and "The Messiah!"

"Do the boys appreciate what they are singing?" I once asked a choirmaster.

"Indeed, yes," he answered. "The other day I gave my solo boy a Christmas carol to sing. Before service I showed him some pictures of the Madonna, explaining to him, as best I could, something of what the words meant. I accompanied that boy on the organ, with tears in my eyes. He sang wonderfully well."

To the Grace Church boys the spring is a joyous

season, for it is at this time that the trip to West Point is taken and a visit made to the home of William Rhineland Stewart, in Tuxedo. Two years ago the boys gave a concert in Washington, D. C., going and coming in a private car. In June, Prize Day comes off, when there is recognition of scholarship and good conduct in the chorister's school. Earlier in the month the final military review takes place. Though the prizes awarded on these occasions are eagerly striven for, a name engraved on the honor roll of the south transept door is the dearest laurel.

The boys see so much of each other that they come into a chummy good fellowship. The discipline and thorough musical training smooths out many wrinkles in a boy's character. If you are a chancel choir boy that fact alone proclaims that you have a voice and are trying to use it to the best advantage. It means that you are an honest worker in the world, paid fairly for your services. If you have a better voice than Clement or Harold, you will be paid more than they receive. If their voices develop as yours has de-

veloped, they also will be paid a high price. The choir is a miniature school of life—and a healthy one. Singing is good for weak throats, weak lungs, weak characters.

Indeed, some churches pay a solo boy as high as six hundred dollars a year; but, quite naturally, boys supported by a church do not receive any such sum, although a boy coming into Grace Church choir when he is young may have from five hundred dollars to one thousand dollars in the bank at the end of his service. The pay of the average chorus boy is two dollars a month.

Have you read Mrs. Ewing's "Story of a Short Life?" Please do so if you haven't. And when you come to New York be sure to hear the Grace Church boys sing "the tug-of-war" hymn which the little boy Leonard, who lived that heroic short life, loved so well:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follow in His train?"

Birthplaces of Hawthorne and Whittier

FOURTH AND FIFTH OF A SERIES, "NOTABLE AMERICAN HOUSES," BY W. J. ROE.

HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE.

Hawthorne was born in a modest wooden house on a secluded street of Salem, Massachusetts. He was the chronicler of the romance of his own town, and of a time in its history long antedating his own—of Salem, the city of witchcraft and witches, of frocked fanaticism and Puritan diablerie, of the ghastly mania that—worse than plague or pestilence—ran its evil course towards fatal Gallows Hill. Chronicler also of two of the more modern, better periods, of the placid port, the sea-shore and sea-faring men whose occupation has in the main slipped away.

Hawthorne was one of those men of letters, perhaps most distinguished of them all, who, crossing the Atlantic, laid down their charming works for the entertainment, and, truth to tell, no little astonishment of our kin across the sea.

Hawthorne dignified American literature. He was one of those pioneers who civilized the wilderness of the commonplace in our fiction.

Apart from his fame as an author, beyond even the renown of his "Scarlet Letter" and "House of Seven Gables," above the plaudits of the public for his public work, I hold Hawthorne's private bequests to posterity to have been more largely meritorious. Surely his must have been a noble, as well as a highly gifted character, which was so fitly framed as to leave



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

hostages to memory in his honored children. Who will not understand all I mean that has seen the lovely if lowly ministrations of his daughter among the poor, oppressed with the most horrible of afflictions of the body—the poor of the awful East Side of the City of New York? Who will not honor the father for the work of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop?

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

Seldom has a wiser epigram been uttered than that which tells us—"Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws."

The songs are the expression of a nation's higher emotions, of its feeling, its dominant sentiment, while law, after all, is only this sentiment reduced to the form of statutes and constitutions.

It is because he was a singer of a great moral truth that John Greenleaf Whittier achieved fame and was a potent influence in his country's history. He sang the song of equality under the law, of the soul colored in common for all humanity, beneath the pallid face or the dusky, of the rights of those who wore the "livery of the burnished sun," of the free hand and the broken chain.

While the ultra-abolitionists of the north forty years ago raged and stormed, Whittier (more ultra

than them all), yet pleaded in charitable rhythm for a peaceful solution of that vexed question of slavery, bequeathed to the Union by the greed and passions of our forefathers. He remembered what they ignored, that at the first, all the statesmen of the south looked hopefully to the future for a deliverance from the incubus of chattel servitude. He knew, as they seemed not to know, how inherent in the heart of the race, and especially of that branch of the race which we call—not altogether properly—the Anglo-Saxon, was the strenuous respect for precedent, and protest against coercion. Whittier sang the song of peace and good will to men, of a vast charity and the largest philanthropy.

So he will be remembered when greater poets will have sunk into oblivion. In fact, he was not a great poet at all, except as the earnest heart and the true thought are always great.

Whittier was born in an old-fashioned, clap-boarded farm-house, not far from the banks of the winding Merrimack in Massachusetts, a locality immortalized in that charming pastoral, "Snow Bound." Differing in nothing from the multitudes of New England farmsteads, surrounded by the usual retinue of barns and sheds and outbuildings, this home of the sedate and serious Quaker family, nurtured the man in all the arduous and homely ways which have done so much to rear men whose influence has been felt far and deep in all our political life.



BIRTHPLACE OF HAWTHORNE.



BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER.



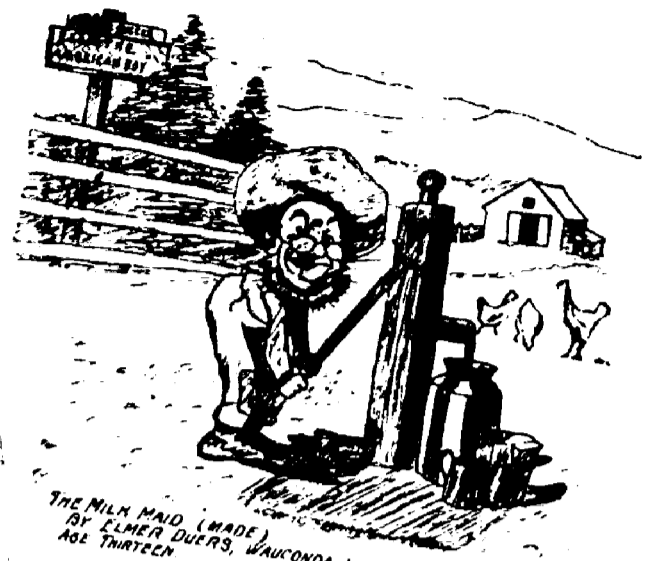
Tired
By HARRY T. ERALD
DETROIT, MICH.
AGE FOURTEEN



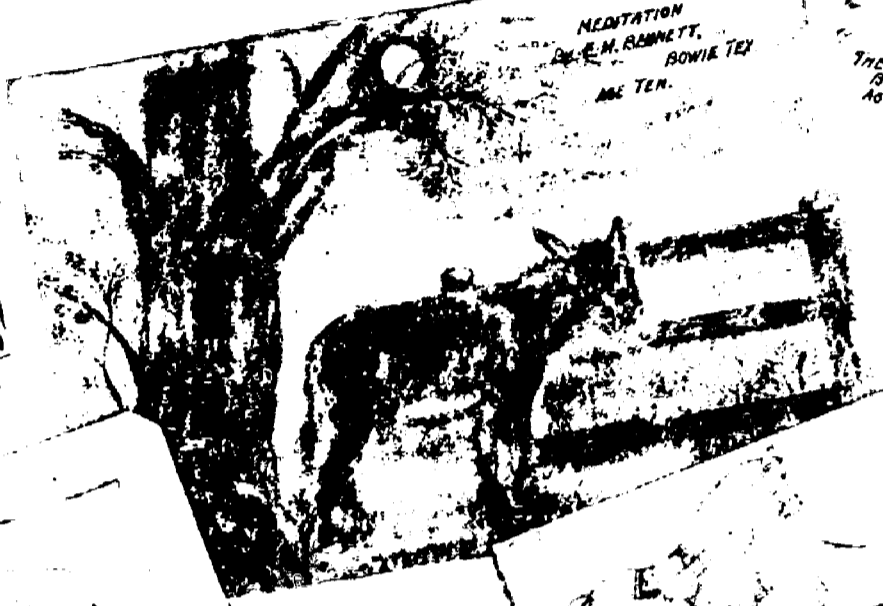
FRUIT AND FLOWERS
By EVERT ORNFORD, DETROIT, MICH.



THE AMERICAN GIRL LIKES THE
"AMERICAN BOY"
By GEORGE H. CORNWELL BREWSTER N.Y.
AGE ELEVEN



THE MILK MAID (MADE)
By ELMER DUERS, WAUCONDA, ILL.
AGE THIRTEEN



MEHTATION
By E. M. BENNETT,
BOWIE, TEX.
AGE TEN.



THE SWAN
By HARRY E. TURNER, DETROIT MICH.
AGE THIRTEEN



BY THOMAS J. ELPHIN
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
THE AMERICAN BOY
A BOY YER CAN SAY WUT YER PLEASE
SAY I E LIVES IN TEN SIGYS



AN INDIAN CHIEF
By WILLIE D. UTTER, CHICAGO, ILL.
AGE THIRTEEN AND ONE HALF YEARS

THE TOURIST
By GEORGE CAIST, HOLLAND, MICH.
AGE THIRTEEN



BEAUTY
By ELISE YANDERWER
MUNING, ILL.
AGE FOURTEEN



CHANTICLEER
By ALEXANDER MURRAY
WILKESBARRE, PA.
AGE THIRTEEN



GETTING ACQUAINTED
By HARRY T. ERALD, DETROIT, MICH.
AGE THIRTEEN



LANDSCAPE
By HAROLD A. RICH, BALBOUR, MICH.
AGE FOURTEEN



DAY DREAMS
By GEORGE NE SPITAL, CHICAGO, ILL.
AGE FOURTEEN

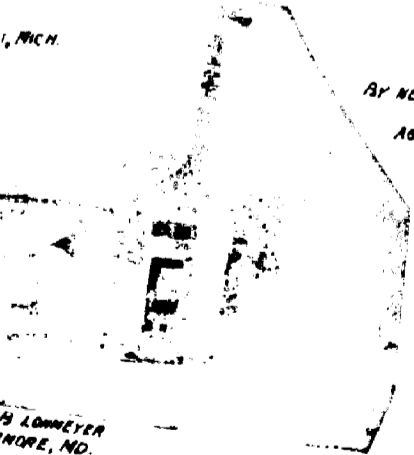


ROADWAY IN THE WOODS.
By JOHN T. STOKER, HARRISBURG, PA.
AGE FIFTEEN



AHEAD IN THE RACE
By EARL GLEASON, PAINESVILLE, O.
AGE THIRTEEN

LANDSCAPE
By JAMES S. BOOTH, DETROIT, MICH.
AGE THIRTEEN



LANDSCAPE, BY HARRY B. LOWMEYER
BALTIMORE, MD.
AGE THIRTEEN

A "FLY"
By NELSON D. ROBERTS,
MOSINEE, WIS.
AGE FIFTEEN



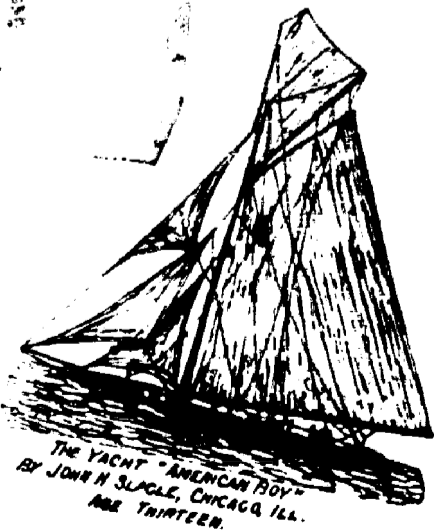
MUM, CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE MAN
By ALEXANDER MURRAY, WILKESBARRE, PA.
AGE THIRTEEN



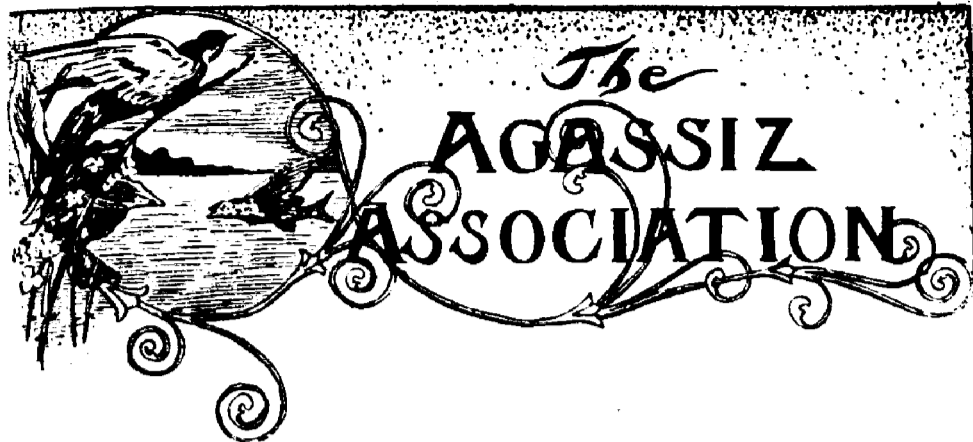
A MISUNDERSTANDING
By HARRY KELSEY, HAYES SACK, N. J.
AGE THIRTEEN



KING OF SUMMER THE BOY/BOY BOY
By N. LAURENCE WANNER, DETROIT, MICH.
AGE THIRTEEN



THE YACHT "AMERICAN BOY"
By JOHN H. SLAPLE, CHICAGO, ILL.
AGE THIRTEEN



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member. All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan E. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used. THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes members

of all ages, and any one who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1876. Incorporated in 1892. Short notes of personal observation are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

Agassiz Association.
MOSESSES.

What good will the Agassiz Association do me?

A fair question, but a large one, and best answered in pieces. Besides the ordinary local clubs or branches already described, the Association has several "Corresponding Chapters." These are of special advantage to those who live apart from the large towns. Each Corresponding Chapter devotes itself to one branch of natural science. One Chapter studies birds, another minerals, another insects, and so on. One such Chapter may illustrate all.

The Sullivant Moss Chapter, has its headquarters in Brooklyn, N. Y., where the secretary, Mrs. Annie Morrill Smith, lives at 78 Orange street. Now, if any boy or girl, or grown person for that matter, is interested in mosses, he cannot do better than to join this live and growing branch of the A. A.

Mrs. Smith writes, under date of March 13, 1900: "I will recommend THE AMERICAN BOY to all whom I think it will interest. I have already gotten several subscriptions for it among the families of those interested in our Moss Chapter. I feel quite sure that you have not a Chapter more thoroughly alive and at work than ours, No. 284. We have a membership of fifty. We never lose sight of the beginner. During the year letters have been exchanged with almost every member, starting beginners with named sets of mosses and instructions for study, and identifying mosses for those interested in field work."

We speak of this "Moss Chapter" now to show that the Agassiz Association is ready to help scattered students even in the study of somewhat unusual subjects.

QUAIL AND DEER IN A CITY.

Much interest has been aroused by the article on "Wild Creatures in the City," published in our issue for March.

A wide-awake Detroit boy writes: "Having received the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY, I shall be a constant reader of it hereafter. Every boy should read this paper as it gives boys new ideas and helps them to succeed in whatever they undertake. Speaking of wild creatures in cities, I was returning from school with a friend, when, to our astonishment, we heard quail calling in a park in a densely populated portion of Lansing, Mich. We began to whistle quail-fashion, and soon the birds came nearer and nearer until there were five or six of them in the trees and on the ground about us. We could study them quite closely. Another similar instance occurred several years ago in Battle Creek, Mich. Kindly use only my initials, D. L. M."

The next letter is from Elgin, Ill.:

"Having seen the article, 'Wild Creatures in the City,' inviting boys to tell of any instances within their own knowledge, I will tell of a stray deer that passed through Elgin, Ill. It was a warm February morning, about eight o'clock, when suddenly a deer was seen leisurely wandering through the yard of a friend of mine, just east of Lord's Park. My friend snatched his hat and was after it in a minute. Other boys and the park custodian joined the pursuit. They tried in vain to drive it into

the open gate of the newly constructed deer-yard. The deer then followed Willow Creek for a mile. It then went north over corn-stubble fields and pastures, clearing barbed wire fences with graceful leaps fifteen or twenty feet long. At this point two farm dogs gave chase to the pretty creature, which changed its



course to the northeast, only to be shot at by a boy with a rifle. The 'ping' of the bullet frightened it, so that it gained greatly on the dogs, escaping them only to be killed by a hunter in the woods adjoining Trout Park." Ernest L. Olson.

"UP AND DOING."

The old phrase, "Up and Doing," seldom finds more literal fitness than in the case of that bright American lady, Miss Klumpke, who has added new laurels to her fame by her recent success in observing the Leonids or "shooting-stars" for the Paris Observatory. The city was enveloped in fog, and the French astronomers were discouraged, but Miss Klumpke "rose to the occasion" in a balloon. She had a little tray suspended around her neck and lighted with an electric jet. On this tray were the blank charts on which to sketch her observations. With her aeronauts and a secretary she started from St. Denis, a little after midnight, rose through and above the curtain of cloud, and made a successful series of observations which proved of interest and value.



A NEW A. A. BADGE.

In response to hundreds of requests for an inexpensive badge, we have had a new Agassiz button designed and manufactured, as shown above. It reproduces a favorite photograph of Professor Louis Agassiz, surrounded by the legend, Agassiz Association, in the Swiss colors, red and white; while below it, is a representation of the Swiss Cross, which has for years been adopted as our emblem. To members of the Agassiz Association, these beautiful badges will be sent, postpaid, for five cents each. To any boy or girl not now a member, who will send us one record of an interesting personal observation in any branch of natural science, accompanied by a sketch or photograph, we will send, free of charge, a card of membership in the Association, and a badge. To Chapters of the Association the badges will be furnished for fifty cents a dozen.

Spring Notes.

BY AN AMERICAN BOY OF EIGHT YEARS.

- April 29. Attacus cecropia came from its cocoon, in the school-room.
- May 1. Lily of the valley leaves noticed.
- May 3. Strawberry blossoms seen.
- May 5. White clover blossoms out. A tree-toad noticed. Forsythia in blossom.
- May 6. Pansies in blossom out of doors. Cherry blossoms out. Lily of the valley in bud. Dandelions are out. Wild violets in blossom. Baltimore oriole seen and heard. Red and white tulips seen.
- May 7. White butterflies seen.

H. H.

What Boys See in California.

Napa, Cal., Jan. 10, 1900.

Napa Chapter A. A. has one more active member. In one of our trips on the river we found an island covered with low bushes, the breathing place of thousands of small birds, chiefly the American and Lawrence's gold-finch, the Purple-finch, and the Song sparrow. I



send you a photograph of one of the largest fan palms in California.

GEORGE M. HERRON,
Secretary.

Dyed Food for Birds.

Dr. Sauermann, an Austrian, has obtained curious results in coloration by feeding birds on food dyed with aniline. Pigeons became of a beautiful red. Other birds turned a fine blue with methyl violet. Canaries very soon bred with the rainbow. The experiments promise to have important results in this direction. The English sparrow by a little art in his nourishment might emulate the humming bird. Whether this would be to his advantage is another question. We are afraid that fashion might cast envious eyes upon him and cause him to regret his sober livery.

A. A. Notes.

Manhattan Chapter No. 87, New York, B., sends a finely printed annual report, showing, besides regular meetings, four field excursions, five new members, and one hundred and ten dollars and thirty two cents in the treasury. Christian F. Groth, 141 East Fortieth street, secretary.

Chapter 883, North Weare, N. H., set two pairs of English pheasants free in the woods at Amesbury, Mass., but the winter proved too severe for them. The bird is nearly as large as a partridge, a rich golden brown on the breast, with a changeful metallic lustre, the crown of a glossy green. Mrs. Lucy P. Osborne, secretary.

Chapter 286, Portage, Wis., has reorganized with twelve members, after being disbanded two years. Charlotte Epstein, secretary.

Chapter 824, Fall River, Mass. Mr. J. B. Richards, who, about 15 years ago, was the boy president of Chapter 824, has organized a new Chapter in Fall River in connection with the Boys' Club, and has secured the old number 824. The Boys' Club has a large building in the city and also a farm out in the country. Two of the gentlemen interested in the new Chapter, besides Mr. Richards, were also members of the former Chapter years ago. One of them is now the principal of a grammar school and an expert in entomology and geology; the other is an authority on local ornithology. Mr. Lynward French, a fourth member of the old Chapter, died on board the U. S. Steamer Prairie, during the late war. Address of the Secretary, Box 332. Nothing gives us greater pleasure than thus to welcome back our old boys as leaders of the younger set now growing up.

Reports of the Sixth Century, Chapters 501-600, should reach the President by June 1.

Typical Chapter Report.

We do not propose to print the annual reports of our Chapters as a rule, but as a general guide to new Chapters, and for its intrinsic interest, we give the following account of the doings of Chapter 176, of Detroit, Mich.—(Ed.)

March 12, 1900.

The first year of our club as a Chapter of the Agassiz Association is nearing its close. From January to June, 1899, we took up a course in botany under the supervision of Mr. W. S. Cooper.

Two botanical gardens were started, both in Elmwood Cemetery. One is near a stream for aquatic plants, and the other is a large shrub bed. Only wild flowers are planted.

In May the Chapter held its annual field meeting at Grosse Pointe, 10 miles from the city. Among the plants found was a rare orchid, also large ferns, Jack-in-the-Pulpits, and blue and white violets. The day was a beautiful one and the club members had a very enjoyable time, roaming over fields and forests in search of curious and uncommon specimens of plant life. At noon we gathered around a fallen tree and ate our dinner with a zest, not known in more conventional circles. Other trips were made during the season, to Belle Isle, and Pontiac, the latter twenty-six miles away.

A camp was formed in the early part of July, on an island in a small inland lake at Waterford, thirty-four miles from Detroit. It was called "Camp Minerva," and for three weeks the members lived a wild life. Two species of orchids were found, and butterflies were captured and classified.

The past winter the members have studied mineralogy and ornithology.

The Club meets every Friday evening at the home of Rev. D. M. Cooper, 1015 Jefferson avenue, where we have our room. In the club room is a library of some fifteen volumes, and several magazines. We have two cases of collections and a cabinet. One case is devoted to mineralogy, the other to butterflies, insects, etc., while in the cabinet aquatic specimens are kept. On the walls are fifteen colored pictures of animals, minerals, etc. We have two pairs of deer's antlers as ornaments. Of course the charter is to be seen.

The Chapter now has ten members, the last being admitted in December, 1899.

Respectfully yours,
RALPH W. GRESELL,
Secretary.

Mixed Family.

Mother Quail Raising Two Chicks With Her Brood.

Shelbyville, Ind., Aug. 18, 1898.—"Arno Haehl, a farmer near here, while plowing in a stubble field frightened up an old quail, the bird running along in front of his team, making a noise as if in deep distress. After a few minutes search Mr. Haehl found a mixed brood, consisting of two little chickens and three quails. The chicks were just at the age where the feathers begin to show on the tips of the wings. The brood was replaced, and Mr. Haehl continued his work, seeing the old bird and her peculiar family every day until the plowing was completed. Mr. Haehl says the quail was as attentive to the chicks as she was to the quails. Mr. Haehl is of the opinion that a brown Leghorn hen laid the two eggs in the nest of the quail, and that they were hatched out during the warm days of the summer."

The above was clipped from a local paper. A similar incident came under my own personal observation. August 26, 1898, one of my brothers found two young chickens that had been hatched by a quail. They were found near a quail's nest in a raspberry patch. The shells of the chicken eggs were still in the quail's nest together with ten quail eggs. One of these eggs was accidentally broken in removing the chicken egg-shells, and in it was found a young quail so nearly hatched as to show signs of life. To the regret of the discoverers, the shy mother-bird abandoned the nest, and her natural brood was not hatched. The two chickens were given to a foster mother of their own species. One of the waifs died a few days later; the other was living the last time I inquired about it.—J. E. Walter, Secretary A. A. Chapter 834, Peru, Ind.

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

Helping Boys to Save.

EDWIN N. NORTHROP

I consider the savings bank one of the best features of boys' club work. It is a practical businesslike way of inculcating lessons in thrift and economy. The bank once successfully introduced advertises itself. Boys are persuaded to become depositors because they see the bank books owned by their companions and are anxious to possess one themselves. To own a bank account, even if the deposits are counted by pennies, means much to the average boy. Then the growing amounts, the rapid way that pennies increase, is often a genuine surprise to boys who little realized that the few pennies spent here and there for candy and cigarettes soon amounted to dollars.

It is really a study to watch the faces of boys as they line up awaiting their turns to deposit their small savings. Some give the cashier their money as if loath to part with it and half fearful that they will never see it again. Others advance with all the pride and confidence of a Vanderbilt, depositing their nickels and dimes as though they were the proud owners of a fortune. No millionaire ever counted over his riches with more satisfaction than some youngsters display as they show their first dollar saved. I have always encouraged in my club the idea of saving for some definite object—a pair of shoes, an overcoat, a suit of clothes, even a bicycle—anything a boy can look forward to buying with his own money. Boys, even the poorer ones, frequently have more money than at first seems possible. Nearly every street boy picks up a good many pennies selling papers, blacking shoes or running errands. If he is at all ambitious the sum may amount to considerable. A good many carry most of their earnings home, but nearly every one has something for himself, and this is where, if they begin the habit of saving, the little amounts they soon appreciate the value of even a penny.

There is another class of depositors in our bank, boys who have steady employment and make it a business to save some definite sum weekly—some five cents, some ten, others as high as fifty cents or a dollar. I had one boy in Meriden, Conn., who saved two hundred and fifty dollars in about four years. That was the largest accumulated sum I have ever handled for one boy. I have one boy now who has saved the small sums in our bank, then transferring to the regular savings bank, until now he has nearly one hundred dollars saved. He is eighteen years old. Another boy has over sixty dollars now on deposit. It will help a boy long after he is too old to attend the club, if he forms a habit of saving when young. It means much. When every penny is spent just as soon as it comes into one's possession, it is simply wasted. No one derives any benefit from it. It is a good plan to require depositors to give one week's notice before drawing out their money. This may seem a little hard at first, but it prevents a boy from drawing out his money on the spur of the moment in order to buy something he thinks he wants. Many times boys give notice and before the week is up change their minds and keep their money in the bank, concluding that they can get along without it. When withdrawing money, boys should sign a receipt, even if only for one cent. It teaches business methods and prevents any misunderstanding. For instance, some time ago a boy lost his bank book; he had money on deposit and wanted to draw it out. He received the money and signed a receipt for the same. Some time later his mother found the missing book and sent for the money. Of course there was no money on deposit and the boy's signature was the convincing proof that the money had been drawn. By the way, never pay the money out to the parents of boys without the depositor's signature or verbal consent. In the Worcester Boys' Club Bank the boy's consent to have his money withdrawn is absolutely necessary. This is to prevent the

parents getting money unbeknown to their sons, and inspires the confidence of youngsters who otherwise would be afraid to put their money into the club banks. I have had fathers, and mothers too, come asking for money their boys had saved, not wanting the boys to know anything about it. Legally perhaps the fathers have a right to the money, but they do not get it from our bank without the depositor's consent.

Many interesting experiences come to us in connection with this work, some amusing, some pathetic. One boy, after diligent saving for several years, accumulated over thirty dollars, the foundation, as he earnestly hoped, of a future fortune. His parents encouraged his thrift, and from personal observation, I believed the boy would succeed in saving and keeping the money that came into his possession. After a time, however, some of the family were sick, then the father was out of work, and little by little the money was drawn out to pay for family necessities, until it was all gone. I felt sorry for the lad, but he took it very well indeed, and was only too glad that he had the money saved so that he could help his parents in their time of need. One boy of seventeen saved twenty-five dollars and then gave notice he wanted to draw it out. We were anxious to know what he wanted it for, but he did not wish to tell, and I was afraid he intended to spend the money foolishly. Judge of my surprise and gratification when I learned later that the money had been used to buy comfortable winter clothing for two younger brothers. One very cold winter evening a young man, probably eighteen years old, came into the club and asked for eight cents he had deposited two years before. In urging him to let the amount remain and add to it, we discovered that he was actually suffering with hunger. Without a home, out of work, without money or food, he had remembered the few pennies deposited in the Boys' Club Bank and came for it with the idea that it would buy enough bread to satisfy his hunger. Among the very poor you will find a generosity and self-sacrifice scarcely to be equalled anywhere. After saving a few dollars for some cherished object, boys frequently draw out their money for rent, food or coal, things it would seem that they would feel no responsibility about. But these little men learn very early in life the meaning of anxiety and care, and frequently share in the burdens and perplexities borne by their parents; often, too, suffering from the cruelty and neglect of those from whom they should receive only care and kindness.

Every club should have a banking system, banking hours, neat bank books with good strong envelopes, a complete set of books, i. e., a day book and ledger, that all accounts may be accurately, easily and systematically kept. This means business, for every penny deposit requires as much work as though the pennies were dollars, but the work pays. How much better to teach a boy that if he saves his money he can buy a neat suit of clothes for himself than it would be to give him one! How much better for a boy to learn that one cent saved at a time soon makes 100 cents and 100 cents make \$1, than to let him spend the pennies foolishly, as is often the case! Get the fact thoroughly instilled into the mind of a youngster and instead of becoming a spendthrift, a vagabond or a pauper, he will eventually show you that through the influence of a careful saving habit he has added many comforts and improvements to his circumstances, becoming perhaps a man of intelligence, wealth and respectability.

The Poor Boy's Chances.

"The poor boy's chances today are as good as they ever were, and the sickening doctrine of the pessimist that bewails the lack of opportunity today should never find a responsive echo in the breast of any American boy with a strong arm and a level head."—James Oliver.

Made Money Catching Lobsters.

L. M. Robinson, Providence, R. I., writes THE AMERICAN BOY that he has noticed in the story of "The Boy Traveler," how the boy made his first money selling vegetables. He says: "As I live in the country, I cannot make money that way. We go to the seashore every summer, so last summer I thought that I would try to make some money by catching lobsters. I bought nine traps and set them about a quarter of a mile apart. I soon found that I caught more in some traps than in others, so I took up the ones in which I didn't catch any and set them near the ones in which I did catch some. I had good luck and caught from three to seven a day. I then went around to the homes of the people who lived near the shore and easily found sale for my 'catches.' I sold them at twelve cents a pound; and as a fair sized lobster weighs from one and one-half to two and one-half pounds, I got from fifteen to thirty cents apiece for them. In this way I paid for my traps and made a profit of fifteen dollars in the season."

Made Money by Selling Beetles.

It may interest American boys to know that two boys paid their way through college by selling a rare kind of Tiger Beetle. It seems that beetles of this species are very rare; and at the time of which we write, the spring of 1878, a single specimen sold at twenty-five dollars. There was a great demand for them on the part of scientists and museums. Professor Snow, of the Kansas University, Lawrence, Kas., told two of his students that he believed these beetles could be found in Western Kansas, and the three set forth on an expedition to find them. In Wallace county, so many beetles of this species were captured, that each of the young men sold his one-third interest in the collection to Professor Snow, for enough money to pay his way through college. Professor Snow then had one thousand beetles of this rare species in his possession. He sold enough of them to make good his payment to the students and reimburse himself for the expenses of the expedition, and by exchanging the remainder he obtained a collection of nine thousand species of North American beetles, the largest collection, it is said, in the world. He still has a number of the rare species, and they are said to be the only available ones in the world for collectors.

It is said that numerous expeditions have been made to Wallace county since, but no further traces of this rare member of the beetle family have been found. This particular species have no eyes, and no wings, and have to feel their way, feeding on insects in the dusk of morning and evening.

How Do You Make Money?

Boys, tell us how you make money. You do make money; everybody makes money. Give us your schemes. Write us an account of what money you have made. In our June number you will find what other boys say about how they make money.

ADDRESS
Editor AMERICAN BOY,
DETROIT, MICH.

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Is an article of merit and a novelty. Its needs have long been felt in every household. It is heavily nickel-plated and will last for years. We want agents. Boys can make lots of money in their spare hours, selling the IDEAL. It sells itself, every woman will buy from 2 to 4. The sale of one creates a demand for several dozen more. Sample 15c. a for 5c. by mail, postpaid. Send for catalog.

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You can build up a regular trade in a short time; permanent customers who will buy every week. You can in this way earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent.

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The Boy in the Office, the Store, the Factory and on the Farm

May.

MORNING STARS: Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. EVENING STARS: Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter after May 27. LEGAL HOLIDAYS: May 10, Confederate Memorial Day in North Carolina and South Carolina; May 11, Confederate Day in Tennessee; May 20, Anniversary of the Signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence in North Carolina; May 30, Decoration Day in all the States and Territories and District of Columbia, except Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia. ANNIVERSARIES: May 1, 1898, Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila; May 13, 1607, first English settlement in America at Jamestown, Va.; May 13, 1783, Society of the Cincinnati was organized by officers of the Revolutionary Army; May 20, 1775, Mecklenburg (N. C.) Declaration of Independence; May 24, 1319, Queen Victoria born.

The trouble with most young men who start in business for themselves is that they are not prepared for the responsibilities that come with taking the step.

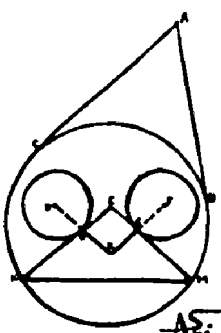
There are men who howl because their employees drop their pens at six o'clock and spill ink on their books, and yet these same men never encourage or helped their employees in a single case.

You lack a valuable qualification as a salesman if you have a solemn manner, a doleful countenance, and are the victim of a gloomy disposition. But never let cheerfulness degenerate into undue familiarity. The over-familiar clerk is more offensive than the solemn one.

A messenger boy should be sharp of wit, quick of foot, and clean. A messenger boy in London showed himself so proficient that, although only thirteen years of age, he was selected to carry a message from England to the United States and bring back the answer. He won the confidence reposed in him by his simplicity, his courtesy, his cleanliness, and his soldierly bearing. It is said that in one American city, messenger boys have formed a league for self-improvement. They intend to keep their faces and hands clean and clothes neat, and to be quick, truthful and courteous.

A Word to Employers.

Encourage the clerks to suggest ways for improving the store and the system employed; yours may not be the only creative head in the establishment. We know of several large concerns which distribute hundreds of dollars a year in prizes to such of their employees as make valuable suggestions. Every employee is encouraged to suggest ideas for the improvement of the manufactured article. So far as possible, every employee is allowed to work out any idea he may have for the improvement of the article. A box is placed in every department, and the ideas and suggestions are slipped in by the employees themselves. The different departments are managed by committees selected by the employees, all being under the supervision, of course, of the general management. The plan could be followed to advantage in some form by almost any store or business.



AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF EUCLID.

DRAWN BY OUR OFFICE BOY, WHO HAS LATELY BEGUN TO STUDY MATHEMATICS.

Good Morning.

"Sorry our elevator boy has left, Thompson," remarked my lawyer friend to his friend as we walked down the hallway. "Yes, nice little chap, wasn't he? I quite miss him."

"Why do you miss him?" I asked my friend as we turned into the street. "The boy in there seems to be able to run the elevator."

"Oh, yes. Well, I don't know. What do you say, Thompson? Why do we miss the last boy more than we usually miss boys?"

"Why, it's his bright 'Good morning, sir,' that I miss. It was a pleasant beginning to the day. I came to look for it. This new chap is as dumb as an oyster, runs the elevator all right, though, and 'Good morning' is not 'in the bond,' I suppose."

"Good morning, sir." A small thing for a busy man with an important day's work ahead of him to notice, one might think; but it is just these courtesies, the things "not in the bond," that make life not only bearable but sweet.—M. E. Fletcher.

A Recipe for Reaching Success.

Someone at La Crosse, Wis., who signs himself "XXX," in writing letters of advice to young men for the Milwaukee Journal, says:

"After receiving all the education you can command, proceed to select some business occupation which you think you would like to follow; having fully settled on that, investigate as to what firm or corporation stands high comparatively in that business; call on the firm and ask politely if you could have three minutes' interview with the manager or proprietor; if asked what your business is, say it is personal. Should you be told that they were then engaged, ask permission to be allowed to remain until such time as they could comply with your request; if not convenient that day, ask if a time could be named to give you such interview later. If a date is named, be sure and be on time to the second. When you meet the gentleman with whom you have the engagement, say to him: 'I come to you, sir, to offer my services to do anything I may be called upon to do in your business. I expect to begin at the bottom round of the ladder, and if hard and conscientious work, strict attention to business and always looking out for your interest will count, as I think it will, I expect to make you a useful man. If you will kindly give me a trial, I will feel very grateful. Wages, other than enough to pay for my board, is no object.'

"Should you be accepted, then it all depends on yourself. Make up your mind to be civil to everybody you come in contact with and attend to your business in such a way that it will be plain to all you are trying hard to please. Be prompt in everything, getting to place of business sharp on time, and remaining until everything has been fully attended to, and the business day closed. Do not linger on your way home. Be as prompt to your meals as you are to your business. Shun bad company, and spend your evenings at home, improving yourself by study, and reading good books. Indulge in no bad habits to please anybody. Keep away from society no matter how good. By following the above advice you will become a useful man as well as a necessity to your employers. Your reputation once established, you will be forced to the front, and never need look for employment as everybody will want your services."

The letter closes with the statement that the writer of it has tried the recipe and has found that it works like a charm.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY can find no fault with the advice, unless it be in the suggestion that the young man "keep away from society no matter how good." The writer perhaps gives to the word "society" some special meaning. Certainly he would not advise the young man to make a recluse of himself.

The World Still Offers Wide Opportunities to Boys.

James Oliver, the millionaire plow manufacturer, of South Bend, Ind., in response to a question as to whether he



JAMES OLIVER.

could repeat his success if he were to begin over again today, said to a correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle:

"If some wonderful fairy would appear to me this night, and with her magic wand transform these sparse white locks of mine into the shaggy black hair I once

had, and would give me back my youth and the old, wrinkled overalls and broad-brimmed hat that I wore when a boy, I would willingly and happily lay at her feet all that I have in this world, and start barefooted and penniless from this door ready for another struggle to success, for I believe that I could repeat today what success I have achieved in the past, though perhaps it would be along other lines. The idea or feeling that some men have that there is no chance for them in the world today, that opportunities three score years back were greater than they are now, is absurd. This world is a just world if she is strict, and she always finds places for men of ability and integrity. A young man starting out in business should at once banish the diseased idea that there is no room for him. There is room, and plenty of it, for every young man, and the only trouble is there are not enough capable men in the world to fill the places that the world offers. I believe that every young man starting out in life today will sooner or later meet his opportunity, and his success or failure will depend upon his ability or inability to see and to grasp his opportunity when it comes to him. I repeat that the world today offers as great advantages as ever for worldly success."

Every young man should have a nobler conception of business than that it exists for simply what he can get out of it, but rather for what he can put into it, for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

My Boy Consider this proposition—

Gutchess College, one of the best Business Colleges in the country, has more demands for Gutchess-trained assistants than it can supply. For this reason it guarantees to the graduates of its combined course of Stenography and Bookkeeping the return of the entire tuition fee if a position be not secured within a reasonable time after graduation. This course can be taken by mail. Write us for particulars. This proposition is only open to those who enclose copy of this advertisement with their letters to us.

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The Boy in the Home, Church and School

Out of a vacant store, filled with games and books to entice boys off the street, has been evolved "The Welcome Home," a four-story brick building, with a reading room, school room and gymnasium, recently dedicated in Brooklyn.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers; I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."

"The difference between the newsboy and the boy who is too proud to sell newspapers, is simply this," says The Newsboy, a paper for newsboys published in New York: "One shows his wares, and the other wears his father's old pants cut down."

The metre of this is rather uncouth, but the truth is forcibly apparent.

Nearly two hundred boys in the C. W. Schaefer Public School of Philadelphia have organized an anti-cigarette league. They have taken the pledge not to use tobacco in any form until they are old enough to vote, and to try to prevent others from smoking. Each of the boys wears a pretty badge, with the letters "A. C. L." in a monogram, and a motto in gilt letters "The cigarette must go."

Your Chances and Lincoln's.

Now, is there an American boy, between Maine and California, who has not advantages equal to those of Abraham Lincoln? His parents were poor, ignorant and obscure. His early home was a hovel with a dirt floor and a leaky roof. His companions were no more favored than he. His schools were the crudest known in his time. From boyhood his days were spent in hard work. His studying was done by night, and his thinking by day while his hands were busy. What was there in his early surroundings that furnished food for his ambitions? What made him hope and strive for something better? He hardly knew there was anything better. What was there in himself or in his surroundings that gave a hint of the marvelous career of the man?

Lincoln, as a boy, was always honest, truthful, and loyal to his employer. The very fibre of the man, through and through, was sincere. One of the first things that drew the attention of people to Lincoln as a boy was the fact that he could be trusted. As he grew in years the friends he made found that he could be trusted, and gradually he was advanced to larger and larger responsibilities. He lacked polish and the culture of the schools, but his simple, direct, always to be relied on honesty—his sterling character made him a trusted leader in the most momentous crisis of his country's history.—Nebraska Farmer.

A Newsboy's Sermon.

He was working his way through a crowded car, offering his papers in every direction in a way that showed him well used to the business, and of a temperament not easily daunted.

The train started while he was making change, and the conductor, passing him, laughed.

"Caught this time, Joe?" he said. "You'll have to run to Fourteenth street."

"Don't care," laughed Joe, in return. "I can sell all the way back again."

A white-haired old gentleman seemed interested in the boy, and questioned him concerning his way of living and his earnings. There was a younger brother to be supported, it seemed. "Jimmy" was lame, and "couldn't earn much himself."

"Ah, I see! That makes it hard—you could do better alone."

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant.

"No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody to go home to—he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck if nobody was glad, or of gittin' things if there was nobody to divide with?"

"Fourteenth street!" called the conductor, and, as the newsboy plunged out into the gathering dusk, the old gentleman remarked to nobody in particular: "I've heard many a poorer sermon than that!"—Forward.

Boys, Look at This.

Three beers a day for one year costs enough to bring into your home

- 1 Barrel of flour.
- 50 Pounds of sugar.
- 20 Pounds of corn starch.
- 10 Pounds of macaroni.
- 10 Quarts of beans.
- 4 Twelve-pound hams.
- 1 Bushel sweet potatoes.
- 3 Bushels Irish potatoes.
- 10 Pounds of coffee.
- 10 Pounds of raisins.
- 10 Pounds of rice.
- 20 Pounds of crackers.
- 100 Bars of soap.
- 3 Twelve-pound turkeys.
- 5 Quarts of cranberries.
- 10 Bunches of celery.
- 10 Pounds of prunes.
- 4 Dozen oranges.
- 25 Good beefsteaks.

But this is not all; there would be in one pocket of your trousers a five-dollar bill marked, "A new dress for mother," and in another pocket a ten-dollar bill marked, "To buy shoes for the brothers and sisters."

Baby's Shoes.

They were having a sale of unclaimed articles at the Cleveland office of the American Express Company. Small bundles, big bundles, square, round and oval bundles, bundles of every conceivable shape and size, were being sold to the highest bidder. One man got a small package for fifty cents. It was battered and dirty, and every one smiled when it was handed him. Opening it, he drew out a lady's gold watch and a tiny pair of baby shoes. To the shoes was pinned a letter, which read:

"Dear Wife—I send you my mother's watch, and baby a pair of shoes. As you know mother gave me this watch as she was dying, and through all reverses I have never parted with it, but I am dying now. The climate has not helped me. Kiss baby goodby for me, and—"

Here the letter was torn. The man irreverently folded the letter up, put it into one of the shoes and cast it, with the other one, to a ragpicker.

How Boys Enter the Religious Life.

ABSTRACT OF PAPER BY E. M. ROBINSON

1. For convenience consider the boy as a responsible individual, capable of choice and decision. Until he comes to this place, whatever religious life he seems to have is not his, because he has had no choice in the matter. It is the property of whoever may have poured it into his open, indiscriminating life. What he chooses, accepts, decides upon, is his own.

2. Boys enter the religious life in at least as many ways as they enter the water for swimming. (a) Some plunge in—a definite decision which settles once for all what their attitude toward right and wrong shall be; what their relation to their God shall be. (b) Some wade in—deliberately, cautiously, step by step, each step revealing that another step is desirable. (c) Some run in a little way and then come out again, but continue to run in a little farther each time, till at last they swim off—a number of changes of mind. (d) Some are forced in—they may, finding themselves in, decide to remain, or they may make frantic struggles to get out. (e) Some sit down on the beach and simply let the tide come up about them, till it floats them off—by not

resisting the tide about them, they practically accept the situation.

3. A boy's choices and decisions largely lie along the line of his ideals. His ideals are of the heroic type. He is not attracted by an effeminate Christ, but he is attracted by the heroic Christ. He admires and wants to be like the man who can do hard things, who can despise pain, who can rescue others regardless of cost to himself, who can love violently, fight valiantly, etc. When he sees that Christ is all this and more, when he hears the call to enlist with such a Christ for the accomplishment of some gigantic, heroic, noble task, he will respond with all the enthusiasm of his being. True, he may under stress follow the effeminate Christ, who is so frequently and unfortunately presented to him, but it will be a shame-faced, half-hearted following.

A Hero of the Last War.

By CORA S. DAY.

"There goes a hero of the last war," said one man to another as an old man passed them on the street.

"Why, I thought he did not go to the front," was the surprised reply.

"He did not, and that is why I call him a hero," said the first speaker, and then he went on to explain his strange remarks.

"When the war broke out, John Horner and his brother were both wild to go. A great many of the young men of the place in which they lived were going, and they were carried away with the excitement and enthusiasm of it all.

"His brother went—went without a word of farewell or blessing from his parents, for he went without letting them know of his intention. Then John fought and won the battle that makes me call him a hero. His mother and father were old and feeble, they were almost prostrated with grief at the enlistment of their oldest son, and they clung to their only remaining boy with fear that was almost terror lest he, too, would go. The farm needed some one to attend to it, and gather the crops that meant a living for the old folks during the coming winter.

"But out in the street the drums beat and the crowds cheered, and the flags waved in the sunlight, while the boys in blue—the boys he had known all his life marched away to fight for their country. And every fiber of his heart thrilled with the longing to go with them.

"But he could not go—he could not leave home and turn his back on the duty that lay so plain and clear before him; he must stay at home and comfort and support the old folks. And he stayed—knocking by his bedside, with his tear-wet face hidden in his hands and the doors and windows closed, that he might not hear the music and the cheers. And that is why I call him a hero."

"You are right. He is the hero of the battle that is harder than those fought at the front—the battle of duty and self-sacrifice."

Henry Ward Beecher to His Son.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1878.

"My Dear Son:—You are now, for the first time, launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house, and from all family connection, to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

"1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule. No debt—cash or nothing.

"2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

"3. Be scrupulously careful of all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness. No guess work. Either nothing or accurate truth.

"4. When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest

Make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

"5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

"6. Concentrate your force on your own proper business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

"7. Do not speculate or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money; suddenly, largely, and without working for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and safest way. Greediness and haste are the two devils that destroy thousands every year."

Boys Need Playgrounds.

Wherever you find open playgrounds for boys, there you will find the least badness among them. Wherever you find green grass and trees you may expect to find the least trouble with boys. Such has been the experience of the New York police. This fact has led to the passage of an ordinance in New York City, providing that hereafter no school house shall be constructed in the city of New York without an open air playground attached or used in connection with the same."

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Look Over Your Wheels.

Now that spring has come, be careful about the adjustments of your bicycle before using it. There should be a critical examination now made of all the parts. A loose or improperly adjusted handle-bar may fail to hold at a critical moment. A pedal that is not screwed tight may work part way out, and the threads on the pedal-pin or in the crank will soon be ruined. See that the rear axle-nut is secure, for if it is not it will surely pull the wheel out of true and against the frame. If a machine has been left standing all winter in a remote corner it is certain to be in a pretty bad condition. The bearings will be dry and rusty, and the tires in bad shape. You should have detached the wheels, half inflated

the tires, hung them in a place not too damp, smeared the nickel parts with gasoline, cleaned the bearings and bearing cups and covered the frame. Few boys have done these things, and their negligence will cost them something.

The first thing you should do is to take your wheel entirely apart and examine every inch of it, giving special attention to the joints and points of bearing. You can use kerosene for cleaning, but let none of it get on the enamel or the tires. When removing the bearings, a cloth should be spread under the wheel so that you do not lose any of the little steel balls. Keep the sets of balls separate, as it seems to make quite a difference if one set is put in the place of another. Each set seems to adjust itself to the

AUNT EM'S LETTER TO LITTLE BOYS.

Home, April 14, 1900.

Dear Boys:

True to my promise, I will tell you about the boy who had great visions as to "what he would do" if fortune favored him with five hundred dollars.

Before I tell you, however, let me remind you of my request that you would let me know your opinion as to the best manner of disposing of it. When I was a little girl, my fondest dream and hope was that in some way father might be the owner of a candy store and appoint me to wait on customers. Then I would have had all the sweets I craved for without paying for them. Five hundred dollars was quite far away from my youthful mind, you see.

Well, this boy said: "If I had five hundred dollars, I would put it in the bank and leave it there for one year. At the end of the year I would have five hundred and twenty, because they give four per cent interest. For fifty-two cents I would buy school supplies at G. Smith & Co.'s, where they are sold the cheapest. I would buy a pair of school shoes for two dollars at Sanders & Co. They have very good shoes there. I would read the advertisements in the "Times" and find out where suits are sold the cheapest, and are the best. I would buy at that place a suit for six dollars. At A. L. Goodwin's I would buy a hat for ninety-eight cents, and for four dollars I would buy a second-hand watch. Then I would be all right. As winter would be coming near, I would prepare for it.

"As I have winter clothes from last year I would not buy any. But my old gloves are worn out, therefore I would buy a pair for fifty cents at Hill & Co.'s. For two dollars, I would buy a fine sled at

Brown & Grose's. For another two dollars I would buy a second sled for my brother. As Moses's Bible commands us to give to charity one-tenth of what we make (?) I would give away two dollars to beggars. Altogether it would come out twenty dollars that I would spend. That would be the interest. I would do about the same every year. Five hundred dollars, I would always leave in the bank, and spend the interest.

"I would always remember the one that would give me five hundred dollars."

We cannot prophesy ahead, but when this young writer gets to be a gray-haired man, I can pretty clearly see him in a comfortable home of his own. He will have tasteful furniture, and artistic pictures. He will urge his wife not to use her best china or glass for every day, so that they may have fine things for a dinner party—china that is neither chipped nor broken from constant use.

Do you know why I think this? I should not ask such a question. As, of course, you can tell what a good business head our friend seems to have. Like India rubber, he has tried to pull and stretch the five hundred dollars out to its utmost limit. When he really owns so much money, he certainly will make good use of it.

I did not notice any allowance made for candy, or soda water, did you? His last remark interested and amused me. Of course he would remember the giver; wouldn't you?

Remember, that any letter will be cheerfully answered, and any questions you will trust with your Auntie will receive her careful attention.

Very sincerely,

AUNT EM.



No. 1.



No. 3.



No. 2.



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OUTFIT NO. 2 Latest Model Mandolin, 9 ribs of Solid Mahogany and Walnut, with White Inlay Between, Extra Fine Varnish Finish, Hand Rubbed, Inlaid Sound Hole, Black Celluloid Inlaid Guard Plate, Solid Cedar Neck, Solid Rosewood Finger Board, Pearl Position Dots, Patent Nickel Plated Tail Piece (Shell Model), Superior Quality Patent Machine Head, String with professional strings ready for use. Also Mandolin Pick, Mandolin Tuning Pipe (6 pipes), Howe's Mandolin Charts and Howe's Figure Music for Mandolin (which teach without notes, by figure music, all the chords and 28 instrumental pieces). Regular retail price of this outfit, \$8.00. Our special introductory price only \$4.95.

OUTFIT NO. 3 Latest Model Violin, Dark Reddish Brown Color, (Very Rich), Highly Finished, Hand Rubbed, Light Edges, Solid Ebony Finger Board, Tail Piece and Pegs, Inlaid Edges, Professional Strings and Bridge, Extra Well Finished. Also Solid Maple Bow, with Ebony Frog, Inlaid Dot, Bone Slices and Buttons, Roam and Comprehensive Violin Self-Instructor (160 Pages, 12 Instrumental Pieces), and Lettered Finger Board (to go on neck of violin under strings, showing where to place fingers). Regular retail price of this outfit \$8.15. Our special introductory price only \$4.95.

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path it wears in the cups. Vaseline is a very good lubricant for bearings. Better have an expert look after the tires. The tires in all cases where a wheel has been left standing all winter, should be removed and freshly cemented to the rim. The old cement cracks and will not hold. Examine the head and steering gear; it is a very important part of the machine and is constantly in motion. In the adjustment of the head, care should be taken that it is neither too tight nor too loose. Any looseness can be detected by taking hold of the handle-bar and lifting it up and pressing it down alternately. If there is any looseness it must either proceed from the head or front wheel. After lubricating the bearings turn the front wheel around several times so that the bearings find their proper adjustment. The head should work freely, but should always be rigid.

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I can conceive of no happier thing than for a man to realize the truth that God has sent him into the world to fill a certain place and do a certain work. And yet how few are able to say, "For this cause came I into the world."

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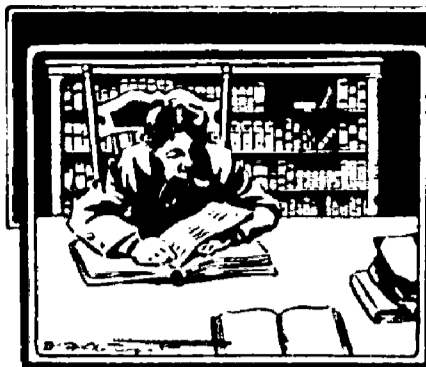
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THE BOY'S LIBRARY

Letter From Our Librarian.

"History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or gray hairs!"—Fuller.

"WITH WOLFE IN CANADA."

By G. A. HENTY.

I must tell you, boys, of what this book reminds me. Of course, you have all eaten those delicious, yet wholesome nut-candies prepared for you by a good mother or sister, or, maybe, by "just a nice girl-friend." Well, this delightful story of our favorite, G. A. Henty, reminds me very much of these same delicious sweetmeats, for the author of "With Wolfe in Canada" has skillfully enclosed a kernel of most valuable and interesting information within as charming and wholesome a romance as it was ever your good fortune to read. In Sergeant Wilks (one of the most important personages of this story) and his winsome little grand-daughter, Agnes, Henty gives us two of the most natural, as well as lovable characters in the realm of "Bookland," while the history and adventures of the noble and truly heroic, boy-hero, James Walsham, lead adroitly over land and sea, to the eventful days of 1755, when France and England contended so fiercely for colonial supremacy in Canada. The defeat of Braddock, the massacre of the English at Fort William Henry, by the Canadian Indians, the sieges of Louisberg and Ticonderoga, the capture of Quebec by the English, and the sad and tragic deaths of Lord Howe and General Wolfe are the most thrilling and important historical events of this story, in which Henty has so skillfully interwoven history, adventure and romance, that we say of the book when it is finished: "Which is stranger or most interesting—its truth or its fiction?"

Matthew Gardener—No, Richard the First, of England, was not the only monarch to whom the epithet, "The Lion-Hearted," was applied. Ladislaus the First, of Poland, was also called "Coeur de Lion." In the Odyssey the same title is given to Ulysses by Penelope, his wife; All, the Saracen ruler, was called "The Lion of God"; Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, was called "The Lion of the North"; Henry of Bavaria, and Louis the Eighth, of France, were both called the "Lion." Queen Elizabeth, of England, was called the "Lion-ess."

An American Boy—Our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum" (one out of many, one composed of many) was first suggested by John Adams to the Secretary of Congress,

Charles Thomson. This motto, which appeared on the cover of the "Gentlemen's Magazine," published in England in 1759, was suggested to Mr. Adams (during his ministry to England) by the celebrated antiquary, Sir John Prestwick, who thought this motto would forcibly express the unity existing between the American Colonies. A half-penny, or cent, struck in New Jersey in 1786, was the first coin inscribed with our national motto.

Eugene—The Battle of Syracuse ranks second in the list of the world's great battles. It was fought by the Syracusans and the Athenians four hundred and thirteen years before Christ. The defeat of the Athenians by the Syracusans brought about the downfall of Grecian supremacy and laid the foundation of Roman power. "Thus," says Arnold, the historian, "the future of the whole western world was decided by this famous battle of Syracuse, which formed a decisive epoch in the strife for universal empire which engaged all the great states of antiquity, one after the other."

Student—Napoleon Bonaparte was the emperor who once rode his horse to the top of a bell tower. On the 16th of May, 1797, the city of Venice surrendered to the armies of Napoleon, whereupon, the emperor rode to the top of the Campanile, or bell tower of St. Mark's Cathedral (the celebrated church of Venice) to signal to his fleet that his armies had won the day, and that Venice had surrendered. The Campanile was three hundred and thirty-two feet in height.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

"As the Spanish proverb says: 'He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him'; so it is in traveling; a man must carry knowledge with him if he would bring home knowledge."—Johnson.

"BOY TRAVELERS."

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

This is the Way the Story Goes, Boys.—Dr. Bronson, a kindly and intelligent American physician, and a great traveler, accompanied by his young nephews, Fred and Frank, starts upon a long and most delightful journey to the far-away lands of Japan and China. Away go the three merry travelers, over the Erie Railway, across the lovely valley of the Neversink, stopping to visit far-famed Niagara, and then onward, again, over the Great Western and the Michigan Central to Chicago; from thence across the prairies of Illinois and Iowa to Omaha, and on over the great plains to San Francisco, a distance of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight miles. Arrived in San Francisco, Dr. Bronson takes his young nephews "sight-seeing" to all the points of interest in and about that wonderful "City by the Sea."

Embarking on the good ship "Oceanic,"

our travelers sail away to foreign lands, and Fred and Frank find the pleasure of their ocean voyage much enhanced by the sea yarns of "Captain Spofford," whose forte is the telling of whale stories.

At last the great light-house at the entrance to Yeddo Bay sends out a cheery welcome to the "Oceanic," and in a few hours our travelers are landed at Yokohama, and now begin their delightful trip through Japan and China. Very few of us, comparatively speaking, can follow the footsteps of the "Boy Travelers" in reality; but by saving our spare "coppers" we can all enjoy the next best thing—that is, we can buy this very interesting and instructive book, and by reading it attentively we can enjoy an unalloyed pleasure, and gain a knowledge of China and Japan which will enable us to "hold our own" with Fred, or Frank, or any other boy who has really visited these wonderful countries. Your Librarian.

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Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York City, entered a printing office at the age of twelve, and has set type in nearly every state in the Union. He has been twelve years in Congress and is one of the most influential members there, as well as one of the very best newspaper writers in the country.



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THE BOY JOURNALIST AND PRINTER

An American Boy in Central America—Printing and Publishing an Amateur Paper.

By BARRATT O'HARA.

The small fruit steamer, bobbing over the waves of the great gulf, on the sixth day out from New Orleans, rounds a high bank and anchors in the bay of Bluefields, Nicaragua. The passenger leans over the rail and looks about him in pleasant surprise. He is in a paradise. He swears the Garden of Eden could not have been more magnificent.

Seven miles away, at the farther end of the lagoon, lies Bluefields, reposing so quietly and softly under the clear tropical heavens that for all the world you are reminded of a child resting in its mother's arms.

You wander about the town enchanted with its beauty. The residences are surrounded with bushes bearing roses 12 months in every year. Trees hanging over the thatched roof huts drop juicy oranges, tart lemons, heavy cocoanuts, green breadfruit into the very lap of the native. Its thousand-fingered leaves, flapping with the gentle breezes, the stately coconut guards the hallowed scene. Such is Bluefields—the greatest banana port in the world—and the larg-

est American colony in Spanish-America.

Here in February, 1895, an American boy, barely in his teens, landed with his father, the newly-appointed consul to San Juan del Norte. The writer was that son.

Living in Bluefields at this time was Dr. Rolando Kuehn, a jolly little man. He had traveled over most all the world and had had some wondrous adventures. Some years previous he had drifted to Bluefields, become interested in some mines, and finally decided to make it his home. He opened a drug store in a little wooden hut and succeeded in selling numberless boxes of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Carter's Little Liver Pills, and other celebrated medicines. His professional services were soon in great demand, especially by the Mosquito king, a black Indian of limited education, who had a love affair gnawing at his heart. The genial American doctor prescribed for his royal highness and incidentally composed his love epistles for him. Success henceforth was fleet-winged, and was the doctor's constant companion. He was appointed port physician at a good salary, and was in a fair way to wealth when the Mosquito rule was brought to a sudden termination by the Nicaraguans in 1894.

During the days of his prosperity Dr. Kuehn had purchased an army printing press and a collection of type and furniture. With these he printed a weekly newspaper—a good newspaper, too, as journals run in Central America. But his editorial policy was unfavorable to the Nicaraguan rulers, and the paper one day suspended publication. The newspaper office was deserted and the climate soon played havoc with the material.

This was the condition of affairs when I made the ex-editor's acquaintance. He at once, on learning I knew something of the printer's art, offered me the plant to run on percentage. I was forced to refuse the offer, however, as my home was to be in San Juan del Norte and not in Bluefields. A week yet remained before we sailed for our destination, and I determined to run the office on trial during that week.

One morning I opened the door of the shanty, and waited for business. Nor had I long to wait. Presently a portly American gentleman entered the shop. He was a travelling dentist stopping for a few days in Bluefields. His stock of cards had run out and he desired a hundred printed. He offered me \$6 for the job, he to furnish the blank cards.

I readily accepted the offer and immediately set to work.

An Army press, rusted in the "joints," is but little better than no press at all. At first the machine would not work, but a liberal use of the oil can finally removed a little of the friction. The wheel moved and the first impression was made. It was not a sample of artistic printing. The type was not of equal height or of similar figure; nor was the impression equal in all parts. The cards were turned out, however, delivered and paid for.

Shortly afterwards we sailed for San Juan del Norte and Kuehn's printing establishment again sank into oblivion.

The following June I received a 5x8 Excelsior press from the United States. I set the press up in my chamber at the hotel and immediately started to issue an amateur magazine. For one week I labored—setting the type, printing the page, and explaining the machine to many native friends who, having never seen such an apparatus before, flocked to my room and hurled scores of questions at me. On the eighth day the paper came out.

It was called "The Youth's Magazine," rather a dignified name for a four-page, two-column publication. The first page contained a sketch of Paul

Revere. The second was the editorial page, and in some blood-stirring items I urged with equal force the completion of the Nicaraguan canal and the placing of advertisements in "The Youth's Magazine." Another editorial extolled the character of a prominent politician of the country. The third page was filled with clippings of interest to my Nicaraguan readers. The fourth page was given over to advertisements.

The paper was put on sale at once. Forty copies were sold in San Juan del Norte at five cents a copy. Some 200 numbers were sent to friends and exchanges in the United States, and another hundred scattered through the Central American countries. The paper had about 400 circulation in all. As far as I know, this was the first amateur publication issued in the Republic of Nicaragua.

A little job printing was taken in and promptly executed. I was working up a good business and making more money than boys of my age usually do, when one day a highly educated Colombian woman called on me.

Her husband had been the editor of one of Colombia's most influential journals, and one of the leading politicians of the republic. He had, unfortunately, joined an attempt against the existing government and been killed in battle. Mrs. Castro was then compelled to flee from her native land and had come to

San Juan del Norte. Here her ability was soon recognized and she had been given a position in the public schools.

She did not speak English, nor I, at that time, Spanish, so an interpreter was employed.

"I understand you have a printing press, Mr. O'Hara."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, that is interesting. I desire to issue a weekly paper, about the size of your 'Youths' Magazine,' I believe. Of course the paper will be in Spanish. What will be the cost of such a paper?"

Here was a fine job. I figured a little and finally told her \$10 an issue. She readily agreed to my terms and I returned to my room with the manuscript for the first issue.

It is a difficult operation to read another's handwriting, when the words are in a language unfamiliar to you. You must decipher every word, and do it accurately. I soon found out I had undertaken a work too great for my capacity. I made sorry progress. At last I threw up the job in despair.

Mrs. Castro had set her heart on her embryo journal, and my failure to turn out the paper saddened her greatly. She made an offer for the purchase of my outfit and after many moments consideration I sold out to her for \$60 cash.

The press was speedily transferred to Mrs. Castro's home. She knew nothing of the printer's art, yet her original

mind soon invented a plan. She called in all her friends—the pretty Peruvian woman, the persistent Nicaraguan lover with the mustache pointed wildly at each end, the good-hearted wife of the governor of the state, the Costa Rican youth who would have given half his life to outstrip his rival in the lady's affection. It was explained to them that a paper was to be issued. It must be out in a week's time. There stood the press, there stood the type, there the manuscript. Let them pitch in.

And pitch in they did. My! how the type disappeared from the cases. The governor's wife attempted to outstrip the Peruvian woman; the Costa Rican worked as he had never worked before to decisively defeat his Nicaraguan rival; and both the Peruvian woman and the Nicaraguan man worked with a determination not to be outdone. The proprietress, happy in the success of her scheme, passed quietly about the room, directed the puzzled, smiled sweetly—as only a Spanish-American lass can smile—at first one and then another, and corrected the many mistakes of her co-workers. For five days the work continued and at last the paper appeared in all its glory.

Readers declared the contents of the little journal brilliant. Brilliant they no doubt were, but as to the typographical appearance—well, that's another story.

A few days after the journal had been issued the editor received an appointment as instructor in the largest college of the republic. She left San Juan del Norte, the Nicaraguan youth and the Costa Rican lover. Her printing press went with her into the interior and today somewhere in tropical America lies a press from which the first amateur paper of San Juan del Norte was printed.

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THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREWELL.

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

Value of Criticism.

Any old picture which he takes himself is a source of delight to the amateur photographer when he first begins. He will show his "horrors" with as much pleasure as if they were prize pictures. But if he attends meetings of a camera club he soon begins to discriminate between the good and the bad, and it is not long before his maiden efforts are relegated to the ash heap or the darkest corner in his dark closet.

Criticism is the best teacher the amateur photographer can have. Let others who are unbiased and have some knowledge of the art look at your work. If it is received in the right spirit, calling attention to the defects will prevent their repetition, and while the negatives will not increase quite so rapidly, those that do pass muster will repay the outlay of time and expense in securing them.

Do not be thin-skinned. The more severe the criticism the better you should like it.

The Jex Bardwell Developer.

Some months ago Jex Bardwell, of Detroit, Mich., one of the oldest and most observing photographers in the country, made a new developer which the members of the Minneapolis Camera Club claim has become their favorite. It consists of water, 2 oz.; saturated solution of sodium sulphite, 2 drams; acetone, 1

dram; dry pyro, 5 grains. The alkali being absent, danger of chemical fog is slight. In under-time plates the developer should be considerably weakened by the addition of more water.

A Trick Camera.

There has been put on the market a trick camera called the "X" Ray," which apparently does a wonderful thing. The camera, with its pneumatic ball, is placed in position before a sitter, in front of whose body is placed a sheet, apparently of white paper, without a mark upon it. Behind the body is placed a lamp with a light. The "exposure" is made by pressing the ball. Gradually the paper loses its whiteness, the various organs of the body quickly depict themselves, first in faint color, then almost immediately in brilliant reds for the lungs, a duller red for the heart, and blue for the veins; other parts in black. This result, however, is only a trick. The white piece of paper has previously been painted over with strong and diluted sulphocyanide solution, ferrocyanide solution, weak and strong, and finally with tannin, the details being supplied by an anatomical drawing, over which the paper is placed while the organs are being painted by the various solutions named. The squeezing of the bulb does not, as imagined, open the lens, it simply ejects upon the paper a spray of solution of ferric chloride from a concealed source. The well-known reaction of the salt with the chemicals named produces the various colors.

Pressing the button is but a small part of photography. It takes brains as well as hands to do good work. I would give a word of advice:

Do not depend upon printed instructions and expect very good results. A little instruction at the hands of some one who is experienced is worth a good deal of printed matter. Many failures are the result of adhering to printed instructions and not using common sense and asking questions. The trouble with most amateur photographers is that they are not willing to apply themselves. In this, as in everything else, practice makes perfect.



FLUFF SMELLS MEAT.

FIRST PRIZE AMATEUR PHOTO. MARCH CONTEST. L. H. MOODY, HARTFORD, CONN.

Use the Ground Glass.

The use of the ground glass tells just what will appear on the plate. The photographer cannot depend on his eyes to give him this information, for he has two eyes, while the camera has but one. The objects seen in the foreground with the eyes cover much less of the background than does the object seen through the camera. The perspective being different, the picture is different. Here is a very good reason why one should always use the ground glass, when possible, even if it is some trouble. Then a little shifting to one side or the other, or back or forward, will make a good picture of what would otherwise have been a poor one.

Answers to Correspondents.

Sydney Cooper—Highly glazed pictures are out of style. Now everything runs to dull surface effects. Have you ever tried Aristo Platino? It makes a beautiful finish.

John Crosby—If you will send on your negative, will try to tell you what is the matter with it. The print you forward is not good enough from which to form an opinion.

Jules Stanley—By a "fuzzy" picture is meant one that is slightly out of focus. The Impressionist school of photographers ape this style. You had better stick to plain, nicely focused photography for the present.

Henry Robinson—You need a wide angle lens to take an interior such as you describe. Then, by standing the camera in one corner, you can obtain almost all of the room. Place the furniture so that it will not look bunched.

Charles Moulton—You are using too strong developer for your snap-shots. As a rule instantaneous pictures need a diluted developer. It takes a little longer,

but it will save many an undertimed picture, as snap-shots are apt to be.

Harry Wayne—Non-halation plates are expensive. Suppose you experiment with some kind of non-halation backing, which can be obtained from any photo-supply house. If you do buy the real plates, follow the directions that come with them.

W. S.: Where can I get a good work on photography for amateurs?

The following are published by the Baker & Taylor Co., and are good books: "Sunlight and Shadow," one hundred and fifty pages and one hundred photo-engravings, bound in art canvas, with gilt design, \$2.50.

"In Nature's Image," the companion volume to "Sunlight and Shadow," supplementing it and completing the subject of Pictorial Photography, \$2.50.

"Amateur Photography," A practical guide for the beginner; paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

"The Photographic Instructor," a textbook for the professional and amateur, of which seven thousand have been printed, two hundred and fifteen pages; paper, \$1.00.

Any of these books can be purchased from the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY at the prices named.

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Amateur Photographers

who own cameras, will do well to purchase their supplies from us, as our goods are always fresh and all orders are filled promptly. Those who do not own cameras, but expect to, should get our prices before purchasing elsewhere. We sell all advertised brands of cameras and supplies.

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LEWIS & MYERS, 586 87th Street. CHICAGO, ILL.

Walter Holmes—A pretty fair photographic outfit, for developing and printing as well as the camera itself, can be obtained for \$15. If you will send on that amount and tell just what kind of pictures you want to take, THE AMERICAN BOY will select and send you an outfit, free of charge.

Willie Watson—A country boy has a better chance of getting prize pictures than the city chap. Pictures of animals with artistic surroundings such as a stream, and hills, and valleys afford, are always in demand.

Edgar A. Graves—There is money in amateur photography if you will confine your work to views that people want to buy, and do it properly.

D. D. Mohny—The light streak across the bottom of the print you send is caused by light entering the camera—probably when you withdrew the slide to make the exposure. The camera was

placed too low; the lens should have been as high as the chin, at least. Use alcohol for your flash lamp, and for the flash expose as long as the powder burns. If your hypo is old or dirty, it is apt to stain the print.

The Center of Interest.

Every picture should possess a center of interest. That means that there should be one point on which the eye naturally rests. Some one object of importance should be the most prominent. If the picture "scatters," if it contains a number of objects equally interesting, the effect is not so good as where there is more simplicity. Long focus lenses cut off much that appears in a picture where one of wide angle has been used. Therefore "professional" amateurs are likely to advise the use of the long focus lens in landscape views. Study the scene well before making the exposure. Have the center of interest well in the fore-

ground, but not in the center. Don't try to crowd in too much. Then, if care is taken in the development and printing, your friends will not vote you a photographic bore.



SECOND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH.
By F. E. FOSTER IOWA FALLS, IA.

Olberton W. H.
March 25, 1900
Sprague Pub. Co.
Detroit Mich.
Dear Editor;
Here is an item you may publish in the Animal Kingdom of the American Boy; you may of heard of this animal before. I will give the story as it was told to me. This animal was found in Brazil it is strong, five ft. tall. It is called the Boogum. It was asleep when found hanging from a tree with head downward. Its home will be in the Philadelphia Zoo. It can tear wood into splinters, therefore it must be kept in a cage of metal. This is its picture as near as I can draw it. Yours truly
Deane Mahony
Illerton, N. J.

Boys in the Animal Kingdom

Dr. Talmage on Dogs.

Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon said: "I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watch-dogs, who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection for wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice, and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs, that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow, the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon lest in removing the cancer he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated, I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar, and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, it would not at all disturb my heaven."

Save the Gulls and Terns.

One of the most charming features of the seacoast—the seabirds, is rapidly passing away. Not long ago the whole Atlantic coast was thronged with the Terns, the most exquisite of the Gull family. They have nearly been wiped out by the agents of the milliners. This year will see almost the last pair killed. The larger Gulls, which are not only very beautiful, but absolutely necessary as harbor scavengers, are being rapidly exterminated, also.

We make an appeal to the American boy, and through him to his mother and sister, in behalf of these birds, whose exquisite beauty, wild voices and romantic lives add so much to the grandeur of the sea coast. Let the evil eye of fashion turn for a time to other victims and let us save the comparatively few gulls that will have reached their breeding places by the time this paper is in the hands of its readers and will be eagerly sought for by an army of hunters.

Sea-birds do more than simply lend attraction to the sea coast; they are absolute necessities. One in speaking of the value of sea-birds to the health of the community, has said:

"An immense horde of them, which naturalists think number anywhere from a hundred thousand to a million, gorge twice a day in New York Bay upon garbage. As the hour of the dump approaches, these multitudes fill the whole air to an immense height, over an area of several miles, then gradually settle on

the sea in vast white sheets. The whistle of the police boat, the signal to dump, seems to waft them simultaneously into the air, to gather, like dense snow clouds, over the floating masses just emptied from the many scows.

"Imagine from what an amount of putrid matter these birds, as big as hens, save the adjacent beaches, not to speak of their perpetual gleaning in the actual harbors! And this is a specimen of what occurs at every port.

"And shall this incalculable sanitary benefit, and all this beauty, terminate forever, and for no worthy purpose?"

The places to be protected are certain islands on the coasts of Maine, Long Island, New Jersey, Maryland, and perhaps Virginia and Florida. The American Ornithologists' Union is an organization formed for the purpose of guarding every breeding place where there is a law to back it, and this organization should have not only the moral but the financial support of every bird lover.

Correspondence regarding the subject may be had with Wm. Dutcher, treasurer of the union, 525 Manhattan avenue, New York City.

A Valuable Dog.

Lieutenant-Commander Herbert Winslow, executive officer of the United States Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I., has perhaps the rarest and most valu-



"LI HUNG CHANG"
PEKIN PUG, AGE 4, OWNED BY COMMANDER WINSLOW, U. S. NAVY.

able dog in the country. He is a thoroughbred Pekin pug. It is said that even in Pekin, China, where almost alone these dogs are found, it is with the greatest difficulty that one can get a

thoroughbred. Mr. Winslow's dog is named Li Hung Chang. His age is four. The Pekin pug differs from the Japanese pug, with which he is often confounded, in that he has greater intelligence, more sturdiness, and a broader forehead. Li Hung Chang has almost human intelligence. He jumps, sits up, speaks, whispers, dies for his country and talks, in dog fashion. Throw him a bone and tell him that it is Spanish meat, he treats it with the greatest disdain; if you tell him it is Chinese meat he eats it with a great relish.

A Dog Goes to Jail With His Master.

The judge of a Hoboken court the other day passed a sentence of fifteen days in jail on a mongrel dog. The dog's master got a sentence of the same length. The master was fifty-two years old and looked older; he was gaunt from hunger, and clad in rags. There wasn't anything very handsome about the dog. His tail was only a stump, his ribs had no flesh on them; and he was a generally run down animal—a match for his master. His name was Kaiser.

The man appeared at the police station, saying that he had been driven in by the cold, and asked admission to the almshouse. The poormaster said that he thought he could accommodate the man, but he refused to take in the dog. The old man straightened up and for a moment presented a brave front as he said, "Then he and I will go and die on the streets together." The man began to sob and dropping on one knee stroked the dog's head, saying, "No, Kaiser, they can't separate us. We have no one but each other and we will die together if we can't do any better." Then the old man told his story.

The poormaster gave the pair shelter and food for the night and the next day took them before the judge of the Police Court, where the man told his story again and the court passed a sentence upon the pair as vagrants, and they went to jail happy, because they were together. When they reached the jail the janitor told the old man he would give him a meal, but that he would have to feed the dog later. The old man refused to have it that way, however, and shared the meal with his chum. They went to sleep on a bench, Kaiser curling himself upon his master's breast.

When the prisoner's name was being taken down in the jail office on their arrival at the place of confinement, the old man proudly launched into a story of Kaiser's virtues. He loyally and lovingly asserted that his friend had all sorts of blue blood running through his veins. Kaiser meanwhile cocking his exceedingly plebeian head to one side and pounding on the floor with his tail, as if trying to make a good impression.

"All right, old man, you go upstairs. I'll look after the dog," said the warden. "Hold on, Capt. don't do that," said the old man in alarm. "Please don't separate me and my dog. We couldn't stand it. You know we've been together too long. I don't want much. Just put me where my dog is. I'll be satisfied."

The warden gave in, and the two were locked up together in the ward for "fifteen-day men."

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The Dog Contest.



"TAFFY," THE PRIZE DOG.

IN our April number we offered a prize of a handsome collar for the swellest looking dog, photographs to be in our hands by April 15. The dogs, or rather their photographs, have been coming. There is "Nellie," "Gypsie," "Sceptre," "Ned," "Taffy," "Judge," "Gaynelle," "Archie," "Prince," "Dewey" from Nebraska and "Dewey" from Michigan, "King," and several whose names do not appear. The prize goes to "Taffy" owned by Albert Percival Cushman, Ellsworth, Maine. Honorable mention to "Dewey" of Michigan, and "Gypsie," whose portraits will appear next month.

We are very sorry that we cannot give a prize for all these dogs, every one of which is a beauty, though some of the photographs are so poorly taken that they do not do the originals any credit.

We shall try again. We will send to the best looking dog whose picture reaches us by the time we go to press with the June number, a handsome collar, with his name engraved on it.

Boys, get ready for the pony contest. See announcement in our June number.

ADDRESS PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT,

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING Co., DETROIT, MICH.

BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

How to Make Tailless Kites.

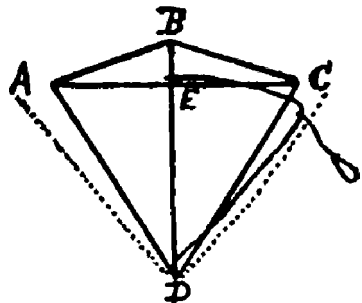
N. R. BRIGGS.

The construction of the modern tailless kite is as easy once you know how, as is the old style kite with its cumbersome-looking tail. Why this new kite should have been so long in coming to the front, when it is known that it was made and flown centuries ago by the Javanese, Chinese and Malaysians, is hard to account for.

Now that the kite-flying season is again at hand, no doubt the young readers—perhaps the older ones, too—of THE AMERICAN BOY will be interested in knowing how to construct these new kites, now so much used for scientific purposes.

I shall give the methods for two kinds of these kites—the Parakite and Box kite:

Beginning with the Parakite, select a sound, straight-grained stick—pine or spruce woods are the best—and from it



saw out two pieces one-quarter inch square and thirty-six inches long. The cross-arm A C intersects the upright stick B D at E seventeen per cent of its length (six and one-half inches) from top, and is securely fastened there. The cross-arm is then bent back, bow fashion, ten per cent (three and one-half inches), and fastened with a string as if for a bow. Strong twine or picture frame wire (No. 0) is now tied around the whole frame, and securely fastened at points A B C D, so that they can not slip; but taking care to see that the distances between points A D C and A B C are equal, otherwise, the kite frame will not be in true shape. The covering is best made from some light strong cotton goods, such as percalline, and of any color fancy dictates. Having made your selection, lay it out smoothly upon the floor, and placing the kite frame upon it, cut the material as follows: First, make a mark on each side of upright stick near cross-arm, and also a mark two inches above point B.

Now, holding the lower end of frame D fast, move the top part of frame to right (as shown in dotted lines) of central mark five per cent (one and seven-eighths inches), and draw a line one inch wider than kite frame B C D, for a margin to paste over frame. Then, in same manner move frame to left of central mark, and draw a line an inch wider, as on the right side. Now cut along the lines the covering for your kite. This done, and while frame is still in position on left side, paste over side D A, and then move to right side and paste over side D C. Then begin with the top portion, by pasting along from A and C towards B, gathering the fullness equally from both sides along at the same time to within two inches on either side of B, where it is made into a box pleat and pasted nicely over the frame. The purpose of this fullness at the top of the kite is to allow of the wind forming concaves on each side of the upright stick, which gives stability to the flight of the kite. It is this feature and the bowing of the cross-arm, that permits flying the kite without a tail. The bridle-string is now cut long enough so that when one end is fastened about an inch from the bottom end at D, and the other end to the upright close to and above the cross-arm at E, the loop end would come to within an inch of the end of the cross-arm at C. The main line is then fastened to this loop at a point which would fall about an inch below the end of cross-arm. This point may have to be changed a little up or down to secure absolute poise—a fractional part of an inch often sufficing. Once this point is secure, rather than untie the main line at this point when through with a flight, cut the main line about twenty inches from this point of fastening, and make a loop in it to which the main line may be fastened more quickly. This short piece is called a whip line.

The Box or Cellular kite, which is also of the tailless variety, is preferred by some to the Parakite, owing to its greater novelty in shape; but it requires a stronger wind to fly it on account of its being much heavier. It is made as follows: Four straight grained pieces of pine or spruce three-eighths of an inch square and thirty inches long are sawed out. Two each of these are fastened together by a strip one inch wide, one-eighth inch thick, and eight inches long,

three inches from top and bottom ends, and form the sides of the kite. A small hole is then bored through each of these pieces about one inch from the ends. Four pieces more, one-quarter inch square and twenty-four inches long, are also sawed out and fitted with shoulder to enter these holes, which are to hold the sides of the kite apart, and complete frame. Two strips of any-colored muslin are now cut six inches wide when hemmed, to prevent raveling, and long enough to go around the kite frame and fasten together at the ends. These strips are tacked tightly around the frame, one at the top and one at the bottom ends, so that they will not slip up or down on the frame sticks. The bridle-cord is now cut six feet long, and so fastened to each side of the frame close to and about an inch below the top strip of muslin. The main line is then tied to the loop end of this bridle at the center, when the kite is ready for a trial flight, and if carefully made it should be a good flyer. It may be necessary to raise or lower the bridle on the sticks a trifle according as the wind is light or strong, raising them evenly if the wind is strong, or lowering them if very light.

Kite flying is a most fascinating, as well as health-giving exercise to young and old of both sexes; and, in many respects, it is more interesting and exciting than bicycling.

Perhaps the most practical as well as novel experiment that has yet been made with a kite is that of fishing from the shore; the kite being made to carry a line with baited hooks well out from the shore, when the line is dropped into the water and hauled slowly in.

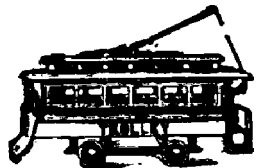
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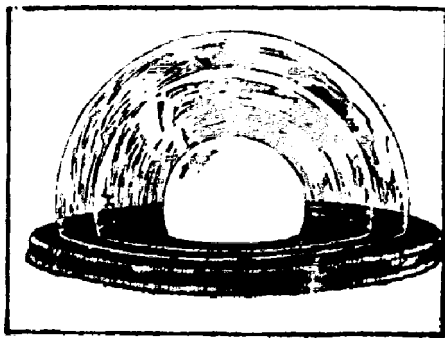


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room, as the evaporation bursts them. Then cover a plate with a thin layer of the soapy water. Blow a bubble from the widest tube and lay it gently on the plate. Soak the other smaller tube in the soapy water, so that it is wet some distance



from the outer end. Then very gently insert the tube and blow a bubble with it in the large bubble already on the plate, as in figure 1. Now you have two bubbles inside of one another. To make the third, take a common clay pipe, wet it well on

the outside in the soapy water, and then, inserting it very gently into the inner of the other two bubbles, blow a bubble, not too large, and fill it with smoke through the pipe to make it more distinct. Release the bubble from the pipe end, withdraw the pipe and you have three bubbles miraculously inside of each other, or at least it seems miraculous to any one who does not know how it is done.

THE ENCHANTED HANDKERCHIEF.

This handkerchief is used for causing the disappearance of such articles as a coin, a card, an egg, or a watch. It consists of two handkerchiefs—colored ones are the best—of the same pattern carefully stitched together all around the edges, but with a slit in one of them about four inches in length in the middle. The space between the handkerchiefs thus forms a pocket, the slit being the opening. In shaking the handkerchief—which no one will dream is a double one, if the thing is managed cleverly—keep the side with the slit next to you. In placing any article in the

center it will fall inside and upon shaking the handkerchief the article seems to have disappeared and it can be made to appear at pleasure

A SPINNING HANDKERCHIEF.

This is an amusing and mysterious trick, but one easily managed. A short stick and a large handkerchief are required. Throwing the handkerchief in the air, it is caught on the end of the stick and spun rapidly around in all directions, and thrown off the end of the stick, it is caught again as it is falling, and before it reaches the floor. The secret of this trick is that at the end of the stick a needle is inserted and allowed to project about half an inch with the point outwards. Therefore, the handkerchief when thrown into the air is caught upon the point of the projecting needle, which being very fine, is not noticeable.

THE GEYSER BOTTLE.

Take a small bottle, the neck of which should not be more than a sixth of an inch in diameter. Fill this bottle full of

red wine and place it in a glass vessel, whose height exceeds that of the bottle about two inches. Fill the vessel with water. The wine will shortly come out of the bottle and rise to the surface in the form of a column, while at the same time the water entering the bottle will supply the place of the wine. The reason for this is, of course, because the wine is not so heavy as the water.

THE OBEDIENT WATCH.

This is a very simple trick, but it causes much fun and astonishment. Have concealed in the palm of your left hand a small magnet, and borrowing a watch, ask the owner if it is in good order and going. He will, of course, say "Yes." Place it to his ear and ask him if it is going. He will again reply "Yes." Place it to the ear of the next person and he will say "No," and so on from one person to another. To cause the watch to stop, it is taken in the left hand in which the magnet is concealed. Taken in the right hand it will go all right, but it will stop when in the left.

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The Boy Stamp Collector

A Famous Young Stamp Collector. How Tippecanoe Casey Paid Off the Mortgage.



J. S. Higgins, a 14-year-old boy living in Manchester, England, is undoubtedly the foremost boy stamp collector in the world," says "The Young Stamp Collector," published in London. His collection of stamps and postmarks is arranged in a manner worthy

of the greatest philatelists of the day. The Judges at the Manchester Philatelic Exhibition last August awarded this boy two silver medals and one bronze medal for his exhibits. He says that his first idea of stamps was gained by reading an article in Pearson's Weekly in May, 1896, at which time he cut the illustrations from the article and gummed them into an ordinary exercise book and then painted them. Someone gave him, on his eleventh birthday, a five-shilling Lincoln Album. He says: "I then set to work collecting stamps, but I did not get the right sort. An expert advised me to collect the better class of stamps, and I took his advice. I believe in specializing. I collect only British stamps, and I have them arranged in the three albums, with interchangeable leaves, in all five thousand varieties being represented."

The boy is a member of the Junior London Philatelic Society. Through the courtesy of "The Young Stamp Collector," we are enabled to present to our readers pictures of the boy and of two of his medals.

Rare New Stamp.
The government of New Zealand has issued a new stamp, which is likely before long to become extremely rare. Some miles out to sea, beyond Auckland, there is a tiny fertile spot, inhabited by some ten families, which no regular boat service joins to the archipelago. It is called Great Barrier Island. Some time ago a pigeon service was instituted by the authorities between this little isle and Auckland, and there is now a regular mail, which goes out once a fortnight. It is for the letters, or pigeograms, as they are called, that the new stamp is to be used. The letter itself may not be more than ten inches by four inches in size, and is written upon specially prepared thin paper. The stamps are pink—a pigeon with a letter in its beak, with the inscription, "Great Barrier Island—Special Post—one shilling." Only one thousand eight hundred stamps have been printed for the first issue; so, as before mentioned, the stamp is likely to be very rare.

As every true story has to have a location, I locate this one in the town of C., in Cortland county, N. Y., where, in 1892, Tippecanoe Casey, a thirteen-year-old boy, lived with his mother and two sisters. Tip (the name by which everybody in the town called him), was not a model of perfection as a boy, but was just a wide-awake, well-balanced, truthful, honorable boy, which is not so bad a model, after all. Tip and his family lived in a very pretty little home, the only unsightly thing about it being the mortgage which covered every inch of it. How to get this dreadful mortgage off had been the subject of speculation with Tip and his mother for a long time. Tip was a brave lad and used to say to his mother, "Never mind, mother, next time we may succeed; some time we will." Three years before the time of which I am writing, when Tip was ten years old, his uncle Silas, who had visited many countries as a government official, gave to Tip a small collection of odd coins and stamps. Tip never tired of studying them, and with the aid of a big geography he located the homes of all the specimens and learned quite a good deal, not only about stamps but about countries. His uncle had given him some books from which he could find out the history of the stamps and something about their value and the cause of their issuance. Three years of study made Tip a fairly intelligent stamp collector. He could readily tell the market value of almost any rare stamp, as well as the country to which it belonged and the circumstances of its issuance. In this town also lived, for a great many years, an old German by the name of Andrew Van B., who for nearly a quarter of a century, had been a thorough stamp student and a good collector, so much so that he possessed a very valuable collection. There were shilling stamps of New Brunswick and of Nova Scotia, and many early United States stamps, including Department, Confederate, and locals. A great many of the stamps were in unused condition. Mr. Van B. died, and his heirs, not caring anything for the old stamps and knowing little about them, put them in the hands of an auctioneer for sale. Now came Tip's opportunity. There were few persons at the sale who had any idea of the worth of stamps. Tip got a peep into the albums and saw at once that he had a prize within his grasp. The auctioneer called for bids, and someone bid five dollars. Tip doubled it. For a moment or two there was no advance, and then some venturesome person raised the bid another five dollars, to which Tip promptly added another five

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dollars. Then everybody began to stare. Someone cautioned the boy, but he shook his head and listened for another bid; but none came. The albums were passed over to Tip, who hugged them to himself and in an undertone exclaimed, "Mine!" Tip knew that there were single stamps in that collection that were worth more than all that he had given for the collection. He hurried home with them and began a careful examination of his treasures. Making up his mind what they were worth, he hurried off to a dealer whom he knew and sold the collection for enough money to remove the mortgage from the house and carry home in his pockets exactly two hundred and thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, two hundred dollars of which at once went into good hands, where it drew for Tip six per cent interest.

This is a true story. Who can say that a knowledge of philately, or of numismatics, is of no importance and of no value to a boy? Aside from the financial benefit, the collector learns a great deal about civil government, history and geography.

Our readers should bear in mind that we neither buy nor sell stamps. We will answer questions regarding stamps and help the boys all that we can in making their collections; but we are not stamp dealers.

The Boy Coin Collector

The Numismatic Sphinx.
 O. Smyth, Brandon, Minn.—No premium on U. S. quarter of 1893.

Clarence Vittum, Reinbeck, Ia.—The 1853 dimes, quarters and half dollars with arrow points each side date have no premium. Those dates without the arrows and rays are the rare ones. A good 1804 half cent is worth twenty-five cents.

Francis S. S., Des Moines, Iowa.—The United States mint has been at Philadelphia since 1793: New Orleans, La. (O), organized in 1838; Dahlonega, Ga. (D), organized 1838, suspended 1861; Charlotte, N. C. (C), organized 1838, and suspended 1861; San Francisco, Cal. (S), organized 1854; Carson City, Nev. (C. C.), organized 1870. This mint has coined no silver since 1878, and is now suspended. Mint marks, therefore, first began to appear on coins in 1838. Coins with no mint mark, and this would include all the minor coins—copper, bronze, three-cent silver and all nickel coins—have always been struck in the Philadelphia mint. All the coins issued in the parent mint have no mint mark.

Rev. H. Montgomery, New Brunswick.—Sends rubbing of a coin which may be described as follows: Obverse Maltese cross with ornaments in angles and inscription, "In hoc signo vinces," and date 1748. Reverse, inscription in three lines, "Half a--moldore--or 13.6." This coin was struck by Portugal for some of her colonies, and if genuine should be in gold with an intrinsic value of \$3.10. If it is of brass or some other alloyed metal, as we often find copies of these gold coins of Spain and Portugal, it becomes simply a copy of a genuine piece, and only an object of curiosity. Your jeweler would quickly determine for you the genuineness of the coin.

Lafayette Aulb, Mishawaka, Ind.—A "proof" coin is the first product of the finished die, they have a bright mirror-like surface. A "common" coin is just what its term would indicate, a coin that is common or easy to obtain. A "proof" coin may be a "common" coin, because some proof pieces are easily obtained.

Ralph V. Rich, Onancock, Va.—The six coins you send are all very common. Your dime of 1876, C. C. mint, is common. The rare C. C. (Carson City) dimes are 1871, '72, '73, '74. Other mint mark dimes that are rare is the O (New Orleans) 1860, and S (San Francisco) 1858, '59, '70 and '85. Other rare silver coins issued by our branch mints are: Dollars C. C., 1870, '71, '72, '73; S, 1859, '72, '73; O, 1846, '50. Half dollars, O, 1838, '53, no arrows in rays; S, 1855, '57, '78; C. C., 1873, no arrows.

A Few Canadian Notes.

The following is a list of the values of the Jubilee stamps issued in 1897: 1/2c black, 1c yellow, 2c green, 3c red, 5c blue, 6c brown, 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c, 50c, \$1, \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5.

They were all of the same design and size.

The 12d black stamp (Canadian) issued in 1851, can be easily sold for \$400. Less than 2,000 were issued and thus it is one of the world's 150 rarest stamps. In each corner are the figures 12. In the center is the bust of Queen Victoria; above which is "Canada Postage" and below "Twelve Pence."

109 varieties very fine. India, Egypt, hinges, etc. Catalogued \$1.50, only 10c. 6 v. Sardinia unused, 5c. Fine sheets 50 per cent. Lists free. Samuel P. Hughes, Omaha, Neb.

HOW TO MAKE \$4.25!
 Send me 75c for 100 green Canada law stamps, large and handsome, which sell easily at 5c each. Make splendid "traders," too. W. KELSEY HALL, Peterboro, Ont.

300 VARIETIES FOR 25 CENTS

Our 300 variety packet has proved a great winner, and you should get in the push and order one. Price, post free, **A WINNER** 27 cents. There is not a cut card, Revenue or U. S. stamp in the lot and every stamp a picked copy. Address: Echo Stamp Co., Box 897, Watertown, N. Y.

Quarter dollars, C. C., 1870, '71, '72, '73; S, 1864, '66, '71. Twenty cents, C. C., 1876. Half dimes, O, 1838, '42, '44, '48, '49, '52; S, 1871.

J. Ferd Jossen, Mobile, Ala.—Asks the value of a gold quarter of 1870. There are at least four varieties of these gold quarters of this date, two varieties octagonal and two round. They are all rare, and worth from \$1.75 up to \$3.00.

V. A. Gonzales, Atlanta, Ga., and others, ask where catalogues may be obtained showing the premium value of coins, etc. The last standard catalogues of coins, and the best ever issued in any country, were published by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., of New York City, in 1893. A little later they gave up their coin business and the catalogues have been for some time out of print. None others deserving to be compared have been issued since. The great range in coin collecting renders a complete catalogue impossible. No dealer could afford or pretend to keep a full stock of coins in even any one line. At the same time, there are dealers like H. E. Morey & Co., 31 Exchange St., Boston, Mass.; J. W. Scott Co., 43 John St., New York; Stevens & Co., 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.; F. E. Ellis, 212 N. Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo., and others who carry very good lines and will no doubt be glad to send their circulars, catalogues, etc., to all applicants. In some instances a merely nominal fee is charged for catalogues, which can be learned by addressing them.

The only monthly coin magazine published in America is The Numismatist, of Monroe, Mich., intended for those who wish to drink deeper from the numismatic fount. Its publisher will send a sample copy on receipt of ten cents, to all who ask.

R. W. W. H. S.—No. 1, "Ship Colonies and Commerce," a common Canadian token. No. 2, England, Victoria penny, 1853, worth 10 cents. No. 3, a bouquet sou token of Montreal, Canada. There are many varieties of these bouquet tokens, some of them rare. Yours, however, is a common variety. A good 1825 cent is worth 25 cents. There were many, many hundred varieties of half-penny tokens struck in Great Britain during the latter part of last century. Yours of 1793, with a female seated with staff in hand, and a stork on the reverse, is one of them. Your other coin is a copper of Louis XVI, of France. This coin represents an interesting period in French history, the beginning of the end of imperialism, and the beginning of the first French republic. Louis XVI, is represented on the obverse as "Roi des Fran-

800 VARIETIES OF GENUINE POSTAGE STAMPS \$3.00

We lead, others follow. This offer of 800 different postage stamps for \$3.00 is a marvelous offer when it is considered that we make a guarantee that proves that this is no ordinary lot of stamps. 400 stamps at 1/2 of a cent each! Post free to any part of the U. S. or Canada. If \$3.50 is remitted, we will send an album—cloth bound, fully illustrated, with spaces for 4000—as well as the 800 different stamps, both for \$3.50! If you already have an album, or only want the stamps to sell or trade, remit \$3.00 and the stamps go by return mail.

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 Dept. B Century Building. ST. LOUIS, MO.

YOUR ATTENTION ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.

My name is TUTHILL, Luther B., of South Creek, N. C. I want to interest you in OLD PAPER MONEY, a hobby that many are riding and in interest it rivals COINS or STAMPS.

To secure a trial order, I offer
 7 varieties of Confederate Bills for 16c
 7 of Broken Bank Bills 17c
 10 of various kinds, sizes and values 30c
 A souvenir of the Rebellion with each order.
 Remit in stamps.

coins" (king of the French). On the reverse we find the fasces (the emblem of liberty), surmounted by the liberty cap itself, with the legend: "La Nation—la Loi—la Roi" ("the Nation, the Law and the King"). Notice that in the trinity the king is mentioned last. In the exergue, 1791, 2 or 3, with the year of liberty; 3, 4 or 5, de la Liberte. Remember that in January, 1793, the king suffered death by the guillotine. Many of these coins are struck in bell metal, the church bells being taken for this purpose, melted and cast into coin. The letter A on your coin is the Paris mint mark.

John Markham, Chicago, Ill.—Asks the value of a gold dollar piece of 1892, O under wreath. As the O (New Orleans) mint only coined gold dollars for 1849, '50, '51, '52, '53 and '55, and none have been issued in any United States mint since 1889, we are at a loss to know just what our correspondent has. All the gold dollars have a premium and are worth from \$1.50 up.

The monogram of Christ is often seen on the coins of Constantine, 337 A. D., down to Constantine IV., 668 A. D. On the coins of Michael, I., A. D. 811-13, Michael III., A. D. 866-67, and Constantine X., 912-959, Christ is represented as holding a copy of the Evangelists in his right hand. On other coins He is shown seated. John I. Zimice, A. D. 969-75, gives us His full face picture, the same as we see Him represented in illustration today, with the legend translated, "Jesus Christ King of Kings."

THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR

Be a Collector; Make Your Wants Known.

The boy in the coal regions can pick up from his path every day hundreds of little chunks of iron ore, which to the boy in other regions, would be curious and valuable.

How are you to go about it? Simply write the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, telling him what you have and what you want, and he will make it known free of charge to the eighty thousand boys who will read the June number of this paper.

Frank Noah, Whiteside, Mo., has some Indian arrows, which he wishes to trade for some foreign stamps.

The Thanks of the Editor.

The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY has received from S. Kenwood, of Oakland, Cal., some interesting curios, with the compliments of the sender: a piece of flint from an old Spanish gun, from the "Mastranza," Fort Santiago, Manila.

It is needless to say that the editor was glad to be the recipient of these interesting articles from the far away Philippines.

J. G. Bingham, McGraw, N. Y., sends to the editor a copy of the York Courant of date Tuesday, October 23, 1744.

Jules Verne's Autograph and Biography.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

Last month I outlined to you somewhat of my ideal of what an "Autograph Collector's Department" should be, giving a letter from Edward S. Ellis, with a biographical sketch of the author.

This month I purpose telling you of a man whose stories have interested more American boys than have the works of any other foreign writer for young people.

JULES VERNE.

Three years ago the coming summer, I was in the height of an autograph collecting fever. Those of you who have created stories or poems for the love of it, who have been animated by any pleasurable thought in work or recreation, who have desired an addition to any

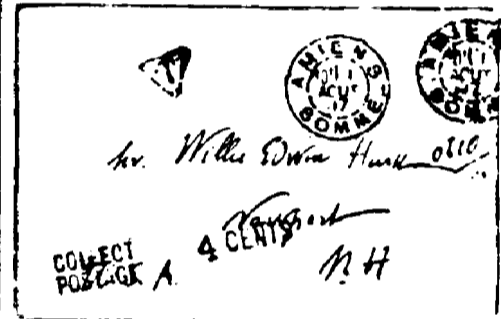
collection, know well such feelings. I believe that Shakespeare should have remarked:

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet," (Even the fad-men, in fat fancies fried—Stamps, autographs, and half the world beside—)

"Are of Imagination all compact."

When I asked M. Verne for his autograph, as also the name of one of his latest books which he would recommend me to read, the hope was small—but brilliant what there was of it—of a reply. As I had no French stamps, I did a laughable thing—blindly enclosed what I knew the author could never use—a United States stamp, and trusted to luck.

The original is here given, followed by the translation, so that any reader may avail himself of the opportunity for a comparative interpretation.



Amiens, 1 Août 97
Cher Monsieur
You see a un demandeur de la poste
avec un papier à votre lettre vous
pardonner, et dans quel Newport
vous demandez; enfin, je vous en
tend de mieux de vous remercier
à l'instant vous le saluez des
glaces, qu'on le presse volume
votre de paraitre. J'ai pu faire
base un roman d'Edgar Poe
de j'ai dédié cet ouvrage à la
mémoire de votre grand père
et aussi à vous aussi d'Amérique
ça pleure que je pense vous compter
parmi eux, et je me dis
Votre bien dévoué
Jules Verne

"Amiens, Aug. 1, '97.

"Dear Sir:—

"There is no use in asking if this little word in response to your letter will reach you, and in what Newport you live, but I will write you just the same and recommend to you the new romance, "The Ice Sphinx," the first volume of which has just appeared. I have used for a foundation a romance of Edgar Poe, and I have dedicated this work to the memory of your great poet, and also to my friends in America. I think I may count you among them, and I am

"Your very devoted,
"JULES VERNE."

While in Boston last fall, I saw on a book counter in the Archway store the story of "An Antarctic Mystery," by Jules Verne. I looked it through. I purchased it. It was the tale of the Ice Sphinx—a search for the survivors of the Grampus, the marvelous voyage which is told in Poe's romance of "The Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym."

LIFE AND WRITINGS.

Verne's early years were spent by the Loire—a river that rushes down from between old volcanic peaks, receiving ships on the tide as far up as Nantes where the author was born. There were three boys and two girls in the family, of whom Jules and Paul were afterwards the most famous both friends in the highest sense, although brothers. When they became old enough, one of their greatest delights was in paddling on the Loire, making mariners and jolly adventurers of themselves.

At twelve he began writing poetry, copying and correcting repeatedly even at this early time. Occasionally he was quite complimented upon his success with some clever hit. At seventeen he wrote tragedies and comedies, and even novels. For then he was full of a love for the drama, knowing Victor Hugo and learning pages of his spirited work by heart. Two of his dramas were "The Gunpowder Plot," and "Alexander III." At twenty-one he became acquainted with Alexandre Dumas, the younger, who introduced him to the senior novelist. With Dumas he wrote comedies.

Jules Verne was educated at the Lycee of Nantes, then sent to Paris for the study of law. Here he was conservative in his acquaintances. He exhibited a taste for music and literature, and but little for law. Besides composing dramas and novels, with another musician he composed music and songs. About this time he began contributing short stories to various magazines. Some of the first were about musicians, or of a geographical nature, for Jules had also a passion for geography, knowing the works of Reclus by heart. One of his late novels, which I have before me, combines both with his inventive faculties. It is "The Floating Island," a tale of the adventures of four musicians upon a mechanical island made by Yankee brains, which floats among the archipelagos of Polynesia.

The romance did his first real successful work at twenty-five, when "Five Weeks in a Balloon" ushered a new imagination into literature. It was not until several years later that he went up in a basket himself. But with this important production, his path in letters seems to have been cut out. He was not to be a French author, but an author for the world. Today he would have been an immortal of the French Academy had he walked in the footsteps of Zola, Dumas, or De Maupassant. But he is original, cosmopolitan, Verne; and, somehow, the academy did not make him a member, when his name was proposed. He has, however, been decorated with the rosette of the Legion of Honor, and that just two hours before the emperors died.

Although the French master was never enamored of science, he originated the wonder science and biography novel, "From the Earth to the Moon." "All Around the Moon," and "Topsy Turvy" form a connected trilogy of remarkable tales. "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," "The Mysterious Island" and "In Search of the Castaways," also connected, raise imaginatively power to an art. "To the Sun" and "Off on a Comet," cause the reader to revel in tales of space, in a style which no other nineteenth century author has equaled, although romancers on such topics are now many. In "The Giant Raft" appears a cryptogram, such as he learned to delight in studying, from Edgar Allen Poe.

Verne loved to go over the ground which he desired to picture, in person wherever possible. He visited Norway before writing "Ticket No. 8672." He traveled in Scotland before his "Underground City." He came to America in the Great Eastern and visited the Niagara before the appearance of his "Floating City." It was his greatest desire to journey again to the United States, to see this people whom he admired the most of any under the sun, and even lecture to them, although only those who knew French could have understood him personally, but he was one day visited by a favorite nephew, who went mad during the conversation, and shot his uncle in the leg, causing a wound which prevented the going abroad. Since then he has relied upon the accounts of other travelers for his geographical information, usually with a success at depiction such as Moore obtained solely from his reading, to set forth in "Lalla Rookh."

ber more than eighty, of which I cannot title more than one-half in translation. And such a variety of translations in our language as there are! I cannot close my talk without alluding to them. As a lover of Verne I am sorry that he reaches us usually but in abridged form. Notice that in his letter he speaks of issuing the first volume of his "Ice Sphinx." The American edition has only one. Read the single volume editions of "From the Earth to the Moon," and "Hector Servadac"—the "Off on a Comet" story—as ordinarily found in the public libraries, and compare with McKay's edition in two volumes. The latter contains twice the amount of reading in both cases. A few years ago an English translation of "A Journey into the Interior of the Earth" was completed, the proceeds of which were to go to the aid of Icelanders made homeless on an Easter Day, by an eruption of Mount Hecia. Comparing this with our American edition, I found that while the latter included perhaps twenty thousand more words of matter, yet it is lacking in the poetic ease and beauty of description which characterizes the smaller work.

Long live Jules Verne in his labors. They will live long in us. "Fifteen of Cooper's works are immortal," said Henry, but how many shall I thus say of Verne's? WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

CURIOS—Parties interested in Curios send 2c stamp for list, etc. J. W. SELLS, 10 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD DUST Genuine Gold, mixed with black sand as it is taken from the ground. A curiosity! Small package sent post free, 25 cents. J. W. SELLS, 104 North 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

HEAVY INDIAN TANNED MOOSEHIDE MOCCASINS. The Sioux and Apache style for Boys. If you wish our thrilling Indian Story, (36 page book) relating the experience of two boys who were captured by the Assiniboin Indians send five two cents stamp and it will be sent with our catalogue of Moccasins, Catalogues without the story are sent free to any address. 35 Bridge Square, H. J. PUTMAN & CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

CURIOSITIES. Wampum, or Indian Money used by the Indians 400 years ago, 15c. Bark from the big Trees of California, 10 cents. Star Fish, 15c. Sea Beans, 10c. Pretty petrified rings, stars, oblong, etc., size of buttons, 20 cts a card of about 25. J. MILTON FINCH, DAYTON, O.

SEA SHELLS AND MOUNTED BIRDS, MINERALS, MARINE CURIOS, BIRDS' EGGS, INDIAN RELICS, etc. Bought and sold. Will exchange for desirable specimens. Send 10 cents (stamp) for fine sample shell and price list. GEORGE J. TILIN, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

A HANDSOME AND VALUABLE MINERAL SPECIMEN CABINET BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE. Prepaid by mail for \$1.00. Containing 23 specimens of 23 different kinds of ores, minerals, petrifications and semi-precious stones, as follows: Gold Ore (Cripple Creek), Gold Ore (Central City), Silver Ore, Iron Pyrites, Jasper, Malachite, Crystallized Wood, Bone Quartz, Wood Opal, Aragonite, Pink Satin Spar, Tiger Eye, Copper Ore, Azurite, Agate, Petrified Wood, Quartz Crystal, Amazon Stone, Smoky Quartz, Wood Jasper, Iceland Spar, White Satin Spar. All are products of the Rocky Mountains. Each specimen securely mounted in cabinet and properly labeled, showing the district from which each is obtained. Especially valuable for a collection, as each one is guaranteed to be a perfect specimen of its kind. The cabinet is 9 by 6 inches in size. Securely packed and mailed prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Order at once as stock may be exhausted. AGENTS WANTED. J. H. BLAKE, 1630 WELTON ST., DENVER, COL. (Mention this Journal.)

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- Co-Operative Family Economies.
- Lessons from Divorces.
- Getting an Education by Reading.
- Pleasure and Profit in Fruit Culture.
- What It Is to be a Good Citizen.
- How Men Become Tramps and Paupers.
- Shall the Young Man Remain on the Farm?
- Shall We be Independent in Politics?
- Should the City Build Lodging Houses?
- Does College Training Unfit Women for Domestic Life?
- Is the Curfew Ordinance Desirable?
- Should the City Provide Work for the Unemployed?
- Should Efforts to Remove Population from City to Country be Encouraged?
- Should Immigration be Restricted?
- Should the Law Require an Eight-Hour Day?
- Should the State Require Arbitration of Labor Difficulties?
- Should the City Provide Public Baths?
- Should United States Senators be Elected by the People?
- Should Municipalities Own the Street Railways?
- Do Social Problems Concern the Church?
- Do the People Rule in the United States?

The Cleronians, of Lincoln, Neb., and the Demosthenians, of Omaha, Neb., the former for the affirmative and the latter for the negative, debated on March 9 at Omaha the following question:

"Resolved, That civilization demands that the United States adopt the policy she is now pursuing in the Philippine Islands."

The judges decided in favor of the Omaha debaters by a narrow margin. The debaters on both sides were high school boys. The speakers all did well.

The Lincoln men, however, introduced inconsistencies into their argument which the Omaha representatives were not slow to seize upon, and of which they made good capital.

Those who represented the Cleronians of Lincoln were: Mason Wheeler, John Tobin, Charles Sawyer. The fresh laurels for the Demosthenians of Omaha were won by Arthur Jorgensen, Burdett Lewis and Warren S. Hillis.

William N. Martin, of Poygan, Wis., delivered the Washington Day oration at the Northern Indiana Law School at Valparaiso, Ind., having won over several competitors in a contest for the honor. He is twenty-four years of age and will be graduated from the Law School at Valparaiso next month. His oration, "The Life and Services of Washington," was delivered in the college auditorium Feb. 22, before an audience of 2,000 people.

Leslie E. Needham, of Neoga, Ill., was awarded first prize in the oratorical contest held by the students of the Illinois College of Law at Handel hall, Chicago, February 22. Mr. Needham's subject was the retention of the Philippines.

The second prize was won by Frank E. Herrick, of Wheaton, Ill., his subject being "Bismarck." The winners are members of the freshman class. The other competitors and their subjects were Charles Harry Fich, "A Comparison of Two Republics"; John J. Ives, "Americanism"; Craig A. Hood, "Patriotism," and Melvin C. Moyer, "Abraham Lincoln."

A Boy's Mother.

My mother, she's so good to me,
 If I was good as I could be,
 I couldn't be as good. No, sir;
 Can't any boy be good as her!
 She loves me when I'm glad or mad,
 She loves me when I'm good or bad,
 An', what's the funniest thing, she says
 She loves me when she punishes.
 I don't like her to punish me,
 That don't hurt, but it hurts to see

Her cry. Nen I cry, an' nen
 We both cry—an' be good again.
 She loves me when she cuts and sews
 My little coat and Sunday clothes.
 An' when my pa comes home to tea
 She loves him most as much as me,
 She laughs and tells him all I said,
 An' hugs me up an' pats my head.
 An' I hug her an' hug my pa
 An' love him purt nigh much as ma,
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

The American Chromatic Harp
 Only perfect, strongest, lightest, most beautiful and easiest learned. Plays any piano music. Greatest addition to orchestra. Music teacher can readily instruct and sell them. For circular and sample music send two stamps to American Harp Office & Studio, 26 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

How to Get a Crack Shot Rifle For 25 Cents
 Write your name and address on a postal card and we will tell you how. The "Crack Shot" Rifle is a 22-bore Automatic Safety Take Down, and guaranteed reliable and accurate. Agents wanted. Mount Holyoke Rifle Association, 180 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.

MAGIC TRICK CARDS Full pack 10c. Big book on "Parlor Magic," over 100 tricks, 121 illustrations, 10c. Catalogue free. J. H. BADER, 901 N. Wolfe St., BALTIMORE, MD.

HOW TO WRITE SECRET LETTERS For 12c I will send receipts for making 6 different colored sympathetic inks. Great fun for boys and girls. Frank E. Cheadle, Erwin, Okla.

VALUABLE PACKAGE We must have agents so send us your name and receive above package free. Send to-day. EUREKA SUPPLY CO., Dept. A. B. AURORA, - ILLINOIS. **FREE**

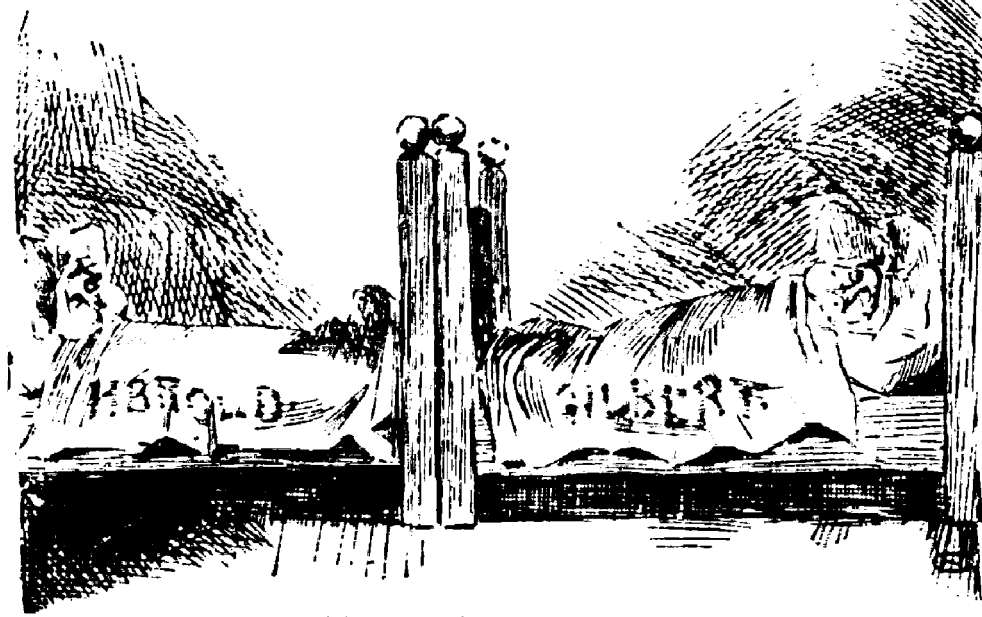
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BOYS AND GIRLS This CAMERA and OUTFIT FREE. We send this PRACTICAL CAMERA AND OUTFIT producing 125 pictures for 25c. Perfume, new, Fast M.O. 1/2 doz. 1/2 doz. with large premium list, and the CAMERA or a will be sent you by return mail. THE CRESCENT TRADING CO., Dept. 92, Springfield, Mass.

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 You Can Earn This Elegant Couch in a Few Hours by our new plan of selling to your friends our fine Toilet Soaps, Flavoring Extracts, Perfumes, Complexion Powders, etc. No Money Required. 30 Days Trial Free. All goods guaranteed. Write for particulars and catalogue of this and other home premiums including Ladies Desk, Rocker, Sidelight, Lamp, Extension Table, White Enamel Bed, Mackintosh, Watch, Camera, etc. Ladies, Boys and Girls here is a big chance for you. Don't delay. CROFTS & REED, 842-850 Astor Ave., B-77 Chicago, Ill.



Every Lover of Art
 Will be glad to know that we have arranged for the exclusive right to reproduce twenty-five of the Masterpieces of America's Greatest Artists in the Finest Photogravure Process. These photogravures represent paintings that have been sold for thousands of dollars, and others that are fresh from the artists' brush. They would sell rapidly at any art store at \$5.00 each, but they cannot be purchased except directly from us, as we absolutely control the copyrights. The Masterpieces of twenty-five of our Greatest Native Artists now for the first time available in a single collection. Beautify Your Home. The Artists (Each represented by his best painting). J. Carroll Beckwith, A. T. Bricher, J. Appleton Brown, J. G. Brown, Carlton T. Chapman, William A. Coffin, Bruce Crane, Charles C. Curran, J. H. Dolph, Seymour J. Guy, Hamilton Hamilton, James M. Hart, Child Hassam, E. L. Henry, Francis Coates Jones, H. Bolton Jones, Robert C. Minor, Thomas Moran, H. R. Poore, F. K. M. Rehn, R. M. Shurtleff, A. F. Tait, R. W. Van Boskerck, Edgar M. Ward, Carleton Wiggins. AN ART EDUCATOR. This magnificent collection will at once stimulate and cultivate a desire for the artistic. Accompanying each picture is given a description of the painting, also a portrait and biographical sketch of the artist, an interesting account of his early studies, how he was led to take up art as a profession, in what schools and under what masters he received his instruction. It describes his trips and sojourns abroad, where and when his paintings were first exhibited and the honors they received both in Europe and America. The titles of the artist's most notable paintings are also given, and where they now are. All of this information is not only interesting, but exceedingly instructive. SPECIAL PROPOSITION. Good During April Only. Prices Advanced May 1. "Seeing is believing" and we want to convince you and have you tell your friends about this beautiful, exclusive and valuable collection. To those, therefore, who write at once we will send one of our original specimen sets, being the first sharp, clear impressions from the fresh, new plates. The price will be less than one-third, the payments easy, with the privilege of returning if not satisfactory. Clip this special proposition and send with your letter. WRITE AT ONCE FOR FULL PARTICULARS TO American Art Publishing Co., No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

Harold: "We are very repentant and will never again molest Farmer Jones' bees—no, never!"
 Gilbert: "We are dreadfully fond of honey; but, oh, my! how we have suffered."

THE AMERICAN BOY

The Only Distinctively Boy's Paper in America.

[Entered at the Detroit, Mich., Post-office as second-class matter.]

The American Boy is an illustrated monthly paper of 24 pages. Its subscription price is \$1.00 a year, payable in advance.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

Payment for The American Boy when sent by mail, should be made in a Post-office Money-Order, Bank Check, or Draft, Express Money-Order or Registered Letter.

Silver sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

Expiration. The date opposite your name on your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

Discontinuances. Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrearages must be paid.

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Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,
EDITOR.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

75,000 FOR JUNE.

The Story of Success Continued.

With the coming of May we write the seventh chapter in the story of THE AMERICAN BOY'S success. This chapter begins with the circulation of THE AMERICAN BOY at 45,000 and closes with it at 65,000—a gain of 20,000 in the month of April, and an average growth for the ten days of April preceding publication of 642 a day. Within the past sixty days the Manager of our Advertising Department has visited every prominent advertiser and advertising agency in Chicago, Buffalo, Rochester, Springfield (Mass.), Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and has everywhere met a cordial welcome and an assurance of patronage. In many places he has received unusual courtesies, and in no place was THE AMERICAN BOY looked upon as any other than a high-toned, meritorious aspirant for business.

Our Editorial Motto—Everything Good for Boys, and our Advertising Motto—One Rate to All. Special Concession to None. First-class Patrons or None, appeals to business men and makes soliciting easy. We know that advertisers are really more anxious to find good mediums than are publications to find advertisers, and that is saying much. We therefore are bending our energies first to the producing of a meritorious publication in which boys and their parents will have confidence, and then, with that gained, we confidently expect the advertiser to come. This paper does not cut rates, does not make special concessions, does not employ special representatives, does not employ solicitors, aside from its Advertising Manager, who himself will, at convenient intervals, go over the field, and its statements as to circulation, terms, etc., can be fully relied on.

The June issue of THE AMERICAN BOY will be at least 75,000 copies, and copy for advertisements must be in our office by May 10 to get favorable position.



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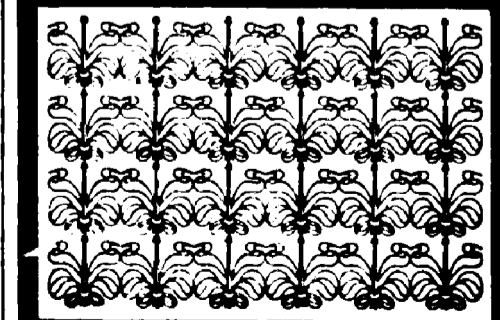


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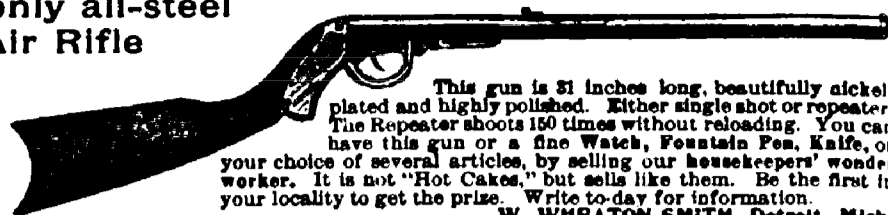
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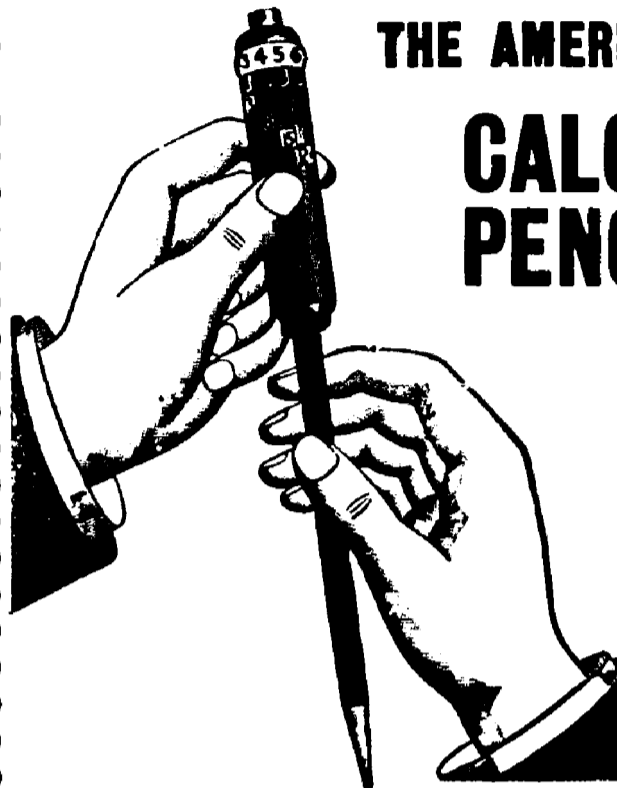
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This gun is 31 inches long, beautifully nickel plated and highly polished. Either single shot or repeater. The Repeater shoots 150 times without reloading. You can have this gun or a fine Watch, Fountain Pen, Knife, or your choice of several articles, by selling our housekeepers' wonder worker. It is not "Hot Cakes," but sells like them. Be the first in your locality to get the prize. Write to-day for information.
W. WHEATON SMITH, Detroit, Mich.

THE AMERICAN BOY

CALCULATING PENCIL YOU NEED ONE.



Have You Seen ?

The American Boy's Wonderful Calculating Pencil? The pencil that figures with a twist of the wrist? That figures quicker than you can and never makes a mistake? That calculates anything from 1 x 18 to 12 x 24 in the twinkling of an eye? That gives you hundreds upon hundreds of calculations with the swiftness and accuracy of an expert?

The American Boy Calculating Pencil?

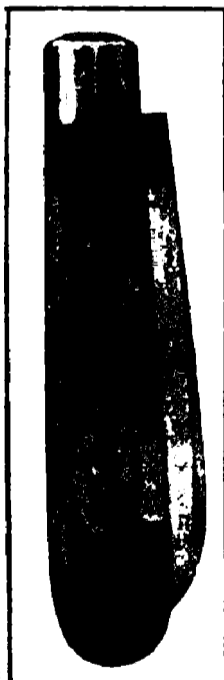
Can you tell as quickly as this pencil how much 11 x 24 is? or, what 9 dozen at \$1.80 costs? or, how much 8 per cent of \$1617 is? etc.

"It is truly a little wonder," says the Pittsburg Press. "It is a marvel of ingenious mechanism and has excited a great deal of interest among our readers," says the Boston Traveler. An article of the greatest educational merits," says the Youths Companion.

Can You Beat It? Made of pure Aluminum, and is attached to a pencil of standard quality. Fits any common lead pencil. Is also a pencil point protector, a pencil lengthener and eraser. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

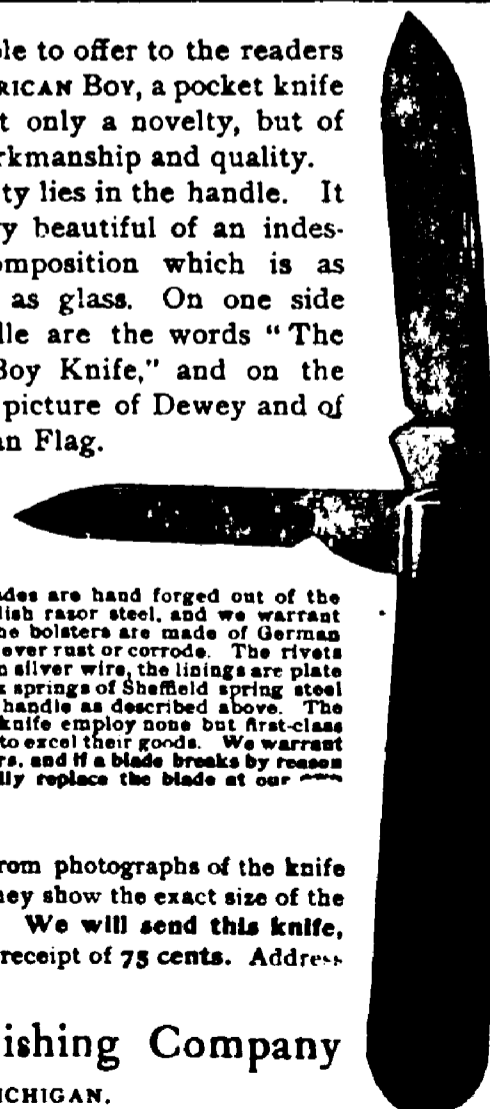
BY MAIL, Address PREPAID, 15c. **THE AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.**

THE "AMERICAN BOY" Pocket Knife



¶ We are able to offer to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, a pocket knife which is not only a novelty, but of superior workmanship and quality.
¶ The novelty lies in the handle. It is made very beautiful of an indestructible composition which is as transparent as glass. On one side of the handle are the words "The American Boy Knife," and on the other side a picture of Dewey and of the American Flag.

The material entering into this knife is of the very best quality; the blades are hand forged out of the very finest English razor steel, and we warrant every blade. The bolsters are made of German silver and will never rust or corrode. The rivets are hard German silver wire, the linings are plate brass. The back springs of Sheffield spring steel and the finish of handle as described above. The makers of this knife employ none but first-class skilled cutlers and they defy the world to excel their goods. We warrant this American Boy Knife to all purchasers, and if a blade breaks by reason of a flaw in the steel, we will cheerfully replace the blade at our expense.



¶ The cuts herewith are taken from photographs of the knife itself and are full size, that is they show the exact size of the knife when open and when closed. We will send this knife, postage prepaid, to any address on receipt of 75 cents. Address

The Sprague Publishing Company
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to Puzzles in April American Boy.

- No. 41. Minim. Ana. Deed. Ada. Mum.—Madam.
- No. 42. Rough. Sough. Tough. Bough. Cough. Lough.
- No. 43. MARINE
ARENAS
REHERT
INESSE
NANSEEM
ESTEEM
- No. 44. S-w-al-low. A-b-ode. H-o-use. R-elation. W-him.
- No. 45. Con-flag-ration. Conflagration.
- No. 46. Chub. Pike. Shad. Smelt. Herring.

Four hundred and nine answers to puzzles were received.

Ten Great Dates.

1. War with England, June 18, 1812.
2. Adoption of Monroe Doctrine, December, 1823.
3. War declared with Mexico, May 11, 1846.
4. Gold discovered in California, February, 1848.
5. First gun fired in civil war, April 14, 1861.
6. Surrender of Lee, April 9, 1865.
7. Assassination of Lincoln, April 14, 1865.
8. Assassination of Garfield, July 2, 1881.
9. Sinking of the Maine, February 16, 1898.
10. Battle of Manila, May 1, 1898.

The Letter That Spells Potato.

O spells potato. Just put eight o's: oooooooooo.

Award of Prizes.

- First mistake—Guy E. Wilson, Petoskey, Mich.
- Second mistake—Victor Fredman, 613 Penn St., Kansas City, Mo.
- Longest list of mistakes—John G. Reeve, 283 W. Twenty-sixth St., Denver, Col.
- Puzzle 41—Arthur Carl Eby, 490 Trumbull Ave., Detroit.
- Puzzle 42—F. Raymond Sibert, 73 Jefferson St., Oak Cliff, Tex.
- Puzzle 43—J. Everette Ewing, Box 459, Wilmington, N. C.
- Puzzle 44—Arthur C. Berry, 552 Sciota St., Urbana, Ohio.
- Puzzle 45—Charles W. Banks, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
- Puzzle 46—Walter Mann, 547 Lincoln Ave., Detroit.
- Ten Great Dates (nearest correct)—Elbert Johnson, 309 Columbus Ave., N. Y. City.
- Potato spelled with one letter—Will Morrison, Gaylord, Mich.

Pen and Pencil Contest.

Two hundred and seventy-two contestants entered for the prizes offered in the March number of this paper to the boys under eighteen who could make the best sketches with pen or pencil. Of course, with so many contestants and so many good pictures that came, we have been greatly bothered to know how to decide on the winners. The first prize goes to Evert Packford, Detroit. The second prize to John S. Spicer, Harrisburg, Pa. We give a page in this number of our paper reproducing some of these pictures. This contest was a very interesting one, so we repeat the offer made in the April number to boy artists: A prize of one dollar will be given to the boy under eighteen who sends us the best sketch, either pen or pencil, the sketch to be in our hands by May 15. The second prize of fifty cents goes to the one sending the next best sketch. Choose your own subject. Make your sketch as black as possible, for otherwise we cannot reproduce it. Always write your name, address and age on the back of the sketch.

Photograph Prizes.

The first prize amateur photograph in the last month's contest goes to Chester Padlock Mills, West Point, N. Y.; second prize to Forest S. Harvey, St. Albans, Vt. The pictures that won the prizes will appear in our June number.

Boys Who Won the Stamps.

We have received one hundred and sixty-two foreign stamps since the issue of the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY. As promised, we give the boy sending the largest number of subscriptions during the past month one-half of these stamps. Albert W. Fifield, of Minneapolis, Minn. gets them. We send to the boy getting the next largest number one-fourth of the stamps, and John D. Cronenweth of Detroit gets

them. Louis Straka, of David City, Neb., gets one-fourth for sending in the third largest number during the month. Now we repeat the offer: Will give to the boy who sends us the largest number of subscriptions by May 10, one-half of the foreign stamps that accumulate in our office, and to the boy sending in the second and third largest numbers one-fourth each of the stamps.

Prizes Offer.

To the boy who sends us the first correct solution of Puzzle No. 47, we will give a six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of some boy whom the winner may choose. To the boy who sends us the first correct solution of Puzzle No. 48, we will give a six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY in the name of some boy whom the winner may choose. To the boy who sends us the first correct solution of Puzzle No. 49, we will give an AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scarf. To the boy who sends us the first correct solution of Puzzle No. 50, we will give an AMERICAN BOY Key Ring. To the boy who sends us the first correct solution of Puzzle No. 51, we will give an AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.

Short Story Contest.

On the front page of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY appears a picture. Write us a five hundred word (or less) story, using this picture for a text. We will publish the best one in the June issue, and will pay the writer of it \$2.00. We will publish the next best one in the same issue and pay the writer of it \$1.00.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the largest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 47.

A Double Acrostic.

1. Silent
2. A month.
3. To give utterance.
4. A country.
5. Not light.
6. A cheer.
7. Besides.
8. A raft.
9. A hook, or barb.
10. Spirit.

The PRIMALS and FINALS spell two books; the first popular at the present time; the second a classic fiction.

No. 48.

Double Decapitations.

Behad separate and leave a portion; again and leave skill.
Behad a bird and leave a warm friend; again and leave above.
Behad to expiate and leave a sound; again and leave a number.
Behad a path and leave a bar of iron; again and leave to trouble.

No. 49.

Pt.

Hurtt rmoft ish spil vilerpade htlw oblued awsy.
Dan slofo how meca ot foscf, emadnre ot arpy.
—Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

No. 50.

Numerical.

Whole I am a quotation from the Bible composed of 39 letters.
My 8, 23, 28, 30, 32, 29, 33, 38 is the Hall of the Slain.
My 35, 10, 14, 38, 12, 9, 14, 4 is a decoration.
My 2, 18, 13, 21 is caloric.
My 25, 1, 37, 7, 39 is to clean with a brush.
My 5, 19, 26, 14, 7 is a flint.
My 17, 3, 24, 31, 36 is a beverage.
My 34, 27, 15, 20 is a broad ribbon.
My 22 (6, 16, 4) is to divide.
My 11 is a vowel.

No. 51.

Rhomboid.

Across—1 Beauty, 2 A mistake, 3 A claw, 4 Notes, 5 A color.
Down—1. A musical note, 2 Skill, 3 To stuff, 4. A god of the Winds, 5. Flow, 6. To pinch, 7. Two-thirds of a commander, 8. A vowel.

Boys & Girls KEEP YOUR



Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 pkgs of Excelsior Bluing at 10c. We ask no money. Send your name and address and get outfit and premium list with instructions postpaid. When you sell the Bluing send us the money and select your premium. An honest offer. We Trust You. Write for outfit today. Excelsior Bluing Co. Dept. 57, Chicago

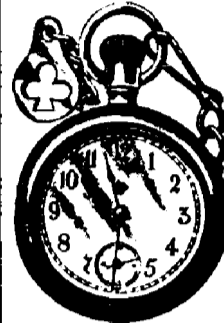
WE TRUST BOYS AND GIRLS



WITH 8 LADIES' AND GENTS' BUTTON SETS, 4 Buttons in each set. Fine attractive goods, and easily sold. Sell at 15c per set. Return to us \$1.50, and we will send you FREE this elegant Gold-Laid Ring, with Brazilian Stone. Looks like a \$25 ring. It's a beauty. 8-11 12 sets and we send this Ring and Lady's Chain Bracelet. ELECTRIC CLOTH CO., 24 A Portland St., Boston, Mass.

The American Boy Knife ... IS A BEAUTY...
Full Description on Page 214.

This is a genuine Watch (not a clock), Stem-Winding, Stem-Setting.

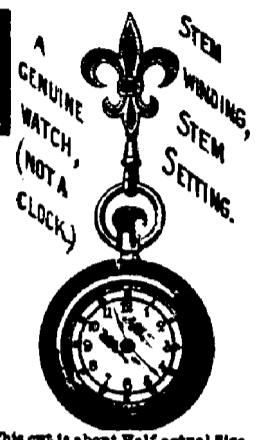


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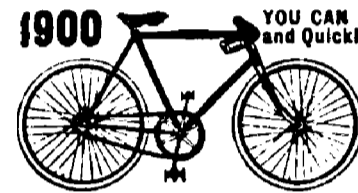
Watches for Boys and Girls

Boys' Watch, Chain and Charm for selling 20 packages and Girls' Watch and Chatelaine Pin for selling 40 packages SAWYER'S BEST BLUE CRYSTALS among your friends and neighbors. Each package makes a quart of best Liquid Blue. Price 10 cents each. Send your name and address to us and we will send the Blue, express paid. When sold send us the money and we will send the Watch free by mail, or will allow liberal cash commission. Send for Premium List. Agents wanted.

SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO., Dept. 1, 27 BROAD STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Established 40 Years.



This cut is about Half actual Size.



1900

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by selling a few boxes of our high-grade Toilet Soap to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits.

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We have the best plan for Boys, Girls and Women. Our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums including Ladies' and Children's Clothing, Mackintoshes, Guitars, Mandolins, etc., mailed FREE. Write to day for full particulars. DAWSON SOAP CO., 54-58 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. 180, CHICAGO, ILL.



GOOD WEATHER COMING. Good Time for the \$1,000 Boys

There are fifty-five boys, each of whom, next Christmas, is to receive a prize of from \$5 up to \$200, for getting subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY. In all, \$1,000 will be distributed. If you send in one subscription, you are in the race. If you send in two, you are a little nearer a prize than is the fellow who has sent one. If you have sent five, or will have sent five by next December, you stand a good chance of getting a prize. One boy is ahead of all. If he keeps ahead he will get \$200, and the fifty-four who follow him in order will all get nice cash prizes, none of which are under \$5.00. The head boy has not sent in very many—not so many but that you can catch up with him and pass him easily.

Remember, too, you get a premium, to be selected from our premium list, for every subscription, just the same as if you were not trying for the money prizes.

The Twenty at the Top.

Eight boys have jumped up to a place among the first twenty, during the month that has just passed, namely: John D. Cronenweth, of Detroit, Mich., who has jumped into fourth place. His name did not appear last month as one of the first twenty; now it is one of the first four. The other new ones are, Charles Meader, Chicago, Ill.; Louis Straka, David City, Neb.; Frank Brine, Revere, Mass.; Fordyce Kinsala, Gilby, N. D.; T. R. Smith, Mokane, Mo.; Harry Clark, Norfolk, Conn., and Harry R. Mohler, Ephrata, Penn. The list of the first twenty, as they now stand in their order, is Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn.; Charles Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit, Mich.; John D. Cronenweth, Detroit, Mich.; J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Clarence Pyeatt, Fort Lemhi, Ida.; Carl Mathews, Dubuque, Ia.; Herman H. Smith, Lamoni, Ia.; Donald Annis, Detroit, Mich.; Charles Meader, Chicago, Ill.; Robert M. Gray, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; William Northwood, Forest Hill, Cal.; Louis Straka, David City, Neb.; Fred H. Hiker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Frank Brine, Revere, Mass.; Fordyce Kinsala, Gilby, N. D.; Frank Wright, Lewiston, Mont.; T. R. Smith, Mokane, Mo.; Harry Clark, Norfolk, Conn.; Harry R. Mohler, Ephrata, Pa.

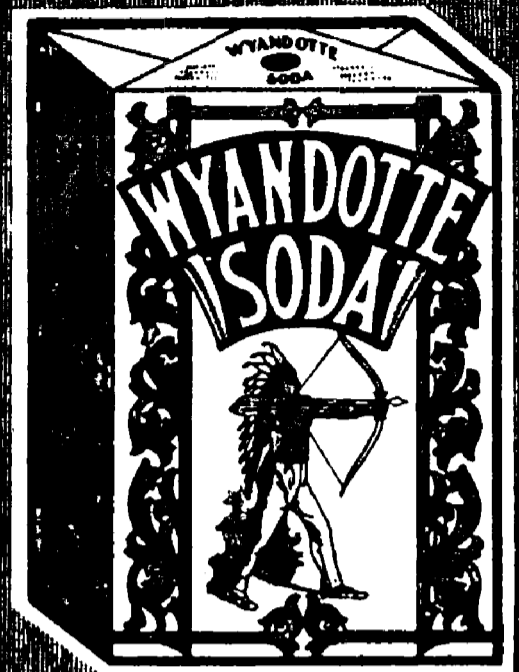
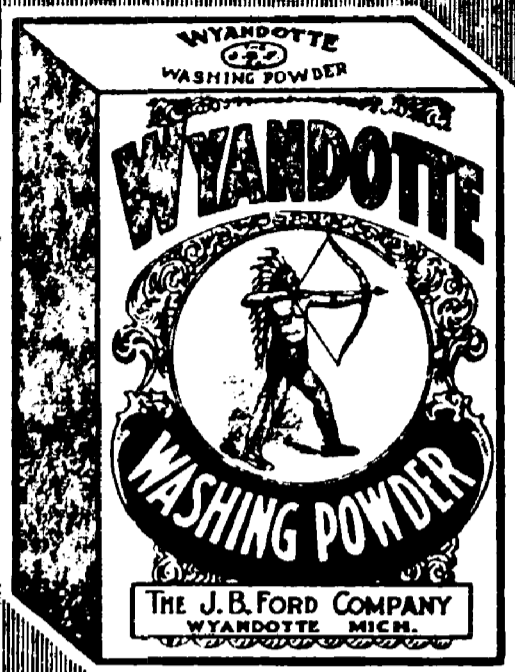
Do Not Forget.

Would you not like to be one of those who, in December next, will receive our check? Some boy will get \$200; another will get \$100; two will get \$75 each, three \$50 each, five \$25 each, fifteen \$10 each, twenty-five \$5 each. The boy who has sent us the largest number of \$1.00 subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY by the 20th of next November will get the prize of \$200; the next in order \$100, the two next \$75 each, and so on. Fifty-five boys in all will get a share in this \$1,000. You can easily be one of the fifty-five. You may not get the head prize, but you can get one of the smaller ones just as easy as anything. The boy who is ahead for the first prize of \$200 has only sent in thirty-nine subscriptions, so that the race is still an open one for the \$200. There remains nearly seven months within which to work for these prizes.

Now go right to work, as you will find THE AMERICAN BOY an easy paper to solicit for. Respectfully,

Detroit, Mich. The Sprague Publishing Company.

FOR SELLING OUR JEWELRY NOVELTIES.
Watches, Cameras, Bracelets, Gold Rings, given away ABSOLUTELY FREE for selling our jewelry. No money required. Send us your name and full address on a postal card, and we will send you 18 gold pins scarf and stick pins, all set with different colored stones, to sell for 10 cents each. The best sellers offered by any firm. When you have sold them we will send you your choice of a Watch, a solid Gold Ring and any other valuable premium on our large illustrated list, which we send you with the pins. We pay all postage. NOVELTY MFG. CO., 100 Bailey St., Attleboro, Mass.



Friends of the Family

Friends of the family—dependable friends—always of the same uniform excellence, year in and year out.

Judge them all by the goodness of one.—**WYANDOTTE WASHING POWDER.** We measure our words in telling its merits, so disappointment cannot follow when you use it. Notice

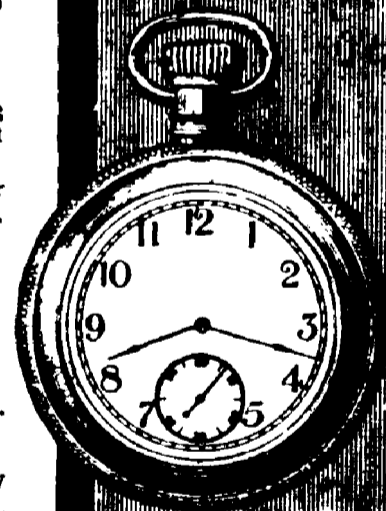
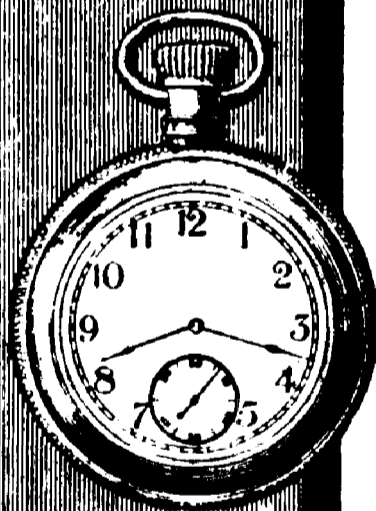
WYANDOTTE WASHING POWDER will not injure the hands or the delicate textures of fine muslins, silks, laces, lace curtains; preserves linens, prevents woolsens from shrinking, enlarges shrunken flannels; cleans silverware, dishes, cutlery, painted woodwork—is a general household cleaner, a friend in the kitchen every hour. Contains no caustic alkali—is the only perfect washing preparation. Once tried becomes a necessity. A large 24-oz. package for 5c. Insist on getting it from your grocer.

Get our Premium List and note the many useful articles we give in exchange for trade-marks from the packages of our goods.

That Watch Boys! We've an easy plan for every Boy to earn a Watch in a day. F. THORNTON, 771 St. Alban Ave., Mansfield, O., writes: "I am greatly pleased with the Watch. It keeps good time. Please accept my thanks."

For particulars, address

THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, Wyandotte, Mich.



THE J. B. FORD COMPANY

WYANDOTTE, MICH.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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[Sprague Publishing Co., Publishers, Detroit, Mich.,
Majestic Building.]

MONTHLY
Vol. I. No. 6

Detroit, Michigan, June, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy



A YOUNG THIEF AND HOW HE WAS SAVED

...A SCHOOL STORY...

RALPH C. ELY

School had slipped along delightfully all through the year, and pupils, teachers and principal were in the most kindly spirit, one toward another. Of course there had been a skip now and then when a spell of mischief seemed to settle down for a day, but as a whole, nothing had occurred from September to April, that gave cause for regret. The senior class was the largest and best within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—seven lovely girls and six sturdy, manly boys, the choicest product of the community.

One day in April, however, when the fellows were making assessments for the spring sports, and the girls were preparing for the gayest frolics of the year, Professor Bradley was told that a little money, left in the pocket of a wrap in the wardrobe, was missing. He passed from room to room, looking long and hard at the faces before him, trying to believe that the thief was there, but he could not. Then the incident was forgotten. A few days—maybe two weeks—passed and a similar complaint was filed at the office. A girl's pocketbook had been taken from her desk. Then a teacher lost some change and finally another teacher lost her hand-bag containing several dollars and a check for a full month's salary. The matter had grown serious. Professor Bradley was worried. He was educating someone for the penitentiary—not a pleasant prospect for a schoolmaster who loves his boys and girls, whose reward in great part is to be found in their future usefulness and worth. It is not our purpose to relate just what steps this pedagogical Pinkerton took to "land his man;" enough now to say, the eye of an affectionate, though stern friend, was on the youngsters during the next few weeks. Day and night, at work and at play, in school and out, he sought out that one of his unfortunate charges upon whom the blight had fallen, determined to cut away the dead wood and save the tree. Finally he fixed upon Frank Larned, the brightest, jolliest, most popular boy of the senior class. He struggled hard against the conviction, because the lad had grown strongly upon him during all the years of their association, and, like a boy with a sore finger, he wished it had been any other one. Then he sought evidence of other slips by the weak one and found them on every hand through several years. The poor old mother tearfully admitted that she had lost her guiding influence months and months before, and as Professor Bradley reviewed his own efforts he remembered that every suggestion which had been made, every instance where discipline had been even slightly irksome to the boy, he had wilfully taken his own course in absolute disregard of all authority both at home and at school. With all this in his mind and great anxiety for the boy in his heart, the schoolmaster



RELUCTANTLY ADMITTED EVERY THEFT.

first sought to stay the wayward course, but to no avail. As a final step, the boy was confronted with evidences of his guilt and, brought to bay, reluctantly admitted every theft. It was the same sad story of how "the little foxes gnaw the vines." First sugar, then cookies, then pennies, then dimes. Hardly a year had passed, since he was an infant, but recorded one or more thefts, and here he was, a young man, elegant to look upon, a leader in athletics, almost brilliant in his classes, clean in every way except that he was a thief and had been for years. He was almost ready to be graduated as a pupil in the High School, and quite as ready as a criminal.

Mr. Bradley and Frank talked over conditions with the utmost candor and the boy explained how, tempted from time to time, he had stifled conscience so often that only fear of punishment deterred him now from greater wrongs. He looked the future fairly in the face.

"Hard as it may be at this time, Mr. Bradley, I am glad you have found me out. I hope that you will do whatever you think is best; I do not want to live an outcast, but fear that as things are I cannot withstand such temptations as men must often meet."

The schoolmaster had not slept much the night be-

fore, and out of the silence and gloom had shaped his plans. His voice trembled a little as he replied:

"Frank, I am too fond of you to let it pass. The fiber of your soul is firm and strong, like the muscles of your body, and the lesson must be harsh now if it prove effective. I shall make complaint against you this morning for petty larceny. Your offense would warrant a more serious charge. You must plead guilty, and our friend, the Justice, will probably sentence you to ninety days in the House of Correction. When the weeks of the winnowing are passed we will see how much of manhood is left."

"That is a little tough, Mr. Bradley," said the boy, "but I am ready. May I see the girls whose money I have taken, sir?"

Then one after another of those against whom he had offended entered the room and received his penitential confessions of theft, and his solemn pledges to make good the amount when he should "get out of jail." Everyone in the school room was in tears, and the boys from more comfortable homes whose thoughtless gibes had no doubt done their part in Frank's temptation, were engaged in searching scrutiny of their own responsibility.

The five o'clock train bore Frank away to the enforced companionship of crime. His father and Bradley were at the station with hearts as heavy as his own. He was to pass in and out among murderers, counterfeiters, highwaymen, outlaws of every sort. The father was to bear his anguish and seek to console a heart-broken mother. The teacher was to face a wrathful community and an alienated school, aroused because of his severity. Each had his burden, but the boy's was infinitely the heaviest.

The iron doors clanked behind him, shutting out liberty and life and love. He was designated as No. 10,729 and identity and selfhood were wiped away. He was assigned a cell—a cage with hardly more than a plank to rest upon, and the human side of life was gone. His books, selected for the dreary hours by Mr. Bradley, were taken from him, and his mind was left an unbroken plain over which the strong winds of passion and tempests of repentant thought could sweep. He was assigned the task of assorting buttons, and for three weary months he stood at a bench in explanation for his sin, unspeaking and unspoken to. Once only, joy peeped in behind the bars. A convict, hardened by former service, and touched by the picture of the boy's despair, smiled at him, and his soul was so lifted up that he smiled an answer back. "This is not a place for smiles," growled the guard. Then memories of the happy days surged through his repentant heart.

The weeks rolled heavily away. The school sorely missed Frank's hearty, happy spirit, and the community in many ways expressed its disapproval. Lawyer Squibs, who felt the loss of a possible fee most keenly, declaimed upon the barbarism of a conviction without an argument. The women sputtered at their societies because of the lack of the milk of human kindness in the teacher's heart. The preachers successively came to Bradley and told him what he ought have done. Frank's father and mother alone retained their faith in his purposes and spoke no word of criticism or of censure. Professor Bradley merely urged his critics to try and undo the wrong which they thought he had done. On the evening of the boy's home-coming, the former culprit and his accuser walked arm in arm up and down the street together, viewing the future and taking stock. Their plans were laid and hope revived. It was a little hard to find employment, but by and by a man, hard in a bargain but who knew life's seamy side full well, took Frank upon his farm for the harvest and fall work. The boy had not known that year the sun's fierce rays. The work was heavy and he was weak from the coarse and unappetizing food of the prison, but he took hold with a will. What were sun-burns and blisters and stone-bruises to him? He was working for his restoration. On each successive pay day he took his scant reward and trudged manfully to the wronged ones to restore what he had taken. By February he was ready to resume his tasks at school. How he dreaded to meet the faces of his friends! How lonely the old room would be without his cherished class! Would the little ones stare at the boy who had been in jail?

"Monday," said Mr. Bradley in chapel one day. "Monday we are to receive a trust into our keeping. A friend is to come among us whose future we, in a measure, hold in our hands. Our own prodigal one, sorry for his wanderings, which, my dear young friends, were long before he ever left us, is to come back again. Let us be glad at his home-coming and

make him glad. I trust that there is not one here who will so far forget himself as by word, or act, or look to make his return harder than it must needs be."

Frank hardly felt that he had been away. His old seat was awaiting him. The boys left the same peg for his hat. He was accorded his place in the sports and was welcomed into the new senior class. It was all so kindly done, with so much of youthful grace and ease, that there seemed no barrier between them any more, and he felt himself to be a freer, better, manlier fellow than for months before his humiliation.

As the year drew toward its close he saw first one and then another neglected task of those wicked weeks cleared away. Note books, experiments, essays, examinations, reviews, evaded duties of every sort were recalled and, with it all, his daily work was done so well that Professor Bradley would willingly have lightened the anxieties and burdens of examination week if Frank had agreed; but he desired to win his spurs, to redeem himself, to prove himself a man, and would accept no remission of his tasks.

Commencement evening came. He had triumphed in every test. A year before, with tearful eyes he had read in jail the commencement program of his class; but tonight he was, as valedictorian by choice of his newer associates, to bid adieu for them and for himself to the dear old red-brick schoolhouse where he had fallen and had risen again. The light, the music, the vast throng of spectators, the group of former graduates on the stage, above all his old class, whom he knew and loved so well, all uplifted, but bewildered and frightened him. The essays and orations over, he heard his name, saw Professor Bradley smile, took his place a moment with hardly concealing utterance, heard cheer after cheer, and knew that he had won applause. It was so like a pleasant dream, so unlike that horrible nightmare of the past, that he almost feared it would float out of memory, even as another memory haunted him.

Then all the class arose while Mr. Bradley spoke the final words of congratulation and of parting. Honest John Bigelow, for half a generation president of the Board of Education, stood by the professor's side, his arms full of diplomas, his eyes full of tears, his heart full of benedictions. The good man passed the scrolls to each of the honored ones, but not to Frank, who beheld with a sudden sickening of heart that there was none for him. But while the whirl was yet in his brain, he saw Professor Bradley approach with his diploma, felt him take his hand in congratulation and lay an arm affectionately across his shoulders. The two thus stood at the front of the platform.

"Friends," said the man who loved him well enough to hurt him for his good, "there is no greater pleasure possible than that which I enjoy at this moment. You all know a little of this boy's struggle, of the price he has paid for this night's honor; but you know only a little. He stands before you tempered by fire. He



"HE STANDS BEFORE YOU TEMPERED BY FIRE."

has faced what few have the courage to face. He has endured what few have the strength to endure. I introduce him to you tonight, not as a boy of promise worthy of this diploma, but as a treasured friend, a manly man who has paid the price of great wisdom and is worthy of your unbounded confidence. Let us treasure in our memories forever the record of his heroic struggle, and honor the manhood of the victor."

Tears streamed down kindly faces, and hard hearts were softened. Then the multitude arose and with one mighty voice paid tribute to the boy culprit who had endured and triumphed. Back among the last year's class there was a sweet little face covered with blushes, two great blue eyes swimming with pride, and a gentle heart beating hard with pleasure at the public endorsement of her faith. While among the group of parents there were none more happy than the aged pair holding each the hand of the other, and in the midst of the tumult sending up a silent thanksgiving to God for the redemption of their boy.

JACK AND JILL

HARRY NEWTON GARDNER

It was the second morning of school. A slight buzz, denoting a proper attention to study, was to be heard within the rough, little log schoolhouse.

The first class had just been called, when a slight titter was heard throughout the room. Noticing the direction in which the pupils were looking, I turned to the door, which had been quietly opened. There



THERE STOOD ONE OF THE QUEEREST PERSONS IMAGINABLE.

stood one of the queerest persons imaginable. The body was evidently that of a boy. To the face it would have been possible to ascribe almost any age. One eye was gone, gouged out by an accident; the other first sparkled as with the wisdom of years, then turned to the floor with the most childish diffidence. The mouth was one of youth; the lines that led away from the corners of it into the hollow cheeks were those of old age. The clothes were peculiar, even for that locality, where but slight attention was paid to fashion and one could see almost any kind of costume imaginable. The copper-toed boots, the coarse, ragged trousers, too long for short pants, too short for long ones; the coat, a sort of sack cutaway that had been made for a much larger person; and the old hat, which had once been a glossy "stove-pipe," but was now battered down into a mass of creases with part of a brim attached; all these appurtenances of dress led the imagination by easy stages from extreme youth to old age.

Noticing the embarrassment of the newcomer, I went to him and began: "Well—" Here I paused, hardly knowing whether the expression, "my boy" would be applicable, then began again: "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I'm Jack Holland, an' Pap says 'at I can come. Couldn't come yeast'day."

"All right, Jack. Have you ever been to school before?"

"Went two months a couple o' years ago, over'n the Fallin' Angel diggin's."

"And how old are you, Jack?"

"Twelve, goin' on thirteen."

Then he was only a child, after all; one of those children, such as you often meet, from whose faces suffering and hardship have erased the marks of youth, substituting therefor an ogreish expression of age.

Suppressing the laughter and remarks of the pupils caused by his strange appearance and actions, I soon learned as much as possible about his previous schooling, found him a seat and directed him in his studies.

Suddenly, during the recitation of the first class, there was a noise just outside the door—a squeaking, rasping, unearthly noise, as if a whole mill full of saws were being filed.

The new boy must have discovered a look of surprise on my face.

"That's Jill," he explained, unmindful of the laughter of the other pupils.

A moment later the door was unceremoniously pushed open, and in came the owner of the voice.

A beautiful Colorado burro never existed, but Jill was about the homeliest of her species.

Lacking the bashfulness of her master, she came unhesitatingly into the room. I started to drive her out.

"Better look out! She's mighty unsartin with strangers—at that end," cautioned Jack, the latter part of his sentence added because of the "about face"

movement of the quadruped, and the vicious manner in which the heels from "that end" beat a lively tattoo in the air, altogether too close to my ears for comfort.

Unmindful of the flying heels, Jack walked up, placed his arm around the burro's neck and led her from the room.

After that Jack and Jill were regular attendants at the school. The burro never again essayed to enter the house, although she would often look in at the door. Although not tied, she never wandered but a few yards from the house. Let any of the other children go near her, and her heels would instantly fly in the air. Whenever Jack was outside she would follow close at his heels like a dog. Several times every day the monotony of the school room would be interrupted by the sound of her voice.

I never saw Jack when Jill was not close at hand. If Jill was seen patiently standing in front of a saloon, it was proof that Jack was in search of his father. If a discordant sound came floating from the mountain side, one could be certain that "Jack and Jill were going up the hill." If Jack was ever seen when he was not perched in the home-made saddle on her back, one was sure to see "Jill come following after."

Knowing almost nothing of books at first, Jack soon developed an insatiable desire for knowledge. The manner in which his quick mind grasped every bit of information was marvelous.

Noticing that he never took part in the games of the other children, and seemed to hold aloof from them, I went one noon to the place among the sage where he had gone to eat his dinner.

"Why don't you play with the other boys?" I inquired.

"Cause they laugh at me, an' they call me 'one-eyed Jack.' Not that they mean anythin' by that," he hastily continued, fearing he had said something that might get the others into trouble, "but you know they have to have some way to 'stinguish me from Jack Brandon: an'—you know it kind a' hurts."

Then pointing to his book that lay open on the ground before him, he continued: "I want to study all the time I can. You see, I don't know how soon this lead'll peter out, an' I got to work it for all there is in it."

Something led me to ask him about the loss of his eye. He hesitated, as if loath to answer, then replied: "Well, you see, Pap didn't 'low for to do it. He wouldn't a' slung the pine chunk at me if he'd a' knowed what he was doin'."

So it was his father, in one of his drunken furies, who had thrown a stick of wood, tearing the eye from its socket.

Many times during my stay in that town I saw Jack lead his father from some saloon, and steady the staggering steps as he led the drunken man up the trail toward the cabin on the mountain side, where the two lived alone.



"JACK AND JILL WERE GOING UP THE HILL."

One day the boy's eye sparkled as he told me that "when Pap strikes it rich" he was going to college.

That night I saw him getting his drunken father away from the worst saloon in town. The next morning when he came to school his one eye was surrounded by purple marks and so swollen that he could hardly see. In answer to my inquiries as to the cause of the injury, he hesitated, then stammered: "He wouldn't a' done it if he'd a' knowed what he was a' doin'. Pap's good to me when he's hisself. He says when he strikes it rich—"

I turned away sick at heart. It was easy to foretell when such a man would strike it rich.

One morning near the first of December, Jack and Jill were absent from school. It was the first time that the boy had not been in his seat at the ringing of the bell. It was not until night that I learned that his father had been in an uglier mood than ever the night before. On his going home, the man had attempted to shoot the boy. In a scuffle, the weapon had been discharged and the bullet had passed through Jack's arm, so shattering it that the physician was compelled to take it off, just below the elbow.

It was impossible for me to go to see Jack that night; but the next afternoon as soon as school was dismissed, I hurried up the trail to the cabin.

Mr. Holland was outside, sober, crestfallen and thoroughly repentant. Not knowing when another

opportunity would come, I waited outside long enough to deliver a scathing temperance lecture, hoping the wreck of a man would profit thereby.

When I entered the cabin Jack was lying on a rude bunk propped up with some old garments and a single pillow. He must have heard what I said to his father, for as soon as I entered he began: "Pap didn't go fur to do it. You see I knew 'at he didn't know what he was doin', and I grabbed hold o' the gun, an' that's the way it happened."

Poor boy! Still striving to excuse his miserable father. He did not know that I knew that if he had not "grabbed hold o' the gun," it would have been through his body instead of his arm that the bullet would have gone.

An open book lay before him. Even so soon after his accident he was trying to go on with his studies. As I picked up the book he pointed to it and offered the explanation: "With one hand an' an eye gone, I won't be worth much for work, an' I've got to follow that vein now 'til I strike the main lead."

As I sat talking with him, Jill pushed the door open and marched to the side of the bunk.



I MADE OUT THE FIGURE OF A BOY WEARILY GUIDING THE FOOTSTEPS OF A STAGGERING MAN.

"Good Jill! You're sorry for Jack, ain't you?" murmured the boy as he put his arm around her neck and placed his cheek against her shaggy head.

The poor child had long been exposed to hardship and abuse; but he had a hardy constitution, and the cut arm healed rapidly. The doctor said it would only make him worse to keep his books from him; so I used to go up several times a week and hear him recite. It was his right arm that was gone; but he resolutely set to work to learn to use his left, and even before he was out he could write fairly well.

It was but a few days before the close of the session when he was able to come to school again. Such was the admiration for him felt by the other pupils since they had come to know more of him that he was accorded quite an ovation when he first reappeared among them. There were no more jeers and uncomplimentary remarks and Jack was quite the hero of the hour.

What seemed to please him most was the information that he imparted to me one day that "Pap's been himself ever since that night, and he thinks he'll strike it rich pretty soon now."

The next morning I noticed the joyful look was gone from his face. The old lines of sadness and age had returned. When I called him to me and put my arm around him he said nothing, but began to cry. No words were needed to tell me what was his trouble.

Three days later I left the place. As the stage went up the winding road above town, I looked across the canon. On the trail leading up the other side of the mountain, a short distance below the lonely cabin, I saw three moving objects. Taking a pair of glasses I easily made out the figure of a boy wearily guiding the footsteps of a staggering man. Close behind them, with her head down, as if she, too, realized the shameful situation, followed a burro.

A moment later there was borne to my ears across the canon a doleful sound, a sound like the squeaking of a rusty hinge.

Poor Jack and Jill were going up the stony hill of life.

That was fourteen years ago. During those years I heard no more of Jack.

Last summer business took me to a progressive mining town in central Colorado. Inquiring at the hotel for a good attorney to attend to some legal business, I was told that Holland was one of the best lawyers on mining law, or any other kind of law, for that matter, to be found in the country. My informant imparted the further information that the lawyer mentioned then had a case on in court, and that I could find him at the court house.

Following the directions given me, I was soon inside the crowded court room. Before the bar of justice sat a bear-eyed wreck of a man, charged with grand larceny, a crime committed while he was intoxicated.

The defendant's attorney was just making his plea. I soon found myself, like the other listeners, spellbound by his eloquence. Soon I noticed that his few gestures were all made with his left hand. I saw that

the right hand was missing. When I got a glimpse of his face I saw that one eye was gone.

As I stepped up to him at the adjournment of court, the young attorney hesitated a moment, then as a look of recognition flashed over his face, my hand was seized in one of the heartiest clasps it has ever felt.

As we passed from the court house I asked him about his father.

"Father's pretty old and feeble now; he's with me," was the reply; then, half apologetically still, he continued: "You know father never did seem to strike pay dirt."

"And Jill?" I inquired.

Before he could answer, a harsh, discordant noise, low at first, then swelling louder and louder, came echoing from somewhere down the street.

"She's calling me now," he replied with a laugh. "She's getting old, too, and you see age has not improved her voice; but to my ears there is no sweeter music on earth."

ADINORAM PENWHISSEL AND THE PERSIAN PRINCESS

CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS

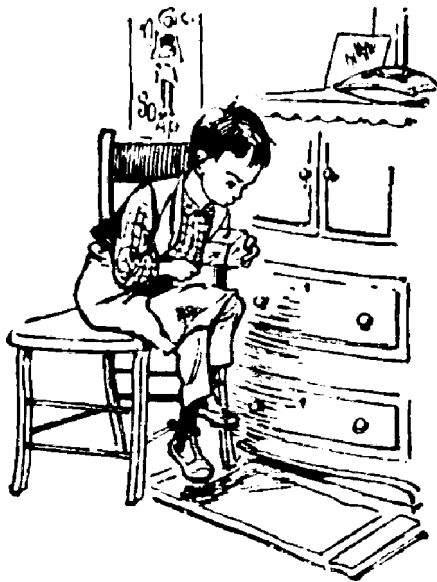
(Copyright by the Author.)

Adinoram Penwhissel lived in East Bigtown, a village somewhere between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts in the United States, and he was very fond of going to the circus. That is, if a person can be fond of doing a thing that he has done but once in his life. For until he was twelve his circus going had been limited to one small circus, and as a tornado had whipped the tent out of sight before the show began he really did not see much of that one.

But soon after he was twelve a real "Aggregated Amalgamation," as it was called on the posters, came to Bigtown Center and Adinoram, after he had feasted his eyes on a picture of a green and pink snake swallowing himself in a den of lions hurried home, and taking out his little tin bank drew therefrom twenty-three cents with the aid of his "toad-sticker."

Twenty-three cents, and the admission for boys was a quarter of a dollar! Adinoram was on the point of tears, for he knew that his father did not believe in circuses, having entirely forgotten his own youth. No, that is not the way to put it. Abraham Penwhissel had not forgotten his youth; he had never had any. He had been one of those sober and distressing boys who think it silly to laugh and foolish to play, and he was just as much an old man when he was eight years old as when he was sixty. Rather rough to remain a boy all through life.

Adinoram had no mother from whom to get two



ONLY TWENTY-THREE CENTS.

cents, so he did not see how he was going to buy the ticket. He had been six months saving up the twenty-three cents, and the ways to earn money at East Bigtown were few and far between. At last, knowing nothing of the ways of ticket sellers, he resolved to try to get in on twenty-three cents.

He lived some miles from Bigtown Center and so he did not see the lovely street parade with the most beautiful woman in the whole world—bar none—sitting on top of a rickety gilded globe and smiling hard enough to give her facial paralysis. But his father needed corn meal for the chickens, and not knowing anything about the circus he told Adinoram that he could go and get it, and even said that he needn't hurry, as the horse was a little lame. This was sufficient excuse for Adinoram, and he determined to squeeze the circus in somewhere. But on the way into town he forgot that the horse was lame, and really made a record that Betsy had not equaled since her younger days, some twenty years previous.

He got the meal and put Betsy under the Baptist church sheds, and then his two feet ran a race to the circus tent that was pitched in a flat field near the Mad river.

The ticket seller, in a gorgeous red wagon with an opening at one end, was a very busy man just then, and the stream of people approaching him was very long, but he was just clawing in money and slapping down red and yellow pasteboard tickets, but when Adinoram reached him he put his twenty-three cents down before him, and speaking quickly and to the point, said: "I lack two cents. Give me a ticket and I'll come out before it's over."

Now, I leave it to you if most ticket sellers would not have told him to get away from the wagon and not ask silly questions, but there was something in Adinoram's very honest little face that made him slap down a ticket and say with a smile: "You can see the whole show and pay the rest next year."



"YOU'RE IN DEBT TWO CENTS."

An old man just behind Adinoram put a kindly hand upon his shoulder and said, "Don't forget, sonny, you're in debt two cents. Don't get in any deeper." And Adinoram said, "You bet I won't." He felt so big hearted just then that if he had found a quarter I believe that he would have given it all to the pleasant ticket seller.

But although he didn't find a quarter he did find himself in quarters that were more delightful than any he had ever imagined. This was a real circus, with three rings, and the sight of rows upon rows of happy and expectant people, the delightful smell of peanuts and sawdust combined with the animal smell, made it seem like a little heaven to him.

The performance in the ring would not begin for a half an hour, so he went into the menagerie and looked at the animals. There was a sacred ox that looked as if he had anything but a sacred temper, and an animal that Adinoram took to be a zebra, whose neck had been accidentally stretched until he heard a small boy call it a "gyrafe" and then he knew the animal and the pronunciation, too, for Adinoram had picked up a good deal of information of various kinds.

But of all the animals, the tigers interested him the most, and when he came opposite their cage the tigress stopped in her restless walk and looked him right in the eye. And Adinoram, being an honest youth, returned her gaze with intensity. Now, you know that no beast, wild or tame, can stand the steady gaze of the human eye and yet this tigress looked at Adinoram as steadily as bad boys look at girls at school when they are trying to stare them out of countenance and the teacher is looking the other way.

Adinoram had a logical mind. He said to himself, "I know that wild beasts can not stand the human stare. This tigress can stand it, therefore she is not a real tigress. And if she isn't a real tigress, what is it likely that she is?"

He thought a moment, still keeping up the stare, and then it came to him in a flash. She was a beautiful princess, who had been condemned to take the form of a tigress to please the whim of some wicked magician.

This much Adinoram was sure of, but he did not know what steps to take in order to dissolve the enchantment.

You may wonder how a boy like Adinoram, a half orphan, with a severe and busy father, could have known about such things, but the year before an aunt, who lived in the east, had sent him a copy of Grimm's "Fairy Tales," and after that Adinoram lived in a

new world. He worked just as hard, but he had an added horizon, if you know what I mean. He could see much further and he was happier.

He was now divided in his sense of duty. He supposed that the ticket seller was the proprietor of the show. Simple hearted little Adinoram! As a matter of fact, the ticket seller was sick of his situation and wished that he could become a clerk in a dry goods store, where he would not have to think so fast and would not run the risk of losing large sums of money. Fancy having a chance to go around with a circus, and wishing you were in a dry goods store! But Adinoram did not know this, and as the ticket seller had passed him in for twenty-three cents, he thought it would be a very mean thing for him to turn the tigress into a princess and so make the circus short one valuable animal.

While he stood there, swaying between two impulses, the tigress stepped toward him and gave a low moan. That settled it. Ticket seller or not, he hadn't the heart to let a poor princess suffer like that, and he said in a low voice:

"I will rescue you, my dear,
I will help you, never fear."

Then he left the cage and walked away to think of the best mode of doing what he wished.

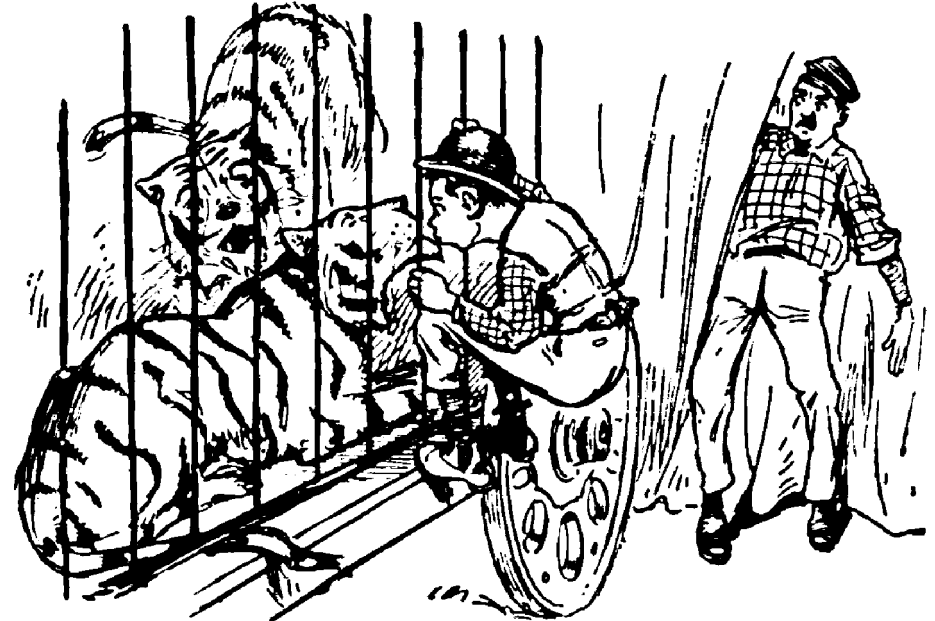
He knew that princesses who had been compelled to assume human forms were released only after the hero had done some doughty deed, and Adinoram did not know what he could do in that line. There were no giants to kill, no dragons to slay, nothing for him to do. And yet the remembrance of that moan made him so unhappy that he did not hear the flourish of trumpets that announced the entrance of the grand congress of riders. The people began to leave the animal tent to go into the main tent. In a minute Adinoram was all alone with the beasts. He went back to the tiger's cage and took up his stand in front of the tigress. She put her paw out between the bars and he fearlessly took it in his—or as much of it as he was able. While he was holding it a keeper came into the tent and was struck dumb at seeing Adinoram playing with one of the fiercest beasts in the menagerie.

When he recovered the use of his tongue he said, without stirring an inch, and in a low tone, "Stand still, boy, and don't say a word and I'll get you free!" But Adinoram only laughed and put his other hand between the bars, stroking the tigress as you would stroke a cat.

But Adinoram had failed to take into account that although she was friendly, her mate, the Royal Bengal tiger, was not of the enchanted kind, and he would not stand for an instant this thing that he regarded as an indignity to his wife. He crouched low and then sprang for Adinoram's arm!

He would have caught it, too, had not the tigress ward off the blow by a box on his ears that knocked him on his side.

The tigress had saved Adinoram's life and he was now doubly bound to free her from bondage. His



ADINORAM KISSED HER SQUARE ON THE CHIN.

face grew white, for he realized how narrow had been his escape. Then he heard a voice that seemed to come from inside of his head which said:

"Kiss the tigress on the chin
If you'd save the maid within."

All this time the keeper had stood transfixed. He now uttered a cry of horror, for he saw the fearless and reckless boy put his foot on the floor of the cage, and grasping two of the bars, raise himself so that his face came on a level with that of the tigress, who bent her head down that he might kiss her.

Adinoram kissed her square on the chin and dropped just in time to save himself from the second onslaught of her enraged mate.

The attendant yelled and people came rushing into the tent. They saw a strange sight. Adinoram stood in front of the cage with an agonized expression on his face, and in the cage stood a beautiful young Persian princess!

And the tiger, instead of knocking her down rubbed up against her like an immense amiable cat.

"Quick, the key," said Adinoram, and the keeper hastened to the cage and opened the door. The princess patted the tiger on the head and calmly stepped out of the cage and the door was slammed behind her—and just in time. As it was, the tiger lunged against it and bent one of the bars outward so far that the attendants had to transfer him to another cage after the uproar had subsided. For wild beasts are very responsive creatures and these events had not taken place without stirring them to the utmost. The lions were roaring, the hyenas were snarling, the elephants were trumpeting, the monkeys were chattering and the giraffes looked as if they wished they were not voiceless that they might take part in the concert.

In the midst of the uproar the owner of the circus came in, and he proved to be a very different sort of man from the genial ticket seller.

"Here, what's this rumpus about, interrupting the performance and irritating the animals?"

In a few words the keeper told him what had happened.

"My goodness, boy, why didn't you tell me you were going to do this. We would have gone to Chicago or St. Louis and advertised it, and it would have been worth a three years' trip around the world for this circus. I'd have made barrels of money. Now, no one outside of this tent will believe it happened, and I've lost the most valuable beast I had and

all I've gained is another woman for the congress of beauties."



"I WILL NEVER CONSENT TO BECOME ONE OF A CONGRESS OF BEAUTIES."

But at this the princess drew herself up and said with regal dignity, and in English, with just a touch

of Persian accent: "I will never consent to become one of a congress of beauties. Before I was enchanted I was considered the most beautiful lady in the East. I can trace my ancestry back a hundred years before Adam's time, and I am the first one in all that line who has ever been connected with a circus. If you will advertise me as the Princess Scheherezade, lineal descendant of the heroine of the Arabian Nights, I will stay with you, and your circus will be the greatest on earth. Otherwise I must return to Persia. As for this boy, who has saved me from a wretched existence, you must do something handsome for him. I myself will give him a letter of introduction to the Shah of Persia, who is my uncle."

She meant well, no doubt, but fancy an American boy wanting a letter of introduction to a Shah!

Little Adinoram squeezed her hand and said he wanted nothing, but the owner of the circus, who realized what an attraction he had, said to him: "Whatever you wish you shall have—in reason."

So Adinoram said: "Well, I owe your ticket seller two cents. Forgive me the debt and let me in to the performance tonight, because I've missed half of it this afternoon."

And as he had asked, so he received.

But I'm sure I don't know what old Mr. Penwhissel said to him when he returned at midnight with the bag of meal. Probably he gave him a lecture. A lecture after a circus!

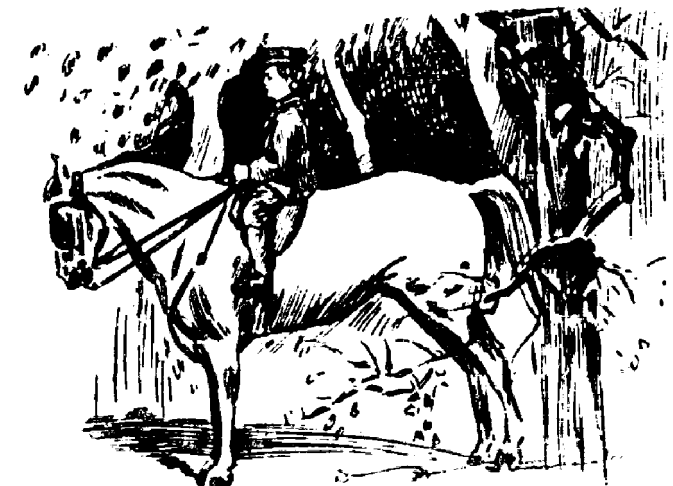
A YOUNG PARTISAN

E. J. MURPHY

One day, late in the spring of 1780, a detachment of Col. Tarleton's regiment, fresh from their victory at the Waxhaws, turned into a narrow road that wound through the very heart of Great Pee Dee swamp. The road was flanked on either side, for several miles, by thick forests, made denser by an almost tropical growth of vines and underbrush.

Ignorance of the position of the Partisan forces rendered extreme caution necessary, and the party was proceeding almost noiselessly, when a sharp cracking of sticks and the tread of a horse brought every man to a standstill.

It was only a little boy riding out from the forest into the warm sunlight with the May winds blowing his pretty curls about his sweet young face. He was recognized at once as the son of some wealthy country gentleman.



IT WAS ONLY A LITTLE BOY RIDING OUT FROM THE FOREST INTO THE WARM SUNLIGHT.

His cheeks paled as the Red-coats gathered around him, and the officer demanded his name.

"William James, sir," came the answer in a firm voice.

"By Jove, a prize!" exclaimed the officer.

"Now, my boy, will you be so kind as to tell us where you have been and where you are going?"

"No, sir, I cannot."

"Cannot!" and why?"

"I promised I wouldn't."

"Whom, pray?"

The boy was silent.

"Come, we want only a plain answer to our question, then you may go home if you like."

Still the boy did not answer.

"Did not your father join Gen. Marion, on Snow Island, this morning?"

"I cannot tell anything about my father, sir."

"Oh, is that the answer we are expected to be satisfied with?"

"Now, see here, boy, if you will not give a plain answer to a plain question there's a way to make you."

"Forward!" came the command, and the boy was riding between two Red-coats, a prisoner, on his way to Tarleton's camp.

Carried before Bloody Bill, as that officer lay on a blanket in the light of the camp-fire, he presented a picture of helpless innocence that might have moved to pity even that cruel Briton.

"Now, young rebel, tell us where that father of

yours is spending the night, for we must trap the fox, Marion, before morning."

The little fellow looked across the swarming mass of British soldiers and then again at the stern face so unrelenting in its cruelty.

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Cannot, or will not?"

"I have given my word that I will not."

"Oh, you have! But do you know I have the power to force you to tell?"

"No, sir."

"What! I haven't the power?"

"No, sir."

Tarleton sprang to his feet. "Boy!" he exclaimed, "I will have you lashed till you do tell. Do you see that pine knot? When the fire reaches the end I will ask you once again, and then I shall expect a very direct answer and no lying."

The little fellow's gaze was riveted upon the fast consuming flame. Surely he would be frightened into a confession.

"Now," exclaimed Tarleton, as the blaze reached its allotted limit, "is not Gen. Marion somewhere in this vicinity?"

"If I knew I would not tell you."

Tarleton sprang forward, seized the child, and dealt him two severe blows across the head, then kicked him to the earth with his heavy boot. The blood gushed from a wound near the temple.

"Here! take care of this cub!" he called to a passing soldier.

Just then there came the sharp report of musketry, and the beat of horses' hoofs. The British had been surprised in their fancied security, and Marion was not at Snow Island, but in the British camp.

The dying embers lighted up the return of the victorious Americans, and threw a ghastly light over the



THE EYELIDS PARTED SLOWLY.

pale face of the prostrate boy. A tall soldier bent over him. "William, it is father. Look up, my boy."

The eyelids parted slowly.

"I did not tell them, father; Col. Tarleton could not make me tell."

It was all over. The young patriot had given his life for his country.

ANECDOTES ABOUT BOYS CONTRIBUTED BY BOYS.

Will I go to work or go to school? This was the thought of a boy who had just graduated from a grammar school. He decided on the latter. He went to school for about two months and then it got kind of tiresome, so he thought he would stop. So he stopped school, sold his books and spent the money. But his mother found it out before many days went by, and now you can see the boy in one of our retail houses running cash for \$2.50 a week, trying to make money enough to buy back his books and start school once more.

HENRY W. LANGE.
55 N. Hoyne ave.,
Chicago.

"I HOLD 'IM DONNIE."

I am now over eleven years of age and my brother ten. But the anecdote of which I am going to write happened when I was about three and one-half years old and my brother about two. We own a beautiful black horse named Prince. It was summer, the barn door was open and the horse was in the stall. We were playing in the yard and barn, when the thought struck us that the horse needed some hay. We went into the barn. My brother sat with his arms and legs around the horse's hind legs and tail. Although the flies were bad, the horse did not even move an ear. I was trying to climb in the manger to put a handful of hay in it. My mother came out just in time to hear my brother say, "I hold 'im, Donnie."

Respectfully submitted,
JOHN C. GEHANT,
1350 N. Rockwell st.,
Chicago, Ill.



TARLETON SPRANG FORWARD AND SEIZED THE CHILD.

THE BOY TRAVELER

ANNOUNCEMENT We present herewith the fourth chapter of the narrative from the pen of Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he is describing his adventures as a 16 year old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1896 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$3.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington, where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as cabin-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England, where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the Lord Mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It gives American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teaches them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success of life. -The Editor.

CHAPTER IV.

I remained in New York some time, and had many interesting experiences. I wrote several articles for the "World" and was paid enough for them to defray all my expenses while in the city. I stayed much longer than I had expected because I found it very difficult to get a chance to work my way across the ocean. When I first started upon the trip I thought this would be one of the very easiest things to accomplish. I had read advertisements in New York papers calling for men to work, and I thought if there was work for men there must be something a boy could do, as well.

I spent several days going up and down the North River docks in New York calling at every vessel I could find, bound for any port in England. I began by visiting the famous ocean greyhounds, and finally spent my time in hunting tramp and cattle steamers. But I was received in the same way aboard every ship. I told the stewards that I was willing to wash dishes, scrub, peel vegetables, or do just anything if they would only let me go with them, but somehow they always had some excuse to offer. They said I wasn't old enough, or strong enough, or that I hadn't had experience, and sometimes they didn't exert themselves to make any excuse at all, but simply swore at me and ordered me off the ship. This was very hard to bear. I could stand almost anything, but I didn't like being sworn at, and finally I began to fear the very sight of a man in a steward's uniform.

I became more and more discouraged with each day, and at last felt very much like taking my twenty-five dollars and buying a ticket back to Chicago. But I never entertained such an idea for very long. I was determined not to return without having seen England at any rate. I knew very well that if I went back everyone would laugh and say, "I told you so," and I couldn't risk that at all. So for a time things looked very dark and I hardly knew what to do.

At last I made up my mind that I probably wouldn't be able, after all, to work my passage, so I decided to take my money and buy a steerage ticket upon some fast liner. I was tired of the delay, and was afraid, besides, that unless I reached England very soon the Queen's Jubilee would be over and gone before my arrival. One morning I suddenly decided to wait no longer, and hurried with my shirt-box down to the Cunard pier, expecting to take their steamer. But I reached my decision too late, for when I arrived at the pier the vessel had already sailed and was going downstream. I could almost have cried with disappointment, and for some time I sat around and scarcely knew which way to turn next. But after awhile I observed in the next dock one of a certain popular line of cattle steamers which also carries passengers, and as I had not yet been aboard this steamer, I decided to go and ask the steward if he didn't need a boy. To my great surprise he received me very pleasantly. "Yes, we do need a boy," he said, "and if you want to go, you had better remain aboard, for the vessel sails this evening." So I did succeed, almost by accident, in getting a chance to work my way, and I remained aboard.

I didn't have to begin work this first evening. I was shown down into a small, stuffy room in which I was to sleep with seven men, and I thought I had better get to bed early, so that I would be ready to begin my work next morning. But when I undressed I found things so crowded that there was absolutely no place at all where I could put my clothing. So I rolled it up and put it underneath the mattress. Afterward I learned that it didn't really pay to undress at all. I had such a short time to sleep. When I got into my bunk I found that they had given me a very short one, so that I could hardly lie at full length, and then

it was too narrow to permit of my lying sidewise, in bear fashion. I passed, therefore, a very uncomfortable night, and it seemed that I had finally just closed my eyes when at four o'clock in the morning one of the sailors came down and gave me a shake. "Out of this, now," he said, "get up on deck and start working, ye lazy youngster." So out I got, and looked about in vain for a place to wash. I afterwards found a bucket the most useful wash-bowl, but this first morning I hurried up the ladder just as I was. Once on deck, I looked about me and could see nothing anywhere save a broad expanse of water, and a little feeling of homesickness came over me. I had no time to think about it, however, for the steward was waiting for me. He showed me into the pantry, a small place about 8x10 in size, and told me that my chief duty during the voyage would be to wash dishes.

I was glad to hear this, for I had an idea that dish-washing was very easy work. I had had a little of it to do at home occasionally, and it had never seemed very hard. So I set to work with a will, here, and fixed my hot water and soap. There was already quite a large pile of dirty dishes waiting to be washed, and I had them almost done, when another and larger pile came in from the dining-room. That was the way things went all day long. I no sooner finished one pile, than another was waiting, and I don't think I ever before saw so many dirty dishes. There were about sixty passengers aboard beside the cattlemen, and five meals were served each day. Sometimes I



I DON'T THINK I EVER BEFORE SAW SO MANY DIRTY DISHES

used to think that each passenger must dirty at least six plates a meal, judging by the number which came to me to be washed. It kept me busy from four in the morning until nine o'clock at night, with just one hour off in the afternoon for rest. It may not be hard work to wash dishes, but it certainly becomes monotonous when one has it to do during sixteen hours of the day.

I think I might have got along very nicely, however, if I hadn't been so very sea-sick. I had hoped to escape that experience, but the second day out from New York I felt it coming. I hurried at once to the pantryman, or "Pants," as we called him for short, and told him that I must certainly get up on deck for some fresh air. But he simply pointed to a bucket under the sink, and told me to stay down in the pantry and get the dishes washed. So I simply had to remain, and for three days I was sea-sick and

washed dishes at the same time. I am sure no one can imagine a more horrible combination than that.

I didn't get along very well with my work. It seemed to me that I was in hot water all the time in more senses than one. "Pants" was very disagreeable, and proved a hard master. If, by any chance, there were no dishes to wash, he had no difficulty in finding something else for me to do. He was particularly fond of sending me over the ship on errands of various kinds, and one place to which he often sent me was the cold storage room, where most of the provisions were kept. I had charge of the keys to this room and was supposed to keep them hanging upon a nail in the pantry. I was continually in trouble on account of those keys. I was sent one evening to the storage room to get some milk. It was but half an hour before dinner and I was in a great hurry. I was nervous besides, having been scolded by "Pants" all day. I went into the room, laid down the keys, went out again, and shut the door. It was a spring lock, and when I realized what I had done, I am sure I must have turned pale with fright. I knew that I would never hear the last of this if "Pants" learned of it. I felt very much like getting out and walking, but this, of course, was hardly an easy thing to do. So I finally went to see the chief steward himself. "You haven't any idea what I've done now," I said, in a trembling voice, for I was afraid he, too, would be angry. "If it's anything worse than what you've been doing, it must be very bad," he said, laughing, "and now tell me what it is." Reassured, I told him all about it, and he sent a carpenter to break the lock. This wasn't an easy thing to do, and dinner was delayed for more than half an hour. "Pants" stormed about in a great temper, but as he never learned who was responsible for the locking-in of the keys, I escaped being scolded about it.

Another evening I went down to bed with the keys in my pocket, and suffered for it, too, next day. They had been unable to serve the usual midnight lunch because they couldn't get into the storage room.

I had so many hard experiences aboard ship that I wasn't sorry when the twelve days' voyage was over, and we anchored in the Thames, off London. I was glad to get ashore, and though I had no very definite plans ahead of me, I had already decided that it would be a good idea to earn some money in the beginning if I could. I, of course, expected to send articles to the Chicago papers and the one in New York, and I expected to get money in return for those articles, but until I did, I wanted to earn at least my room and my board if I could. I bought a copy of one of the London evening papers, and there, in the "ad" columns, I saw that a boy was wanted, in an inn, to work for his room and board. I was overjoyed when I read this, and lost no time in inquiring of a policeman the location of this inn. I thought it would be just the kind of place I wanted, and such it did turn out to be. Because I got there before any of the English boys, I secured the place. I had to work only during the mornings, the afternoons I had to myself to do as I pleased in, and of course I spent them in going all over London and seeing whatever there was to see. Every morning I was up at five o'clock, when I had the floors to sweep, the fires to make, and the fuel to bring in for the day. Then I had various errands to run, the lamps to clean, etc., but by noon I was always through.

I liked London from the very first. There was so much to see, and so much going on all the time. But at the end of two weeks the day for the Queen's Jubilee came around, and I was glad it did, for by this time I had visited most of the usual sights. Early on the morning of the great day I started out in order to get a good place from which to view the procession, and I came to a church, built out upon one of the streets through which the parade would pass. In one of the window-sills of this church there were two boys seated, so I got up there beside them, and I am sure I had a much better view than many people who paid ten and fifteen dollars for seats in grand stands up and down the street. I enjoyed the parade very much indeed, but the crowd was so great I was glad to get back to the little inn again in the evening.

When the Jubilee was over, it occurred to me that it was time I was getting my interview with Mr. Gladstone. I had been so sure of seeing him that I had promised the article to the editors before I left home, and indeed I had always the impression that Mr. Gladstone was an easy man to get at. I did, however, take the precaution before going down, to write and let them know that I was coming, and I expected to receive an answer saying that it would be all right, that they would be glad to see me. But I was very

much mistaken. I waited three days and then received a short note saying that "Mr. Gladstone's Secretary regrets that, owing to his ill-health, he is unable to receive strangers." This meant that it would be no use for me to come, and I was very much disappointed. But I decided to persevere, and wrote another letter in which I told how important it was for me to secure the interview. I said I had promised it to the editors and that if I didn't get it, they would say I couldn't do what I had started out to do, and after that they wouldn't have much faith in my ability. But this letter didn't call forth any reply. I sup-

advantage of having a friend at court. I was at last permitted to see the chamberlain, who was a very elderly man, and he read my letter through twice with great care. Then he said only that I should return in three days and he would be able to let me know whether he could do anything for me. From his manner when he read my letter I was afraid I needn't expect a favorable answer, so I was very much surprised when I returned to have him say that if I came the next afternoon he could get me in, he thought.

I hurried back to the inn, and told the good news.



MR. GLADSTONE SEEMED TO FIND IT VERY INTERESTING INDEED.

pose they thought one answer was enough. There was then an excursion to the country round about Hawarden, and I took advantage of the low rates to go down and see what I could do when on the ground.

I arrived in the village one Saturday evening and it was exactly four days before I saw the inside of the castle, and they were four days of very hard work. I went first to see Mr. Stephen Gladstone, rector of the Episcopal church at Hawarden, but he sent me to see his sister at the castle. Miss Helen Gladstone refused to let me in, too, and finally, as a last resort, I saw Mrs. Gladstone herself, and asked her to help me. I showed her the clipping from the Evening World, with the story of my trip, and the sketch of me seated with Mr. Gladstone, and she was very much amused. She said she thought if he would see me it would be at least a change for him! She went into the library, and when she came out again she said I might enter if I wouldn't stay too long.

Mr. Gladstone was seated in a large arm chair, with shawls and cushions all about him. He looked very feeble, but he was cordial, and, holding out his hand to me, asked me to bring my chair up close to his, as he couldn't talk to me if I sat far away. I sat down, and he began at once to ask me all sorts of questions about myself and my life at home. I had to tell him all about my trip from the very beginning, and he seemed to find it very interesting indeed. He took such a great interest in me that I remained nearly three-quarters of an hour, and before leaving mustered up my courage and told Mr. Gladstone how very anxious I was to see the Queen. I told him that if I could see her I could go back home happy. He laughed and said he wasn't sure that it would be possible, but that he was willing to help me in any way he could. He said it was possible I would be received, because the Queen took a great interest in boys and young men who were trying to help themselves.

So he gave me a letter to Lord Lathom, who was at that time chamberlain at Windsor Castle, and the first thing I did upon my return to London was to go out there and present the letter. They weren't going to let me through even the outside gate until I told them that I had the letter, and I realized then the

Then I began to worry about what I ought to wear. The chamberlain, to my surprise, didn't tell me anything about what I ought to do, so I couldn't decide. I knew that a dress suit wouldn't be proper in the afternoon, and anyhow I didn't have one. I went to the Guildhall library and took out a book on Court Etiquette, but it told me so many things that ought to be done, I decided the safest way would be to do none of them; so when I went out to the castle I wore a little suit that I had paid five dollars for in a Chicago department store. And I am sure they were all much better pleased than if I had attempted anything in the way of dress or ceremony. At the castle everything was decidedly informal. I was received very pleasantly, conducted through several hallways and rooms which were furnished more beautifully than anything I had ever seen before, and shown into a pleasant apartment which I learned is called the Red Drawing Room.

Almost the first person I saw upon entering was the Queen herself, seated near one of the windows. She had evidently been reading a book, for one was lying open upon the table beside her, and she wore large glasses. Altogether, she looked very much like most of her pictures, with the exception that she was much more pleasant in appearance. She always looked to me very stern in her pictures, but she smiled as I entered, and I thought I had never seen a more friendly smile. With her in the room were her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, and her grand-daughter, the Princess Victoria of Wales. They were

all very pleasant, and dressed in very simple costumes. The chamberlain introduced me by simply saying, "This is the boy," and they opened the conversation by asking me to step up nearer. Then Princess Beatrice asked me all about my trip, and I had to describe my experiences. Then they asked me my impressions of various English things, and I told them very frankly what I thought. They seemed to find it all very amusing, and I am quite sure they secured a great deal more amusement from the interview than I did, for I was somewhat embarrassed. The Queen didn't talk much, but when leaving said just a few words congratulating me on what I had accomplished, and hoping I would continue to succeed.

I remained about six or seven minutes, and when it was all over I had to go back to the little inn where I was working for my room and board. The change seemed very great.

(To be Continued.)

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The National Society of the Children of the American Revolution was incorporated in the District of Columbia, April 11, 1895, and by such incorporation the headquarters of the society are fixed in the city of Washington.

The objects of the society are: The acquisition of a knowledge of American history; the doing of patriotic work; the saving of places made sacred by American men and women who forwarded American independence; the finding out and honoring the lives of children and youth of the colonies and of the American revolution; the promoting and celebrating of all patriotic anniversaries; the placing of the Declaration and other patriotic documents in every place appropriate for them; the holding of the American flag sacred above every other flag; the loving, upholding and extending of American institutions and principles.

Any girl or boy is eligible to membership from birth to the age of 18 years for the girls, and 21 years for the boys, provided he or she is "descended from a man or

woman who with unflinching loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier, sailor or civil officer in one of the several colonies or states, or of the united colonies or states."

Local societies under the jurisdiction of the National society may be formed.

The president of the local society must be a Daughter of the American Revolution. Local societies must be named after persons, events or places associated with the early history of the country.

The seal of the society has upon its face the figures



I WAS SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED.

of a girl and boy in dress appropriate to the Continental period; between them is a shield; above them are the thirteen stars arranged in a symbolic setting; around the rim is the legend, "Children of the American Revolution." The insignia of the society is a solid silver pin, overlaid with gold, the outer rim being a garter of heraldic blue enamel, carrying the legend, "Children of the American Revolution," and ending with a buckle whereon is an eagle with wings outspread, in the attitude of "Old Glory." The eagle occupies the center of the space, together with the flag, which he holds in his talons.

There are two hundred branches of the National society, with over four thousand members enrolled.

DETROIT BRANCH.

The Paul Jones Society, Children of the American Revolution, is the Detroit Branch of the National society and was organized about two years ago under the guidance and direction of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The president of the local society is Mrs. George William Moore. This branch numbers over 60 members.

The programs of their monthly meetings consist of: First, the singing of "America," then the lifting high and saluting of the American flag, from whose staff floats a pennant, on which is inscribed in letters of gold, "Paul Jones Society, Children of the American Revolution." Standing about the banner, with right hands uplifted, palms downward to a line with the forehead, and close to it, all the members repeat the following pledge: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." At the words, "To my flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward toward the flag, and remains this way until the end of the affirmation, when immediately all hands drop to the side.

Our readers will recall that this pledge of allegiance was given by more than twelve million public school children during the National Public School Celebration of Oct. 21, 1892. This pledge has been perpetuated and is still given in thousands of schools. It may well be called "The National Salute."

Following the giving of the pledge are literary and musical numbers patriotic in their nature.



"RATTLESNAKE PETE"

The Noted Scout, Plainsman and Deputy United States Marshal Tells How He Got His Name.

WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN BOY BY CHEYENNE BOB

One day last week, as I was passing along the street, I met my old friend W. H. Liddiard, and thinking I might get some items of interest for THE AMERICAN BOY, I stopped the veteran plainsman and asked if he would tell me how he came to get the name of "Rattlesnake Pete."

Pete has lived on the plains for the last thirty-five years, serving as scout and guide, and for nine years was a Deputy United States Marshal. He had charge of the Indians at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha in 1898, and is as well known in the West as any man who ever crossed the muddy old Missouri. He has been all over the western country, and knows every foot of ground from the Missouri River to the Rockies; he has associated a great deal with the various tribes of Indians; he has eaten dog soup with old Sitting Bull, and smoked the pipe of peace with Bear Eagle and hundreds of other Indian chiefs; he has chased the bushy-headed, lumbering buffalo, and has been hugged more than once by a grizzly; but no amount of persuasion will induce him to tell how many Indians he has sent to the happy hunting grounds. In reply to my question, he said:

"Why, of course, Bob; you know I'm always ready and willing to accommodate an old friend. The way it happened was like this. Along about sixteen years ago, when the Indians were hunting scalps every other Friday, Ben Baker came to me and wanted me to pilot him through the Bad Lands. I didn't care much about going, as I had some other matters to attend to, but Ben said he'd have to make the trip and he just couldn't get through without me. A bargain was finally made, and a few days later we struck out from Chadron, well provisioned and with plenty of presents for the Indians.

"A couple of weeks before we started on this trip, two men had been up that way and had cheated some of the Indians on a trade for pelts. They got away with their plunder, but the Indians were mad through and through and said they would kill the first bunch of palefaces they ran across. Baker and I had heard nothing of the trouble, so we walked right into the trap, as it were.

"On the second day out—we hadn't seen sign of an Indian yet, mind you,—I caught sight of a band of a dozen red-skins rounding a bend in the trail, coming towards us, about a mile away. We rode along and soon met the Indians. Baker thought he would get on the good side of them, so he ran his hand down in the saddle-bags and fished up a handful of glass beads and some tobacco.

"Much heap magnificent, make papoose look purty," said Baker, handing out a lot of the beads, but the red devils only grunted, shook their heads, and never offered to take them.

"Red man heap tobac, smoke with paleface brother," said Baker, offering an old buck a package of Bull Durham.

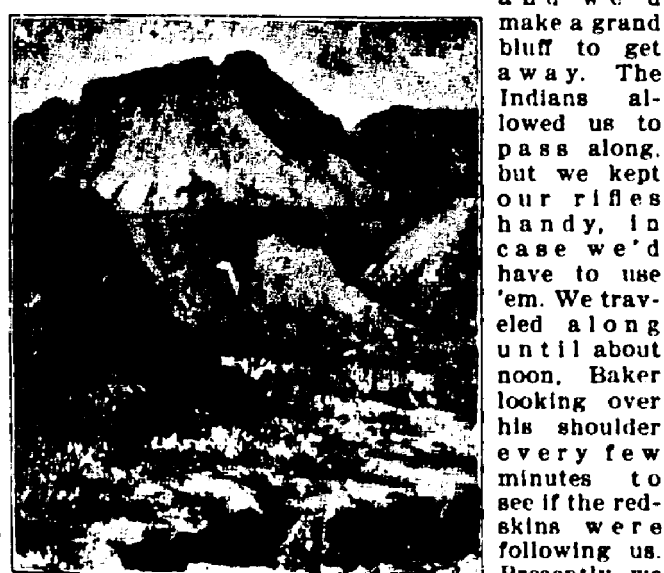
"Ugh, waugh! Tobac heap bad medicine," was the only answer.

"I thought it funny they wouldn't accept anything from Baker, so I tried my hand, but they only stood around, with their hands hid under their blankets. I knew then that something was up, so I told Baker we had better 'pull our freight' and the sooner the better; that if we didn't get away soon we might as well

count our beads and lay our plans for fording the River Jordan when we got to it.

"Do you really think there's any danger?" inquired Baker.

"I told him I thought we had got ourselves in a nice mess, and advised him to brace up, put on a bold front,



THE BAD LANDS.

and we'd make a grand bluff to get away. The Indians allowed us to pass along, but we kept our rifles handy, in case we'd have to use 'em. We traveled along until about noon, Baker looking over his shoulder every few minutes to see if the redskins were following us. Presently we came to the summit of one of those peculiar, odd-shaped mounds which one meets so frequently in the Bad Lands, reminding one of the pictures of the pyramids of Egypt, or the tower of Babylon, or in fact almost anything can be imagined of them. The hill on which we stood was the highest one anywhere around. I was just remarking what a fine toboggan slide the sides would make. I knew the place very well, and told Baker the hill was sacred to certain tribes of Indians. There was an old legend about it which the Indians believed. It ran something like this:

"Many years ago the Ollawallas lived in the Bad Lands and had their hunting grounds on the prairies surrounding the deep ravines which were natural fortresses. They were a happy, easy-going band, not at war with any of the other tribes. The Sioux coveted the cozy winter quarters of the Ollawallas, with their great hunting grounds, alive with buffalo and other game, and they coveted it to such a degree that they planned a general war upon the unsuspecting Ollawallas, with the intention of exterminating the tribe.

"The Sioux had everything nicely planned and the day appointed for the attack. They sent out two scouts the day before. The scouts came, so the legend says, to the top of the hill where Baker and I then were sitting, eating our lunch, to look over into the valley below and count the number of tepees of the Ollawallas. It was raining very hard at the time, and as the two warriors stood at the brow of the hill, looking over, they began to slip and to roll and roll like tumble weeds down the greasy, gumbo sides. The Ollawallas saw them sliding down and—

"A couple of shots were fired and I heard a dozen war whoops at the foot of the hill. The Indians we had left behind us that morning were coming up the hill, firing their guns and whooping and yelling like mad.

"Save me, Bill, I'm a goner! Oh, what a fool I was that I didn't know enough to stay in Chadron! Ouch, I'm hit again!" shrieked Baker.

"Come on, let's find a hole and stand 'em off. We can kill one or two of the redskins before they can get us, if that's any consolation. You're worth a dozen dead men yet," I said.

"We found an old cave and in it we went, both trying to get in first, creeping on all fours for thirty feet or more. We heard the Indians yelling and whooping outside, and I was just getting my rifle ready to send one to the happy hunting grounds when Baker shouted:

"Great Caesar's ghost! What's this thing crawling over my leg? Where are you Bill?"

"I knew in a second that we had crawled into a den of rattlesnakes, for I could hear 'em shaking their rattles on all sides of us, so I says to Baker:

"Lay down, you big galoot, and play you're dead. Don't you know a rattlesnake won't bother a dead man? How long have you been in this country, anyway?"

"We both lay on the damp floor of the cave for about ten minutes—it seemed like six weeks to me—with the snakes crawling all around us and all over us. Finally I could stand it no longer, so I grabbed my rifle and made a break for the mouth of the cave, preferring to die fighting Indians to staying in there. Just as I stepped outside, a big Sioux buck met me and held out his hand, saying:

"How coolah! Indian heap glad to see white brother. Bear Eagle smoke brother's pipe."

"Just then another Indian came out from behind a rock, extended his hand, and said:

"Indian heap dry, drink much firewater," and then half a dozen more bobbed up and wanted me to give them some tobac.

"I heard a noise behind me and there was Baker, but such a sight you never saw! He had long hair and it was as black as the bottom of a coffee pot when he went into the cave; when he came out it was as white as the driven snow! We gave the Indians all the beads and tobac we had, and struck out for Chadron. Baker was the happiest man in the world when we got back, even if his hair had turned white. From that day to this I've been called 'Rattlesnake Pete,' and to tell you the honest truth, Bob, I've almost forgotten what my real name is."

OUR BOY SAVING FUND

Seventy-three boys and friends of boys have contributed up to date one-fourth the amount needed to rescue one boy, by the plan proposed on the front page of our May number. Sixty dollars is required and fifteen dollars and ten cents has been sent us so far. The names of all contributors will appear in our July number. The result of the appeal has been disappointing in one sense, encouraging in another.

As promised, we have taken two boys from the streets—one for ourselves and one for our readers. One of them is now safe in the care of the Beulah Land Farm for Boys at Leoni, Mich. He is "your" boy. We have rescued another boy and placed him with the National Junior Republic at Annapolis, Maryland. This boy will be our boy. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will pay for his care. Every reader of this paper should take a hand, sending at least a penny toward this work. We shall need for five dollars more for "your boy." We have already paid for you and for ourselves a good share of the money asked by these two institutions and the boys are "saved"; at least, they are started and have good care, good instruction, and good homes. Would that we could receive enough money to save a boy a month!

Next month we will show you pictures of these two boys and will tell you something about them.

But there is more to our story. Two good women, one in Iowa and one in Virginia, each offered a good home for a boy whom we might select, and we are going to find the boys. This will cost you and cost us no money. So that as a result of the little appeal in our May number, four American boys will be taken out of wicked and degrading surroundings and started on the road to right living. Isn't it worth our interest and effort, boys? Then help.

Respectfully,
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY.



"GYPSIE."

WHO RECEIVES HONORABLE MENTION IN THE DOG CONTEST

Aunt Em's Letter to Little Boys

A COMPOSITION ON MOTHERS.

ALAN T. TARBELL, DORCHESTER, MASS.

A mother is an excellent person to have round with their loving words and helping hands ready to assist you in doing right. Some boys think their mothers very mean if she don't give you a nickel any time you want it or expect to go to the theatre at any time. But it's all for the best, boys, remember. It is best to be bad and tell of it than be bad and keep it from your mother. For that matter, boys, try not to be bad and worry her. You always will not have a mother to tend you when sick and bruised. After you become a man you will look back and wish you had done lots of things for her.

Home, May 10th, 1900.

To Alan T. Tarbell:

My Dear Friend—Your good composition on Mothers pleased me very much. At once I could see that your mother must be an exceptionally good one, and that you love her devotedly. A lady who has been visiting me brought her twin boys, eight years old, with her. If you could only see how tenderly at-

tached they are to her, you would be sure that your wise words about "mothers" are true. When she says "no" to them they know at once that she means "no," and so do not ask again.

You say "it is best to tell your mother when you are bad rather than keep it from her." Surely that is the only way to do. It all depends upon what your motive is, however. Now, my oldest boy sprained a muscle on his right hip, playing "throw the hammer." A sudden, extra effort to send the hammer farther than the other boys could, resulted in a snapping of something, he knew not what. The swelling caused him some alarm.

Fearing to tell me (for good reasons, which I will tell you), he went at once to our physician. Together they kept this fact from me, until, by his pale face, I mistrusted something had happened to him.

When my boy saw that he could keep it secret no longer, he came to me frankly and told me all about it, giving this as his apology:

"Mamma, I thought that you had worries enough, so I didn't want to add to them before I had to." His motive was good, so I freely forgave him for not confiding in me sooner. I do not call that being bad, do you?

Please let me know whether your mother was delighted with your composition on "Mothers," and

does it not make you desirous of becoming a writer some day?

Do you believe that dreams mean anything? The other night a man had a curious one which so impressed him that he has actually turned it to a purpose, and he may become wealthy from having dreamed it. This is the story; whether or not it is true, I leave to you. He dreamed that he invented a novel kind of carpet stretcher. In the dream he was fortunate enough to be given such an accurate idea of its size and workings that when he awoke, he drew an exact picture of it. Then he went down town, found a bright inventor, explained his dream, showed the design he had made, and together they bought the needful things, as boards, screws, etc., and in a short time actually put together a fine new carpet stretcher. When completed it looked like a fire-screen and occupied very little room. Then the man borrowed some money and set himself up in business. Today, the story goes, these carpet stretchers are being turned out from the manufactory at the rate of four thousand a day. Think of the fortune he must be making! All because he carried out in every detail a dream!

Why not write a composition on dreams? Will not my little boy readers try it?

Always cordially yours,

"AUNT EM."

MY BOY JACK

MARY JOSLYN SMITH

The paper, as usual, was pinned up to the rafters of the loft, and Jack was bolstered up a little, in order to be able to read. It was the only reading matter he had that was at all new, and he had saved one column unlooked at, fresh for that particular day.

It proved to be a column of letters from "shut-ins," asking for various things or offering thanks to the paper and friends for the helpful things sent.

"I wish I could get an advertisement into that paper for second-hand reading matter. I wonder what I shall do after I finish this paper," thought Jack.

Weeks afterward when Miss Pomeroy, a gray-haired teacher in a western city was looking over a boys' and girls' paper to find some new story to tell her pupils, she noticed a not uncommon advertisement: "Wanted, second-hand reading matter by a crippled boy in ———, Kansas."

"I have a large number of papers and magazines for young people, and I could answer that, if I knew it was a real want," said the teacher. After a moment's thought she added, "I will send a package to that address."

When she made up the package to go by express she enclosed a kind note, asking for some account of the boy. The boy lived far from a railroad or express office, so there was much delay in the arrival of the papers at the cabin, and then it took a long time for Jack to get anyone to write a letter to the teacher.

The mother had not written letters in so long she was all out of practice; and her daily work was so exhausting she was sure she could not write to a stranger; while the father was too tired, but would write some day, he always promised.

At last Jack was made happy by knowing that a letter had been taken eight miles away to mail in answer to the first letter he had ever received. Of course the letter told the story of the family. They had gone into Kansas from an Ohio home, and had taken up a homestead by paying or promising to pay a dollar or two an acre. At first they lived in a dug-out, but finally had built a cabin with one room below and a loft which was reached by a ladder.

In the letter which Jack dictated, he told how drouth and grasshoppers and disasters of various kinds had hindered his father from making a living from the land. Then Jack himself had fallen sick with rheumatism and was crippled in every part of his body. It was because Jack was so crippled and yet so anxious to read that his mother now and then stole up to the loft and moved the paper or turned a fresh page and again fastened it to the rafters for him. He had not been out of the loft for a year. In the dictated letter Jack said, "I have the dearest mother in the world and a kind, patient father." The whole tone of the letter was cheerful, and over and over it expressed much gratitude for the large bundle of papers and the letter which had come with it.



JACK WAS BOLSTERED UP A LITTLE.

From the day Miss Pomeroy read the letter she always spoke of "my boy Jack." She began to plan and interest others in the boy, saying, "something, yes, many things, must be done for my boy Jack."

She had earned her own living for many years and was not a rich woman, but she could spare some money for Jack's comfort, and so could other women where she boarded. They sent him a flannel gown and a pair of flannel blankets, and later a nice hair mattress,



MISS POMEROY WROTE TO FRIENDS ABOUT HER BOY JACK.

as well as healthful foods. Miss Pomeroy wrote to friends about her boy Jack and they offered to help with money to send a skillful physician, a specialist, to see Jack, and ascertain whether he could be helped, if not cured. A physician was found who would and did go to the Kansas farm, asking only his expenses, and he brought back the happy message that he felt sure Jack could be helped. He had also found a doctor ten miles from the cabin who would take care of Jack under his advice and would write him occasionally as to Jack's condition.

Jack got the use of his hands and began to write letters to this friend whom he had never seen. They were beautifully written and so well expressed that Miss Pomeroy was proud to show to her pupils and friends what a boy could do toward his own education. If he was only in earnest and hungering for knowledge.

With the help given by these friends, a lean-to was built at the south end of the cabin for Jack's room, and the room was well furnished with books and pictures and everything for comfort. Five years have now passed since Miss Pomeroy sent the "second-hand reading" to Jack, and he is no longer a boy but a healthy, vigorous young man. His letters showed so much interest in study that his friends made it possible for him to study in special lines through one of the University Extension courses. He has written one story of what a boy can do if he tries, and especially, if he finds a friend like Miss Pomeroy. It has found ready sale and Jack is delighted to add something, instead of always taking, as he expresses it.

The wildest dream of Jack is at last realized, and he is in a technical school, studying for what he hopes will be a successful life work. The change of climate, too, makes him stronger, and life looks bright.

"Behold how great a fire a little matter kindleth." Jack's advertisement was the torch. Miss Pomeroy has never yet seen Jack, but whenever he is mentioned to her, she says: "Jack has done more for me than I ever did for him, for life is brighter to me since 'My Boy Jack' came into it."



JACK GOT THE USE OF HIS HANDS.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT

Author and Composer of "Dixie"

DWIGHT ANDERSON

When a large body of Confederates who had been captured were being marched through Washington, Abraham Lincoln ordered the Union bands to play "Dixie." As the president stood on the steps of the capitol a cabinet officer rushed up to him and cried:

"Treason! Treason! They are playing 'Dixie' in the streets!"

"Yes," replied Lincoln.

"Why don't you have it stopped at once? That's the piece the rebels went out of the Union under! That's the tune they sang when marching away to fight their countrymen!"

"True," said the president, "but didn't we capture the song with the men?"

Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author and composer of this favorite song of the Southland, is still living near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where he was born, October 29, 1815. He learned the printer's trade on the local "Gazette" and in three years rose from the position



Daniel D. Emmett
Author of
"Dixie!"

of devil to that of foreman. Early in boyhood he displayed decided musical talent, and before he was fifteen years old composed several quaint negro melodies. At the age of fifteen he engaged with Sam P.

Stickney's circus to beat the bass drum and drive a team of horses, which duties he faithfully performed for several years.

Young Dan had no appreciation of the value of money. He was forever thinking of music, and so, at the end of an especially successful season, he found himself penniless, and went home to live with his father until the next season began.

"Dan," said Abraham Emmett, his father, "I suppose you have quite a bit of money?"
"No, sir; not a cent."

Emmett senior was angry. His son had been out a whole season and had come back to live on his father! "You are no son of mine, Dan Emmett," he cried. "You are not worth the salt you eat, sir!"

Twenty years later "Dan" walked into a rehearsal of Bryant's Minstrels, in New York, with a manuscript in his pocket.

"Here's a new 'walk 'round,' boys," he said.
"What do you call it?" they asked.
"Dixie!"

In a week the whole city was whistling it, and soon the entire country took it up. But the South claimed the song as its own, and the piece is now associated entirely with that section.

The writer rapped at the little cottage in which the renowned musician is spending his last days. The door was opened and a pleasant faced old man of eighty-four appeared and greeted the newcomer warmly. Mr. Emmett wears a cap and overcoat in the house, fastening the latter to his body by means of a strap. He has blue eyes, which are continually laughing, and with all his years of hard work and privation, he is a pleasant, sociable, kind-hearted old man.

"How did you come to write 'Dixie?'"
"It was in the fall of '59 when I was with Bryant's Minstrels in New York. One Saturday night after the performance, Jerric Bryant said:

"Dan, I want a new 'walk 'round' one that will be popular and that the people will whistle and sing."

"The next day I got out pen, ink and paper, and sat down to fill the order. I remembered how once a number of showmen gathered together in a small town in Wisconsin. I think it was; at any rate, we were very cold, and stood rubbing our hands in front of a small stove. One remarked, 'I wish I was in Dixie's land.' That came back to me like a flash. In ten minutes I had the music down on paper precisely as it is sung today. I was three-quarters of an hour writing the plantation verses, however. The next day I took the entire composition down to rehearsal, and you know the rest."

"To what do you attribute your robust old age?" I asked.

"I naturally had a very strong constitution, sleeping some seasons for weeks at a time in wet, soggy clothing, without experiencing any evil results. But I never smoked, chewed or drank, and I consider that to be the reason I am living today."

Before the writer left, the old gentleman presented him with an autograph, which is herewith reproduced. Mr. Emmett wrote it with a quill pen for he prefers that to steel. He also allowed the visitor to take, for publication, the following negro hymn, which was composed thirty years ago, and has never before been published.

Do kum along,—do kum along,
For de habrest am ripe an' de lamb wants to
gadder 'em,
Do kum along,—do kum along,
An' gain de bictory.
When you gits 'ligion, keep good holt,
Don't krek de harness like a colt,
For de ole boss will nebber bolt,
But pull straight ahead to glory.

Do kum along,—do kum along,
You all heah to-day but whar is you to-morrer?
Do kum along,—do kum along,
An' gain de bictory.
'Poah sinner, why you kum so slow?
Ef you should die, 'en whar'll you go?
Den sorbe your Jesus, whedder or no'
An' walk right straight to glory.

Mr. Emmett is a very modest man. When, in 1888, he returned to Mt. Vernon to spend his last days, nobody knew he was the Daniel Emmett who composed the immortal "Dixie," and he never told a soul. He lived quietly in his little home oblivious to cares. But this condition of affairs did not last. In 1895, Al. G. Fields, a theatrical manager with whom Mr. Emmett traveled at one time, came to the town to show in the opera house. "Uncle Dan," as he was called, was standing on the main street as the troupe turned the corner with banners waving and musicians tooting. As they passed the picturesque figure of the old gentleman the second time recognized him.

"Hullo! Uncle Dan!" he cried.
The entire company looked around and then shouted as one person:
"Hullo, Uncle Dan!"

"Why, there's Dan Emmett," screamed Fields, and he whispered a word to the bandmaster. Every man took off his hat. Every man opened his mouth to sing. Then Fields himself raised his cane high in the air, and led the band down the street to the tune of "Dixie."

Old Emmett straightened himself up, and stood like a statue until the entire procession had passed out of sight.

The Ocean Grove Rough Riders

JOHN ED. QUINN

Prof. Tallie Morgan is the leader of music and director of entertainments at Ocean Grove, N. J., during the summer season. Three years ago he organized a children's chorus. In this band of juvenile singers were six hundred boys and girls, the latter predominating in the proportion of about five to three.

The girls were prompt at rehearsal, besides being obedient to their instructor; the boys were—well, they were boys. Irregular in attendance, they came and went as they pleased, and it was a hard task for the leader to get them interested in the study of music.

How to engage the boys' attention was a puzzling problem, even to a man so resourceful as Mr. Morgan, who, for two summers had suffered their indifference with praiseworthy patience. He hit upon a happy solution.

Soldiers!
The bare mention of organizing them into military

ley; but the President's visit to Ocean Grove the same day made it imperative that he should have a body-guard—the boys thought—so they stayed at home for bigger game.

The youthful Rough Riders went into camp in true military style during the annual picnic of the Children's chorus in August. The scene was Benson Park, perhaps two miles distant from Ocean Grove. Like veterans the boys marched to the grounds, where they pitched their tents and placed a picket line around the camp.

An incident of the day is worth recounting. While the young soldiers were drilling, a number of envious or jealous boys of the neighborhood, stationed on a bluff across the railroad tracks, hooted at them and taunted them with being play soldiers, a cheap imitation of the real thing. They stood the insults for some time, as long as possible for youthful endurance, when, at the command of a sergeant, a squad of the juvenile Rough Riders made a gallant charge across the railroad tracks, stormed the local San Juan hill, and completely routed their tormentors, soundly trouncing those who had the temerity to stand their ground.

The Ocean Grove Rough Riders were the feature of the annual "baby parade" in Asbury Park, where they were cheered to the echo all along the line of march.



THE OCEAN GROVE ROUGH RIDERS

companies, fully uniformed and equipped, set the boys agog. At once there was a reversal of form. Tardy ones were now to be found in their places at the appointed hour, and there was noticeably an increase in the number of boys with "voices." Ocean Grove was alive with lads who wanted to enlist.

A military organization was perfected with the complement of two battalions of Rough Riders, two full companies to each battalion. Happily at the time there were upon the ground, and available for instruction and drill, two ex-officers of the United States army, whose very presence was an inspiration to the numerous juvenile soldiers aspiring for military honors upon a bloodless field.

Major Louis B. Holt, Sixth United States Volunteers, commanded the first battalion, and Major Edward Killmer, Second United States Volunteers, the second.

It was impossible at the outset to appoint captains from among the boys, owing to their want of experience in matters military. The sergeants and corporals, however, were taken from the ranks, four sergeants and six corporals to each company.

To give heightened color to the military idea, an ambulance corps was added to each company. This relief corps was made up of six boys, with a sergeant in command. They carried the regulation army litter.

At first there was no thought of uniforms. These were made possible a little later by the large department stores furnishing an inexpensive imitation of the Rough Rider costume as a novelty for boys. Then followed the purchase of arms—a very fair pattern of the death-dealing Krag-Jorgensen in wood.

It was remarkable how quickly the boys, down to the very smallest shaver recruited, adapted themselves to military tactics. His excellency, Governor Roosevelt—himself the noblest Rough Rider of them all—paid the lads a high compliment by saying they were beyond question the best-drilled boys he had ever seen. Their fame spread beyond the borders of Ocean Grove. They were invited to participate in the military tournament at Long Branch last August, when the troops were reviewed by President McKin-

The crowning triumph achieved by the boys, and one in which their sisters shared, was at the Children's Concert in the great Auditorium, during the Ocean Grove Musical Festival. An audience of eight thousand paid tribute to their prowess. The girls, in the dress of the Red Cross nurse, entered the building at its sixteen doors, a company to each door. There were several hundred of them, each carrying an American flag at right shoulder. While the audience was applauding the pretty sight, the orchestra struck up "Marching Through Georgia." The word



A TYPICAL ROUGH RIDER

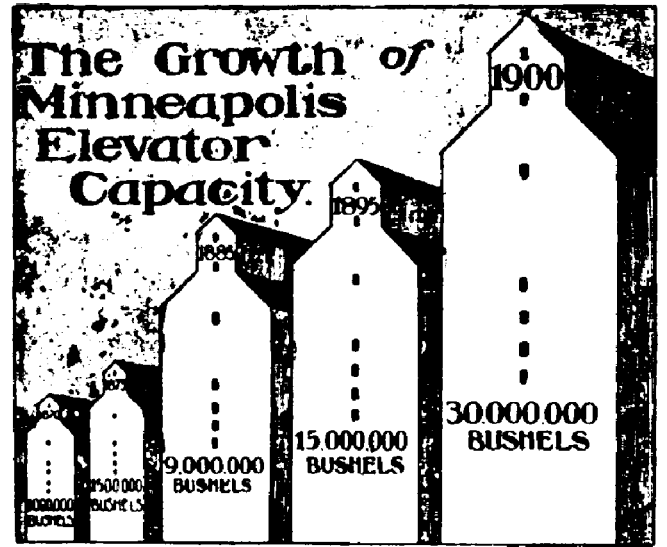
was passed, "Here come the Rough Riders." A company of the boys came in at each of the sixteen doors, their guns at right shoulder. Down the aisles they marched with military precision, in columns of four. Cheer upon cheer greeted them. Enthusiasm was rampant. Like true soldiers, the boys kept their eyes straight ahead. Where the converging aisles center the advancing columns met and the "fours" became "eights" without the loss of a step. It was as pretty a military evolution as can be conceived of, in admiration of which the large audience shouted itself red in the face, nor ceased its manifestation of approval until the Rough Riders ascended the platform and finished their drill.



SOME FACTS ABOUT WHEAT.

When we come to talk about wheat figures, the mind is lost in the magnitude of the figures. The ordinary boy has difficulty counting up into the thousands. What shall he do when he comes to count up into the millions? We suppose it is as impossible for a boy to imagine a million as it is for a man to do so. We can imagine what a hundred bushels of wheat would look like, but how many of us can measure with our mind's eye a thousand bushels? What sort of a notion do we get when we say that every twelve months one hundred million bushels of wheat, besides twenty-five million bushels of other grain, are received in Minneapolis? Of course, that much grain is not kept in Minneapolis the whole year round; it is coming and going. Where do they keep it? In immense elevators, that is, in great, tall, peculiar looking buildings, with-

out windows for the most part, such as you see along the railroad tracks in almost any large city. Minneapolis is one of the greatest wheat markets of the world. The wheat from the great Northwest, and particularly from the Red River Valley, which you will see by your maps lies in the northern part of Minnesota, is poured into Minneapolis, trainload after trainload. Of course, a very large part of it goes to Duluth, and from thence to eastern markets by the Lakes, a large part of it also finding its way across the Atlantic; but Minneapolis is still the primary wheat market of the country. It is interesting to note the growth of the elevator capacity of Minneapolis. The picture of the elevator capacity for 1900, which is shown, does not represent one building, but represents the capacity of all the grain elevators in Minneapolis. You will note that in 1870 there was room enough in the elevators of Minneapolis to hold a million bushels. In 1875 the



elevators of the city held a million and a half. In 1885, nine millions—quite a jump in ten years. In 1895 the capacity was fifteen million bushels, and in 1900 thirty million bushels. That is, in the last five years the capacity has doubled. The meaning of this is that now there is enough room in the Minneapolis elevators to hold thirty million bushels of grain at one time

In a Day, the flour mills of Minneapolis can grind 75,700 barrels of flour. This, if made into bread, would yield 1,930,300 loaves. So that the mills of Minneapolis, by grinding steadily, could give a loaf of bread every day to every man, woman and child living in this thickly settled area.

In a Year they would make at this rate 27,630,300 barrels of flour.

These if laid end to end would stretch half way around the earth



In a Year they actually do produce 15,000,000 barrels of flour. These would fill 75,000 ordinary freight cars and make a train 511 miles long.

With the necessary locomotives to draw these cars, they would reach from Minneapolis to Kansas City.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

WILLIE AND WILBUR STONESTREET—BOYS WHO PREVENTED A TRAIN WRECK.



Willie and Wilbur Stonestreet are the twelve year old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Stonestreet, living near Cedar, Ind. We want to present their pictures to you because on April 19 last they did something which really classes them as boy heroes. About five o'clock in the afternoon of that day as they were walking along a railroad track near home upon a

grade fully ten feet high, they discovered a broken rail. They knew that soon the St. Louis Western Express was due. Hurrying home they notified their father, who reported the boys' discovery to the Wabash Railroad agent. The agent, guided by the boys, hurried to the scene, reaching there just in time to flag the express, whose headlight was lighting their path. The train was brought to a stop just a few feet from the broken rail. The prompt action of the two boys prevented a wreck that might have cost the lives of many persons.

Let us hope that the Wabash Railroad will reward the boys in some substantial way.

A FINE BOYS' CLUB AT TROY, N. Y.

Rev. Father Geo. E. Quinn, of Troy, N. Y., is conducting a very successful boys' club. The rooms are fitted up with everything that a boy's heart could

desire. There is a complete gymnasium, two pool tables, all kinds of games, good and entertaining literature. In the rooms every night in the week gather from one hundred to two hundred boys. Father Quinn is always there, and with his broad sympathy, ready understanding and kindly nature, he enters into the sport of the boys and is one of them. There are two pianos in the rooms, and every evening the boys sing, under the direction of their leader. Every Wednesday night the boys go in a body to service at the church, and often there are fully five hundred of them who bow in prayer together. There is a temperance organization among them in which all the boys sign pledges to leave intoxicants alone. It is said that Father Quinn knows every boy in the society by name and nickname, and that he always uses the latter when addressing them. He makes periodical calls at the homes of the boys and keeps track of their circumstances and position in life, and of their health. Father Quinn is the author of a book entitled, "Organizers and Their First Steps."

EARL GULICK SINGS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

On the front page of our April number appeared a picture of Earl Gulick, the great boy singer. When President McKinley was in New York recently, Earl received an invitation from him requesting the pleasure of his presence at the Manhattan hotel one Sunday afternoon. When the boy and his mother reached the hotel they found part of the large parlors screened off and the Presidential party, consisting of about forty persons, seated about the piano. The President had sent for Earl that he might hear him sing. The boy sang for an hour, and when he had finished the President shook his hand heartily and said, "You have a wonderful gift, my boy."

Earl began to sing at the age of four, but has been singing professionally only about a year. This celebrated little singer is a thoroughly boyish boy. He is unusually robust, although in the picture he appears very angelic, and you would not think of him

as a leader in athletic games, which indeed he is in Trinity School, New York. He recently won the boxing championship of his class, and he is much prouder of this distinction than he is of his musical success.

LEAGUE OF GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

The principal of Grammar School No. 4, Wilmington, Del., has organized a League of Good Citizenship in the first, second and third grades in the boys' department, and already about one hundred boys in those classes have joined. The constitution of the league, which explains at length the scope of the organization, is as follows:

"League of Good Citizenship, Public School No. 4, Third and Washington streets, Wilmington:

"Article 1.—This association shall be called the League of Good Citizenship of Public School No. 4.

"Article 2.—The object of this association shall be to work for a clean and healthful condition of the streets of Wilmington.

"Article 3.—Section 1. It shall be the duty of each member of the league to refrain from throwing paper, bits of fruit, or any refuse whatever into the streets or any other public place, and to refrain from injuring or defacing property, and to observe city ordinances. "Section 2.—Any member showing continued neglect of duty shall be dropped from the league."

Meetings are held on the last Tuesday of each month. The boys have entered into it with all their hearts. One of the younger members of the league remarked at his home: "Mamma, you mustn't fuss if you find paper in my pockets now; there aren't any barrels on the street to put loose paper in and I have to pick up every piece I see, so I guess I'll have to carry it home."

In many eastern towns civic clubs among boys are becoming popular, with the result that not only are school properties kept neat and clean, but the streets are notably in better condition. Children enjoy the work, and the opportunity should not be neglected to thus instill into the boys civic pride and habits of neatness.

LIEUT. HARRY H. CALDWELL, ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SECRETARY.

Wm. Emmet Moore.

The career of Lieut. Harry H. Caldwell, of the navy, made prominent as it has been by his gallant conduct at the battle of Manila, and his close connection with



Admiral Dewey in the capacity of secretary, is full of lessons to young Americans, showing the possibilities before every boy in this land who has determination and ability to do the tasks that are set before him. Faithfulness and devotion to duty, whatever it might be or wherever it might carry him, has ever characterized this young naval officer. To be the right hand man of one of the greatest warriors of the age is not allowed to many men, and few would be able to successfully fill a position so trying both in war and in peace.

Lieut. Caldwell has had a great career since he left his home in Quincy, Ill., about ten years ago to report as a newly appointed cadet at the naval academy at Annapolis. Since then he has served in every quarter of the globe,

and has been fortunate in always being in that part of the world where history was being made. As a cadet, he was on board the ship sent out to protect the American missionaries in China during the Chinese-Japanese war and saw one of the greatest land battles between the opposing forces. Again, he was on the first ship sent to Chile when war between that country and the United States seemed imminent. His greatest good fortune came when he was appointed secretary to Admiral Dewey (then Commodore Dewey), and ordered to the Asiatic station. Every one who has kept up with the career of the great admiral since that May morning when he sailed in the dark, past the frowning battlements of Cavite and Corregidor, up through the deadly mines of the harbor, and sunk the proud fleet of Spain, knows something of the young secretary who wrote all the admiral's dispatches and acted as buffer between him and the curious world which would encroach on the time of the hero.

The story of this young man should be told in the school books as an incentive to ambitious boys of coming generations.

His life before he entered Annapolis is soon told. It does not differ from that of thousands of other boys. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 5, 1873, and when two years old moved to Quincy, Ill., with his parents. Quincy has been his home since then and is today his home when his profession allows him a vacation. As a boy he attended the public schools and at fourteen was in the High School. At that time a vacancy at the Naval Academy for his congressional district occurred. Young Caldwell knew nothing of the vacancy until the morning upon which the examination took place, but when he learned of it he walked into the school room and presented himself as a candidate. While working away on the examination papers in the afternoon, he suddenly realized that it was time for him to "carry his route" on an afternoon paper. He had been a carrier for several years and had never failed to be on hand at the right hour. Here he first showed conspicuously his devotion to duty. The examiners told him it was against the rules governing the examination to allow a candidate to leave and resume again. He put down his questions and answers and said with determination that won the admiration of the examiners, "Then I must give this up. I must carry my route"; and he did.

But the lad had made such an impression upon the

board and the congressman who had the appointive power that they sent for him that evening, and in the congressman's office he finished the papers his devotion to duty had interrupted. It is hardly necessary to say he won the appointment. At the Naval Academy his career was in keeping with his start, and although the youngest man in his class he graduated twelfth.

At the battle of Manila the lieutenant volunteered his services to fight one of the secondary batteries, as the quota of line officers was short. Later he volunteered to lead an armed boat's crew into the Pasig river to destroy two Spanish gunboats that had taken refuge there. This expedition meant that not a man would probably get back alive; but at the last moment the admiral refused to allow the men to take the chances.

Since Dewey's start for home Caldwell has been with him in all the ovations that were offered him in foreign ports and at home. And to cap the long list of honors, he was the admiral's best man at his romantic marriage to Mrs. Hazen, and accompanied him on his recent visit to Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and other places.

HARRY COCKRELL, ONE OF "RONEY'S BOYS."

Harry Cockrell, a member of a concert company known as "Roney's Boys," is ten years old, a plump and sturdy American boy, with rosy cheeks and splendid health. His voice is, however, the wonderful thing about him. It is a flexible and very high soprano, clear and pure in quality, ranging from "middle B" to "high F." He began his studies with Mrs. Cotton, choir mistress of the Cathedral (Episcopal) of Omaha, Neb., and for some time was a member of the Cathedral choir. Last fall he went to Chicago to make preparations for concert work, and arrangements were made with Prof. Henry B. Roney by which he was introduced to the concert stage. For several months now he has been one of "Roney's Boys," a term by which for years the boys whom Prof. Roney has educated and brought before the public have been known. Prof. Roney himself writes us that Harry is bright and intelligent, neat in personal appearance, natural and unspoiled in manner, remarkably amiable and even-tempered, and always a little gentleman, with a bright and winning smile. "A commendable trait in Harry's character," says Prof. Roney, "is a readiness to acknowledge a fault and to own up when caught in a mischievous prank. His rare traits of personal beauty and frankness inspire confidence and insure him success and good friends always."

The concert company to which Harry belongs returned to Chicago early in May from a four month's concert tour of the south. In the accompanying illustration the boy sitting is Harry Cockrell. The other members of the group are Prof. Henry B. Roney, manager of the company; Master Francis Murphy, a thirteen year old contralto with a deep voice of wonderful power and pathos and a grandson of Francis Murphy, the noted temperance evangelist; Master Arthur Goff, a ten year old cornetist, with the style and execution of a professional, and Jamie Crippen, a dainty little contralto gentleman of eleven.

Blatchford Kavanagh, whom Prof. Roney discovered in 1888 as a frail little boy with dark hair and big eyes and who afterwards became the most noted boy singer in America, if not in the world, has recently, though now grown to be a man, been one of the company. The life history of young Kavanagh is an interesting one. When he first began to sing under Prof. Roney the full possibilities of his voice were scarcely dreamed of. Soon his rendering of the selection "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" attracted wide notice, and the announcement that he was to sing was sufficient any Sunday to crowd Grace Episcopal Church.

A NEWSBOY OF THIRTEEN SAVES A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE.

Joseph Hartley, a thirteen year old boy, rescued a little tot from the wheels of a trolley car in Baltimore one day in March. He has been overwhelmed with compliments for his bravery. The sturdy little fellow was selling papers on the corner of Hudson and Chesapeake streets, when he saw a baby girl two years of age, toddle out into the street, unmindful of danger and stop between the car tracks, waving her chubby hands at a trolley car that was coming toward her down grade, only a few yards away. The motorman

After two years of fighting and hard work and eventful happenings, Lieut. Caldwell went back to his old home at Quincy to receive, at the hands of his admiring fellow-citizens, the tribute they had been waiting anxiously to pay him. He was received at the railway station by a reception committee of citizens and the military and naval reserve forces of the city. On the evening of Nov. 23, 1899, a brilliant banquet was given at the Hotel Newcomb, at which two hundred representative citizens and distinguished guests from abroad were present. At the banquet a silver loving cup was presented to him, as a testimonial of the esteem of his townsmen. The cup is a beautiful piece from one of the leading silversmiths of the country. It stands eighteen inches high, and is twelve inches from tip to tip of handles. The urn-shaped cup is gold lined, and the fancy scroll work is in French gray finish and the body of the cup is brightly polished. On one side is engraved the cruiser Olympia and on the other the following inscription: "Presented to Lieut. Harry Handley Caldwell, U. S. N., by his fellow-citizens of Quincy, Ill., Nov. 23, 1899, commemorating his gallant services at the battle of Manila, May 1, 1898."

Chicago, to the doors. He was then just completing his eleventh year. In 1890, at which time he was passing from boyhood into manhood, his voice broke, and an end for the time was put to his wonderful work. Then followed a period of seven years, which he devoted to travel and study. He took a course in electrical engineering in the Armour Institute, and later spent some time in the music house of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago. When he was nineteen years of age it was discovered, to the delight of his teacher,



PROFESSOR RONEY AND HIS BOYS.

that he had a sweet baritone voice of rare quality. At once the cultivation of the voice was resumed, with the result that it has developed into one of sweetness and virility, with unusual range and sympathy.

About two years ago Prof. Roney organized the concert company known as the "Blatchford Kavanagh and Roney's Boys Concert Company," which has been heard with delight by many thousands in every section of the country.

made efforts to stop the car, but on account of the momentum, could only slightly decrease its speed. In a second, Joe took in the situation. Dropping his papers, he leaped in front of the car and jerked the little child away, just as it passed over the very spot on which the baby had stood. He carried the little one to the sidewalk, where its mother received it, then calmly picked up his papers and resumed business.

Not all the heroes of these days wear the uniform of the army or navy, and not all of them are big, broad-shouldered fellows, waging war against their fellowmen.

JAMES FRANCIS SMITH.

An American Messenger Boy Who Carries a Message, to President Kruger of the South African Republic, Signed by 28,854 Philadelphia School Boys.

When the American liner St. Paul left her New York pier and sailed into the stream, bound for Southampton, April 11, a large crowd of district messenger boys, one hundred and thirty-two Philadelphia schoolboys and a delegation from the schools of New York stood on the pier and cheered heartily. At the big ship's forward rail stood messenger boy No. 1534, James Francis Smith, of Brooklyn, a bright American boy, smiling and waving a little American flag as he began his long voyage to Pretoria, the capital of President Kruger's country. The boy was dressed in a new uniform and carried a box containing the message of sympathy to President Kruger, signed by 28,854



Photo by Davis & Sanford, N. Y.

schoolboys. The box was suspended by a large strap from his shoulder, on which was printed "Special messenger of the Philadelphia North American," which newspaper originated the idea of the schoolboy greeting to the President of the South African Republic. A reporter of that paper goes with him. His father, mother, sister and brother accompanied him to the boat. Just before the line was thrown off there was an affecting little bit of leave taking. The mother was weeping, to be sure. What mother would not, when her boy was to part from her for a journey far away in the big world? You could see, however, that she was proud of the distinction the lad had won.

The hour of ten had arrived. The second bell of warning struck.

"Good-by, mom," he said in a way that must have sounded familiar, for the woman smiled through the tears.

"Daddy," said the boy, "good-by!"

"Good-by, my boy. You'll win—you'll deliver the message, eh, Jim?"

For answer the boy extended his arms and big Jim Smith caught him up to his breast. There was a kiss for Nellie and a hug for Eddie and then the little messenger gravely but unflinchingly watched them descend the gangplank to the pier.

Deafening cheers went up when the bright faced boy appeared at the rail.

The captain, all smiles, called to the North American correspondent:

"Bring the little fellow on the officers' deck. The crowd can see him better there, and heaven knows they want to see."

With alacrity, A. D. T. Messenger 1534 went up the ladder and stood alone on the deck, in fair view of the gazing thousands. Cheers rang—not in unison, not spasmodically, but men and boys and women, too, shouted and shouted until their strained throats failed to utter what they wished—so that while their lips moved they were silent, or croaked hoarsely.

Gracefully the St. Louis had swept clear of her pier. Two shrill whistles sounded. The Western Union and the Clara steamed beside the ocean liner. Wildly enthusiastic boys, with all the force of their energy and strength of their lungs, united in a tremendous, glorious farewell cheer to their chosen envoy to far-off Africa.

Young Smith is an earnest and brave boy. He is a crack base ball player, can swim, run like a deer and hold his own in all the athletic sports known to boys. He was selected from among two thousand boys by the general superintendent of the American District Telegraph Co. in New York. This gentlemen sent

orders to the district messengers to have each pick out his best boy and send him to the general office. About forty boys came, and from these three were chosen. These three were kept under close observation for two or three days and finally the choice fell to young Smith. Then this boy was kept under scrutiny for several days and was then suddenly asked:

"Will you carry a message to President Kruger?"

"Yes, sir," came the instant reply.

"Do you know where to find him?"

"Yes, sir; in South Africa."

"Supposing you find that President Kruger has been taken to St. Helena when you reach South Africa, what will you do?"

"Follow him to St. Helena, or to the end of the earth, if necessary."

"Do you know where St. Helena is?"

"Yes, sir; it is the island where Napoleon was imprisoned and died."

The message to President Kruger reads:

"We, the undersigned students of the public schools of Philadelphia, the city where our own forefathers enlisted in their splendid and successful struggle against English oppression, desire to express to you and to the fighting men of the South African Republic their great admiration for the genius and courage that has checked English invasion of the Transvaal; and the undersigned extend their most earnest wishes that in the end the South African Republic will triumph over England in a war in which the Boer cause is noble, the English cause unjust."

It is interesting to note that the boys of the Windsor, Ontario, schools determined to send a message of sympathy to Aguinaldo as a sort of retaliation for the action of the Philadelphia boys, but the Windsor Board of Education vetoed the plan.

A VICTIM OF DIME NOVELS.

Dime novels are to blame for a little fourteen year old boy, Frank M. Adams by name, going all the way from Pittsburgh to San Francisco to pick up gold and fight Indians. A reporter of the San Francisco Call recently found him, penniless and discouraged, his face pinched and white and his body weary. "If it hadn't been for the novels I'd be home now," he said. "I have read all the novels I ever want to. Somehow I got hold of those paper-covered stories that tell about California, and that started me. I took all the money I could get and bought these books and weekly papers that have that kind of stories in them. Some of the stories made out that California was all a big gold field—nothing to do but walk out and pick up nuggets in the road. I thought mining was just about play. I read a book that made me think that it would be no trouble to get from here to the Klondike. Some of these stories told about the barrels of money to be made packing fruit out here. All of those fellows in the book started out with a penny and came back home in a little while and felt big and let their mothers kiss them and cry, and then they said, 'the house is a little shabby, isn't it?' and so they stepped out and put up a house with marble steps and presented it to their mothers, and when the folks said 'thank you,' they said, 'don't mention it.'"

"But all I want now is a kind of a job as bell boy, elevator boy, or anything that I can live on and get decent clothes and have a chance to go to night school."

Someone asked him how he got so far away from home. Then he told the story. "With ten dollars that my mother gave me to buy clothes I bought a half-fare ticket to Chicago. From there on I had to work my way. I got a chance to go to Rock Island by break-

ing coal for the engine. When I got as far as Omaha I began to look for the gold mines. It was at Omaha that 'Dick the Dangerous' went for a walk and came home with dusty shoes, and when he went to brush them, he found it was all pure gold he was brushing off. He had to kill nineteen Indians there to keep them from killing him, but that was easy. Have only seen three Indians since I left home, and they looked too lazy to care about fighting. I stopped for a while at Grand Island, Neb., and got a job as bell boy. I spent all my money for dime novels, for I was getting a little discouraged and needed something to brace me up. One of the books told me that a boy dropped a plum stone on the ground in San Francisco and a tree started and that gave him an idea, so he planted fruit and made eighty thousand dollars. That discouraged me. At last, after a load of trouble, I got to San Francisco, and then there wasn't any further west to go. I didn't find anything that the books told me I would find. It's a big city and I don't know anybody, and there are more boys here than there are jobs," and the little fellow looked absurdly incapable set in contrast with the big, hustling, jostling world about him.

LIEUTENANT GRIDLEY.

In our January number we gave an account of the efforts of John P. D. Gridley, son of Captain Gridley who was with Admiral Dewey in the Battle of Manila, to obtain a lieutenancy in the Marine Corps. Captain



Gridley died, as the world knows, last fall, leaving his family in such circumstances that the son was for a time compelled to give up his attendance at school and seek some occupation by which he might assist them. Information of these facts coming to Admiral Dewey, the Admiral took the son of his former Captain with him to see President McKinley, with the result that they

decided to bear the expenses of the young man in his efforts to complete his education and obtain a lieutenancy. We have recently received a letter from the young man informing us that he has passed an examination for the coveted position and is now a Second Lieutenant of Marines, stationed at Boston.

Allen Balch, a six year old boy at Manchester, Conn., saved a little five year old girl from drowning a few days ago. The children ventured too far out on some thin ice and suddenly the little girl broke through. The boy ran to the bank, obtained a broken limb from a tree and crawled over the ice until within reach of his little companion. She seized the limb and held on while the little boy called for help.



SENECA FALLS (N. Y.) DRUM CORPS.



JOHNNY'S PLANS FOR VACATION.

CAPTAIN MAYO AND HIS CHIVALROUS ENEMY

*The eighth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes."

By ANNIE ROBINSON WATSON.

Captain Mayo was a young officer in the Confederate artillery, and at the battle of Newbern, North Carolina, March, 1862, he was assigned with his command to the defense of the fort held by the Confederates at that point.

The tide of battle turned against the Confederates and it soon became evident that they could only save themselves by retreat. An order was accordingly sent Captain Mayo: "Retire at once. Blow up the magazine."

He received the order and stood for a moment in deep thought. Its execution would, he knew, be fraught with the most imminent danger to the one who should undertake it. He realized that it would mean almost certain death to him who should lay and

*In every sketch given in this series the central incident is true, the accessories and background as nearly so as possible. It is not certain that "Lowell" is the correct name of the federal officer in this story.

fire the train. There was not an individual in his command who would hesitate a second to obey the order if given, but he paused, seeing as in a flash of light all that made it hard to give up life. "Which one of my men shall be sacrificed," he asked himself. "Which shall I choose?"

The Federals were very near, there was no time for longer indecision; in a firm voice he gave the word of command and the men retired in good order. Only one was left, Captain Mayo himself. Quickly he laid the train and applied the match.

A few moments later an unearthly sound filled the place. It was as if a volcano had burst forth in flame and smoke. Great timbers went speeding skyward like straws blown by the wind. The air seemed full of curses with its bursting shells and other death-dealing missiles.

The company had reached a place of safety when the explosion took place, and a detachment of the Eleventh Connecticut, which had been advancing towards the fort, retreated hastily just in time to escape. They fell back a short distance to a point where a number of wounded prisoners had been left when the Trent river bridge had been burned by the Confederates.

It was now almost dark, and they were passing through a thick grove, when unexpectedly they came upon a group of three Confederates who were bending over a mangled form lying on a blanket.

"Who is this?" asked Lowell, one of the Federals, looking towards the wounded man.

"It is Captain Mayo," was the reply. "He ordered his company to leave the fort. They obeyed without knowing that it was his intention to lay and fire the train which caused the explosion. He did this himself rather than expose one of his men to the danger. We found him a few moments ago and brought him here."

The body on the blanket seemed to be bleeding from a score of wounds. Both legs were broken, the face, neck and hands burned black, and the eyes sightless. It was terrible to behold, and the Federal soldier bending nearer, said tenderly: "So he died for his men, a noble deed."

A feeble sound came from the lips of the man on the blanket. "Water! water!"

"He is not dead!" exclaimed one of those near, while Federals and Confederates alike bent over him eagerly. Then his head was lifted and the canteen of one of the captors placed to his lips.

"Go to the ambulance corps at once for a stretcher," said Lowell to two of his companions, and they hurried off, while water from the canteen was used to moisten the lips and bathe the face of the wounded soldier. Soon the stretcher was brought; he was lifted upon it tenderly, and carried to Federal headquarters at the Second North Carolina cavalry camp. Here he was given the most comfortable place available, but lay in inexpressible agony until about midnight, when Dr. Whitcomb came to dress his wounds.

He was quite conscious and asked, "Is there no one else who needs you more than I do, doctor?"

"No one, my poor fellow," answered the doctor, kindly. "Then I will thank you to help me as best you can."

His body was horribly lacerated and bruised, the bones broken and eyes seriously injured, but through all the painful ordeal of dressing and bandaging, not a single groan escaped his lips.

The next morning Major Lowell, the Federal officer, who had already been so kind, came to the temporary hospital. The heroic conduct of the young captain had roused his deepest admiration, and he said to a comrade, "He's our prisoner, of course, but he shall never need a friend so long as I live. He voluntarily faced that terrible death rather than require it of one of his men. They all escaped the explosion, and when they missed him and went back to search he was found fully one hundred feet from the point where the catastrophe occurred. I am going to see him now."

Captain Mayo was lying on a cot when his Federal friend entered and replied feebly but distinctly.

"Can you do anything for me? I was just longing to have someone write a letter to my mother. Could you do me this kindness and get it through the lines?"

"Why, of course I could. I will write immediately, and it shall be dispatched under a flag of truce."

"I cannot possibly express my thanks," said the prisoner, "but if you have a mother you will understand what I feel. Mine is watching and praying for me constantly; she knows that I was in the engagement yesterday. I cannot bear to think of her terrible suspense."

"Tell me what you wish to say, Captain, and the letter shall go without delay."

"Tell her, please, that I was wounded, but am receiving the best care and attention the Federal surgeons can give. That I have kind friends near at hand who yesterday were my enemies. That I will hope to be well soon, and she must be my brave little mother and not worry. Tell her I send my very best love and am thinking of her all the time. Don't let her know about—my eyes."

"I will write just what you have said," answered Major Lowell, kindly, "but what is it about your eyes?"

"It is probable that I will be blind," replied the wounded man firmly.

Lowell was silent a moment, then pressed the other's hand warmly and rose, saying, "the letter shall go at once."

The days passed slowly for the wounded man, but he was treated with the greatest kindness and attention. Lowell spent as much time as possible at his bedside, reading aloud and solacing many of the tedious hours with his violin. Often during long and trying hours of wakefulness, when everyone else was asleep, Lowell sat by the side of "his prisoner," as the men called Captain Mayo, while the low, plaintive tones of the violin came faintly from the room.

"It seems impossible that we were ever enemies," said Mayo one night, clasping his companion's hand tenderly, "a brother could not have been kinder nor more self-sacrificing."

"Well, we are not enemies now," was the cordial answer, "I loved you from the moment I heard of that gallant deed."

Weeks and months passed by. The case which at first had seemed quite hopeless, by degrees yielded to the skillful and faithful attention of the Federal physicians. With eyesight restored and heart throbbing with thankfulness, the young captain was at last well enough to travel.

A pathetic farewell took place between himself and his chivalrous enemy. Few words were spoken, but they were both deeply moved when the time came for parting. Words are empty and meaningless when the heart is so full; at such times silence is more eloquent than sound.

With a special escort furnished by General Burnside, Captain Mayo was sent through the lines and to his old home.

Shall the Baby Stay?

One View.

YES, I've got a little brother.
Never asked for him from
mother,
But he's here;
But I s'pose they went and
bought him.
For last week the doctor brought him;
Ain't it queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly;
'Cause you see
I just 'magine I could get him,
And our dear mamma would let him
Play with me.

But when once I had looked at him,
I cried out, "Oh, dear! Is that him?
Just that mite?"
They said, "Yes, and you may kiss
him!
Well, I'm sure I'd never miss him.
He's a fright!

He's so small, it's just amazing.
And you'd think that he was blazing.
He's so red;
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

He's no kind of good whatever,
And he cries as if he'd never,
Never stop;
Wont' sit up—you can't arrange him.
Oh, why doesn't father change him
At the shop?

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him.
Little frog!
And I cannot think why father
Should have bought him when I'd
rather
Have a dog!
—London Daily News.

Another View.

IN a little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Came with morning's first ray,
One remarkable day
(Though who told her the way
I cannot say),
A young lady so wee,
That you scarcely could see
Her small speck of a nose;
And to speak of her toes,
Though it seems hardly fair,
Since they surely were there;
Keep them covered we must;
You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house
With scarce room for a mouse,
Was quite full of small boys,
With their books and toys,
Their bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
"We're too many by far;
Tell us what can we do
With this damsel so blue?
We've no room for her here,
So to me 'tis quite clear,
Though it gives me great pain,
I must hang er again
On the tree whence she came
(Do not cry there's no blame).
With her white blanket 'round her,
Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned:
"I'll stay all day in bed
Squeezed up nice and small,
Very close to the wall."
Then spoke little Tommie: "I'll go
To the cellar below.

I'll just travel about,
But not try to get out,
'Till you're all fast asleep;
Then upstairs I'll creep
And so quiet I'll be
You'll not dream it's me."

Then flaxen-haired Will:
"I'll be dreffully still;
On the back stairs I'll stay,
Quite out of the way."

Master Jamie, the fair,
Shook his bright curly hair:
"Here's a nice place for me,
Dear papa, you see?
I just fit it so tight
I could stand here all night."
And a niche in the wall
Held his figure so small.

Quoth the father: "Well done,
My brave lads. Come on:
Here's a shoulder for Will;
Pray sit still, sir, sit still!
Valiant Thomas for thee
A good seat on my knee,
And Edward, thy brother,
Can perch on the other.
Baby John take my back.
Now, who says we can't 'pack'?"

"So love gives us room,
And our birdie shall stay.
We'll keep her, my boys,
Till God takes her away."
CLARENCE BEACH (Age 12).
For "THE AMERICAN BOY."
Mina, N. Y.



HAVE YOU SEEN?

THE AMERICAN BOY CALCULATING PENCIL? The Pencil that figures with a twist of the wrist? That figures quicker than you can and never makes a mistake? That calculates anything from 1x13 to 12x24 in the twinkle of an eye? That gives you hundreds upon hundreds of calculations with the swiftness and accuracy of an expert?

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APPOMATTOX

GEN. U. S. GRANT

IN the parlor of the unpretentious McLean homestead at Appomattox in Virginia, Grant and Lee met to arrange the terms of surrender of the last remnant of the Confederate army. The struggle, so long, so ably, and so indomitably kept up, here was brought to a proper and peaceful close.

Surrounded by a numerous, well armed, equipped and provisioned force, elated by the series of successes of previous weeks, the condition of the Southern army manifestly was hopeless. Lee knew it, and Grant knew it. The situation was such that had the two generals lived in an age of old, before the pure principles of Christianity had begun to permeate and civilize even ruthless war, it would have been only a question of how much brutal glory and sordid spoil could have been extorted, and how much humiliation visited upon the vanquished.

What a contrast was here presented to those barbaric days of old. With a large number of the people of the North, Grant was regarded as a stern, relentless man; the sobriquet of "butcher" had even for a while attached to his



THE M'LEAN HOMESTEAD AT APPOMATTOX

Sixth of a Series. "Notable American Houses," by W. J. Roe.

name because of the multitude of lives that—seemingly heedless of their value—he had offered up on the bloody altars around the insurgent capital. Men remembered the terms of an earlier surrender, when at Fort Donelson he sent the proud message—called by the defeated chief "unchivalrous"—of "unconditional surrender."

What humiliating terms might he not now exact? But Grant proved himself to be purely, nobly chivalrous. When Donelson surrendered, the fate of the Union demanded rigor; till the constant attrition of arms against arms crumbled the Confederate forces, no sacrifice of life seemed too great to achieve the end. Now the end had come; a powerless few, pent in, ill clad, and hungry, alone remained.

The terms Grant offered were worthy of the man, worthy of the great nation now reunited, and worthy of the dawn of a new and nobler civilization. His generosity extended to every man in the capitulated army, and the kindly sentence, "Take your horses home with you, men; you will need them for the spring ploughing," will live with that other, equally famous: "Let us have peace!"



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member.
 All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.
 THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes members

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1892, incorporated in 1892.
 Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

Agassiz Association.

Swift and gratifying have been the responses to our invitation to join the Agassiz Association. Our desk is heaped inches high with letters from wide-awake American boys and girls—and their fathers and mothers, too—all expressing a hearty interest in nature, and in our plans for becoming acquainted with her wonderful works and ways. These letters, as will be seen presently, do not come from any one section of the country, but from Rhode Island and Massachusetts, California and Dakota, Michigan and Colorado, and many places between. To one and all we offer a hearty welcome. We shall have space for only a few of the many interesting communications received, and will look first at a

GIGANTIC BEETLE.

This insect comes via North Dakota with a question mark as big as himself. Who is he? What is the gentleman's name? Mr. Alson L. Brubaker, of Fargo, writes under date of March 7: "Enclosed you will find a photograph of a beetle which belongs to my collection. Up to the time of writing I have been unable to find out its name. Its color is brown. It was caught on my father's plantation in Central America. The horn is two inches long, the body four inches long and two and one-half wide. The two front legs are very long."

To every reader who will send us the correct name of this insect we will mail free one of our new A. A. badges with photograph of Professor Agassiz as described in THE AMERICAN BOY for May. By the way, what is the difference between a bug and a beetle?

The next paper we take up is a letter from Mr. D. C. Bartley, giving a vivid account of

A DAY AMONG FOSSILS.

The summer of 1881 spent at Bay View, Michigan, situated on the banks of Little Traverse Bay.

Before I went north I had read in a book written by Dana, that some very interesting fossils were obtained in that region, and as soon as I arrived I began to inquire for the best localities in which to search for them. Much to my astonishment, no one could inform me.

I then determined to take a cruise along the shore and find out the truth of the statement for myself. Accordingly, I obtained the use of a large flat-bottomed boat and, accompanied by two other boys (from Central America), started one cloudless morning in quest of fossils.

We rowed about a mile before turning toward the shore, keeping close watch on the bank for a place suitable for a landing.

This we soon found, for rowing round a point, the scenery suddenly changed. Instead of a low, sandy beach the water dashed upon rocks and boulders strewn hither and thither, and in the background

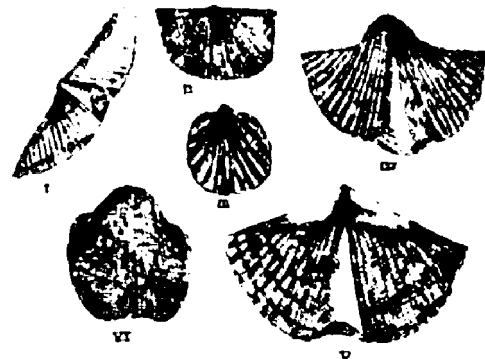


FIG. I.

the gray limestone rose in regular terraces, with here and there large deposits of blue clay, which we pictured in imagination teeming with fossils.

Springs of clear, sparkling water were bubbling out here and there, forming streams which wended their way through the rocks, now forming a cascade, now rushing and leaping among the disintegrated limestone, until they found their way into the bay.

After landing, closer observation showed that we were in the vicinity of a deserted limestone quarry, for huge piles of shale and blue clay were scattered about in profusion. A partially destroyed tramway gave further evidence that our surmises were correct.

Drawing our boat up on the beach, and unloading our provisions, we began our search for fossils, and found them in great numbers.

Hammers were useless, as we could pick the specimens out of the clay, filling several baskets and pails in a short time. The fossils were all of a bluish color, due to their being imbedded in the blue clay, and of a great many varieties and degrees of



FIG. II.

perfection. The most abundant were the cup-corals (Fig. II.). These were from two to six inches in length, with a cup-like depression at the top, and tapering to a point. Next in abundance were the corals of which Fig. III. is a drawing.

There are so many of these in this region that they are worn away by the action of the water and then thrown upon the beach that they are known as Potoskey stones, and in the city by that name there are twelve or fifteen shops, which are engaged in smoothing and polishing this variety of good specimens making beautiful ornaments.



FIG. III.

The fossils that most attracted my attention were those pictured in Fig. I. I first thought they were mollusks, as they had a hard shelly covering, but upon research I found they were a variety of sea-worm, their interior construction consisting of long, spiral, fringed arms. It is these which give them the name Brachiopod (arm feet), although they are really gills.

To my mind these fossils are the most interesting, because they were the first well-known indications of life in our world. Mantell terms them, sure "medals of creation."

I found a great variety of these fossils, five of which I have drawn from specimens I obtained at the time.

While hunting among the heaps of clay I several times noticed fossils like those in Figure IV., which I recognized as fragments of crinoid stems.

These curious plant-like animals were composed of jointed stems surmounted by plumose arms, which, when expanded, must have presented a truly flower-like appearance, and their fossilized remains are therefore called "stone lilies."



BEETLE DESCRIBED BY MR. BRUBAKER.

I gathered the broken stems of a great many of them, and have them in bottles. Those in Fig. IV. were the most common varieties I obtained.

After having filled all available space with the fossils, we sat down on the beach to eat our lunch, after which we assorted our specimens, keeping only the better ones. If I had taken all I wished I could have filled a wagon.

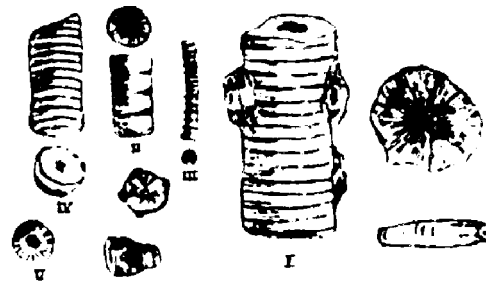


FIG. IV.

With light hearts and a heavy load we began our homeward voyage, well pleased with the fruit of our day's labor, and believing more than ever with Shaler that "the rocks form a great stone book, the pages of which are often ragged, and the stens often hard to decipher, but the story is still plain if we study it well."

Mr. Bartley and the companions of his fossil-hunting excursions will find many congenial spirits among the Chapters of the A. A. Curiously enough, next to his article on our desk, lies the following account of the excellent work done during the past year by the

BUFFALO GEOLOGICAL CHAPTER OF THE A. A.

Chapter 132, of Buffalo, N. Y., is an association of workers in the field of local geology, consisting of twenty-four members.

It holds meetings on the second and fourth Thursdays in the month, in the rooms of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences, of which it is an affiliated society. Excursions have been made to a number of points during the summer and fall, and the Chapter expects to continue these during the spring. The preparation of papers was not confined to the members of the Chapter, outsiders having given valuable aid. The members have been engaged in the collection of fossils from this locality, which they have procured in abundance, and they will be glad of an opportunity to sell or exchange with interested parties, and particularly pleased to communicate with members of other Chapters on this subject. Two of the members of the Chapter belong to the International Geological Congress, and it is hoped that Buffalo, and the Chapter will be represented at the eighth session of that body which will meet in Paris this year. The following officers have been elected to serve for the year: President, Richard F. Morgan; vice-president, Eugene V. Chamberlain; secretary, Miss Imogene C. Strickler; treasurer, Robert M. Codd,

Jr.; director of collections, Amadeus W. Grabau.

TWO MORE CORRESPONDING CHAPTERS.

We have already explained that besides our ordinary local chapters, we have several Chapters whose membership consists of widely scattered individuals united by their interest in a common study. Among the most successful of these is the Gray Memorial Botanical Chapter from whose retiring president, Mr. O. A. Farwell, we have a very gratifying annual report, which we should like to print if space permitted. We must at least offer our congratulations to Mr. Farwell for the excellent record he has made, and our welcome to his successor in office, Mr. James A. Graves, of Susquehanna, Pa., and the officers associated with him. The secretary's address is Mr. W. H. McDonald, 122 Pearl street, Elizabeth, N. J., and to him are referred all whose interest in botany may lead them to wish to join this Chapter.

Conducted on similar lines, though with so different a subject of interest, is the Isaac Lea Conchological Chapter, which, as its name implies, is devoted to the study of shells. All shell-collectors and students are cordially invited to join, and may address the President of the Chapter, Professor Josiah Keep, Mills College, Alameda Co., Cal. Now for a few

NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION

1. LAUGHING JACKASS. My uncle in Australia sent me, a twelve year old boy, and member of the Lindenwold Chapter, A. A., a "laughing jackass." That is a bird prized and protected by the Australian government because it kills and eats snakes. I also have a white cat, named "Snowball," and he was jealous of the bird. They were never very good friends until "Jack" came off best in a few battles they had. One day the cat watched Jack with great interest as he killed a snake on the lawn. A few days later Snowball was very busy in the berry-bushes, and presently brought out a big gopher-snake, which he dragged and laid down before Jack, and then sat back and looked at him as much as to say, "This is the way I return good for evil." Woodford Kron, Santa Cruz, Cal., April 8, 1900.

2. FOX-FIRE. I had purchased some lamb-chops and they lay on a plate in the pantry. Going in after dark, I was startled to see a peculiar brilliant light on the shelf. I called my husband, who was equally surprised. The light came from the bones only, and presented fantastic shapes. Was the meat wholesome? Mrs. C. E. Flitner, Secretary St. Paul Chapter, 354 E. Magnolia street, St. Paul, Minn.

3. CHIMNEY SWALLOWS. For a number of years I knew three or four pairs of chimney swallows to build their nests against the boards on the inside of the gable of a barn, in Bern, Berks county, Pennsylvania. C. L. Gruber, Kutztown, Pa.

4. FLYCATCHER AND DRAGON FLY. I noticed a crested flycatcher enter its nest in my yard with a large dragon fly in its mouth. I had never before observed the dragon fly used as food by any bird. Of five nests built in

the same hole, for five successive years, four contained cast-off snake skins. Ibid.

5. BLUE JAY AND SQUIRREL FIGHT. One morning we heard a great commotion in a tree. Looking from the window we saw a fight between a red squirrel and a blue jay. The jay was chasing the squirrel all over the tree, and both were making a great chatter. The jay drove the squirrel out of the tree. Grace Sherman McKinney, 177 Retreat avenue, Hartford, Conn. (Ten years old.)

6. WHITE-WINGED CROSS BILL. Near my home stands a very large Norway spruce. Many different birds are seen in its branches during the year. One afternoon in the early part of March a few birds came to the tree and enjoyed a feast from the cones. They proved to be the white-winged cross bill, a bird not seen in this region for twenty-five years. They came again the next afternoon and have not been seen since. Ibid.

7. TAXIDERMY. Is the "embalming"

method of taxidermy practicable and successful? W. H. Hiller, 147 W. Twenty-third street, Los Angeles, Cal.

8. SYCAMORE TREES. What influences the peeling of the bark of the Sycamore (Buttonwood) trees? It varies greatly in different years, and in different localities. Bluet Chapter, New York City.

REPORTS FROM THE SEVENTH CENTURY, CHAPTERS 601-700, SHOULD REACH THE PRESIDENT OF THE A. A. BY JULY 1.

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

How Do You Make Money?

Every boy is a money-maker, if he is a real boy. If he does not make it one way he makes it another. The average boy is a genius in thinking up ways to make money. We are very desirous of getting letters from the boy readers of this paper, giving information along this line. Of every boy who reads the paper we ask: "Tell us how you make money." Don't write a long letter, but tell it in as few words as possible. Every boy will reap an advantage from reading how other boys succeed in making money. You are interested, of course, also, in how boys spend money and how they save it—but that is another story, which we will tell later.

How Boys Make Money.

Claude M. Swanson, Varna, Ill.: You want to know how I make money. My father is a storekeeper and every Saturday I count eggs for him. He gives me for my work on that day fifteen cents. Every Saturday morning I sell newspapers. I have a route. I get two cents a copy for the papers I sell.

Ford Willers, Orion, Mich.: I live about one and a half miles out of Orion, a summer resort. There are many springs around here, and Grandpa and I set boxes in them so the water runs into the boxes. We catch minnows and put them in these boxes, and sell the minnows for bait at one cent apiece to the resorters. Last season we made about fifteen dollars, besides getting a lot of pleasure out of it.

Arthur Hassler, Santa Ana, Cal.: I am thirteen years old. I make money by picking apricots during the season, and in walnut season I make money by gathering walnuts and selling them. There is a cannery here, and for a week or two I made money there pitting fruit, and I have made some money recently by peddling advertisements. I expect shortly to go into a drug store to learn the drug business.

Willie F. Sawyer, Bowling Green, Ky.: I will tell you how I have made money. I worked during the summer in my uncle's barn, getting a dollar a week. In the winter I have a job on an ice wagon which paid me three dollars a week. Lately I have got a job on the railroad where I can support myself and put away ten to fifteen dollars a month, and now have seventy-five dollars and don't owe anybody a cent.

Louis A. Elliott, Brooks, Me.: I know a boy who had some spare money and invested it in rabbits. He sold the young ones that he raised for fifty cents a pair. Papa is going to get me a pair of them. A few weeks ago I saw a chance to make a little money by selling tinware. I got a sample and catalogue and succeeded in taking about seven dollars' worth of orders. I got the goods and delivered them and used the money for camera supplies.

Charles F. Hassler, Santa Ana, Cal.: I am fifteen years of age and have made money working as a syruper and fruit carrier in the cannery located here. The syruper puts the syrup into the cans of fruit. The fruit carrier carries the fruit to the cutters. During my school days I worked whenever I was not in school and could get a chance at peddling advertisements. I have a printing press and make some money printing. I am also raising Belgian Hares. My paper is called "The Boy's Own." Subscription price fifteen cents a year.

Charles D.: If you want to make money buy six or seven ducks from a reliable poultry dealer before the fall of the year. Make a small duck house, with a nest for each duck. When you get your ducks keep them up for a few days so they can get acquainted with their new home. Feed them first on warm food in the morning and at night on grain. In the winter time feed with warm food both morning and night. In February the ducks will begin to lay. Keep up the ducks at night. When the young ducks come feed them three times a day. They will soon be large enough for the market. This is a good way to make money, as I know by experience.

Herbert Stedman, Everett, Mass.: I began making money selling apples from our own trees. I averaged for a time seventy-five cents a day. In winter I shoveled snow and passed bills for a firm, receiving a dollar a week. I made a contract later to pass bills one year for fifty dollars. I saved my money and bought a second-hand five by eight printing press. I worked up quite



NO BOY of eight years or over should say that he can not make one dollar. Any live boy can find some way of making a little money and thus learn how to make more. Let us suppose you have five cents. Where is the boy who can not "scheme a way" to get five cents? No, how can you start in business on five cents? Here is one way: Send us the five cents and we will send you a copy of this number of THE AMERICAN BOY. The regular price of one copy is ten cents. Take the copy under your arm to some

copies, which you can easily sell for forty cents. Send us the forty cents and we will send you eight copies, for which you can get eighty cents. Send us eighty cents and you will get sixteen copies, which you can sell for one dollar and sixty cents.

Perhaps you can start with more than five cents. Suppose you start by sending us twenty-five cents. We send you five copies, which you sell for fifty cents. You can easily get ten persons who will agree to buy the paper from you every month at ten cents a month. If you can, you will make in twelve months six dollars, which will pay your own subscription and leave you five dollars profit. Any boy with any



man or woman who has a boy, or indeed to any good man or woman who has no boy, and sell it for ten cents. You have nearly doubled your money; you sent us five cents for the copy and used a two-cent stamp. You paid out seven cents and got back ten. Send us the ten cents and we will send you two copies, for which you can easily get twenty cents. Send us the twenty cents and we will send you four

American grit in him can do that, and many can do more. If you can get only four persons to buy THE AMERICAN BOY from you every month, you make twenty cents a month or one dollar and forty cents a year over and above your own subscription. You make five cents on each paper delivered. Work up a list and try it. Any body will buy THE AMERICAN BOY from you.



ALBERT W. FIFIELD

Here is the picture of a twelve year old boy, Albert W. Fifield of Minneapolis, who has got forty-four subscribers, and one of a nine year old boy, Emerson T. Cotner of Detroit, who has got fifteen subscribers.

Can't YOU do something? Anyway, don't ever say YOU can't make a dollar. You can.

ADDRESS

The Sprague Publishing Company,
Publishers of "The American Boy,"
DETROIT, MICH.



EMERSON T. COTNER

a little business this way and I now average between five and six dollars a week with my printing, all of this outside of school hours. Any boy can do this if he has the money and his parents should be willing to set him up in business, for it's a good thing.

Charles H. Russell, Philadelphia, Pa.: I earned a little money last winter printing cards on my printing press for my friends. I am going to start an amateur paper. I am fourteen years old, but other

boys have done this and I think I can, but I have no type. My press prints a six by eight page. Ask the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY if they have any type (about twenty-five pounds) that they would sell cheap. I will go into partnership with anyone furnishing type. I doing the press work. I am a pupil of the Freshman Class of the Central High School, and have been interested in stamp collecting, amateur photography and amateur journalism for two years past.

Newsboys Saving Money.

The "Kansas City Star" gave each of its newsboys for a Christmas present a bank book issued by the Fidelity Trust Co., of Kansas City, and a deposit of one dollar. Every boy was given the privilege of drawing out his money at once, if he wished to do so, but The Star expressed the hope that the boys would be encouraged by this neat egg to add a little to it each week. At the end of three months many of the boys had drawn out their dollars. Some had added to the deposit. Frank Regnery leads in the amount saved, as he has thirty-two dollars to his credit. Frank is a red-faced, tousley-headed little fellow, with a bright eye and lots of business push. He clears about seventy-five cents a day. Of this he pays his mother twelve dollars a month for board and has ten dollars and a half left. His bank book shows that he has deposited on the average of ten dollars a month. He says he is going to leave his money in the bank until it grows into a big pile. He has not yet determined what he will do with it.

Considerably more than one-half of the boys whose accounts were opened still have the original deposit to their credit. The vice-president of the Trust Company says it is quite amusing to note the businesslike and important demeanor with which the boys come in, march up to the teller's window and make their deposits. He says that the boys who are adding to their one dollar are bright little fellows who are bound to make their way in the world. Some, he says, were doubtless compelled by necessity to withdraw their money. He gives one pathetic instance of a little fellow who left his dollar and finally was able to add another to it, but later came in one very cold day and said he could not stand it any longer; that he would have to have his two dollars to get some shoes.

The Star has offered to add on July 4 a dollar to the account of every boy who has the first dollar still to his credit.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS—Go in Mail Order Business. No capital. For particulars send stamp to H. MUTTER, Box 49, New London, Ohio.

Young Men Wanted to sell our fine line of Fountain Pens. Salary or Commission. Fine outfit furnished. Milton Pen Co., Milton, Wis.

BOYS We have a 5c article every boy and man needs. It's new, and you can make money selling it. We mail you sample and particulars for 5c. Write today. A. B. SPENCE NOVELTY CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Latest Craze
"Combination Shirt Bosom."
Entirely new. 20 SHIRTS IN ONE; saves laundry bills. (Cut shows a few of the 20 beautiful stylish patterns with corners turned back. RED-HOT SELLER. Agents make \$10 Daily. SAMPLE 25 CENTS. Catalogue of other fast sellers FREE.
A. De Haven Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

\$4 A Day For Blowing Bubbles
The above amount can be easily made showing UNCLE SAM'S BUBBLE BLOWERS. They blow chains of 10 to 20 bubbles—a yard long; blow bubbles within bubbles; blow clusters of bubbles, beautiful to behold—larger than your hat. Nothing more charming or fascinating, not to the young alone, but "old boys and girls" enjoy the sport. They sell at 5c each, 4 samples sent for 10c; 12 for 25c; 30 for 50c; a box of 100 for \$1.00. (Stamps not accepted). Wrap coin in heavy paper and enclose with letter. More money made selling these to other boys and girls than you can make any other way and you don't need to ask them to buy. Merely blow a chain, a cluster or some other design, and they will ask you for them. Can easily sell a box a day for a time. Send for box or samples at once while they are new.
NATIONAL NOVELTY CO.,
5 PARIS FLATS - - TOLEDO, O.

\$8 PAID Per 100 for Distributing Sample of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. Scott, Cohoes, N. Y.

Wanted Agents in every county to sell "Family Memorials," good profits and steady work. Address Campbell & Co., 225 Plum St., Elgin, Ill.

Start MAIL- Business \$100 AT HOME NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. Monthly salary made. Write J. H. Hoekes, 225 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

100 are wanted for the NEW FIELD; positions; large salaries. Address, with stamp, Prof. Steiner, Lexington, Ky.

EARN MONEY taking orders for our ARTISTIC PRINTING. We pay you well. Samples, price lists and business cards with your name on free. COMMERCIAL, West Brighton, N. Y.

AGENTS—HERE IS A NEW MONEY-MAKER! A household necessity. 50,000 sold in Minneapolis. Costs 6c., sells for 25c. Agents making \$7.00 per day. Agent's outfit, 10c. Domestic Mfg. Co., 506 Washington Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

AMERICAN BOYS desiring employment evenings, or spare time, enclose addressed envelope ready to mail. \$12 month guaranteed steady work. Don't miss this opportunity. BINNS, DEPT. A, LIPPINCOTT BLDG PHILADELPHIA.

BOY AGENTS WANTED to represent us. Can earn big money. Our very useful, new patent sells in EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Every woman buys. HERE'S your chance; don't pass it. Sample, circulars, particulars, ten cents. Write quick. Address GEORGE FORREST CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

Boys Earn Cash, bicycles, watches, cameras, etc., selling Parallel-Blotter-Ruler, and other specialties. Sample PocketGuard, prevents losing pencils, watches, etc., an easy plan for selling, mailed for 4c. stamps. THE INDEX CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED \$5 to \$10 per day sure selling photos of "Just as the Sun Went Down." Copyrighted, 1900, by Dietz. Send fifty cents for sample and full particulars. Big Commission. It is a gain and sells at sight. Address John M. Dietz, 114 Fox St., Mandusky, O.

A GOLD MINE to the hustler. A marvel of real worth, at a very low price. This book of 375 trade secrets and **POINTERS** will surely start you in the right way to earn money quickly. Contains 64 large pages, each one overflowing with valuable information. At 10 cts. a copy they will go very fast. Order early and avoid delay. Be first in the field and reap the golden harvest. W. H. JENSEN, 95 Huntington St., EAST BOSTON, MASS.

FREE To Boys and Girls. We give away Watches, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, &c. for selling our Feather or Pillow Ventilators at 5c each. Send name and address (No Money) and we will send you \$2.00 worth and premium list postpaid. You sell the goods and send us the money and select your premium, earned. We trust you and take back unsold goods. We also allow cash commission. Write to-day. American Importing Co., Toledo.

THE BEST YET! MANIFOLD SHIRT FRONT 20 shirts in one. Nothing like it. Saves your laundry bill. Any collar, any tie. Magic change. Bells at sight. **SAMPLE FREE.** Agents are making \$30 and up daily. You can do as well. Geo. M. Adams, Bloomington, Ill.

THE IDEAL SPOON HOLDER is an article of merit and a novelty. Its needs have long been felt in every household. It is heavily nickel-plated and will last for years. **WE WANT AGENTS.** Boys can make lots of money in their leisure hours, selling the **IDEAL**. It sells itself, every woman will buy it for 10c. The sale of one creates a demand for several dozen more. Sample 25c. a for 50c. by mail, postpaid. Send for catalog. McKay Mfg. Co., 3727 La Salle St., Chicago.

BOYS AND GIRLS Would you like to make \$5.00 to \$10.00 a week by a few minutes' work after school. Permanent position. Enclose 25 cents for valuable outfit and start to work at once. Money paid for outfit returned with first work so you get outfit free. First answer from your town sets it. **E. G. BRENTON, PEORIA, ILL.**

FOR 5 CENTS YOU CAN GET 100 PRINTED CARDS and leather cover or 50 engraved cards and 1-line copper plate by our coupon book plan. Write us for particulars; This is not a bait, and as to our reliability any Chicago paper house will tell you about us. Our name is a household word all over the United States. **ALUMINUM NOVELTY CO., 261 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.**

EARN THIS CAMERA We will send you this "Wonderful" Camera with complete outfit, ready to take good pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, for selling only 18 of our latest style 18-karat gold-plated Scarf or Stick Pins at 10c each. They sell at sight—everybody wears them, ladies and gentlemen. We ask **NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.** Just send your name and address and we will mail you the Pins post-paid. You easily sell them among your friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the \$3.00 and we will at once send you the Camera post-paid; also a solid silver and gold-plated DEWEY SOUVENIR SPOON (worth 50c) absolutely FREE in addition if you write to-day. Address **STANDARD IMPORTING CO., Dept. 436 St. Louis, Mo.** Its firm is well known for honest goods and valuable premiums.

ENERGETIC BOYS Here is an opportunity for you to secure at no cost but a few moments work, any one of the following articles: Camera, Air Rifle, Bamboo Jointed Fishing-Rod, Reel, Line, Hooks, Hase Ball Bats, Gloves, Mask and Pocket Knife. These are the best of their kind; we guarantee them. Send us your name and address, mention which article you desire, and we will send you an outfit at once, with full instructions. **FOR THE GIRLS** we have a beautiful Bracelet, Bracelet, Hairwater Set, Glove or Handkerchief Box, Brush and Comb, Hammock, Croquet Mallet, etc. We ask you for no money, but simply a little of your spare time. We trust our goods in your hands. If you desire any one of these articles mentioned, and have energy to hustle a little, it will be to your best interest to write us at once. We make a specialty of games and amusement articles, so if we do not advertise what you want write for it. **THE B. & W. NOVELTY CO., 97 Washington St. (Room 47), CHICAGO, ILL.**

PHONOGRAPH = SHORT STORIES and how to earn, free, a Talking Machine, Camera, Watch and Chain, for a few hours' work. Address, stating age, **FREE THE J. B. SCOTT COMPANY, No. 1110 Oak Street, KANSAS CITY, MO.**

1900 **YOU CAN EASILY and Quickly Earn a BICYCLE, LADIES' JACKET, and** Shoes, Dress Skirt, Dinner Hat, Watch, Camera, etc. by selling a few boxes of our high-grade Toilet Soap to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits. No money required in advance. We have the best plan for boys (Girls and Women). Our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums mailed FREE. Write to-day for particulars. **DAWSON SOAP CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Dept. 100, CHICAGO.**

WRITE A LETTER AND EARN A DOLLAR If you will write a letter to the Conover Chemical Company, 18th and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., giving your post office address and that of a responsible person as reference, we will send you 10 boxes of **Health Nuggets.** These you can readily sell at 25c a package. When they are sold, send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00 for yourself. We make this offer to introduce this new and effective tonic for the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Write early and get the advantage of an early start in your district. **CONOVER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 18th and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.**

The Circulation of this Paper is PAID CIRCULATION.



THE BOYS' LIBRARY

A Few Minutes in the Company of Izaak Walton, Washington Irving and Henry David Thoreau.

"A glimmering haze hung over The face of the smiling air; And the green of the trees and the blue of the leas And the sky gleamed everywhere."

"And the lark went palpitating Up through the glorious skies. His song spilled down from the blue profound As a song from paradise." James Whitcomb Riley.

On such a June day, when the earth is flooded with sunshine, and the "green of the trees and the blue of leas and sky" is everywhere, when the soft south wind, as it ripples

"Over the meadows And along the willow way," is fragrant with clover and blossoming grape, my thoughts wander away from our cozy little library into the realm of Nature—that other and greater library not built by human hands. In imagination I inhale the delicious breath of the summer woods, I see about me the leafy green of trees, and above me the white-flecked azure of Heaven, and I catch the gleam of the river, whose banks are starred with snowy saxifraga, and affume with wild geraniums, and whose "Ripples shod

With the sunshine of the day" flow over many a silvery trout. Therefore, boys, I am irresistibly led to talk to you of the three writers who so loved Nature, so longed to live ever close to her great, pure heart that the God of Nature gave to them the power to interpret and describe, as few other writers have ever done, the manifold wonders and beauties of His own special realm. These three great interpreters are Izaak Walton, Washington Irving and Henry David Thoreau.

Izaak Walton, most renowned of fishermen, was born at Stafford, England, August 9, 1593, and although an Englishman, he is dear to the heart of the angler in every land. A biographer says of him:

"No other writer, however great, has won more sincere and lasting love and fame than Izaak Walton, and multitudes of those who never put a worm on hook are constant and enthusiastic readers of this delightful writer." His first book, "The Complete Angler" (in which he tells us all about fishing), made Izaak Walton forever famous; and in this charming book is to be found this paragraph so expressive of its author's love of Nature, and trust in God:

"When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power, wisdom and providence of God, I walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and contemplate the lilies that take no care, and the very many little living creatures that are created and fed by the goodness of the God of nature, and, therefore, trust in Him."

In the same book good Izaak Walton asks the perpetual blessing of the Great Fisherman upon "all that are true lovers of virtue, and dare trust in providence, and be quiet, and go a angling."

Washington Irving is the pride of every American. He was born at New York, April 3, 1783, and died at his home, Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, N. Y., in 1859. Irving has been called "The Father of American Literature," and justly so, for Washington Irving has done for our literature exactly what George Washington did for our country—freed it from English control. "The Alhambra," "The Life of George Washington," "The Voyages and Companions of Christopher Columbus" are his most noted works; but his book dearest to the heart of an American boy is the inimitable "Sketch Book," in which are to be found "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "The Spectre Bridegroom," "The Angler," and other delightful stories.

And now, comrades, I come to my own especial and much loved favorite, Henry David Thoreau, who was born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817. This great writer went straight to the heart of Nature, and to him Nature confided all her wondrous secrets. He knew the history of every tree and blossom, of moss and stone; he talked with birds and animals, and fed the fishes in the brook. He lived for two years in a little cot, by the banks of the Walden, a beautiful woodland stream, a few miles from Concord. "Walden," "In the Maine Woods," "Field and Forest," and "Cape Cod" are his books a boy would most enjoy.

In these long vacation days I want you, boys, nay, I urge you, to spend many hours in the company of such great and good men as Izaak Walton, Washington Irving and Henry David Thoreau.

Your librarian,
ALEXANDER JENKINS.

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By J. B. COOMBS, Assisted by VIRGIN A. PINKLEY.

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We say, therefore, that this book is not only of value to the student, but to the teacher. The division which is devoted to the "Art of Delivery" may well be studied by those who are preparing for the professions which require oratory and correctness of speech. Examples are given for practice, with instruction in vocal training; for each style of work.

The last half of the book is given to selections. Many of them are familiar to readers, and seem like old friends. Others are new and will be welcome to those who like change.

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The Boy in the Office, the Store, the Factory and on the Farm

June.

MORNING STARS: Mars, Saturn to June 23. EVENING STARS: Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn after June 23. LEGAL HOLIDAYS: June 3, Jefferson Davis' Birthday in Florida and Georgia. ANNIVERSARIES: June 6, 1742, General Nathaniel Green born; June 15, 1215, King John granted Magna Charta; June 17, 1775, Battle of Bunker Hill; June 18, 1815, Battle of Waterloo; June 28, 1776, Battle of Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C.

Without good health success is always doubtful.

The first thing for a boy to do when he leaves school and goes to work in the busy world is to fall in love with his work.

Neatness in personal appearance can be maintained at far less cost than many suppose. It counts powerfully as an element of success.

Of the "Has Beens" there are many, Of the "Ne'er Was" more by far, The "Going to Be" are legion, But how few of those that "Are."

The only way for a young man to succeed in business is to work early and late, and take the same interest in his employer's business as he would in his own.

In the early days a man could lead a wild life and still make a sort of success of business, but nowadays the man who acts the part of a rake can hope for nothing but failure.

When you are going to take a position with a firm other than the one you have been working for, do not part with your employer in anger. Always keep your temper, and postpone the wind up of affairs with him until you are in a good humor.

In a Barred Shirt.

The other day a youth in a barred shirt came sailing down Commercial street in a livery stable sleigh at two dollars an hour, with a sweet young thing by his side. As he struck Seventh avenue, merchants whom he owed began to glare at him; one clothing dealer who owns the trousers on the youth's bandy legs broke down and wept. That boy is virtually the king of Hot Foot Society in Emporia. He has burned more coal and kerosene and has spoiled more Sunday dinners in houses where they keep two hired girls than any other boy in town. Yet he is absolutely worthless. When he passes forty, if he marries a girl as poor as he is, she will be keeping a boarding house. If he marries rich, he will get proud and walk around snubbing his fellow clerks and looking terribly worried about the responsibility of great wealth. But he won't marry rich. Generally, girls whose fathers and mothers have to dig their money out of the earth, have too much sense to follow off a necktie and a pair of soulful eyes. Day before yesterday that boy drew from his boss his week's wages. He is always pestering his boss to overdraw. He is a great nuisance, and gets a new job oftener than any other fellow. But he is a lovely character and knows all about the two-step. So he can break into society.

This afternoon a farmer wearing a seventy-five cent cap, an eight-dollar suit of clothes and a four-dollar overcoat, came into the Mit-Way and backed up to the stove and stood there till he steamed and smelled like a slaughter house. Yet Mr. Farmer Boy has eighty acres of land, thirty head of steers, a drove of shoats and six horses all in his own hands. His note is good at the bank for one thousand dollars any time, and in twenty years Mr. Pretty Town Boy will be handing Mr. Farmer money

through a wire wicket and complaining about the arrogance of wealth. And, yet a lot of town girls would scream with horror if their sensible mothers and fathers should invite Mr. Farmer Boy out to the house for the evening. In twenty years from now these same girls will be mighty glad to tie red strings on silver spoons borrowed from the farmer boy's wife, when they give their pitiful little receptions. The "Gazette" is no prophet, but it can see that far ahead without specs.—Emporia Gazette.

The Choir Boy's Chance for Getting Into Business.

A writer in the St. Louis Republic says: "It is generally considered that a boy who has been a member of a vested choir for any length of time, has his chances for securing a position in the business world greatly improved thereby. The members of the church take an interest in him and help him in many ways." He cites as instances the boy soloists at Christ Church Cathedral in St. Louis. All of the boy soloists who have served at any time during the thirteen years the cathedral has been in existence, have good positions.

The Successful Business Career.

There are no miracles in a business career. The man who wins success has toiled early and late with all his powers of body and mind. He has been subservient to his ambition. He has pushed aside, because it was the first step toward success, every habit and desire that stood between him and his goal. No man was ever numbered among the successful ones unless he was waiting and prepared for Fortune when she knocked at his door. She has never yet been known to wait for any man or boy to prepare himself for her company. I know of no one habit that so thoroughly molds the character of a young man as the habit of economy. It gives him strength of will. It teaches him to look beyond an action to its final result. It continually reminds him that the pure, sweet, innocent pleasures of life are almost to be had for the asking, and that Satan is not only a cruel but an expensive taskmaster.—Saturday Post.

The Black Boy Beat the White.

Two boys were selling fans on a warm day in the cars. One of them, a white boy, drawled out: "Fans, five cents." He sold just two. After him came a colored boy, calling out briskly: "Keep yourselves cool now, ladies and gentlemen! Coney Island breezes! A big fan for only five cents! Zephyrs from de billows! Buy 'em while ye can!" And he sold sixty-seven fans!

Stroke After Stroke.

A boy in felling a tree got discouraged and said: "It's no use." "Pooh! my boy," said an old chopper behind him, "you can do it. Just keep at it. Stroke after stroke will cut down the biggest tree that ever grew!"

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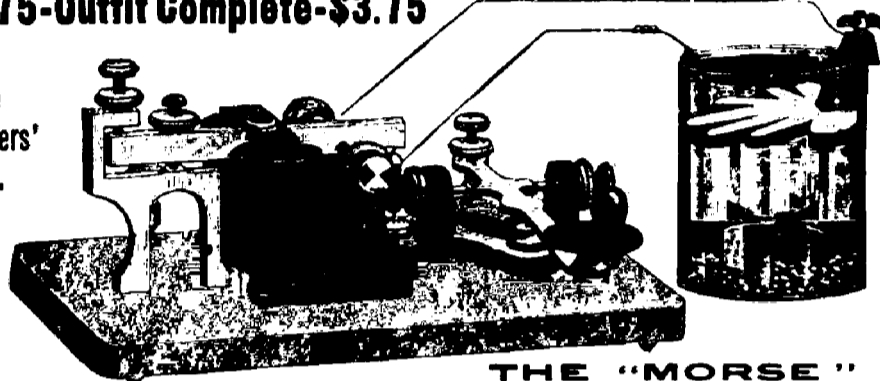
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The Boy in the Home, Church and School



No. 1.

"Pa woke me very early this morning; would rather ma do it, though."



No. 2.

"Was a little late for breakfast; anyway would sooner eat alone. Yer can mashkerate yer food better."



No. 3.

"Washed for school. Ma said I ought ter do more washin' an' less dryin', as the towel aughten ter be dirt re-skeptkles."



No. 4.

"Had a scrap with Dusty Clark; knocked him all ter pieces, an' three or four others all bigger'n me."

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A newly found letter by P. T. Barnum, one of the last he wrote, advises young men to learn stenography and typewriting, and adds: "Keep your brain free from fumes of alcohol, your blood free from its taint. Avoid tobacco as the poison it really is. Keep yourself clean physically and morally. Give your body the care you would give to any machine of which you require much good work."

"Johnny's mamma never scolds and never frets and is always just as good as she can be," said little Frank. "I wish my mamma was like that."
"What kind of a boy is Johnny?" asked his aunt, to whom he was talking.
"Oh, he is a good, kind little boy. Nora says he is the best boy to mind she ever saw. Nora used to work at his house, you know. Why, auntie, he likes to have other folks have a good time like himself."
"Perhaps that is the secret of his mamma's never scolding," said Frank's aunt. "Good boys make happy, good mothers."

Getting Rid of His Brains.
"I hate to see a boy so conceited as Tommy Bills!"
"Conceited! Why?"
"Why? There he goes now, smoking a cigarette, and nowadays that's like hanging out a notice: 'I have more brains than I need, and this is the easiest way to get rid of them!'"

Where the College Boys Come From.
The Ohio State University recently published a table showing the occupations of the parents of seventeen hundred pupils who had entered that institution in 1895-6-7-8. It was found that farmers furnished nearly one-third of the students; merchants, a little more than a tenth; manufacturers, one-seventeenth; lawyers, one-twentieth; physicians, one-twenty-third; railway employees and traveling salesmen, about one-twenty-third.

The Majesty of Law.
That lesson once came home to me very impressively. I was a sailmaker's apprentice, and two of us were called upon to help a constable levy on a sail on board a schooner. Not a soul was there except us three. The sail lay on the deck, and we were about to furl it, when the constable said, "Hold on!" and took a legal paper out of his pocket, and told us to take off our hats, as he did. And there, in the open-air, with bared and bowed heads, he reverently read his warrant, authorizing him in the name of the state to seize that property. I felt the awful presence of Law—an invisible Authority and Power—speaking through that paper—an Invisible Master controlling us and all around us. I learned, then and there, that I was living under Law and could not escape from its hold.—C. A. V.

Mr. Gladstone to Boys.
What Mr. Gladstone has to say to young boys about success in life ought to be worth reading and worth thinking about.
"Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it."
"Do not believe those who too lightly say effort—honest, manful, humble effort—does not succeed by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy."
"Get knowledge all you can."
"Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocence, pretension is always despicable. But you, like men, be strong and exercise your strength."
"Work onward and upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your care, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward!"—Union Gospel News.

The Knights of King Arthur.
WILLIAM BYRON FORBES
The Order of the Knights of King Arthur is an order of Christian Knighthood for boys. Its purpose is to bring back to the world, and especially to its youth, the spirit of chivalry, courtesy, courage and Christian daring. To revive the best of ancient Christian knighthood. To re-establish a round table of true men in the Church of Christ. To build a Christ-like kingdom in the heart of the great republic.

To reach boys who are not interested in prayer meetings, who have no safe place to go evenings, who have no home, or who need the nurture of good men and great ideals.
To restore to young men that deferential and chivalrous regard for women, which ancient knighthood felt, and to make young women worthy of such deference. To lift the mutual relations of boys and girls above silliness and frivolity.
To give the lonely boy or girl a great fraternity to belong to.
To give earnest, self-controlled mature people a chance to make rich and eternal investments in lives, by showing them how to help boys and girls.
These things the Knighthood of King Arthur stands for. And all these in perfect loyalty to Christ and the Church.
The basis of the order is the study and emulation of heroes. The two themes are loyalty and service. The form of the order is that of a knightly fraternity, rather than of a lodge or military society. The order is not secret. Some of the castle work may be private from boys not members, as the family is private. Parents are honorary members of the castles and local approval is insisted upon.
The local organization is called a castle and its officers are King Arthur, the presiding officer, and Merlin, the scribe, who is the adult leader. There are three classes of members: Pages, who promise

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THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 1874, Scranton, Pa.

The Boy in the Home, Church and School



No. 5.

"Got a hickin' from the teacher, but it didn't hurt. The feller that I punched, he got one too, an' he hollered; I laughed."



No. 6.

"Cut Burt Jones out at noon. He aint in it any more; am glad I practiced nights standin' on my hands, 'cause when I did that I was Irr-a-zistable."



No. 7.

"Farmer Jones's dog delayed me an' another feller after school to-day. Got the back of my vest tord somehow."



No. 8.

"Jones told Pa why I was late. Wisht a sweepin' tornado would blow him and his dog into the briny deep forevermore."

loyalty; Esquires, who also promise to be temperate, pure and reverent in word and action; Knights, who, in addition to the above, promise to serve their Master, their church, and their order as true Christian knights.

The boys assume the names of King Arthur's knights or other heroes, and are addressed by those names with the prefix "Sir" in castle meetings. The attractions are the delightful ritual, interesting and instructive initiations, the ranks of nobility earned by efforts in athletic, literary and moral lines, and such local lyceum or club work as may be desirable. Room is given for the adoption of the best features of other forms of clubs. Each castle works out its own castle life, and is self-governing. The offices are held in turn, and thus jealousy is avoided. On the ground that missions is the best chivalry, some castles adopt a missionary as "a knight on a crusade who is in distress." The "siege perious" is reserved as an honor for worthy actions.

Enrollment as a castle or individually is free. Other boys' clubs may be affiliated and use the plans without change of name. The author believes that along this line of personal leadership, hero-study and loyal, knightly service, of a moral kingdom in the great republic, is a coming method of the successful boys' club.

Father Blake, and His Work for Homeless Boys.

At No. 7 Poplar street, Brooklyn, N. Y., in an old house which has stood for 50 years, Rev. Father Blake is struggling cheerfully and manfully to provide shelter for homeless boys. The home

is known as "St. Vincent's Home for Boys." Bishop Loughlin conceived of the idea back in '68. The church had free orphanages, schools, etc., but no institution for waifs. At his suggestion, plans were discussed, and in '69 a charter was procured and twenty six incorporators named to guard the interests of the new charity. Then the home was bought, which since that date has struggled along under many difficulties. It is Father Blake's worthy ambition to build an industrial home for his boys where they may learn useful trades.



ST. VINCENT'S HOME FOR BOYS.

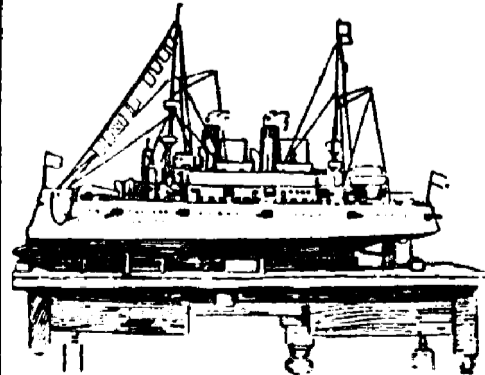
"These homeless wanderers," says

Father Blake, "are always with us; their number increases day by day. They fill our streets and lodging houses, where they live in an atmosphere of im-




BED ROOM AT ST. VINCENT'S HOME.

morality and intemperance and blasphemy. Hundreds of them are forced, on cold winter nights, to seek refuge in barrels and boxes under the Brooklyn Bridge—everywhere and anywhere that affords a shelter to their poorly clad and half-starved bodies. Is it not a Godlike charity to save and care for such boys? Is it not a charity, think you, dear to the tender heart of our Divine Lord, who loved the poor so much? Is it not charity that must appeal to every true Christian heart? Let any city boast of her culture, her intellectual activity, her colleges, academies, literary societies, her champions of advanced thought and patrons of higher education, all of which are good and commendable; but until she realizes the necessity of providing for her poor and homeless waifs she cannot lay claim to the title of a true Christian city, nor can her people say they are following in the footsteps of Him who said: 'It is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.' Why should we wonder at the increase of crime among the children of the poor, if these same children are allowed to drift aimlessly about upon the troubled waters of the stormy sea of life, no star of hope to guide them or hand outstretched to welcome them, no voice to tell them of the God whom they have forgotten, the God whom, perhaps, they never knew?"



MODEL OF BOAT MADE BY ONE OF THE BOYS.

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No. 12.

"I retired somewhat early to-night. Yer can always do better work in the morning when yer retires early."



No. 9.

"Made an engagement to meet Pa in the woodshed after supper. I didn't eat no supper to-night, not 'cause Pa said I couldn't, but jest 'cause I wasn't hungry."



No. 10.

"Thought that workin' awfull hard at my chores, it might turn away wrath, but it didn't, so—"



No. 11.

"Pa met me in the aforsed place. He told me it wasn't right to take what wasn't yours. It taint either, 'cause it aint right. Enyway, the apples was sour."

THE BOY JOURNALIST AND PRINTER

Cost of an Amateur Printing Plant.

R. C. NEWBOLD.

This article is written with the intention of giving any boy ambitious to enter "Amateurism" an idea of how much it will cost him to print a four-page paper, type matter four and one-third by seven inches. It pays to print your own paper -- if you have any stick-to-it-iveness. If you haven't, you had better either give up the paper or get some one else to print it. If you are your own printer, whenever you want to enlarge your paper, for some special issue, as Christmas, you can do it without wondering where the extra money to pay for it is coming from, as it costs but a little more time and extra paper. I have printed a paper for over a year; its regular issue is six pages, but whenever I have more time I get out eight.

In the list hereinafter given I have included several second-hand articles, but all type should be new. I have been in the business long enough to know that it does not pay to buy secondhand type, as the edges are generally worn and it makes your paper look slovenly. Of course the estimates for type and paper are only approximate, as the prices of both vary. The style and size of type may be changed at pleasure, but fifteen pounds, at least is needed. These estimates are for printing one page at a time, as that is the biggest form the press will take. I still print one page at a time, and don't find it so very hard.

I advise any one who wishes to become an editor to get together a few of his friends and if, after talking it over, they find they have not enough money to buy an outfit, to issue one hundred shares or stock certificates at from ten to twenty-five cents each.

When you are sure of your money, go to some professional printer, tell him what you intend doing, and get him to show you his place and give you some valuable hints. Any bright boy can make a stand for his type cases out of old lumber and a galley to hold the type as he sets it, and file head-lines and a column rule out of his brass rule. All articles in the following list are new, except those marked:

A \$25.00 OUTFIT

Table listing printing equipment items and prices: 1 second-hand self-inking hand-power press (Model No. 1) \$10.00, 15 lbs. 8 pt. Old Style type 5.50, Stereotyped heading (about) .50, 1,500 sheets 9x12 cheap book paper 1.00, 1 Yankee Job composing stick .57, 5 sticks galleys (2 nonpareil, 2 pica, 1 4-line pica) .20, 3 lbs. 2-point leads (1 lb. uncut and 2 lbs. cut to width of column) .75, 2 feet 2-point brass rule .16, Assorted quins .20, A piece of marble for imposing stone, about 7x11 inches .25, Half pound book ink .25, 1 maple planer .30, 1 bottle benzine .10, 2 second-hand job cases .75, 1 font 8-point De Vinne Series (capitals and lower case) 2.00, 1 font O. S. Italic for 8-point type. 2.30, Sponge and bodkin .17, Total \$25.00

Of course, if you have money you can get an eighth Gordon foot press (second-hand) for fifty to sixty dollars instead of the hand press, and several other things which are needful but not absolutely necessary. In this list I have aimed to put down only those things necessary and not found about an ordinary house, but I have not named a mallet or hammer for driving the quins, supposing that most boys would own one. I was led to write this article by the fact that many persons believe that a printing outfit costs a small fortune, while, on the other hand, many more suppose a good-sized paper can be printed by oneself for two or three dollars.

The Pleasures of Amateur Journalism.

N. B. WOODZELLE.

This is a "special" for boys all over America.

We are having a good time, the very best, and don't you want to join us?

"We," are boys and girls who print papers, write stories and poems, join ourselves into clubs and associations, have regular conventions, get acquainted with one another, talk about our pleasures, our work and our plans for the future. In other words we are amateur journalists. And we are ready always to welcome new members.

Of course, you think you "can't," but you are an American boy, and that word "can't" should never pass your lips. Try -- see if you can! Your first effort in writing will not reach your ideal; you will think it is not good enough to print. Well, now, let me tell you, if you have a great horror of the printer and the waste basket, you are on the wrong tack, for the amateur printer is only another boy, with no more brains perhaps than you have. Then you think what you write is not good enough to read. Oh, yes, it is, for your readers will be boys, too, and girls -- young people who are not themselves free from mistakes.

There! your first article is printed. How funny your name looks in print! And oh, what a lot of mistakes there are! You can see them yourself now; for an article looks different in print.

Then you go over and correct it. You will not make the same mistakes a second time, and your next article will be better. Then you and the other boys talk it over. They have noticed mistakes that you have not. When they first tell you of them you feel chagrined and may be a little angry, but on second thought, the criticism is all so good-natured, you see that they mean it only to help you. And then other boys are laughing at mistakes they have made, so you all have a good-natured laugh and talk and go your different ways, your hearts filled with ambition to do better next time. This will be your constant aim.

How rapidly you are learning! and this is a school of amateur journalism. Not a bit dull or prosy, is it?

In this number of THE AMERICAN BOY you will find the names of the officers of the Amateur Journalists' Association, and you can apply to any one for information. I have not told you half, but my article would be too long. I may tell you more later, if you are interested.

Some Warnings to Amateur Journalists.

MAURICE MURRAY.

It seems to be the ambition of most every boy, when he is thirteen or fourteen years old, to have a printing press. Scarcely does he learn the use of it before he wants to become an editor and publish an amateur paper. At least, that was my experience. I got a press when I was fourteen and published a paper until I was eighteen. Now, I want to give some advice to boys who have such ambitions.

For a boy to want to learn to print is well and good. It shows thrift and a desire for knowledge. However, if a boy prints a paper because he wants to learn the art of journalism, I think his chances of success are small. I do not say this to reflect criticism on present amateur journals or to discourage beginners, but for the purpose of helping them. When boys print amateur journals and print them without having them criticized by anyone of superior education. Now, if we make them so, our mistakes are the great stepping stones to our improvement; but if there is no one to correct our mistakes, we continue to make the same ones over and over, and so create and strengthen the habit of doing those things wrong. Amateur journalists, therefore, should have their work criticized by some superior before it is printed.

We hear young writers complain that their stories are not published when sent to professional publications, whereas, if sent to an amateur editor, they are printed and generally commented on as good by the writer's associates. Trouble comes from this, for the writer gets the idea that his work is correct, when it is not, and he thus loses a valuable lesson. When I entered High School I was still publishing my paper, and several times I wrote stories and sent them to the editor of the High School paper. I had thought they were good enough for my paper, and so was surprised when the editor of the High School paper refused them. It is hardly possible to be both teacher and pupil.

Of course, there are amateur journals the editors of which have superiors to correct their mistakes; but generally the boy wants to run everything by himself. Amateur journalism offers an opportunity for getting very valuable experience, and if the writer's work is criticized by a competent superior it will prove an excellent school. Otherwise, there is danger that the writer will simply grind in the mistakes that he is making.

The Youngest Editor of a Daily Newspaper.

Probably the youngest manager and editor of a daily newspaper in the country is Roy W. Steele, of the Knightstown, Ind., Journal, and the paper that he issues is one of the best of what are known as country dailies that we have seen. It is a sprightly little sheet, and the circulation, advertising, printing, editing and everything else connected with it are looked after by Mr. Steele. He is but eighteen years old and founded his paper of which he is the sole owner, over a year ago. His newspaper career had its beginning at the Indiana State University and has been attended with marked success.



He obtained an important position on one of the College publications, at the same time acting as correspondent for several city papers and contributing to some of the magazines, thus supporting himself and paying his own expenses. Upon his return home, with this experience, he founded the Journal. He is known and liked by everybody in the county. Soon after founding the Journal he began an agitation for the organization of a commercial club, the needs of which he urged editorially. When the commercial club was organized he was elected secretary and he is one of its most active and aggressive members.

For one so young, Mr. Steele has had rather a varied business experience. He has been a clerk in a drug store, where he made a study of chemistry. He has also worked in his father's grocery and in a dry goods store, and, after completing a business college course in stenography, he did court reporting. By these employments and his newspaper work while at the State University, he paid for his own education. We judge from his paper that he is not only an enterprising and aggressive boy, but that he has the good, hard common-sense not to allow his present successes to turn his head, and that we may look to see him in the not far distant future in positions of even greater prominence and responsibility than that of editor of a daily in one of the smaller cities.

Amateur Journalists' Associations.

For information in regard to the various Amateur Journalists' Associations and the manner of joining such associations, address the following gentlemen: For the National Amateur Press Association, W. J. Brodke, 478 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio; for the United Amateur Press Association, Thomas McKee, Butler, Pa.; for the Eastern Amateur Journalists' Club, Philip F. McCord, East Liverpool, O.; for the Southern Journalists' Association, John M. Acee, box 222, Atlanta, Ga. Both the N. A. P. A. and the U. A. P. A. will hold their annual conventions this year in Boston, during the week of July 4th.

"The Pontiac Star," published by E. P. Sanford and F. W. Barnett, at Pontiac, Mich., is a unique publication. It is printed on ordinary wrapping paper and from its appearance we should judge with a press that will print only one line at a time. The number before us is illustrated by hand. The contents consist principally of short news notes, some humorous matter and a few proverbs. The boys announce that they are fixing up a new printing office. The issue before us is numbered Volume I, No. 4. We trust that the boys will persevere until they are able to bring out as well printed a paper as any of the others.



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THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREENELL

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

Photographic Notes.

If you want to make your photograph look like an old print, soak it in a strong solution of coffee.

When the surface of the paper is soft, it is not best to put the print between blotters to dry, as the fuzz is apt to stick to the picture.

In landscape photography a medium slow plate will greatly reduce the number of failures, as the increased time gives considerable leeway.

In taking a picture of a house, get in some of the surroundings—the trees, the shrubbery, etc.—and the effect will be much more pleasing than when the house alone fills the plate.

When a ray screen is used with the ordinary plate, the exposure must be increased seventy-five times. With an "orthro" plate and a ray screen, the exposure must be increased by three.

Never stand in the middle of the road to take a picture, if it is possible to avoid it. Stand at one side. If you are in the woods, do not have the trunk of a tree on the edge of the plate. In both cases the effect is not the best.

The proper length of an exposure depends on the lens, the plate, the stop, the light and the developer. With such a combination, it is impossible to formulate a reliable scale. Only experience with these different combinations can solve the problem.

Instead of lugging around a large camera, the present inclination of those who have had some experience and still like to take pictures, is to get a 4x5 camera with a very superior lens. Then enlarge those worth the trouble. This plan cuts down the original cost of a picture, and prevents the expense running away with one's pocketbook.

An excellent way to develop Velox or Dektro paper is to first immerse print in water, then place carefully on a piece of glass, sensitive side up. Now dip a broad camel's hair brush in your developer, and pass lightly over the exposed paper. Any spot that lags in development can be helped along by an extra application of the developer.

Trim Your Pictures.

An ordinary print, properly trimmed and nicely mounted, will often give greater satisfaction than a superior picture that has been marred by carelessness in the final finishing. Sometimes it is necessary to cut off part of the sky, and sometimes part of the foreground, and sometimes both, to get the very best effect; and even the sides may be sacrificed to obtain symmetry and proper balancing. Often a 5x7 print can be trimmed to 2x6, and the result is a beautiful panel, with all objectionable features eliminated.

Try your prints by covering different

portions, until you are satisfied with the general effect of hiding all that is objectionable or unnecessary. Pay particular attention to sky and foreground, but do not trim so that the horizon line, if a landscape, cuts the print in two equal parts. This must be avoided.

Good pictures do not depend upon their size. In the Detroit Camera Club the little pictures have generally taken the gold medal. Not that they were taken with little cameras, but that the makers trimmed them down until every bit was picture. Stick to good square corners, too, for, unless it is an oval, it is seldom that a picture is improved by indulging in fantastic shapes.

Profit for Amateurs.

A new field for the operation of the amateur photographer and a profitable one, too, is the supplying of pictures of interiors of machine and other shops. There is hardly an establishment in the country that does not want a picture of its plant. Sometimes it is only a reminder of where the work is done that keeps the pot boiling for Mary Ann and the children. Oftener, however, it is because, with a photograph, it is easy to have a line drawing or a half tone made that can be used on bill and letter heads.

Then, again, the employes of a factory generally desire a picture of the place where most of their time is spent, or at least most of their daytime. Besides, to get their own picture along with those of Jack and Charlie and Will, and perhaps Mary, Julia or Bertha, and the rest of the boys and girls, is an event not to be neglected. So when the amateur photographer comes along with a 5x7 camera, say, which is about as small as is commercially available, both the employer and the employed look upon it as a favor to get themselves and their surroundings transferred to a negative from which any number of prints can be struck off.

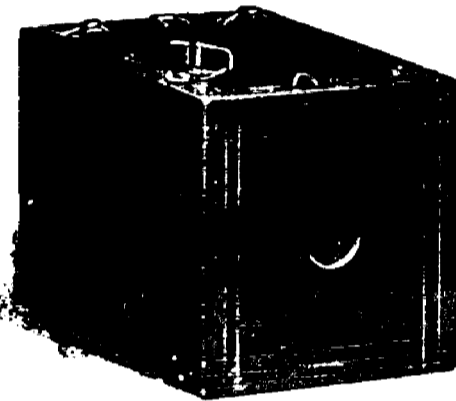
Of course a professional photographer might be employed to do this. In many instances this will result in the production of something beyond the capacity of the amateur. But to do this necessitates a calculating of the probable expense and of cogitating over the problem, "Will it pay?" On the contrary, let the amateur come along, with the proposition that as many pictures as they choose to take will cost them only a quarter of a dollar or so apiece—and if they want it they can have the negative also—and the ordinarily careful amateur will be able not only to have considerable sport, but to clear up a nice little pile besides.

There is still another field that the amateur photographer might exploit with considerable pecuniary advantage. One can seldom pass along the lovely avenues of a cemetery with camera and tripod swung over back, without being accosted with the query if a picture might not be secured of some plot, under the sod of which lies the remains of a loved one. In this case as much as a dollar or two can be had for a couple of prints, and as most cameras for amateurs are best adapted to views, there need be hardly a single failure.

As has been before remarked, the public parks will always furnish customers to the amateur. Picnic grounds also furnish pictures which may be sold by the dozen to persons who may wish to send them to "old country" friends and relatives just to prove to them that the "land of the free and the home of the brave" is a beautiful country for the poor folk.

Let the amateur photographer pick out some one of these methods of paying for his supplies, and he will find at the end of the season just opening that his fun and enjoyment has had a wide range without costing him a cent.

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Amateur Photographers

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The Birds and I.

L. H. BAILEY.

The springtime belongs to the birds and me. We own it. We know when the mayflowers and the buttercups bloom. We know when the first frogs peep. We watch the awakening of the woods. We are wet by the warm April showers. We go where we will, and we are companions. Every tree and brook and blade of grass is ours; and our hearts are full of song.

There are boys who kill the birds, and girls who want to catch them and put them in cages; and there are others who steal their eggs. The birds are not partners with them; they are only servants. Birds, like people, sing for their friends, not for their masters. I am sure that one cannot think much of the springtime and the flowers if his heart is always set upon killing or catching something. We are happy when we are free, and so are the birds.

The birds and I get acquainted all over again every spring. They have seen strange lands in the winter, and all the brooks and woods have been covered with snow. So we run and romp together, and find all the nooks and crannies which we had half forgotten since October. The birds remember the old places. The wrens pull the sticks from the old hollow rail and seem to be wild with joy to see the place again. They must be the same wrens that were here last year and the year before, for strangers could not make so much fuss over an old rail. The bluebirds and wrens look into every crack and corner for a place in which to build, and the robins and chipping-sparrows explore every tree in the old orchard.

If the birds want to live with us, we should encourage them. The first thing to do is to let them alone. Let them be as free from danger and fear as you or I. Take the hammer off the old gun, give pussy so much to eat that she will not care to hunt for birds, and keep away the boys who steal eggs and who carry sling-shots and throw stones. Plant trees and bushes about the borders of the

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Mention the American Boy.

BOYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



place, and let some of them, at least, grow into tangles; then, even in the back yard, the wary cat-bird may make its home.

For some kinds of birds we can build houses. Some of the many forms which can be used are shown in the pictures. Any ingenious boy can suggest a dozen other patterns. Although birds may not appreciate architecture, it is well to make the houses neat and tasty by taking pains to have the proportions right. The floor space in each compartment should be not less than five by six inches and six by six or six by eight may be better. By cutting the boards in multiples of these numbers, one can easily make a house with several compartments: for there are some birds, as martins, tree swallows and pigeons that like to live in families or colonies. The size of the doorway is important. It should be just large enough to admit the bird. A larger opening not only looks bad, but it exposes the inhabitants to dangers of cats and other enemies. Birds which build in houses, aside from doves and pigeons, are bluebirds, wrens, tree swallows, martins, and sometimes the chickadee. For the wren and chickadee the opening should be an inch-and-a-half augur hole, and for the others it should be two inches. Only one opening should be provided for each house or compartment. A perch or door-step should be provided just below each door. It is here that the birds often stop to arrange their toilets; and when the mistress is busy with domestic affairs indoors, the male bird often sits outside and entertains her with the latest neighborhood gossip. These houses should be placed

on poles or on buildings in somewhat secluded places. Martins and tree swallows like to build their nests twenty-five feet or more above the ground, but the other birds usually prefer an elevation less than twelve feet. Newly made houses, and particularly newly painted ones, do not often attract the birds.

But if the birds and I are companions, I must know them more intimately. Merely building houses for them is not enough. I want to know live and happy birds, not dead ones. We are not to know them, then, by catching them nor stuffing them, nor collecting their eggs. Persons who make a business of studying birds may shoot birds now and then, and collect their eggs. But these persons are scientists and they are grown up people. They are trying to add to the sum of human knowledge, but we want to know birds just because we want to. But even scientists do not take specimens recklessly. They do not rob nests. They do not kill brooding birds. They do not make collections merely for the sake of making them; and even their collections are less valuable than a knowledge of the bird as it lives and flies and sings.

Boys should not make collections of eggs, for these collections are mere curiosities, as collections of spoils and marbles are. They may afford some entertainment, to be sure, but one can find amusement in harmless ways. Some people think that making collections makes one a naturalist, but it does not. The naturalist cares more for things as they really are in their own homes than for museum specimens. One does not love the birds when he steals

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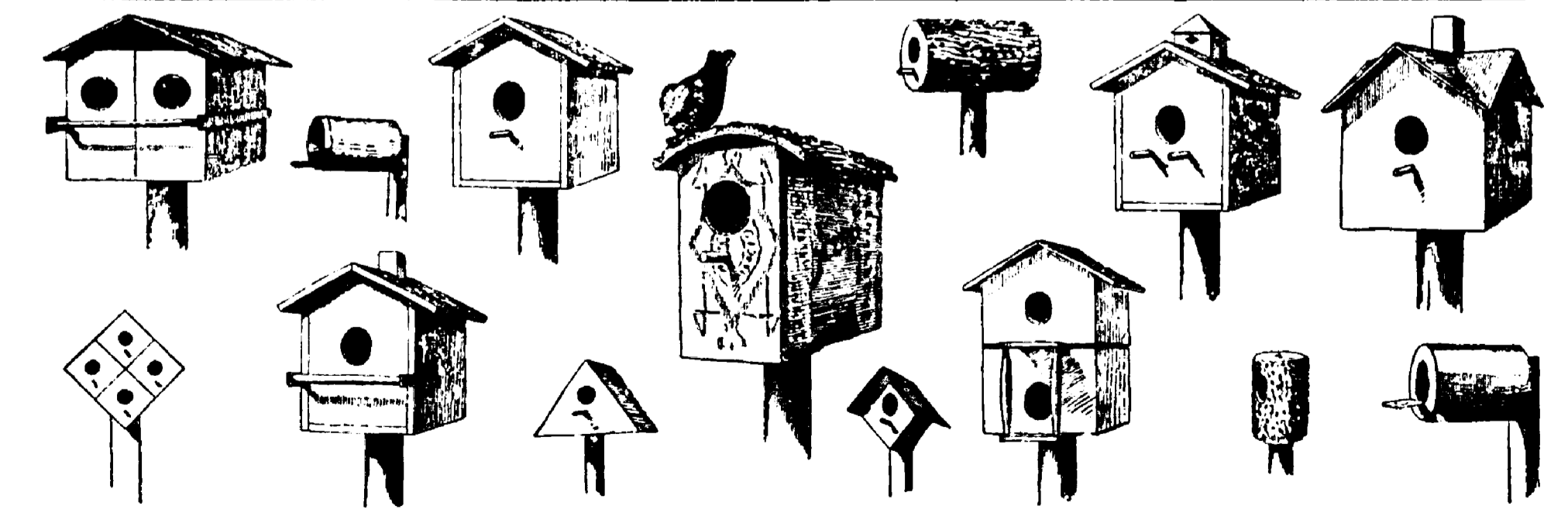
A RARE OPPORTUNITY

For animal lovers and nature students. I have for sale a fine lot of birds, such as Southern Red Birds, males, \$1.00 each; Louisiana Blue Jays (males), \$1.00 each; One-year-old pair; Quail \$3.00 pair; Gray Squirrels \$2.00 pair; Alligators live and healthy, \$2.00 each; Mocking Birds, \$3.00 each; Prairie Dogs, \$2.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write and get acquainted. **LOOKER HILLYER, Alma, Ark.**

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This book written by an experienced animal trainer, tells you how to teach your dog to leap, walk erect, dance, jump rope, sit, lie down, beg, sneeze, stand on his head, etc. It also tells how to train horses, mules, cats, hogs, goats, monkeys, rats, mice, frogs, toads and birds to perform the most remarkable feats of intelligence. Handsomely illustrated. Price only 10 cents. Interesting catalog free. Boys write at once **JOE. U. STEELE, 2218 Beech Ave., Baltimore, Md.**

BOYS READ these Advertisements



their eggs and breaks up their homes; and he is depriving the farmer of one of his best friends, for birds keep insects in check.

Stuffed birds do not sing and empty eggs do not hatch. Then let us go to the fields and watch the birds. Sit down on the soft grass and try to make out what the robin is doing on yonder fence or why the wren is bursting with song in the thicket. An operaglass or spyglass will bring them close to you. Try to find out not only what the colors and shapes and sizes are, but what their habits are. What does the bird eat? How much does it eat? Where is its nest? How many eggs does it lay? What color are they? How long does the mother bird set? Does the father bird care for her when she is setting? For how long do the young birds remain in the nest? Who feeds them? What are they fed? Is there more than one brood in the season? Where do the birds go after breeding? Do they change their plumage? Are the mother birds and father birds unlike in size or color? How many kinds of birds do you know?

These are some of the things which every boy wants to know; and we can find out by watching the birds. There is no harm in visiting the nests, if one does it in the right way. I have visited hundreds of them and have kept many records of the number of eggs and the dates when they were laid, how long before they hatched, and when the birds flew away; and the birds took no offence at my inquisitiveness. These are some of the cautions to be observed: Watch only those nests which can be seen without climbing, for if you have to climb the tree the birds will resent it. Make the visit when the birds are absent if possible; at least, never scare the bird from the nest. Do not touch the eggs or the nest. Make your visit very short. Make up your mind just what you want to see, then look in quickly and pass on. Do not go too often. Once or twice a day will be sufficient.

See how intimately you can become acquainted with some bird this summer!

Some one says, "Boys are so noisy." True, so are steam engines. That is one way we know a steam engine, and that is part of the beauty of a boy. Some mothers would be glad in after years if they might only have that "noisy boy" back again. "Boys wear out the carpets so." But remember, one yard of boy is worth more than a thousand yards of carpet.

PETS FOR THE PEOPLE
Fine-bred Dogs of all varieties, Talking Parrots, Singing Canaries, Fancy Cage Birds, Monkeys, Squirrels, Waltzing and White Mice, Rabbits, Cavies, Gold Fish and supplies. Send for my catalogue.
J. HOPE, 29 N. 9th St., PHILADELPHIA.

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SAMPLE 20c.
Greer New Lever Slot Hook
No more bad luck for fishermen. Whether fish bite or nibble, upturned hook releases and spikes them. Lever action.

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Waltz or Two-Step taught at home by full size canvas diagrams five yards long, showing steps and motions of the feet. Just walk over them in correct time and you can dance. Price, \$1.50 ea., or \$2.50 for both, postpaid, with complete instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed. Get up a dancing club. (Cut this out.) Miss F. D. Brown, 114 Lagrange St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

BOYS
If you want to know how to turn somersaults, Flips, Hand Springs, Head Springs, Cart Wheels or anything else in the way of Tumbling send for "HOW TO." This book is 7 in. long by 5 in. wide, it contains 136 pages and 228 illustrations. It explains and illustrates everything so clearly that you need no other teacher. Besides all sorts of Tumbling, it describes scores of Tricks with the hands and legs. It teaches you how to make living Pyramids. It explains and illustrates a good many games. Send for it by money order for **50 CENTS**. "HOW TO," a book of Tumbling, Tricks, Pyramids and Games to

Horace Butterworth,
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO,
CHICAGO, ILL. **SEND FOR "HOW TO"**

THE DOG CONTEST.



BEPP0
Prize Dog in May contest, owned by L. P. White, New Whatcom, Wash.

"Beppo" wins the prize announced in our May number for the "swellest" looking dog. His competitors were "Dewey" and "Gypsy" (who receive special mention and the distinction of having their pictures appear in these pages) and "Sport", "Nigger", "Napoleon", "Toby", "Ping", "Prince", "Jack", "Joe", and a number of nameless fellows, all of them fine dogs.

NOW FOR THE PONIES.

For the most stylish looking pony, as shown by picture sent us before June 15th, we will give a handsome bridle. Write name of pony and name and address of owner on back of picture. Address

THE AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.

BOYS IN GAMES and SPORT

His Decision.
A BASEBALL STORY.
FRED HEFTER, AGE, 18 YEARS.

Two Pretty Tricks.
THE MAGICAL MIRROR.

The excitement in Dalesville, Wis., was at its highest pitch, for the next day the deciding baseball game of the year was to be played in the boys' league called the Delevan Association. The two contesting teams, which were tied, were the Snowballs and the Camerons. The Snowballs had had bad luck during the first of the season, but by fine playing had tied the leaders. George Davidson, the shortstop of the Snowballs, was walking home that evening in high joy, when he was accosted by Joe Kranz, the captain of the Camerons. After talking a few minutes, Joe said: "George, if you will lose the game I'll give you five dollars! Will you?" Davidson consented. The next morning was a beautiful one and both teams felt sure they would win. An immense crowd was there to see the game, for the boys were very popular. The game commenced. Each pitcher was doing his very best, but in the eighth inning the Snowballs secured one run. In the ninth inning the people were breathless, for with three men on bases and two out, the captain of the Camerons came to bat. He hit the first ball pitched straight to the shortstop. George's heart gave a bound. Should he let it go by and lose the game and take the money? He decided in the negative, and making a fine stop he threw it straight to the catcher, who touched the man out. George gave the money back to Joe, happy in the thought he had done right and not first followed his inclination to lose the game. He received many congratulations for his fine stop and he determined never again to accept a bribe.



FRED HEFTER.

An ordinary mirror of any size or shape, a piece of French chalk, pointed so that it can be used to write, and a silk handkerchief are the requisites. Draw upon the mirror, with the chalk, any design or words you choose. With the handkerchief wipe the glass lightly, until the glass is perfectly clear and no writing or design is apparent. Having all this prepared beforehand, show to some one and request that he breathe gently on the face of the glass, when he will see—say a picture of his future wife—for the design drawn will show very distinctly. This can again be wiped off and if breathed upon the design will be again visible.

A BALL TRICK.
Get a turner to make a large, wooden ball and have a hole bored through the ball, not straight but curved. Through this hole pass a fine rope or thick cord and tie a knot in each end to prevent its coming off. In showing the ball have the cord out of it and then in sight of every one pass the cord through the hole in the ball. The ball will run easily backwards and forwards on the rope. Taking the ball at one end of the rope, place your foot on the other and hold it almost perpendicular and allow the ball to slide down; you can cause it to stop instantly by simply drawing the rope perfectly tight and upon again slackening it the ball will again slide down the rope. In this way the ball can be made to walk a few inches and then stop and then to go on again, by straining or slackening the rope.

PERFECTION TIRE Repair Tool—best on the market—makes perfect repair on single tubes in 1 minute. Sample, 10c. KOCH BROS., R. 497, PEORIA, ILL.

MAGIC TRICK CARDS Full pack 10c. Big book on tricks, 121 illustrations, 10c. J. H. BADER, 901 N. Wolfe St., BALTIMORE, MD.

BOYS' Book of Outdoor Games and Sports. Contains rules for playing base ball, also instructions in pitching curved ball and in successful batting. Rules for playing Foot Ball, Lawn Tennis, Lacrosse, Cricket and Archery, Etc. All for 10 cents. C. D. NATION, KOKOMO, IND.

SECRET WRITING For 15c I will send receipts for making six different colored secret inks. You can have lots of fun, as a letter written with these inks can only be read by the party for whom it is intended. Materials to make in every home. F. F. CHEADLE, ERWIN, OKLA.

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A great book for boys, telling how to make a Steam Engine, Photographic Camera, Windmill, Microscope, Galvanic Battery, Electrical Machine, Telegraph, Telephone, Magic Lantern, Bells, Kites, Balloons, and many other things. Over 200 illustrations. Price 10c. Catalog free.
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1000 Shots with One Loading. This rifle has nickel-plated barrel; magazine breech and butt plates japanned. It is a rifle, and not a toy for little boys. Every boy has 18 friends and can sell 18 boxes of our high-grade Toilet and Medicated Soap in one afternoon after school and get this rifle as a present. We treat you for the Soap. Write to-day for full particulars and illustrated catalogue of Bicycles, Boxing Gloves, Cameras, Guitars, Mandolins, Watches and everything to delight the hearts of Boys and Girls.
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STAMPS FOR TRADERS I will send 50 for 20c that will bring not less than \$1.00. 1 cent Orange Documentary, 1868, unused, 10c. 1 cent Small U. S. Documentaries, 1868, unused, 10c. Set complete, present issue Proprietary, unused, 52c. 4 cent Proprietary, 1870, 17c. 2 varieties U. S. Revenue, 1870, 17c. 2 cent Black U. S. Postage, 1867, griddled, 17c. Postage extra. Stamps on approval against A1 references. 1900 price list free. CHAS. A. HALSTEAD, Lock Box 917, CHICAGO, ILL.

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chine, and which is kept constantly stirred and at an even temperature. The pulp then passes through a strainer which frees it from lumps, and afterwards the pulp flows over a leathern surface, from which it falls and spreads out upon an endless wire cloth. Having distributed itself over this gauze, the superfluous liquid is shaken from the pulp and the wire cloth moves along, taking with it the coating of pulp and passing under the "dandy-roll," a cylinder on which in relief is the watermark design.

After it has passed the "dandy-roll" the gauze carries its burden over a vacuum box, which relieves the pulp of more of its superfluous water. It is then passed between felt-covered cylinders and afterwards between heated iron rollers. The paper is then sized and passed between the hot cylinders again, after which process it is considered finished.

The varieties of paper with which we have to deal are caused by the variations in the texture of the wire gauze used in the paper-making machines.

The two chief classes are Wove and Laid. Wove paper is the product when the wire gauze is woven like cloth, and Laid paper is made when the wire is set in parallel lines. The papers can easily be distinguished.

The current United States stamps are printed on wove paper, and the present issue of Russian stamps is on laid paper.

Other papers which have been used for postage stamps are: DICKINSON PAPER, which has a silk thread running through it. BATONNE, which has the familiar appearance of foreign note paper. QUADRILLE, which is "laid" in squares. An example of this kind of paper may be found in the common fifteen-centime stamp of France. GRANITE, which contains minute threads of silk. The Swiss stamps of 1881-2 may be taken as an example of this variety of paper.

The watermarks in the paper on which stamps are printed are for the purpose of preventing forgery. The designs are worked in relief on the "dandy roll" which, pressing upon the only half formed paper, leaves the part at which it touches the film of pulp thinner than the remainder.

The designs which have been used for watermarks are numerous and greatly varied. Letters, crowns, animals, flowers, stars, crosses and many more subjects for watermarked designs have been introduced into the manufacture of postage stamps.

It not infrequently happens that two stamps which outwardly appear to be exactly alike, vary in watermark. This difference often alters the value of the stamps in question to a very considerable extent.

(To be Continued)

Questions Answered.

W. R. T.—The stamps which you mention are all very common and would be found in any beginner's packet of 100, all different, for 10c.

C. Mc. S.—Approval sheets, as advertised, are sheets with stamps on them, all priced, which the dealers will send to you if you give satisfactory reference. Fifty per cent. commission is the discount which they allow from the prices marked, and fifty per cent. is one-half.

R. S. Niles, Mich.—The 2c Japanese stamp with the head of the Mikado is listed in the catalogue at .04 unused and .03 used.

There are a great many counterfeits of Japanese stamps, some of them very dangerous to the young collector, and we should advise you to be careful in buying rare specimens at low prices.

R. M. W.—The stamp you describe is a revenue and as there are very few collectors of foreign revenues in this country, the stamp has no particular value.

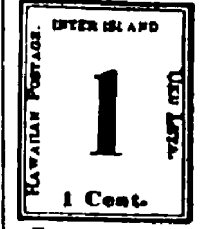
United States revenues which are so much in demand in our own country are thought very little of in Europe, and consequently have less value there. A large packet of foreign revenues can be had for 10c, and the stamp you mention would doubtless be found in it.

F. N., Richmond, Va.—The stamps you mention are all very common, and are quoted in the stamp catalogue at .01 each but you would find them in a 100 variety packet for .10.

In reply to your question about stamps of Iceland, we would say that there are 39 different stamps of that country. The first seven were issued in 1873, the next seven in 1876 and the rest of the regular issues from 1882-95. Ten of the whole number are official stamps.

There are only two designs used in all the stamps, the difference being in the colors and denominations. The stamps are very similar to Denmark, as Iceland is a Danish possession.

H. E. D.—1. 25c second issue United States revenue. 2. United States 1862 2c Jackson black. 3. United States 1875 5c Taylor blue. 4. 1873, printed by Continental Bank Note Co. We describe the above stamp as printed by the company named for the reason that in 1870 stamps of the same design were printed by the National Bank Note Co. and in 1879 by the American Bank Note Co. each of the companies having the contract for making the stamps at the dates mentioned. 5. 1882, 5c Garfield. 6. Deccan, 1871, 1/2 red-brown Hyderabad or Deccan is one of the Native Indian States, of which there are about 30. These states all have separate issues of their own or have had in some past time, but most of them are now using the current stamps of India, which are printed by the British government with the name of the state surcharged in black or red across the face of the stamp.



Type-set Design.

THE BOY COIN COLLECTOR The Numismatic Sphinx. Alfred L. Casey, St. Paul—An 1832 dime in good condition sells for twenty-five cents. Harry Popper, Macon, Ga.—The half cents of 1809 and 1854, in good condition, are worth fifteen cents each. Mrs. S. Bellah, Orsi, Cal.—No particular premium on the half dollar of 1855. Yours is from the O (New Orleans) mint. Arthur Stevens, St. Albans, Vt.—The cents for 1819, 1826, 1837 and 1851 are all common and sell at the dealers for five and ten cents each. Geo. M. Gamble, Coffeyville, Kas.—The half dollar of 1824 is worth seventy-five cents. The dollar of 1878 or English penny have no premium. M. H. Weyranch, Liberty, N. Y.—The 1852 copper cent is worth five cents. The U. S. paper currency is always worth face value, and if in fine condition commands a premium with collectors. C. J. Williams, Agricola, Kas.—No premium on the half dollars of 1854, 1893 and 1898 unless in proof condition. The small a and o beneath the eagle shows that they were struck at the San Francisco and New Orleans mints. Robt. N. Smith, Springfield, Mass.—Your Brazilian coin, 200 reis, with this inscription, "Decreto No. 1817 de 3 de Setembro de 1870." is not a silver coin, as you imagine, but a nickel piece. It is worth, in good condition, twenty cents.

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COIN AND STAMP LIST FREE To immediate applicants, and my book "Nut Shell Facts" on Coins, Stamps and Paper Money, containing history of U. S. Money, value of over 500 rare coins, stamps, etc., guide to finding them, where bought and sold, special advice to the new collector. An advanced collector says: "A valuable book containing more facts on its subjects than any book at any price," sent postpaid for 25c. If not pleased your money back. COIN ZERBE, Dept. B. TYRONE, PA.

ALL UNUSED Set of Costa Rica, 6 varieties, unused, 8c Reunion Islands, 2c on 20c, 5c Set New Cuba, 8c Porto Rico, '98-'99 issue, 1c, 2c, 3c—3 varieties, 12c With each order of 25c or over, I will give a Western Union Tel. Frank, catalogued at 10c. WM. B. FOZZARD, West Falmouth, Me.

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OUR GUARANTEE. Every packet FULL COUNT, because we put in \$3.00 to make up for any stamp that may be defective. Over 100 DIFFERENT STAMP-ISSUING COUNTRIES OR COLONIES represented in each packet. The catalogue value of each packet is over \$20.00 by Scott's 5th Edition catalogue. Every stamp guaranteed genuine. No reprints. All for \$3.00. Post Free.

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E. B. Ford, Louisville, Ky.—A good half dollar of 1821 sells for seventy-five cents. A gold dollar of 1852 commands \$1.75 if in good condition. The copper cent of 1851 is worth five cents.

G. H. C. Brewster, N. Y.—The half dollar of 1873, either with or without arrow heads at date, if fine, sell for seventy-five cents each. The same may be said of the 1893 Columbian half dollar.

D. R. A., Plainville, Kas.—There is no premium on the eagle cents of 1857 or 1858. The rare eagle cent is that of 1856, which commands about \$4.50. Your other rubbing shows a 2 centime of Belgium, 1843, Leopold I. (1831-1865), no particular value.

Frank Noah, Whiteside, Mo.—Your rubbing is from a 2 real coin of Mexico, Charles III., of Spain, 1780. This was issued while Mexico was under Spanish dominion. The price usually charged for it in the condition yours seems to be is about fifty cents.

Clyde French, S. Rockwood—Your "Ships Colonies and Commerce" coin is a Canadian half penny token. There are many varieties of this piece, usually selling for five cents each. One variety in which the ship flies the American flag is worth twenty-five cents.

John C. Moore, Winton, Mich.—An 1802 half dollar in good condition is worth \$1.00. There are two varieties of the half dollar of 1832, one with large letters in the legend, the other with small letters. The first one only commands a premium, and sells, in good condition, for about \$2.50.

C. W. Mechanics Falls, Me.—A twenty dollar gold piece of 1869 S (San Francisco mint) is worth just twenty dollars. California, in 1849 and in the early fifties, issued considerable private gold coin of the higher denominations. We do not remember that any gold has ever been issued from Sacramento.

Harvey Weller, Wayland, Pa.—The two coins you describe are from Denmark and Spain. The first a 16 skilling of Frederick VII. (1848-63), worth perhaps twenty cents; the other of Carolus

(Charles) III. (1759-88), in poor condition, as yours seems to be, worth only bullion value of silver.

Merle Rounds, North Enid, Oklahoma—As there were no U. S. dollars issued between 1805 and 1836 you must be in error when you state that you have a fine one of 1832. Look at it again and see if you are not mistaken in the date. No premium on Canada half pennies or pennies of 1852. See answer to D. R. A.

Wm. Polocleck, Milwaukee, Wis.—The half cent of 1853 is worth twenty cents. The half penny of George II. (1727-60), England, 1745. If in good condition, twenty-five cents. The figure on the reverse is that of Britannia seated, not Liberty, as you state. The silver twenty cents of 1875 and 1876 are worth face only. The rare ones are of 1877 and 1878, which were issued only in proof, and are worth about \$3.00 each. The half dime of 1857 only face value.

Noel Towling, Bay Minette, Ala.—The rubbings you send are taken from a Mexican centavo, 1889, Mo. (Mexico mint). Chinese cash, Chien-Lung, 1735-96. Both are common. The other, obverse head of Queen Victoria to left; inscription H. M. G. M., Queen Victoria. Reverse, the queen on horseback galloping to right, inscription above, To Hanover. In the exergue, date, 1837. This piece, in spite of your nitric acid test and your opinion that it is good, we must conclude to be only a brass political medalet of the time and of value only as a curio.

Willard F. Reese, Lima Centre, Wis.—Your half dimes of 1833 and 1853 seem to be fine and should be worth twenty cents each; 1850 cent is worth five cents. There are two varieties of the 1878 dollar; one with seven feathers in the eagle's tail, the other with eight. The latter variety seems to be a little the scarcer, the extra tail feather being judged worth half a dollar, but the coin, eagle, tail feathers and all hardly bring a premium unless the coin is just as it came from the mint. In mint condition \$2 and \$2.50 is considered the correct price by the dealers.

Roy C., Anaheim, Cal.—(1) There is no premium on the United States 1882 dime, 1854 quarter or 1853 half dollar with rays. (2) Your Chinese cash are of Chien-Lung, 1735-96, both common. (3) The Isabella quarter was struck for the board of lady managers of the Chicago Exposition in 1893. The obverse bears a crowned portrait of Queen Isabella; 40,000 were coined. They have always sold for \$1.00 each.

Harold, E. D., Jermyn, Pa.—Your rubbings are taken from coins or tokens, as follows: No. 1, France, Napoleon III., 10 centimes, 1855 (W. Lille mint mark); no premium. No. 2, New Jersey cent, 1787, worth thirty-five cents. No. 3, flying eagle cent, 1857, face value only. No. 4, one of the innumerable war tokens, "Army and Navy," of no particular value. No. 5, Chinese of Kang-Hsi dynasty, 1661-1722. No. 6, Korea, cash of the period 1605-1633. These last two usually can be purchased at ten cents each. Fractional currency, except it is in good to uncirculated condition, is worth only face value.

J. E. Tanner, West Appomattox, Va.—Your George III. half penny of 1775 is, as you say, "a very old coin," but you must not think because a coin happens to be old that it is necessarily rare. Rarity depends altogether upon limited issue and not upon age. The half pennies of George III. can be picked up for five cents each, and hundreds of varieties of the coins of ancient Greece and Rome, struck between 1,500 and 2,300 years ago, can be obtained for twenty-five cents or less each. On the other hand, good cents of the years 1793, 1799, 1804 and nickel of 1856 bring from \$4.50 each upwards, and a dime of 1894 of the San Francisco mint is almost unobtainable. Age of itself does not, therefore, make a coin valuable or desirable. Your 1812 cent, if good, should be worth about half a dollar. There are two varieties, the large and small date, the latter being somewhat the rarer of the two. The cents of 1826 and 1842 are common.

Curios at the Paris Exposition.

Unique among the exhibits in preparation for the Paris exposition of 1900 is that of the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society, says the New York Herald. The coins and medals to be shown are all the property of the members of the society, but names of owners will not be given. The history of the United States and the colonies that preceded it as it will be told in silver and gold and bronze will be divided into periods or cycles. The federation period will embrace a remarkable series of State cents, one of the most rare and curious of these, known as the "Washington First" cent. This cent was coined by some private individual, an early imperialist of the deepest dye, who evidently wished to see Washington I. Emperor of the Americas. Almost every important event in the history of the country, the great discoveries, the important public works, the victories of peace and war have been commemorated by medals. Besides the historic medals, this story of America will include specimens of all the coinage in gold and silver and copper of all the governments on the two continents, past and present, as far as the society can command them.

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BOYS' EXCHANGE

NOTICE.

When you have what a boy asks for or wish to trade with a boy whose name appears in these columns, write the boy himself, don't write us.

Scott B. Williams, 314 Common street, Shreveport, La.: I will exchange leaves from Arkansas trees for others from other States.

Anna Johnson, box 34, Village Creek, Ia.: I have some fine foreign stamps that I want to exchange for Indian arrows, shells and other curiosities.

Herbert Jackson, 293 Milwaukee avenue west, Detroit, Mich.: I have some petrified things which I would like to exchange for some Indian relics.

Harold E. Davis, Lock Box 38, Jermyn, Pa.: I have thirty-six United States coins, from 1831 to 1857, which I will trade for Indian arrows or foreign stamps.

Harry S. Johnson, 301 E. Burlington street, Fairfield, Ia.: I would like to exchange maple, oak, hickory, walnut, elm, apple, peach, pear and quince leaves for tropical leaves.

E. B. Atwood, 16 Beacon street, Orange, Mass.: I have some genuine gold dirt, just as it came from the ground, which I want to trade for some good (not common) foreign stamps.

Arthur G. Schuman, Bern, Pa.: I will exchange Florida orange leaves, crystalline formation from Mammoth Cave, Ky., Cornwall iron ore, for other leaves, minerals and ores.

J. F. Moseley, Columbia, Fla.: I will trade pear leaves, peach leaves, persimmon leaves, blackberry leaves or chinquapin leaves for similar things from other parts of the country.

Will S. Carnahan, 260 Santa Fe avenue, Denver, Colo.: I have pebbles from summit of Pike's Peak and porcupine quills which I will exchange for curios from extreme East, North, West and South.

Fred N. Scribner, Ellensburg, Wash.: I would like to exchange pressed leaves of plants, shrubs and trees of the Northwest for those of other parts of the United States, especially the Southern and New England States.

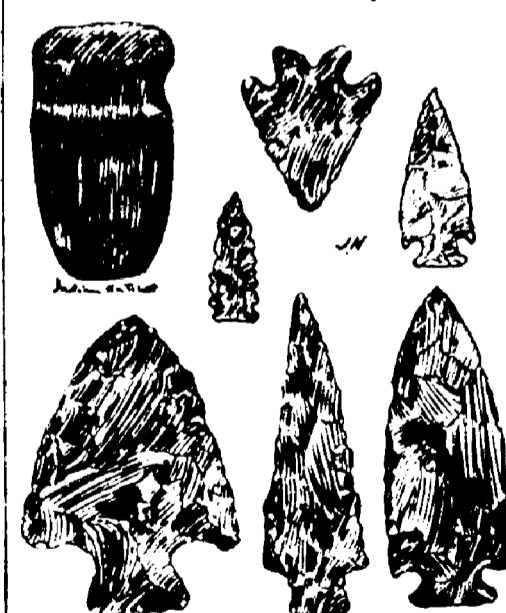
Fred Nubling, 25 West Sixty-eighth street, New York City: I have a German stamp, 1870, worth half a dollar, and a South Aus-

THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR

The Arrow-Head Collector.

JOSEPH HATCH.

Boys who live in the country have unlimited chances for finding and collecting Indian arrow-heads. Very few how-



ever, avail themselves of the opportunity, because they fail to see the beauty in the rough little stones. Farmers, in tilling the soil, frequently find arrow-heads, and now and then a stone ax-

tralian stamp worth sixty cents, which I will trade for one Indian arrow.

William Treffelsen, 5601 Summer street, Philadelphia, Pa.: I have some pieces of flint found in the navy yard at League Island, near my home, which I would trade for pieces of gold, silver, or copper ore.

Raymond Curtis, 5914 State street, Chi-

Some neglect even to pick them up; and where they do take the trouble to rescue the curious-shaped pieces from the soil which has hidden them for so long, they put them in some unbecoming place under the center-table, in the button box, or on the clock shelf, where they are lost in the shuffle until the housewife does her spring cleaning, at which time they are resurrected and nine times out of ten, thrown away. A few years ago, when the collecting fever struck me, I began casting about for a place to find arrow-heads. It was toward the farm I turned and here I secured some good specimens at a small price. Some farmers whom I approached placed no value at all on the relics and offered them gratis. I found one man who had carelessly thrown an Indian hatchet into the woodshed; he said he considered it worth nothing. I gave him an old dollar watch for it, and when we parted company it was difficult to tell which of us was the most pleased. The hatchet (a sketch of which I give) is of granite color. I have bought heads for three cents apiece, but it is seldom you can find them at that price, as they are becoming scarcer. Many a pleasant and instructive hour may be spent studying their differences in form, material, color and workmanship. In years to come the collections in our cabinets will be the only reminders of the fast disappearing red man.

cago: I have a one-cent Costa Rica, five-cent Venezuelan, one-cent Porto Rico, fifty-cent New South Wales, five-cent Belgian, two-cent Argentine, five-cent New South Wales, one-cent Chile, eleven-cent Victoria, and an Italian, Japanese and Spanish stamp, all of which I will give for one Indian arrow."



THE BOY-ORATOR AND DEBATER



The Debater's Preparation.

W. F. STEPHENS.

An arduous and thorough preparation is essential to success in public speaking. The young man who proposes to become a public speaker, or to follow a calling in which skill in speaking is required, should lose no time in preparing himself for his work. The process of storing his mind with information and training his reasoning faculties cannot begin too soon.

One of the first of these preparatory steps is the acquisition of a good, working vocabulary. An anecdote which is related of Phillips Brooks, noted for his elegance of diction and facility of expression, illustrates how spare moments may be utilized for this purpose. When a young man at school he and his fellow-students were accustomed to eat together. After they were seated at the table there was generally more or less delay before they were served, and while the other young men employed the time in laughing and talking, young Brooks always had a dictionary at hand, and while waiting he would familiarize himself not only with the meaning, but also with the etymology of one or more words. To this practice he attributed the fluency and ease with which he spoke in after years.

The study of standard writers is helpful. The careful and studious perusal of the masterpieces of English literature will enable the student gradually and unconsciously to assimilate something of the purity and grace which characterize the style of their authors. Constant practice in writing will prove beneficial in many ways. This is the best way to fix firmly in the mind words already acquired; it is also an aid to correct expression and the proper construction of sentences.

The study of Latin, which is condemned by so many as profitless, is an invaluable help in learning new words. Many of our words are from the Latin, and any student will find that a knowledge of that language will enable him to better grasp the exact meaning of words and to express himself with greater ease and clearness.

The reasoning powers can be developed by the study of logic, and in various other ways. Geometry disciplines the mind, because each step has to be explained as it is taken. Abraham Lincoln ascribed the logical powers which he displayed in his arguments both at the bar and upon the stump to the long weeks he had spent in his younger days in mastering the contents of a work on geometry. During that time his mind became accustomed to habits of systematic and logical thought, from which it never deviated. A certain portion of each day should be devoted to thought and meditation. Reasoning powers can be developed in no better way than by using them.

Those desiring to attain distinction as public speakers should amass a wealth of general and miscellaneous information. Especially is this true of those who desire to excel in forensic oratory. Some one has said that a young man with a good fund of general information, coupled with an ordinary amount of common sense, possesses a capital which will insure him success. This knowledge is to be obtained not merely from books, but by observation and by intercourse with others. Benj. F. Butler once won a case because he thoroughly understood the mechanism of a locomotive; he won another important case because he understood something of medicine.

Henry Ward Beecher, perhaps the greatest pulpit orator America has ever produced, in visiting his summer home, was obliged to travel several miles on a

stagecoach. He made it a custom to sit outside with the driver for the purpose of conversing with him and thereby adding to his stock of information. He realized that the stagedriver, illiterate and uncultured though he might be, knew many things of which he was ignorant. The lesson is obvious. The aspirant for oratorical honors should despise no opportunity for increasing his fund of knowledge. Time spent in learning is never wasted.

The Benefits of Debating.

GEORGE W. MARTIN.

At the academy which I attended a few years ago, there were two literary societies. I was a member of one of them and participated frequently in its exercises.

I believe now that those societies did more real good and played a greater part in bringing every faculty of the students' minds into full play than did any other feature of the school work.

The many debates which the societies held were the chief means of advancing the students in the ability to think and reason logically and to express themselves.

The societies debated at least once each month. The subjects of debate were always such as were of interest and were calculated to stimulate thought as well as induce reading.

The interest shown in the debates proved that this feature of the society's work was of great benefit.

Debating is of benefit to any young man, whether he intends to follow a profession or not, for the reason that, particularly at the present day, trained thinkers, writers and speakers are in demand. It matters not to what department of work we refer, the same remark applies.

This training of the mind is a powerful factor in developing the true man.

Let us observe the good derived in preparing for a debate. The student with the question of debate before him is set to vigorous thinking. Nothing strengthens and develops the mind more than deep thinking.

The student must not only think out for himself the points in his favor, but must coin those thoughts into appropriate language. He must use language that carries the thought the easiest and the quickest—that has effect—remembering that simple and direct language has the greatest force. Proper preparation for debate also requires reading. Books treating on the question must be read closely, that the points may be understood and retained.

Practice reproducing the thoughts in your own language.

After a period of reading, write down the thoughts that you desire to use in the debate, being careful to have your sentences plain, short and significant.

You now have your material collected. The next step is the construction of your debate, that is, the arrangement of leading thoughts or points in their logical order. The success of your arguments will depend mainly upon the manner of their arrangement.

Here considerable skill may be shown, the effect of which will be felt by the judges.

Study the general points with care and arrange them in order of their strength, the weakest first. Under each head, set down all the thoughts, facts and arguments that apply to it.

You are now ready to begin the task of committing to memory the thoughts under each general point. The value of this can not be over-estimated.

To derive the greatest benefit and to produce the best effect, never debate with a manuscript before you. How

difficult it is for many to do this! Their hearts fail as they thus rise to face an audience.

A slip of paper with the leading points in their order is sufficient. The rest ought to have been studied so that the mind can easily recall it.

When not encumbered with a manuscript, many new thoughts, new allusions, new arguments will flash upon the mind of the debater as if by inspiration.

Debating also teaches men to stand by their principles and defend them. In politics, religion, law and other fields, men become great by their loyalty to vital principles. Preparing for debates also teaches one to be tolerant. He will be quick to see that there are two sides to every question.

The benefit a student derives from debates during their progress is even greater than that derived during their preparation.

When a debate is in progress every faculty of the mind is stimulated to the highest pitch, not only in defending one's own position, but also in originating arguments to destroy the opposition. The wits of the debater are then doubly sharpened to detect error.

It teaches one to weigh his statements before he utters them.

The debater should always be self-possessed while under fire, if he wishes to win the battle. When the debater loses his self-control the opposition always makes a distinct gain.

Debaters are also taught to modestly estimate their own abilities and respect the abilities of others. They have excellent chances for showing courtesy to their opponents and proving their manhood. Not all young men have the opportunity of joining a debating society. Of late years, however, the custom of organizing societies in district schools, high schools, academies and colleges is meeting with great favor. In the near future our boys—the coming men—will be able to enjoy more extensively than they do now this splendid training for the duties of life.

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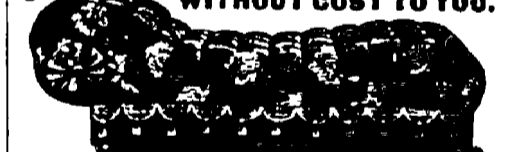
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No words of ours are needed to convince the public that THE AMERICAN BOY is pleasing advertisers. This number—the eighth—of the publication is evidence sufficient. It indeed speaks for itself. A comparison of the May number with this one shows that 102 out of 128 May advertisers repeat their announcements in June and 118 new patrons in addition make their appearance this month. When it is borne in mind that we are now in the summer months and that the publication is but eight months old, every one must concede that the result is a splendid testimonial to THE AMERICAN BOY as a magazine worthy of respect and confidence. Now, for July we are printing a three color cover and introducing other new features in make up and contents that will surprise and delight readers and advertisers.

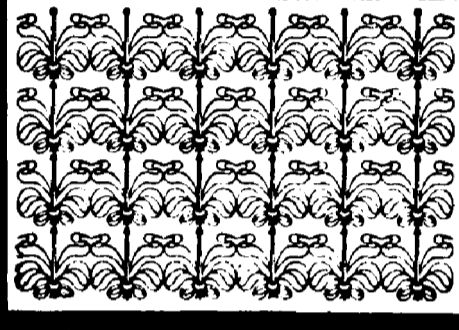
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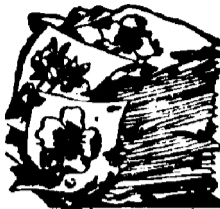
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assorted colors in 9 square inch blocks, for Fancy Work, Quilts, Sofa Cushions, etc. Each stamped with a neat and graceful design to be worked in silk. 10 cents per package, postpaid. One copy of the great popular song, "For the Flag I Die, Dear Mother." Regular 50-cent sheet music, sent free with every package. Address,

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Dept. C., Attleboro, Mass.

WE TRUST BOYS AND GIRLS

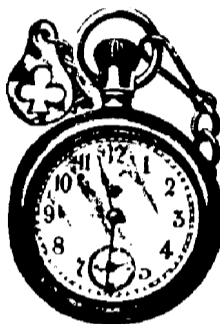
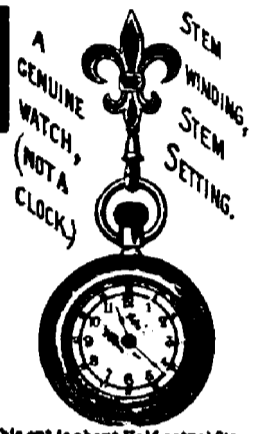


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We are giving away Watches, Cameras, Gold Rings, Bide Combs, Sporting Goods, Musical Instruments, and many other valuable premiums to girls and boys selling 20 pair of our famous Princess Beauty Pins at 10 cents a pair. NO MONEY REQUIRED IN ADVANCE. WE TRUST YOU! Send your name and address and we will send the pins at once post paid with our large premium list. When sold send us the money and we will send you the premium you select. DON'T MISS THIS GRAND OPPORTUNITY. Write for the world today. Address: EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., Dept. 9, 17 Van Huren St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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We give Cameras, Bracelets, Rings, Belt Buckles, Eye Glass and Neck Chains, Hat Pins and Brooches, Etc., for selling 20 of our jewelry novelties at 5 Cents Each. We give watches and handsome guard chains for selling a few more. Just send us your name and full address and receive 20 beautiful gold plated scarf pins, set with different colored stones. The best sellers ever offered. When sold send us \$1.00 and select your present free from our large illustrated catalogue which we send with pins. We are reliable and do as we agree. No Money Required. Write at once.

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SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
500 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan.

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to Puzzles in the May Number.

- No. 47. D U M B APRIL VOICE INDIA DARK HURRAH A L S O HADEAU UNCAS METTLE
No. 48. A-p-art. P-l-over. A-t-one. T-r-all.
No. 49. "Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway, And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."
No. 50. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."
No. 51. GRACE ERROR TALON MUSIC SEPIA

Award of Prizes.

- First mistake—Gilbert Epps, Kingston, S. C.
Second mistake—Samuel R. Hunter, Clark, Pa.
Longest list of mistakes—Roslaw L. D'Arcy, Wartburg, Tenn.
Puzzle 47. Arthur C. Thomas, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
Puzzle 48. Ford Rowan, Liverpool, Texas.
Puzzle 49. Ralph H. Hall, Quincy, Mass.
Puzzle 50. T. J. Spencer, Hartford, Ct.
Puzzle 51. C. Dorr, Boston, Mass.
For best short story. M. O. Fuller, Sandy Creek, N. Y.
For second best short story. Grady Hallowell, Scottsburg, Ind.
For best drawing. W. P. Milligan, Stamford, Conn.
For second best drawing. G. Wayne Symes, Bancroft, Mich.
Total number of sketches submitted, 380.

Pictures by the following are entitled to special mention: George Runge, Richmond, Ind.; John S. Spicer, Harrisburg, Pa.; Wm. C. Hammer, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Powell, Westbury Station, L. I., N. Y.; Deo. Barnard, Detroit; William C. Hallam, Central Falls, R. I.; Harold Boughner, St. Thomas, Ont.; W. Scott Hopkins, Almont, Mich.; Walter Pillans, Durand, Mich.; William Fanning, Detroit; Fred Goshert, Warsaw, Ind.; Maude Yoder, Needy, Ore.; Stanley K. Dixon, Detroit; Harold N. French, Rhine-land, N. Y.; George J. Watson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. H. Dary, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Burr Alvord, Gloversville, N. Y.; Tony Ferguson, Columbus, Ind.; Clifford L. Dunbar, Grand Haven, Mich.; Charles Hawley, Detroit; Leon Craig, Clayton, N. Y.; Willie Rasche, Milwaukee, Wis.; Chas. Mergue-lin, Plainfield, N. J.; E. Peters, Dorchester, Mass.; Walter Flemming, Detroit; Raymond Phelps, Chicago; George N. Hoffer,

Hummelstown, Pa.; Eugene A. Jason, Lansing, Mich.; Frank L. Gerdig, Mansfield, O. We shall reproduce in future numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY the drawings by some of these boys. For best amateur photograph. Chester Paddock Mills, West Point, N. Y. For second best photograph. Forrest B. Harvey, St. Albans, Vt. One-half of the foreign stamps received in our office since last award, for largest number of subscriptions sent in, goes to Louis Straka, David City, Neb. One fourth of the stamps for second largest number, to Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn. One fourth of the stamps for third largest number, to Lynn Scriber, Detroit, Mich. Total number of stamps given, 319.

NEW PUZZLES.

- No. 52. Diamond. 1. A letter. 2. Mothers. 3. Seeks. 4. Earthly. 5. Authoritative. 6. Bright. 7. To breathe loudly. 8. Before. 9. A letter.
No. 53. Word-Square. 1. A sudden check. 2. One who gains by labor. 3. To roast in a kettle. 4. Joined. 5. Furnished with a firelock. 6. A boy's pet name.
No. 54. Hidden Cities. 1. James will pick his white goose Saturday morning. 2. Hills and vales, how lovely! 3. Whom shall I commend next? 4. After all our trouble will anybody tarry? 5. Every earnest endeavor must produce pleasant results.
No. 55. Transposition. There stands before me an eager FIRST You know him very well. His motto is AY. BRAIN COME His achievements none can tell.
No. 56. Rhomboid. Across. 1. Bold. 2. An animal. 3. To stay. 4. Course. 5. To tub again. 6. A kind of pike. 7. Greased. 8. An artificial river. 9. Paraguay tea. Down. A consonant. 2. A musical note. 3. A drink. 4. Very large. 5. To go in. 6. The receiver of a gift. 7. An African quadruped. 8. An acid derived from Rue. 9. To attack. 10. A girl's name. 11. A small fresh-water fish. 12. An abbreviation for a weight. 13. A vowel.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. W. Wallace (and others): We cannot write you that your puzzles were received, nor can we notify you whether you receive a prize. The only notification we can give to any is in our printed list of prize winners, which appears in these columns each

Boys Working for a Share in the \$1,000

\$1,000 divided into 55 cash prizes ought to be a big incentive for work; and it is indeed proving to be so, for boys are sending in subscriptions every day. The boy who sends us the largest number of \$1.00 subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY by the 20th of next November will get a prize of \$200; the next in order \$100, the two next \$75 each, and so on. Fifty-five boys in all will get a share in this \$1,000. They will get, in addition, the premiums they may select from our premium list. You can easily be one of the fifty-five. You may not get the head prize, but you can get one of the smaller ones just as easy as anything. Albert W. Fifield, of Minneapolis, age twelve, took the lead some months ago, and he holds first place today, though very closely followed by several. Louis Straka, who was thirteenth in the race last month, has jumped to fourth place. He is almost sure now of getting at least \$50, and at the present rate he will soon overtake young Fifield, though Straka lives in a small city and Fifield in a large one. Fred H. Hilker, of Fort

Wayne, has jumped from the fourteenth place to the sixth. The twenty-five highest are in their order: Albert F. Fifield, Minneapolis; Chas. Gustafson, Chicago; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit; Louis Straka, David City, Neb.; John D. Cronenweh, Detroit; Fred H. Hilker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; J. L. Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Clarence Pyeatt, Fort Lemhi, Idaho; Donald Annis, Detroit; Karl Matthews, Du-buque, Ia.; Chas. Meader, Chicago; R. M. Gray, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; H. H. Smith, Lamoni, Ia.; Wm. Northwood, Forest Hill, Cal.; Frank A. Wright, Lewistown, Mont.; Geo. O. Bacon, Fort Scott, Kan.; Lyman Scriber, Detroit; T. R. Smith, Mokane, Mo.; F. F. Northrop, Wayne, Neb.; H. R. Mohler, Ephrata, Pa.; F. G. Kin-sala, Gilby, N. D.; A. C. Hand, Mansfield, O.; Herbert Hotchkiss, St. Ignace, Mich.; E. O. Henderson, Stockton, Cal.; M. A. Gray, Detroit. The boy at the head of the list has sent only 44. You can get into this race and win one of the many five dollar prizes if you don't get a big one. Now, get to work, boys, and show what you can do.

THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich.

month. Due allowance is made for distance and the prizes are not awarded until the magazine is ready for the printer.

De Witt Gillis (and others): It is impossible to print the entire list of solvers each month, as the number always runs into the hundreds.

Charles Kincaid (and others): Read each prize offer carefully. We do not offer a prize to each one who sends in a correct solution, nor to each finder of a mistake, but to the first one to be received—time and distance duly considered. We should be delighted to reward the industry of each American boy, but this is impracticable. We can only say to each and every boy, Try again. You have our best wishes for success next time.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the largest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

Why is a Boy Like a Piece of Flannel?

To the boy first sending us a correct answer to this conundrum we will give a six months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY, in the name of some boy whom the winner may choose.

Prize Offers.

- For the first correct solutions of the puzzles we will give prizes as follows: Puzzle No. 52—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scorer. Puzzle No. 53—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm. Puzzle No. 54—A Coin and Stamp Guide. Puzzle No. 55—An AMERICAN BOY Knife. Puzzle No. 56—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by June 10 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

A FOUNTAIN PEN FREE

We will give a Parker "Silver Dollar" Fountain pen (value \$1.00). Free to anyone selling 15 boxes of our Mer-lin Tooth Powder, or a Parker "Lucky Curve" Fountain Pen (value \$2.00), to anyone selling 30 boxes. Also Cameras, Watches, Books, etc. given away. No money required. Order to-day and we will send the powder at once, with complete premium list. MERLIN CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

The Minstrel Show or Burnt Cork Comicalities

A book full of fun and laugh from cover to cover. It contains Comic Songs, End Men's Jokes and Stories, Conundrums, Darkey Dialogues, Stump Speeches, Burlesque Lectures and Monologues, Plantation Sketc-es, Interludes, Farces, After Pieces, Negro Songs, Dances, Banjo Solos, Songs, Marches, etc., etc. It is not only the largest but the best collec-tion of minstrel wit ever published. Don't fail to get it. Mailed, prepaid, 10 cents. Interesting catalog free. JOS. U. STEKLE, 2218 Beach Ave., Baltimore, Md.

A BOY'S CHANCE make Magic Copying Paper and sell to every one, 4 different kinds. Great Demand. Full instructions. Dime and 20 stamp. Large Profits. M. MALONEY, Nickerson, Kan.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA AND HISTORY OF THE DARK CONTINENT. The book of the year for agents. Contains over 500 large pages and hundreds of fine illustrations. A complete history of Africa and the Boer War up to date. Everybody buys. Many agents are making \$25 per day selling it. Write quick for outfit and you can do the same. DENTON NOVELTY CO., Dept. 52, DENTON, Md.

1000 Boys Wanted

to sell Photo Buttons and Medallions. Easy work; profits large. Experience not necessary. For particulars, address with stamp Medallion Manufacturing Co., WARREN, OHIO

THUNDER STICK USED AS A BANG! BANG! BANG! MAN! No danger—no arrests—lots of fun. Have one for the THUNDER! Fourth of July. Just the THUNDER! thing for Presidential year. If you want BOOM! more fun than a stack of monkeys, send 25c for one, to W. WHEATON SMITH, DETROIT, MICH.

AMBITIOUS BOYS and GIRLS

Here is a chance for you to earn quickly 10 dollars and more during a little spare time, by selling for a big wholesale house some of their Fine Jewelry to Friends and Neighbors. It costs you not one cent to make the trial. The firm will send you the goods on credit, and one-half the amount you sell you keep for your trouble; the other one-half you send to the firm. They take back all goods YOU RUN NO RISK. Besides, they offer a Camera or a Fine Watch as extra premiums to those who sell the goods the quickest. Be the first in your town to send your name and address with two references to KING HARVARD CO., Dept. F, CHICAGO, ILL., and they will send you the goods by mail prepaid.

DON'T READ THIS If you are looking for a Toy or some Novelty or an old fashioned Zither The Zitho-Harp is a new overstrung instrument of highest standard and excellence, producing a tone nearly equal to that of a Piano. It is a double instrument, Zither and Harp combined, the Harp strings arranged in harmonic chords, crossing the Zither or Melody strings at right angles, a feature found in no other instrument, making it not only easier and more convenient to play, but adding a beauty and fullness to the tone such as can not be approached on any other instrument. Complete outfit including a model self-instructor of 24 pages, played either by notes or figures FREE with every instrument. No teacher needed. A few hours' practice and you can play anything. To introduce the Zitho-Harp we shall sell it for a limited period at \$5.00, the cost of production. Send \$1.00 and pay balance on approval, or sent C. O. D. Descriptive circular and sample music free to any address BREDHALL & FABER, Manufacturers, 791 Milwaukee Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR JULY NUMBER Will Have a 3 Color Cover SEE IT! ADVERTISE IN IT 50,000.



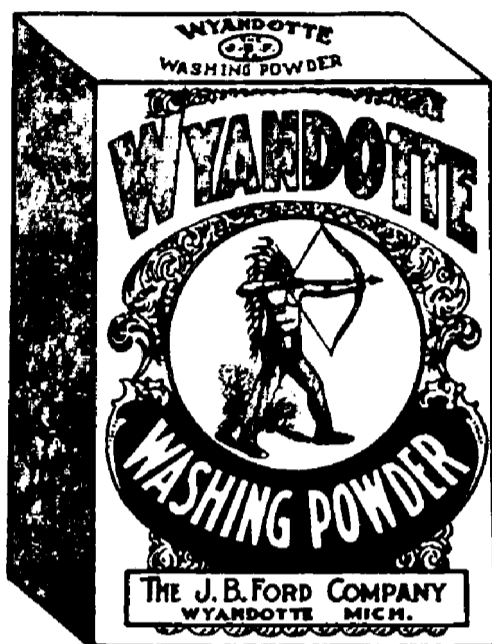
"DEWEY," WHO GETS HONORABLE MENTION. OWNED BY JUDGE J. W. DONOVAN, OF DETROIT.

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The only all-steel Air Rifle

FREE This gun is 31 inches long, beautifully nickel-plated and highly polished. Either single shot or repeater. The Repeater shoots 150 times without reloading. You can have this gun or a fine Watch, Fountain Pen, Knife, or your choice of several articles, by selling our housekeepers' wonder worker. It is not "Hot Cakes," but sells like them. Or sell our Magic Silver Polish. No money required for sample. Write to day for information. W. WHEATON SMITH, Detroit, Mich.

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Calling Wyandotte Washing Powder "household sunshine" is no misnomer, since by its use, in a thousand ways, it brings light and cheer to the household, saving the hands, saving labor, saving time, saving expense. Containing no caustic alkali, it is the only perfect washing preparation on the market.

In the Kitchen—for washing the dishes, cutlery, silverware, and for cleaning the refrigerator or ice box; for keeping the bath tub bright, for cleaning the sink, for cleaning the floor and woodwork, it acts like magic, saving half the usual labor.

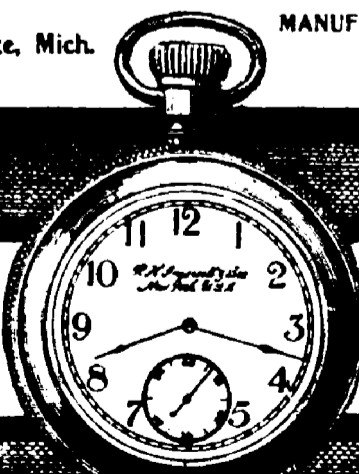
In the Laundry—for washing muslin, dimity and silk shirt waists, fine textures, the linens;—the household washing loses its "drudgery." It softens the water, lifts the dirt, and will not injure the fabrics.

A large 24 oz. package for 5 cts.—Your grocer has it, or will get it for you. See that the trade mark of the Indian is on the package—then you get the genuine.

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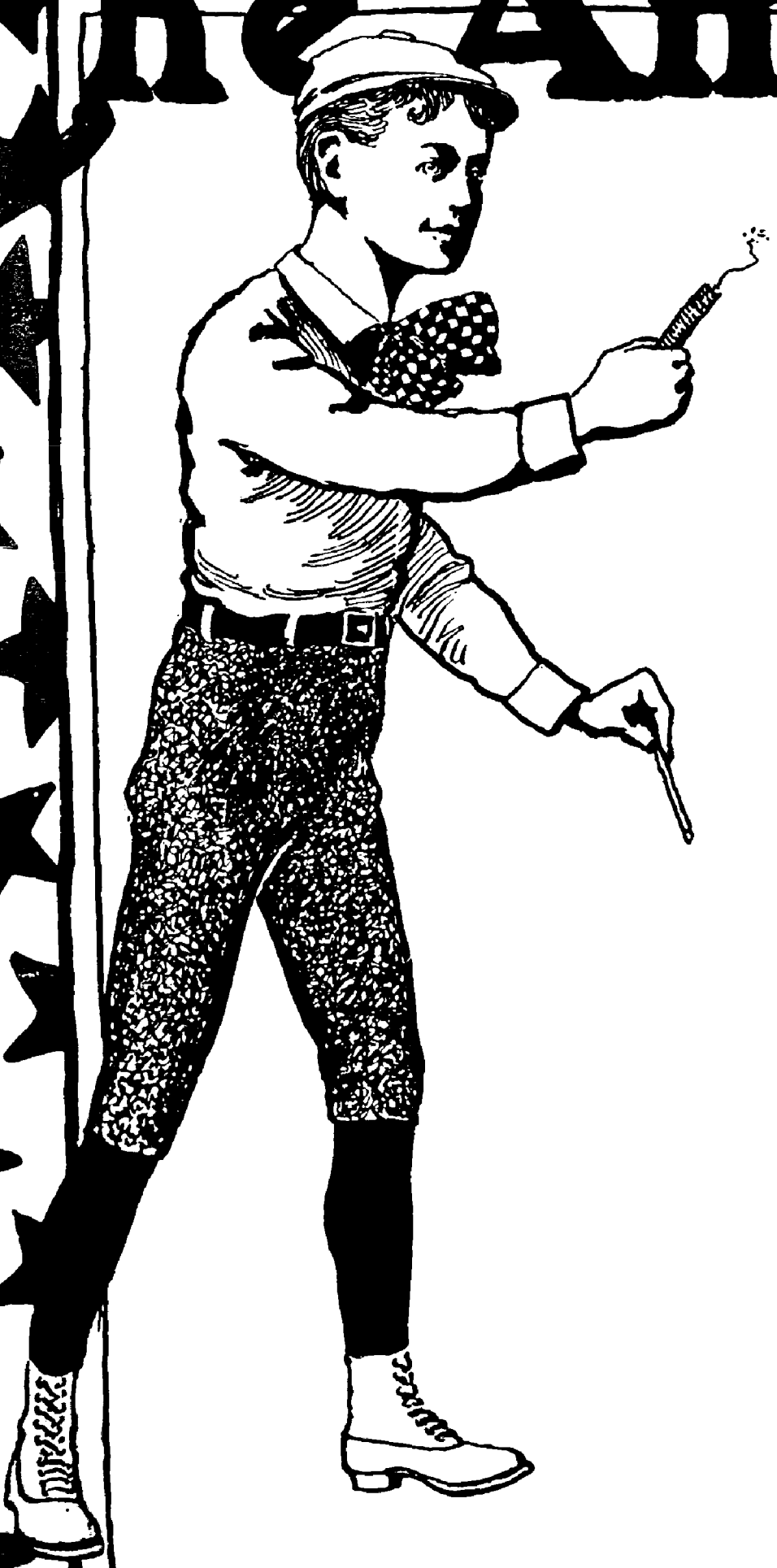


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John Adderley, 117 Twenty-first St., Detroit, writes, "I earned my watch in about one hour." Write us to-day for particulars. THE J. B. FORD COMPANY, Wyandotte, Mich.



The American Boy



L. HUNT.



THE JULY NUMBER
FOR NINETEEN HUNDRED
Vol. 1. No 9 **PRICE 10^{CTS.}**

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Chauncey M. Depew said in a recent speech: "As an employer of 35,000 men, my experience leads me to believe that men fail because they do not grasp the opportunities before them. I went into the office of a great lawyer and said to him, 'You are working yourself to death,' he replied, 'I know it, and I will tell you why. It is because everyone in this roomful of clerks is watching to see when I go out, so that he can fool away his time, or watching the clock for the hour to quit work. If there was a single one who would take up a case and work on it all the afternoon, and into the night if necessary, as I did, I would make him a partner; but there is not one, and so I am working myself to death.'"

A Mean Man and His Hen.

We are not prepared to vouch for the truth of the following story, which we find in an Illinois newspaper:

The meanest man in Illinois lives at Centralia. He put a large porcelain egg in the nest of an ambitious hen and found that the eggs she had afterward laid were increased in size. Then he put a goose egg in the nest, and the aforesaid hen laid an egg just as large. He was so well pleased with the scheme that he put a whitewashed football in the nest and waited results. When he went the next time to search for eggs, he found one as big as a football, but no hen in sight. Securing the egg, he saw engraved on it by hen photography these words: "I'm no ostrich, but I have done my best." Later he found the hen inside of the egg.

APRIL, 1900 Price, 10 Cents.

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ILLUSTRATED.

APRIL, 1900

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NAVY CHRONICLE, 142 Worth Street, N. Y.

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This Camp Bed is Government Standard. We have manufactured in the last two years over 120,000 of them for the United States Government. Our Camp Bed was selected from among 27 samples as the best.

We manufacture folding camp beds, cots, tables, stools, chairs in great variety, and portable folding bath tubs. Send for interesting free catalog; special inducements to dealers.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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A SWELL AFFAIR

DENT'S Toothache Gum

STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY

The only Perfect Remedy. It is antiseptic, arrests decay, is healthful to the teeth and gums. Highly recommended by leading Dentists. All druggists 15c or by mail upon receipt of price.

Billy, a Horse Hero.

A few days ago there died at Cheyenne, Wyo., "Billy," the only survivor of the Custer Massacre, at which Gen. Custer and his brave band on the Little Big Horn in 1876 met death. Billy was one of Gen. Custer's cavalry horses, and after the massacre the animal was found wandering around on the battlefield, badly wounded, hunting his master. Medicine and kind treatment soon made a good horse of him again.

Billy was bred in old Kentucky. He was a beautiful light bay, with long mane and four white feet, attracting attention wherever he went, because of his magnificent carriage and stately stride. The horse, thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, was buried in a secluded spot in the garden belong to his owner, and a stone suitably inscribed marks the last resting place of the only survivor of that memorable event in American history.

Effects of Smoking.

From measurements of 187 of the class of 1891, Yale, Dr. Stivers found the non-smokers gained in weight during the college course 10.4 per cent. more than the regular smokers, and 6.6 more than the occasional smokers. In height, the non-users of tobacco increased 24 per cent. more than the regular users and 12 per cent. more than the occasional. In increase of chest girth the non-users had an advantage of 26.7 and 22 per cent., and an increase of lung capacity of 77.5 and 49 per cent. respectively. These observations are corroborated by observations of the class of 1891 at Amherst by Dr. Hitchcock. In France, the difference between the students who smoked cigarettes and those who did not, as shown by the class standings, was so great that the government prohibited absolutely the use of tobacco in all government schools.

Contains—Reminiscences of cruises on U. S. Men-of-War, Illustrations of daily occurrence of National interest in our Navy. Correspondents on every U. S. Ship, in all parts of the World, as our Special Contributors. The only Illustrated Monthly Magazine pertaining to the U. S. Navy. A Naval supplement of a War-Ship with each number. Sample Copy 10 cents, 4 Months trial 25 cents.

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100 VISITING CARDS 25c

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Ladies or Gents, to any reader of this paper who will send our Victoria Needle Package at 10c each; 25 assorted needles in each pkg. A necessity in every household. Send name and address, but no money. We send needles and premium list free. When you send us money and get your premium. You can easily earn a Bicycle, Camera, or other article.

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THE AMERICAN BOY

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THE FOURTH OF JULY



"Our own dear land, our native land,
Home of the brave and free!
In vain we search old ocean's strand
To find a home like thee.



Thy towering hills, thy prairies wide,
Thy forests old and dim,
Thy streams that roll in matchless pride,
Thy torrents' thunder-hymn."

THE Anniversary of the Day of Independence, July 4, 1776, is always celebrated as a great national festival throughout the United States. John Adams, the second president, and one of the most distinguished signers of the Declaration of Independence, made a prediction as to the manner in which the day would be celebrated, and that prediction has been realized. There is not a city, town or hamlet throughout all the land, but shows in some way and to some extent, more or less conspicuous, that a great national event is taking place.

Everywhere the people come together to rejoice and be glad, and the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, together with the lusty cheers that every moment ascend, testify to the joy that the event inspires.

Many people doubt whether it is morally expedient thus to keep alive the memory of facts which as certainly infer mortification to one party as glorification to another. But the bond of sympathy between our beloved country and Great Britain is now too strong to be affected by any demonstration of joy in the celebration of the day; and, after all, it is only natural and to be expected

that our country's natal day should be held dear in the hearts of her people and that tokens of rejoicing should be heard and seen on every hand.

But in all this there is no reflection on the old land. In a centennial oration delivered by Robert C. Winthrop in the year 1881, he said:

"We would not, if we could, recall at this hour anything that would even seem like casting reproach upon the rulers of old Mother England. We are here to revive no animosities resulting from the War of the Revolution, or from any other war remote or recent—rather to bury and drown them all deeper than any plummet sounded.

"For all that is grand and glorious in the career and example of Great Britain we can entertain nothing but respect and admiration: while I hazard little in saying that for the continued life and prosperity of her illustrious Sovereign, the American heart beats as warmly to-day as if no Independence Day had ever separated us."

These noble words may be re-echoed in this year of 1900.

The country over which the Star Spangled Banner floats to-day, exhibits to other nations the great prosperity of a free, self-governed people. And few can look upon her flag rippling in the breeze without pride of country, and surely this pride is pardonable; the sun shines not upon a land more fair, or upon a land where human happiness is valued at so high a rate or so little abused; where institutions are so strong or people more free.

Let every American boy remember that he has a definite share in the national celebration. Do not let any one forget his part. Every boy in this great Republic has much to do in the maintaining of the State and upbuilding of the Nation.

And let us all, while exulting in the prosperity of our land, not forget, amid the other voices of the hour, to lift to God a great thanksgiving, for without God nations are as naught. May He grant that our country's Star Spangled Banner shall forever float "O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

"God bless the flag, let it float and fill
The sky with its beauty, our heart-strings thrill
To the low sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
And the chorus of all its clustered stars.
Embrace it, O mothers, and heroes shall grow
While its colors blush warm on your bosoms of snow.
Defend it, O fathers, there's no sweeter death
Than to float its fair folds with a soldier's last breath.
And love it, O children, be true to the sires
Who wove it in pain by the old camp fires."



THE DAILY CEREMONY OF FLAG RAISING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SCHOOL DAY.
From Photograph taken at the New York Institution for the
Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.



SCRUB

E. EVERETT HOWE

Scrub began school with the winter term. During the several months of his attendance, he led all other boys in the notice he attracted, if not in popularity. He exhibited, it was said, but two colors, yellow and blue.

His trousers, which were patched; his hands, which were evidently stained by butternuts or walnuts; and his hair, which was cut square on a line an inch below the bottom of the ears, were yellow.

His eyes and his jacket were blue. This jacket was



THE RULER FELL HEAVILY AT FIRST.

the real glory of his raiment. It was a relic of the civil war, which had been made to fit some corpulent cavalryman. It had yellow stripes, long sleeves, and brass buttons. It had been taken up at the top and bottom, and now it bulged like a gopher's pocket at the front. There the boy carried his reader to and from school; and there, too, he might have carried his slate and his dinner-pail. The attention given such a figure by a crowd of boys was not born of reverence. In answer to inquiries the newcomer told his questioners that his name was William Searl. Once when the question suggested disrespect instead of curiosity, William promptly informed the questioner that he was no "scrub." From that time the new boy was "Scrub."

Scrub was mercilessly ridiculed and teased. If he was quick to resent an affront, his tormentors were not less ready to provide him an opportunity. Their ingenuity was always suggesting new means to annoy him.

One night after school the boys singled out Scrub as a mark for snowballs. Affairs had not gone well with him that day. He had been unjustly accused of crowding in the class and had lost his recess for failing to solve a problem in fractions. When Mark Shaw hit him on the side of the head with a hard snowball, Scrub rushed at him and struck him in the face.

The teacher had come to the door just in time to see the concluding act of the difficulty.

"You can come in, William," he said.

Scrub defiantly obeyed.

"Take your seat," commanded the master.

From his desk Scrub watched the teacher poring over the pages of his register. At last he saw him close it, remove his spectacles, pick up his ruler and walk slowly down the aisle.

The teacher stood a moment looking sternly and fixedly at the boy. Then he spoke:

"William, why did you strike Mark?"

"He hit me with a snowball," Scrub replied.

"That is a boys' game," said the master; "he was only playing."

"It ain't no play to me," returned Scrub, "to have a water-soaked snowball take me on the ear."

"That will do," the teacher replied; "you have said enough. I did not ask you what was play to you. You are very ill-tempered, William."

"Ain't it enough to make a feller mad," cried Scrub, pushing his face forward in a belligerent manner pe-

culiarly his own, "the way they do? They're always a pullin' my hair an' a jerkin' my coat an' a callin' me names. They don't never call me by my right name. At noon they tried to get Jim an' Fred to fight me. They wouldn't do it, an' then they held me, an' let 'em hit me, an' there's the mark, an' right there's a bunch where Mark hit me with the snowball. There couldn't nobody stand that."

The teacher stood thoughtfully. The boy whom Scrub had struck was a son of the director, a man who loved his rights and loved to assert them. Still the master would not acknowledge, even to himself, that he was influenced by this consideration.

"I told you you had said enough," he said sternly; "hold out your hand."

Scrub extended his brown chapped hand. The ruler fell heavily at first, and then lightly, four times in all. It rose again; but the teacher's heart failed him, and it descended hesitatingly, and not on the boy's hand. Long afterwards, when the boy's whereabouts were unknown to the neighborhood, the master thought mournfully and remorsefully of those reddened palms, and of that pathetic, reproachful look, which would not leave his memory.

Scrub came from the school-room filled with the hate that had been gathering the entire winter. He decided that he would not attend school another day. He would work a week or two longer for the farmer with whom he boarded, and then he would quit the neighborhood forever.

As he descended the steps, one of the boys tripped him. Choking back his anger he picked himself up and was hurrying away, when Jim Ball, one of the larger boys, caught the bottom of his cavalry jacket.

"Let go," said Scrub.

"All right," Jim replied, "why don't you go?"

"Let go," repeated Scrub, turning as far as he could and vainly striking at his tormentor.



FOR ONE AWFUL MOMENT HE LOOKED AT THE PROSTRATE FORM.

Jim loosed his hold and Scrub fell forward. His fall was followed by a shout of laughter from the boys. It so chanced that he landed directly upon a small ball-club. With the shouts of the boys still in his ears, he rose and struck Jim, who instantly fell.

For one awful moment he looked at the prostrate form, and then he ran. He knew not and cared not whither he was going. Flight, in whatever direction, would take him away from that spot in the snow and mud where the boys were crowding closer and closer.

The schoolhouse was a quarter of a mile from the village. Up the white road fled the frightened boy. In the distance he saw an approaching wagon. He turned aside, climbed a fence, and, crossing a field, entered a wood. But he dared not stop here. On he went until he had left the wood, passing through several open fields, crossed another highway and found the shelter of another wood. Here the boy seated himself on a rotten log. The sun shone pleasantly between the bare limbs of the trees. Birds were hopping in the branches above. One pioneer robin stood on a bare knoll that rose from the spotted plain.

Scrub's anguished eye scarcely marked these things; his thoughts were at the playground, with the group around the fallen boy.

He remembered how bright the spring days had

looked to him a year before, how delicious had been those reveries when he had watched the brown earth bursting like a young giant from the white clothes which it seemed outgrowing, how his heart had swelled with delight as he felt himself filling with the vigor of the spring.

The sun went down; the darkness grew in the woods. Poor Scrub began to think of the future. He had committed murder; his life was ruined. He might escape the law, but he could not escape his conscience. As long as he lived, he would see in his dreams and in his



EAGERLY HE PEERED INSIDE.

waking hours, the horror on the faces of the school boys and that greater horror within the speechless circle.

And then a faint but joyous doubt came to Scrub. He was not sure that he had killed Jim. He must settle this uncertainty at once.

It was a walk of about a quarter of an hour to Mr. Ball's house. Scrub probably covered the distance in ten minutes. He slackened his pace as he neared the house. Scrub passed around it several times, but he dared not approach closely. He was not used to prowling about people's houses. At last his intense desire to learn something of Jim overcame his fear.

Within a few feet of the kitchen was an old building called "the shop." Scrub approached in its shadow. Timidly, nervously he moved an empty barrel toward a window. He hesitated before mounting it. He raised one foot and then stopped. What if someone should chance to look out?

Again he started to mount the barrel, and again he stopped. Finally he clambered on top.

Eagerly he peered inside. No one was in sight. They were probably with Jim. Scrub's decision was at once formed. He would deliver himself up to justice. If he must be a criminal, he would not be a hunted criminal.

As he climbed from the barrel, a man came around the corner of the shop. Scrub forgot his resolution. He rushed through the narrow alley, full against another person, who was coming from the opposite direction.

"Hello!" exclaimed that individual, in a voice which Scrub recognized.

Scrub darted out into the starlight and stood still. Jim slowly approached him, and Scrub in some apprehension retreated. At last Jim made a quick dash to seize him, when Scrub fled.

"Hold on!" shouted Jim, "hold on or I'll fix you! Sam, Sam, head him off!"

Two boys came from the barnyard and stared at Jim and the fugitive.

"Why don't you catch him?" yelled Jim. "It's Scrub!"

The two boys sprang in pursuit. Scrub knew that capture meant harsh treatment. He ran through an orchard and came to a large field. He was drawing away from Jim and his brother but he was slowly and



"YOU CAN STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU WANT TO."

surely being overtaken by Sam Newman. He put forth a new effort. For a brief space he gained, then he barely held his own, and now he was losing ground. To his joy he was nearing a patch of shrubs. He crowded hurriedly into this retreat, intending to hide when he found a favorable opportunity. But he soon reached the opposite side, where he saw a swamp, with an open, marshy border.

Almost exhausted, he hurried forward and threw himself into the grass. The boys were crashing in the bushes behind him. They emerged and looked about them.

"Where did he go?" asked Jim, gasping for breath. "He must have gone on," replied Sam.

"I'd like to catch him," said Jim, "and I will, too, if I have to chase him to Canada. That was an awful rap he gave me. Spread out, boys. Don't let him get away from us."

They separated and advanced. Scrub sprang up and fled before them. He could hear them tearing through the bushes after him. He was nearly through

the swamp. He was wondering how he could endure another run, when he saw a field of ice stretching before him. At its edge he was stopped by the warning water.

"Here we are!" shouted Jim, mockingly. "Come visiting, have you, Scrub?"

Scrub clutched a tamarack stake. But he did not hold it long. He thought of that other club, which he had wielded with such terrible effect. He threw the stake from him.

One moment he looked at the ice and water, and then he ran and leaped. He struck the ice, which instantly broke beneath him, and he sank to his neck. He grasped the ice, which treacherously broke. His feet no longer touched bottom. With his face still toward the ice he struggled frantically. Once more his hands grasped the uncertain support. This time he raised himself from the water.

"Come back!" called Jim. "We won't hurt you. Come back."

The boy did not heed them.

"Come on back," urged Jim. "You'll drown, Scrub. We won't hurt you at all."

"No," said Scrub, "I'll never come back."

On he went across the narrow arm of the lake. At the opposite side he floundered as before, but he pushed resolutely through.

For days the boys heard nothing of Scrub. Then a rumor reached them that he was sick. Jim found him and took him home.

It was several weeks afterward when Scrub, with a pale, thin face, stood before Jim's father.

"You can stay here as long as you want to," said Mr. Ball.

"I'm much obliged," replied Scrub, pushing his face forward, almost defiantly. "I owe you a lot; but I'm goin'; an' I'm a goin' to keep a goin' till I git where they don't hate me."

In the following November Mr. Ball received in a registered letter the full amount of Scrub's board during his sickness. After that he never heard of the boy again.

Tod and the Stolen Holidays

CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS

(Copyright by the Author.)

It would have been easy to discover good qualities in Tod Pendleton. He was kind hearted and brave and good humored, but he was also greedy. As an illustration of this latter quality let me tell an incident connected with his boyhood. My grandfather told me. Years ago there was a kind of candy known as the "Jackson ball." It was as large around as a crab apple and as hard as a stone pavement is when you fall headlong on it. Well, one day Timotheus Pauncefort found a cent in the road, and as he was a most generous little fellow he immediately invited Tod to go with him to the little candy store on the corner, and he'd treat him to whatever he wanted. Most boys would have chosen taffy as being easy to divide, but Tod, never thinking about Timotheus, said he guessed he'd take a Jackson ball, and Timotheus bought one—they came one for a cent. But as there is no way to dispose of them but to suck them to their dissolution, Timotheus didn't get a taste. They came out of the candy store two happy boys, Timotheus happy because he had provided a feast for his friend, and Tod happy because the feast had been provided without its costing him anything.

It was when Tod was eleven years old that his greed caused trouble to the whole of the United States on two very important days. Just what year it was I can not say, but your great-grandfather may remember. His parents took him to a balloon ascension at Rockefeller Park, a country place where they hold fairs and poultry shows every fall.

It is not for me to say how he managed to do it. I don't think he was ever clear in his own mind how it came about, but it is a well known fact that when you cut the rope that holds a balloon to the earth that balloon is going to escape if it has a spark of animation. I suppose the balloonist had gone to lunch, but wherever he was he was not in the balloon when Tod stepped into the basket to see how the old thing worked, and as Tod was a perfectly fearless and reckless boy he did not think of the moral or physical consequences, but simply sawed away at the rope with his jackknife until the balloon sprang up like a lark from its nest in the meadow, and was soon out of hearing of the angry owner.

My grandfather told me that a farmer's horse began to cut up just as Tom was severing the rope, and that that drew away the attention of the sightseers. Certainly there never was a madder man than the

owner of that balloon, and he called the bystanders all sorts of names for not interfering to save his precious balloon.

As for Tod, he was tickled to death. He waved farewell to the crowds below, he sang snatches of songs and sat on the edge of the basket with his legs dangling over until his mother fainted, and as he happened to see her he drew in his legs. He did not like to occasion unnecessary pain.

After he had been in the balloon some ten hours and had sailed I don't know how many miles he became very hungry, and, seeing land a quarter of a mile above him, he decided to leave the balloon and take a short walk for exercise if he could fasten his anchor anywhere. The balloonist had an emergency anchor in the balloon, and if he hadn't no one would ever have heard of Tod again. So my grandfather said.

He was now some three hundred miles above the earth, higher than any man of science has ever been, and yet he did not feel cold, nor bleed at the ears, nor do any of those unpleasant things that aeronauts seem to consider so necessary.

That there should be land up in the air struck him as odd at first, and then he reflected that there were many things connected with the heavens that he knew nothing about, and this land was undoubtedly one of them.

As he sped past a little cape of land that jutted out into the air he was able to throw the anchor into a tree, and a moment later the balloon was captive, and he was sliding down the rope to what looked like solid earth. But it was not as solid as it looked. In fact, it was a cloud, and if a handsome little boy clad in what looked like an autumn sunset had not stretched out his hand and caught him Tod would have had a bad fall.

"Here, drink this and you'll be able to walk without sinking," said the little stranger. He handed a golden cup to Tod as he spoke, and that boy was only too glad to drink, for he was thirsty after his three hundred mile flight. The liquid tasted like all the kinds of soda water you ever heard of, poured into one glass and flavored with essence of orange flower. As soon as Tod had drunk it he felt as light as a feather, and walked on the cloud as if it had been terra firma, which, my grandfather told me, is Latin for solid ground. Ask your teacher whether the old gentleman was right.

"What's the name of this place and how far is it to earth, and what's your name, and what do you do up here, and where can I get such a pretty suit? It looks like the view from our verandah when the sun is going down."

"I can tell you're from the earth by the questions you ask," said the other boy, laughing. He was such a pretty fellow. Very much like the cupids on valentines.

"Well, I'd never learn anything if I didn't ask questions. Where do you live, and why don't you fall through?"

"I'm the child of the sunset; but, say, you haven't learned anything so far by asking questions, for you don't wait for the answers. You only ask to keep your tongue from getting lazy."

Tod laughed and said: "I bet I can beat you running."

"I guess not," said the sunset boy, and with that both of them began to run as hard as they could, but, although Tod's feet hardly touched the ground, so easily did he move through cloudland, yet the other boy moved twice as fast and soon vanished behind a high wall that surrounded a huge castle that looked like those cloud palaces that rear themselves on June days when you are lying on your back out in the fields and wishing that the long vacation would begin.

It was snowy white and had towers and minarets, and the wall of salmon pink that surrounded it changed its shape continually.

While Tod was wondering what castle it was and whether any giants lived within it a tall warrior, who looked exactly as if he was fashioned out of a silver cloud with little flashes of opalescent fire running through him, came to an opening in the wall and said: "What is your name, Earth Boy, and why have you come to the storehouse of the holidays?"



"WHAT IS YOUR NAME, EARTH BOY?"

Before Tod could answer, his friend, the Sunset Boy, popped out from behind the wall and said: "He's all right. He can run half as fast as I can."

The warrior seemed astonished. "Why, that is impossible. No one in Cloudland can run a quarter as fast as you."

"Well, he did. I leave it to him if he didn't. And he's hungry and he wants to know everything. And say"—this in a lower tone—"can't you give him seven or eight holidays? We have such a lot."

"But," said the warrior, who, all this time had been changing his shape like an April cloud, and was by turns a Polar bear, a Hubbard squash, a hippopotamus, a load of hay and an apple tree, "there are just so many holidays. If I let him have some the earth folk will have to do without them."

Tod now spoke up: "Say, my father says he wishes there were no such things as holidays. He's so used to working that he never knows what to do on a holiday, and he gets awful cross, and he's always glad when night comes. Last Christmas he said he wished Christmas had never been discovered."

"Well," said the warrior, who now looked like the map of France and a moment later like a teapot, "if that's the case you can have all the holidays you want. I thought people prized them down there."

"No, indeed," said Tod. "Why, teacher says they de-de-demortalize the boys, and we never do as well the day after a holiday."

"Come inside, then, and help yourself. What days do you want?"

Tod stepped into the cloud palace and found himself in the midst of banks of such beautiful colors as you never saw, even when the sun was doing his prettiest. Bounding billows of purple and saffron and green and crimson and violet—Tod was on'y a boy, and boys don't go in for that sort of thing very much, but he told his mother afterward that it was all so gorgeous that it made him feel like crying.

"Take a header into the midst of them and you'll reach the room where the Christmasses are stored."

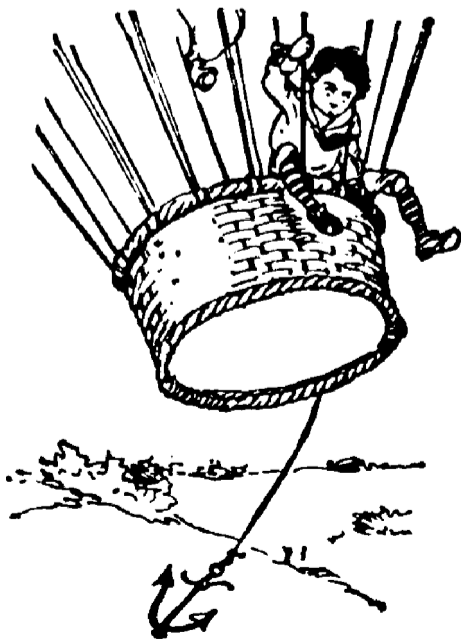
Tod dived and a moment later found himself in a room filled to overflowing with Christmas presents and Christmas trees and Christmas horns and sleigh-bells, and yards upon yards of good will.

"Now," said his guide, who had become another being like the Sunset Boy, only older, "take your choice. You can have one Christmas or one Fourth, but you can't have more than one at once. In the next room are Lincoln's days and the room next to that is filled with Grant's days."

"What's Grant's day?" asked Tod.

"Oh, that's a holiday that they haven't begun to use yet, but when they do they'll find me prepared."

Tod thought he'd like one Christmas, and he had no sooner expressed the wish than he found him



WHEN HE SAW HIS MOTHER FAINT HE DREW IN HIS LEGS.



HE WANTED TO GO TO SLEEP.

self and the Sunset Boy on a cloud by themselves surrounded with all the Christmas presents that a boy ever wished for. Guns, pistols, marbles, books, skates, baseball bats, footballs, fencing foils, double rippers, wheels, kodaks and a big hand organ with a grinning monkey sitting on it, and candy and fruit until you'd think of a doctor. He told the Sunset Boy to pitch in, and all that day he ate and read and rode and shot holes in distant clouds and took snapshots of the Sunset Boy and taught him how to box, and by nightfall was the tiredest boy who ever visited a cloud. He had had enough Christmas to last him three years.

The next morning he woke up in the Fourth of July room, and he wanted to turn over and go to sleep, but the warrior said that he must choose a holiday as long as he had been so keen for it. So he chose the Fourth because the warrior had pulled one out of place and he didn't want to oblige him.

At sight of the heaps of firecrackers and Union torpedoes and grasshoppers and fiery dragons and cannons his enthusiasm returned, and when he and the Sunset Boy found themselves on a new cloud with nothing to remind him of Christmas on it he set out to have fun, but the premature discharge of a bunch of cannon crackers set fire to the cloud on which they were sailing, and when the Sunset Boy had put out the fire with a rain cloud he found that all the firecrackers were wet, and so the morning was not as noisy as you might have supposed it would be. In the evening Tod did thoroughly enjoy

himself. Every set piece you ever heard of was there, and he and the Sunset Boy hung them on the edge of a great bank of clouds that looked portentous and lowering until it was lighted up, and then it resembled fairyland. One million rockets going off at once make a spectacle that you don't see every day in the year, and there were long articles in the earth papers the day after telling about the shooting stars that had come ahead of time. But the astronomers were able to give good reasons for their appearance, and not a soul imagined that Tod was at the bottom, or rather the top, of the display.

The morning after the Fourth Tod had a splitting

headache, and said he was sick of holidays and he'd like to go down to earth.

His two friends bade him good-bye and he stepped into the basket of the balloon, and thanks to a little help from a heavy wind cloud that he fastened under the basket, he reached the earth in a few minutes, and in the midst of a terrific wind storm.

When the third of July came the next month it found people everywhere making preparations for the celebration of the Fourth, but greedy Tod had already celebrated it up in Cloudland, and there was no Fourth. People everywhere slept through that day, and there were some who would have blessed Tod, but the small boys were furious. They could not explain it. They went to bed with all their ammunition within reach, and when they woke up they realized that somehow the Fourth had come and gone and they hadn't fired a shot—and yet it had all disappeared.

Tod slept with the rest, but when the Christmas season came along he hoped that he could celebrate it. His adventure was now six months back, and six months in a boy's life are a good deal more than half a year. He made his preparations for Christmas as usual, in common with all the rest of the boys who make much of the great holiday, but it was all to no purpose. As your grandparents may have told you, everybody slept over the glad season and woke the day after with much better digestions, but deeply regretting that they had lost a Christmas that they could never regain.

And Tod felt worse than anybody else and realized what a pig he had been. He really cultivated his generosity to good effect for the next few weeks.

But the following year all the holidays went off with a bang, and I've heard my grandfather say that he believed it did folks good to go without a holiday once in a while, as they appreciated them better. But I say a place for each holiday and every holiday in its place.

Boy Patriots of Seventeen Eighty

A. M. BARNES

The sound of horse's hoofs was heard coming down the long avenue of live oaks. From the appearance of the rider it was evident that something very exciting had happened. He was a mere youth, not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, but tall, strong of limb, and as supple as a young ash. His body was bent slightly forward in the eagerness to urge on his horse, but his head was well up, and his eyes, keenly on the watch, glowed with the fire of excitement.

Suddenly he turned from the avenue and struck off through the myrtles toward a dense part of the woods. He had gone a half mile or so when he stopped, threw back his head, and gave the hoot of an owl.

Receiving an answer, without further hesitation he plunged on again as fast as the undergrowth would allow. In a few minutes he had passed through the tangle and entered an open space. As he did so he came upon what seemed to be a camp of soldiers, or rather what had been one, for the soldiers themselves had disappeared, leaving five or six youths, the most of them no older than the rider. They were gathered about a smoldering fire watching some ash cakes bake. Like the young rider, they were dressed in the uniform of the Continental army, but so worn and faded they could barely be recognized as such. Indeed, the coats of some of the youth were entirely gone, and in their place they wore hunting shirts of rough buckskin, confined at the waist by a leather belt.

"Boys," cried James Pinckney, as he dashed into their midst, "where is Colonel Drayton and the rest of the men?"

"Gone for a brush with the Britishers," was the quick reply. "They were sent for by Gen. Marion. He is in a tight place and wants them to help him out of it. They left us to care for the camp and the things they couldn't carry."

"Well, that's too bad!" cried James. "I fully expected to find our men here. Now, what shall I do?"

"Why, James, what is the matter?" asked Arthur Broughton, while the others showed the curiosity they had not yet expressed in words.

"O, there's something dreadful about to happen! But I haven't time to explain now, at least not time for you to stand there listening when every moment is so precious. Eat your cakes in a hurry. Never mind if they aren't more'n half done. Then catch your horses and mount them as quick as ever you can, and I'll talk all the time you're doing it."

"That wretch, Balfour, down in Charleston," continued James, speaking rapidly, but distinctly, "has ordered the execution of old Colonel Rutledge. The British claim that he hasn't kept his vow of loyalty to the mother country. He has not only contributed to the needs of our soldiers, but a week ago he was caught wearing the uniform. It certainly was reckless of him, after joining Marion, to venture back to his

home, almost in the sight of the garrison at the Dorchester fort. He might have known he would be caught. But it was all on account of his daughter. I know. He wanted to get her to a place of safety. And now they have captured him, and are going to hang him for his disloyalty, they say; but there are many of us who believe it's because the Colonel won't tell where his family plate and other treasures are hidden.

"Now, boys, we must save him. There's no one else to do it since our men are gone off to help Marion."

"So hurry, hurry, boys, or the old Colonel will be past even our help. He is to be hanged at eleven o'clock at a place a mile west of the fort. There will be a detachment of soldiers in charge of the execution, but not more than eighteen or twenty of them."

"Boys, mount quickly. We'll station ourselves along the road. We must rescue him."

"But, James, what can a handful of boys like us do?" Arthur asked doubtfully. "It seems to me it's nothing short of madness to throw ourselves into battle with all those soldiers."

"We are one to three!" cried James boldly. "Didn't Marion whip out that whole army of Britishers down on the Santee last week, when he hadn't but one to ten? That's the way our soldiers fight."

"Yes, but we are not Marion," replied Arthur.

"But we are Marion's men!" cried James, the fire of manhood aflame in his eyes. "Besides," raising his eyes reverently to the blue of the sky, where it gleamed in the rift of the trees above them, "does not God rule, and has He not promised to help those who rely on Him?"

"Yes," affirmed more than one pair of youthful lips, while Arthur said firmly, "We are ready."

"That we are," cried another voice; "ready to do loyal battle for God, for right, for native land! We'll teach these tyrants that tyranny shall not always conquer. Forward, Marion's men!"

The words acted like a trumpet call. Each young soldier buckled on his pistol, seized his rifle, and sprang to horse, repeating the cry, "We are ready!"

Once through the thicket, they halted about two hundred yards from the edge of the public road, for consultation. It was agreed that they were to divide themselves into two squads. One squad was to take up its position covered by a dense growth of wild myrtle, about an eighth of a mile from the intended place of execution. The other was to be concealed in a thicket of scrub turkey oak, within two or three hundred yards of the first squad on the opposite side of the road. It was agreed that the attack was to be made when the soldiers from the fort carrying the old Colonel to execution were midway between the two squads and with all the noise and demonstration possible. They had but little more than taken their places when the procession from the fort was seen approaching. There were twenty soldiers. Eight were walking in front and eight behind, while in the center was Colonel Rutledge with two soldiers on each side of him; these five were on horseback. The old man's hat had fallen off. He rode with head erect, the sunlight gleaming down upon his silvered locks. His hands were tied behind his back, but he looked every inch the courtly gentleman.

The procession came along slowly. Evidently the soldiers were in no hurry. Step by step they neared the first squad of young patriots concealed in the thicket. Suddenly the hoot of an owl rang out. It was answered by another. The second had barely died away when there was a quick report of firearms, then the clang of sabers, while above the din came the cry of "Marion! Marion!"

At the first sound of firearms the British soldiers stopped, threw up their heads, and stood ready for the word of command. The attack had evidently come from the front, for the noise and smoke continued in that direction. As the word was given, the soldiers raised their muskets and fired. The noise had barely died away, when there came the sound of attack from another direction. The soldiers turned in consternation, the officer losing control of them. To add to the panic there arose again that dread cry, "Marion! Marion! Marion!"—a cry that at that time never failed to carry terror to the heart of even the bravest Britisher.

The soldiers were at once thrown into confusion. It looked as if they were being closed in upon by the enemy, and beyond a doubt by Marion's whole detachment, for was not that dread cry resounding on all sides?

The eight men in the rear were the first to break ranks and flee. By making a dash for the woods to the right of them, they felt that they might yet make the fort in safety. The eight in front seeing their comrades desert, and hearing the noise of the combined attacks, also lost courage and turned to fly. Only the four about Colonel Rutledge seemed determined to remain. They closed around their prisoner, and for a moment or so showed stubborn fight. But a rush of soldiers on horseback from the woods, from two directions, was more than even their nerve could stand. Wheeling their horses they, too, joined in the flight. But before turning to flee two hands had sought to grasp the bridle reins of the steed Colonel Rutledge rode, so as to compel him to follow. But they were not quick enough. Despite the danger, James Pinckney dashed to the Colonel's side, the others closely following. It was too much for the British. Believing a whole army was now bearing down upon them, they turned and fled.

James reached Colonel Rutledge and grasped his horse by the reins, but he did not wait to untie the old gentleman's hands. Even then, the British, beginning to realize the true state of things, might be forming for the return.

"Sit steadily, Colonel," said James. "we are going to make a dash back to the cover of the woods."

Colonel Rutledge's astonishment was great when he discovered that he had been rescued by a band of boys. "Why, boys," he said, "I was like the British. I thought it was Marion."

"Well, we are Marion's men, Colonel," declared James, with a smile of pride. "I am glad you think we have done credit to our commander."

"That you have, boys; bless you; and I feel sure now this country of ours is going to be saved when even the boys show such spirit."

How truly he spoke we know, for history eloquently records many such brave deeds on the part of the young patriots of Seventeen Eighty.

IN THE LITTLE HOSPITAL

The Way Joe and the Big Navy Sailed Together.
.....Leaving Pain and Trouble Behind Them.....
P. Y. BLACK

In the little country hospital the young nurses were very good and attentive to everybody, not having been in the business long enough to have grown callous. They were nice girls, mostly in their first year's course, and their lips would twitch and their faces whiten very often in the operating room, or when they held a patient's hand while he died in the night. But they were brave and went about the pretty hospital singing softly in the cool corridors, carrying little white clothed trays to the sick rooms, and being the best of medicines themselves by reason of their neatness, their bright eyes and their kind voices.

Now one beautiful bright spring afternoon, at the railroad junction in the town, two trains filled with pleasure seekers, smashed together, and the doctors and the matron and the nurses were plunged into a world of work, for ambulance after ambulance came driving up from the scene of the accident and left to the care of the girls many people sorely hurt. And among them was a very little boy, about six years old, whom nobody knew anything about because his father and mother were both killed in the collision, and there was nothing on them to show who or what they were, except that they were very poor. It is comprehensible that a very great deal of attention was paid to this little fellow, and he would have been placed in the woman's ward, as the hospital was too small for a children's ward, but the woman's ward was full. So the boy, quite insensible, was laid on a cot in the men's ward, and next to him was laid a big brown bearded man, also insensible, from whose clothes had been gathered quite a sum of money and whose few papers went to show he had been a sailor. He was a very rough looking man indeed.

The man came to his senses first, and it was night. The nurse on watch was quite frightened at the man. He was in pain and great allowance must be made for that, but never, in all her life, had the little nurse had to listen to such words as came from the big brown bearded man's lips. He wanted to get up and go right away, but he found he could not move his great massive legs. So he began to abuse his fate, and the railway and the hospital and the nurse and mankind in general. He was a very bitter mouthed man indeed. The little nurse, by the light of the night lamp, did her best to soothe him, because he roused other patients, and there was a terrible groaning and walling in the small ward. And all at once the little boy came to his senses too, just for a minute, and his face was turned to the sailor's face, and his eyes fell upon the sailor's eyes. He was not quite sensible yet, for it seemed he mistook the sailor for his dead papa, and he said very prettily:

"Good morning, dad. How are you this morning?"

The sailor looking into the little fellow's eyes, was abashed and stopped his swearing, and was silent for a moment, and then muttered clumsily:

"I'm all right."
"That's nice," said the boy, and became unconscious again.

The sailor did not abuse anything any more just then, but lay groaning, and every now and again when the little nurse

slipped by in the shadows, he called to her softly, and the first time he said:

"Pretty little chap."

The nurse nodded and smiled and the sailor smiled back and, until morning came at last, he only groaned and watched the child, and did not curse at all, but every time the nurse came to wipe his brow, or give him a drink, he whispered to her to look at the boy.

"Pretty chap—he thought I was his dad," he said, and would have laughed, only his pain made him groan instead. Again he caught the nurse's hand.

"Said it was nice, he did. Cute, ain't he?" and then his face was twisted in pain.

Now it will not be good to talk much of the next few terrible weeks, because the doctors were very, very busy, and the poor nurses quite worn out. But the rough man and the little boy still lay in cots next each other, and for a long time neither knew where they were, and they talked of many things which had nothing to do with their surroundings, the sailor of the ships and seas and shores, and the child of playmates in a land far, far away from the little hospital.

Then at last they both became sensible, but neither could be removed, and the boy was much distressed at his father and mother not being with him. Then the little nurses, with good hearts, told him that his mother had been hurt, too, and his father, but they would come for him soon. This they said believing, for they whispered to each other that the good God would surely let the mother come to meet the pretty child when it was time for him to go. And the doctors brought him wonderful presents every day in their pockets and told the matron that the boy could not last long. The matron would kiss him every night in his cot, and tuck him in—he had to lie still on his back always—and so the boy grew reconciled to waiting for his father and mother to come to him.

But neither could the sailor rise from his back, and neither could the sailor hope to sail the sea again, for he was in the same case with the child, and both were slowly dying. At first sometimes the big brown man would forget himself in his pain, and the nurses would shut their ears, terrified, and the matron would threaten to move him to a room by himself, and that frightened him to silence, for ever since the accident he had a great love for the child. The child would look at his huge friend in surprise when he fell in one of his rages and say:

"Oh! John, that's not nice."

And John would bite his lips at once and be patient. Then the child would say:

"How do you feel, John?"

And the sailor would answer:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," little Joe would say, and they would lie quiet and look out of the window at the river and beyond where the big hills purpled to the skies, and were always looking up.

So it was in the mornings, when Joe seemed always first awake, and ready to have his hands and face washed by the nurse. He could not turn about to see the other patients, but he learned all their names and as soon as he heard them moving, he always asked very politely:

"How do you feel, Mr. Smith?"

And Mr. Smith would always answer, because it pleased the child:

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said Joe, and so he would ask each in turn and to each answer always the same, he would reply cheerfully: "That's nice."

And when they asked him how it went with him, he always said, though sometimes with an effort, "I'm pretty well, thank you." Then everybody would say with real pleasure, "That's nice, Joe."

But after a while the patients went away, one by one, shaking hands with Joe, and only the sailor and Joe remained, and became very fond of each other. The sailor became so good, as he grew weaker and weaker, that the matron allowed their cots to be drawn together so close that they could touch each other's hand if they woke at night, and so be comforted.

The sailor did not think very much of his own troubles, it seemed, but grew quite anxious to amuse Joe, and had consultations almost every day with the matron, which resulted in the expressman often stopping to deliver wonderful packages for the child, who soon had picture books and toy ponies and all sorts of things to delight him.

"Who was nice to send me them, John?" said Joe.

"I guess your mammy," said John, with a pleased smile.

"But nobody sends anything to you, John—poor John!"

"I ain't good enough, Joe."

"But you're nice, John," said the child.

In the long, lonely days and evenings the boy would ask for stories, and John would tell wonderful things of strange seas and strange peoples, but often in the dim of the night lamp, Joe would tell John stories, all very strange and wonderful to the sailor, of fairies and angels and stars. Very often, when the child, out of pain, fell asleep after telling a story, John would lie awake, so that the little nurse coming round in the night would find him looking out of the window at the night, Joe's little hand in his, and tears, salt as the seas, upon the sailor's cheeks.

Joe would not go to sleep without first saying his

prayers, and at first John was dreadfully worried, when the matron came at nightfall to hear the child repeat them, and ask for blessings upon father and mother and the matron and the nurses and all sick people and dear John. But one night when they were both very weak, John asked Joe to give him his hand while he prayed.

"I never was taught to pray myself, mum," he whispered to the matron, "but I want to be counted in."

So the summer went on and very few patients came to the little hospital, and John and Joe were all alone save for the nurses, who grew to dread the time that was soon to part the friends.

At last they told the sailor that there was no hope at all for him—a clergyman came to prepare him. He took the news very calmly, but instantly whispered:

"And the little fellow, Joe?"

"Don't tell him," said the minister, "he is so innocent he needs no preparation. But you?"

For days the poor sailor was in much trouble, and one night he whispered to his little companion:

"Joe, say you was rich as Vanderbilt, and was going a long sail, would you leave me behind?"

"No, John," said the child, very earnestly. "I would want you to come, too."

"Would you feel sorry, Joe, to sail away and leave me on the wharf, or—or if you was safe on a fine big ship, see me busted to pieces on the rocks?"

"John!" said the child, "I would jump out and pull you to my ship, I would."

"Good old Joe," said the sailor, and said nothing more until prayer time, when he squeezed Joe's hand and whispered:

"Pray hard, Joe. Pray hard for me to come along. Pray for two, Joe."

And little Joe prayed for two.

The two used to watch for the search light of the big night boat which ran between two great cities on the river. When the steamer turned a point, its light flashed for an instant full on the front of the little hospital. Joe and John, hand in hand, very, very weak now, would lie and watch for it. Joe had made a story that it knew they were there and smiled in on purpose to say "good night." Always he piped "good night," in return, and John also. Then Joe, squeezing the once powerful hairy hand, would feebly ask:

"How do you feel, John, tonight?"

"First rate, Joe," poor John would answer, with a smothered groan.

"That's nice."

And they would lie very still or gradually go to sleep. And so one night the steamboat came up the river and turned the point and cast its light upon the little hospital.

"Good night," said the sailor, in a very low husky whisper, while Joe's little hand rested on his. But the boy's eyes were wide with a strange light.

"It didn't say 'good night,' John," he whispered, and tried to squeeze his friend's hand. "It said 'good bye.'"

The sailor tried to rise in the bed, but was unable even to call out. He saw the river, but he could not see the other side. It was dark. He was afraid. His fingers closed round the child's feebly.

"How—do—you—feel to-night, dear John?" said little Joe's voice very softly and tenderly.

There was a moment's pause. The sailor's voice rang out with a glad cry.

"First rate, Joe."

"That's nice," said the child.

And the little nurses, running in, found the friends had gone together.



THE FRIENDS HAD GONE TOGETHER.



"WHO WAS NICE TO SEND ME THEM, JOHN?"

THE SPY

ADELE E. THOMPSON

The little lad stood with one hand on the gate, looking after the group of boys running down the road, his lip was quivering, and the flush on his cheek was deep and red.

Turning, he walked hastily up the narrow brick-paved walk and opened the house door.



THE LITTLE LAD STOOD WITH ONE HAND ON THE GATE.

"Mother!" The word was like a cry of indignant pain. "It's an awful thing to have a father you're ashamed of!"

"Why, my son?" With a startled face Mrs. Honeyman dropped her sewing in her lap.

"I can't help it, mother," his breath coming almost as a sob, "and I wouldn't say it to anybody but you. But so many of the boys have fathers they are proud of; fathers who are fighting with Washington, fighting for the freedom of the colonies; and to think that my father should be a Tory, and leave us all to go and join the British. I don't see how he could do it. I wish I was a man so that I could fight on the right side and make up for it," and he clenched his small hands hard.

"And that isn't the worst, either," he went on. "Do you know what they are telling about him now? They say he is a spy."

"A spy!" Mrs. Honeyman's exclamation was one of alarm.

"Yes, the boys were calling after me as I came home from school. 'Son of a spy! son of a spy!'"

"Never mind what the boys said," His mother's voice was tenderly soothing. "Just think what a good, kind father he has always been to you and the children; and remember, too, how brave he was with Wolfe at Quebec; that surely was something to be proud of, and perhaps some day you may be proud of him again."

But Johnny shook his head. "I never can be, I'd rather he had been bad to me, then nobody need have known it. And I haven't told you all, mother; they say he has been arrested and put in prison."

"When? Where?" asked the mother with breathless eagerness.

"Captain James has just brought the story from the army and every one is talking about it. I stopped at the store, as you told me, to get the knitting needles, and I heard him telling it. He didn't see me, for I kept behind some corn sacks.

"It was only a few weeks ago, he said, but three days before Washington and his troops crossed the Delaware, father had come over onto the Jersey side to buy some cattle—folks say he's getting rich selling cattle to the British, but I don't want a penny of it—and Washington must think he is a dreadful man, for he had given orders to the soldiers to arrest him if they could and bring him in, but to be sure he was alive and unharmed. So when the soldiers saw him they had a hard time to catch him, for he fought them with his cattle whip, and you know how strong he is. But they caught him and carried him to camp. General Washington must be a good man for he sent the guards away and talked with father a long time. I suppose he was trying to have him come back to the right side, and I shall always love him for it. But it must be it did no good, for the General called the guard to put him in the prison, and watch him all night, for in the morning he was to be tried by court-martial."

"By court-martial!" gasped his mother, pressing her hand to her heart.

"I know how you feel, mother, every word they said cut me like a knife, but I kept listening."

"But was he tried? Do tell me that."

"No, mother, he wasn't. In the morning when they opened the door of the prison there was no one inside. Then the guard remembered that in the night they had seen a fire near the general's quarters and had run to put it out before it had done any harm, and they think he must have escaped then."

Mrs. Honeyman drew a breath of relief. "And do they know where he is now?"

"Yes; Captain James said they found out by one of the prisoners they took at Trenton. He said father came back there, and, just think of it, he crossed the river on the ice as far as he could, and then jumped in and swam. Wouldn't that have been grand if it had only been for our side, and wouldn't I have been proud? But, instead, he told the British, so the soldier said, how he had been captured, and was to have

been shot in the morning, only he managed to escape and get back to his friends. And then—oh, how could he ever have done it! He made fun of the Continental army, told how badly armed it was, that it was half starved and discouraged, officers and men alike.

"Then the Colonel in command laughed and said they need not be afraid of Washington's ragamuffins, and that the British soldiers might have as jolly a Christmas as they wanted to. I guess they changed their minds though, when Washington and his 'ragamuffins' made them run."

Yes, but do they know where your father is now?"

"They said he had gone away before the surprise at Trenton, and was sure to be safe somewhere. And, mother," hesitating as he spoke, "you don't know how dreadfully they talked about father—the people who have been neighbors to him. They said he was not only getting all the cattle he could for the British army, but that he was gathering all the news he could for them, and that he ought to be hung as high as Haman for it. I tell you, I didn't show myself to ask for anything. And don't go out if you can help it or let the children; people looked ugly at me as I came home, and the boys ran after me, as I said, and called, 'Son of a spy! son of a spy!' There were some men too, on the tavern porch as I came past, and one asked, 'when did your father come home?' And another swore that he believed he was hiding here."

"But you told them that he was not at home?"

"Of course I did; that he hadn't been for a long time; but I don't think they believed me. Oh, dear, it is all so dreadful!"

Mrs. Honeyman sighed, "Yes, it is dreadful, but though the people may be angry I am sure we have no cause to be afraid of them. And, Johnny, do not tell anything of this to the younger children, and keep as good courage as you can."

"You need not be afraid of my telling it; and I'll try to do my best."

That night, Johnny wakened suddenly, and sitting up in bed seemed to hear a strange commotion in the street outside, the tramping of many feet, loud and excited calls, while in at his window shone the light of flaring torches. At first he thought there must be a fire, and while he was still wondering what it could mean, there came a loud and violent knocking on the outer door.

Hastily dressing he ran down the stairs where he met his mother, her face pale with alarm.

"Keep the children back, Johnny," she paused to say.

Then unbolting and opening the door, she looked into the threatening faces of her neighbors, who, excited past control by the quickly spread story of Honeyman's capture and escape, and the firm belief that he had come home, had gathered there, an angry and increasing mob.

"Fetch out your Tory husband," was the cry that greeted her. "We know he's come back and is hiding. If he doesn't come out and give himself up we'll burn the house and all there is in it!"

"He is not here. He is not here," the poor woman protested over and over. "I have not seen him; he has not been home for weeks."

But the crowd only laughed in her face and cried the louder; "Bring him out if you don't want your house burned."

"Listen to me," she begged; "come in and search the house, and that will show you."

"And let him shoot us?" they cried. "No, bring him out; constantly nearer and more threatening the torches were gleaming."

Mrs. Honeyman saw that the people were beside themselves with passion, and there was no time to lose.

"Johnny," she said, stepping aside where he was trying manfully to keep up the courage of the younger children, "run up to my room and bring me the paper in the little ebony box on my bureau."

When she reappeared outside, the folded paper was in her hand. "Captain James," she asked, signalling him out of the crowd, "will you read this for me so that every one can hear?"

There was a murmur of curiosity as the Captain mounted the upper steps. What was to be read? A sudden hush fell on the angry mob, and the torches were held higher to give him light.



THE TORCHES WERE HELD HIGHER TO GIVE HIM LIGHT.

This was what they heard:

"American Camp, New Jersey, 1776.
"To the good people of New Jersey, and all whom it may concern: It is hereby ordered that the wife and children of John Honeyman, of Griggstown, the notorious Tory, now within the British lines and probably acting the part of a spy, shall be, and are hereby protected from all harm and annoyance from every quarter until further orders. But this furnishes no protection for Honeyman himself."

"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Commander in chief."

A moment of deep silence followed the reading of this strange order; then the question ran from lip to lip, why had it been given? Nobody could answer this, and though there was grumbling and oaths, no-



FOLLOWING THEM CAME TWO HONSEMEN.

body present dared disobey an order of the Commander in chief, and, one by one, the crowd, already half ashamed of their action, melted away, leaving the mother and her little flock safe and alone.

Through long and weary months, with varying fortune, the war went on, till at last the glad news spread that Cornwallis had surrendered, and everywhere bells rang and cannon boomed in token of the universal joy.

One day a crowd again filled to overflowing the streets of Griggstown, surging most thickly around the Honeyman home, but this was in the open sunlight, and the faces wore smiles instead of frowns. From every side flags were flying, and across the street was a flower-decked arch. Presently there was heard the sound of martial music heralding the approach of a body of soldiers. Following them came two horsemen. One, a man of commanding presence and noble countenance, was the beloved Washington whom the hearts of the people had so long and truly trusted. By his side rode a tall, fair-looking man of military bearing who shared with the Commander the applause of the people.

The procession made its way to the house which this same people had once gathered to burn. In the

doorway stood Mrs. Honeyman, not now frightened and distressed, but radiant with smiles, and by her side was Johnny, now grown a tall and slender lad, his head erect, and a look of pride in his eyes.

When the eventful day was at last over and the guest of honor had departed, Johnny threw his arms about the neck of the tall soldierly man, and cried, "Oh, father, what a grand day this has been!"

"Then," said the man smiling, "you were not ashamed of your father to-day?"

"Ashamed of him! I guess not. All Griggstown is proud of him and I am prouder than they all. It was splendid the way you let everybody denounce you as a Tory, and even made the British think you were a spy for them, when all the time you were getting information for Washington. And to hear him say to-day that it was owing to the news you brought him of the British at Trenton that he attacked them and won the great victory! People know now how mother came by the safeguard from Washington, that even I wondered at."

Honeyman smiled again. "I have served two men as noble as ever lived, Wolfe and Washington. And Washington was always thoughtful of my safety and

that of my family. It was like him, as soon as the war was over, to tell the story of the small service I had been able to render, which made possible not only my happy home-coming, but the welcome my good neighbors have so kindly given me."

His son laughed. "Yes, the men who once wanted to burn the house cheered you to-day till they were hoarse; and the people who wouldn't speak to mother can't do enough for her now. But then I can't blame them much. I was ashamed of you myself in those days."

"And had I really been what I seemed, you would have had reason to be," said the father.

"And to think," said the boy, "how I used to wish you were a soldier; and now the General says you were braver and did more than a company of soldiers. It must have been hard, though, to let people think ill of you so long, and you were a real hero, everybody says you were, to do it for Washington and the Colonies."

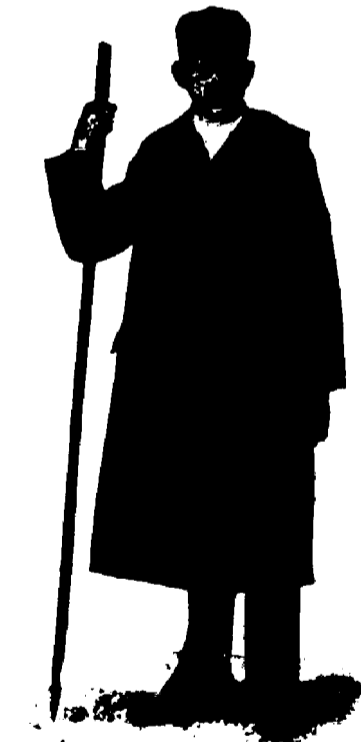
John Honeyman sat silent a little while, the affection, esteem, honor were doubly sweet to him after those years of obloquy and contempt. "Yes, it was hard," he said, "at times harder than I can ever tell, but it was the best I had to give, and no one should ever offer less than his best, for his country."

THE BOY TRAVELER

ANNOUNCEMENT—We present herewith the fifth chapter of the narrative from the pen of Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he is describing his adventures as a 16 year old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1896 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$3.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington, where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as cabin-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England, where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the Lord Mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It gives American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teaches them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success of life.—The Editor.

CHAPTER V.

After having been in England and Scotland for about three months, I felt ready and anxious to start on a tour of the continent of Europe. I felt that I had seen most of what there was to see in London, and though I had been having a pleasant time there in most ways, I was very glad to think I was going to see something of other countries.



Having seen Mr. Gladstone, and been admitted to the castle, I was able to see and interview a great many other famous men and women. I wrote articles about them for some of the London papers and while they didn't pay me a great deal, they paid me enough to help me on quite a little. I was able to defray my expenses while in England and Scotland, and save a little money besides, so that when I was finally ready to leave for the continent, I had forty-five dollars instead of the twenty-five with which I had arrived in England. I had also been sending articles to the papers in Chicago and New York during my stay, but to my great disappointment, the editors didn't send me any money. I knew they had used the articles, because I met persons who had read them, and I couldn't imagine why they didn't pay me. I wrote letters, finally, asking for money, but I didn't get even a reply. I thought that the money must certainly be coming very soon, however, and I left word in London for my mail to be sent to the office of the American Express Co. in Paris. I calculated that after I had made a circular tour of the continent and had reached Paris upon my return, there would be some money waiting for me there.

I planned to visit Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France and expected that the trip would occupy about four months. I had only my forty-five dollars to start with, and because I had always lived so cheaply in London, I hoped I could make this money last or else get work of some kind to help

me on if I ran short. I took passage from London to Ostend, in Belgium, aboard a freight steamer. This was much cheaper than traveling on a regular passenger steamer, and as time was of no value to me, I didn't mind the slow trip. But there were a great many others who seemed anxious to travel cheaply, and when bedtime came there weren't enough beds to go around, and I was left out, being a boy. The steward said he supposed I would have to sleep on the dining-room table. I told him I wouldn't mind that if I could only stick on. So he gave me a blanket and a pillow and I went to sleep. As I expected, the English Channel was very rough, and I didn't succeed in staying on the table very long. I soon rolled off and spent the most of the night on the floor underneath the table, which wasn't pleasant. When morning came I went on deck expecting to see ahead of us the coast of Belgium, for we were billed to arrive at eight o'clock, but instead of that we were surrounded by a very heavy fog. Our progress for the rest of the voyage to Ostend was very slow indeed, and we didn't reach the dock until nearly midnight. When I stepped ashore I realized that I was in a queer predicament. I hadn't expected to arrive at midnight in a strange country, where I couldn't speak the language, and I wondered how I would be able to get a bed. I knew, of course, that I couldn't afford to go to a large hotel, where they would have English-speaking waiters, and my only hope was that I could find some peasant awake and make him understand what I wanted by means of signs. Fortunately, this had been a holiday and a great many people were still up. I started out through a side street, with my knapsack over my shoulder, and finally came to an old lady seated in the doorway of her house. She was motherly in appearance so I decided to try and get a bed in her house for the night. I went up to her and rubbed my eyes vigorously with my fists, laid my head in my arm, and went through all sorts of motions trying to make her understand that I was sleepy and wanted a bed. She looked at me with a horrified expression upon her face, and I am sure she must have supposed me to be some lunatic escaped from an asylum, for she got up hurriedly and made for the inside of the house. This wasn't very encouraging to me, and I hardly knew what to do next. I stood about the house for a minute or two, and was glad afterward that I didn't go away, for after a while the old lady came out again. It must have occurred to her that I couldn't speak French and that a bed was what I wanted, for she had written a scrap of paper the price of a bed, and as I could understand the terms. She took me up stairs to one of the best old rooms I had ever been in. The floor was covered with a carpet, and the walls were frescoed in fantastic designs, and I undressed I found that the bed was so high from the floor I had to take a run and a jump to get into it. And then, instead of having the usual quilts and comforters in the way of covering, I had to sleep on a feather bed over me, which of course wasn't at all pleasant. But I managed to pass a comfortable night, in spite of the feather bed, and when I awoke the next morning I secured my breakfast in much the same way that I had secured my lodging, by means of signs. I pointed to my mouth first, then to what I wanted to fill it with; and all during my stay upon the continent, I depended very much upon my ability to make myself understood by means of signs. Of course, I very often found myself in queer situations, but usually I managed very well, and it was really surprising that I was so successful in getting along without knowing any of the languages.

When I left Ostend to go through Belgium I, of course, walked from one place to another, because, in the first place, this was much cheaper than traveling by rail, and naturally that was an important con-

sideration with me. But then, too, I saw much more of the peasants, and the way in which they lived, than if I had traveled only from one large city to another by express train. I went from Ostend to Bruges, and from Bruges to Ghent, passing through the intervening towns, where I had many interesting experiences. Then from Ghent I went on to Brussels, which I enjoyed more than any other city I visited on the continent. It was filled with people from all over Europe at the time of my visit, for the Exposition was on there, and I considered myself fortunate in securing a room as cheaply as I did. My expenses during the early part of my stay in Belgium had been much heavier than I had expected they would be, so now I was very anxious to save, and the only way I could do so was to cook some of my own meals. I had brought with me from Chicago my little coffee-pot and my alcohol lamp, and with them I managed always to make my own breakfast of bread and coffee. And sometimes, too, I managed to get other meals in my lodging, for when I had hot coffee I was willing to have other things cold. And because I was thus able to live cheaply, I remained in Brussels several days and enjoyed the stay very much.

Leaving the capital city, I went through northern Belgium to Holland, and it was in Amsterdam that I earned the first money which came to me on the continent.

I felt the need of earning some money. I was afraid that if I didn't get it I would have to go back to England sooner than I wanted to. So the first thing I did upon arriving in Amsterdam was to call upon the consul there and ask him if he didn't think I would be able to earn some money while in the city. He was much interested in the story of my trip, and gave me the address of an exporting house with an English department. I called at this place, and they asked me if I could use a typewriter. I told them I had used one in Chicago, so they gave me work for several days at typewriting circulars which they were going to send to their English customers. They paid me enough for the work to help me quite a little on my way.

After passing through Holland, I visited Germany and found it to be a delightful country. The people were hospitable and pleasant to meet, and the country was so beautiful in most parts that it was a real pleasure to walk from one place to another. There, too, the living was very cheap, and I was able to remain in the country for some time. I didn't always find it easy, however, to make the Germans understand what I wanted by means of signs. They hardly seemed able to grasp my meaning as quickly as the Belgians and Dutch had done. There was one experience came to me in Cologne which I will never forget, for, though there were others almost as embarrassing, there were none so ridiculous. I was walking through a small side street, when I saw in the window of a little shop something that looked exactly like white vanilla taffy, broken into bits. I had always been particularly fond of white taffy, and as I hadn't eaten any since leaving home, I was very hungry for some. I therefore determined to go into the store and buy some. When I entered the shop I handed the woman a few pfennige and pointed to the stuff in the window. She, of course, didn't know what I wanted it for, so she put several pieces in a bag and handed it to me. I was so hungry for taffy that I began to eat it as soon as I had left the shop. And oh, what a taste it had! I spit out what I hadn't swallowed of it, and went to a fountain to try and wash the taste away, but it remained with me so long that I could almost taste it the next day.

I decided to save the rest of this supposed-to-be taffy and wait until I could get some English-speaking German to tell me what it was. When I met and showed them what I had bought for candy, they

burst out laughing. "Why," said one of them, "you have eaten a piece of disinfectant! It wasn't candy at all!" Of course I was obliged to laugh, too, but when they told me that the disinfectant contained poison, I was frightened, and determined that I would be very careful what I bought to eat thereafter, since appearances were so deceptive.

I didn't usually find it difficult to get a bed at night in Germany, for people were nearly always hospitable enough to take me in, whether they understood who I was and where I was from, or not. It was the custom, on entering a German village at nightfall, to say to the first person one meets in the street, the word, "schlafen." I didn't know exactly what this word meant, but I knew that when I used it I nearly always secured a bed. And one evening I discovered, quite by accident, that there were places in almost every German town where I could get a bed very cheaply, and also my meals.

I had entered a little village along the Rhine one evening, and, as usual, said "schlafen" to the first pleasant looking person I met. This happened to be a woman, who smiled and called a boy to take me somewhere across the town. We finally stopped in front of a long, low building, upon which were the words "Herberge zur Heimat." I wondered very much what these words could mean, but without waiting to find out, I entered the building. I found myself in a

large front room which was filled with men and boys of every description. There were two or three blind men, several cripples and a great many young men with knapsacks, who seemed to be traveling. At the first glance I almost thought that I must be in a kind of hospital, but I decided it couldn't be that, and sat down to await developments.

After I had been sitting for a time, I saw upon a wall a printed bill of fare, and as most everyone was eating supper, I decided to have something, too. I had already learned the names of some things to eat, and I saw that for a very few cents I could get a much better supper than I had lately been having. And for about four or five cents in our money I secured some bread and butter, coffee, an egg and potato salad. It was all clean, wholesome and well cooked, and when I had finished I decided that this was much the best place I had found.

When we had all eaten supper, the landlord brought out a bible and read us a selection from that, and then the men repeated the Lord's prayer in German. The service over, the landlord brought out another and larger book, and we all signed our names before selecting our beds for the night. They had beds there for four cents, six cents, and eight cents, and this first night I took one at six cents, because I was afraid to try the four-cent ones. When we were all ready the landlord conducted us all upstairs in sec-

tions, and I found that I was to sleep in a room with five others. As usual we had feather beds under us and over us, but by this time I had become accustomed to them and didn't mind them at all.

The landlord stood by with a candle while we got into bed, and when we were all in I observed, to my disgust, that he took his candle and examined our clothing very carefully. I wasn't at all used to being examined, and regretted that I couldn't speak German, because I wanted to tell him that he needn't bother with mine—that I had been "disinfected" at Cologne.

The next morning we all went upstairs and washed in a trough of water. Then, downstairs, we had bread and coffee for breakfast for two cents. I decided then that there was no longer any object in getting my own breakfast when I could get it so cheaply here. I learned that these places were to be found in almost every part of Germany, so after that, when I entered a German village at nightfall, I always inquired for the "Herberge zur Heimat." By living in such places I was able to keep my expenses down to twenty-five cents and sometimes twenty cents a day. In this way I was able to keep within the expense limit I had set when leaving London, and also to make up for some of my very great extravagances while in Belgium.

From Germany I went south into Switzerland, where my experiences were varied and exciting.

(To be Continued.)

AN IMPROVISED FORT.

After the unfortunate result of the battle of Brandywine, Washington fell back towards Philadelphia and encamped at Germantown. For several weeks following there were marches and countermarches, attempts at maneuvers, and endeavors to circumvent Howe in his determination to take possession of Philadelphia. In all these efforts the Americans were wholly unsuccessful, and what was then the capital of the young nation fell into the hands of the enemy.

Washington was not, however, disposed to yield the place without a further struggle. Howe's forces had been weakened and the patriots reinforced; so at a council of war it was resolved to advance upon the outposts at Germantown.

It was a foggy morning of October, 1777, that the advance began. The British, furiously attacked by Sullivan, were upon the point of being routed when Muirgrave, commanding the center of the British line, threw himself with several companies of infantry into the Chew mansion, and there, barricading the windows, made a most determined stand. This edifice was of stone, with very thick walls, and admirably adapted for purposes of defense. The musketry of the Americans made no impression upon the substantial walls, and of ordnance sufficient to batter them down there was none.

With the exception of Colonel Muirgrave's troops, the British were in great confusion, and were rapidly retreating, as it was said, towards Chester. Undoubt-



Chew House, Germantown, Pa.

edly a prompt advance would have resulted in the recovery of the city of Philadelphia, with all the prestige and advantage of the reconquest of the capital.

One general officer only (Reed) advocated instant and hot pursuit. His counsels were, however, overruled, especially by Knox, who claimed that it would be contrary to all military precedent to "leave an enemy in a fort in the rear."

It was thus that the possession of the Chew mansion turned the tide of battle, for while the Americans were making futile efforts to capture or destroy the "fortress," other combinations turned against them, with the result that they in turn were forced to retreat, abandoning for the time all attempts to repossess Philadelphia.

The incident shows quite clearly the necessity for the effectual handling of rules that they may be always under the guidance of strong common sense. Knox was technically right; but Reed seems to have had the soldierly instinct for proof of the exception.

"A NATION SPRUNG FROM MARTYR BLOOD."

H. M. WILTSIE.

I had been wandering around the noted North End, in Boston, seeing some of the places of historic interest which abound there.

I had visited Paul Revere's birthplace; the home of Governor Hutchinson, built in 1710; the home of Cotton Mather; Copp's Hill Cemetery, dating from 1660; and the Mather tomb.

It was rather a disappointment that darkness was fast falling when I reached Christ Church, in narrow Salem street. I could not see to read the tablet on the steeple, which tells of the signal lanterns of Paul Revere. While I was vainly trying to do so a little Hebrew boy, perhaps ten years old, approached and politely asked me if I could make out the inscription. I replied that I could not.

"Let me read it for you," said he.

He proceeded without pause;

"THE SIGNAL LANTERNS OF
PAUL REVERE
DISPLAYED IN THE STEEPLE OF THIS CHURCH,
APRIL 18, 1775.
WARNED THE PEOPLE OF THE MARCH
OF THE BRITISH TROOPS
TO LEXINGTON AND CONCORD."

"Did you really read the inscription, or do you know it by heart?" I asked.

"I know it by heart," he said with a smile; "they teach us to commit it to memory in the public schools."

The church was built in 1728, and is better known as Old North Church than by its original name of Christ Church. From the old tower, in which the lanterns were hung, General Gage witnessed the battle of Bunker Hill. This tower was blown down in 1804, but I am told the present one is a copy of it.

Reminded thus forcibly of Paul Revere's famous ride—made doubly so by Longfellow's poem—I determined to visit the place where the first engagement of the Revolution occurred, Lexington.

I recently saw it stated in a small encyclopedia apparently published principally for the use of children and youth, which has attained wide circulation, that the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Concord. Not so. During that fateful morning of April 19th, 1775, seven men of Lexington were killed and nine were wounded; "a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green," according to the historian Bancroft.

Lexington is about eleven miles from Boston, and about six miles nearer to it than Concord. At the latter place important munitions of war were stored, and that was the principal reason for the march of the British troops with that village as the point of destination.

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night wind of the Past
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

Walking from East Lexington along the road called Massachusetts Avenue, the first historical tablet that I found was at the corner of that road and Pleasant street. It informs the visitor that Benjamin Wellington, a minuteman, was surprised there by British scouts and disarmed. He borrowed another gun, however, and joined his comrades on Lexington Green. He served his country subsequently at White Plains and Saratoga, having the distinction of being the first armed man taken in the Revolution.

The first weapon actually used against us in that struggle was the pistol of Maj. Pitcairn, a flint-lock, which is on exhibition in the rooms of the Lexington Historical Society.

A mile or so from the town I saw the old Manroe

Tavern, built in 1695, where Earl Percy had his headquarters and hospital during the fighting of the 19th. In the dining room can be seen a bullet hole made by a British bullet. One is almost moved to exclaim, "Alas for the ever present march of improvement!" when he observes the electric light over the entrance to this venerable structure.

On the Common, in the village, is a rock upon which are engraved the combined figures of a gun and powder-horn, and underneath is an inscription which tells that the stone marks the line of the minutemen. Then follow the words of their commander, Captain John Parker—"Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

History says, "Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house, on the north side of the common. His wife sat at the window as he fell. With blood gushing from his breast he rose, in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold."

The house in which he lived, and where he so nobly died, is still standing, and a sign makes known that it is occupied by a woman physician.

Several minutes' walk from the common, upon a considerable hill, is an old tower which was built in 1761. In it hung the bell which rang out the alarm in the early morning when so much history was made.



THE HANCOCK-CLARK HOUSE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

One of the most interesting objects in the village is the Hancock-Clark House. In it John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping when Paul Revere arrived to warn them that a detachment of British troops were on the way to arrest them.

This house was built in 1698 by Rev. John Hancock, the second minister of Lexington, and grandfather of that John Hancock who was the first governor of Massachusetts and president of the Continental Congress.

It was occupied by the Hancock family during a period of more than sixty years, and was then purchased by Rev. Jonas Clark, having first been enlarged by a two-story addition, in 1734, which was erected by Thomas Hancock who built the historic Hancock mansion in Boston.

One of the many interesting relics which may be seen in the house, owing to the enterprise of the Lexington Historical Society, is the desk used by the Rev. Mr. Clark, on which he wrote over two thousand sermons.

He was not only a devout minister of the gospel but a fearless and active patriot.

The accompanying picture of the house is an excellent one, and I wish it could have been made to show the scores of interesting relics of those stirring days, which may be seen there; relics of both war and peace, which teach the history of the time and the manners of the people quite as graphically as words can be made to do.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSON

This is the fifth chapter in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER V.

A feeling of great satisfaction came over us as Gazelle responded to the tiller, which was thrown hard down, and headed into the wind. A few flaps of the sails in the evening breeze, the sudden splash of the anchor forward, followed by the swir of the cable as it ran through the chocks, and the creaking pulleys as our sails were lowered, was the music in honor of Gazelle's successful voyage from far away Michigan to New Orleans.



A ROUSTABOUT.

Our trip of one thousand eight hundred miles had been full of pleasure and satisfaction, purchased, however, at the price of much hard labor and many hardships. Sickness had visited us at a time when our location made medical aid impossible; the most severe winter recorded, accompanied with the ice packs and low stages of water, made it seem many times as if we were indeed candidates for admission into the realms of "Davy Jones' locker."

But all this was now of the past, for here we were anchored in a snug cove in the outskirts of the southern metropolis, strong, well, happy, and in all ways improved by our struggles.

The sun was still two hours high when Frank and I rowed ashore in the Nibs and scrambled up the steep side of the high levee which protects the city from inundation.

As we looked back on Gazelle, so peacefully riding at her anchorage, we felt like giving three lusty cheers for our floating home. How good she did look with "Old Glory" so proudly flying at her masthead! Beyond the yacht and moored at the docks were two immense ocean-going steamships, while a short distance up the river was a full rigged ship with loosened canvas falling in graceful folds from the yards. The scene before us was a pleasing one, for we were lovers of the sea and these monster boats had a peculiar charm for us. But the "clang," "clang" of a bell suddenly awakened us from our reverie, and we started in all haste to get down town for our mail and the good things for our evening spread, in honor of our safe arrival.

A big budget of letters awaited us at the office, and this made us glad. We had promised the rest of the crew to return as soon as possible, so we did not stop to read, but as soon as we could buy our provisions, we hastened to the boat.

Never will I forget that first bushel of shell oysters which we bought. The little old Italian woman couldn't understand why we had not brought along something to put them in, and I did not know it was necessary, but we afterwards learned it was very much so. We made up our minds that we could get them to the boat in a big paper sack, and although the woman laughed at us, we started out. We did not go far, however, for the damp shells soon wore holes through the bag, and finally the bottom dropped completely out and our oysters tumbled in a heap upon the ground.

Necessity proved to be the mother of invention, however, and a coat with sleeves knotted and well buttoned up was pressed into service as a sack, and thus outfitted we trod our homeward way.

What a jolly time we had that night, notwithstanding the fact that our hands were all more or less cut by the sharp oyster shells, for we were at this time very green indeed in the art of opening this most toothsome bivalve.

Newspaper men had been awaiting our arrival, and during the second day we were besieged by them. Curious people, anxious to see "the boat and boys who had come so far," visited us. Some took enough interest in us to offer to do anything they could to make our visit a pleasant one and our future course a prosperous one.

I had hoped that after a visit of ten days in the Crescent City, during which time we would make all necessary repairs on our boats and put them in first-class shape for work in the open sea, we would leave the river and coast around the gulf, to the ten thousand islands of Florida.

The sad fate of the sixty-five foot launch, "Paul Jones," which was wrecked in the Bird Island Sound a few weeks before, was still fresh in the minds of the

people. Our friends now began to write us from all sides, imploring us to give up the remainder of the voyage and return home. They all held that it was certain that if a boat twice our size could not withstand the elements, that we would certainly not survive in "our little shell."

All kinds of schemes were tried by our friends to stop our further progress, and when they found their efforts to influence us personally were in vain, they labored with our parents at home to recall us. We were left, however, to decide the matter for ourselves.

We, of course, sought information from those who were qualified to tell us the conditions of sea sailing just as they existed. During the first two weeks of our sojourn we were visited by several pilots, each of whom was very anxious to procure a berth aboard at a large fee to act as our pilot and sailing master, their prices ranging from three dollars to ten dollars per day. Strange to say, however, when we produced the charts of our great lakes and they noted the nearly straight, bold shore of Lake Michigan, with a sweep of three hundred miles from north to south, they began to wonder and to express themselves as entirely satisfied with the gulf sounds and bays. So we made up our minds from the start that pilots were expensive luxuries which we could not well afford.

Among our friends who took a lively interest in us was a gentleman by the name of Bollingham, who had been a sailor and navigator and knew all about the gulf coast, both east and west of the river. This gentleman was very kind, and gave us much information which proved of great value to us in after days.

Our friend was exceedingly pleased with our craft and did not hesitate to say, that in his opinion, she would live out a great storm if properly handled. He advised us, however, to remain in New Orleans the remainder of February and through March, which are the roughest months on the gulf. This seemed a long delay, but we made up our minds to do as he advised; so we got things in good order aboard, that we might enjoy our long stay and learn as much as possible about the city and surrounding country.

We visited the Italian oyster fishermen, and after becoming acquainted with them we often asked to accompany them out on the gulf while they loaded oysters. Life aboard a "Dago lugger" is somewhat



"DAGO OYSTER LUGGERS."

rough, and one is expected to do his share of the work. It was great fun for us to help rake and tong oysters and sail around among the beds and oyster reefs.

Life on salt water was to our liking, and the knowledge we gained from these trips was very beneficial. These Italians are splendid sailors. Their luggers carry immense sails, and it takes great skill and daring to keep their craft right side up when not loaded.

It was great sport to sail through the creeks leading through the marshes. Oftentimes a dozen sails could be seen gliding along seemingly in the tall green grass.

What yarns these followers of the sea would spin! Time and time again did we hear the story of the terrible storm of '93, when the tidal wave and gale swept over the low islands of the gulf, drowning the poor inhabitants and destroying happy homes. Thousands of vessels were wrecked and many carried by the tide far inland, there to be left as the tide receded, to decay. We saw many of these monuments, which stand as an evidence of a terrible calamity which befell this poor seafaring people.

New Orleans was, of course, very interesting to us from a historic standpoint, and it was indeed a great pleasure to visit it and be able to see with our own eyes under what conditions and circumstances our brave Jackson met the British, and gained such a brilliant and decisive victory and save Louisiana from invasion, stop the war, and again crown the American arms with laurels of victory.

The old cathedral, where Jackson was crowned as the savior of Louisiana, still stands, and near by is the beautiful park named in his honor, Jackson Square.

It was not long before we began to feel that New Orleans was our home. We became acquainted with many nice people and received many kind invitations to share in the good times the young people enjoyed. Of course, we made the yacht our home, and lived aboard during our stay of two months and a half.

Our location was a very pleasant one, in the suburb known as Carrollton. Our mail came to a station near by, and convenient stores and markets made our anchorage very much preferable to a location farther down stream amid the noise and shipping.

Audubon Park, with its beautiful great live oaks and splendid conservatory, was only a short distance from us, and, although the business portion was five miles



A NEGRO BAPTIZING.

distant, we always enjoyed the car ride, and even our frequent walks to and fro were very enjoyable, as we never failed to see many things of interest.

One of the most interesting places I ever visited was the Stuyvesant docks and elevators. Here, great ships of all nations are found loading and unloading every kind of cargo, from the small, heavy pigs of iron, copper and lead, to great logs. The sailors who make up the crews of these ships are a study in themselves—a mixture of all nations. Don't imagine, boys, that they are the type of sailor you have so long had in your mind's eye, with bell-shaped blue flannel trousers, and blue shirt with white braided collar and stars and anchored corners. Such Jacks are hard to find outside of books and story papers. These men are easily satisfied when it comes to clothing—a pair of greasy overalls and one old shirt and a bit of rope or strap for a belt complete the general run of clothing with which Jack Tar seems to be content.

It's a very wonderful sight to see the cotton screwers pack away the bales into the hold. Every inch of room must be used and the cargo has to be tightly packed so as not to cause a shift when the vessel rolls in a heavy sea. The cotton packers have a union, and so particular is the work that competent cotton screwers are paid from five to eight dollars a day for their services.

We were treated very nicely on several of the big steam freighters, and imagine my joy one day to find I had so won my way into the heart of the brawny mate that he gave me a slip containing the privilege of visiting every part of the great vessel. I thus had a splendid opportunity to make a study of a vessel's construction. This was a great treat for me, as I am greatly interested in naval architecture.

A walk of several miles along the docks brings one down to the river boat landing. Here is hustle and bustle for you, for the great packets from up river are loading and unloading immense cargoes of cotton and sugar. Hundreds of negroes are employed as roustabouts at this wharf, and an afternoon among them is indeed well spent. They are a funny, jolly lot, and a person cannot help being interested in them.

The stevedores or roustabouts have to work very hard and are kept at it for long hours, but they are well paid and most always glad of a chance to get a job aboard the packets, but once in a while they try to take advantage of the mate for a raise in wages. This is the way they go about it: There is much strife between the different river boat lines to see which one will get the most freight out of New Orleans for "upriver." They all leave, when possible, together, and many animated races for first chance at the long river freights are run. Of course, the steamer that reaches the landings first gets first chance at the freight. The darkies know this and so refuse to ship aboard for a trip until a certain amount of salary is promised, and they remain stubborn (thus holding the boat) until they gain their point, or the mate can coax a few to start, in which case he wins; for once they begin to give in (the supply being always larger than the demand) they become anxious to sign for fear of being left out entirely.

It is indeed a pretty sight to see several of the large two-stacker river boats racing along up stream, and I am told that a pilot would as soon take poison as be beaten in one of these impromptu affairs.

(To be Continued)

THE McMASTER-BROWNELL
GAME
C. C. FRASER

It was indeed a crushing blow to the McMaster Varsity team when Blake Twindle, their crack second baseman, was suddenly called away from college by the serious illness of his father.

The very next afternoon they were to meet the Brownells, from a rival college about eighteen miles from their own, the only one of the six clubs composing the Inter-State College League which threatened to snatch the silken pennant from their grasp. From the very first, the struggle in the league had been a pretty one, but now, near the close of the season, McMaster and Brownell had gradually drawn away from the other teams, leaving the battle for first place practically between these two.

The game on the morrow was to decide the championship. McMaster's and Brownell's percentage of games lost and won stood exactly the same—.860, and the conversation of the boys, wherever they chanced to meet, for the preceding week or more, had been of the forthcoming contest, and to say that it was feverishly awaited is putting it very mildly.

But now McMaster's hopefulness quickly vanished, and all because of Blake Twindle's departure. All through the season he had covered second base famously, and the three-baggers rapped out by his stick, many asserted, had really been the means of giving his team their present high standing. No wonder the boys were disheartened.

"I suppose it's all up with McMaster now," observed Reg Chase, the team's lanky pitcher. "The loss of Twindle will weaken us terribly."

Jim Stivers, the other end of the battery, picked up a pair of Indian clubs and whirled them savagely.

"Weaken us!" he exclaimed. "Why, man, our goose is cooked already. Tomorrow we'll have to eat it!"

"You mean Brownell will eat it, don't you, Stivers?" put in "Shorty" Smith, who looked after the position of shortstop. "The chances are ten to one that all we'll get will be the bones."

"See here, Shorty!" said Chase, pausing part way in a fancy evolution to look at the little shortstop suspiciously. "I hope you don't mean anything personal by that remark."

"About the bones?" queried Smith, placing himself carefully out of reach of the lanky twirler. "Oh, not in the least. I was only about to add that—that—we already have a sufficiency."

Chase glared at Shorty for an instant as though he would devour him, then venting his feelings somewhat in a fierce blow at a punching-bag near at hand, he turned again and observed:

"Fellows, there's no use of wailing over Twindle; he's gone and that settles it. The thing to be done is to get some one to fill his place. Now, who shall it be?"

For the first time Dick Pond, the Varsity's captain, spoke up.

"Well, boys," he announced, "I'll tell you what I've made up my mind to do: I'm going to ask Hamilton to play with us tomorrow."

"Hamilton!" echoed the group, in surprise.

"Yes, Hamilton—Mart Hamilton."

It was easy to be seen that the student referred to was not very popular, at least in an athletic way. Martin Hamilton was the son of a poor country clergyman, and received his tuition in exchange for the duties which he performed as janitor of the college. He was in his first, or freshman year, and little was known of his possibilities in sports, the students taking it for granted that he was not far, if at all, advanced in such matters. All of his spare time out of study hours was given to work, and when there was a holiday he found employment in town. On two occasions, however, Mart had played in practice games with the college "Reserves," and Captain Dick Pond, who as a keen observer, was much impressed with his playing, although, as it happened, circumstances gave Mart small opportunity to demonstrate his true ability.

Since that time, Dick had formed a strong liking for the boy, whom most of the others avoided, and as their friendship increased, the captain of the regular team had learned considerable of Mart's history.

"Oh, I say, Pond!" protested Stivers, when he had recovered his power of speech after the captain's announcement. "you don't really intend putting that chump of a Hamilton in the game tomorrow? Why, he can't play ball as good as my sister!"

"That's all you know about it," asserted Pond, quietly. "Let me whisper something: I have learned that last summer Hamilton was the star fielder of the New London team and played in the game at the time they beat the Columbia Giants, the strongest independent organization of baseball players in this country. You remember reading about that game?"

"In that case, it's funny he hasn't done anything here at McMaster," said Stivers.

"That is easily accounted for," answered Captain Dick. "His family is very poor, and he puts in every

moment of his spare time earning a little money to help them along. A fellow who does that can't find time to play ball, and I want to add that some of you who are now turning up your noses at him may some day be glad to have him notice you."

The young captain spoke seriously, and the boys were silent for some minutes. Finally Chase said:

"Where will you put Hamilton?"

"Out in left field, if he will play. That's his position, but I'm not certain yet whether he will join us or not. I'll see him tonight."

Accordingly, after supper Captain Dick visited Mart in his room, and after some persuasion, managed to gain the latter's consent to participate in the approaching game, and bright and early the following morning Mart was out with the rest of the Varsity team, putting in some hard practice. He played very quietly, but it was evident to every member of the nine that Dick Pond knew what he was about when he made his selection, and when they left the diamond, towards noon, Dick's face wore a satisfied smile.

The two o'clock train from the east that afternoon brought fourteen cars full of boys to witness the great contest. The nine from Brownell University, including substitutes and scorers, occupied the first coach all to themselves, and as they piled out they were met by a committee of the McMaster team and conducted to the ball grounds, followed by an immense throng.

At an early hour, the grandstand and "bleacheries" had been filling with McMaster adherents, and now when the contingent from the rival town had arrived, the seating capacity was taxed to its utmost limits. The presidents of both colleges, and nearly all of the under-professors were there in full force, each as anxious to see the institution which he represented win as were the individual members of the contesting nines themselves.

When it became generally known that the formidable Twindle was not to play with McMaster, victory seemed already to perch on the banner of Brownell, and their joy was expressed in their oft-repeated college yell:

"T-e-a-d-s! leads! leads! leads!"

"On others—o-t-h-e-r-s—Brownell feeds!"

Only to be taken up by:

"Eec-nickey-fee! nicky-fi! nicky-fum!"

"McMaster! McMaster! We are some!"

It was a good-natured crowd, and every good play made in the preliminary practice was liberally applauded. At length, with the fever heat at its highest, it was time to commence the game. McMaster won the toss of the coin, and took the field, and with a new regulation ball in his hand, Chase waited in the pitcher's box for the signal.

"Play ball!" called the umpire, and the decisive contest was on.

Chase's swift balls seemed to dazzle the first Brownell man at bat, and he was declared out on strikes. But the second batter "had his eye with him," and after the third attempt, sent the drop ball which the pitcher gave him, flying out towards right field. It came straight for Mart; it would not be necessary for him to move three feet to reach it, and it was over-confidence, perhaps, that caused him to fumble it. Before he could return the ball, the runner was safe at second.

This un'fortunate error was greeted with a storm of mingled cheers and jeers from the spectators, and Mart bit his lip with vexation. He was greatly relieved, a moment afterward, when Sammy Osgood threw the runner out while attempting to steal third base. The man at the plate fouled out to Stivers, and then McMaster came in.

But they, too, were retired without scoring, after getting two men on base. In their half of the second inning the Brownell nine, by fast work, succeeded in bringing in one score, and thus it stood until the last half of the fifth inning, when the McMaster boys took the bench. They had been finding great difficulty in solving the curves of Brownell's "south-paw"—Wells by name—and much more in placing their hits, although Chase was apparently just as much of a mystery to the other nine.

In this inning Wells became a trifle wild, and Stiver, the first man up for McMaster, walked to his base on called balls. Chase wanted much to do something, but as a rule pitchers are weak hitters, and he went out on a little grounder to short.

Mart Hamilton came next, and seizing the willow, he picked up one of Wells' twisters for a clean hit over the first baseman's head, and just inside the boundary. Immediately the McMaster coachers set up cries of encouragement, and Stivers, who was the fleetest man in the nine, ran like a deer. He was about to pause on third, but at a word from Osgood, on the coaching line, he kept on. A long slide, and he touched the plate, just before the catcher jammed the ball between his shoulders.

Cheer after cheer rent the air, sent up by hundreds of McMaster adherents, and the pink and blue that waved from countless canes and parasols, showed Mart that he had retrieved himself somewhat, at least, in the estimation of the onlookers.

With the score standing 1 to 1, the game, which before was not lacking in interest, became more intense than ever. Mart "died" on third, after sending Stivers in, and the sixth inning was a blank for

both sides. The seventh ended the same way; the eighth, ninth, and even the tenth, showed large ciphers on the scoring board. Up to this point only one error had been made by either college, and that was the unlucky one of Mart's in the first inning.

Both universities were playing remarkable ball, and bright, clean plays had become so common that the multitude failed to notice any ordinarily good piece of work, as they did at first, by their plaudits. They laughed nervously as at the beginning of the eleventh inning Brownell was once more sent to the field with a whitewash. And still more nervous was their merriment when McMaster also retired on a beautiful triple-play on the part of their opponents.

With the opening of the fourteenth, the strain began to tell on Chase. After allowing the first man up to make first on a hit, and the following batsman to sacrifice the runner to second, he gave the next player his base on four balls. Things began to look blue for McMaster, but the shadow lifted a trifle when the succeeding batsman drove a swift line fly, at Shorty Smith, and the doughty little fellow "squeezed it" tight.

There were now two out and two on base. A buzz of excitement went up from the seats, for the next at bat was Tuscombe, well-known as Brownell's boasted heavy hitter. Captain Dick Pond looked anxious as Tuscombe took his place, and signalled his men to play farther out.

Chase realized that now, of all occasions, he must do his best work, and he sent a speedy out-curve over the plate. However, Tuscombe gauged it correctly, and the following moment he knocked a stinging fly towards the territory that Mart had been occupying. It looked like a safe drive, and the McMaster boys felt their hearts sink within them.

Having obeyed his captain's admonition to play well out, Mart saw that he must do some fast work in order to reach the sphere. He sprang forward and ran like a deer for the low-lying ball. It seemed impossible that he could reach it in time. Every eye was on him as he finally made a desperate spring forward and apparently caught the swift-descending ball several inches from the ground.

"Striker's out!" shouted the umpire.

And then throats already hoarse grew hoarser still from cheering, while handkerchiefs, hats and canes were waved aloft, so phenomenal did the catch appear.

In the midst of all the excitement, and while the enthusiastic spectators were yet crying out his name, Mart came panting in from the field.

"That man isn't out!" he declared to the astonished umpire. "I didn't catch the ball in the air. It was only a pick-up."

"Well, did you ever see such a ninny!" exclaimed Stivers, aside to Osgood. "If he'd only kept his mouth shut no one would have been the wiser."

A crowd of players gathered around the umpire, and immediately he was the center of a heated shower of argument.

"Of course, then, if it was only a pick-up, as he says, the runner is safe," said the official, nervously.

"But you have already given your decision," spoke up Smith.

"Yes, I know," was the troubled reply, "but it looked like a fair catch to me."

"Hamilton says himself, that it was only a pick-up," put in several of the Brownell men.

"Look here, fellows!" said Captain Dick, "it's disappointing, of course, but Hamilton is right in admitting it. McMaster will win this game fairly or not at all. No more kicking. Get back into your positions and show the people what kind of stuff you are made of."

The people cheered lustily as McMaster again took the field. Misfortune seemed to pile up around the home team in this inning, for the fellow who followed Tuscombe at bat raised a double to the right field which could not be reached, and Tuscombe and the man ahead of him scored. The next player, however, to face Chase, fanned, and Brownell was retired.

When the McMaster boys came in the score stood 1 to 1 in favor of the rival college. Every one of Captain Dick's men had a do-or-die expression upon his face. He knew that his nine must either tie the score this time or suffer the bitter gall of defeat, and the thought of losing such a hard-fought contest was any thing but pleasant.

Brownell, on the other hand, took no pains to conceal their elation. With three runs in the lead, they considered their position as an absolute sinecure. But over-confidence is a bubble which invariably bursts without the prickings of a needle, and the larger it is permitted to expand the sooner comes its destruction. So it was with the Brownell nine. Dick Pond was the first to step to the plate for McMaster. He meant business, and Wells came to the same reluctant conclusion when the captain pounded out a hot one between the Brownell pitcher's legs. Before he could care for it, Pond was safely on first base. Stivers came up next, but he ignominiously fouled out to the third baseman, and some of the spectators were beginning to leave the grand stand, believing that the game was practically decided, when a shout arose from the diamond and it was seen that Chase had singled over shortstop's head, sending Pond to second base.

Then Sammy Osgood took up the stick, only to strike out, much to his disgust, and Shorty Smith strode up. Shorty was after a "life," or four balls,

and being a small mark, he easily got them, and walked to first.

"Hamilton to bat; Cook on deck!" shouted the scorer.

With two men out, three on base and their last chance, Mart stepped forward. His face was slightly pale, and his heart beat like a trip-hammer as he realized that everything depended upon himself. Wells bowled the ball in like a shot—and Mart missed.

"Strike one!" called the umpire.

Again the Brownell pitcher launched the ball toward the plate.

"Strike two!"

One more strike—that was all! The contest would be ended then. The great throng almost stopped breathing. What would Mart Hamilton do?

Mart himself just then was doing everything possible to bolster up.

"Come, old fellow," he was saying, "don't lose your nerve at the last moment; this is only a little game of scrub, and that is little brother Freddie tossing me his yarn ball. There it comes now."

Yes; there was no doubt of it, but instead of a piece of yarn, it was a hard-leathered ball that came hurtling toward him, propelled with all the strength of Wells' strong arm. But Mart saw only Freddie and his yarn ball; he swung his stick far back and there was a sharp



VIEW FROM WEST POINT LOOKING UP HUDSON RIVER. SIEGE BATTERY IN FOREGROUND. FIRST PRIZE PHOTO, BY CHESTER PADDOCK MILLS, WEST POINT, N. Y.

crack like that of a whip. The next moment the ball was seen sailing far over the center fielder's reach, and with the hit the McMaster men began circling the bases.

It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose as

Mart raced around the diamond, easily reaching home before the Brownell catcher got the ball. McMaster Varsity had won the game by a score of 5 to 4.

Then such cheering! The spectators swarmed out of their seats upon the field, and Mart's comrades insisted on carrying him around the bases on their shoulders.

"That was a magnificent hit of yours, Hamilton—the longest I ever saw made," said the captain of the Brownell team, shaking his hand. "Defeat is a hard thing to swallow, but McMaster won the game on its merits and I don't think the pennant could fall into more worthy hands."

"Thank you, Archer," responded Captain Dick Pond, "and let me say in return that your men put up the cleanest and most clever exhibition of ball that it has been our lot to meet. I'll guarantee that this fourteen-inning game will go down in college annals as one of the greatest ever played. Boys, three cheers for Brownell!"

And as the students from the rival college fled out of the enclosure, the cheers of McMaster followed them, making their defeat far less hard to bear and paving the way to a more friendly feeling between the two institutions of learning.

After that day, Mart Hamilton was one of the most popular fellows at McMaster.

THE PONY CONTEST

The Pony Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, to whom has been given the task of deciding on the most stylish pony owned by the boy readers of this paper, has been going about with his head bandaged for the past two or three days, all due to an overheated brain. The trouble heretofore experienced in determining

the prize winners in the cat and dog contests is not a circumstance to that which has been experienced with the ponies. We shall content ourselves with leaving the decision as to the ponies with the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY and will, therefore, ask that you look at the pictures on this page and then drop a postal card to the Pony Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, Detroit, Mich., telling him which one you select as a prize winner. We have not given the pictures of all the good looking ponies. That would be entirely impracticable. We have selected for the pictures the "best lookers," as we see it, but this is not saying that other ponies, whose pictures are before us, are not handsome ones. For instance, there is Merrylegs, owned by Spar Simmons, Viola, Wis., a pony with as pretty a head as we have ever seen; there is Billy, owned by Pearl Thomas, of Lindsay, Ohio, with a tail reaching to the ground; there is Bill, owned by L. H. Moody, Hartford, Conn., a white fellow who looks like a good driver; there is Beppo, owned by George C. Welch, of Stoughton, Mass., with a white spot in his

four white stockings, forty-one inches high and weighing three hundred and eighty-five pounds, owned by E. Homer and Stewart C. Buxton, Warsaw, N. Y.; Kipling, owned by John W. Weybrecht, Alliance, Ohio.

Send in your postals, boys, to the Pony Editor.



"JACK," OWNED BY ED. W. NEIDIG, GOSHEN, IND.



"QUINTEL S." OWNED BY E. HOMER AND STEWART C. BUXTON, WARSAW, IND.



"MAXIMUS," OWNED BY A. D. SCHOFIELD, MACON, GA.



"KIPLING," OWNED BY JOHN W. WEYBRECHT, ALLIANCE, OHIO.



"BERTHA," OWNED BY G. B. HALL, BARRY, ILL.

forehead, whose photograph having faded does not do him justice; there is Dick, owned by Willie Harrah, of Worthington, Ind., with a topknot to be proud of, and another Dick, owned by Howard Hutchins, of Carlsbad, N. M., with his owner astride his back and looking like a veritable cowboy; there is Beauty, owned by Colvin Coulter, of Austinburg, Ohio, a fat little dumpling of a pony hitched to a stylish little cart; there is Commodore Schley, the smallest pony in the whole collection, with the greatest name. His master says he can do several clever tricks. The picture of this pony is quite imperfect or readers of THE AMERICAN BOY would be given an opportunity to see him.

There is Nib, owned by B. Hollinger Glatfelter, Spring Forge, Pa., a bright bay, whose picture we are sure does not do him justice.

Now for the ponies whose pictures we give. There is Maximus, owned by A. D. Schofield, Jr., Macon, Ga.; Jack, by Ed. W. Neidig, of Goshen, Ind.; Bertha, owned by G. B. Hall, Barry, Ill. (the owner says he has refused one hundred and fifty dollars for her); Quintel S., a dark sorrel with a silver mane and tail and

A HANDSOME BRIDLE FOR THE MOST STYLISH PONY. NEXT CONTEST CLOSSES AUGUST FIFTH

WE INVITE BOY OWNERS OF PONIES TO TRY AGAIN IN A NEW CONTEST



FRANK,
"OUR BOY."

Wards of The American Boy

Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have been invited to contribute the sum of sixty dollars for the purpose of rescuing a boy from the slums of the city and putting him into a good home. The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY agreeing to contribute from their own treasury a like sum for the purpose of saving another boy. Enough money has been received from our readers to insure the saving of one boy, and in accordance with our promise we have selected the boy, or rather good friends have selected him for us, and he is now in the safe keeping of the National Junior Republic, at Annapolis, Md. the boy having been taken from the streets of Baltimore. We present his picture, but withhold his name, for the reason that his parents are living and we prefer not to bring further disgrace upon them than they have brought upon themselves by their treatment of Clarence. The boy was born on Christmas day, 1896. His father and mother have been recently arrested for disturbing the peace, both being hard drinkers. William Claire Rogers, the superintendent of the farm conducted by the National Junior Republic, tells us that Clarence is slightly under size for his age, but is a remarkably bright and sweet little boy, and that he has the greatest hope that the boy will become a good citizen. Every reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who has subscribed to the support of Clarence ought to feel proud of the part he has had in this good work, no matter how small the contribution. Less than ten dollars remains to be subscribed to make up the sixty dollars, and we have confidence that by the time this issue of the paper is in the hands of its readers the entire sum will be in our hands. Clarence is the ward of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, and we shall be glad from time to time to relate how he is getting along.

Now, you will perhaps wish to see the face of the boy whom the publishers are to stand sponsor for. Here he is. He was taken from the streets of Chicago and is now at the Reulah Land Farm for Boys, at Le ni, Mich. His name is Frank; his age twelve. His mother is dead and his drunken father deserted him seven years ago. He is a boot-black, taken from the toughest gang in Chicago, given to drinking, chewing, smoking, and stealing. He has a queer combination of traits. When found he was desperately tough, but intensely affectionate. He has been at the Farm now for some weeks, and it is his delight to throw his arms around the necks of those whom he loves and cover them with kisses. We would not care to kiss a boy who has as dirty a face as Frank has in the picture, but we are assured that he looks much nicer with good clothes on and the dirt washed off. Herman Lee Swift, the manager of the Farm, writes us, "Just as surely as the sun rises so surely do we believe that Frank will make a grand, good man—an honor to himself and a credit to THE AMERICAN BOY." He was known among his comrades in Chi-

cago as "Rusty," because of his red hair. We shall keep you informed of how Rusty also is getting along. Now, have we reached the limit of what we can do? Subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY have been nearly two months in sending us nearly sixty dollars with which to save Clarence. Do you think that boys and parents of boys would send us, were we to ask it, sixty dollars more within the next sixty days with which to rescue another boy? Not one reader in one hundred has contributed a penny. There are ninety thousand readers of THE AMERICAN BOY this month. Suppose every one should give a penny. The result would be nine hundred dollars, or enough to rescue fifteen boys from a miserable, homeless, sinful life, and put them under the care of Christian men and women in good homes where they might learn to be honest and industrious and grow up to be good citizens. Our success in our initial effort to do good along this line encourages us to ask readers of THE AMERICAN BOY to come once more to the aid of their unfortunate little brothers.



CLARENCE,
"YOUR BOY."

BIOGRAPHY OF A "PUSHER"

This is the second installment of the story of a boy, now twenty-six years old, who, at the age of ten, left his home in Kowno, Prussia, and came to America alone to seek his fortune, and at the age of twenty-six, after having been in this country fifteen years, found himself possessed of the degree of Bachelor of Laws from one of America's great universities, and comfortably settled as a practicing lawyer in the great city of Chicago. The story is remarkable for its evidence of "push." If for nothing else. We are accustomed to hearing the phrase "land of opportunity" as descriptive of the United States of America. Here is evidence, in concrete form, that the phrase is truly descriptive, and is not merely rhetorical. The story is told simply to show what can be done in this land of ours by a boy. The boy, whose biography is related, started on his career in America, as the first installment of the story suggests, without the ability to use our language, without an acquaintance with our customs, without friends or acquaintances who were truly helpful to him, and without money.

At the point of our story where we left off in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY, Edward had found employment with a cane and umbrella maker, and was to receive for his services one dollar and seventy-five cents a week, his hours of work being from seven in the morning till six in the evening. Such hard manual labor as was required of him would, if continued, have dwarfed him both physically and mentally. Edward, however, was not the boy to be contented under such hard conditions. Young as he was, he had set an education before him as a goal. He had come to this country partly because he had heard that here a boy could readily get an education and a start in the world. He was not going to be bound down in a shop from morning till night, working like a slave, for a bare pittance, and give up the fulfillment of his desires to rise in the world and become an educated man.

Small as was his pay, he managed, by dint of great sacrifice and hardship, to save a little money. With this he set out for Philadelphia, where some one had told him a boy could get along better than in the great city of New York. He tramped the streets of Philadelphia for days, asking for employment at every door, and finally, seeing his little savings almost gone, took a position with a clothing merchant, his duty being to stand at the door of the store and invite customers to buy. Every morning at six he must open the doors and sweep out, and at night must close the store, after taking in the "dummies" and display stands. This was indeed harder work than what he had done in New York, though he received more money for it.

Being desirous of obtaining time for study, he made an arrangement with his employer by which he was to receive less money and have his evenings to himself. He now received twelve dollars a month, including board and lodging in the home of his employer, and had his evenings to spend as he liked. Eagerly he grasped the opportunity to use the city library. Every night and all of his Sundays he read from the books he obtained in the library, getting a little help in his reading from the family of his employer.

After some months spent in this way, the desire grew upon him to go farther west where he believed he

might find the opportunities he had been led to expect in Free America, and which, up to that time, he had failed to find. Pittsburgh was his next stopping place. In this city he repeated his Philadelphia experience, tramping from place to place seeking employment where he could earn a living and at the same time carry out his cherished plan of getting an education by study at night. Here he found employment with a picture frame manufacturer, but the hours were very long and study out of the question.

About this time an older brother of Edward located in Columbus, Ohio. Edward heard of it and packing up his few belongings went to Columbus, thinking that his brother might assist him to better employment. His brother, however, did not treat him cordially, and was of no substantial assistance to him, so the hardy little fellow returned to Pittsburgh and took up the position he had left, at a salary of five dollars a week.

So faithfully did he do his work that one who observed him said, "You are too bright a fellow to be spending all your time in this sort of work. I will give you a position where you can make more in a week than you are now making in three." His new employer sent him about soliciting, his duties being to solicit the enlargement of photographs. The first week netted him ten dollars; the second week, thirteen. In a short time he had the reputation of being the most faithful agent employed by his firm. It was not long before the firm sent him out on the road at eighteen dollars a week and "expenses." This gave him the opportunity to travel and learn the manners



and customs of the people. Traveling through the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, in this work, he came in contact with all classes of people, and, as he was bright and communicative, made many acquaintances, some of whom were of great assistance to him in after years.

Everywhere he went he carried with him a trunk, the greater part of which was filled with books which he read and studied on the cars and whenever he got an opportunity. At Washington, Pennsylvania he made the acquaintance of several of the professors in Washington and Jefferson College. These men gave him good advice, which he jotted down and followed.

After working for over a year in this way he had saved up about eight hundred dollars. With this he spent a year in the Park Institute, a preparatory school in Pittsburgh. His money being then gone, he secured a position as solicitor for a real estate firm. He was now nineteen years of age. In a short time he made, by several fortunate turns, several hundred dollars, and was now ready to go to school again. An influential friend gave him a letter to the superintendent of

public schools at Pittsburgh, who in turn gave him a letter to the principal of the Pittsburgh high school, which letter contained the request that the boy should be given an examination for admission to the high school. Successfully passing the examination, he entered upon his work, as hungry for it, as he has told me, as a growing boy for a good dinner.

Before high school days were over he found himself without money. Again he sought work with a real estate firm; again made money; and again returned to school. Before graduation his money was again spent. Leaving school, he organized a building and loan association, and was elected to the office of secretary and treasurer. In a few months, after reviewing his studies, he presented himself for the preliminary law examination in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and was there registered as a student at law. Being informed that he would have to stay in a law office three years or go to a law school and spend the last year in an office, and not having the money to do this, he gave up for the time being his ambitions in the line of the law.

It was at this time that fortune threw something in his way. A lawyer friend announced that he was about to go to Ann Arbor, Michigan, on business, and promised that he would see the dean of the faculty and inquire from him as to whether there was a good chance for a deserving young man to earn some money and pay his expenses while attending the University of Michigan. One bright day a little later he received word from his lawyer friend that he should take the next train for Ann Arbor. He did so, reaching the College town in a heavy snow storm, with no money and nothing but the suggestion of his friend that the dean of the faculty wanted to see him. The result was that he registered as a student of law on January 6, 1895, though he did not have a dollar with which to pay his tuition. There was something so honest in the boy's demeanor and something so determined in his look and word that the dean accepted him as a student on the promise that the tuition fee would be paid some day.

He was now in school and fairly on the road to the goal of his ambition. He had no place to sleep, however, and nothing with which to buy bread. He tramped the little town of Ann Arbor as he had theretofore tramped Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, and not until late that first night did he secure a place to sleep, and not even then except at the price of taking care of the furnace in the house, chopping wood and bringing in coal. He secured a place where he might satisfy the wants of his inner man by serving as a waiter in one of the College boarding houses, his duties being to help wash the dishes, lay the table and serve the meals. For this he received his board. Perhaps no young man ever entered a law school under less favorable circumstances. No one certainly deserved success more than did the boy of whom we are writing. We shall see in our next installment what came of his promise to the dean to pay his tuition, and whether the dean was justified in extending him his confidence.

(To be continued)

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

GEORGE LOOSE, A REMARKABLE BOY SINGER.



GEORGE LOOSE.

Though only fifteen years old, Master George Loose has the most wonderful boy's voice ever heard in New York. Able to reach A Flat, he unites with this great range, rich quality, perfect action, great power and wonderful pathos. It is in the last that he is surprising. Henry E. Duncan, who is choir master of the Church of the Heavenly Rest has dealt with boy singers for years, and is an authority in musical circles, says that he can not speak

highly enough of the talent of his young protege.

"I've had the boy in charge for three months," says he, "and every day I am more pleased with him. He is remarkable. How did I find him? Here he comes; let him tell you."

A bright, handsome boy, with black hair and fine black eyes, entered Mr. Duncan's studio. He carried himself in a manly fashion and showed no trace of conceit. He smiled when the reporter stated his errand.

"Yes," he said, shaking his black hair from his forehead, "I came here three months ago. I didn't know anybody in New York. My mother was with me. I had been with a company giving concerts. We started from Chicago, went to San Francisco and then to New York. Oh, I like New York. When I reached here I made up my mind to stay.

"New York's so big," he smiled and added, "and I wanted to go into business." His face became serious. "My voice, you know, won't last over a year and a half, and I want to be prepared to support my mother and myself then. I practice an hour each afternoon, and sing at concerts, too.

"How did I know I could sing? Oh, that was simple. Why, I used to sing when I was small. I was born in Springfield, Ill., and when we moved to Chicago I sang in the choir at Grace Church. Henry B. Roney was organist there, and he was very able. He trained my voice so I could use it properly: all head tones, you know. Afterward I sang in the choir at St. Bartholomew's. Then I went on a concert tour. When I got here I didn't know what to do. I heard that Mr. Duncan's choir was the best in New York. So one afternoon I took my music and press notices and went to the church. After hearing me sing he gave me a place in the choir.

"I knew I ought to work, so I got a place down town. All the money I make I save. I support my mother, too. I went through the eighth grade in the grammar school. Of course I'd like a fine education, but when my voice changes I can't sing. I can't tell whether it will be good after it does change. Sometimes the best voice turns out worst and the worst best."

The young singer took his leave, and Mr. Duncan, speaking of him, said:

"He has to sing difficult music, oratorio, solos and English church music, which is very trying. He sings without effort; his tones are as clear as a bell. Now, most boys' voices lack his distinguishing quality—pathos and feeling. Ordinarily a boy's voice is like a picture painted on glass. It lacks color and warmth as seen in an oil painting. The boy feels what he sings. Last Sunday he gave "There is a Green Hill Far Away," and those who heard it were carried away with admiration. I received letters only today from musicians of note commenting on his remarkable power of expression. His voice has been properly placed.

"I have been given full charge of him by his mother, and I only hope that his voice will retain its power and feeling after it changes. Last Sunday, when he sang "They Have Taken Away My Lord" the great congregation could hardly restrain itself. His method of rendering themes where intellectual appreciation dominates equals that of mature singers."—New York World.

WEALTHY YOUNG MEN.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is not yet twenty-five, is heir to more millions than any other young man in the country. He has no appetite for club or social life and devotes his time to business.

Alfred Vanderbilt, who inherited the bulk of his father's fortune, is twenty-three.

Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., is the prospective heir to his father's one hundred millions. He is a born business man rather than a student.

The son of William Waldorf Astor, who lives in England, is nineteen. He will get the bulk of his father's fortune, estimated at over two hundred millions.

The nine year old son of John Jacob Astor of New York has in prospect over seventy-five millions.

Kingdon Gould, oldest son of George Gould, is but a mere child. He will get a large part of George Gould's seventy millions or more.

One of the richest young men of the next century will be Harry Payne Whitney. He will probably be heir to three great fortunes. His father is worth probably not less than seventy-five millions; his uncle nearly as much more, and his wife, who was Gertrude Vanderbilt, will receive something like fifteen millions from her father.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, Jr., is the heir of the Havemeyer millions and will be worth close upon fifty millions.

HAROLD STANFORD KIGGENS, A BOY ORATOR.



HAROLD STANFORD KIGGENS

club women of California. His mother says that she and her husband do not consider the boy a wonder in any sense of the word. She says he is a perfectly normal wide-awake American boy.

Santa Monica, Cal., boasts of a boy orator in the person of Harold Stanford Kiggins, the seven year old son of J. T. Kiggins, attorney at law of that place. When Jack Cooke, the boy preacher, was in Santa Monica, Harold recited at one of his meetings, and many then expressed the opinion that he was a greater wonder than was Jack. One evening later he made a speech at the big Anti-Saloon meeting in the Methodist church at Santa Monica that will not soon be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to hear him. The boy's ability as a speaker does not seem to be the result of training. He appears to comprehend and feel every word he utters, and oratory comes naturally. His father and mother are both good speakers, his mother being one of the best platform talkers among the club women of California. His mother says that she and her husband do not consider the boy a wonder in any sense of the word. She says he is a perfectly normal wide-awake American boy.

AMMON MONROE AURAND, JR., THE YOUNGEST TYPESETTER IN AMERICA.



AMMON MONROE AURAND, JR.

the treadle of the press, he climbs on a chair and places the card or sheet on the platen, gets down and turns the fly-wheel of the press by hand until the impression is made. He has been known to repeat this operation for hours. We have seen some work done by the little fellow and it compares favorably with the work of old compositors.

Ammon Monroe Aurand, Jr., is not yet five years of age and yet the little fellow has learned to set type in his father's office, his father being the publisher of the Beaver Springs (Pa.) Herald. Occasionally he sets up stories for his father's paper and he has succeeded in doing very good work in setting up matter for cards, circulars and envelopes. His ability to handle type was gained while playing about the office and imitating the men compositors.

Being too small to operate



CHARLES A. PHELPS, KING OF THE FORT WAYNE (IND.) NEWSBOYS.

Charles A. Phelps, known as the "King of the Fort Wayne Newsboys," began to sell papers in Fort Wayne in the spring of 1888, at the age of six. For a start he bought one paper for one cent and sold it for two. After a while he added to his stock in trade papers of other cities, until in 1894 the Chicago Journal appointed him their sole agent for Fort Wayne. At that time they were sending twenty papers daily to that city. They are now sending three hundred. During the Luetgert murder trial young Phelps handled over two thousand papers a day, and did nearly as much during the war with Spain. He says: "I tried to be fair and honest with everybody in my dealings, and in the end it has proved to be the best policy." He says that after taking the Chicago Journal agency at Fort Wayne other papers appointed him. The condition on which he took an agency was that he should be the sole agent for the town. He now supplies Fort Wayne with the Chicago Journal, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Chicago Inter-Ocean and Indianapolis News. At present he is handling six hundred papers per week day and one thousand on Sundays.

In spite of the hard work he has done, young Phelps has managed to secure a fair education. In 1896 he organized the newsboys of Fort Wayne into a union. Two years of hard work resulted in his obtaining unanimous support of the newsboys in an organization for their benefit. The mayor of the city allowed the use of the City Hall for a meeting place and young Phelps was elected president at the first meeting, and has been three times re-elected. He gives the newsboys good talks frequently, telling them to always help and protect one another, be honest and save their money, and not chew, swear or smoke, or drink liquor. The penalty for doing any of these things is expulsion from the union. The result is that Fort Wayne is one of the best newsboy communities in the country. Their leader has drilled the boys in military tactics so that they drill very well.

Young Phelps has managed to save a little money. He says that he noticed that other boys spent a few cents every day on things that did not benefit them. He made up his mind to save instead of spend. So fast did his savings grow that it surprised him. Last November he was enabled to purchase the stock and fixtures of the Fort Wayne Book and News Company. He thus became not only his own employer but he has twenty-two newsboys who sell for him, and these he has organized into a band and drum corps. In addition to the boys on the street who are his regular agents, he employs two clerks in his store.

Young Phelps is now eighteen years of age, has a good business, handling from six hundred to twelve hundred papers a day, is honest, sober and industrious. He says in a letter to THE AMERICAN BOY: "Any American boy can do the same as I have done if he tries." The newsboys, and the people generally, have dubbed him "King of the Newsboys." He says he would rather be King of the Newsboys than King of England.

The Story of Tommy Stringer

WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD

Tommy Stringer was born thirteen years ago, in the town of Washington, Western Pennsylvania. Before his lips framed a single word he suffered an attack of spinal meningitis, which deprived him of sight and hearing. Following upon this came the untimely death of his mother; and his father, unwilling to be encumbered by such a helpless infant, relieved himself of his charge by deserting him.

The forsaken child was taken to a hospital in Allegheny, where he remained for an unknown but somewhat lengthy period. After little Tom had been cured of his illness, he became a formidable problem to the hospital authorities. Physically he was far from being frail. Except for his double affliction, he was as well as any child. After several weeks had passed, the doctors were thrown into confusion and uncertainty over the question of the final disposition of the strange "case." A blind asylum would not receive Tommy because he was deaf, and an institution for the deaf could not have him because he was blind. So he remained in the hospital, a mere lump of clay, with deadened consciousness.

Examination failed to show the slightest trace of intelligence. There was absolutely no approach to his intellect. The compass of the crib was to him the breadth and full extent of the world. He retained no impressions, and only knew that something reached through the blackness to attend to his physical wants. He was insensible to everything but the drear, appalling darkness that enveloped him. The special attentions of a night nurse transformed the night into day, and he remained awake all night and slept through the hours of daylight. The undue predominance of this idea of the order of day was one of the first difficulties to be met with when he was removed from the hospital.

Helen Keller heard of his plight, and her tender heart was touched. She thought that the poor blind and deaf boy in distant Pennsylvania could be saved, as she had been, from the rayless night and unspeakable void in which he dwelt, and she determined that there should be an attempt made to teach him as she had been taught. While she was settling about this humane work and enlisting many of her friends in the cause, her pet dog, Lionel, was shot by a policeman. Letters from all parts of this country and European countries containing offers of a new dog or of money to purchase one poured in upon her. She thankfully declined all the offers to replace her lost Lionel, but added that she would be happy to receive any money as a gift to little Tommy Stringer, whose pathetic story she eloquently related.

The results exceeded her fondest anticipations. She was fairly deluged with contributions, some small, some large, but all very acceptable. Others took up the work, and not long after, mainly owing to her efforts, Tommy Stringer was taken to Boston, and placed in the Kindergarten for the Blind.

At the time he entered the kindergarten, Tommy was five years old, and as coarse and savage a little animal as could be found. His body was an unattended shell; his soul had not yet been revealed. His face was vacant and staring, and his crouching posture had the listless stoop of imbecility. He would not walk except backwards on all fours.

Then began a long, strenuous struggle to convey the idea of speech to that poor little vacant mind. At the start Helen Keller and her teacher undertook the task. Tommy was subjected to the espionage of one or the other all the time to discover the first gleam of intelligence in those sodden eyes. The letters of the manual alphabet were formed on his fingers and spelled on his hand. Whenever he was given a piece of bread the letters "b-r-e-a-d" were made on his fingers, and the same word was spelled into his hand. It took time and patience, but the task was not abandoned.

The nine months that dragged by seemed interminable. Ultimately, the triumph was won. The conception of speech entered Tommy's brain one day when

he was hungry, and he spelled out the word "b-r-e-a-d."

That was the first shaft of the light that was to illumine the dark cell of Tommy's mind. Thereafter the process was slow but certain. His vocabulary daily increased. His progress was rapid and complete.

A great transformation took place. He began to devote himself to study, and it was not long before he could converse with his teacher

I am very
Glad that you
are coming to
Boston so soon
for I want to
see you
Goodbye with
love and a
big kiss from
Tom.

er on a score of topics. As the light flooded into his brain his soul manifested itself in many touching little letters written to friends, for he had learned to write soon after he had been taught finger speech.

Physically the transformation was no less great and gratifying. As the mind within expanded, so did the exterior develop and improve until Tommy was a tall, sturdy, handsome lad, with springing step and confident mien. Today he is as straight as an arrow, and physically perfect.



TOMMY STRINGER.

The Tommy Stringer of today is an original thinker and has a mind that is a storehouse of knowledge. He is proficient in all the common branches ordinarily taught to boys, and can hold converse on a variety of difficult subjects. Now that his intelligence has developed it seems to be of the higher order, and it is only fair to say that he knows more than the average boy of his age. His quick wit and the originality of his imagination is surprising. When his present teacher, Miss Conley, asked him how he would go to Washington alone he replied: "On a train." She reminded him that he could not speak to the conductor, or anyone else, and consequently would never reach his destination. He coolly replied that he would teach the conductor how to talk on his fingers.

•••••

"Five weeks from to-night we start for Philadelphia.
Won't we have fun?"

A SENTENCE IN DEAF AND DUMB WRITING.

Some of his conceits are odd. He formed the habit several years ago of calling his teachers and intimate friends by the names of animals. For example, Helen Keller is Blackbird and his teacher Fly.

He has built the model of a house which he declares he will occupy when he is married. It is built strictly for purposes of utility, and is really one of his most remarkable creations. Everything that Tom likes is duplicated in his model of a house. His likes and dislikes are shown in it. There are two elevators, two bath rooms, four desks and a pond in the cellar.

Tom has studied history, geography, physiology, botany, natural history, reading and writing in square, script and Brail print. He studies arithmetic by means of a special slate, on which he can work problems with astonishing celerity.

The construction of his model house is ample demonstration of Tommy's skill in the use of tools, but that is only one proof of his cleverness. The fact is he understands much more about carpentering and other branches of mechanics than the average man who is not a skilled mechanic. He does many a job of carpentering in the kindergarten with ease and dexterity.

When with some of his friends who know finger speech Tommy is a veritable interrogation point. His inquiring mind seeks to know everything unfamiliar, and his every ready inquiry is: "What for?" He uses a vocabulary far exceeding that of the average boy.

Weighed down by the awfulness of his affliction, this brave boy has fought against stupendous odds to acquire an understanding of life and a breath of its sweetness. He is an example and an incentive to every American boy; for if it was possible for him to do what he has done retarded by his threefold affliction, is not there boundless possibilities of grand and noble achievements open to the American boy whose sight, hearing and speech are unimpaired?

DONALD L. JACOBUS, A TWELVE YEAR OLD GENEALOGIST.

Someone has sent us a clipping from a New Haven (Conn.) daily paper which contains an essay written by Donald L. Jacobus, of that city, a twelve year old boy. The essay is entitled "A Remarkable Essay." The essay is written to prove that Inachus, the old mythological patriarch, is identical with Nachor or Nahor, the brother of Abraham, and son of Terah. The boy says that the subject first attracted his attention while he was summing up the ancestry of the Trojan kings. He noticed that Inachus was of the same generation as Nahor, i. e., the twentieth from Adam. The essay abounds in mythological and biblical quotations and references, and altogether is a remarkable production for a boy. The little fellow began the study of genealogy with the tracing of the genealogy of the kings and queens of Europe and of bible characters. He has a retentive memory and takes the keenest delight in this the driest of subjects.

GEORGE LEWIS FERRY RECEIVES A GOLD MEDAL FROM A BOARD OF EDUCATION.



GEORGE LEWIS FERRY.

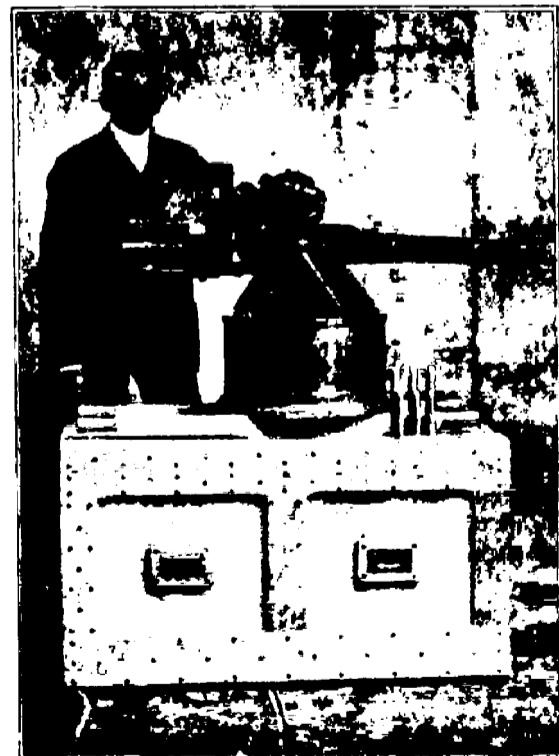
The Kenosha (Wis.) Board of Education has given to George Lewis Ferry, a school boy, a handsome gold medal and pin. On one side of the medal is the inscription, "Presented to George Lewis Ferry by the Board of Education of Kenosha," and on the other side, "For Bravery at the Central Building Fire March 16, 1900."

On the date named the High School gave an entertainment in the High School building. While the hall was crowded a lamp was upset, causing the oil to run between the cracks in the floor of the stage. A fire

started under the stage, which was then crowded with children. With great presence of mind young Ferry rushed from the rear of the hall, and at the risk of his life, crawled under the stage through a narrow passage and smothered the fire with his clothes, but not until he was considerably burned.

EUGENE BURKIN INVENTS A RAPID FIRE MACHINE GUN.

Eugene Burkin, a colored boy of nineteen who lives in Chicago, is the inventor of a rapid fire machine gun which some have said is destined to throw the inventions of Maxim and Nordenfeldt into the scrap heap. Experts declare the gun to be a marvel of ingenuity. The Chicago Inter-Ocean says that the boy has refused an offer of fifty thousand dollars for his invention. He has never had any mechanical training, yet all the work on his model has been his



EUGENE BURKIN.

own. His first model was of wood, and the only tool used was a jackknife. When he had obtained a little money he went to an iron works, which gave him the use of tools and machinery for five dollars a day. Here he constructed the model which he sent to the patent office at Washington, resulting in his obtaining a patent covering seventeen claims. The gun has been christened "The Maine."

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

REPORTED BY A BOY REPORTER ESPECIALLY FOR THE READERS OF THE AMERICAN BOY

FIRST LETTER



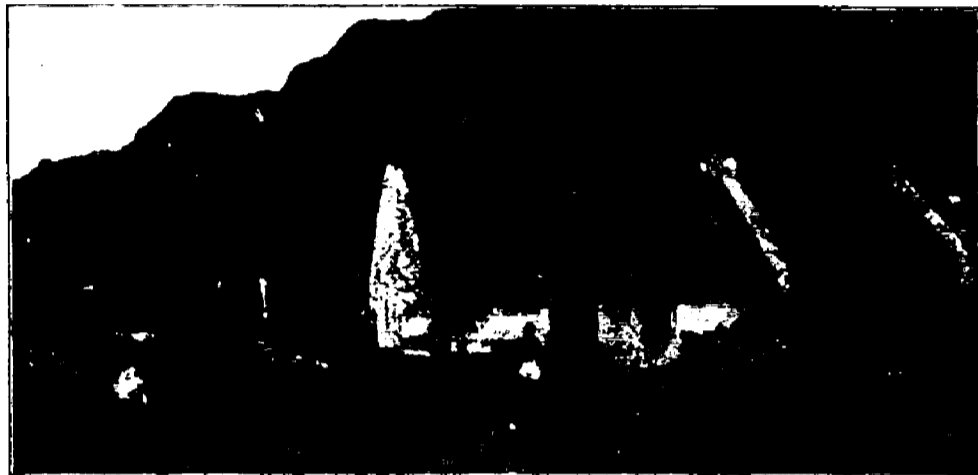
When I first made up my mind to attend the Paris Exposition I knew I would have to travel as cheaply as possible. I was quite willing to do this, because I knew it was worth passing through hardships to spend a summer at this most wonderful of world's fairs.

I thought of working my passage across the ocean, for there are often chances for boys to secure places aboard the Trans-Atlantic steamers, but I had done that before, and wanted to have some new adventures this time. After consideration, I decided that the cheapest and most interesting way for me to go would be as a steerage passenger. I had read of what the steerage was like, and thought a boy could have a very interesting time there. I accordingly purchased a ticket for twenty eight dollars and made preparations to start. There wasn't much packing to do, for I had determined to carry no baggage except my camera and my hand satchel; so when I stepped aboard the great ocean greyhound at New York one Saturday afternoon I might almost as well have been starting for Boston, to judge by my appearance and what I had with me. Most of the first-class passengers had half a dozen trunks, to say nothing of steamer rugs and flowers and deck chairs. I'm sure I enjoyed myself more at the start than they did, having nothing to look after but my satchel and camera.

I stood at the vessel's rail as we moved slowly down the majestic Hudson, through the harbor, and into the bay. I had done everything so quickly that I could hardly believe I was on my way to Europe, and it was not until the farthest buildings on Sandy Hook faded from view that I realized I was really started. Then I sat down on one of the benches and had a look at my fellow passengers. To my surprise I found them not a bad looking lot at all. I had often seen pictures of the "cattle" which travel in the steerage and I expected these would be of the same sort. But

but the dirt increased with each day of the voyage, and when we finally reached Liverpool it wasn't fit to stay in. I found it very hard to sleep the first two nights on account of the bad air, but gradually became used to it and slept soundly during most of the remaining nights. When we reached Liverpool I was so accustomed to the whole arrangement of living that I wasn't very anxious to land.

But if the beds were passable, the food was not, and I never did get so I



A TYPICAL SCENE IN IRELAND.

could eat much of it. I had often heard what it was like, but as I had always been sick at sea I supposed I would have no appetite for food of any kind, and didn't expect to go to the table. But instead of getting seasick I remained quite well, and my appetite increased every day until at last I was actually hungry. I had brought along some crackers and dried beef, and this helped me for two days. After that I was obliged to eat the steerage fare or starve. About all we had to eat was bread and several variations of meat stew. Sometimes the meat was beef and sometimes it was mutton. Both were very bad and I never tasted either. I lived chiefly on gruel and bread and tea. Some of the

three instruments playing at the same time, and then we all sang some of the popular "rag-time" music. On Sunday we had service, at which the music was truly excellent. Most of us knew the familiar hymns, and we managed to get along fine without books.

Sometimes we got together and told stories, and then we had the most fun of all. Some of the men had such interesting personal experiences to tell, but no doubt they had traveled widely. One big fellow we called "Klondike," because he had been to the gold fields, and he had the most wonderful stories to tell. Another man had been to South Africa and used to tell us about the Boers, in whom we were all much interested. As he was Irish the Boers were pictured in a way greatly to their credit.

Everyone in the steerage had a nickname. On account of my hair I was "Reddy." I didn't mind the title, since it wasn't nearly so bad as some. There

was from America, he said, "You American boys have a great many generals to be proud of. You have Grant and Sherman and Stonewall Jackson, and several others who were the equals of any men the world has produced. I am sure you boys must love those heroes very much." I assured him that we do, and I, for one, will think all the more of them now that I have heard an English general speak so highly of what they have done.

There is lots to do in London and many famous persons to see, but the Exposition is getting into shape at Paris and I must hurry. I know there are more wonders there than I have ever dreamed about.

AUNT EM'S LETTER TO LITTLE BOYS

Home, June, 10, 1900.

My Dear Boys:

Would you like to have me tell you about a dream that I enjoyed one night last week? Perhaps I may have been



thinking of what I told you of the carpet stretchers, before I fell asleep; as the saying is "Dreams are but the continuation of waking thoughts."

I seemed to be in the upper room of an enormous factory. A large packing box was

shown to me, and I seated myself quite naturally, as I would have done in any wagon. Suddenly, by some unseen power, it lifted itself, and was carried, or floated around the vast room. The ceiling was not very far from my head, at any time.

This strange craft in such constant motion, afforded me great delight. None of the employes seemed to notice me nor did the flying machine cause me any uneasiness. I took good care, however, that my strange conveyance did not take me too near the large open window at the end of the building.

After flying around an hour or so the machine came down with a gentle thud, and I stepped out. A stranger came up and urged me to be seated in another and larger flying machine. Already it had one occupant, a lady. I accepted the invitation.

This double box was fitted up with a lining of corks, not unlike one of the modern life preservers you see on steamers. The seats were tastefully upholstered. Then there were plenty of cords and ropes all around us, and while not secured to any particular place yet by the slightest pull of the large rope, we went hither and thither all over the factory. Just as we were longing to make a safe exit into the outer world through the open window—I awakened.

Wasn't it too bad that I had to curtail the trip in that provoking manner? Think of all the fun I missed!

Ever since I learned that poem, "Darius Green and his flying machine," in school days, I have been interested and hopeful that some one might invent the genuine working article. Not being of an inventive turn of mind, I cannot turn this dream to good account, can you?

Early in July I hope to go abroad, and with many other American tourists visit the Paris Exposition and the Oberammergau Passion Play. Then I hope to see Holland and all the quaint places and picturesque people there.

Would you like me to write you something of the queer sights and possible adventures I may have while traveling?

Always sincerely yours,

"AUNT EM."



THE VOYAGE ENDED.

they were for the most part well-dressed and well-behaved. All nationalities seemed to be represented in the crowd. There were Swedes, Norwegians, Irish, English, Germans, French, Hungarians, Spanish, etc. I think I was the only born American among them. The Swedes and Irish predominated, and this was fortunate, because they were the most orderly and well-behaved. Most of the people were going to their old homes, some on a visit, others to bring relatives back with them.

As soon as we lost sight of land we all went below to select our bunks for the voyage. We were obliged to climb down two ladders to reach our quarters, which were divided into three general sections, one for men, one for women and one for married couples. Each section was subdivided, and in my room there were no less than sixteen bunks. One can imagine what the air is like when sixteen men are sleeping together in the hold of a ship. The place was clean enough when we left New York,

Irish girls had brought along some tea and a pot, so we were always sure of a good cup of tea if we could eat nothing else. We used to make tea between meals, for, of course, the men and women ate at different tables at meal-time. If it hadn't been for these girls I would certainly have been very hungry many times.

There was lots of fun on board. One of the Germans had a concertina on which he played, while the girls and boys danced. Every evening we had a regular ball on our deck, and the first-class passengers used to look down on us as if they wished they could dance, too. Then one of the Irish fellows had a harp, on which he could play and dance a jig at the same time. He was really our star performer, and always had the most applause. Two of the Norwegian girls had an autoharp, on which they accompanied their songs. They could sing most beautifully and were always willing to do so when we asked them. Sometimes we had all

was "Irish Jim," "Lazy Pete" and "Kruger," so-called because of his Boer-like beard. Then there were the "Tin Soldier," who had been with the Seventy-first New York in the Spanish war, and "Brandy-nose," who certainly took too much spirits. Even the girls had nicknames. One of the nicest of the Irish girls was "Gumdrops," because she had some teeth out in front. Another was "Ginger," because of the color of her hair. None objected to their names, and it would have been useless if they had, for they would have been dubbed with a worse one.

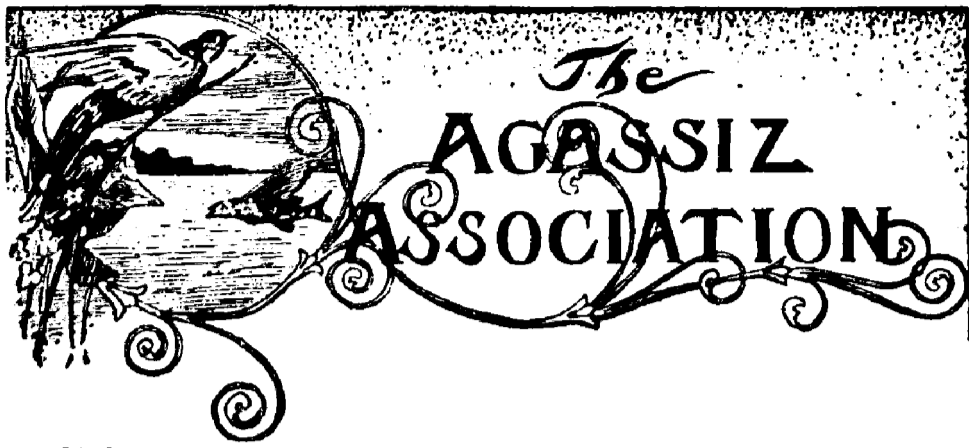
During three days of the voyage we had stormy weather, and we all remained below. It was very exciting one night, when the vessel was pitching and tossing in a frightful way, for some of the women screamed constantly with fear. They thought the ship was certainly going to sink, and the stewards were kept busy reassuring them. But there wasn't much sleep for any of us on board.

A week from the day we left New York the vessel touched at Queenstown, and there most of the Irish passengers landed. I was truly sorry to say good-bye to some of them.

Next day we anchored in the River Mersey at Liverpool, and the long voyage was over. There were many long good-byes and handshakes, and soon I was on the special train which was to carry me on to London. On this last day I decided that I was very glad to have come steerage, for the experience was one I never can forget. And I learned, among other things, that not nearly all good people travel first-class.

It was a hot afternoon on which I arrived in London, and the streets were crowded with men, women and children out for their Sunday walk. There was the same old noise and the same innumerable vehicles in the streets, and I was very glad to be in dear old London once again. It didn't take me long to find a modest lodging, and I went to bed early in the evening, glad once more to be in a clean place.

On Monday morning I went out into the streets, and was not surprised to see flags flying everywhere. General Sir George White had returned from the war in South Africa and the city was giving him a warm welcome. I read about him in the papers, and I determined to call and see him the very next day. I found him to be every bit as fine a man as I expected, and when I told him that I



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member.

All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Hurlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes members

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1876. Incorporated in 1892.

Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.

MIDSUMMER

Midsummer, the time of vacation, of rest from school and office work, the world's play time, is the busy season of the Agassiz Association. Then are our chapters off for field days, and long excursions in search of the wonderful things to be found in field and forest: the commonest being often the most wonderful. It is not the unusual that is the most surprising, or the most delightful.

It is not the double fern-frond, or the four-leaved trillium, or clover, or the Albino robin, or the four-legged chicken that best rewards our search; but it is the continual discovery under all seeming variations of Nature's essential unity. It is the orderly procession of the seasons, the unflinching punctuality of the planets, the narrow limits allowed to deviations from the standard form of leaf and tree and crystal; the universal conformity to law that at once most amazes and delights us.

Professor Lowell was once annoyed by a young organist. It is said, who insisted upon introducing sensational airs from the opera into his church preludes and interludes. The caustic professor found his opportunity for a sharp rebuke, when he had occasion, at a fashionable reception, to introduce the accomplished artist to a lady of high rank in England. "My Lady Blank," said he, in his shrill staccato tones, "permit me to present Mr. Dashkins, our university organist. He always pleases, and, sometimes, astonishes; and I may add, the less he astonishes, the more he pleases."

To some of us, at least, the same is true of Nature.

At the same time, there are many, especially among amateur naturalists, who are most pleased by that which is most strange and startling; and for them also Nature makes full provision. In her infinite museum she, too, has her "Chamber of Horrors," wherein earthquake and volcano, whirlwind and hail, and water-spout, disease, deformity and death may ever be found by those who are curious to look.

Like Mr. Stockton's Queen, Nature knows that the true way to get people interested in her treasures is to include among them the things in which the people take an interest.

This natural desire for something new and rare leads to a general fondness for

EXCHANGES OF SPECIMENS.

One of the features of the Agassiz Association is the interchange of specimens among members. In these exchanges there is both advantage and peril. The advantage is evident. The flower or mineral or insect which is common in your town is rare in scores of other towns which are, nevertheless, within easy reach by mail.

In the last issue of THE AMERICAN BOY we told you how a western professor built up a grand collection of insects on a foundation of beetles which he found in abundance; while elsewhere they were almost unknown.

I know a gentleman, who, through the fortunate discovery of a ledge rich in rare "black garnets," secured material for exchanges which enabled him at little expense to secure a really notable collection of minerals.

An incidental, though capital advantage of exchanging, results in a widening knowledge of geography, and of the varied resources of our country, and in the making of new acquaintances and friends; in an enlarged horizon.

NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

Our offer of a card of membership in the Agassiz Association, and a badge, to every one who will send us an account of anything of interest he has observed in any line of natural history, has brought many replies. The offer is still open. Notes should be accompanied by a photograph or drawing.

Our offer is a liberal one, as the fee for membership is fifty cents, and the badges are five cents each.

It will be seen from the notes which follow that we do not require difficult or unusual work, nor that the observations shall necessarily add new facts to the sum of human knowledge; only that they shall be bona fide results of original independent work.

NOTES.

9. Robin Finding His Young.—I saw a robin fly into an elm with a few worms in his bill. I saw quite a big nest there, and three little brown heads with three little yellow bills sticking up out of it. Then I saw the father robin put a piece of a worm into one of the gaping mouths, and then into the others. He then flew away and got some more.—Herbert A. Sweet, nine years old, Bridgewater, Mass. [Now watch a robin as he searches for worms on the lawn. Why do you think he turns his head sideways so intently just before he pounces down on a worm? Is he listening? Do worms make any noise as they move about under the earth? Suppose you put your own ear down close to the earth and listen. Then report.]

10. Dobsons.—



While passing under an electric light, a long bug or worm, with movements and propulsion similar to a worm, wobbled across the sidewalk in front of me. The peculiarity of this insect would have arrested the attention of the most negligent observer. Here is a sketch of it. When I prodded it with a stick it stopped, opened its pinchers, stuck its head up in the air and swung it from side to side. It showed an ugly disposition, and I determined to kill it; so I set my foot on it, gently at first; with enough pressure to kill any ordinary insect instantly. But this one walked away with as much unconcern as though a toothpick had dropped upon him. Not until after repeated stamps with my foot did it give up. I carried it home, where it died a day after. It is three and a quarter inches long and of a dark mud color. The head and second section is a hard black shell, while the rest of the body is soft like a worm's body. It has six legs with little hooks that slightly turn down and make a sure mode of propulsion. Protruding from underneath the

body are twelve feelers. Its appearance would be much improved if it would refrain from moving its head from side to side like a lizard when it walks. I am at a loss to know what its name is; possibly some of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have met it.—Joseph Hatch, Elkhart, Ind.

[Mr. Hatch has found a "Dobson," as this curious larva is called by bass fishermen. If he will catch a few alive, and keep them in an aquarium, he may see an interesting transformation. The sketch, which accompanies this note, represents this larva with eighteen segments, counting the head. A picture in one of our standard entomologies gives only thirteen, which is correct? The insect belongs to the order Neuroptera. Who will tell us more about it? A badge will be sent to the one who shall send us the best account of it.]

11. Owl and Trap.—During Christmas week, 1899, while hunting in the woods near Lewisville, Ark., I killed a large owl. On its right leg was a steel trap which weighed about two pounds. About three-quarters of a mile from where I shot it, the trap had been set. It had been on the owl's leg for three days and nights. From tip to tip of the owl's wings it measured four feet.—Scott B. Williams, 314 Common street, Shreveport, La.

12. Shale Pebble.—I send you a curious pebble in thin flakes like mica. When I found it, it was an inch and a half long, three-fourths of an inch wide, and half an inch thick with rounded edges, the whole being roughly egg-shaped. On picking it up, it separated into fourteen very thin scales, most of them perfect in shape, and having a satiny lustre.—E. B. B.

13. Odd Walnuts.—Most walnuts that I have seen have shells that split into two equal portions. Today I found one whose shell is in three segments, and another in four, each half being naturally cleft in two, lengthwise.—Ibid.

14. Tent Caterpillars.—Today I noticed a curious swelling near the end of a small twig. It is almond-shaped, and nearly encircles the twig. It is three-fourths of an inch long, one-fourth of an inch wide, and not quite so thick. Its color is brownish gray, corresponding to the color of the bark. In and upon this excrescence are about fifty tiny black caterpillars. They are no thicker than a fine cambric needle, and are only one-sixteenth of an inch long. About the size of the letter i (lower case), in the reading matter of THE AMERICAN BOY. They are covered with very minute gray hairs. A part of the gray growth is broken away on one side, and underneath it, and fast to the twig, is a layer of hundreds of small white eggs, each no bigger than an ordinary period, or the printed dot over an i.

The caterpillars have evidently come from these eggs, some of which are open and empty.

Under the microscope these broken egg shells look like mother-of-pearl, and shine with rainbow colors. The top of each unbroken egg is nearly flat and seems to be provided with a round cover, rising in the middle to a tiny boss or point. The under side of each egg is dented in the middle.

The gray protective substance with which the layer of eggs is covered is hard to account for. It is cellular in structure, resembling under the glass a dainty honeycomb with exceedingly thin transparent walls to the cells, whose sides vary from four to six.

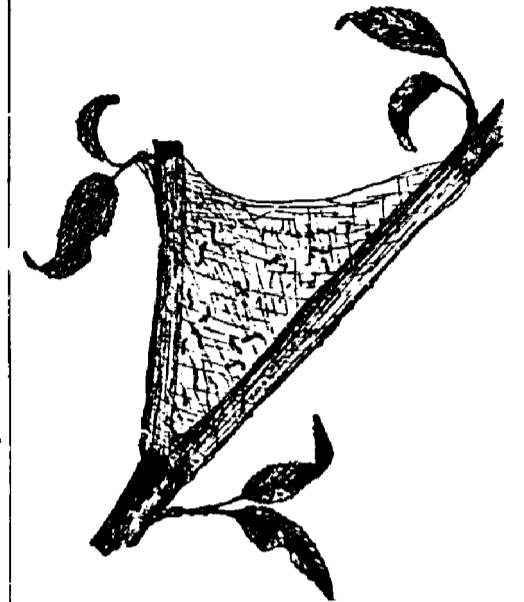
Already the baby caterpillars are making their little webs. Here is one hanging down an inch from the twig on an invisible cable.

While watching one of the caterpillars through the microscope, trying to determine whether he was feeding; the delicate cellular tissue of his winter home, I saw upon one of his hairs a still smaller creature, a bright red mite, scampering along with six nimble legs, and was reminded of the old lines:

"And the small fleas in turn
Have lesser fleas to bite 'em,
And these again have lesser still,
And so ad infinitum."

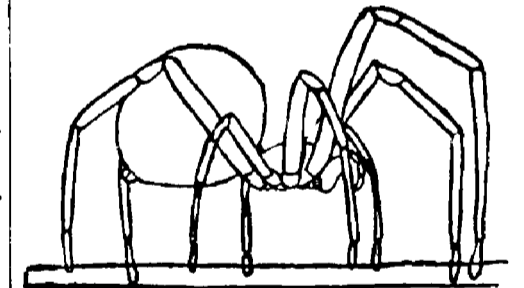
But how the eggs get covered remains a mystery; who will solve it?—A Friend.

14a. Tent Caterpillars.—Remembering how much praise I had heard from some boys of Watertown, I resolved to buy a copy of THE AMERICAN BOY. I can only say that it eclipses all other boy papers. After having read it, I went right over to Cary Moon's and had him subscribe me for three months. After that I intend to subscribe for a year. As I looked over the paper I came to the Agassiz Association. I would like to belong to the association and obtain the badge, as I am a fervent admirer of



old Dame Nature and all her ways. As I was going home from school, I noticed on an apple tree an enlargement of a branch. I took the branch home and put it in water, and as the tender buds came out, so did numbers of little caterpillars. They at once ascended to the buds and began to make a meal out of them. They continued these actions for three days. Each night would see them all hovering over the eggs, and each morning they ascended to the buds. As the buds were getting pretty thin they began to spin their tent. It was completed in about four or five days, when the caterpillars were about a fourth of an inch long. They seem to come out of the tent at morning and go into it at night.—Dwight C. Howard, No. 35 Keyes avenue, Watertown, N. Y.

15. House Spiders.—Spiders are to be found more or less abundantly in every part of the world, but how many boys and girls know where a spider gets the material to make a web?



After patiently examining spiders with a strong magnifying glass, I solved what seemed to me a mysterious problem.

The thread or silk comes from the short, fleshy appendages under the abdomen, which are called spinnerets. I have noticed there are two, four, or six of them in different spiders. Sometimes one pair is very long and projects from behind like two tails. Each spinneret has on its end a large number of minute tubes, which can be seen with a strong magnifying glass. The material forming the web is a fluid within the body, which hardens as soon as it is exposed to the air. The fluid streams from each of the spinnerets in many fine fibres, according to the number of tubes, and then all unite from the six spinnerets forming a single thread. If a spider wishes to fasten a thread to any object it simply presses its spinneret against it, and forces out enough of the silk to adhere, then it moves off and the thread is drawn out. The spinning is also often aided by the hinder pair of legs, whether to guide the thread or pull it from the spinnerets, or for both purposes. I do not know—Arthur Garfield Schuman, Bern, Pa.

ARCTURUS VERSUS THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing of astronomical wonders in the Youth's Companion, says: On a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July, and farther down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been flying straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it, at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be spry to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and

gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey that it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance.

CHAPTER 473, WORCESTER ACADEMY, MASS.

May 21, 1900.

Our chapter has had a very successful year. Seventeen meetings have been held. The principal features of the programmes of these meetings have been

lectures on natural history, and related topics by members of the school faculty, or by student members of the chapter. One lecture was delivered by Dr. Gulliver, of St. Mark's School.

The total membership of the chapter is 53, and the attendance at meetings is usually between twenty-five and thirty.

Last spring the chapter went to Purgatory, Mass., on bicycles, and had a very enjoyable outing. The following fall Mount Wachusett was visited, and this spring a trip is planned to Rutland, Mass.

The society occupies an excellent room in Kingsley Laboratories. We

have a good collection, which is valued at several hundred dollars.

This spring a contest is being held for the best collection of insects from around Worcester. A prize of books on insects to the value of five dollars has been offered for the best collection.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD,

President of the Agassiz Association
Pittsfield, Mass

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers

Advice to Boys, Given by James Oliver the Millionaire Plow Maker.

"A man may acquire a goodly share of the world's goods by dishonest methods, trickery and deceit, but his success will be shortlived, unstable and unsatisfactory. No man base in deed is at rest in mind, and if money will not bring mental as well as bodily comfort, of what good is it? Worst of all a dishonest career must some day close, and the mere thought of the ultimate reckoning will undo all the pleasure that ill-gotten gain may have given.

A young man should be scrupulously honest and honorable in all his actions. Never should he sacrifice conscience to gain wealth, or foster the belief that success is simply the accumulation of money. Then he must persevere. He cannot gain worldly success without an invincible determination to succeed, and ability, talents and circumstances will count for little without tenacity of purpose—stubborn perseverance to get to the front. Upon no one but himself should he rely. He is the best friend he has on earth and nothing will in after life be more hurtful to him than to look outside himself for support while his character is shaping itself. It weakens his character and curtails the scope of his intellect.

HEART MUST BE IN IT.

"Further, a young man to be successful in business must apply himself unswervingly to his work. His whole mind and heart should go deep into it and he should cultivate a growing fondness for it. Unsteadiness or fickleness can never be made to harmonize with success.

"No matter how insignificant may be a young man's first situation, he will find that there is much to learn from it and he should be always keenly observing. Accuracy, too, should be one of his characteristic qualities. His work should never necessitate a second 'going over' by someone else. Then, he should learn to do his work systematically. The smallest business requires system. He should study carefully some method by which he can economize time and then live up to it. At his work he should always be on time. Punctuality is a virtue that employers perhaps recognize as quickly, if not more so, than any other. If an employer sees an employe always behind time in coming to work while engaged under his very nose, he is apt to conclude that if that employe were placed wholly upon his own responsibility he would be even more reckless, and in consequence the employer appoints a more regular man to the responsible position and the laggard wonders why there has been any discrimination against him.

"The successful young man should do his work quickly, yet accurately, and should have the greatest regard for time. Persistent effort on the part of any young man will be the means of cultivating such habits as are necessary in the successful performance of business.

FAITH IN THE POOR BOY.

"I have every faith in the possibilities of the poor boy and it is needless for me to cite any examples substantiating my belief. There isn't a boy in the land who cannot himself number offhand scores of men who have risen from the lowest ranks of poverty to the highest stations of eminence. The world's great-

est artists, inventors, poets and philosophers have forced their way to fame over the most stubborn rocks of adversity. The educational advantages that the poor boy may lack may in a way handicap him in the race of life, and he may have to solve his mathematical problems by longer methods than algebraic, but if he possesses those essential qualities to success—honesty, perseverance and good common sense—he is bound to succeed.

"I believe that poverty is a great aid in the development of success. We all know that too many advantages at the threshold of life's journey are a misfortune, because they dampen ambition, and a young man without ambition can never hope to succeed. The poor boy must resolve at the outset to encounter all the hardships of life unflinchingly and, above all, to be patient. In that I do not mean to be effortless, to sit idly by waiting for success to come around to the door like the postman, but I would say that never should he be discouraged in his work."

How Willie Jones Made Money.

A certain small Boston boy got into the habit of teasing his mother for pennies, until at last she said to him: "Now, Willie, I don't like to give you pennies; if you want money, you should go to work and earn it." The boy remained thoughtful for some time. Then, within a few days, the mother perceived that Willie had plenty of pennies. She wondered a little where he got them, but did not question him. But one summer day she noticed that some sort of a hullabaloo was going on in the backyard. Looking out, she saw Willie surrounded by a mob of boys, who were yelling with delight. She went down into the yard to see what was going on; and as she passed out she saw, stuck up on the back wall of the house, this notice, quite neatly "printed" out with a pencil:

WILLIE JONES WILL EAT

- 1 small green worm, for..... 1 cent
- 1 large green worm, for..... 2 cents
- 1 small fuzzy worm, for..... 3 cents
- 1 large fuzzy worm, for..... 5 cents
- 1 small green toad, for..... 25 cents

And Willie was apparently doing a thriving business.—Boston Transcript.

Spend Less Than You Make.

F. L. DAWSON.

I was riding on a train between St. Louis and Chicago, one night in September, 1898. My seatmate was a young fellow on his way to the latter named city to get work. I was impressed with his fine, manly bearing and I determined to help him, if he needed help.

As we talked together he told me something of his life. I asked him if he expected to succeed when he reached the city. He replied in a very earnest manner that he saw no reason why a boy who was ambitious and led a clean life should not succeed. I asked him what he would do if he failed to get work on his arrival. He answered that he had some money which he had saved, and told me of a rule which he followed—one that has made many men wealthy: "No matter what I make in a day, I have always spent a little less," he said, "and although I have no parents I have always some money in my pocket." Within a few hours after arriving in the city the boy was at work, and he has

had steady employment ever since. He is now connected with a large packing company, occupying a good position for a boy of his age, and is on the way to a successful business career. Poverty is no stumbling block to the boy that has the right kind of stuff in him. He will make it a stepping stone instead. Let the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY learn the lesson of spending a little less than they make, and we shall hear of many of them succeeding in life.

How Boys Make Money.

Horace Mulkey, Bronaugh, Mo.—I live on a farm three miles south of Bronaugh. Last fall I drove a team for a hay press for about forty days at fifty cents a day. When I received my money I bought a few sheep. I sheared them a few days ago and the wool paid for the sheep and a little over. I have hired out this coming season to drive for the same man. I am nearly fourteen years old.

E. J. M., New Haven, Conn.—I make about twenty-five dollars every summer out of chickens. I also have a paper route and make seventy-five cents a day at that. Last summer I made bluing and sold it at ten cents a bottle, making a good profit. From my savings I have bought a wheel.

Sidney S. Wurtsman, Savannah, Ga.: I got a piece of ice and several bottles of flavors. I shaved the ice and made balls out of the shaved ice and poured flavors on them and sold the balls at one cent each. You can see these snowball stores on nearly every block here.

Carl Richert, Whitehall, Ill.: I raised some chickens and sold them for three dollars and fifty cents. Then I bought two pigs for the money and fed them on leavings from the kitchen, small potatoes, etc., that we did not need. When they were fattened I sold them for eighteen dollars and twenty-six cents. This was the largest sum of money that I ever had. I gave eight dollars of it to my father for the feed, and had about ten dollars left. With this I bought a nice violin, on which I am now taking lessons.

George Zahn, Atchison, Kas.: I made money last winter helping put up ice near my home. I made seventeen dollars and fifty-two cents. I now work every Saturday evening and make twenty-five cents. I am putting my money in the bank and saving it.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.

4 CENTS brings you sample Microscope; 2c doz. Sell 10c each; big profits. Daimaru Bazar, Pathfinder, D.C.

BOYS MAKE \$8.00 A DAY EASY for particulars, International Co., 241 Biscell St., Chicago, Ill.

BOYS! Send 10c for the formula of Capsule Bluing, and start a business that will win you many Dollars; others have done it, so can you. C. I. Peacock, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS—Go in Mail Order Business. No capital. For particulars send stamp. R. MOTTER, Box 49, New London, Ohio.

CAMPAIGN BOOK. 60 pages. Authentic history of parties and all issues. Lives of candidates. Every voter wants it. Big money for agents. Act quickly. Full outfit free. Salary or commission. Standard Pub. Co., 41 N. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BOYS WANTED
To sell our new Scientific Flying Machines size 15x22 patented Oct. 3d, 1899. A marvelous invention. Send 10 cents for sample machine and terms to agents. Armstrong Mfg. Co., 127 South Barry St., Olean, N. Y.

WE PAY \$1.00 FOR 500 NAMES
Dime for enrollment book with space for 500 names, or 2 cents for book with space for 100 names. You can fill the larger book in one day which means \$1.00 for you. ROGER & STOVER, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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ORANGE-AID! Better than lemonade. Concentrated fruit powder, ready to mix with water. No sugar required. For use of Families, Restaurants, Fruit Stands, Parties, Picnics, Fairs, etc. 20 glasses made in 2 minutes, at a cost of 10c. Sample free for 2c postage, or one gal. trial package for **BOYS MAKE MONEY!** **CHICAGO BARGAINS CO., Dept. 10, 124 Van Buren Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

\$175 A MONTH selling PHOTO Buttons, Pins, Brooches, Etc. Each has a photograph of the wearer's friend, child, wife or relative. These are the most popular novelties ever produced and best sellers known. Be first in your locality **SAMPLE FREE** **F. HODGSON BUITON CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

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We want Boys for Agents in every town, to sell
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
(Of Philadelphia)
We will furnish you with ten copies the first week **FREE OF CHARGE**, to be sold at 5 cents a copy; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell for the next week.
You can find many people who will be glad to patronize a bright boy, and will agree to buy of you every week if you deliver it regularly at the house, store or office.
You can build up a trade in a short time; permanent customers who will buy every week. You can thus earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent.
Address **THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia**





THE BOY'S LIBRARY

Bayard Taylor, the Poet Laureate of America.

The readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are, I am sure, thoroughly up-to-date in the best sense of this expressive phrase. It is natural, therefore that they should delight in the works of such writers as Henty, Knox, Rathbun, Trowbridge, King, Stevenson and Kipling, all of whom deserve the strong hold they have upon the interest and preference of our boys. There are, however, certain other writers whose books possess a value that time cannot destroy. And these books must be read by every boy who desires to be well informed.

Nothing does more to make us true gentlemen than intimate association with men of learning, culture and clean, wholesome lives, and every American boy may form such an association by reading the books written by wise and good men.

Bulwer says that "the pen is mightier than the sword," and this is true, boys. He who, by the God-given power of intellect defends the right, uplifts the weak, and leads his fellowmen upward to better thoughts and worthier lives does more to vanquish evil than the mightiest hero in "the world's broad field of battle." Pre-eminent among the names which should thus be honored, is that of James Bayard Taylor, the poet laureate of America, upon whom was conferred the honor of writing the national ode for our country's great Centennial of 1876.

Every American boy ought to be familiar with the life and writings of Bayard Taylor. "Views Afoot," "Eldorado," "A Journey to Central Africa," "The Lands of the Saracen," "Travels in Greece," "Egypt and Iceland," "Boys of Other Countries," and "At Home and Abroad," are some of Taylor's books, which are as thoroughly delightful and fascinating as those of your modern favorites.

For the benefit of my young friends whose knowledge of the world and its great wonders must (for the present) be derived from books, I suggest the reading of "At Home and Abroad." Among the delightful "journeys" to be found in this book is a trip to that greatest of natural wonders—the "Mammoth Cave" of Kentucky.

Bayard Taylor's description of this subterranean wonderland is remarkably correct, and exquisitely beautiful. "Mammoth Cave" is Nature's masterpiece, famous the wide world over.

In describing the entrance to the cave, Bayard Taylor says:

"The scene was wild and picturesque in the extreme, yet the first involuntary sensation was something akin to terror. The falling in of the roof of the main avenue of the cave has formed a gap or pit, about fifty feet in depth, terminating in a dark, yawning portal. Trees grew about the edges of this pit almost roofing it with shade; ferns and tangled vines fringed its sides, and a slender stream of water, flowing from the rocks, which arched above its entrance, dropped like a silver veil before the mysterious gloom. Taking each a lighted lamp we descended some rocky steps to the floor of the cavern, passed behind the tinkling cascade, and plunged into the darkness. . . . What are the galleries of the Vatican, the Louvre, Versailles, and the Crystal Palaces of London and Paris to this gigantic vault hewn in the living rock?"

And, again, Taylor thus tells us of the world-famous "Star Chamber."

"We were in the celebrated 'Star Chamber.' We looked upwards, lost in wonder. Your reason vainly tells you that it is but a crust of black oxide of manganese, sprinkled with crystals of gypsum. You see that it is a fathomless

heaven, with constellation twinkling in illimitable space. The guide, by a skillful arrangement of his lights, produced the appearance of a thunder cloud rising and gradually spreading over the sky. The stars are lost, the gorge is wrapped in darkness. Then the clouds break away, and the stars seem to twinkle with a more bright and frosty lustre. 'Take care of yourselves,' cries the guide, as we hear his footsteps under the floor. He has all our lamps, and we can now see but a faint glimmer through the opening he entered. Now it ceases altogether. Yes, this is darkness—solid, palpable darkness. After awhile a golden nebulous glow stole upon the darkness, seemingly brighter than the sunrise radiance of the east, and increased until our guide and lamps rose above the horizon."

The Bottomless Pit, the Dead Sea, Echo River (with its white, eyeless fish), the Vineyard, where a perfect vine, springing from the base of lofty cliffs supports myriad clusters of equally perfect grapes "which gleam with blue and violet tints through the water which trickles over them," Elindo Avenue, "a subterranean conservatory, filled with the flowers of all zones," the Rocky Mountains, and all the mysteries and beauties of "Mammoth Cave" are to be found in "At Home and Abroad."

In commenting upon this remarkable work of Nature, Bayard Taylor says:

"What power is it which lies behind the mere chemistry of Nature? What but the Divine Will, which is never weary of multiplying for Man the lessons of His infinite wisdom?"

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"Nature's Miracles."

By ELISBA GRAY.

In these "familiar talks on science" Prof. Gray has made clear to the young student what has for many years seemed miraculous until the student has become interested in the philosophy of nature's workings through a long course of study, but now even a child can understand from these explanations the growth of the earth and the action of air and water.

It is natural for the child, and, in fact, for those of older growth, to ask questions, and Prof. Gray has anticipated these by describing minutely yet clearly many of the common things which we daily meet, wonder at and yet hesitate to ask about.

Life has a stronger, truer meaning when we understand its mysterious workings and know the why and wherefore of all the changes which take place in temperature, in the action of dew and frost, in cloud formation, and the numerous ways in which nature tries to tell us her story of the building of a world.

Prof. Gray has made this language plain to us, and has thereby given a new zest to the bare fact of living, not only to the student but to others who have not made a study of Nature's miracles.

This is one of the Handy Volume series, which takes up the subject, "World Building Life," "Energy and Vibration," and "Electricity and Magnetism." They are published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 47 East Tenth Street, New York. Price 60 cents.

"Dorsey, the Young Inventor."

By E. S. ELLIS.

"Dorsey, the Young Inventor," is the story of a country boy who is gifted with an inventive genius, and hardly knowing his own powers, makes use of them to lighten the work about the farm and brickyard. He is first accused of laziness because he sees an easier way to churn than by the old-fashioned dashes up and down, and how to transport bricks by the thousand and instead of singly and at great expense. The water power back of his father's house became to him a treasure trove out of which grew wondrous power for good, and people soon began to recognize the boy's genius without understanding it, one farmer expressing his surprise by:

"I don't know what to think of that 'ere boy, he's going to make either a blamed fool or a powerful smart man; and I'll be hanged if I know which."

This is the spirit in which most inventors are received, and very few of them are as fortunate, as was young Dorsey, in having his father to back him in his experiments. His experience in having his window fastener appropriated is not an unusual one, for many of the smaller inventions are caught up by some one who would never have thought them out, but seeing their utility and having money to bring out the patent, easily claim them as their own.

Here, again, young Dorsey has help to secure his rights.

The author has given his inventor more business ability than usually accompanies the powers of an inventor; otherwise the book is very true to the subject it represents, and boys will find it very instructive as well as interesting. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

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A MOTHER BOOK.

By MRS. E. FRANCES SOULE.

This is truly the children's day—a time when the study of child nature and its tendencies are watched and heeded; when mothers' meetings are held and ways devised to bring these little minds under the influence of thoughts which will lead to well-ordered lives.

The mother's life is a busy one and the little German motto, "Ohne hast, ohne rast" (without haste, without rest) applies to her life, even without the busy Sunday afternoons; but Mrs. Soule has opened up such pleasant paths for little feet by her suggestions, that the work may become a pleasure, not a sacrifice, to the mother-teacher. Such lessons are helpful to the teacher and do not lose their power by being retold. The author has evidently a close acquaintance with the new methods of child education, and has carried out in object lessons the truths she wished to impress upon the child's mind, and all in such simple earnest language that any child can understand. It is a book to commend to any mother's reading and adoption.

Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

"A Bonnie Boy."

By JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

The new education begins in the home, and Julia MacNair Wright has taken "A Bonnie Boy" of three years, scarcely able to master the powers of speech, through all the questioning age of childhood up to his eleventh birthday, showing what wise and tender guidance can do toward encouraging a healthy growth of mind and body.

Jack was a regular interrogation point, but was never checked with an impatient:

"Go away; don't bother me now; I am too busy."

His wise grandma always answered his questions, and encouraged him to think for himself, so that he in turn delighted to impart his new information to his playmates and friends.

His little girl playmate, Margaret, came in for much of this wise teaching.

"Mar'det," said he, "do you know the big fair moon? It is a big, big, round world, far, far away. Ball round, not plate round."

Margaret insists that it is like a plate, when Jack still further informs her that it is a dark body "all cold, hard, black stones."

Margaret denies this also and says:

"The moon over at your house may be all flat stones, but the moon at my house is all clear bright shine," whereupon Jack declares, "You're folks don't know anything."

He is told the story of the siege of Troy, and forthwith proceeds to enlighten a college professor with his version of the story, to the great amusement of his hearers.

The book abounds in little touches of wit, and is full of information about the small everyday things of life, which children must encounter, but do not understand until they are explained to them; and many boys and girls of an older growth will be fascinated with the happy way in which the whole story is told.

The illustrations are not numerous, but they are fine and clear-cut as steel engravings.

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"The Sacred Tree."

WRITTEN BY A LOS ANGELES BOY FOR THIS PAPER.

On the banks of the Arroyo Seco, near Pasadena, Cal., there stands a lofty live oak tree, which is said to be at least 100 years old.

On the trunk of this tree there is what seems to be a long scar in the rough bark, but upon closer investigation you can plainly see that it has the form of a cross.

There is a story told by some of the old Mexicans still living about here to the effect that in the early days of this country the Mission Fathers, who taught the Catholic religion to the natives, used the cool shade of this tree for one of their places of worship, and they carved the cross on the tree; and to this day we find Mexicans who consider the tree sacred.

A short time ago the man owning this property wished to have the tree trimmed, so he hired an old Mexican, who lived near, to do the job; but on seeing what tree it was, the man with a look of awe on his face, refused to touch it, saying "If I should cut a single limb of it something dreadful would happen to me." After some persuasion and a more liberal offer he overcame his scruples and did the work.

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Huntington's Secret.

Collis P. Huntington has been persuaded to give some advice to young men on the way to succeed in life. "In regard to myself," says Mr. Huntington, "I live within my means." As Mr. Huntington's means run into seven figures, this achievement will perhaps not strike most of us as remarkable. "There is another principle that must be obeyed," says Mr. Huntington; "business before pleasure. There will be an important meeting here tonight, but one of the gentlemen said he could not attend because he had to go to an entertainment with his wife." In referring to "false pride" as an obstacle to success, he exclaims: "Why, I know young men in New York city who would not carry a trunk along Fifth avenue if you should give all the frontage they could pass, simply because they'd be afraid they'd meet some girl they knew." Mr. Huntington's most important utterance relates to college education. "Certain classes of young men make a mistake in going to college. They lose the most receptive and important part of their lives—from 17 to 21—in filling themselves with knowledge of other men's deeds that can be no practical use to the commercial world." Think of that! The most receptive and important part of their lives wasted in studying matters that have nothing to do with commerce—that merely broaden their minds and teach them that there are other things worth living for besides accumulating money and getting the advantage of their neighbors! Mr. Huntington's philosophy is summed up in these complacent words: "I never wanted anything that I needed; I always got it."

The Proper Time for Commencing Business on One's Own Account.

It is imprudent in any one to embark in business without that moderate capital ordinarily required in the business. It is imprudent in a young man to accept a loan from a money-lender, giving his friends as security, in order to get that moderate capital. But suppose that the friends of a young man who is of age and out of his apprenticeship, propose to furnish him the necessary capital to set up business, is it prudent in him to embark? I will merely express a few of the arguments on both sides, and leave it to the exercise of the individual judgment. A good deal undoubtedly depends on the person's previous education, and the extent of his knowledge. On the one side it is stated that experience is a relative term; a man at twenty-four has frequently more knowledge than many men of forty. Knowledge, not experience, is the one thing needful. Experience is only one of the ways of arriving at knowledge. "Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and beasts by nature." The mind is a thing of impulse, of quick penetration; it acquires its knowledge of life by bounds and flights. In war, literature, and statesmanship, the greatest exploits of the most renowned men have been performed at an early age. Hannibal crossed the Alps before he was twenty-four. Alexander the Great died at thirty-three; Byron wrote Child Harold at twenty-one; Bonaparte was first consul before he was thirty. "Of all the great human actions ever heard or read of," says Montaigne, "of what sort

soever, I have observed, both in former ages and our own, more have been performed before, than after the age of thirty; and oft-times in the very lives of the same men. May I not confidently instance those of Hannibal, and his great competitor, Scipio? The latter half of their lives, they lived upon the glory they had acquired in their youth."

On the other side, we have the general observation of mankind, that those who have been most successful in business, have generally begun life with "an ax and a tow-shirt," and worked themselves gradually up. We have the facts that Girard was a poor man at thirty, and even at forty; that Rothschild did not get his capital of £20,000 till after he was thirty years old; that at thirty Astor had not made his first \$1,000, which, he says, was harder to make than all the others. We have the assertion of men who have spent twenty years in their avocation, that, although they thought themselves wise when they began, they were exceedingly ignorant. We have the knowledge that an energetic prosecution of business makes large draughts on the physical constitution; and the assertion of medical men that the frame does not harden till thirty; and, lastly, we have the example of the Saviour, who, although able to confound the doctors at twelve, did not commence his ministry till he was thirty years of age. Now, when doctors disagree, who shall decide? I will merely remark, that a man who has, or can obtain, a good situation, should not abandon it from slight reasons; that the task of the employed is easier than that of the employer; and that the reputation of doing business on one's own account is a consideration too trifling to influence a wise man's decision.—Freudley.

To Boys Who Don't Like to Do the Dirty Work.

"I have had to quit school in order to earn something to help support our family, as my father is not very well and does not earn enough to live on. I have tried three different places, but they put me at the hardest, most menial work, and I have been accustomed to doing the easy work around the house, and it hurts me to have to do dirty work."

This letter was received by the genial, boy-loving editor of "Peck's Sun," George W. Peck, whose answer is a masterpiece of humor and good sense:

"Well, boy," writes the genial correspondent, "you have a good deal to learn. There is nothing that would be better for you than to get a place in a milliner's shop, where you could wear a shirt waist, and ribbons in your hair, and go to picnics. If you are going to learn a trade, you have got to begin at the bottom and do the dirty work. You cannot go to work in a bank, and sit in the president's office and cut off coupons the first week, but you will have to sweep out the bank and pick up the cigar stubs the clerks leave, and work up from the cuspidor to the bank vault, and all this will take time. You seem the kind of a boy who, if you took a position in a grocery store, would want to put up nothing but granulated sugar, and raisins, and candy, and trade with pretty girls, but you would have to carry firkins of butter around, and knock the tops off, and dig into the butter with a wooden spud and get out some for a customer, and probably get frowny butter on your sleeves, and you would have to dig pickles out of a sour barrel and get vinegar on you, and if any customer asked for molasses, you would want the proprietor to go and draw it, but you would have to do it, and be mighty careful and get the dead flies out of the quart measure before you opened up, or you might lose a customer for the old man. If you thought you were going to have an easy time in

the grocery, you would make the mistake of your life, for you would have to roll barrels of sugar in the basement, and cut cheese, and sort out rotten cabbages, and sprout potatoes in the cellar, and grind coffee. You act as if, if you went to work in a livery stable, you would want to sit in the office, or drive for the crowned heads, but you would have to wash off horses and wash and grease buggies, and maybe drive the hearse to cheap funerals. You could not drive the omnibus the first day, and that is the ambition of all boys. If you went to work in a meat market, you would want to do nothing but weigh out sirloin steaks that the boss had cut off, and you would probably handle them with gloves, or with a fork; but you would find that you would have to turn the sausage machine, and fry out the scraps, and make yourself useful and greasy. If you were in a meat market, and a poor woman came in to buy a pound of pork, you would take the first piece on top of the brine and insist that she should take it, but she would insist that you roll up your sleeve and dig away down to the depths of the barrel of brine, into the rock salt on the bottom, to find the piece she wanted, and if you had a raw place on your hand it would smart so you would want to be mustered out of the meat market and draw a pension. Oh, you will never find an easy place to work, where you can keep well dressed and clean, until you learn your trade.

"Many boys see the typesetters in a country printing-office sitting on stools, doing nice clean work, and they want to learn the printing trade right off. The first day, they put you to distributing 'pl,' and you think you have struck a snap, but the next day you get the second degree and have to wash the rollers, and wash the forms, carry dirty water down three flights of stairs and carry clean water up, and you do the rolling; and when you are ready to go home the second night, there is ink on your white shirt and clear up to your hair, and when you get home your mother will not own you. You want to quit the printing business right off. You supposed it was all setting type and editing the paper, but you will find

that you have got an apprenticeship of years of dirty work before you, and to be a success you have got to enjoy it, and forget that sometime another boy will take the ink degree, and you will be advanced. If you have it in you, and take the various degrees in the employment you seek, you will some day become the grand master, and you can have your hands clean. The Sun's advice to you, boy, would be to pick out some trade that you think you are fitted for, put on some old clothes, and tell them that you want to begin at the bottom and learn it clear to the top, and then don't you ever miss a note or shirk anything, and when you are graduated, you are in a position to teach others. There is no trade that you can learn that will let you remain at the top, and keep you clean and make you easy, except that of inheriting a fortune, but that trade is already overrun and there are few openings. Learn something, and learn it well, and when you are at the head of the business, with some gray in your hair, you can enjoy thinking of the days you were dirty and disgusted."

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July.

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EVENING STARS: Mercury, Venus to July 8, Jupiter and Saturn.
LEGAL HOLIDAYS: July 4, Independence Day in all states and the District of Columbia; July 24, Pioneers' Day in Utah.
ANNIVERSARIES: July 1, Dominion Day in Canada; July 1-2, 1898, General Assault on Santiago de Cuba; July 1-3, 1863, Battle of Gettysburg; July 3, 1898, Cervera's Fleet Destroyed off Santiago; July 4, 1776, Declaration of Independence; July 4, 1789, Destruction of the Bastille; July 6, 1898, Santiago Surrendered; July 21, 1861, Battle of Bull Run.

It is no small tribute to be chosen as a friend by a boy.

It is never too late to be what you might have been.—George Eliot.

There is nothing on earth so wonderful as the budding soul of a little child.—Lucy Larcom.

Every child has a divine right to the privileges, opportunities and training of a good home.

"I want to say, if you are to do any thing for young men you must do it when you are young. By and by you will grow away from them. I believe, down deep in my soul, if young men are to be reached, there are none who can do it so well as young men."—Moody.

The Barefoot Boy.

Contradictions, denials, appearances and everything else to the contrary, the happiest of all animated creatures, hardly excepting the cherubim and seraphim of paradise, is the barefooted boy—and of this we speak advisedly, having at one time belonged to that class ourselves, and fully entitled to wear a past-master's jewel and regalia, which in this instance consists of a set of toes each having a square front like a miniature brick, together with a lamentable absence of that horn-like covering which ought to be a part of every well formed toe.

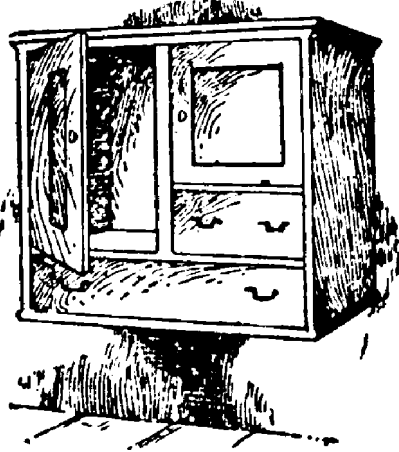
But the very unhappiest of all creatures is the boy whose mamma does not permit him to go in his bare feet, but who arrays him in knickerbockers, long black stockings and nicely polished tan shoes, and then tells him he may go out and play with the boys. Just think of that boy's state of mind when he observes how his companions are attired, or rather their lack of apparel. How they fairly skim over the ground with nothing to impede their progress, and how they edge away from him in a disdainful manner! There's no use talking—bare feet induce happiness, and that is one reason why we have some little faith in the Kneipp cure.—Pittsburg Daily News.

Boys' Belongings.

There are numerous possessions that are very dear to a boy's heart—his bats and balls, his fishing tackle, his tennis racket, his tops and marbles, his—well, who can name all the possessions that are dear to a boy's heart?

When the boy has no place in particular in which to bestow his belongings, says a writer in *The Ladies' World*, he is apt to pre-empt quarters wherever it suits his convenience, often to the no small disturbance of orderly house-keeping.

Now give the boy a chance to be orderly and see if he won't live up to his opportunities. It will be much better



for the habits he is forming and considerably better for the one who is trying to keep her house orderly.

Make the boy a locker, where he can keep all his possessions, and locate it in the laundry, the back hall or in some other place so that he won't have to tear through the house every time he wants one or another of his playthings.

The shape shown in the illustration may be suggestive only, for the locker should be arranged to hold the particular articles which the particular boy has in his possession, and only the possessor of the boy in question can possibly know what these may be.

A Country Boy's Education in 1845.

FRANK H. SWEET.

It was in 1841, and the death of the father had thrown the family upon their own resources. One of the older brothers remained on the farm, and some of the small children stayed with him. But this boy wanted an education, and the isolated farm offered few opportunities. Down near the coast, twenty-five or thirty miles away, his oldest brother had rented a farm which included the spot now occupied by Narragansett Pier. The boy went to him to do chores for his schooling.

The farm carried a good deal of stock, and was very bleak and cold in winter. The boy rose, as he had been accustomed to, long before light, and hurried

vigorously about his chores. He had twenty cows and several pairs of oxen to look after, two cows to milk, and pigs, turkeys and chickens almost without count to feed. Besides these, sixteen more head of cattle had been taken from a neighbor to keep during the winter, and were pastured on the lower side of the farm, half a mile away. The care of these also were included as part of the boy's chores. Hurry as he would, he never could get them finished in time to reach the little schoolhouse by nine o'clock. Then he was obliged to leave at afternoon recess to begin his night's chores.

At this time he was fourteen years old, and his only clothing consisted of calico shirt, thin trousers and a blue "swallow-tail," which an uncle had bought in Providence for fifty cents, brought home wrapped around a purchase of codfish, and which, proving too small for his own boy, had been turned over to this one. With the tails cut off it made a very serviceable jacket.

Naturally on a large farm like this there was plenty of work for everybody. Perhaps on account of this, or possibly because the woman of the house was unaccustomed to bother with boys, or it may be the boy himself was too modest to make his wants known, at any rate it was six weeks before he changed his shirt, and in other matters he was looked after in about the same manner.

But in spite of all this, and the many chores, he made rapid progress with his studies. Then his brother died, and he went back near his old home in West Greenwich, where he worked the next summer and winter for board and clothes and such schooling as he could get. But here the teacher was very inefficient; indeed the boy found that in some studies he knew more than the teacher. So the next year, when he was sixteen, he hired out to an uncle for seven months at the rate of nine dollars a month, working, however, only two weeks in a month, alternating the other two with a neighbor, who agreed to hire him for the same period at the rate of ten dollars a month. At the end of his services he drew his entire wages, sixty eight dollars and twenty-five cents, not having spent any of it in the meantime. From this sum he expended a few dollars for clothing, and with the remainder went to a village where there was a good school. A boarding place was found at seventy-five cents per week, and here he remained, putting the same energy and determination into his books that he had done into his farm work. Outside of the clothing and his board, all his money went into schooling, and when it was gone he was considered the first scholar in the school.

But this finished his regular education. Other duties more imperative called him from his books, and thereafter he was only able to return to them at the rare intervals which his new labors permitted.

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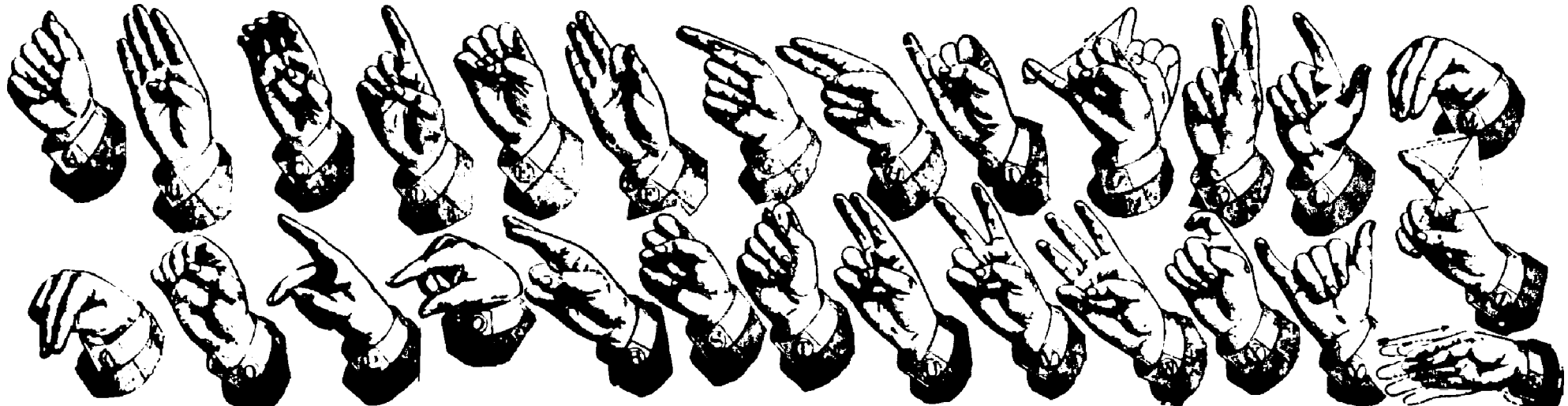
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The Boys of the Thompson's Island Farm School and Their Flower Gardens.

MAX BENNETT THRASHER

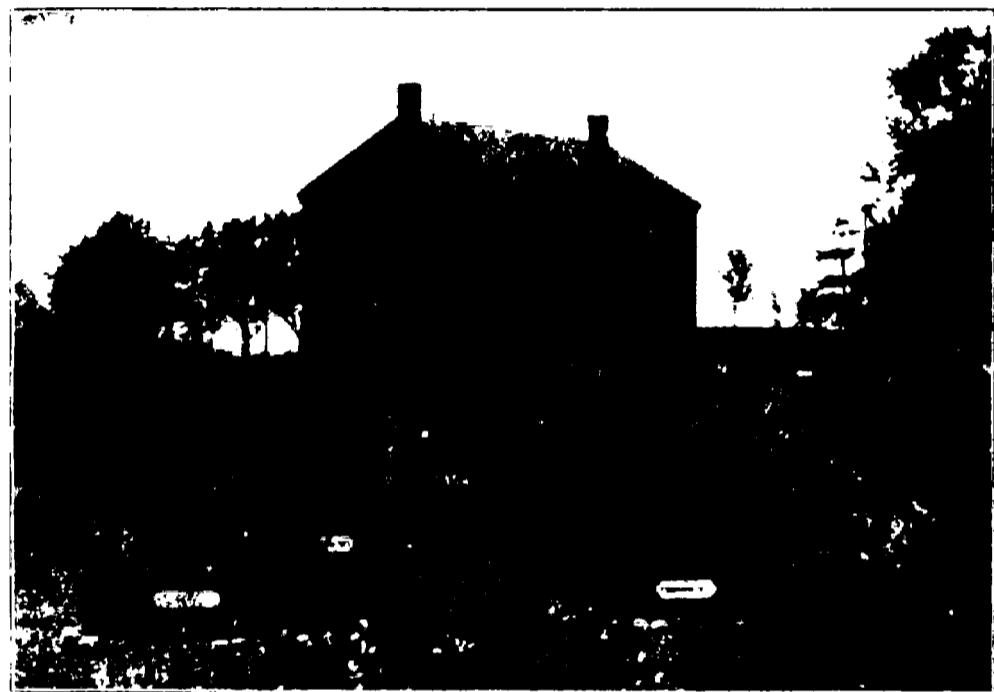
The boys' flower gardens form one of the features in the life of the pupils of the Farm School, on Thompson's Island, in Boston Harbor, and always attract the attention of visitors at the school.

The Farm School is a home training school for boys. It is one of the oldest establishments of the kind in the country, having been founded in 1815. For the first twenty years of its existence the school owned and occupied the historic old Governor Phipps house, at the North End, in Boston, near the old North Church, in the tower of which Paul Revere's signal lanterns were hung. In 1832 Thompson's Island was purchased, and suitable buildings having been erected, the school was moved into its present location.

Thompson's Island has an area of one hundred and sixty-seven acres, all of which is available for tillage or pasture.

work in the gardens. They spade up the ground and get rotted manure from the farm for fertilizer. The beds are all bordered with large smooth cobble stones which the boys bring from the beach. Some of the boys get to be so expert in setting these stones evenly and firmly that they have all they can do for a time in the spring "stoning" the beds, as the work is called.

The school provides a generous supply of seeds. Each boy is first allowed to select four kinds of seeds. This gives each a chance to indulge his individual preference for favorite flowers. The first choice usually falls on sweet peas, pansies and asters. After this choice is made the seeds left over are divided equally. Friends of the boys frequently send them seeds and bring them bulbs and plants, so that there is great variety in the gardens. Each boy does just exactly what he wishes with his plot of ground. There are only two restrictions—that the garden be kept clear of weeds, and watered every day when it does not rain. A hydrant in the garden furnishes a convenient supply of water. Any boy who fails to water his garden loses his "swim" the next day. Like all



THE BOYS' FLOWER GARDENS—GARDEN HALL.

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The school owns and occupies the entire island, and the boys work upon the farm, under careful direction, obtaining in this way not only healthful exercise but also practical training in the work which many of them follow in after life.

There are one hundred pupils at the school all of the time, and they range in ages from ten to about sixteen years. A large plot of ground in one of the most beautiful situations on the island is set aside for the flower gardens. A high hedge of many years' growth extends on two sides of this plot, to protect the plants from the strong ocean winds. From all sides beautiful views of the harbor are to be had. Far out to seaward the ocean swells curl in white foam against the horizon as they strike on the rocky islands called "The Brewsters." On the opposite side, across Dorchester Bay, rise Dorchester Heights, on which were planted the Revolutionary cannon, which drove the British out of Boston. In plain sight and less than a mile away is the main ship channel, up and down which the boys can watch all the ocean commerce of Boston pass.

The garden plot contains over a hundred small gardens, enough so that each boy can have one and still enough be left for the instructors and for the school as a whole. Each boy can retain the same garden from year to year, if he wishes, so long as he remains at the school, and thus have the benefit of any shrubs or perennials which he has cultivated. Each boy's name is printed upon a T shaped sign stuck into the ground to mark his garden.

Just as soon as the ground dries off in the spring the boys will be found at

boys, the pupils at the Farm School delight in going into the water, and the location of the school on an island affords the best of facilities for sea bathing. Every day from early June until late September, the entire hundred go down to the beach, and, under the care of some of the instructors, splash about in the water to their hearts' content. It is this treat which a boy forfeits if he fails to water his garden, and as a result few gardens go dry.

Each year ten dollars are given in prizes of four dollars, three dollars, two dollars and one dollar to the four boys who have had the best gardens. This means not the most showy garden at the time the prizes are awarded, but the gardens which have been given the best care all through the summer. The stimulus which the prizes afford, however, causes only a very small part of the interest which the boys take in the gardens. Even the very smallest boys quickly learn to cultivate flowers because they love them. Not only do they learn something of an art which frequently may be turned to good account later in life, but they become susceptible to one of the most refining influences which can affect the life of any one. All through the summer the flower gardens are the favorite part of the campus. Great quantities of flowers are cut. There is no time after early spring that each one of the tables in the boys' dining room does not have a fresh bouquet of flowers upon it, while the rest of the rooms in the home are made attractive in the same way, and quantities of flowers are always ready to be given to friends who visit the school.

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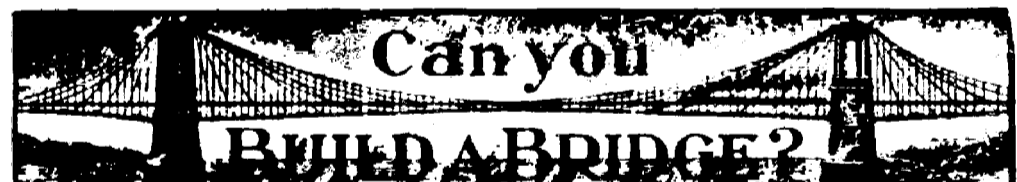
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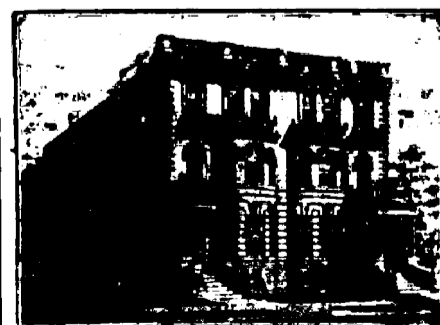
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ing question, he immediately had recourse to an inexhaustible fountain of advice, an experienced and friendly professional printer.

In this way the amateur printer can easily dissipate considerable of the prejudice that exists. It is a comparatively easy matter to find some professional printer who will give the amateur the advice and assistance he needs, whether it is in the matter of purchasing material, the treatment of rollers, the care of the press, the buying of stock, or prices to be charged; and if the amateur carefully follows this advice the professional will have no further cause for complaint.

Long before I became an apprentice I had solved the mysteries of typesetting, and some day I may give the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY a description of my first printing outfit. I sought advice. I remember one incident particularly. For some reason or other I could not take a proof of a job I had set, and upon explaining my trouble to a printer friend I learned for the first time the necessity of wetting the paper.

A number of years later, when I had served my apprenticeship and was entitled to the privilege of calling myself a professional or journeyman printer, I discovered in my immediate neighborhood two boys who had a good press but a poor assortment of type. I advised them in this particular, and not only did I assist them in bettering their work, but prices on printing were rarely made without first consulting me. I am sure no professional printer could entertain any serious objection against these boys; they did not interfere with trade by doing inferior work or by cutting prices.

One evening when I was returning from work one of the boys met me at my gate. Their press was acting badly and they were late in turning out some work. Upon investigation I found that they had permitted some stiff ink to dry on the ink disk and were trying to print the job without washing up the press. In a few minutes I had them going nicely. Had they continued on the work without seeking advice the job would have been a botch job indeed, but they found out that the next best thing to having experience was making use of the experience of others.

"Young America."

One of the most notable amateur publications is "Young America," published by Klinkner Brothers, Dyersville, Ia. Its contents consist of stories, biographies, essays, sketches and editorials on miscellaneous subjects as well as questions of amateur journalism and the politics of the amateur journalists' associations. It is not so much in the subject-matter of its contents, however, that it is notable as in the bright, lively, natural way in which it is written. The ideas of the editor, Anton F. Klinkner, are unique in themselves, and he has a most unique way of expressing them. H. V. Klinkner is the business manager. "Young America" is also unique in its form, being only one ordinary newspaper column in width and seven and a half inches in length. "Young America" enjoys the distinction of being the only avowedly humorous amateur paper published, and the editor does all the work, the typesetting, printing and mailing, as well as the editing. The publishers believe that they have a larger list of paid subscribers than any other amateur paper published, and there is much to justify the assertion. Anton F. Klinkner was born at Cascade, Iowa, in 1880, and began learning the printing business as soon as he left school. After a few months in the office of a country weekly he bought a small printing outfit for himself and started "Young America" March 1, 1897, so that the paper has been run three years now, which is a very good record for an amateur paper and is evidence that the venture is profitable as well as entertaining to its managers. Henry V. Klinkner is two years older

than his brother. They have certainly attained a very satisfactory degree of success in their work, for after three years in business they now have a well-equipped job printing office, prepared to



ANTON F. KLINKNER,
EDITOR YOUNG AMERICA.

do all kinds of printing. A very large proportion of their business is work done for other amateurs, for whom they print papers, letter-heads, cards, etc., where the other amateurs have no printing outfits of their own and simply edit the papers that they issue. They also conduct a novelty business by mail, having built up their list of customers principally by advertising their goods in "Young America" and other amateur papers.

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THEODORE B. THIELE,
PRESIDENT NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION.

We have received two copies of "The Pirate," published by Theodore B. Thiele, 722 Monroe street, South Evanston, Ill. Mr. Thiele is president of the N. A. P. A., and the excellence of his magazine is certainly strong evidence that the honor was fittingly bestowed when he was selected for that office. We have not seen a better edited amateur publication.

"The Lucky Dog," edited by T. Burr Thrift, Bellefontaine, O., has just made its appearance. We presume it is its intention to chase "The Black Cat" in the race for popularity. The editor deserves to be congratulated on the number before us, both from an editorial standpoint and also on account of the excellent appearance of his magazine.

Raymond N. Cary, of Dowagiac, Mich., formerly publisher of "The Stork," has started "The Mirror" as a weekly newspaper. Leon R. Lyle and Harry C. Mosher are associated with him in the editorship of the paper. It should succeed.

The Amateur Printer and the Professional.

SAMUEL J. STEINBERG.

Ever since the natural progress of printing so cheapened printing material that it became possible for boys to own their own press and type, the professional printers have never neglected an opportunity to express their contempt for the boy printer.

This condition is not entirely without justification. The printer argues, rightfully enough, that with the exception of visiting cards, no one has printing done unless he actually needs it, and that when the work is given to the amateur printer, the professional printer is deprived of just so much work. It might be well to say that it is not competition but unfair competition that the printer fears.

This prejudice, however, for the amateur has been of little avail and I have no doubt that the number of printing outfits occupying space in bedrooms, stable lofts or cellars is greater than ever before.

It would seem that the professional printer by this time ought to be able to realize the situation and instead of continually grumbling because of the cutting of prices and the inferior work of the amateur, he should endeavor to remedy the matter by assisting and advising him whenever he can.

It is a mistaken opinion of the professional that all amateurs are necessarily inexperienced and price-cutters. I have in mind now a printer who was an amateur printer in every sense of the word. His supply of type embraced few varieties, but was choice in its assortment; his press was a hand press; his office shared a room with a bed; yet the quality of the work he turned out was the best, and the prices charged were always good. This printer never learned the trade by working in a printing office. He obtained his knowledge in various ways. Besides having a natural aptitude for the work, he read the journals devoted to printing, and whenever his common sense and the columns of these papers failed to solve some intricate and puzz-

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREENELL

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

Photographic Notes.

Keep the bottles containing your various chemicals tightly corked, and, if possible, well filled. This will prevent the action of the oxygen in the air corroding them.

An English photographer recently took eight miles of films with him to the seat of war in South Africa. His cinematograph, with the necessary batteries and accessories, weighed the best part of a ton.

It has been found that with certain kinds of light the dark room need no more be dark. It can even be brilliantly lighted. One of the colors recommended for the lantern is composed of a solution of eosin and metanil yellow.

Word comes from Paris that there will be no restriction on hand cameras at the Exposition. But if one takes along a tripod, a small charge will be made for each picture taken. To photograph an exhibit, permission must be obtained of the exhibitor.

If your camera has "stops," always take portraits with full openings. This will give the face a roundness that is lost with a small stop. Too much detail is not advisable in a portrait, and the effect of a small stop is to preserve all the details.

When on a journey it is well to have with you some black court plaster to mend any hole that may appear in the bellows of the camera; black sealing wax for holes in the woodwork; and a little bottle of fish glue in case any of the woodwork becomes loose or damaged!

There are now a number of reliable "reducers" on the market, so that amateurs need not any longer be bothered with over developed plates. They can be found in all reliable photographic supply houses, and one has only to follow the directions that accompany them.

A new way to dry a negative quick is to immerse it in a mixture of formaline one part, and water nine parts, leaving it in for five minutes. Then plunge it into hot water and set it up to dry, and in a few moments it will be ready to print from. The best way to dry a plate quick is to put it in front of a revolving electric fan.

It will save many a plate if the amateur will, when he starts out to take a picture, have in his mind just the kind of view he wants. Is he after a herd of cows taking a noontime siesta in a shaded brook? Or a noble tree in a field, under which farm animals are enjoying the shade? Or a yacht skimming over the surface of some lake? Think out where these scenes may be found, and give your attention exclusively to them. It may be possible that not a picture will be obtained on the first, or even the second trip, but such a course of action if persistently pursued, will finally bring its just reward.

Improving a Thin Negative.

It often happens that a negative is too thin to print well. This may arise from it being under timed or under developed. Such a plate is never as good a one as if the timing had been correct, or the developing just right; but it can be improved by the following manipulation:

There is on the market, to be found in every photographic supply house, a solution called "Agfa." Take an ounce of this and mix it with ten ounces of water. Drop your plate in the solution and watch it. The intensification begins at once, the high lights becoming thicker, and the details in the shadows appearing. Often in two minutes the plate will be sufficiently strengthened to become a good printer. Do not leave it in too long, or the plate will assume a whitish grey color, and be too hard to print. Ten minutes is the limit in which a plate can remain in the solution.

Wash your plate as you would after having it in the fixing bath—say half an hour—and then dry.

Buying a Camera.

It is not possible to give the best advice as to the buying of a camera without knowing just what kind of pictures one is most inclined to take. A \$5 camera can be procured that will take fair pictures, but not the best, unless the purchaser is lucky enough to get hold of an exceptionally good lens. There are many makes on the market. One will lean to a "Premo," and another amateur might advise a "Poco," or some other make. For a cheap magazine camera, the "Adlake" gives good satisfaction.

With a magazine camera there is no use for a focusing cloth, as the place usually occupied by the ground glass is taken up with the magazine. This prevents careful work. You have to guess how the picture will look. But it also has this advantage: It teaches you to rely on your own eyesight outside the camera, instead of bobbing your head under the cloth whenever you want to see just how the picture will look. This is not always necessary. Indeed, with a little experience it can in some measure be done away with. Put your eyes about on a level with the lens, and, remembering the angle the lens covers, take a swift glance over the view. Thus you can get a correct idea of just what will appear on the plate.

A camera with a universal focus will be easier to handle than one with a focusing scale, the front of which has to be pushed in or shoved out, according to whether the subject to be photographed is distant or near. But it has this disadvantage: It gives the foreground undue prominence in comparison with the rest of the view.

If you want the camera mainly for street scenes, a box camera will attract less attention than one with a drop front. It is a little larger, but it has its compensation in being safer to carry.

By all means buy a camera that uses plates, unless you want it for a traveling companion. Plates cost only one-half as much as films, and you do not have to wait until the entire strip is used before developing. Besides, the plates are easier to handle and to preserve than films. The only objection to plates is their weight. The magazine camera holding twelve or eighteen plates is a little heavy, to be sure, as compared to one using a roll of films, but for home work its advantages very much outweigh its defects.

Buy a camera that will hold at least three double plate holders. You are thus provided with six plates, which is enough for a day's work—probably more than you can use to the best advantage. Six pictures of the unique, the beautiful and

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the striking is better than a hundred of the commonplace.

Satisfactory portrait work is out of the question with a cheap camera. Better leave this branch of the art alone until thoroughly familiar with outdoor work.

Exposing and Developing.

If half the space that has been taken to telling how to expose a plate had been devoted to telling how to develop it, the number of spoiled plates in the world of amateur photography would be much fewer.

The most important step after the exposure of a plate is the developing. And here, within quite a wide range, the mistakes of exposing may be corrected.

Let the amateur go into his dark closet provided with several trays. Trays are cheap, and one or two extra involves no financial burden.

Drop the plate into the normal developer. If it flashes up quickly it is over exposed. If the image appears too slowly all over, it is under exposed.

If when placed in the normal developer, the plate comes up very slowly, it should be immediately placed in the diluted developer, otherwise the developer will fog the plate.

As correctness of exposure is a matter of guesswork any way, it would do no harm to begin every plate with the diluted developer.

Answers to Correspondents.

Willie Lockwood—There are no cameras specially made for "detective" work, and used only by detectives.

Jans Vanhorton—Be particular to hold your camera horizontally, for if you do not, the resulting picture will be as topsy turvy as the camera was when the exposure was made.

Silas Johnson—You fogged your plate at the very beginning of the developing by putting it in a too strong solution.

Sam Holcomb—Don't buy such an old-fashioned camera as you mention. It has not the conveniences of the up-to-date camera.

Harvey Secor—By your talk you have evidently passed beyond the first stages of the amateur, and need something better than a universal focus camera.

Henry Hamilton—You will get the moonlight effect by pointing your camera directly toward the sun, when it has just gone behind a cloud.



THE SNOW HOUSE. BY FOREST S. HARVEY, ST ALBANS, VT. SECOND PRIZE PHOTO.

R. Wherle—If the plate was properly exposed, there would something appear on the negative, providing it was properly developed.

John S. Stevens—The negative you send shows that your plate holder leaks light all around the edge.

Niels J. Hansen—It looks as if the plate had been fogged in the first place, and in the second the developer was not flowed evenly over the plate at the beginning of the developing.

Carl Elkhoff—Lantern slides can be made by contact. The operation is very simple. Place the plate and negative together, films next to each other.

Oscar L. Owen—You cannot take a snap shot in an ordinary dwelling, and hardly in an extraordinary one, as respects light.

Photographic Hints.

Landscapes can best be taken in the morning. In the afternoon there is apt to be dust in the air, and at noon the shadows are too dense.

"Imogen" is the latest developer put upon the market. It is said to have many excellent qualities, but if the amateur is having good luck with his old "standby," whatever it is, let him stick to it.

Many amateurs are apt to make a mistake by purchasing too light a tripod. The result is that the camera is not held sufficiently rigid to take a time picture good and clear if there is any wind.

One large plate manufacturing concern in the east has cut the price of plates in two. This is a hint that amateurs should take advantage of and save money.

When a dealer offers "a camera for twenty-five cents with a box of plates thrown in," the purchaser is not buying the camera but the plates, which are the most valuable of the two—for that price.

One of the latest cameras on the market takes tintypes. The plates are not sensitive enough with which to make snap shots, but a three-second exposure produces excellent results.

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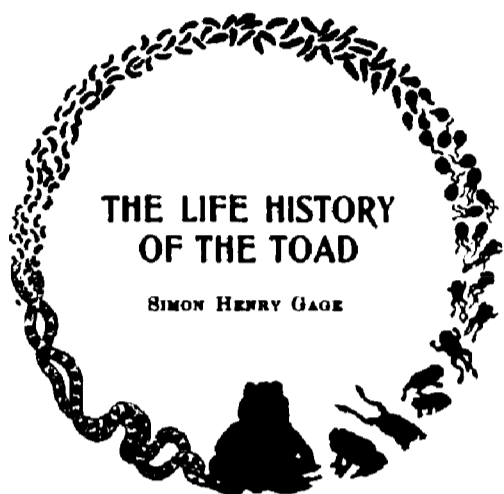
"Goin' at this rate, I'll not get a-fishin' till Christmas."



"Ah! I have an idea. I'll just tie a bunch of this long grass on the end of my fish pole and see how that'll do for a coaxer."



"Talk about yer lightnin' express; just get yer eye on this."



The life history of the common or warty toad is exceedingly interesting. The marvelous changes passed through in growing from an egg to a toad are so rapid that they may all be seen during a single spring term of school. Toads are found nearly everywhere in the world; it is easy, therefore, to get abundant material for study. This animal is such a good friend to the farmer, the gardener, the fruit grower, the florist and the stock raiser that every man and woman, every boy and girl ought to know something about it, and thus learn to appreciate their lowly helper.

It was William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who first clearly stated to the world the fact that every animal comes from an egg. This is as true of the toad as of a chicken. The toad lives on the land and often a long way from any pond or stream, but the first part of its life is spent in the water; and so it is in the water that the eggs must be looked for.

To find the eggs one should visit the natural or artificial ponds so common along streams. Ponds from springs or even artificial reservoirs or the basins around fountains may also contain the eggs. The time for finding the eggs depends on the season. The toad observes the season, not the almanac. In ordinary years the best time is from the middle of April to the first of May. One is often guided to the right place by noticing the direction from which the song or call of the toad comes. It may be said in passing that toad choirs are composed solely of male voices. The call is more or less like that of tree toads. In general it sounds like whistling, and at the same time pronouncing deep in the throat hu-rr-r-r-r-r-. If one watches a toad while it makes its call, he can soon learn to distinguish the sound from others somewhat similar. It will be found that different toads have slightly different voices, and the same one can vary the tone considerably, so that it is not so easy after all to distinguish the many batrachian solos and choruses on a spring or summer evening. It will be noticed that the toad does not open its mouth when it sings, but there is a great, expandible, vocal sack or resonator under the mouth and throat (see the left hand toad in the plate).

The eggs are laid in long strings or ropes which are nearly always tangled and wound round the water plants or sticks on the bottom of the pond near the shore. If the eggs have been freshly laid or if there has been no rain to stir up the mud and the water is clear, the egg ropes will look like glass tubes con-

IN BOYS & THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

taining a string of jet black beads. After a rain the eggs are obscured by the fine mud that settles on the transparent jelly surrounding them.

Take enough of the egg string to include fifty or one hundred eggs, and place it in a glass fruit dish or a basin with clean water from the pond where the eggs were found. Note the color and the exact shape. If the eggs are newly laid they will be nearly perfect spheres.

Frogs, salamanders and tree toads lay their eggs in the same places and at about the same time as the toad we are to study. Only the toad lays its eggs in strings so one can be sure he has the right kind. The others lay their eggs in bunches or singly on the plant, so they need never be mistaken for the ones sought.

The eggs which are taken for study should be kept in a light place, but not very long in the hot sun, for that would heat the water too much and kill the eggs.

It takes only a short time for the eggs to hatch. In warm weather two or three days are usually sufficient. As the changes are so very rapid, the eggs ought to be carefully looked at two or three times a day to make sure that all the principal changes are seen. If a pocket lens or a reading glass is to be had it will add to the interest, as more of the details can be observed. But good sharp eyes are sufficient if no lens is available.

Watch and see how long it is before the developing embryos commence to move. Note their change in form. As they elongate they move more vigorously, till on the second or third day they wriggle out of the jelly surrounding them. This is hatching, and they are now free in the water and can swim about. It is curious to see them hang themselves up on the old egg string or on the edge of the dish. They do this by means of a peculiar v-shaped organ on their heads.

How different the little creatures are, which have just hatched, from the grown up toad which laid the eggs. The difference is about as great as that between a caterpillar and a butterfly.

We do not call the young of the frog, the toad, and the tree toad, caterpillars, but tadpoles or polliwogs. The toad tadpoles are blacker than any of the others.

The tadpoles will live for some time in clear water with apparently nothing to eat. This is because the mother toad put into each egg some food, just as a hen puts a large supply of food within the egg shell to give the chicken a good start in life. But when the food that the mother supplied is used up, the little tadpoles would die if they could not find some food for themselves. They must grow a great deal before they can turn into toads, and just like children and other young animals, to grow they must have plenty of food.

To feed the tadpoles it is necessary to

imitate nature as closely as possible. To do this a visit to the pond where the eggs were found will give the clue. Many plants are present, and the bottom will be seen to slope gradually from the shore. The food of the tadpole is the minute plant life on the stones, the surface of the mud, or on the outside of the larger plants. Make an artificial pond in a small milk pan or a large basin or earthen-ware dish. Put some of the mud and stones and small plants in the dish, arranging all to imitate the pond, that is, so it will be shallow on one side and deeper on the other. Take a small pail of clear water from the pond to the school house and pour it into the dish to complete the artificial pond. The next morning when all the mud has settled and the water is clear, put thirty or forty of the little tadpoles which hatched from the egg string, into the artificial pond. Keep this in the light, but not very long at any one time in the sun.

One must not attempt to raise too many tadpoles in the artificial pond or there will not be enough food, and all will be half starved. While there may be thousands of tadpoles in the natural pond, it will be readily seen that, compared with the amount of water present, there are really rather few.

Every week or oftener, a little of the mud and perhaps a small stone covered with the growth of microscopic plants, and some water should be taken from the pond to the artificial pond. The water will supply the place of that which has evaporated, and the mud and the stone will carry a new supply of food.

The growth and changes in form should be looked for every day. Then it is very interesting to see what the tadpoles do, how they eat, and any signs of breathing.

All the changes from an egg to a little toad (see the picture), are passed through in about two months, so that by the first of June the tadpoles will be found to have made great progress. The progress will be not only in size, but in form and action.

One of these actions should be watched with especial care, for it means a great deal. At first the little tadpoles remain under water all the time, and do not seem to know or care that there is a great world above the water. But as they grow larger and larger, they rush up to the surface once in awhile and then dive down again as if their lives depended on it. The older they grow the oftener do they come to the surface. What is the meaning of this? It took scientific men a long time to find out just why this was done. The real reason is that the tadpole is getting lungs, and getting ready to breathe the free air above the water when it turns into a toad and lives on the land. At first the little tadpoles breathe the air dissolved in the water just as a fish does. This makes it plain why an artificial pond should have a broad surface exposed to the air. If one should use a narrow and deep vessel

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like a fruit jar, only a small amount of air could be taken up by the water and the tadpoles would be half suffocated.

As the tadpoles grow older their lungs develop more and more and they go oftener to the surface to get the air directly from the limitless supply above the water. They are getting used to breathing as they will have to when they live wholly in the air.

From the first to the middle of June the tadpoles should be watched with especial care, for wonderful things are happening. Both the fore and hind legs will appear, if they have not already. The head will change in form and so will the body; the color will become much lighter, and, but for the tail, the tadpole will begin to look quite like its mother.

If you keep an especially sharp look out do you think you will see the tail drop off? No, toad nature is too economical for that. The tail will not drop off, but it will be seen to get shorter and shorter every day; it is not dropping off but is being carried into the tadpole. The tail is perfect at every stage; it simply disappears. How does this happen? This is another thing that it took scientific men a long time to find out. It is now known that within the body there are many living particles that wander about as if to see that everything is in order. They are called wandering cells, white blood corpuscles, phagocytes and several other names. These wander into the tail at the right time and take it up particle by particle. The wandering cells carry the particles of tail into the body of the tadpole, where they can be made use of as any other good food would be. This taking in of the tail is done so carefully that the skin is never broken, but covers up the outside perfectly all the time. Is not this a better way to get rid of a tail than to cut it off?

Now when the legs are grown out, and the tail is getting shorter, the little tadpole likes to put its nose out of the water into the air; and sometimes it crawls half way out. When the tail gets quite short, often a mere stub, it will crawl out entirely and stay for some time in the air. It now looks really like a toad, except that it is nearly smooth instead of being warty like its mother, and is only about as large as the end of one's little finger.

Finally the time comes when the tadpole, now transformed into a toad, must leave the water for the land.

What queer feelings the little toad must have when the soft, smooth bottom of the pond and the pretty plants, and the water that supported it so nicely are all to be left behind for the hard, rough, dry land. But the little toad must take the step. It is no longer a tadpole, or half tadpole and half toad. It cannot again dive into the cool, soft water when the air and the sunshine dry and scorch it. As countless generations of little toads have done before, it pushes boldly out over the land and away from the water.

If one visits the natural pond at about this season (last half of June, first of July), he is likely to see many of the little fellows hopping away from the water. And so vigorously do they hop along that in a few days they may be as far as a mile from the pond where they were hatched. After a warm shower they are particularly active, and are then most commonly seen. Many think they rained down. "They were not seen before the rain, so they must have rained down." Is that good reasoning?

While the little toad is very brave in its way, it is also careful, and during the hot and sunny part of the day stays in the shade of the grass or leaves or in some other moist and shady place. If it were foolish as well as brave it might be filled with vanity and stay out in the sun till it dried up.

In the water the tadpole eats vegetable matter, but when it becomes a toad and gets on the land it will touch nothing but animal food, and that must be so fresh that it is alive and moving. This food consists of every creeping, crawling or flying thing that is small enough to be swallowed. While it will not touch a piece of fresh meat, woe to snail, insect or worm that comes within its reach.

It is by the destruction of insects and worms that the toad helps men so greatly. The insects and worms eat the grain, the fruits and the flowers. They bite and sting the animals and give men

no end of trouble. The toad is not partial, but takes any live thing that gets near it, whether it is caterpillar, fly, spider, centipede or thousand-legged worm; and it does not stop even there, but will gobble up a hornet or a yellow jacket without the least hesitation.

It is astonishing to see the certainty with which a toad can catch these flying or crawling things. The way the toad does this may be observed by watching one out of doors some summer evening or after a shower; but it is more satisfactory to have a nearer view. Put a large toad into a box or into a glass dish with some moist sand on the bottom, and put the dish in a cool shady place so that the toad will not become overheated. In a little while, if one is gentle, the toad will see that it is not going to be hurt, and then if flies and other insects are put into the dish and the top covered with mosquito netting one can watch the process of capture. It is very quickly accomplished, and one must look sharply. The toad's tongue is fastened at the front part of its mouth, not back in the throat, as with men, dogs, cats and most animals. It is so nicely arranged that it can be extended for quite a distance. On it is a sticky secretion, and when, quick as a flash, the tongue is thrown out or extended, if it touches the insect, the insect is caught as if by sticky fly paper, and is taken into the mouth.

Think how many insects and worms a toad could destroy in a single summer. Practically every insect and worm de-



THE TOAD FROM THE EGG TO THE ADULT.

stroyed adds to the produce of the garden and the farm, or takes away one cause of discomfort to men and animals. One observer reports that a single toad disposed of twenty-four caterpillars in ten minutes, and another ate thirty-five celery worms within three hours. He estimates that a good-sized toad will destroy nearly ten thousand insects and worms in a single summer.

There are two very interesting things that happen in the life of many of the lower animals; they happen to the toad also. These are moulting, or change of skin, and hibernation or winter sleep. Every boy and girl ought to know about these, and then, if on the lookout, they will sometime be seen.

Probably everybody who lives in the country has seen a snake's skin without any snake in it. It is often very perfect. When the outside skin or cuticle of a snake or a toad gets old and dry or too tight for it, a new covering grows underneath, and the old one is shed. This is a very interesting performance, but the toad usually does it in a retired place, so it is not often seen. Those who have seen it say that a long crack or tear appears along the back and in front. The toad keeps moving and wriggling to loosen the old cuticle. This peels the cuticle off the sides. Now to get it off the legs and feet, the toad puts its leg under its arm, or front leg, and in that way pulls off the old skin as if it were a stocking. But when the front legs are to be stripped, the mouth is used as is

sometimes done by people in pulling off their gloves. Do you think it uses its teeth for this purpose? You might look in a toad's mouth sometimes and then you would know.

It is said that when the skin is finally pulled off the toad swallows it. This is probably true in some cases, at least it is worth while keeping watch for. After a toad has shed his old skin, he looks a great deal brighter and cleaner than before, as if he had just got a new suit of clothes. If you see one with a particularly bright skin you will now know what it means.

The toad is a cold-blooded animal. This means that the temperature of its blood is nearly like that of the surrounding air. Men, horses, cows, dogs, etc., are said to be warm blooded, for their blood is warm and of about the same temperature whether the surrounding air is cold or hot.

When the air is too cool the toad gets stupid and inactive. In September and October, a few toads may be seen on warm days or evenings, but the number seen becomes smaller and smaller; and finally as the cold November weather comes on, none are seen. Where are they? The toad seems to know that winter is coming, that the insects and worms will disappear so that no food can be found. It must go into a kind of death-like sleep in which it hardly moves or breathes. A toad is sensible enough to know that it will not do to go into this profound sleep except in some safe and protected place. If it were to freeze and thaw with every change in the weather it would not wake up in the spring.

The wonderful foresight which instinct gives it, makes the toad select some comparatively soft earth in a protected place where it can bury itself. The earth chosen is moist, but not wet. If it were dry, the toad would dry up before spring. It is not uncommon for farmers and gardeners to plough them up late in the fall or early in the spring. Also in digging cellars at about these times, they are found occasionally.

It is very interesting to see a toad bury itself. If one is found hibernating in the fall, or if one is found very early in the spring on some cold day after a warm spell, the process can very easily be seen. Put some loose earth in a box or a glass dish and put the toad on the top of the earth. It will be found that the toad digs backwards, not forwards. It digs with its hind legs and body, and pushes itself backward into the hole with the front legs. The earth caves in as the animal backs into the ground so that no sign is left on the outside. Once in far enough to escape the freezing and thawing of winter the toad moves around till there is a little chamber slightly larger than its body; then it draws its legs up close, shuts its eyes, puts its head down between or on its hands, and goes to sleep and sleeps for five months or more.

When the warm days of spring come it wakes up, crawls out of bed and begins to take interest in life again. It looks around for insects and worms, and acts as if it had had only a comfortable nap.

The little toad that you saw hatch from an egg into a tadpole and then turn to a toad, would hibernate for two or three winters, and by that time it would be quite a large toad. After it had grown up and had awakened from its winter sleep some spring, it would have a great longing to get back to the pond where it began life as an egg years before. Once there it would lay a great number of eggs, perhaps a thousand or two for a new generation of toads. And this would complete its life cycle.

While the toad completes its life cycle when it returns to the water and lays eggs for a new generation, it may live many years afterward and lay eggs many times, perhaps every year.

Many insects, some fish and other animals die after laying their eggs. For such animals the completion of the life cycle ends the life history also. But unless the toad meets with some accident it goes back to its land home after laying the eggs, and may live in the same garden or door yard for many years, as many as eight years and perhaps longer.

If one reads in old books and listens to the fairy tales and other stories common everywhere, he will hear many

wonderful things about the toad, but most of the things are wholly untrue.

One of the erroneous notions is that the toad is deadly poison. Another is that it is possessed of marvelous healing virtues, and still another, that hidden away in the heads of some of the oldest ones, are the priceless toad-stones, jewels of inestimable value.

Probably every boy and girl living in the country has heard that if one takes a toad in his hands, or if a toad touches him anywhere he will "catch the warts." This is not so at all, as has been proved over and over again. If a toad is handled gently and petted a little, it soon learns not to be afraid, and seems to enjoy the kindness and attention. If a toad is hurt or roughly handled, a whitish, acrid substance is poured out of the largest warts. This might smart a little if it got into the mouth, as dogs find out when they try biting a toad. It cannot be very bad, however, or the hawks, owls, crows and snakes that eat the toad would give up the practice. The toad is really one of the most harmless creatures in the world, and has never been known to hurt a man or a child.

A boy might possibly have some warts on his hands after handling a toad; so might he after handling a jack-knife or looking at a steam engine; but the toad does not give the warts any more than the knife or the engine.

Occasionally one reads or hears a story about a toad found in a cavity in a solid rock. When the rock is broken open, it is said that the toad wakes up and hops around as if it had been asleep only half an hour. Just think for a moment what it would mean to find a live toad within a cavity in a solid rock. It must have been there for thousands, if not for millions of years without food or air. The toad does not like a long fast, but can stand it for a year or so without food if it is in a moist place and supplied with air. It regularly sleeps four or five months every winter, but never in a place devoid of air. If the air were cut off the toad would soon die. Some careful experiments were made by French scientific men, and the stories told about toads living indefinitely without air or food were utterly disproved.

It is not difficult to see that one working in a quarry might honestly think that he had found a toad in a rock. Toads are not very uncommon in quarries. If a stone were broken open and a cavity found in it, and then a toad were seen hopping away, one might jump at the conclusion that the toad came out of the cavity in the rock. Is not this something like the belief that the little toads rain down from the clouds because they are most commonly seen after a shower?

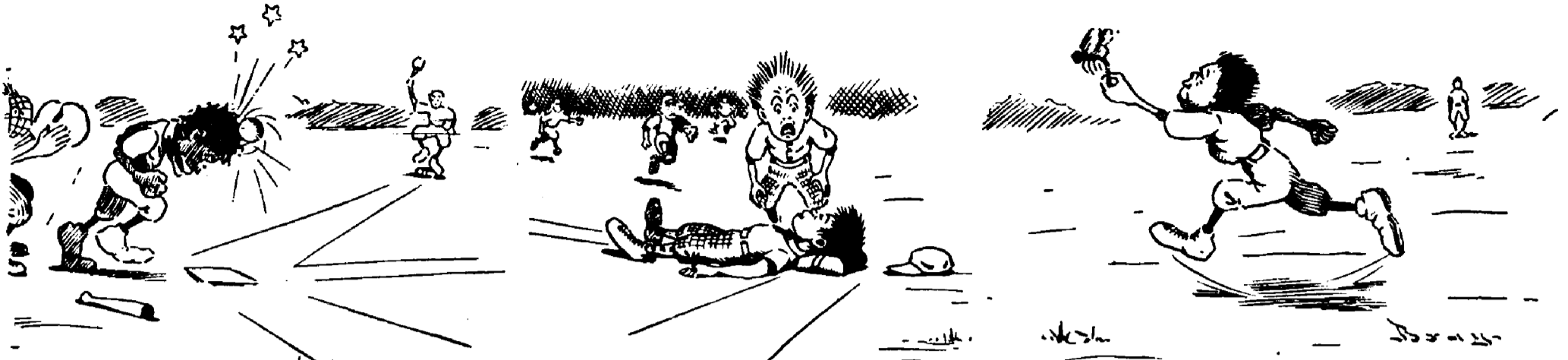


Nice That Waltz.

There is a little animal in Japan—a black and white mouse with pink eyes—that waltzes. It begins to dance as soon as it is able to move about, and keeps it up during the greater part of its life. If two of these little animals be put together they join in the mad whirl, waltzing about so fast that it is impossible to tell head from tail. It is said that if the floor of their cage is not smooth they will actually wear out their feet. What queer things some animals do! They act just like men and women.

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RASTUS "BUNTED" THE BALL.

RYAN "DIED" ON FIRST BASE.

MCCARTY CAUGHT A SWIFT "FLY."



The American Boy Ball Club.

Some Milwaukee (Wis.) boys have organized themselves into a ball club which they have named "The American Boys," in honor of THE AMERICAN BOY. They are said to be a very strong team of boy ball players. Up to May 9, they had won seven games out of eight played. Charles Eckstein is manager. The members are W. Sippert and C. Schreiber, catchers; K. Huegin, Henry Thielecke, M. Hoyer and F. Petroskey, pitchers; W. Kolman, shortstop; W. Casper, first base; C. Schmidt-kuntz, second base; W. Giljohann, third base; H. Abrams, center field; Emil Prinz, right field; S. Reckmeyer, left field.

The average age of the boys is twelve years.

Playing War.

M. C. Otto, in "Men."

A new form of recreation and sport, used for the first time at the Milwaukee boys' Y. M. C. A. camp, is called "War." It is adapted to all ages and classes of boys, and may be played by any number. With care it need not be at all rough, calls the "savage virtues," and which, while it brings into play what Robinson savage or civilized, are essential, and ought to be cultivated by Junior Departments,—viz.: courage, endurance, self-control, and loyalty to the gang or crowd.

The boys are divided into two companies of equal number. A young man, bearing the title of general, is put in charge of each. Every ten boys are in command of a captain, naturally one of the larger boys. All are supplied with four rounds of ammunition.

One column marches off headed by the general and the flag, captains in charge of squads. Scouts are deployed and a few boys remain in the rear to watch the enemy. A suitable place having been found, the column takes its stand, throws out a line of pickets and holds a council of war to decide upon a plan of defense.

Meanwhile the other company gets itself in marching order. A reasonable time having elapsed and the enemy's position having been ascertained through scouts, amid cheers and general excitement, the second company goes to battle. Upon arriving in sight of the fortified company, a council of war decides the plan of attack.

At a given signal the attacking party gives battle, and with the exception of an occasional truce to allow for rest, the war continues until the stronghold is captured or the attacking company is driven from the field.

Drum and signal corps and other military features may be added.

RULES.

1. The first company must plant its banner where it is clearly visible to the

attacking party, and the capturing of this spot shall constitute victory. Under no circumstances shall the banner be removed during battle, by either side.

2. Ammunition shall consist of bags, four by four inches, filled with rice. (Bags made of denim, ticking or canvas are best.)

3. Anyone hit in the head or in the body above the belt, shall be "killed."

4. Anyone hit below the belt or on the arm, shall be "wounded."

5. Bags may be caught with the hands, but if they should re-bounce and hit any part of the body, the same rules apply as in case of bags coming direct.

6. No one is to intentionally kill a soldier already wounded.

7. Killed or wounded must leave the field at once.

8. A hospital should be established on each side, before battle begins. This placed in charge of a responsible party, who shall act as referee in case some of the killed or wounded refuse to obey rules.

9. The killed remain in the hospital during the entire battle. The wounded are lined up as they arrive, until a number equal to one-fifth of the company has been wounded, when the first man goes out again, and so on.

10. Prisoners are treated as the killed. They may, however, be exchanged, in which case they again enter the ranks.

Hall Tennis—A New Indoor Game.

An Experiment Will Show That There is More Fun in a Toy Balloon and a Piece of Cord Than One Would Imagine.

All that is required is a cord and a toy balloon. Fasten the cord to opposite walls or ends of the hall and have the cord about the height of the shoulder. Now use the toy balloon as the tennis ball and the right hand as the racquet. The balloon may be struck twice so as to get it in good position before the serve over the line. The game then consists in returning the balloon as long as possible. A failure to return constitutes the gain of one point for the opponent, and four points make a game. Now the whole thing seems very simple, but, as Professor Boys, a distinguished lecturer before the Royal Institution, says, in speaking of the game, "Try it and see." The game is the invention of the well-known scientist, Professor Oliver Lodge of Liverpool, who, by the way, reserves no rights in the matter; and many London children, from eight to eighty, are taking to the game since its introduction by Professor Boys. Its simplicity and cheapness should recommend it to many, and only a fair trial will reveal the possibilities for exercise indoors. Much depends on the way the balloon is struck. A stroke on the under side will send the balloon spinning upward above your opponent's head and a stroke sending the balloon so that the under side will just touch the string sends the balloon curl-

ing downward out of the reach of the opponent and back to its starting place. If the balloon does not pass over the string the point is lost to the one who gives the stroke. Of course, there are also many other artful ways of striking the balloon so as to send it out of your opponent's reach, and, altogether, to quote Professor Boys again, "one can get very warm in a very short time." There is more fun in a toy balloon and a piece of cord than one would imagine.

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ARNOLD SUPPLY CO. 406 Thomas Bldg., Chicago. SAMPLE 20c. Greer New Lever Slot Hook. No more bad luck for fishermen. Whether fish bite or nibble, upturned hook releases and splices them. Lever action.

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In the perforation gauge, you will notice that there are fourteen divisions, each of the width of twenty millimetres. Arranged in these are bisected dots. By placing one set of these dots at a time under the stamp, the perforation of which you wish to gauge, you will at last find one set of dots which coincides exactly with the punched holes or indentations. This shows that there are the same number of dots in that division as there are perforations to the space of twenty millimetres on your stamp, and the number which is placed above each division of the gauge will save the collector the trouble of counting them. It sometimes happens that the perforation at the vertical sides of a stamp is different to that at the horizontal. For instance, the vertical sides may gauge 15, while the horizontal ones are perforated 13. In recording these compound perforations, the number stated first is the perforation of the top and bottom, and the second that of the sides. Thus the instance just cited would be compound perforation 13x15.

In the early times of our hobby it was generally thought that the perforation did not belong to the stamp, and that all it was necessary to preserve of the labels was that part actually covered with the design. Such, however, is a great fallacy, and many hundreds of really good stamps have been reduced to the ranks of common or worthless ones through its agency. For an example of stamps which are alike in tint and design yet differ in perforation, take the 9d. brown (overprinted on 10d.) New South Wales, 1871-83. The

following table shows the prices catalogued for each perforated specimen:
Perforation. Value. Unused. Used. S. D. S. D.
12 5.0
12 1/2 2.6 2.0
11 3.6
10 7.6
12 x 11 2.6 2.6
11 x 12 1.0 1.0
11 x 10 10.0

If, therefore, you cut off the perforation of one of these stamps it would be impossible to distinguish between the different issues, and the stamp priced 10s. would be on a level with that at 1s. In the production of postage stamps, Engraving, Lithography and Typography are among the processes which have been used. In the first mentioned, as is generally known, the design is on the printing plate in recess. In lithography the design is drawn in lithographic ink on special paper, and is therefrom transferred to the lithographic stone. Typography is the name which is applied to printing in the ordinary way from printer's type or surface blocks. It is of assistance in classifying stamps to be able to distinguish between an engraved and a lithographed specimen. Lithographed stamps are nearly always of such poor and unfinished appearance that they cannot easily be mistaken for engraved ones, the designs of which appear to stand out and in reality do stand out from the background of paper. (To be continued.)

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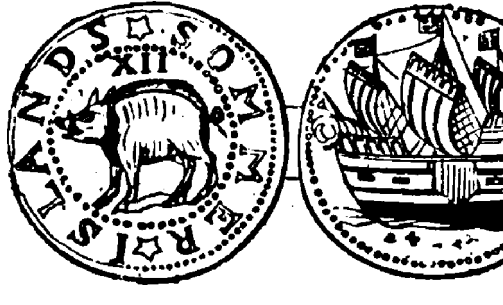
THE BOY COIN COLLECTOR



The first coin made for America was of brass, and had as its device a hog on one side and a ship on the other, with the inscription, "Sommer Islands." Thousands of these coins were struck in England in memory of Sir George Sommers, and though they bear no date, it is certain they were coined in 1616. They bore a striking resemblance to the coins issued by the Etrurian City, Populonia, about 500 B. C., and if their existence had not been known prior to the first discovery of the Etrurian coins they might have been catalogued as a copy. The first American coin is now worth from \$100 to \$300, and has a history worth repeating. In the month of May, 1609, a fleet of nine ships sailed from England for Virginia, but on reaching the thirtieth degree of north latitude were overtaken by a heavy storm, and one became separated from the others. On board the hapless vessel were Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers and Captain Newport. The ship sprung a leak, but the men on board were not of the kind to yield unresistingly. They fought a magnificent battle, and kept the vessel from sinking until land was reached. They ran in on the rocks, wedging the vessel tight, and loading their goods into boats, made for the shore. The party numbered one hundred and fifty persons. The island they found themselves on (now part of the Bermudas), was uninhabited, but was then, as now, one of the healthiest, richest and pleasantest islands in the Atlantic ocean. A large number of black hogs infested the island, but it was apparent that they were not in their natural abode,

having swam ashore from the wreck of a Spanish ship. A considerable number of the party were content to remain upon the island, but the majority ruled that two ships should be built and an attempt made to reach their original destination. However, it was not until May 10, 1610, that it was possible for them to sail for Virginia, where they ultimately arrived safely. There the story was told; and the great number of hogs and the many desirable products of the Bermudas induced Lord Lemar to fit out an expedition to secure the delicacies for Virginia. Sir George Sommers volunteered to go and was placed in command. The party embarked on the 19th of June, and after a somewhat stormy voyage landed where the town of St. George now stands. Shortly after his arrival, Sir George Sommers died of diarrhoeal complaint brought on by eating too much pork. The Bermudas were thenceforth known as "Sommers Islands." A permanent colony was soon established with Sir Thomas Smith, treasurer, and Master Richard Moore, governor; these officers having arrived at the island in 1612, accompanied by sixty men. In 1616 Master Daniel Tucker was appointed governor of the new colony, but when he arrived at Sommers Island, the first American coin had made its appearance. Although nearly three centuries have passed, there are still many specimens of what was America's earliest currency, in existence, and thrice blessed is that collector who can say: "I have one." EDITORIAL COMMENT. It would be a mistake to state that the Sommers Island coins were the first American coins, or the first struck for use in America. That they were the first issued for use in the English colonies of America is true, but at least seventy years previous to this, a mint of coinage was established in the City of Mexico, and that at this mint

coins in silver were struck during the reigns of Charles and Joanna, Phillip II. and III., and all before the time of the Sommers Island coins. Again these Spanish-Mexican coins should have precedence as the first American coins from the fact that they were actually coined in America. The account of the Sommers Island coins as given by our contributor is substantially correct. The exact date of issue, and the number issued must, however, remain a matter of doubt. How they could ever have been likened to the ancient coins of Populonia we cannot conjecture, as there is no similarity in striking, design or inscription between the two. It is well to note also in passing, that there were two varieties of these coins, a large and a small one. The



large one, illustrated in the cut, has XII. in the field of the obverse, and inscription, "Sommer Islands." The smaller one has the Roman numeral VI. and inscription, "Sommer Islands." It is supposed that they passed for twelve pence and six pence respectively. Probably less than a dozen of these pieces are known today. Copies of the larger piece have been issued by some enterprising (?) dealer and must not be confounded with the originals. The Numismatic Sphinx. Howard Shattuck, Clinton, Wis.—An octagonal gold quarter of 1872 is worth \$2.00. Maurice W. Peck, Greene, N. Y.—Your dime of 1827 or 1837, which seems so poor that you cannot give correct date, is only worth face value. Joe. Gallagher, Racine, Wis.—The 1853 quarters with arrow points each side of date, and rays about the eagle have no premium. There is a variety of this date without arrow points and rays that is scarce and brings about \$5.00. Robert Gluck, Mansfield, O.—States that he has an 1840 dime not bearing the inscription "United States of America" on either obverse or reverse. We know of no such piece struck in this year by this country for circulation. Our correspondent must be mistaken in the

country, the date, or the inscription, perhaps, has been worn off. "Uneda, Chicago, Ill."—(1) An English half penny, 1807, is worth 10 cents. (2) A United States half-cent of 1825 is worth 15 cents. (3) A 50 centime silver of Louis Philippe (1830-48), France, is valued at 20 cents. These are prices for the coins in good condition.

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THE NUMISMATIST VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM. The only illustrated monthly magazine devoted to coin and their collecting published on the American continent. Official journal of THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIST ASSOCIATION. Special offers to American Boy readers and new subscribers. I. The Numismatist one year, and foreign coins to the value of one dollar, on receipt of \$1.00 plus 10c for postage. II. Six months trial subscription on receipt of 25 cents. III. Sample copies on receipt of ten cents (none free). Address: The Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

Knotty Curiosities.

An interesting and valuable acquisition to a cabinet of curiosities is a collection of knots, curiously formed limbs, twigs and roots of trees and bushes.

Curiously twisted and curled knots and gnarls of the oak when removed from the trunk, stripped of the rough bark and lightly sandpapered, are the acme of oddity.

Be very careful in smoothing up the specimen to use a very fine "sanded" paper, so as not to scratch too deeply; also be just as careful not to rub it too long or hard, and thus remove the creases, curls or curves of the wood.

When the smoothing up process is finished, apply two coats of varnish, and let it thoroughly set and dry; you then have a "relievo" of polished oak rivaling in all the best efforts of the best carvers in Christendom.

A visit to a sawmill in your vicinity will almost always furnish you with abundance of this material.

A crippled limb, peculiarly twisted twig or root, or any odd, fantastic freak of vegetation in this line treated in the manner above described, lends a peculiar charm to an interesting curio. Often these freaks of nature resemble some form or object, and are hence doubly interesting and the most sought after.

These wooden abnormalities are sometimes used in ornamentation, and the results are pleasing.

If you have a cabinet in which to store and exhibit your curiosities, it can be appropriately adorned with these knots. The sides can be paneled and "rosetted" with polished knots and intertwined with curly roots in many conceits and ideas, while the exposed edges of the shelves in front can be woven with polished limbs. Picture frames and wooden boxes may be ornamented in the same manner.

Knots to be used in ornamenting should be sandpapered down smooth and square on the back before they are varnished. Fasten them on with good glue. Limbs and roots may be tacked on.

A good, well sealed and well marked specimen is often most attractive if left in its original state, the bark, of course, being removed.

THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR

NOTICE.

When you have what a boy asks for or wish to trade with a boy whose name appears in these columns, write the boy himself; don't write us.

Boys' Exchange.

Sumner A. Davis, Jermyn, Pa.—I will give ten stamps from Roman States for an Indian arrow-head.

W. P. Kelly, 135 Sheridan avenue, Detroit, Mich.—I will exchange foreign stamps for coins, Indian arrows or relics.

Guy E. Boynton, box 5, Northampton, Mass.—I will exchange birch, butternut, oak and elm woods for woods of other climes.

Harry B. Lehmyer, 922 North Gilmor street, Baltimore, Md.—I have a Confederate minie ball and a Union cartridge from Gettysburg which I will exchange for two Indian arrow-heads or two bullets from any other battlefield.

David Bennett, Nordhoff, Cal.—I will exchange orange, olive and lemon leaves or gypsum for specimens of minerals.

Harry Lindquist, Iron Mountain, Mich.—I will exchange twenty-five United States stamps, all different, for an Indian arrow-head.

Ralph E. Morrison, 36 Concord square, Boston, Mass.—I have a relic of the big Boston fire of 1872 which I will exchange for any good rare coin or coins.

Clarence Wright, 819 Court street, Port Huron, Mich.—I have foreign stamps, and shells and stones from the Great Lakes, which I will exchange for Indian relics, shells, etc. I will also trade leaves.

Frank S. Clark, 8 Church street, Greenfield, Mass.—I will trade rose and milky quartz and red sandstone for any kind of curios.

Edward Moore, Oakwood, Wyo.: I have some very good boys' books, but I know them by heart, and would be glad to exchange them for others. Send me any boys' book you are through with and I will send you a book as good as the one received. I do not want novels and fiction; I want only books such as science, history or travel.

Robert H. Ramsbotham, 930 Madison avenue, Paterson, N. J.: I have four packets of foreign stamps which I will exchange for small curios not found in New Jersey.

Thomas G. King, 1401 Dryades street, New Orleans, La.: I will exchange a printer's guide and speller for a book on composition.

A Clock That Runs a Year.

A clock that runs for a year has been invented by Peter M. Ravenskilde, of Cary, Ill. This clock was started going in August, 1898, and has run ever since without being wound again. The clock proper is run with a wheel 60 inches in circumference. From the outer surface of the circumference are suspended 120 cups, each half an inch in diameter, and a third of an inch deep. Each of 40 of these cups, which are successive, contains a steel ball three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Every minute and a half, one of them falls out of its cup, rolls down an inclined plane 20 inches long, when, by its own weight, it reunites a broken circuit of electricity and is again elevated by a little car traveling along a steeper inclined plane to the top of the wheel, where it falls into a cup which stands vertical for a short time. After the car discharges its cargo, it returns to its original station from its own weight. From the time one of these balls is dropped into a cup until it is again dropped into another cup it tra-

vels 36 inches. Thus the work done by all the balls is equivalent to one ball traveling over one mile a day, 400 miles in one year, and during the lifetime of a person living three score years the distance round the globe. The electricity used is generated in an ordinary storage battery, which does not require any attention for fully a year. Mr. Ravenskilde has been asked to exhibit his clock at the Paris Exposition, but has declined to do so.

SEA SHELLS BY MAIL

25 different kinds for 25 cents. Stamps or coin. Address all orders to RALPH RUTH, Between 544 and 554 Street B3, GALVESTON, TEXAS.

FREE

A beautiful (red and black) \$10 Monticello broken bank note containing the portrait of Thomas Jefferson and his home Monticello. This note is FREE with each order enclosing 10c for a copy of my 20 page catalogue of Confederate stamps and old paper money. R. L. DEITRICK, Lorraine, Va.

PRESENT FROM CUBA

We are giving away 1,000 scarf pins with pretty Cuban shells, finished with gold. Simply send a two-cent stamp and your address, and you will get one of these beautiful souvenirs. Address H. C. BUCHANAN & CO. Dept. A. R. 55 Ann St. NEW YORK.

HEAVY INDIAN TANNED MOOSEHIDE MOCCASINS. The Sioux and Apache style for Boys. If you wish our thrilling Indian Story, (36 page book) relating the experience of two boys who were captured by the Assiniboin Indians and sent to our catalogue of Moccasins, Catalogues without the story are sent free to any address. 36 Bridge Square, H. J. PUTMAN & CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

A REAL NOVELTY! A Souvenir from the South.

A Miniature BALE OF COTTON—an exact copy. Sample by mail and terms to agents, 25 cts. My Canadian friends may remit in Canada stamps. LUTHER B. TUTTILL, SOUTH CREEK, N. C.

Good Books for Speakers.

- The Vest Pocket Parliamentary Pointer. 25 cents. Eloquence and Repartee in the American Congress. By Sprague. Cloth, \$1.50. Flashing of Wit from Bench and Bar. By Sprague. Cloth, \$1.50. Model Banquet Speeches. Cloth, \$1.50. Speeches and Speechmaking. By Donovan. Cloth, \$1.50. Sprague's After-Dinner Speeches. Cloth, \$1.50. Briefs for Debate. Cloth, \$1.25. Pros and Cons. Complete Debates on Important Questions. Cloth, \$1.50. College Men's 3-Minute Declamations. Cloth, \$1.00. Commencement Parts: Efforts for All Occasions. Cloth, \$1.50. Acme Declamation Book for Boys of All Ages. Paper, 30 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. The Art of Extempore Speaking. By Ford. Cloth, 75 cents. Address THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., Detroit, Mich.

Questions Debated by College Teams.

The following were the questions discussed by some of the college debating teams in their annual contests this year: Harvard-Yale—Resolved, That Porto Rico should be included in the customs boundaries of the United States. Wisconsin-Iowa—Would it be politic for the United States to take direct action which would effect a substantial increase in her Merchant Marine? Harvard-Princeton—Resolved, That England's claims in its controversy with the Transvaal are justifiable. Pennsylvania-Michigan—Resolved, That the formation of Trusts should be opposed by legislation. Columbia-Chicago—Resolved, That the national regulation of corporations tending to capitalistic monopoly is unwise and inexpedient. California-Stanford—Resolved, That in France the Ministers should be responsible to the President. Brown-Dartmouth—Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to accord complete independence to the Philippine Islands as soon as it shall be consistent with their permanent welfare.

THE BOY-ORATOR AND DEBATER. Includes illustrations of a boy speaking and a portrait of a man.

A Successful Boys' Debating Society.

The Excelsior Debating Society, composed of boys in Parsons, Kas., whose ages range from fourteen to twenty, was organized in December, 1898, with twelve members. Officers are elected in this society every two months, thereby giving each boy a chance at all the offices. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening. Programs consist of music, essays, declamations and debates, there being two debates on each evening. Each member is compelled to take part in every exercise, and if he fails to fulfill his part is fined. The meetings are secret, excepting every fourth, which is called an "open debate." Our correspondent, R. Ray Wilson, 1509 Stevens avenue, Parsons, Kas., says that when the boys began this work they were very timid and awkward and unable clearly to express themselves, but that now, to the wonder and surprise of all, the boys stand straight before an audience, without fear and with good command of expression. Mr. Wilson asks, through the columns of this paper, for correspondents among other similar societies.

Some men are always running to catch up with their business; they are always in a hurry, and give you the impression that they are late for a train. They lack method, and seldom accomplish much.—Pushing to the Front.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Lyconian Literary Society, Beatrice, Neb.

CONSTITUTION. ARTICLE I. NAME AND OBJECT. Sec. 1. This body shall be known as the Lyconian Literary Society or by the initial letters thereof. Sec. 2. The object of this order shall be: First: To promote fraternal regard among a class of students or ex-students of the Beatrice High School. Second: To improve its members in the art of public speaking and along parliamentary lines. ARTICLE II. MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGES. Sec. 1. Any student of the Beatrice High School, known to possess a good moral character, is eligible to active membership in this club and may become a member if he receives not more than one black ball and complies with all other necessary conditions. Sec. 2. Twenty members shall constitute the club's limit of active membership at any one time. Sec. 3. Any person upon becoming a member of this body is required to sign its Constitution and By-Laws by which he pledges his honor to uphold all of their provisions to the best of his ability. Sec. 4. Nullae pullae in hunc conventum accipiantur. (This section shall not be so construed as to effect the one following.) Sec. 5. Any suitable person may be elected to honorary membership by a unanimous vote of members present. ARTICLE III. OFFICERS—ELECTIVE AND APPOINTIVE. Sec. 1. The Elective Officers of this or-

ganization shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. Sec. 2. An Executive Committee of three members shall be appointed by the President and voted on by the club.

ARTICLE IV. ELECTION OF OFFICERS. Sec. 1. The nomination and election of officers shall take place by ballot at the first regular meeting in the months of January, April, and October. Sec. 2. Three-fourths of all members shall constitute a quorum for all elections and trials of impeachments; two-thirds of members present being necessary to elect and four-fifths to expel. Sec. 3. The installment of newly elected or appointed officers shall take place on the next regular meeting following the election.

ARTICLE V. DUTIES OF OFFICERS. Sec. 1. The president shall preside at all meetings of this body and enforce the laws thereof. He shall at the time of his installation appoint the members of the Executive Committee, subject to the approval of the club. He shall fill all vacancies occasioned by sickness or otherwise, and such persons appointed shall hold office until the next quarterly election, or the ability of the previous officer to serve. He shall sign all orders on the Treasurer drawn in accordance with the laws of the club. He shall also sign all documents and papers that require his signature to properly authenticate them and he shall carry out all further presidential duties which may be specified in sections 40 and 50 of "Robert's Rules of Order." Sec. 2. The Vice-President shall assume the duties of the President during the inability of the latter to serve. Sec. 3. The Secretary shall keep a true record of all the proceedings of the club. He shall have charge of and be responsible for all club property, not otherwise provided for, and shall deliver same to his successor upon his installation. He shall receive all moneys due the club, giving receipts therefor, and immediately pay over such money received to the Treasurer, taking a receipt from him and keeping same carefully on file in his possession. He shall sign in conjunction with the President and draw all orders upon the Treasurer, allowing him to keep said order as voucher for money paid out. He shall report in writing at any time, when so required by a vote, the condition of the club funds. Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall receive all moneys paid to the Secretary and give receipt therefor; pay all orders signed by

the President and Secretary which may be drawn upon him; and keep carefully on file the above mentioned orders which serve as vouchers to be examined by an auditing committee at the expiration of his term of office. He shall, upon the installation of a successor, pay over to the newly elected Secretary, all club funds and give a written report of all expenses, whatsoever, which have occurred during his tenure of office. This report shall be submitted to an auditing committee who carefully examine same and attest its correctness of error.

ARTICLE VI.
STANDING COMMITTEES.

Sec. 1. The Executive Committee shall be held responsible for carrying out the following duties:

First: To arrange and present before the club, a program, two weeks previous to its execution.

Second: To investigate the different students of the Beatrice High School, and issue an invitation to join the club, to those who, in their opinion, would make good members.

Third: To investigate and report all applications for membership and

Fourth: To examine charges preferred against any member and if found to be of sufficient importance, to impeach the membership of said person and bring the matter to trial before the club according to the Impeachment Procedure.

Sec. 2. Other committees that may be created from time to time, shall examine and report at each meeting on such matters as may be referred to them.

ARTICLE VII.

MEETINGS—THEIR TIME AND PLACE.

Sec. 1. This club shall meet one night in the week at the hour specified in the Standing Rules, and at the club rooms unless otherwise designated at a previous meeting.

Sec. 2. Special meetings may be called by the joint consent of the President and Secretary, or by the concurrence of a majority of the club members.

ARTICLE VIII.

NECESSARY QUORUM.

Sec. 1. A majority of all club members is necessary to transact ordinary business.

Sec. 2. Three-fourths of all members shall be the necessary quorum for all elections, trials of impeachments, and amendments to the Constitution or By-Laws.

ARTICLE IX.
AMENDMENTS.

Sec. 1. A three-fourths vote of all members present is required to amend this Constitution or the By-Laws, provided that the amendment be passed upon favorably at a previous meeting.

ARTICLE X.
RULES OF ORDER.

Sec. 1. Robert's Rules of Order, together with such other Standing Rules which the Society may adopt, shall govern its deliberations, when they do not in any wise conflict with the Constitution and By-Laws.

BY-LAWS.

I.

Sec. 1. Applicants for active membership in this body must be of sound health physically and mentally, and of good moral character and exemplary habits.

Sec. 2. The applicant must fill out an application blank, complying with all conditions contained therein, and secure the recommendation of two club members. Said blank should then be handed to the Secretary of the club, who in due time should inform applicant of the result of the club's ballot.

Sec. 3. Each applicant for membership in this club, upon admission to same, is required to pay an initiation fee of twenty-five (25) cents before being allowed the right to vote.

II.

Sec. 1. Each member is placed on his honor to obey implicitly the provisions of the Constitution, By-Laws, and Standing Rules and to preserve order and decorum at each meeting of this organization.

Sec. 2. Each active member of this body shall pay monthly dues of ten (10) cents, for nine months in the year, for the purpose of defraying the current expenses of the club.

Sec. 3. All members of the L. L. S. who graduate from the Beatrice High School, or who become ex-members of same before graduation and serve for four years in the

club, shall constitute the club's list of retired members. These members during their attendance at future meetings of the L. L. S. shall be entitled to all privileges possessed by any active member.

Sec. 4. Honorary members are entitled to, and invited to participate in, all the privileges of active members, excepting the right to vote.

Sec. 5. Certificates of membership shall be issued to both Active and Honorary members.

III.

Sec. 1. Any member of this club is liable to impeachment, and if found guilty, to cancellation of membership, for willfully, knowingly, and deliberately violating any important rule of this Order, or for any act of treason, embezzlement, bribery, slander or libel, unauthorized alteration or destruction of official documents and all other high misdemeanors.

IV.

Sec. 1. All members shall keep informed on current events, and thirty minutes of each meeting shall be spent speaking on same.

Sec. 2. At each meeting of the club, the President shall appoint a critic, whose duty shall be to make a note of all Grammatical and Rhetorical errors occurring during the Orders of the Day, and submit a report of same at time specified in the Order of Business.

Sec. 3. In order to impart a knowledge and facilitate the usage of Parliamentary Law, Robert's Rules of Order shall be read at each meeting for at least ten minutes.

Sec. 4. At the next regular meeting following the installation of new officers, the Constitution, By-Laws, and Standing Rules of the club shall be read aloud by the Secretary in place of the reading of Robert's Rules of Order.

V.

Sec. 1. When the presiding officer takes the chair, the officers and members shall at once seat themselves properly, and at the call to order, there shall be general silence. The meeting shall then be opened in due form.

Sec. 2. The order of business at each regular meeting of the club is as follows and shall be strictly observed:

1. Roll Call.
2. Reading of Minutes of Previous Meeting.
3. Orders of the Day.
 - A. Reading of Robert's Rules of Order.
 - B. Program.
 - C. Discussion of Current Topics.
 - D. Critic's Report.
4. Report of Executive Committee.
5. Report of Select Committees.
6. Report of Treasurer, (quarterly.)
7. Unfinished Business.
8. New Business.
9. Adjournment.

VI.

Sec. 1. It is the duty of newly elected officers to read carefully the sections in Robert's Rules of Order, which give all necessary information concerning the various offices and the duties thereof.

Sec. 2. All regular elections of officers, all trials of impeachments, all voting on the installation of a member, Active or Honorary, and all other business, which should, from its nature, be regarded as private, shall be transacted in secret.

Sec. 3. The Secretary shall notify all committees concerning such matters as are referred to them, not later than the third day following their appointment. He shall also within the same limit of time, notify all members in the next program, of their parts and places.

Sec. 4. All principal motions, if required by the presiding officer, all resolutions, amendments, and instructions to committees must be in writing.

VII.

Sec. 1. The club colors of the L. L. S. shall be scarlet and green; the latter signifying loyalty; the former, strength of purpose.

BRIEFS FOR DEBATE

SPLENDID BOOK \$1.25 Delivered FOR DEBATERS

ADDRESS AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH

Answers to Puzzles in the June Number.

No. 52.
M A S T S
H U N D A N T S
M A N D A T O R Y
S T A T O R E
S T A N E
R Y

No. 53.
R E B U F F
E A R N E R
B R A I S E
U N I T E D
F U S E E D
F R E D D Y

No. 54. Michigan, Idaho, Maine, Florida, Vermont.

No. 55. An American Boy.

No. 56. B R A V E
E L A N D
E S T O P
T E N O R
R E T U B
E T T E R
O I L E D
C A N A L
Y E R B A

Award of Prizes.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

First mistake—Charles F. Harding, 236 Forty-fifth street, Chicago, Ill.

Second mistake—Jay Sexton, Grayville, Ill.

Longest list of mistakes—Albert Stoll, 899 Beaubien street, Detroit.

Puzzle 52. DeWitt Gillies, 1027 20th avenue S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Puzzle 53. Phillip J. Savage, 44 Davenport street, Detroit.

Puzzle 54. Ronald Hart, 25 Wilcox street, Toronto, Can.

Puzzle 55. Charles B. French, 810 Ottawa street, Lansing, Mich.

Puzzle 56. Willie S. Morris, McConnellsville, Ohio.

Conundrum.—Answer, "Because they both shrink from washing." William C. Griffith, 1117 Shackamaxon street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by July 10 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date, to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

Stamp Award.

One-half of the foreign stamps received in our office since last award, for largest number of subscriptions sent in, goes to Charles Gustafson, Chicago.

One-fourth of the stamps for second largest number, to Albert W. Fifield, Minneapolis, Minn.

One-fourth of the stamps for third largest number, to Fred Hilker, Ft. Wayne, Ind. This offer is repeated for the coming month.

PRIZE & PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 57.

Rebus.

C L
T S

No. 58.

Anagram.

(A Celebrated Man.)
We are idly mad.

No. 59.

Conundrum.

What state has a coast line which resembles a celebrated American; and what is the name of the man?

No. 60.

Deletions.

Delete Gloomy and leave an open bay.
Delete A light evening meal and leave over, above.
Delete Cargo and leave terror.
Delete A river and leave the chord of an arc.
Delete To frequent and leave to seek.

No. 61.

Enigmatic Cities.

Peer within. Majestic first letter of the alphabet. Novel—either—bends. Open strong place. To read a line. Lifeless lumber. A wand red.

No. 62.

Numerical.

My whole is a quotation from the Bible, and is composed of 40 letters.
My 6-8-10 is a domestic pet.
My 29-27-34-35-10 is to throw.
My 37-30-14-19-5-2 is not large.
My 16-4-35-31-8-12 was a President of the U. S.
My 21-22-26 is a rodent.
My 1-20-28 is an insect.
My 40-15-23-32-36 is drawn with force (old spelling.)
My 39-17-11-2 is a weed.
My 9-38-18 is full of moisture.
My 33-24-25-7 is acquaintance.
My 13-3 is an exclamation.
(Contributed by Samuel R. Phelps.)

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the largest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

Prize Offers.

For the first correct solutions of the puzzles we will give prizes as follows:

Puzzle No. 57—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scorer.

Puzzle No. 58—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.

Puzzle No. 59—A Coin and Stamp Guide

Puzzle No. 60—An AMERICAN BOY Knife.

Puzzle No. 61—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.

Puzzle No. 62—A Coin and Stamp Guide.

With One Stroke of the Pen.

We give in connection herewith two illustrations, each of which is drawn without lifting the pen from the paper. What can our readers do in imitation of this very good work by our correspondent, Allen Seely, of Kemptville, Ont., who submits them? Try it, and send us the result. For the best head drawn with one stroke we will give a prize of one dollar, and for the best man drawn with one stroke we will also give a prize of one dollar.

Little Robert's Lesson.

Robert is being told by his mamma how to conduct himself in company.

"If you are asked to have a cake a second time," says mamma, "answer, 'No, thank you, I've had plenty.' And don't you forget it!"

What mother could do more for her child?

But when the time comes, and Robert is asked to have cake a second time, he answers merely:

"No, thank you, I've had plenty, and don't you forget it!"—From the Detroit Journal.



MAN WITH ONE STROKE OF THE PEN.



HEAD WITH ONE STROKE OF THE PEN.

As soon as a boy begins to think of the future he ought to begin to map out a program, remembering that the man who succeeds has a program; that is, he lays out his plans and then tries to execute them. Those who make failures in life are usually the aimless purposeless, shiftless—persons without any purpose.

Special Offer For Boys.

Earned in 3 Hours This famous **Columbian 500-Shot Magazine Repeating Air Rifle** can be easily earned in three hours by any boy introducing a few boxes of our High Grade Toilet Soaps among his friends and neighbors. Renowned for target shooting and for killing small animals and birds. Great amusement and practice for both men and boys. Also over 150 other valuable premiums, including gold and silver watches, cameras, bicycles, suitcases, etc., etc. Write to-day for full information about our Special Offer and large illustrated catalogue which we send free.

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Money sent through the mail is at sender's risk.

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Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your Post-office address is given.

Always give the name of the Post-office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
MAJESTIC BLDG. DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE,
Editor.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS,
Assistant Editor.

Albert M. Pocock, of Sioux Falls, S. D., asks us to give the standing of the National and the American ball clubs from time to time in THE AMERICAN BOY.

Owing to the fact that nearly one hundred thousand copies of THE AMERICAN BOY have to be printed every month, it is necessary that the editor close his work on each issue nearly a month before it makes its appearance, so that were he to give the standing of the League clubs, the record would be nearly a month old when it came before readers of the paper. A daily paper can be depended upon to give the record up to date, while a monthly cannot give current news.

For this reason we cannot comply with the request.

An Interesting Race for Money Prizes.

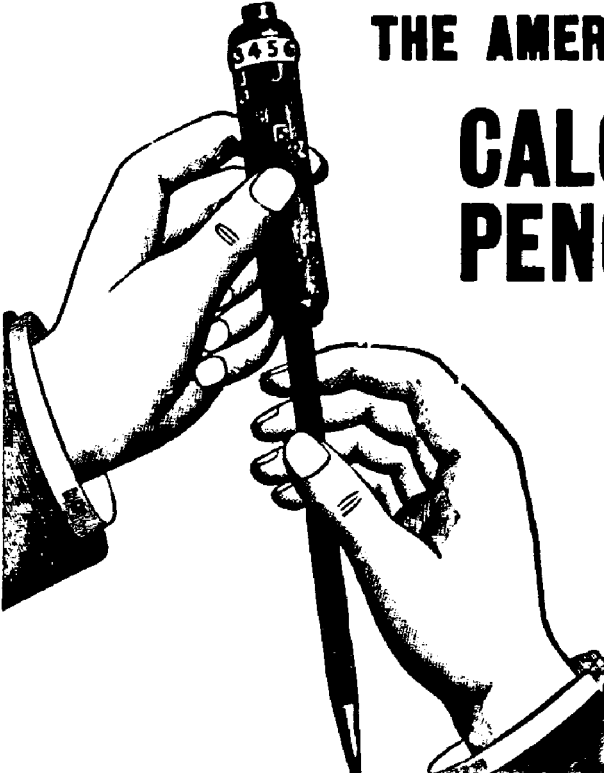
Readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are doubtless familiar with the fact that we have offered prizes to the amount of a thousand dollars to boys sending in subscriptions, the prizes to be awarded next Christmas. The race is becoming a very interesting one, some of the boys doing very good work. The prizes, fifty-five in all, range in amount from \$5 up to \$200; that is, each boy who stands within fifty-five of the best record will get a prize of at least \$5. Each boy contesting gets in addition to the money prizes such premiums as he may select from our premium catalogue. Alfred W. Fifield, a twelve year old Minneapolis boy, took the lead at the very beginning of the contest and holds first place to-day, though his Chicago rival is slowly gaining on him. The order of the fifteen highest as published in the June number has undergone little change in the past thirty days and now reads as follows: Alfred W. Fifield, Minneapolis; Charles Gustafson, Chicago; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit; Louis Straka, David City, Neb.; Fred Hilker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; John D. Cronenweth, Detroit; J. L. Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Clarence Pyeatt, Fort Lemhi, Idaho; Karl Matthews, Dubuque, Ia.; Heman H. Smith, Lamon, Ia.; Charles Meader, Chicago; Robert M. Gray, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.; Avery C. Hand, Mansfield, O.; E. O. Henderson, Stockton, Cal.; Lyman Scriber, Detroit, Mich.

There are nearly six months remaining within which you may enter the race. The highest score is forty-nine. You can easily get into the race and win one of the fifty-five money prizes, particularly if you belong to a club or an organization where there are many boys whom you can easily reach.

THE AMERICAN BOY

CALCULATING PENCIL

YOU NEED ONE.



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The American Boy's Wonderful Calculating Pencil? The pencil that figures with a twist of the wrist? That figures quicker than you can and never makes a mistake? That calculates anything from 1 x 18 to 12 x 24 in the twinkling of an eye? That gives you hundreds upon hundreds of calculations with the swiftness and accuracy of an expert?

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Can you tell as quickly as this pencil how much 11 x 24 is? or, what 9 dozen at \$1.80 costs? or, how much 8 per cent of \$1617 is? etc. "It is truly a little wonder," says the Pittsburg Press. "It is a marvel of ingenious mechanism and has excited a great deal of interest among our readers," says the Boston Traveler. An article of the greatest educational merits," says the Youths Companion.

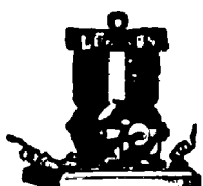
Made of pure Aluminum, and is attached to a pencil of standard quality. Fits any common lead pencil. Is also a pencil point protector, a pencil lengthener and eraser. Can be carried in the vest pocket.

Can You Beat It? BY MAIL, Address PREPAID, 15c. **THE AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.**

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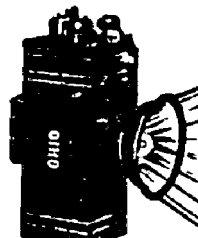
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Electric Motor. \$1.00.



Electric Hair Pin. \$3.00.



Electric Lamp.

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Regular Price, \$5.00 for \$3.25

This Lamp is a beauty, throws a light 20 feet, and cannot be jarred out. You can run it at the small cost of 2 cents per night.

WE ARE SELLING the Electric Light Hair Pins for \$2.00, also \$1.50. You can have barrels of fun with these necktie lights, as they are new and original. Put the pin in your tie, small push button in your vest pocket, and the rubber battery in your coat pocket; press the button and you have a light that sparkles like a diamond. Order now.

EVERY BOY should have a Edison Dollar Motor, amusing and instructive, only \$1.00. Order now. Cat. of Electrical Novelties for a B. MUELLER ELECTRIC CO., 715 Harding St. St. Louis, Mo. Send remittance to

When Ye've Stubbed Yer Toe.

From The Bismarck Tribune.

Did ye ever pass a youngster, et'd been an' stubbed his toe.
An' was cryin' by the roadside, sorter quiet like an' slow,
A-holdin' of his dusty foot, all hard an' brown an' bare,
An' tryin' to keep from his eyes th' tears that's gatherin' there?
Ye hear him sorter sobbin' like an' snuffin' of his nose,
An' ye stop an' pat his head an' sorter try to ease his woes,
Ye treat him sorter kind like, an' th' fust thing that ye know
He's up an' off an' smilin'—clean forgot he stubbed his toe.

Long the road of human life, ye see a feller trav'lin' slow,
An' like as not you'll find he's some poor cuss that's stubbed his toe.
He was makin' swimmin' headway, but he bumped into a stone,
An' his frien's kept hurryin' onward, an' they lef' him here alone.
He ain't sobbin' or ain't snuffin'—he's too old fer tears an' cries,
But he's grievin' jes' as earnest, if it only comes in sighs.
An' it does a heap o' good sometimes to go a little slow,
An' say a word of comfort to th' man that's stubbed his toe.

Ye'r never sure yerself, an' th' ain't no earthly way to know
Jes' when it's goin' to come y'er turn to trip an' stub y'er toe.
To-day, y'er smilin', happy, in the bright sun's light an' glow,
An' to-morrow y'er a shiverin' an' y'er strugglin' through th' snow.
Jes' th' time ye think ye've got th' world th' fastest in yer grip
Is th' very time, ye'll find, et yer th' likeliest to slip.
An' it's mighty comfortin' to have some feller stop, I know,
An' comfort ye and try to help ye when ye've stubbed yer toe.

BINDERS FOR "THE AMERICAN BOY" \$1.00. Address the Publishers.



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To introduce our goods we give away watches, bracelets, air guns, fountain pens, cameras, rings and printing outfits for selling 12 NEEDLE CASES at 10 cts. each. With each needle case we give FREE A SILVER ALUMINUM THIMBLE. These articles sell in every home. SEND NO MONEY just name and address, letter or postal. We send prepaid the needle cases and thimbles. When sold remit us \$1.20 and we send you choice of premium as per our illustrated catalogue. This is AN HONEST OFFER. Write to-day. Peerless Mfg. Co., Box 734, Greenville, Pa.

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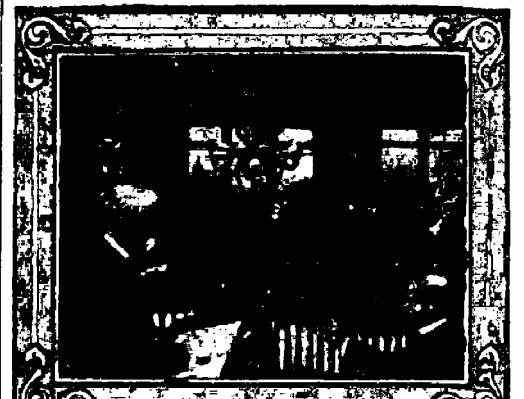
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START Mail-Order Business at home evenings, make \$10 weekly, capital unnecessary, others are doing it; particulars for stamp. D. MARGOWSKY (S), Cleveland, O.

BREATH PERFUME eases the throat, clears and strengthens the voice. 2 packages 10¢, 1 for 5¢, postpaid. Address Paradox, Dept. B, Sedalia, Mo.

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YOU are wanted for the NEW FIELD; positions; large salaries. Address, with stamp, Prof. Steiner, Lexington, Ky.

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\$2.50 SILK UMBRELLA FREE for a few hours work. Send 4 cents in stamps for full instructions. Write to-day. Address THE PERLESS UMBRELLA CO., 2539 Eads Av., Box 14, St. Louis, Mo.

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Fill YOUR OWN Teeth Dr. Curtis' Artificial Enamel Stops Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circulars FREE. Eastern Dental Agency, Hartford, Conn.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SCARF PIN To readers of The American Boy... 75 cts. postpaid. Diamond Electric Works (Dept. B), Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED Reliable men or women to sell our goods to the consumer in communities from 1,000 to 10,000 population; permanent employment at good pay. Address THE GREAT EASTERN COFFEE & TEA CO., 31 S. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

4 THE FOURTH COMES YOU WANT MONEY to enjoy it. We are looking for 10,000 Boys & Girls to work for cash. Write to-day for complete outfit with CASH offer. Remember, cash, good pay, light work. The STAR MFG. CO., L. Naugatuck, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED \$5 to \$10 per day sure selling photos of "Just as the Sun Went Down." Copyrighted, 1909, by Dietz. Send 50 cents for sample and full particulars. Big Commission. It is a gem and sells at night. Address John M. Dietz, 118 Fox St., Mandusky, O.

FREE THIS SPARKLING Bolivian Diamond Rolled Gold Ring (a perfect beauty) for selling 50c per package of 10. Send name, (no money) and we send you. When sold send \$1.00 on receipt of which we send your present. Continental Gum Bureau 254 Pearl St. Dept. B, New York City

WE TRUST BOYS AND GIRLS With 8 LADIES' AND GENTS' BUTTON SETS, 4 Buttons in each set. Fine attractive goods, and easily sold. Sell at 15 cents per set. Return to us \$1.30, and we will send you FREE this elegant 40 L. B. LADIES' WATCH with Brazilian Stone. Looks like a \$25 ring. It's a beauty. Sell 12 sets, and we send this Ring and Ladies' Chain Bracelet. Electric Cloth Co., 31 Portland St., Boston, Mass.

THIS FREE GUARD FREE BOYS GIRLS SCARF PINS WATCH. We also give 1 SIZE. Bracelets, Cameras, Rings, Guard Chains, etc., etc. Send your name and full address and we will mail you 18 Gold Plate Scarf Pins to sell for 10c. each. When sold send us the money and select your present from our large illustrated catalog. Write today. We are reliable. AMAWAN JEWELRY CO., North Attleboro, Mass.

ENERGETIC Here is an opportunity for you to secure at no cost but a few moments work, any one of the following articles: Nine, Hamoon Jointed Fishing Rod, Reel, Lines, Hooks, Bass Ball Bait, Gloves, Mask and Pocket Knife. These are the best of their kind; we guarantee them. Send us your name and address, mention which article you desire, and we will send you an outfit at once, with full instructions.

FOR THE GIRLS We have a beautiful Bracelet, Hairwater Set, Glove or Handkerchief Box, Brush and 4 mb. Hamoon, Cream Hair etc. We ask you for no money, but simply a little of your spare time. We trust our goods in your hands. If you desire any one of these articles mentioned, and have energy to hustle a little, it will be to your best interest to write us at once. We make a specialty of games and amusement articles, so if we do not advertise what you want write for it.

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BOYS AND GIRLS Would you like to make \$6.00 to \$10.00 a week by a few minutes' work after school. Permanent position. Enclose 25 cents for valuable outfit and start to work at once. Money paid for outfit returned with first work so you get outfit free. First answer from your town gets it. E. G. BRENTON, PEORIA, ILL.

Weasel and Rabbit Fight.

N. R. BRIGGS, BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

A good story was told me the other day by Mr. Lanson Wiswall, a prosperous farmer of Saratoga county, New York, of how he caught a wild rabbit and weasel without gun or trap. It is as follows:

Mr. Wiswall, while driving through a woods, heard a cry as if made by some small animal. Stopping his horse, he alighted and following in the direction of the sound, saw a few rods ahead and in the middle of the road a rabbit and weasel in mortal combat.

With a view to getting as close as possible to the apparently unmatched fighters, Mr. Wiswall started toward them, and noticing that neither appeared alarmed at his presence, he kept on until within reaching distance of them. The weasel was upon the shoulders of the rabbit, which was growing weaker and weaker in its efforts to shake off its antagonist. The weasel aware of this fact, was striving to get around in position to bite at the throat of the rabbit and thus end the struggle.

Thinking that this would be a good time to take a hand in the fight, Mr. Wiswall stooped down, and with gloved hands grasped the weasel by the back of the neck with one hand and the rabbit with the other, and getting into his vehicle drove home with his prisoners.

On reaching home, he found the rabbit so frightened and completely used up that he decided to kill it and thus put it out of misery. The weasel was caged with a view of ascertaining whether a weasel does really change color from white in winter to a red or brown in summer, as is said to be the case.

How to Educate a Horse.

You can, with patience, teach your horse politeness—to bow to an audience, to say "No," with more or less decision, to kiss you, or even laugh. The animal may be taught to bow by tapping him on the back with a whip. He bends his head in trying to avoid the annoyance. The trainer ceases the tapping, caresses him, then resumes it till he repeats the bow. He is again caressed and presented with a carrot, or something of which he is particularly fond. At last it comes about that he "bows" upon any movement of the whip toward his back. To teach a horse to say "No," a pin is fastened to the butt of the whip. A slight scratch is given to the horse's withers, about where the collar would be. At this he shakes his head; and soon learns to shake it

whenever he sees the butt of the whip coming near his withers. The trainer teaches the animal "to kiss" by feeding him with apples from his mouth, gradually lessening the size of the apples till the horse does the trick without any. Or he puts salt, of which horses are very fond, on his cheek, and the animal naturally licks it off. He is taught to laugh by gently forcing the butt of the whip in at the side of his mouth, then prising his mouth open with it. Caresses and carrots follow, till at last the slightest motion of the butt toward his mouth makes him open it. He does not really laugh; he grins.—From Good Words.

How Dew Forms.

If a little water is taken into a sponge it holds it easily, but if the process be continued, even very carefully, there will be a time when if more water be taken the sponge will not hold it, but will let it drop. This is the point of fullest saturation for the sponge.

Now there is a strong analogy in this to the saturation of the air with watery vapor. For any assigned temperature of the atmosphere there is a certain amount of watery vapor, which it is capable of holding in suspension at a given pressure. The same truth may be conversely stated, that for any assigned quantity of watery vapor contained in the atmosphere there is a certain minimum temperature at which it can remain there. This minimum temperature is called the "Dew Point." The Dew Point is relative.

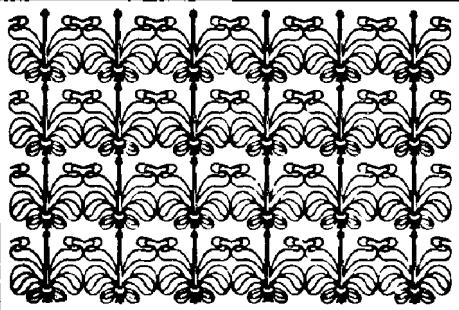
During a hot, calm day the temperature rises and the atmosphere takes up a large amount of aqueous or watery vapor. In the evening after sunset the atmosphere cools and lowers to or below the dew point, when the vapor is condensed and squeezed out, and in the evening may be felt or seen falling in a fine mist. This is evening dew. There is another kind of dew called the morning dew, caused by cooling vegetation, etc. The surface of the earth, and all things on it, especially the smooth surface of vegetation, cool rapidly and thus lower the temperature of the air in contact with the dew point, when dew is precipitated on the plant or other object. If the temperature is below freezing point, 32 degrees F., the dew freezes and is called hoarfrost. Neither of the above kinds of dew must be confounded with the little glistening drops of water seen in the early morning on the tips of the grass blades. This is water which has been drawn up by the plant from the ground during the night and which has oozed out at the stomata or pores so numerous at the end of the plant leaf.

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prevents cakes from sticking and produces a perfect cake. It is made of best quality tin with a fast, thin knife, securely riveted in center and at rim. Simple and durable. Agents send 6c postage for free sample. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum, Scotch Granite and Tin Ware in the world. Address Dept. 111

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1900 YOU CAN EASILY and Quickly Earn a **BICYCLE, LADIES' JACKET,** Shoes, Dress Skirt, Blouse Set, Watch, Camera, etc. by selling a few boxes of our high-grade Toilet Soap to your friends and neighbors. It sells on its merits. No money required in advance. We have the best plan for boys (Girls and Women) our premiums are absolutely the best. Large illustrated list of premiums mailed FREE. Write to-day for particulars. DAWSON SOAP CO., 56 Fifth Ave., Dept. 186, CHICAGO

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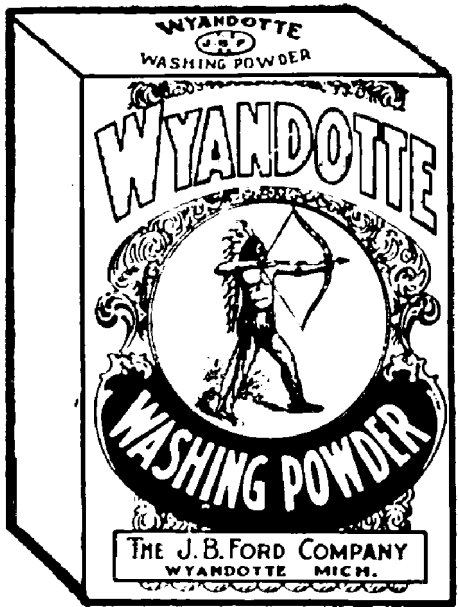
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A Cracker



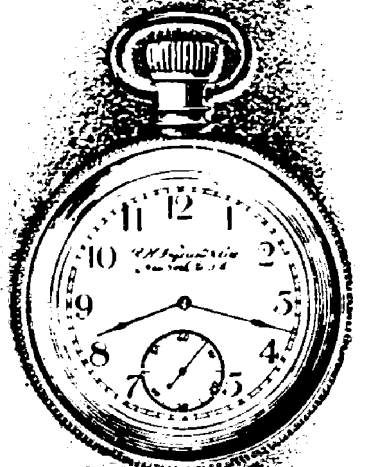
Just what the giant cracker is to the common squib so is Wyandotte Washing Powder in comparison with all other washing preparations.

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Wyandotte Washing Powder

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
Vol. I, No. 10

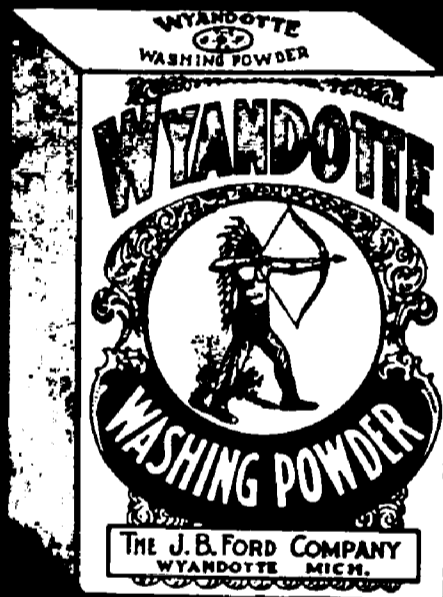
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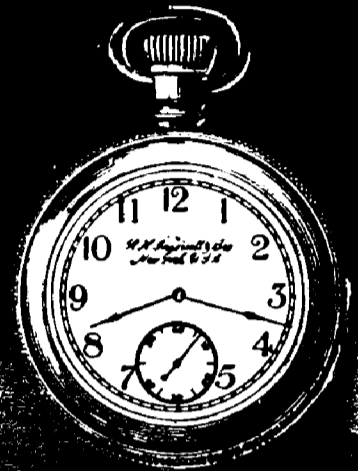
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THE AMERICAN BOY

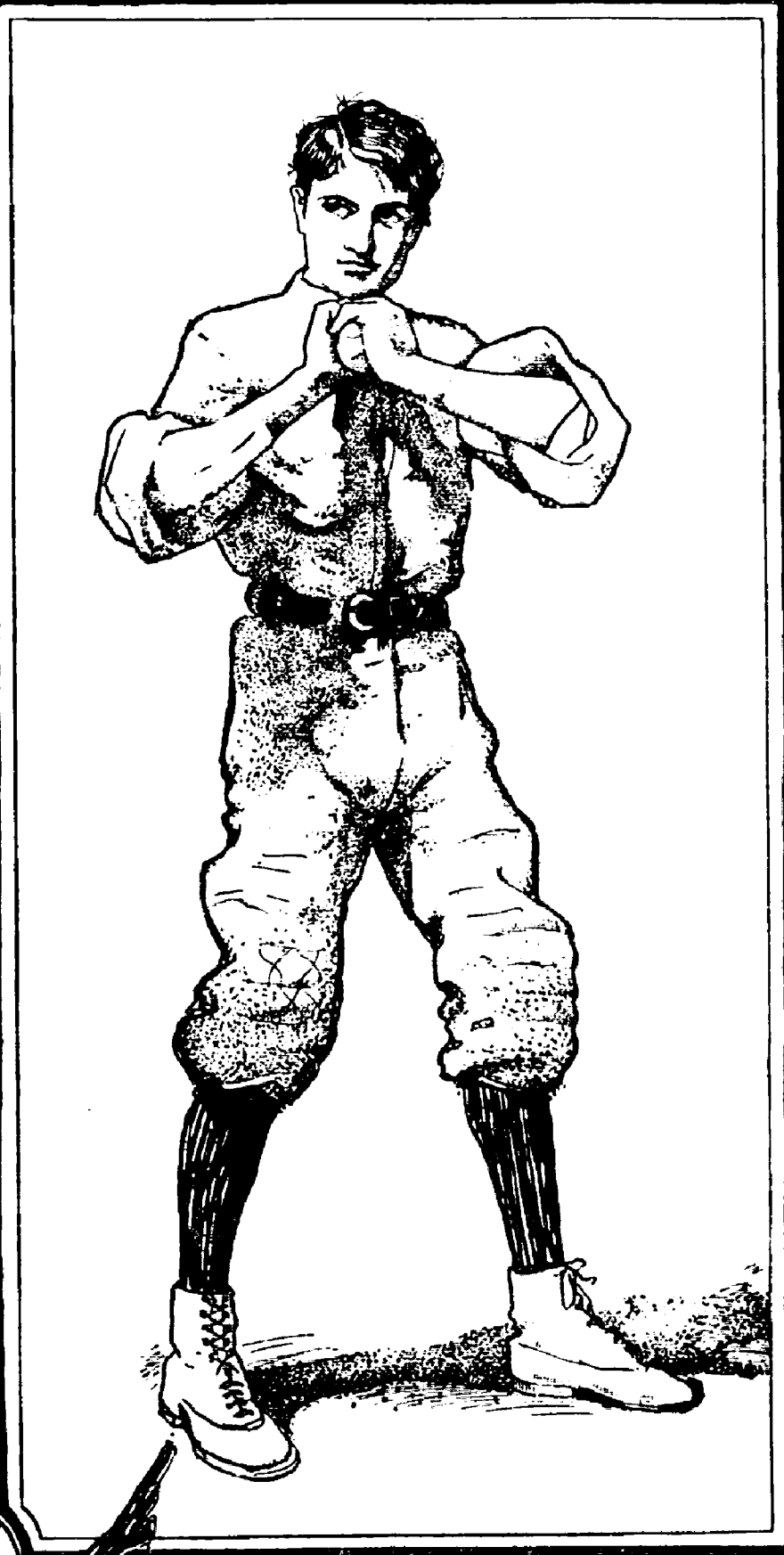
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MONTHLY
Vol. I. No. 10

Detroit, Michigan, August, 1900

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JAMES H. GARDNER-SOPER. 1900

JIM LEONARD'S KID

A STORY OF THE RAILROAD

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

The air was green with the pale glint of young foliage. May had opened the flowers, and the buds on the trees were bursting, the sun painted the high rocks glowing red and yellow brown, and cast weird, fantastic traceries in shadow on the road that wound around Mt. Hecker, towering loftily above the little town of Aylburg—an outpost sentinel of the range beyond, and the first guard of the entrance to Weller's Gulch. To the south, the gulch dug deep into the earth between the walls of sandstone, in a trail as of a mighty, twisting serpent, paralleled along its course by Snake River, a seething, whirling, squirming mass of water, that dashed over jagged rocks, biting pieces from the shelves at either side, and bellowing and hissing as it tumbled onward. To the north sprang the source of the stream, from the heart of the mountains,



THE KID.

and to the east and west, far away, the tattered, white peaks, pierced the low hanging clouds that floated around them like shrouds of death. There above the river dangled the little town of Aylburg, clinging to the side of Mt. Hecker as a burr clings to the perpendicular skirt of a woman who walks afield.

The little railway station of the town was painted a deep red without and papered a light blue within—a sunny, airy little station, that Lyndon took pleasure in caring for. But the time allowed Lyndon to care for the depot was short, much as he might have wished it longer, for the duties of telegrapher were not all that fell to his lot. Had he been ordered to prepare for himself a business card it would have been, of necessity, a long one and a broad one. Officially he was telegrapher, station agent, yard master, baggage handler, janitor and ticket seller of the Northeastern Railway, for the town of Aylburg. Furthermore, he was qualified to lock and unlock switches when occasion might demand.

On this bright Saturday morning, toward the close of a brilliant May, he came out of the station and changed the signals that hung against the sides of the V shaped case swinging above the depot platform. This done he called a greeting across the tracks to the man in the cab of No. 18, which stood wheezing on the siding that ran to the mouth of the Calumpit mine. Jim Leonard poked his head through the window of the cab and shouted back a brisk "mornin', Lyndon," to the agent, and pulled his head within again.

Leonard had been, up to six weeks before, the regular engineer of No. 32, which pulled the mountain special a distance of two hundred and seventy five miles along the tracks of the Northeastern, but now, owing to an illness that lingered dimly, he was making what little he could on the switch locomotive that played with the ore cars up and down the siding that led to the Calumpit mine. All day long he switched, backed and pushed forward to the main track, the squat cars, laden to their rails with wealth in the rough. It was dreary work to a man who, for fourteen years had been one of the best engineers in the road's employ, and if it hadn't been for the "missus" and the "kid"—but it was for the "missus" and the "kid" besides, Dr. Sloan, "the leading physician" of Aylburg, had told him half a dozen times within the past fortnight, in answer to his repeated questionings, that inside a month he would be back in the cab of old 32—the Lord and the company willing. Of the latter there was no doubt, and the former—well, a deep abiding hope lingered in the heart of Jim Leonard.

Lyndon stood on the platform and watched the efforts of the little switch engine. As she scampered playfully up to the main track with half a dozen ore cars in her wake, like a monstrously heavy tail to a miniature kite, Leonard poked his head out of the cab window again and grinned. "Big business, ain't it?" he called.

"Sure," replied Lyndon, laughing. "How is everything, anyway, Jim?"

"Awright."

"Who you got firin' for you?" Lyndon filled his pipe mechanically.

"The kid; see?" And the station master beheld a boy's head suddenly thrust through the window alongside the man's, and held there by the paternal hand that clutched the collar behind.

"Oh, it's you, is it, John?" said Lyndon; and then he added solicitously, "How do you like your job?"

The boy smiled behind the grime that covered his

face and melted into his red hair. "Awright," he replied—the tone was strangely like the man's—"if paw'd only lemme 'lone."

"He ain't any good," Leonard shouted, with mock contempt. "Ain't got a speck of the old man in him. Tain't likely he'll ever be takin' out 32; leastwise, not tomorrow." And Leonard jerked the grinning boy back into the cab. Lyndon laughed. The little switch engine coughed hackingly twice, and danced back down the siding for a new fall. Lyndon turned into the station to answer "T. K."—his call—that had been at it for the past five minutes, and whose clickety-click had floated from the sounder out to him through the raised window of the little box he called his office.

Jim Leonard's fourteen year old kid shoved on, unmindful of the playful jibes his father darted at him now and then. Jim Leonard was proud of that kid of his, despite his constant reiteration of the judgment, "I guess you ain't much good," for he seemed to see in him, young as he was, the making of an engineer who should prove worthy of his father, and—this possibly—worthy, also, of No. 32. But he never prophesied greatness for him within the kid's hearing, or even within the hearing of the "missus," for she would be sure to tell the kid of the paternal regard, and thereby spoil every prospect of the boy.



THE KID, SEE?

Once, when the kid was very much of a kid, he told his father one morning that during the night he had had a dream, and that in the dream he was at the throttle of a brand new engine and hauling a car full of directors over the road. His father had looked serious at that, but when the kid's back was turned, he had smiled a smile of deep satisfaction, and mumbled to himself a half a dozen words that were splendidly unintelligible. By the time he was ten the kid knew all the parts of a locomotive by name, and during the summer of his twelfth year his father took him over the road twice, in the cab, and taught him the ins and outs of the fire-box. He let him hold his hand on the throttle, too, along a piece of straight track, beyond the mountains, for seven minutes at a stretch. On the thirteenth birthday of the kid he presented his father, as a sort of a reverse anniversary gift, with a pen and ink drawing of a fire-box. All the ins and outs were marked by dots and were numbered and explained on the margin. And this Saturday morning he was acquiring his first taste of "firin'" on the little switch engine—No. 18. He took to the work as a duck takes to water. He seemed to comprehend, for all his youth, that it was a step forward, a stride nearer the throttle. Standing there, at the end of the tender, he vowed silently to cast into the darkening past all such theoretical things as pen and ink drawings of fire-boxes, and thenceforward attend only to the practical, the real business of the thing, that one day would send a conductor along the train to him with orders on tissue paper, and make him fit to receive into his hands for keeping, the iron, brass, wood, and nickel of an engine, a real engine—No. 32, for instance.

Lyndon came out on the platform again and rearranged the signals. The switch engine rolled to the main track and Leonard called, "What's up?"

"Special!" Lyndon shouted back.

"That so; what is it?" Little No. 18 came to a standstill. The kid clung to the rail along the edge of the cab window.

"Directors," Lyndon explained, "got a party of Englishmen aboard; 23's pulling her—two observation cars and a diner."

"Who's up ahead?" asked Leonard.

"Jameson, I guess; probably Riley's firin'."

"When they due?"

Lyndon took out his watch and looked at it. "Eleven twenty," he replied. "She left Evansville at 11:08; ought to be along in about nine minutes."

"Make a stop?"

"Yes, likely—water."

"Lordy," exclaimed Leonard, "runnin' pretty close to the 'leven thirty-seven, ain't she?"

"Oh, I dunno; it gives 'em twenty minutes, Jameson's good for it, I guess."

"That's right," agreed Leonard. Then turning to the kid, he exclaimed, in tones the harshness of which was obviously forced: "Now, what you doin'? Just hangin' on there for fun. Think this is sort of a picnic, do you? Never heard of an engine needin' coal did ye?"

The kid grinned a last broad grin at Lyndon, and stooped to his task, without replying. The little switch engine coughed again, spitefully, and started back.

As the special drew in, No. 18 darted up and down the siding with amazing alacrity, chooing and puffing like a thing alive. The rear platform of the last observation car was cluttered with men and women in tourist clothes. From the cab window of his little locomotive Leonard recognized one of the group—Harmsworth, vice-president of the road. Up ahead Jameson was superintending the dusting of No. 23, while No. 23 panted for breath between drinks from the great, round tank at the side of the track. Lyndon came along with the orders. Jameson glanced at them. "All clear, eh?" he muttered.

"All clear," replied Lyndon.

No. 23 shrieked three times—sign that she had drunk her fill. A man in knickerbockers and a little plaid cap, who had alighted to stretch himself on the station platform, clambered aboard again. The special dragged itself away with apparent effort, and an hundred yards from the little red depot began the twisting climb of twenty-four miles, to go six as a bird would fly. From the cab window of little 18, Leonard watched the train pull out, and from the tender step the kid followed, with his eyes, the rear platform of the last observation car, dreaming of the time when he might be qualified to be "up ahead" a directors' special.

Gathering speed at every revolution of her wheels, No. 23, with Jameson's knotty hand grasping the throttle, pulled the three coaches up the stiff grade lying to the north of Aylburg, and made the first curve of the spiral among the mountains. In half an hour she would slow down at the little water station of Mud Run and take another drink.

Lyndon's sounder checked and told him the 11:37 was six minutes late. His hand hovered over the key of his instrument. He glanced at the face of the watch, lying open before him on the table. The hand registered 11:38. Five minutes more and the Mountain Special Limited would come thundering up to the little red station and gasp. Lyndon glanced at his watch again. "She's in sight of Mud Run now," he muttered to himself, and glanced through the side window of the office, back down the track. Suddenly, the sounder before him began clicking furiously, it was "T. K."—his call. He answered. Then upon his half numb ears came dripping this word of destruction and death: "Special broke in sight Mud Run. Started back. Throw track open. Hold M. S." Lyndon understood that M. S. meant Mountain Special. It would be due in three minutes. For an instant desk, signals and all, swam before the eyes of the agent. His hand fell dead at his side. Then, with a struggle, he rushed from the building and screamed across to Leonard, at that instant backing down the siding.

"Jim! Jim!" he called. Leonard heard. "Pull up; special broke in two at Mud Run; car coming down the mountain. What in God's—"

Leonard comprehended the situation on the instant. He pulled the throttle of little 18 and she came leaping to the platform. No second was lost in speech. Leonard gazed into the eyes of his boy. Those of the kid gazed back into his as steadily. Lyndon heard only the cry back to him from the engine as she jumped along the track. "I'll try it; if I can reach Lead Curve first"—Then everything swam before

him again. Back down the track came tearing the Mountain Special.

"Now, kid," Leonard screamed to the boy there beside him, "shovel like mad, and let's see what you're good for!" Leonard pulled open the throttle of little 18 and held it. The baby locomotive jumped into the air almost, settled back on the rails, and shot forward up the grade like a rabbit pursued by a dog. As she passed out of sight around the first curve, the Mountain Special thundered up to the station of Aylburg and stopped. The conductor received Lyndon's words, calmly. He carried them to the man up ahead, and in thirty seconds the Mountain Special, the pride and joy of the road, was standing, puffing, like a tired runner, on the Calumpt siding, all regardless of time and schedule.

As Leonard bore down on the throttle of little 18 he glanced back at the kid. He was throwing the coal like a fiend. Perspiration was washing streaks in the dirt that grimed his face, and his red hair was matted on his forehead. Leonard bit his lip, and thrusting his head from the window, looked up the track ahead. "We'll see her up above us, at the next curve," he yelled at the toiling boy, "if she ain't jumped the track yet."

"Uh, huh." That was all, and the fire-box was fed another mouthful of coal from the big iron spoon that the boy wielded.

There was silence for awhile—silence of voices. Little 18 beat the track wildly. She was fairly flying. It was wild, wonderful, appalling.

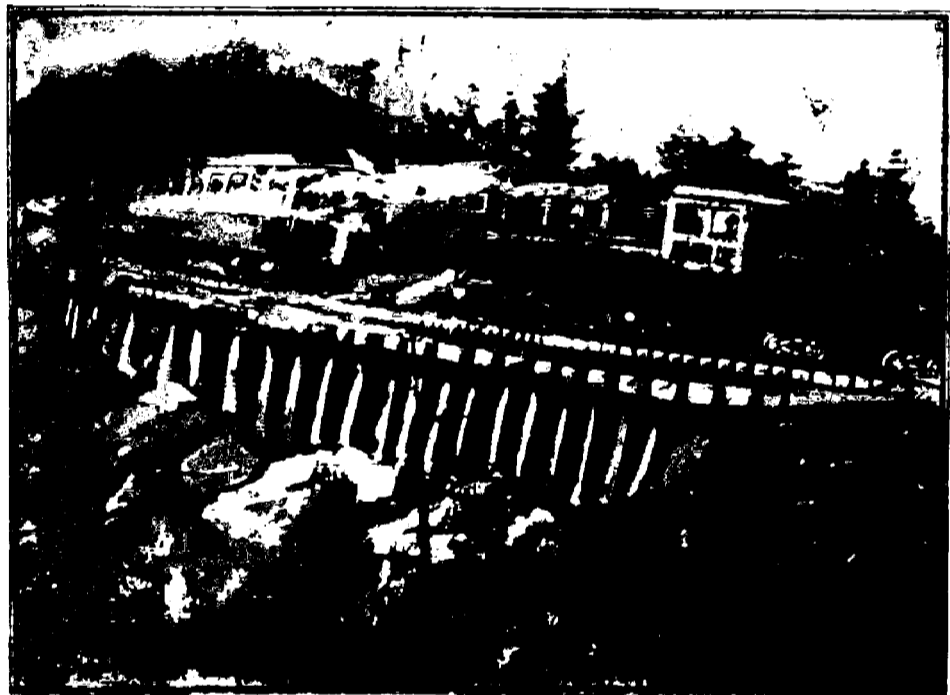
Leonard glanced again at the boy. He noted the motion of the arms as the shovel was thrown forward. Impotent to hold back his pride longer, he screamed above the din of the pounding engine, "Kid! I guess you're some good after all!"

The kid didn't even smile, nor yet look up. Things were flying past—rocks, shanties, water-falls.

Little 18 was rounding the last curve before the only piece of straight track between Aylburg and Mud Run.

"Look, father, look!" The kid had been the first to see. He pointed ahead, to the left. Leonard sprang across the cab without releasing his hold on the lever. There, beyond the curve, at the other end of the stretch,

they both saw the car that had broken from the train. Its lightness had been all that had kept it to the rails thus far. With terrific speed it was bearing down upon them. Shortly it would vanish, then, a moment later, appear straight ahead, coming, coming, swift as a meteor, straight as a bullet. The sight sent something cold over Leonard. Afterward he said it felt like the twinge that accompanies a cold shower bath when the water strikes the skin suddenly. He had only time to hold the engine down, pull it up to a standstill, when his hand dropped from the throttle and he knew the dread disease he'd fought against so long was upon him. There was no feeling in his body. He sat there at the window of the cab like a wooden man.



FASTER AND FASTER SEEMED TO COURSE THE CAR AHEAD.

"Kid, kid!" he called, thickly. The boy noted the look in his father's face. "What is it!" he exclaimed. "Father, what is it?"

"Do as I tell you. Now we'll see if you're any good. If you make a false motion or do anything I don't tell you to, we'll both die here on the track, and the directors will die, and everybody will die. Kid, I'm paralyzed!"

The boy started and nearly fell backward. "Don't do that!" he heard his father exclaim, without turning his head. "That won't do no good." Leonard could see straight up the track. "When I say reverse her, you do it," he ordered. "You know how."

The kid didn't speak. He watched from the opposite window, every other moment shooting a frightened glance at the man sitting there across from him so still, so solid. The boy threw open the door of the fire-box and flung in four shovelfuls of coal.

"That's right," commented Leonard.

Then, around the curve, straight ahead, and not two hundred yards distant, came the car. It careened like a sled that takes a sharp corner. Leonard's jaw relaxed. He watched. He did not breathe. The boy knew that mass of iron was coming down upon him from the look in his father's face. He did not quail. He watched that face. The car had covered half the distance.

"Reverse her!" Instantly, little 18 started backward. "Send her as fast as she'll go!" The little engine screamed as she jumped. Faster and faster seemed to come the car ahead. It was almost upon little 18. Its height and breadth made her look like a toy.

It was a moment of intensity such as seldom falls to the lot of man to experience, a moment as when the world was born in a flash of lightning. Now the kid began to comprehend his father's plan. Before he had not. Then he had taken orders. Now he worked with the motionless man there in the window seat. "Hol' her down a little!" Thickly as the words were spoken, the boy understood, and slackened slightly the speed of the back flying locomotive. Thus far the distance between it and the sweeping car had not been lessened, now it was shortening, gradually, but still perceptibly, with every atom of time. The distance was only a scant hundred feet now. It struck Leonard as very like a game of tag between two good runners.

"Little mo' now." This order was obeyed upon the instant as had been the others. For a moment the boy left the engine thus, while he threw two more shovelfuls of coal in upon the dancing flames, hurriedly. The span had lessened to fifty feet. Then there fell upon the ears of man and boy a wild whirr that filled all the air around them and drowned the sounds of earth.

"Steady! steady! steady!" A slight jar that sent little 18 jerking and quivering for an instant—another—

And that was all.

When the kid glanced at his father after that first concussion, the look he saw in his face was one of horror, frozen there. He thrust his head out of the window. Close pressed to the breast of little 18 was the observation car. It was like a kiss. The kid couldn't make out anyone inside the coach.

"Steady! gradual! steady! steady!" The look of agony had died out of Leonard's face and left it calm.

Close together, the two masses of iron were sliding back down the track with one accord. So tremendous had been the velocity attained by the car on its mad whirl down the mountain, that it required a

great amount of giving way on the part of the engine before it was safe and practical for the two to merge together. Leonard had judged the speed of the flying car with an exactness that was amazing. When it had settled down upon his little engine the shock had been so slight that those inside still believed that they were pursuing the mad course that had begun at Mud Run. Little by little a speed was slackened. The car hugged the bosom of 18 like a child restored to its mother. Thus it was that at Lead Curve engine and car came to a standstill.

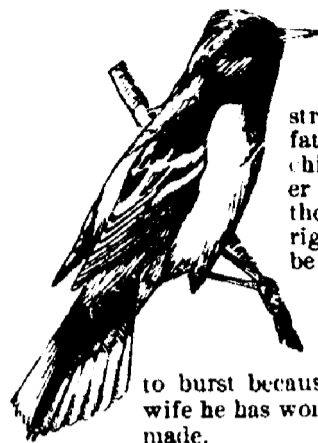
At Aylburg it was necessary to lift many of the men and women from the observation coach; one of them was Harmsworth, vice-president of the road. The Mountain Special did not wait for particulars, but pulled out at once, with a shriek of anger at having been delayed seventeen minutes. Leonard was carried by gentle hands to the little cottage clinging to the side of Mt. Hecker behind the town. The women were cared for in the Union Hotel. The kid went along with those who bore his father's motionless body. Now that it was all over, Leonard whimpered like a child, and those of the little party with him heard him mumble over and over again, "Kiddle I—guess—you're—some—good—after—all."

The kid was not elected president of the road at the next meeting of the directors; neither was his father. A pension for life—just that—was tendered him. As for the kid, he fired for two years on a freight and then they gave him the engine. It went well with him. He's "up ahead" of a "passenger" now, and the number of the locomotive is—32.

TO SAVE A BOY.

Roslaw L. D'Arv, Wartburg, Tenn.: "My mamma, papa, sister Ivah, seven years old, and myself send forty cents—ten cents each, for the boy saving fund. I hope it may do some good. Papa, mamma and I will give ten cents a month and sister Ivah five cents, making in all thirty-five cents a month, you can depend upon from us."

A FAMILY I KNOW



WE know who lives to the right and left of us and across the street, and we know what the father's business is, how many children there are, how the mother cares for her family perhaps, their joys and sorrows; but here, right in our own maple tree, may be a much more interesting family that we have not even noticed. The father, perched on a branch near by, has sung until his little throat was like to burst because he is so proud of the little wife he has won and the fine home they have made.

Then one day as you notice him acting more important than ever, and when the mother flutters off for a minute you take a sly peep into the nest and behold! there are five wee eggs in it. No wonder they are a proud couple. But wait awhile; by and by the little eggs are gone, but better still, in their place are five big-eyed, ugly looking birdies, with mouths so large that there is little time for the father to sing songs, for he and the little mother are kept busy filling the ever-open red mouths, which keep crying "more! more!" in their shrill baby voices.

I am going to tell you about a neighbor of mine who, with his family, lives in the large maple tree close by my chamber window. Let me introduce you to them, for you may have a neighbor who is a relative of this little family and whose acquaintance you have not made.

The father and head of the family is Mr. Oriole, called here, Baltimore oriole, and by New England people, Golden Robin or Hang-nest oriole. He is a much better dresser than his wife; his coat is a black which covers his back, neck, head, and part of his tail; the rest of the tail is trimmed with pretty, pale orange. His vest and trousers are a gorgeous, bright orange red. The wings are black and white, and the bill and feet slate blue.

Mrs. Oriole wears a very modest dress of yellowish brown with waist darker than the skirt.

Well, I first noticed Mr. Oriole when he was courting Miss Oriole, and a hard time he had to win his bride, for there was another older and much finer gentleman than himself, who liked the young lady too; but she preferred the younger lover, so one fine morning when I looked out of my window I saw the young couple busily beginning their nest-making, and the fine Mr. Oriole, who lost his bride, sat on a branch near by, with a very long face. Sometimes he flew up to the new wife to argue the question with her, but it only made her angry and she drove him away with much fluttering of wings, pecking and shrill cries. All day long they planned and worked together until when next I looked, not only was the little hanging cottage finished, but inhabited, and in it were seven small eggs; while papa Oriole, on a limb near by, tried to tell the world, with that sweet warble of his, that he was the proud possessor of this wonderful home and that soon he would have seven little hungry mouths to help fill and seven little half-fledged birdies to teach to fly.

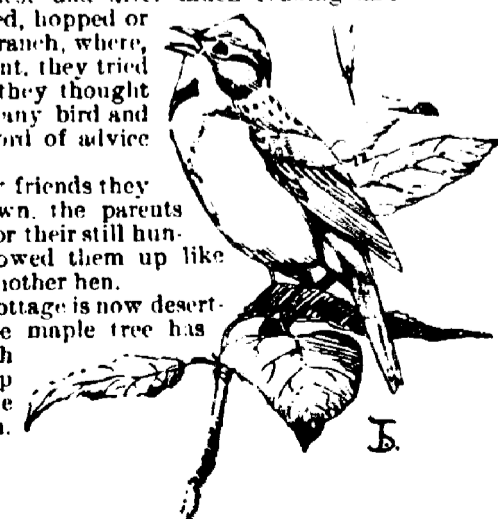
Have you ever seen an oriole's nest? It is about five inches deep and three inches across, a little wider near the centre. He hangs it, usually, on the end of a branch of maple or elm and I have seen it in an apple tree; and a regular swinging cradle it is for his little ones. He weaves it so lightly from bits of cord, wood fibers and horse-hair, that you can take an old nest and press it until the sides touch, without injuring it. It is the horse-hair that, woven in and out, makes it so strong yet so flexible, like one of our own hammocks.

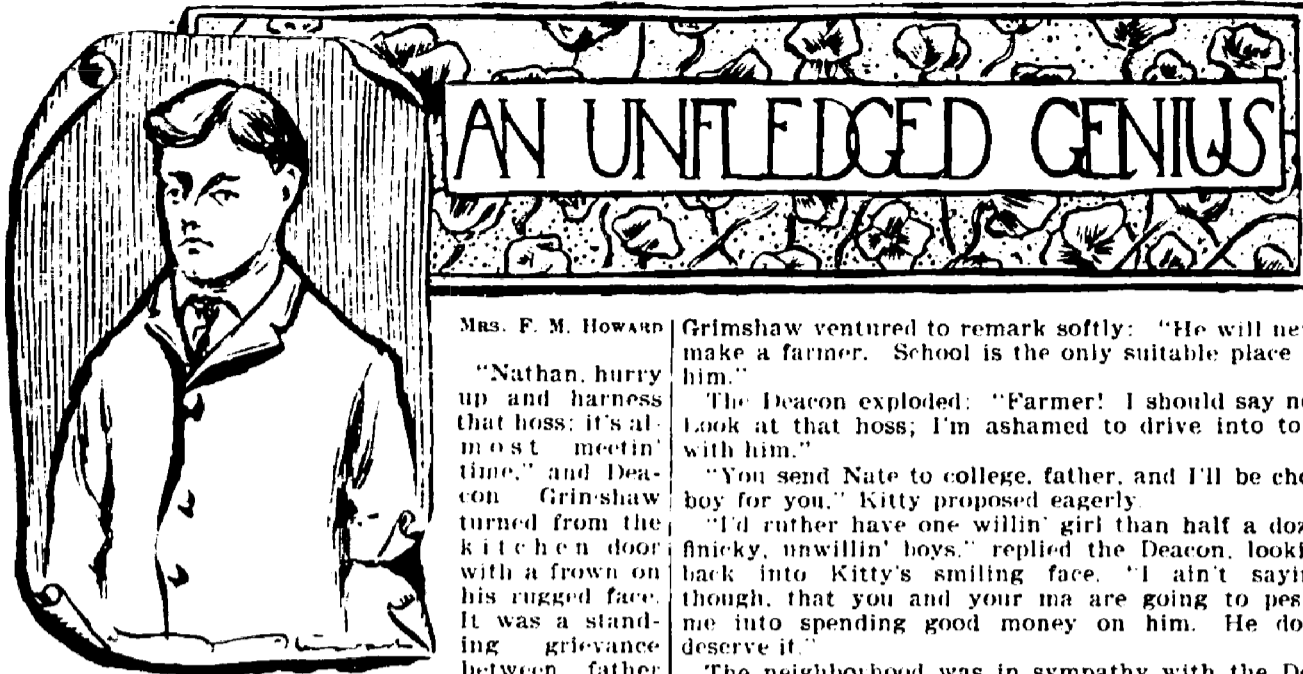
Now let us see what has taken place in our little family. Why, if there isn't seven little, naked, hungry, crying birds! And of all the cry babies in the bird-world, oriole babies are the worst. Now, perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Oriole didn't have to work! From early to late they worked to keep the youngsters' mouths filled, for as soon as one was satisfied another was ready for more. I wonder they got a bite for themselves; any way, they certainly didn't have time to cook, carve and serve their favorite food—the insect—as they probably wanted to do.

Finally, all the little yellow headed children, with their fluffy, new spring dresses, were ready to go out into the world, so, one by one (never two), they scrambled to the edge of the nest and after much coaxing and encouragement, fluttered, hopped or stumbled to the next branch, where, feeling very independent, they tried again and again until they thought themselves as smart as any bird and wouldn't listen to a word of advice from their parents.

The last I saw of my friends they were down on the lawn, the parents working like drudges for their still hungry brood, which followed them up like chickens after the old mother hen.

The little swinging cottage is now deserted and lonely, but the maple tree has another tenant which claims no relationship to Mr. and Mrs. Oriole and their seven children.





MRS. F. M. HOWARD

"Nathan, hurry up and harness that hoss; it's almost meetin' time," and Deacon Grimshaw turned from the kitchen door with a frown on his rugged face. It was a standing grievance between father and son, har-

nessing the horse on Sunday mornings to the carry-all, and this morning the Deacon was late in dressing, and Nathan, being ready, was caught in the toils of the unwelcome task.

"I never saw such a lazy"—but Kitty was waiting with her father's necktie and a smile. "Come, father, we shall have to wait for you if you waste time in scolding," she said brightly, as she slipped the tie under his collar and deftly tied a four-in-hand.

Kitty was sixteen and her father's idol. She was fond of outdoor work, and often lent a willing hand with the planter and reaper, while Nathan much preferred indoor tasks.

"You are some comfort to me, Sissy," said the Deacon, embracing her trim waist with his big hands, but Nathan—

"Is going to be a credit to us after he has been to college," interrupted Kitty briskly. "Here he comes with the carriage."

A tall youth, slender and effeminate, came in at the door, and went to the sink with an aggrieved look as he rubbed soap on his hands, washed and rubbed with such pertinacity that his father exclaimed impatiently, "Come now, don't stand there and wash all day. We'll be late at church again."

"I'm not going," answered Nathan shortly. "Here, father, your hat is brushed, and we are all ready," said Mrs. Grimshaw, bustling in, her bonnet on and ready for the drive. She had planned to be there when Nathan came in, for the lad was obstinate and the Deacon's tongue and temper sharp and quick.

They were half way up to the church before Mrs.



THERE WAS JEERING AND LAUGHTER WHEN HE CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE RURAL WITS.

Grimshaw ventured to remark softly: "He will never make a farmer. School is the only suitable place for him."

The Deacon exploded: "Farmer! I should say not! Look at that hoss; I'm ashamed to drive into town with him."

"You send Nate to college, father, and I'll be chore boy for you," Kitty proposed eagerly.

"I'd rather have one willin' girl than half a dozen finicky, unwillin' boys," replied the Deacon, looking back into Kitty's smiling face. "I ain't saying, though, that you and your ma are going to pester me into spending good money on him. He don't deserve it."

The neighborhood was in sympathy with the Deacon. It was an un doubted affliction to have a visionary, unpractical son, who touched each unpleasant task pertaining to the farm life delicately, and with aversion; still he knew every bug and beetle which flew or crawled in the fields, and was better acquainted with the insect life than with the work life of the farm. There was jeering and laughter when he came in contact with the rural wits. "If I had such a chance as that in my family, I'd dress him up in petticoats for a scarecrow," farmer Grey was fond of saying. "I seen him milk a cow once, and, I swan, I was sorry for the cow."

"He knows a heap about bugs, though," remarked another. "Likes bug huntin' better than he does his dinner. Hear about his per-

tater bugs? He gethered a pan full of the critters one day when his pa and ma was gone to a neighbor's visitin', and when they got back the kitchen was a sight to behold. Nate had put 'em in the stove with jest enough fire to warm 'em up lively, and gone off to fix up a butterfly net. Of course, they crawled out of the stove, and over the walls and ceilin'—you couldn't pint your finger where there wasn't a pertater bug crawlin'. It took Mrs. Grimshaw considerable of a spell to get 'em swept down into a pall o' hot water, and she imagined she saw pertater bugs crawlin' for some time arterwards."

"Just like him. Set him shoveling sunshine and he's perfectly happy. Nothin' practical about him, and I'd give a dozen like him for one wide awake, sensible girl like his sister Kitty."

So far as his neighbors were concerned, Nathan was irredeemably sent to Coventry, but his mother and Kitty had faith in him, and lost no opportunity of urging upon Mr. Grimshaw's attention the idea of a college education for him.

"There certainly is something in him, father, though we're not bright enough ourselves to see just what it is," said the mother anxiously, as the time approached for the opening of school in the fall. "Nathan is lots wiser than the most of boys in some ways. He came in yesterday with a great, green moth with the loveliest crescents on each wing; a moon moth, he called it, and you should have heard him go on and explain all about it, and the kind of grub it came from. It was real interestin'. I tried to have him show it to you, but he said you wouldn't care."

"Thought his old dad didn't know enough to care, I s'pose," Mr. Grimshaw replied, perversely ignoring the fact that he never had interested himself in his son's researches, except on one occasion when a fine crop of choice peas had been saved by Nathan's study of the insect pest which infested it. He had patiently picked every infected leaf, destroying them with better results than at the time of the potato bug affair, and his father had really given him credit for sense and perseverance.

"Well, father, you know you don't give Nathan much except scolding when he tries to talk to you about the things he likes," Mrs. Grimshaw said, reproachfully.

"Well, well, there is no other way as I see but to send him to school," exclaimed Mr. Grimshaw, in an injured tone. "When a man's wimmin folks get sot on anything there ain't no peace for 'im nowhere;

but, mind you, Roxana, you and Kitty'll have to do without glmeracks while he is gone. It'll be a long, steady pull, I give you fair warning, for eddication costs like the dickens. No use of you thinkin' of carpets or bedroom sets for the next four years."

"All right, father," Mrs. Grimshaw responded, a glad smile on her face; "we'll promise not to pester you for anything, Kitty and I, that we can possibly do without."

Nathan was almost too happy to eat or sleep when he learned that at last he was to have his heart's desire, and he went about in a maze of delight which so irritated his father that he would have revoked his decision had he been in the habit of going back on his word.

"You must be nice to your pa, and willing to help him when he is doing so much for you," urged Mrs. Grimshaw, anxiously, as she stitched away on his college outfit, which advice Nathan honestly tried to follow, with but indifferent results. Nathan was unmistakably Nathan, in spite of his grateful desire to help.

The house was strangely silent and lonely after he left, and even his father wore a lost, dazed look.

"I had no idee I'd miss him so," he said one day as he caught his wife crying behind her gingham apron by the pantry door. "It's been on my tongue's end to call him to do something for me a dozen times since he's been gone."

"The fact is that Nathan has been a great deal more help to you than you were willing to give him credit for, and I am glad you are beginning to sense it," replied the mother with reproachful spirit.

Four years of sacrifice followed Nathan's advent into college life. Having put his hand to the plow, Mr. Grimshaw had no intention of turning back, though it seemed to him that Nathan's demands for money were both exorbitant and useless at times, and especially in the last year of his course.

"Nate will be ashamed of his old daddy when he gets home," he remarked as he surveyed his best suit ruefully.



"WHAT ON AIRTH ARE THEY GOOD FOR?"

"Never you mind, father, I will ink the seams and pare off the fringe, and if Nate dares to be ashamed we will chuck him into it, and give you his graduating suit," cried Kitty. "It will fit you nicely with a ruffle on the bottom of the trousers."

Nathan was coming home next week with a title attached to his name, and the girl was almost wild with delight.

"Professor of bugology," farmer Grey said scornfully, but the neighborhood had never admired Nathan, and still less now, sporting a mustache and a slender cane.

With all his faults Nathan had a heart, and he was shocked when he looked about the house and noticed the worn and faded condition of things, the braided mat which covered the patch in the parlor carpet, Kitty's hat in its third season of use, and his father's best suit, a pathetic contrast to his own.

His thin lips came together with decision as he saw further signals of sacrifice scattered all over the farm, but he said little.

It was not his habit to boast, or promise prematurely.

"What on airth are they good for?" Nathan was showing a large and carefully classified collection of botanical specimens, at which his father looked dubiously. He pursed his lips also in a depreciatory way as Nathan exhibited his collection of specimens in natural history. "It is the most valuable collection

in the state. Prof. Saylor says that, and he is an authority."

"It won't buy nothin', and I don't see no sense in sticking poor, harmless little critters on pins that way," returned Mr. Grimshaw, with an inconvenient recollection that one of his best cows had gone to pay for the cases.

"I'm sure they look real pretty," exclaimed Kitty. "Nathan has been telling me all about them, and I would like to go to college myself."

"You would like to go, too, wouldn't you mother?" retorted Mr. Grimshaw, with good natured sarcasm. "I'd better get out of here before I get to hankering after an eddication myself."

His eyes opened wide a few weeks later, as Nathan came to him with a letter, offering him a position as

teacher of natural science, at a salary which seemed to his father simply amazing.

"Good land, boy, accept it quick, afore they have a chance to back down on it," he cried. "That will pay better than running bugs on pins, I reckon."

"Running bugs on pins isn't such bad business, either, father," replied Nathan, producing another letter after a moment's hesitation.

"I did not intend to tell you until they were gone, but I have had an offer for my collection."

"Great Jiminy!" exclaimed Mr. Grimshaw, as he read the letter, "college folks must be crazier than loons. I wouldn't give five dollars for the whole pack, let alone five hundred."

"Because you do not understand their value, father," Nathan replied with natural triumph. "You have

made many sacrifices for me," he added with modest gratitude, "but after all, father, I think it will pay."

It did pay. Deacon Grimshaw ceased to be an object of pity among his neighbors, and began to allude to "my son, Professor Grimshaw," with a pardonable pride. Little by little the home was modernized and refurnished, and the farm provided with every help which modern science could supply.

When in after years the old people gave up the active labor of life, it was Nathan upon whom they leaned for advice, Nathan who supplied them with luxuries and pleasures which they otherwise could not have enjoyed, and Kitty, now a happy matron in a home of her own, sometimes levels a naughty "I told you so" at her grey haired father.

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT

SAM FISHER'S ROLLER COASTER

Copyright by CHARLES BATELL LOOMIS, the Author, 1859

One day in early spring Sam Fisher went down to New York with his father and visited Coney Island, and for the first time in his life took a ride on a "roller coaster." For the benefit of those children who have not yet tasted the combined horrors and delights of this remarkable invention, I will describe it.

It is an inclined railway several hundred feet long. You climb up a ladder or a pair of stairs and seat yourself in a car or box on wheels. Then an attendant gives the car a shove and you glide along the railway for a few feet and then take a sudden dip, leaving your heart behind you, and experiencing that sensation that comes to you when you drop fourteen stories in an express elevator. You bob over one or two hills and then fetch up either on a level stretch or else in the water, when the car scoots through the water like a boat. If you survive the first shock you are crazy for more, and boys and girls are so happily constituted that they always do survive the first shock.

Mr. Fisher, Sam's father, is a rather nervous man, and he did not want Sam to go alone, so he got into the car with him, although he expected to be brought back on a shutter. He grabbed the sides until it seemed as if his nails would pierce the wood. As the car shot forward he shrieked at the top of his lungs, "Stop the car!" to the great amusement of the onlookers, but you might as well try to stop a

week? Jim was riding on a freight car, and he had just seen the headlight of the express on the same track when the chapter ended."



THEN IT STOPPED

The boys walked over to a maple tree that already gave quite a little shade. It was early in May. Sam was looking over Bob's shoulders at the pictures, when he gave a shout.

"Bob, there's the very thing—the roller coaster. It tells you how to make one!"

In a moment Bob had forgotten Jim in his perilous position of a week's standing, and the two boys sat down under the tree to read an account of how to build a roller coaster in your back yard.

"But we haven't a back yard," said Bob when they had finished.

"Goose," said Sam; "if it'll do in a back yard, what's the matter with the orchard or around the house. Say we build one as high as our house, and have it run around the house two or three times, and then go in at the front door and out of the back door."

"That'd be bully," said Bob. "You have such a long hall there'd be plenty of time to slack up. But I'm no good with a hammer, and I don't believe that I could build one."

"Well, I can. The instructions are just as easy, and Zack will help us. And, say, we can use some of those two-by-fours and those telephone poles that papa's been cutting to send to the telephone company."

The boys raced home full of the idea. Zack, the hired man, was in the barn throwing down some hay for the horses.

"Zack, will you help us build a roller coaster?" said Sam.

"What's a roller coaster?" said Zack, leaning on his pitchfork.

"Ho, don't know what a roller coaster is!" said Bob derisively.

"Well, neither did you till I told yer." Sam was fond of Zack and he objected to Bob's manner.

Sam explained the contrivance and then showed Zack the article.

"You see, it's just as easy to make," said he. "All you've got to do is to make four wheels and a wagon box and a frame to hold the track and run up a ladder to the top and away we'll go."

Zack was a handy man and he said, "I guess we can fix one up in a little while. It reads awful easy. And I think that if I rig up a hoister so that you can pull the car to the top and then make it a circular railway all around the house and the outbuildings, you can ride all day after you've started, if there's some one by to haul you up each time."

"What'll you use to build it with? Do you suppose papa would object if we used those two-by-fours and the telephone poles?"



HE WANTED THE CAR STOPPED.

sky rocket after it has got ten feet away from the ground as to stop a roller coaster after it has begun its journey, and poor Mr. Fisher was compelled to get his money's worth and ride out to sea on the terrible invention. Of course, Sam was wildly hilarious, and wanted to ride some more, and Mr. Fisher being a good natured man, consented, but he said to the attendant, "I wouldn't go through that experience again for all the money that is made at Coney Island in a season."

After Sam returned home he told all the boys in the neighborhood about the roller coaster and they were crazy to go to Coney Island, but Whiteville, the village where they lived, is over a hundred miles from the coast, and few of them had ever been further than a score of miles from home.

One day Sam went to the postoffice with Bob Garrison, and although there were no letters for either boy, there was the Easter number of "The Boy's Playmate," to which Bob was a subscriber.

"Oh, goody," said Bob. "I'm go'n' to sit down here under the tree as long as there's no letters for the house and read 'Bound to Win.' Did you read it last

"I don't know," said Zack, hesitatingly. "I'm sure he wouldn't if you only used them temporarily," put in Bob. "He likes to see you happy, Sam."

"Well, we can't ask him because he's away," said Sam. "I guess I'll take the resp—resp—"

"Responsibility," put in Zack, smiling.

When a man has the right kind of tools and the materials and an article written in simple language, with plenty of pictures to guide him and the knack of it besides, he can't go far wrong, and by nightfall Zack, with the boys' help, had fashioned the tramway, and after supper he began on the car. The tramway was sixty feet high at the starting point, and it had two dips in it that would make the ride more exciting, and it was six hundred feet long. I'm quite sure that if Mrs. Fisher had been at home she would have objected to it, for it was the reverse of slightly, but she and Mr. Fisher had gone to a meeting of Pomona Grange at New Haven and would not be back until next day.

When the tramway was finished the boys thought it looked beautiful, and although the Fisher mansion stood on a back road several of the other boys saw it, and Sam told them to invite all the boys in the hamlet to come next day for a ride.

All the boys agreed that it looked beautiful reared up above the house, but I'm sure no grown person would have said it was an improvement to the natural scenery of the place. Grown people have such queer ideas. It was higher than the chimney at the start, and it ended right at the front door.

After supper, Zack, with the boys' help, made the car and made it strong. It isn't any trouble to make wheels when you have a picture of one to go by, and he had whittled out four of them before the boys' bedtime, which Sam extended by one hour. Bob was spending the night with him.

Zack found that the hardest thing to construct was the elevator, because there was nothing about an elevator in the article, but his Yankee ingenuity stood him in good stead and by noon of the next day that also was done, and the road was ready to begin operations.

It was Saturday and upward of twenty boys had come around to be initiated into the delights of the rushing ride. Sam chose ten boys to take the first ride, and as there was some exhibition of feeling by those who were left, Sam explained that they would be back again so soon that it didn't really make much difference who went first.

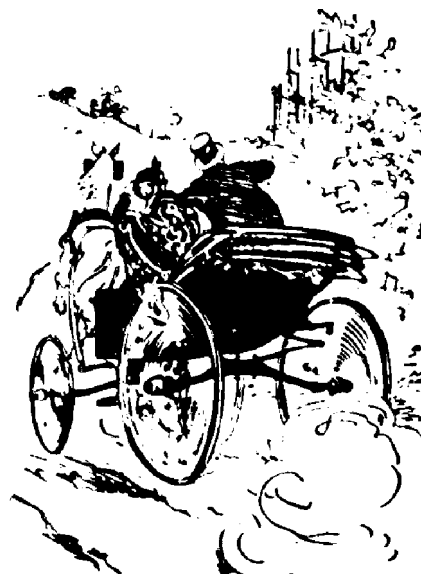
After they had climbed into the car it was hoisted by Zack and the other boys to the top of the inclined plane.

"Hi, you can see over to Swampsea," said Sam when they had reached the top. "And there's pop and mom coming home. Hurry before anything happens."

Sam started the car by pushing it, and then boarded it from behind. It ran ten feet and the boys began to cheer. Then it stopped. One of the wheels had stuck.

It was while they were waiting for Zack to come up and see what the trouble was that the Fishers saw them.

"What has happened to our house?" said Mrs. Fisher, putting on her glasses.



"HI! GET UP, JERRY."

"Looks as if painters were at work. What is it? Why, as I live, it's a roller coaster, like the one I was telling you about that we saw at Coney Island. Why, there's a car on it loaded with boys. Hi, gitup, Jerry. Oh, they'll all be killed!"

He lashed the horse to a gallop. Just then a fringe of trees cut off all view of the house, and they were left in suspense. They still had an eighth of a mile to go.



IT JUMPED THE TRACK

Meanwhile the difficulty had been overcome and Zack gave them a push and they went down the incline.

Did it work? Just as well as the one at Coney Island. That Zack was a born carpenter I guess, for the car shot around the first curve as if it had never done anything else.

It is hard to tell who shrieked the loudest, the boys in the coaster or the boys on the ground, but Mr. and

Mrs. Fisher heard the yell, and misunderstood it, and lashed the old horse in an agony of fear.

Past the house and past the woodshed and around the corner of the hen house that coaster shot, the boys yelling like Comanches, and their hair streaming so straight behind that it's a wonder it didn't pull out.

It really looked as if Zack had built a railroad without a flaw, but—

The third turn headed them for the barn, and the next turn would run them through the barn yard, and if the brake worked they could come to a stop right in front of the door.

Just as they slid around the third turn the Fishers came to a stop at the barn yard gate, and an instant later the boys came to a stop also, with a quarter of the ride unfinished.

Whether a flange on one of the wheels broke or what happened will never be known, but as they were passing the left window of the barn the car jumped the track and sent the ten boys through the light sash like a shot out of a gun.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher did the screaming now and the rest of the boys ran into the barn as fast as they could sprint.

And they found a badly mixed up mass of boys and wheels and hay and bleeding noses and cut hands and torn clothing, but if you'll believe it, not a seriously injured boy in the whole snarl.

There was no second trip on Fisher's House, Hen House and Barn R. R., and Zack would have been discharged on the spot if Sam had not explained—after he had been vinegared and brown papered—that Zack had merely followed the instructions to the letter, and if any one was to blame it was the man who had written the article, "How to Build a Roller Coaster in the Back Yard." And I'm inclined to think that Sam was right.

After this he lost interest to some extent in home matters, the blooded horses of the farm, the fine game chickens, all seemed valueless. He performed his duties faithfully, but in a listless abstracted manner, and spent as much time as possible reading of events in the various camps and on the battlefields.

His father cherished an intense admiration for courage, and became very indignant at the slightest display of cowardice, not only among his acquaintances, but in the lower orders of creation.

"I don't want a 'chicken heart' even in one of my chickens!" he would say when proudly watching the fine fowls in the barn yard. If one of them showed the "white feather" it was dubbed at once a "Dominicker," put into the coop for immediate execution and ingloriously consigned to the broiling pan.

One day news came to the farm that Colonel William Deloney, of Cobb's Georgia Legion, was in the neighborhood recruiting for his command, and James pled so earnestly to join him that the father at last consented. In a short while everything was ready and the two rode off together to "headquarters."

"Colonel," said Dunahoo after the greetings were over, "my boy's got the war fever, he's too young to go, but he's determined to do it; his mother's talked to him, I've talked to him; it doesn't do any good, so I've mounted him on the best colt in the stable and here he is. I want you to take him with you, but, Colonel, listen, if he ever shows the 'Dominicker,' send him home or put him in the guard house."

The Colonel turned and saw standing near them a tall, slender, fair-haired boy. He had straightened up at his father's words, and stood with compressed lips and flashing blue eyes which looked straight into those of the Commander.

"Why, yes, I'll be glad to have him," assented the Colonel; "I wish you had a hundred; we start to-morrow; he is just in time."

A few words more and the father turned to leave, James walked by his side.

"Father," he said slowly, "don't be afraid, I'm not a coward, I'll make you proud of me some day. Mother believes that, she told me so. She gave her consent at the last; I would not have gone without it." He paused and there was a quiver about his lips as he added: "Father, kiss her good-bye for me again—and—tell her I'll remember every word she said."

The old man grasped the hand and looked into the fearless young face. A mist came over his eyes which were blue like the boy's, but he did not speak. So they stood for a moment and then parted.

The next day the detachment of cavalry went on its way to Virginia, and day by day Colonel Deloney watched with growing interest his boy recruit. He was so alert and attentive, so faithful to duty, so quick to comprehend and so eager to obey orders, that the Colonel began to take special pride in his career. No man in his company conducted himself more satisfactorily nor won more rapidly the admiration and esteem of his comrades.

Months passed by, many bloody battles had been

fought, and June 9th, 1863, found the Georgia troops at Fleetwood, near Brandy Station, Virginia. Here Pleasanton encountered Stuart, and one of the greatest cavalry battles of the Civil War took place.

The fight was raging; shells hurtling through the air; squadrons charging and countercharging, and horses and men falling on every hand.

Suddenly General Young ordered Colonel Deloney to attack a Federal brigade which was forming.

"Get right among them, Colonel! Break them up with cold steel; don't give them time to form!" was the order.

Deloney turned and gave the command to charge; the troops dashed forward on the instant, the Colonel in the lead. They swept on like an avalanche, the dull boom of the cannon and the buzz of the balls keeping time to the hoof beats of the horses.

They were within a hundred yards of the enemy when the Colonel felt, rather than saw, something pass him "like a young cyclone." He shuddered and looked. It was the Georgia boy standing up in his stirrups bareheaded, his golden hair floating on the wind, his sabre raised, his face aflame with wild enthusiasm, his eyes gleaming and lifted above the storm. He turned in the saddle shouting:

"Colonel, here goes your Dominicker!" A moment more and he struck the enemy's line, leading his battalion. It came on like a sheet of fire, but the brave young Georgian fell, pierced by a dozen balls, while his comrades dashed over his lifeless body.

When the bloody fight of Brandy Station was over, the Confederates went out to look for their dead and wounded. The Colonel went to seek the boy who had been placed in his charge and who had become so dear to him. He was found lying just across the lines, dead and cold, the glory of a high resolve rested upon his fair young face. He had died with the thought "Mother will know that I remembered her words, 'So live, so die, that you will be an inspiration to your comrades.'" She will know that I fell at the cannon's mouth.

"Only a private" no ribbon nor star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honors for him in brass or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell,
Angel and Seraph the legend shall tell—
Such death is eternal life!"

"THE AMERICAN BOY" AT THE SANTA CRUZ FAIR.

The Improvement Society of Santa Cruz, Cal., gave an entertainment on May 29 in aid of the Santa Cruz Board of Trade in its efforts to create a fund for improvements on the beach.

The women of Santa Cruz lent substantial aid to the enterprise. Among them was Mrs. Flora W. Kron. Mrs. Kron wrote THE AMERICAN BOY asking that copies of THE AMERICAN BOY be furnished that they might be offered for sale on the grounds where the entertainment was given, the proceeds to go to the improvement fund. THE AMERICAN BOY was glad



"THE AMERICAN BOY BOOTH" AT THE SANTA CRUZ (CAL.) FAIR.

to lend its assistance to the enterprise, and the result was an AMERICAN BOY booth presided over by two American boys and hundreds of copies of THE AMERICAN BOY sold to the boys of this sunny city of Southern California. Mrs. Kron writes: "The little fellows having the papers in charge netted a nice sum for the fund. It would have pleased you to hear the remarks of our mayor in the address with which the evening program began. He referred to your kindness in sending the papers and to the merits of the paper itself, really a large part of his remarks being devoted to THE AMERICAN BOY. There were more than two boys selling the paper, but I was able to get only two of them into the picture the following day."

The boys in the picture presented herewith are James Roney and Woodford Kron—the former in front.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH

The ninth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAH ROBINSON WATSON

Down in Jackson County, Georgia, lived in the early days of the Civil War an old farmer by the name of Dunahoo.

He had been a brave soldier in the Indian wars of Florida when Zachary Taylor "won his spurs" and learned the tactics that led him to victory on the later fields of Mexico. Many a day had he related to his children the thrilling stories of those battles with the treacherous men of the forest, of their desperate attacks and stratagems, and of their haunts in the jungles and swamps to which only the bloodhounds could follow them.

James, the little boy of the family, had been fed upon these war tales from early infancy, and often when sitting beside his gentle-faced mother he would suddenly exclaim: "I'm going to be a soldier some day! I'm going to fight the Indians!"

And his mother would smile and say gladly: "But there are no Indians now to fight, and I am very thankful for it."

His face would cloud at this, and he would exclaim hotly: "But, mother, there'll be something, somebody to fight. Maybe the British'll come again as they did when George Washington was alive, or as father says they did when General Jackson whipped them at New Orleans."

"No, no, dear; I trust my boy will have nothing to fight but the army of evil. The giants of Anger, of Hate, of Selfishness, they will surely be enough."

But as the years went by the boy did not change his mind and frequently spoke of his wish to become a soldier. "The country always needs some defenders," he would say to his mother: "there are whole regiments out on the plains now ready to fight the Indians when necessary, and I would like to join them."

He was about seventeen years of age when the Civil War began. At the first call for troops in his state he announced his intention of enlisting, but this was seriously opposed by the family circle. "You are too young," said his father, impatiently; "they don't want little chaps like you."

"Boys younger than I have done duty on the battlefield," he answered firmly, "and I want to go."

"Not yet, dear, not yet," his mother replied gently. "I cannot let you go yet."

"I would rather die for my state than refuse to serve her," he said with compressed lips; "she needs me now."

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSOM

This is the sixth chapter in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER VI.

With all our visits among the interesting places, time slipped by very quickly. But April was at hand, so work was taken up with a will on our spars and rigging, which we decided would best be very strong and durable. We had our own tools and did all the work on our new spars ourselves, and as we had decided to leave New Orleans on May 1, we were greatly pleased when we finished our work one week ahead of time. We were thus able to spend the remaining days very pleasantly in the enjoyment of new pleasures. How well do I remember my pleasant day at the West End, where I was so kindly and pleasantly entertained by members of the Southern Yacht club. An alligator hunt on Lake Salvador was another very pleasant feature of those last few days, even though we didn't get but one little fellow, scarcely big enough for crab bait.

The only thing which marred the pleasure of our trip was the unexpected recall of our shipmate, Clyde Morrow, on account of illness at home. We were greatly disappointed in having our crew thus shortened, for Clyde was a splendid companion and had counted so much on continuing the journey.

So, when May day rolled around and our sails were raised and everything in shipshape for us to resume our journey, we were sorry to know that we were now only three. Our mooring place had long since found a tender place in our hearts, too, and as we cast off our line and Gazelle gathered headway, a feeling of sorrow came over us, but not for long. At the first lusty cheer from our friends, who had gathered to bid us adieu, the feeling left us, for we had new duties to perform and new troubles to conquer.

We were very desirous of sailing by New Orleans for several miles, to some place where we might come to anchor without risk of danger from the great shipping in the immediate vicinity of the city. It was great satisfaction to know, therefore, that Gazelle's speed had been such that ere darkness fell we were snugly anchored in a cozy nook safe from all danger. New Orleans was now twenty five miles to the north, and only the glow of the street lamps on the distant horizon gave evidence of its location.

Active sailor life seemed good again after our rest. Everything appeared to take on a briny flavor. Our thoughts were of the sea, and so were our songs; for our life for weeks to come was to be spent on the rolling deep.



A GULF ISLAND HOME.

Little did we imagine, however, as we sat on deck singing songs and breathing in the crisp night sea air wafted by the gentle southern breeze across the tide submerged meadows of southern Louisiana that, leaving the great river, we were to enter into a life entirely new to us. But that evening we felt quite at home and one and all responded with alacrity to the cook's call, "all hands below for supper."

A good night's rest made the morn come quick, and just as the first pale streaks of the sun's rays began to tint the eastern sky there was the creak of pulleys, the flap of the sails, and the merry Heave-ho, Heave-a-ho from the lads forward on the anchor, and the final crunch of the heavy bower as it was catted on deck. So our yacht swung out into the channel and headed southward for the Gulf. This was our last day's voyage on the old Mississippi. Truly a beautiful day in May time. Notwithstanding the fact that the old

river had occasioned us many hairbreadth escapes during our travels on her hundreds of miles of length, we had a kindly feeling for her sheltering banks and pleasant coves, and we felt some reluctance in the thought of leaving her. As we sped along we passed many boats, oyster laden, on their way to New Orleans. Many of these fishermen knew of us and our voyage, and one and all saluted as we passed, with friendly toots of their long tin horns which they blow to perfection. It was cheering, therefore, to know that we left behind us friends whose good wishes were to be ever with us.



THE GULF SHORE.

Several large ocean-going vessels passed us, and all in all we were quite satisfied with our day's run as we came to anchor at the little oyster fishing village of Buras, just above Forts Phillip and Jackson.

We found the inhabitants of the village very kind and hospitable. They are for the most part French, but understand and talk English quite well. They are sailors through and through, having plied their trade of tonging oysters on the treacherous Gulf sounds all their lives long.

After we had told the story of our trip down the river much to the delight of all, we listened with eager ears to the stories and information which they so willingly gave. I do not believe these men of the sea wished to discourage us in our plans, but it was plain to see by their conversation that they thought the odds were greatly against success in so small a craft and manned by sailors with no previous knowledge of seamanship on salt water. Nevertheless they seemed greatly interested and imparted all the information they could to help us along on our voyage. Neither did they wish to see us go off to starve, for just before we set sail next morning, we were presented with a huge sack of oysters and a basket of fresh shrimps packed in wet moss. Thus supplied, and amid hearty cheers from the villagers who had gathered on the wharf to watch us depart, we cast loose, and soon the village and kind hearted people were things of the past.

Passing the forts which stand on either side of the river and in time of war make the channel almost impassable, we came upon a small government tug which was anchored in the channel. As we drew nearer I noticed that a diver in his rubber suit and glass-eyed helmet was just coming up from the depths below. This was very interesting to us and became more so when upon rounding to and making inquiry we found that they were removing the mines placed in the channel during our war with Spain.

Several times we imagined we could hear the roar of the sea, for our charts, which were now being studied with great care, showed that we were near the Gulf, but as the day was quiet and balmy and no hard beach for breakers near by, this was just a fancy.

As most people know, the Mississippi River has many passes or routes into the Gulf. Several of the largest have been walled up with great bundles of willows wired together one on top of another, until a great pier called a jetty is formed. These bundles of willows are weighted with tons of rocks. The porous bundles finally become cemented together with mud and sand, and form a wall almost indestructible. Thus ship passages are provided and, although maintained at an enormous expense, prove a success, standing as another monument and world wonder left by the builder of the great Eads bridge.

As one passes down the river toward the jetties he will note upon examining the chart that a narrow, shallow passage, called Cubit's gap, leads out into the open Gulf. One shudders at the depths of one and two feet on either side of a very crooked channel, itself having only three and a half feet of depth in some places,



CASTING THE SEINE.

and extending for several miles into the Gulf. The thought of attempting the passage makes us hesitate, for we have been told that even the pilots dread the spot, and stories of the boats whose ribs lie bleaching on the bars make us more fearful. But a hundred miles is a good saving (and this channel will save so much), and the old adage, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," comes before us. The weather conditions are good and the vote is unanimous in favor of trying; so, on reeking the cut, Gazelle turns to port and enters the dangerous channel.

Good-bye, old Mississippi! Good-bye to the fresh water, for we now turn toward the ocean.

It was all done very quickly, and never a feeling of reluctance came over us as we carefully picked our way among the shoals of the pass.

The run through the sand point, which the current of the river has forced out into the Gulf, was some six miles long. By careful sailing we ran this distance without mishap; and then spread out before us was the great Gulf of Mexico! Before us for several miles is the shallow shoal. Debris of every kind is seen. Everything is so lonesome. Not a sail in sight or anything to make one feel that the world is peopled.

A flock of sea birds rose from the water, and, with a peculiar cry, flew far away as if frightened by a sight seldom seen, and for a moment made it seem as if we were "Alone on a wide, wide sea."

The sea was calm, so, taking a sounding pole aboard the Nibs, Frank, with chart before him, measured the depth. Gazelle, under shortened sail, followed slowly in his wake, often luffing quickly to avoid a bar, and surely, though slowly, winding her way. So intricate did the path become at times that it was necessary for us to cast anchor and explore ahead for depths sufficient to float the yacht, but at last, just as the sun was sinking in the distant west, our labors were rewarded by success, for the cheery cry of "No bot-



A GOOD CATCH.

tom," came from our pilot ahead, and in a few minutes, our craft was gliding along on the long rolling surface of the open Gulf.

A peculiar sense of satisfaction came over us, and a good jolly feeling prevailed aboard, as we saw the labyrinth of shoals and debris through which we had passed disappear astern.

Way off on the horizon to starboard could be seen Breton Island, while dimly visible to port were the low marsh islands known as the Bird Isles.

We were now in the Bird Island sound, where it is supposed the "Paul Jones" went to pieces a few months before, but no feeling of danger came over me as I turned the yacht north on her course for Beloxi, which was to be our next city to visit.

How strange it all seemed! It was hard to believe that we were indeed on the salt sea. But here were the proofs: In the first place we would only need to

"Looks as if painters were at work. What is it? Why, as I live, it's a roller coaster, like the one I was telling you about that we saw at Coney Island. Why, there's a car on it loaded with boys. Hi, gitup, Jerry. Oh, they'll all be killed!"

He lashed the horse to a gallop. Just then a fringe of trees cut off all view of the house, and they were left in suspense. They still had an eighth of a mile to go.



IT JUMPED THE TRACK

Meanwhile the difficulty had been overcome and Zack gave them a push and they went down the incline.

Did it work? Just as well as the one at Coney Island. That Zack was a born carpenter I guess, for the car shot around the first curve as if it had never done anything else.

It is hard to tell who shrieked the loudest, the boys in the coaster or the boys on the ground, but Mr. and

Mrs. Fisher heard the yell, and misunderstood it, and lashed the old horse in an agony of fear.

Past the house and past the woodshed and around the corner of the hen house that coaster shot, the boys yelling like Comanches, and their hair streaming so straight behind that it's a wonder it didn't pull out.

It really looked as if Zack had built a railroad without a flaw, but—

The third turn beaded them for the barn, and the next turn would run them through the barn yard, and if the brake worked they could come to a stop right in front of the door.

Just as they slid around the third turn the Fishers came to a stop at the barn yard gate, and an instant later the boys came to a stop also, with a quarter of the ride unfinished.

Whether a flange on one of the wheels broke or what happened will never be known, but as they were passing the loft window of the barn the car jumped the track and sent the ten boys through the light sash like a shot out of a gun.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher did the screaming now and the rest of the boys ran into the barn as fast as they could sprint.

And they found a badly mixed up mass of boys and wheels and hay and bleeding noses and cut hands and torn clothing, but if you'll believe it, not a seriously injured boy in the whole snarl.

There was no second trip on Fisher's House, Hen House and Barn R. R., and Zack would have been discharged on the spot if Sam had not explained—after he had been vinegared and brown papered—that Zack had merely followed the instructions to the letter, and if any one was to blame it was the man who had written the article, "How to Build a Roller Coaster in the Back Yard." And I'm inclined to think that Sam was right.

AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH

The ninth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANSSEL ROBINSON WATSON

Down in Jackson County, Georgia, lived in the early days of the Civil War an old farmer by the name of Dunahoo.

He had been a brave soldier in the Indian wars of Florida when Zachary Taylor "won his spurs" and learned the tactics that led him to victory on the later fields of Mexico. Many a day had he related to his children the thrilling stories of those battles with the treacherous men of the forest, of their desperate attacks and stratagems, and of their haunts in the jungles and swamps to which only the bloodhounds could follow them.

James, the little boy of the family, had been fed upon these war tales from early infancy, and often when sitting beside his gentle-faced mother he would suddenly exclaim: "I'm going to be a soldier some day! I'm going to fight the Indians!"

And his mother would smile and say gladly: "But there are no Indians now to fight, and I am very thankful for it."

His face would cloud at this, and he would exclaim hotly: "But, mother, there'll be something, somebody to fight. Maybe the British'll come again as they did when George Washington was alive, or as father says they did when General Jackson whipped them at New Orleans."

"No, no, dear; I trust my boy will have nothing to fight but the army of evil. The giants of Anger, of Hate, of Selfishness, they will surely be enough."

But as the years went by the boy did not change his mind and frequently spoke of his wish to become a soldier. "The country always needs some defenders," he would say to his mother: "there are whole regiments out on the plains now ready to fight the Indians when necessary, and I would like to join them."

He was about seventeen years of age when the Civil War began. At the first call for troops in his state he announced his intention of enlisting, but this was seriously opposed by the family circle. "You are too young," said his father, impatiently: "they don't want little chaps like you."

"Boys younger than I have done duty on the battlefield," he answered firmly, "and I want to go."

"Not yet, dear, not yet," his mother replied gently. "I cannot let you go yet."

"I would rather die for my state than refuse to serve her," he said with compressed lips; "she needs me now."

After this he lost interest to some extent in home matters, the blooded horses of the farm, the fine game chickens, all seemed valueless. He performed his duties faithfully, but in a listless abstracted manner, and spent as much time as possible reading of events in the various camps and on the battlefields.

His father cherished an intense admiration for courage, and became very indignant at the slightest display of cowardice, not only among his acquaintances, but in the lower orders of creation.

"I don't want a 'chicken heart' even in one of my chickens!" he would say when proudly watching the fine fowls in the barn yard. If one of them showed the "white feather" it was dubbed at once a "Dominicker," put into the coop for immediate execution and ingloriously consigned to the broiling pan.

One day news came to the farm that Colonel William Deloney, of Cobb's Georgia Legion, was in the neighborhood recruiting for his command, and James pled so earnestly to join him that the father at last consented. In a short while everything was ready and the two rode off together to "headquarters."

"Colonel," said Dunahoo after the greetings were over, "my boy's got the war fever, he's too young to go, but he's determined to do it; his mother's talked to him. I've talked to him; it doesn't do any good, so I've mounted him on the best colt in the stable and here he is. I want you to take him with you, but, Colonel, listen, if he ever shows the 'Dominicker,' send him home or put him in the guard house."

The Colonel turned and saw standing near them a tall, slender, fair-haired boy. He had straightened up at his father's words, and stood with compressed lips and flashing blue eyes which looked straight into those of the Commander.

"Why, yes, I'll be glad to have him," assented the Colonel; "I wish you had a hundred; we start to-morrow; he is just in time."

A few words more and the father turned to leave, James walked by his side.

"Father," he said slowly, "don't be afraid, I'm not a coward, I'll make you proud of me some day. Mother believes that, she told me so. She gave her consent at the last; I would not have gone without it." He paused and there was a quiver about his lips as he added: "Father, kiss her good-bye for me again—and—told her I'll remember every word she said."

The old man grasped the hand and looked into the fearless young face. A mist came over his eyes which were blue like the boy's, but he did not speak. So they stood for a moment and then parted.

The next day the detachment of cavalry went on its way to Virginia, and day by day Colonel Deloney watched with growing interest his boy recruit. He was so alert and attentive, so faithful to duty, so quick to comprehend and so eager to obey orders, that the Colonel began to take special pride in his career. No man in his company conducted himself more satisfactorily nor won more rapidly the admiration and esteem of his comrades.

Months passed by, many bloody battles had been

fought, and June 9th, 1863, found the Georgia troops at Fleetwood, near Brandy Station, Virginia. Here Pleasanton encountered Stuart, and one of the greatest cavalry battles of the Civil War took place.

The fight was raging; shells hurtling through the air; squadrons charging and countercharging, and horses and men falling on every hand.

Suddenly General Young ordered Colonel Deloney to attack a Federal brigade which was forming.

"Get right among them, Colonel! Break them up with cold steel; don't give them time to form!" was the order.

Deloney turned and gave the command to charge; the troops dashed forward on the instant, the Colonel in the lead. They swept on like an avalanche, the dull boom of the cannon and the buzz of the balls keeping time to the hoof beats of the horses.

They were within a hundred yards of the enemy when the Colonel felt, rather than saw, something pass him "like a young cyclone." He shuddered and looked. It was the Georgia boy standing up in his stirrups bareheaded, his golden hair floating on the wind, his sabre raised, his face aflame with wild enthusiasm, his eyes gleaming and lifted above the storm. He turned in the saddle shouting:

"Colonel, here goes your Dominicker!"

A moment more and he struck the enemy's line, leading his battalion. It came on like a sheet of fire, but the brave young Georgian fell, pierced by a dozen balls, while his comrades dashed over his lifeless body.

When the bloody fight of Brandy Station was over, the Confederates went out to look for their dead and wounded. The Colonel went to seek the boy who had been placed in his charge and who had become so dear to him. He was found lying just across the lines, dead and cold, the glory of a high resolve rested upon his fair young face. He had died with the thought "Mother will know that I remembered her words, 'So live, so die, that you will be an inspiration to your comrades.' She will know that I fell at the cannon's mouth."

"Only a private! no ribbon nor star
Shall gild with false glory his name!
No honors for him in brass or in bar,
His Legion of Honor is only a scar,
And his wounds are his roll of fame!"

Only a martyr! who fought and who fell
Unknown and unmarked in the strife!
But still as he lies in his lonely cell—
Angel and Seraph the legend shall tell—
Such death is eternal life!"

"THE AMERICAN BOY" AT THE SANTA CRUZ FAIR.

The Improvement Society of Santa Cruz, Cal., gave an entertainment on May 29 in aid of the Santa Cruz Board of Trade in its efforts to create a fund for improvements on the beach.

The women of Santa Cruz lent substantial aid to the enterprise. Among them was Mrs. Flora W. Kron. Mrs. Kron wrote THE AMERICAN BOY asking that copies of THE AMERICAN BOY be furnished that they might be offered for sale on the grounds where the entertainment was given, the proceeds to go to the improvement fund. THE AMERICAN BOY was glad



"THE AMERICAN BOY BOOTH" AT THE SANTA CRUZ (CAL.) FAIR.

to lend its assistance to the enterprise, and the result was an AMERICAN BOY booth presided over by two American boys and hundreds of copies of THE AMERICAN BOY sold to the boys of this sunny city of Southern California. Mrs. Kron writes: "The little fellows having the papers in charge netted a nice sum for the fund. It would have pleased you to hear the remarks of our mayor in the address with which the evening program began. He referred to your kindness in sending the papers and to the merits of the paper itself, really a large part of his remarks being devoted to THE AMERICAN BOY. There were more than two boys selling the paper, but I was able to get only two of them into the picture the following day."

The boys in the picture presented herewith are James Roney and Woodford Kron—the former in front.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSOM

This is the sixth chapter in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER VI.

With all our visits among the interesting places, time slipped by very quickly. But April was at hand, so work was taken up with a will on our spars and rigging, which we decided would best be very strong and durable. We had our own tools and did all the work on our new spars ourselves, and as we had decided to leave New Orleans on May 1, we were greatly pleased when we finished our work one week ahead of time. We were thus able to spend the remaining days very pleasantly in the enjoyment of new pleasures. How well do I remember my pleasant day at the West End, where I was so kindly and pleasantly entertained by members of the Southern Yacht club. An alligator hunt on Lake Salvador was another very pleasant feature of those last few days, even though we didn't get but one little fellow, scarcely big enough for crab bait.

The only thing which marred the pleasure of our trip was the unexpected recall of our shipmate, Clyde Morrow, on account of illness at home. We were greatly disappointed in having our crew thus shortened, for Clyde was a splendid companion and had counted so much on continuing the journey.

So, when May day rolled around and our sails were raised and everything in shipshape for us to resume our journey, we were sorry to know that we were now only three. Our mooring place had long since found a tender place in our hearts, too, and as we cast off our line and Gazelle gathered headway, a feeling of sorrow came over us, but not for long. At the first lusty cheer from our friends, who had gathered to bid us adieu, the feeling left us, for we had new duties to perform and new troubles to conquer.

We were very desirous of sailing by New Orleans for several miles, to some place where we might come to anchor without risk of danger from the great shipping in the immediate vicinity of the city. It was great satisfaction to know, therefore, that Gazelle's speed had been such that ere darkness fell we were snugly anchored in a cozy nook safe from all danger. New Orleans was now twenty five miles to the north, and only the glow of the street lamps on the distant horizon gave evidence of its location.

Active sailor life seemed good again after our rest. Everything appeared to take on a briny flavor. Our thoughts were of the sea, and so were our songs; for our life for weeks to come was to be spent on the rolling deep.



A GULF ISLAND HOME.

Little did we imagine, however, as we sat on deck singing songs and breathing in the crisp night sea air wafted by the gentle southern breeze across the tide submerged meadows of southern Louisiana that, leaving the great river, we were to enter into a life entirely new to us. But that evening we felt quite at home and one and all responded with alacrity to the cook's call, "all hands below for supper."

A good night's rest made the morn come quick, and just as the first pale streaks of the sun's rays began to tint the eastern sky there was the creak of pulleys, the flap of the sails, and the merry Heave-ho, Heave-a-ho from the lads forward on the anchor, and the final crunch of the heavy bower as it was catted on deck. So our yacht swung out into the channel and headed southward for the Gulf. This was our last day's voyage on the old Mississippi. Truly a beautiful day in May time. Notwithstanding the fact that the old

river had occasioned us many hairbreadth escapes during our travels on her hundreds of miles of length, we had a kindly feeling for her sheltering banks and pleasant coves, and we felt some reluctance in the thought of leaving her. As we sped along we passed many boats, oyster laden, on their way to New Orleans. Many of these fishermen knew of us and our voyage, and one and all saluted as we passed, with friendly toots of their long tin horns which they blow to perfection. It was cheering, therefore, to know that we left behind us friends whose good wishes were to be ever with us.



THE GULF SHORE

Several large ocean-going vessels passed us, and all in all we were quite satisfied with our day's run as we came to anchor at the little oyster fishing village of Buras, just above Forts Phillip and Jackson.

We found the inhabitants of the village very kind and hospitable. They are for the most part French, but understand and talk English quite well. They are sailors through and through, having plied their trade of tonging oysters on the treacherous Gulf sounds all their lives long.

After we had told the story of our trip down the river much to the delight of all, we listened with eager ears to the stories and information which they so willingly gave. I do not believe these men of the sea wished to discourage us in our plans, but it was plain to see by their conversation that they thought the odds were greatly against success in so small a craft and manned by sailors with no previous knowledge of seamanship on salt water. Nevertheless they seemed greatly interested and imparted all the information they could to help us along on our voyage. Neither did they wish to see us go off to starve, for just before we set sail next morning, we were presented with a huge sack of oysters and a basket of fresh shrimps packed in wet moss. Thus supplied, and amid hearty cheers from the villagers who had gathered on the wharf to watch us depart, we cast loose, and soon the village and kind hearted people were things of the past.

Passing the forts which stand on either side of the river and in time of war make the channel almost impassable, we came upon a small government tug which was anchored in the channel. As we drew nearer I noticed that a diver in his rubber suit and glass-eyed helmet was just coming up from the depths below. This was very interesting to us and became more so when upon rounding to and making inquiry we found that they were removing the mines placed in the channel during our war with Spain.

Several times we imagined we could hear the roar of the sea, for our charts, which were now being studied with great care, showed that we were near the Gulf, but as the day was quiet and balmy and no hard beach for breakers near by, this was just a fancy.

As most people know, the Mississippi River has many passes or routes into the Gulf. Several of the largest have been walled up with great bundles of willows wired together one on top of another, until a great pier called a jetty is formed. These bundles of willows are weighted with tons of rocks. The porous bundles finally become cemented together with mud and sand, and form a wall almost indestructible. Thus ship passages are provided and, although maintained at an enormous expense, prove a success, standing as another monument and world wonder left by the builder of the great Eads bridge.

As one passes down the river toward the jetties he will note upon examining the chart that a narrow, shallow passage, called Cubit's gap, leads out into the open Gulf. One shudders at the depths of one and two feet on either side of a very crooked channel, itself having only three and a half feet of depth in some places,



CASTING THE SEINE.

and extending for several miles into the Gulf. The thought of attempting the passage makes us hesitate, for we have been told that even the pilots dread the spot, and stories of the boats whose ribs lie bleaching on the bars make us more fearful. But a hundred miles is a good saving (and this channel will save so much), and the old adage, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," comes before us. The weather conditions are good and the vote is unanimous in favor of trying; so, on reaching the cut, Gazelle turns to port and enters the dangerous channel.

Good-bye, old Mississippi! Good-bye to the fresh water, for we now turn toward the ocean.

It was all done very quickly, and never a feeling of reluctance came over us as we carefully picked our way among the shoals of the pass.

The run through the sand point, which the current of the river has forced out into the Gulf, was some six miles long. By careful sailing we ran this distance without mishap; and then spread out before us was the great Gulf of Mexico! Before us for several miles is the shallow shoal. Debris of every kind is seen. Everything is so lonesome. Not a sail in sight or anything to make one feel that the world is peopled.

A flock of sea birds rose from the water, and, with a peculiar cry, flew far away as if frightened by a sight seldom seen, and for a moment made it seem as if we were "Alone on a wide, wide sea."

The sea was calm, so, taking a sounding pole aboard the Nibs, Frank, with chart before him, measured the depth. Gazelle, under shortened sail, followed slowly in his wake, often luffing quickly to avoid a bar, and surely, though slowly, winding her way. So intricate did the path become at times that it was necessary for us to cast anchor and explore ahead for depths sufficient to float the yacht, but at last, just as the sun was sinking in the distant west, our labors were rewarded by success, for the cheery cry of "No bot-



A GOOD CATCH.

tom," came from our pilot ahead, and in a few minutes, our craft was gliding along on the long rolling surface of the open Gulf.

A peculiar sense of satisfaction came over us, and a good jolly feeling prevailed aboard, as we saw the labyrinth of shoals and debris through which we had passed disappear astern.

Way off on the horizon to starboard could be seen Breton Island, while dimly visible to port were the low marsh islands known as the Bird Isles.

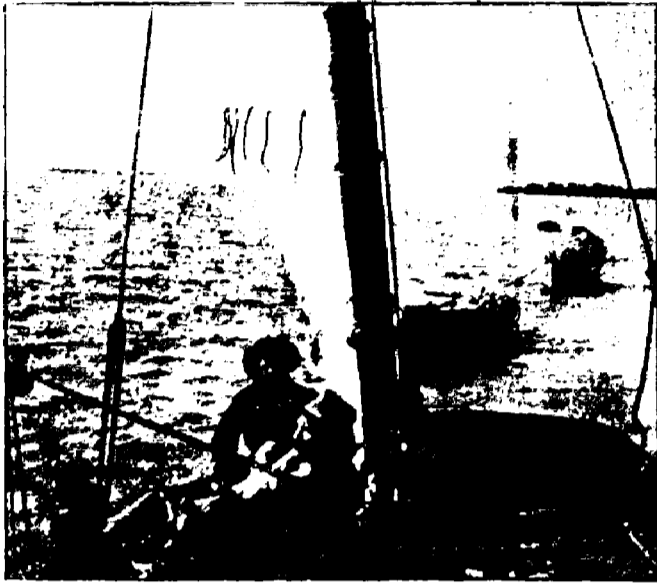
We were now in the Bird Island sound, where it is supposed the "Paul Jones" went to pieces a few months before, but no feeling of danger came over me as I turned the yacht north on her course for Beloxi, which was to be our next city to visit.

How strange it all seemed! It was hard to believe that we were indeed on the salt sea. But here were the proofs. In the first place we would only need to

take one taste of the water to be convinced; then, too, the schools of porpoise playing round us make certain the fact. How these huge, good natured fish did amuse us by their antics. They would jump high in the air, striking the water with their great flat tails, then go coursing off with that funny circular motion which makes it seem as if they turn over and over, but in reality they simply hump up their backs.

Not caring to run the risk of becoming lost among the shoals of the sound, we came to anchor about ten o'clock in eighteen feet of water in the open Gulf sound. The night was clear and beautiful, and we felt little apprehension at not having reached a harbor. We were already acquiring the salt air appetite, and so we relished our supper greatly.

Dividing into three watches we retired. The rolling of the boat as she tossed about on the swell was new to us, but I enjoyed my rest and felt fine next morning.



OUR FISHERMAN FRIENDS

A fair breeze was blowing when we got under way early, and how our little yacht did speed along! Pt. Chico was passed in the early afternoon, and night found us anchored under the protecting lee of Barrel Key. We considered this a splendid run and were in high spirits accordingly.

At Barrel Key we found company. Two fishermen with a very pretty little lugger were lying at anchor in the cove. Supper over, we visited them aboard their craft, and spent a very pleasant hour, after which they returned with us to the yacht. They were greatly pleased with our comfortable quarters and the competence of our outfit. Although these men are fine sailors they knew little or nothing of navigation or how to work charts, so we furnished them with directions taken from our charts and they in return gave us many practical hints and helps as to weather conditions, etc.

It was quite late when our friends departed. We had been invited during the evening to help them haul their seine in the morning, and as this would be great sport for us, we gladly consented, and retired with great expectations for the morrow.

Early next morning we were ashore and stretched the great net in a crescent shape, with the ends on the shore; two of us beat the water with oars while two men on each end hauled the net slowly in. Thus the frightened fish were caught in the net and finally landed on the beach.

Never will I forget the hundreds of flopping, curious looking fish we caught, as they lay helpless on the beach, among the oyster shells; kinds I had never heard of before. Besides the fish, we caught a good many shrimps and crabs, and altogether I thought we were very successful, but our friends said it was a very poor catch, indeed.

Being anxious to reach Biloxi by night we refused a kind invitation to spend the day with our acquaintances, and, thanking them for the good time and fish they had given us, we were soon under way and flying along at a lively clip before a brisk breeze.

Sometimes we would be entirely out of sight of the land, but at noon I sighted the high lighthouse on the point of Chandeleur Island through our glass. An hour later the tops of the ships' masts at anchor at Ship Island were sighted, and we knew our course had been sailed true.

Nearer and nearer we approached the island until finally we could plainly see the many ships riding at anchor in the harbor. We held our course until the buoy marking the channel was sighted, when we turned to port leaving the island to starboard, and stood on a direct course for Biloxi, which the charts showed was about fourteen miles to the north. We passed a ship's gig full of sailors, and they gave us a lusty cheer as we sailed by.

It was not long before we were able to make out the city on the distant land, and soon we found ourselves among the fishing schooners returning heavily laden to the city. These boats were no match for Gazelle, and we were soon leading the fleet. Biloxi is reached by a narrow channel, which, however, is well buoyed, and we experienced no difficulty in running in.

Don't blame us if we felt proud of our success; for

we certainly were. We had saved our pilot fees and reached our port safely, too, so why should we not feel proud?

We found the city a very beautiful one indeed, and best of all we found welcoming friends to greet us.

An old friend, Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, an Episcopal clergyman, has his home here. I had not seen him for years, but way back in the early days of my childhood I was baptized by him at his church in Lansing, Michigan.

This good man and his highly respected family did everything in their power to make our visit of several days' duration a very pleasant one, and it did seem good to see people I had known before.

During our stay we took advantage of the fine opportunity to copper paint Gazelle's bottom, so she would be protected against the ravages of salt water worms, which soon honeycomb a vessel if not thus covered.

Taking out the ballast, we ran the boat on ground at high tide; then, letting the tide fall, we were able to successfully perform our job without the expense of going into drydock.

Never will I forget the good times we enjoyed on our excursions about Biloxi for oysters, flounders and soft shell crabs, and it was with no little regret that we finally bid our friends adieu and resumed our journey.

Crossing from Deer Island to Dog Island we sailed up the Mississippi Sound, keeping the Horn Island and Pilot Bois Island between us and the Gulf. The sail was a splendid one, and we enjoyed our voyage up the sound very much. The country began to take on a somewhat tropical look, much to our liking, and we felt we were getting quite far south.

Everything went well with us until we came to what should be the Dauphin Island, but this we failed to find as charted, and for a little while we hardly knew where to go next. But luck was with us. A fishing boat bound for Mobile came along with a string of six boats towed astern. We asked for information, and were told to follow, which we did. The captain knew the channel perfectly, and led us through the narrow pass known as Giant's channel, thus saving us many miles sailing in the open Gulf.

We afterwards found that our course had been correct, but owing to high tide the low island, barely visible at low water, was submerged when we passed.

We were very grateful to our friend for his kindness, for by his aid we were enabled to reach our anchorage off Fort Morgan, at the entrance of Mobile bay, just at sunset. The boom of the evening gun, the lugger's good-night call, and the simultaneous lowering of the stars and stripes marked the end of our successful voyage on the Sounds of the Great Gulf.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHY OF A "PUSHER"

This is the third installment of the story of a boy, who, at the age of ten, left his home in Kowno, Prussia, and came to America alone to seek his fortune, and at the age of twenty-six, after having been in this country thirteen years, found himself possessed of the degree of Bachelor of Laws from one of America's great universities, and comfortably settled as a practicing lawyer in the great city of Chicago. The story is remarkable for its evidence of "push." If for nothing else, we are accustomed to hearing the phrase "land of opportunity" as descriptive of the United States of America. Here is evidence, in concrete form, that the phrase is truly descriptive, and is not merely rhetorical. The story is told simply to show what can be done in this land of ours by a boy. The boy, whose biography is related, started on his career in America, as the first installment of the story suggests, without the ability to use our language, without a knowledge of our customs, without friends or acquaintances who were truly helpful to him, and without money.



We left our little Prussian on the threshold of his career as a student at Ann Arbor, chopping wood and taking care of a furnace, to pay for his lodging, and washing dishes, setting the table and helping to serve meals, to pay for his board. He had promised the secretary of the Law Department that if given time he would pay his tuition fee, and the secretary in his case had made an exception to the rule that the tuition fee must be

paid in advance. The boy has now come to years of manhood. He is nearly twenty one years old. He is small of stature, and does not look to be over sixteen or seventeen. He speaks English very imperfectly. On entering the law school he has been in this country for some ten years, and, as we have seen, these ten years have been a stubborn fight to get along, and particularly to get an education. He has now at the end of ten years entered one of the great law schools of the country, but he is just as poor as he was on the day, when as a lad of ten, he landed at the Battery in New York, friendless and penniless. He has seen, in these ten years, however, very much of the American people, has caught the spirit of our institutions, and become thoroughly Americanized in habit and thought. He wishes to grow up to be an American citizen, practice law, and make a home for himself in some great American city. Perhaps you think he

ought to be ashamed of himself to be carrying coal and washing dishes at the age of twenty, when he has strong arms, good health, and ought to be learning a trade, and earning two or three dollars a day, which, indeed, might have been the case had his aspirations run in that direction. It seems, however, that to this boy a dollar is of no value unless it can bring him some advance in education, and put him into the race with other American boys for high position and wealth. He loves study and is willing to sacrifice his dignity and put himself in the place of a servant before the eyes of other boys in the great University that finally he may win the battle which he had set out to fight.

Ann Arbor is not a large city, and during the school sessions the great University is full of boys and girls, many of whom are poor and are driven to earn some of the money which they must spend in obtaining their education, so it is not an easy thing for this boy to find work. The story of his efforts in this direction would be a very unhappy one to relate. As he looks back upon it now, he says, it seems like a nightmare to him. He always succeeds, however, in keeping his head above the water; and having his eyes firmly fixed upon the goal, he allows no difficulties or discouragements to master him. Being short of stature, speaking poor English, and occupying menial positions, as we have related, he serves very often as the butt of a joke and the subject of ridicule; but this seems only to serve as a prod to urge him on, for "some day," he says to himself, "I will be in a position where many of these boys will look up to me;" and so it came to be, for within six years of the date of his arrival at Ann Arbor he had put himself in a position where almost any man of his class might well envy him.

His cheerful disposition, even amid severe want, gives him the friendship of good men in the little city of Ann Arbor. They recognize in the boy a rare quality; so that what he suffers at the hands of the thoughtless and ignorant, he gains at the hands of those whose good opinion is of real value.

He entered the school in January, 1895. The school year began the previous fall, so that when he started in on his course he was one semester behind his class. In making up his lost time, he often studied until far into the morning, allowing himself little time for rest, with the result that he was soon abreast of his class.

One day he noticed in a law magazine an advertisement of a law publishing house to the effect that it wanted a bright young man to represent it in the University of Michigan in the sale of their books. Not trusting to a letter bringing the result, he took the train, and in a few hours was in consultation with the manager of the house, with the result that he was appointed sole agent of the firm in the University city. The publishing house issued a cheap line of helps for law students. With a full set of these under his arm, and authority to sell, in his pocket, he returned to Ann Arbor, and set to work. His tireless energy and his experience as a solicitor, which we have recounted in a previous chapter, came now into good play. It was not many weeks before he was doing a good business, and gave up his job as a waiter at a boarding house table, and quit tending furnace, depending solely on the publishing company for his support. At the close of 1895 he stood even with his classmates in their work, and was paying his way.

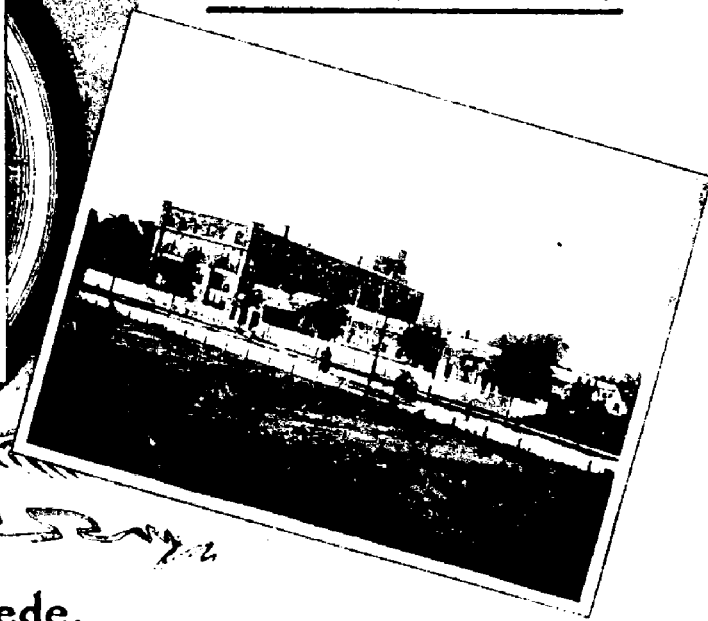
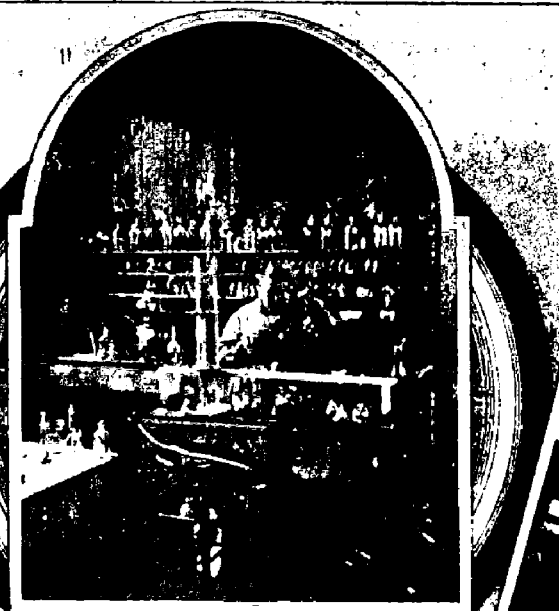
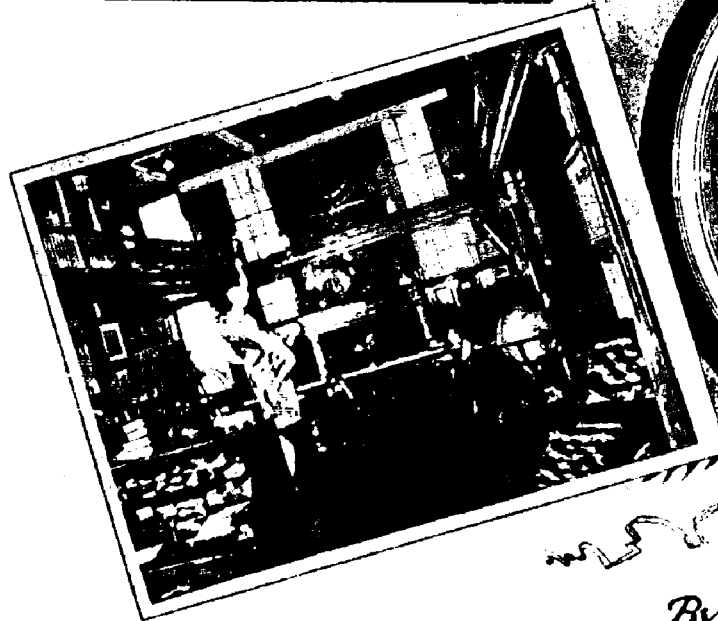
When school adjourned in the spring of 1895, he did not take advantage of the vacation period, but immediately enrolled himself as a student of the Summer School of Law at Ann Arbor and continued his soliciting work for the publishing company. A few weeks before the opening of his second year in the University, the idea came to him that a students' directory would be a good thing for the University town. He went with the idea to the steward of the University, a part of whose duty it is to send out catalogues to inquirers, explained to him what he proposed, and obtained his consent that these directories should be sent out with the college catalogues. He had a map of Ann Arbor drawn, on which were indicated all the prominent places of interest; this was given together with information as to where and at what price board could be had, so that the student on arriving in the city might find accommodations, with the least possible trouble. His revenue came from advertisements of Ann Arbor business houses and boarding places. When the boys began to arrive from the trains at the beginning of the school year, our friend had six boys at the station armed with directories, which they distributed free. In this way he became acquainted with the entire student body, and his services were sought wherever active and energetic soliciting was required. The publishers of the "University of Michigan Daily" wanted him as their agent to take subscriptions, while the "College Magazine" employed him as their advertising solicitor.

On the first day of July, 1896, our little Prussian, who is now a young man of twenty one, stands high up among the graduates in the class of 1896 of the University of Michigan, having already been admitted, with the other members of his class, to practice law in all the courts of the State of Michigan. He says: "I was a proud young man and I could forget the hardships I suffered when I went over to say good-bye to Judge Cooley, and handed him my diploma with the request that he sign it. The venerable Judge signed the diploma, wished me success in life, shook hands with me, and thus ended my life at Ann Arbor."

(To be Continued.)

The Children

of the Wizard.



By Vincent Van M. Beede.

THE LIBRARY IN THE LABORATORY.

THE WIZARD AT WORK.

THE EDISON LABORATORY "THE WIZARD'S DEN."

American boys and girls know and honor the name of Thomas Alva Edison, the greatest living inventor, the Merlin of our day, compared with whom King Arthur's Merlin was an amateur sleight-of-hand performer. "The Wizard of Menlo Park," "the Sage of Llewellyn"—no wonder Edison has been given these titles.

I am not going to write a life of Edison, nor to describe any of his scores of inventions; that task has been well done by a number of people.* No; I want to tell you something about two little folks of whom you have heard little or nothing. They are Madeleine and Charles Edison. Madeleine is eleven and Charles nine. And I must not forget to mention the baby brother, Theodore, who last Sunday shared with me a piece of candy because I had made him a handkerchief rabbit.

First of all, I must tell you of the visit to the den of the Wizard. He controls many factories and mills in different parts of this country and in Mexico. In some of them ore is extracted; in others, electric lamps, phonographs and many other things are made. Of all these places the most interesting and important—yes, the heart of them all—is the laboratory, where the Wizard spends most of his time.

It is a plain brick building on Valley Road, near the entrance to beautiful Llewellyn Park, West Orange, New Jersey, where stands the Edison home, Glenmont. The laboratory is two hundred and fifty feet long. Four outbuildings crouch in the shadow of the large one, and on the other side of them has recently been built a huge red wooden structure where parts of the phonograph are made. A high picket fence surrounds the buildings, and if you enter the laboratory at all, which is a very difficult matter, it must be through one particular gate.

Charles pressed a button and a grimy woman admitted us. A sign above the gate sets forth that Edison cannot see people if he is to do justice to his work. There is no kinder-hearted man than he, but if he is to keep forty and more schemes revolving in his head, he must call his time entirely his own. At Menlo Park, New Jersey, where his laboratory used to be, he saw many visitors—more to their benefit than to his.

We had seen the first attendant goblin of the Wizard. The road was strewn with cinders, and the hum and roar of machinery caused me to believe that I was in the yard of a machine shop. I told Charles so.

"So you are," he answered, "but papa's laboratory is a good deal more than that."

Barrels of ore stood about the doors of the outbuildings, and Charles led me to a little shed wherein were shelves of batteries.

"This," said he, "is our automobile stable. When the 'auto' comes down from the house with papa, it can be recharged here as well as at home."

"What are in those four smaller buildings?" I inquired.

"O, machines for breaking and testing ore. Papa has a mill at Edison, New Jersey, for extracting ore. There you should see the monster machines that crush boulders weighing tons between their jaws as easily as people chew gum. In these houses they try new ore-breakers. O, I tell you, a good many inventions have been born in this laboratory."

*The next book you draw from the library should be that fascinating piece of biography, "The Life and Inventions of Thomas Alva Edison," by Antonia and W. K. L. Dickson. A smaller volume is, "The Telegraph Boy Who Became a Great Inventor," by E. C. Kenyon.

The room at the end of the laboratory facing Valley Road is the very place in which a modern Wizard would be likely to read and think; and yet, as a matter of fact, he has little time to spend in it. Fairy wizards lived in caves, where crocodiles hung from the ceiling and owls blinked from bookshelf tops, and skulls rested as weights upon open books. This room is forty feet wide and forty feet high. When we entered it, it was running over with sunshine, and so far as light was concerned, there seemed to be little need of "The Genius of Light," a marble figure crushing a

zines, minerals and curios. You should see the collection of gems. They were on exhibition at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Look up the list of precious stones in the "Standard Dictionary" and you will find the names of some of the many gems that we saw. All the colors of the rainbow winked at us in the sunlight. A piece of sulphide of antimony weighs thirty pounds, and a meteorite from Mexico 1,470 pounds more. This odd "piece of a star" looked like a miniature Giant's Causeway constructed of pencil lead.

Downstairs Charles showed me the electric organ and called my attention to a sheet rolled up over the fireplace.

"Once in a while," explained the little boy, "we have pictures thrown on the screen from an electric magic lantern."

The storeroom next the library is the Wizard's big pocket. You know how many odds and ends a boy can cram into his pocket without hurting the "merchandise." Edison's big pocket has in it a little of almost everything. The storeroom is filled with cases of drawers; these drawers are all plainly labeled and are crammed with whatever, from tacks to badger skins, the Wizard or his two hundred laboratory employes may find useful in making a brand new thing, or in improving an old one. Crystals, shells, spices and chalk worth not very much, rub elbows with chemicals valued at three hundred dollars an ounce. Fabrics, skins, iron tubing, paper, oils, leather—mention some of the things that aren't there, and Charles will inform his papa of your discovery. The filament in incandescent lights is the fibre of a certain bamboo. Edison tried hundreds of substances before he found this one to be the most lasting running track for the electrical current. So you see it is worth while to save odds and ends—if you are to be a genius. Edison began his collection as a boy in his mother's cellar. But, there! I said I was not going to write a life of Edison.

Behind the storeroom is the lower machine shop. If I were able, I would tell you what some of those drilling, cutting, rolling and smoothing machines are meant exactly to do. They are giants of strength, are those machines, for metal, instead of wood, is what they transform into machinery which will help to build phonographs, to crush ore, and so on. That fly wheel that turns the machinery that makes other machinery that makes—(this sounds as though I were writing another "Old Woman and Pig" story) is made to turn by hissing furnaces downstairs. How the furnaces do stare at one out of their red eyes! Back of the furnaces and the machinery is—the Wizard.

It was a Saturday afternoon and most of the employes were enjoying a half holiday. Not so, Edison. He seldom nowadays works twenty hours at a stretch, as was once his custom, but he is still extremely busy.

Charles tried to pull us up on the elevator, but the power had been turned off. On the next floor was a little room where blue prints as large as a kitchen table are rolled out of a window on a track to be printed. Plans for inventions and working parts are copied on blue prints for the convenience of the workmen who are to make the models and the finished thing. In other rooms original plans are drawn from the sketches of Edison and his associates.

In the upper machine shop men were turning on a lathe what appeared to be big brass napkin rings.



"THE WIZARD" AT FOURTEEN.

gas burner beneath his feet, and holding aloft an incandescent lamp which Charles illuminated by pressing a button on the pedestal.

We were standing in the midst of a family of forty thousand books—a family, because all of them, from the ancient rolls of Egypt and Greece to the latest German work, tell of scientific matters like astronomy, mathematics, chemistry, and I don't know what all. Behind a big desk I wished to find the gray head of the Wizard himself, but in this I was disappointed.

"Papa is everywhere all of the time," said Charles. "One minute he is inspecting phonographs, the next he is in the machine shop, the next down street at the wax works or phonograph factory. He takes an interest in everything that is going on."

A handsomely carved electric clock was set in the wall over a fireplace in which sometimes burns a gas—*you thought I was going to say electric—log.*

Charles, like the spider in the verses, took me up a winding stair to galleries that surrounded the court. On the gallery shelves were, besides books and maga-

What they were, I'm sure I don't know. The Wizard's den is as full of secrets as you are of mischief and questions. And the secrets I stumbled upon I must not so much as hint at. I hope, therefore, you will pardon me if I don't quite satisfy your curiosity.

The precision department contains many marvelous machines—some of them of Edison's invention—for measuring fractions of an inch, and smelling smells and hearing sounds that no human nose nor ear can distinguish. The names of most of these machines end in "ometer." Just to look at the delicate parts increased my awe at the wisdom of the Wizard.

A blind person can almost see, one would judge, when the lamps in the testing room are lit. Here they are hung, glowing like my lady's necklace, until there is no doubt of the strength of glass and filaments. If there is stray air in a bulb—bang!—the glass is shattered to powder, and the operator feels thankful that no customer will have cause to complain of poor lamps. Barrels of bulbs awaiting test were standing in the hallway.

In a room on the third floor phonograph cylinders used to "drink in" sounds of voices and musical instruments. Receiving is now carried on in the phonograph establishment.

"That sofa you see through the door," said Charles, "is where papa rests. Often he is here until late at night."

Even Wizards grow tired!

At Old Chautauqua I was busy hearing lectures and music—music and lectures of the right kind are very pleasant—but some of my best play hours were shared with Charles. Poor little Madeleine was ill most of

pass the chef's table, whereon was Charles' "good hunting." Charles had lent the fish to me to show off, for Chautauqua Lake is said to be "fished out." Charles says it isn't. The next day he informed me that the fish tasted as good as it looked. In Florida last March



MADELEINE AND THEODORE.

the little boy added more honors to his fishing record by pulling in, with his father's help, a fifteen pounder.

Charles and I have done a good deal of exploring. It began last summer, when we went "through the dark continent" one afternoon. We chose a boiling August day in order that the climate might be as much as possible like that of Africa. The purpose of this journey was to come upon new animals and flowers, and to learn all we could about their natures. We hoped to find something even queerer and more slippery than the brown lizard we had caught napping in a rotten log.

Charles, as captain, was armed with his trusty rifle—a strong stick—while Eddie carried a trowel which should protect us from the natives and dig plants. As for me, the baggage train, and so forth, I was laden with boxes for caring the animals.

"Halt!" commanded Captain Charles. We were standing on the edge of a partly dried-up reservoir, with never a tree to shade it. The water was hot and sticky.

"Natives!" whispered Charles, gripping his rifle. Eddie twirled his trowel and I laid down the boxes in readiness for action. The natives, all but one of them, had little on; that fact made them appear quite African, although they were white boys. The exception was wading around in stockings and shoes.

"When he gets home," slowly said our Captain, "the chief will spank him for spoiling his clothes."

Before we returned we had a fierce battle with another tribe of natives, each of whom was armed with a spear. They chanted a droning war-cry when we charged on them with the intention of helping ourselves to their provisions. Fortunately, none of us was stabbed. We could not find the provisions, although we carried away a part of the enemy's huts. If we had found the bumblebee honey, it would not have been very good to eat.

Towards night, Charles' railroad in the nursery looks

its best. He places candles in the stations, round-house, and locomotives, and the headlight—a candle, too—flashes as the heavy freight train, loaded with stone blocks, dashes around curves. Maybe there is an accident, the headlight snuffing out, the "loco." on its back kicking like a cricket. But aren't there accidents on big railroads? At such a time Charles telegraphs up the line for a wrecking-train. There are little metallic poles along the track, and he rings electric bells in the stations over a real wire with a real electric current. You might know that Charles loves Mr. E. Lec Tricity with his whole heart—and knows him better than do most nine-year-olds.

There are over a hundred feet of tin track divided into curved sections which you can splice, one within the other, into loops and circles. Some of the sections have switches attached, so that the Western Mail can pass from one loop to another, touching at all the large cities of Nurseryland.

That was an exciting battle in the big bedroom downstairs. It was all over a missionary and a gold mine. In a swamp which was a hairy rug was ambushed a tribe of African natives. Their chief was a tall, red block, their medicine man a fat blue one. Many miles back of this dreadful swamp, behind a mango tree, which was a chair leg, was a good English missionary, whom natives of this same tribe were holding captive. Beneath the swamp was the gold mine of Christmas-tree tinsel. The natives had raided

Boxtown, near Lake Boxcover, and had killed many English people.

England was sending from Cairo, near the west window, trainloads of wooden block pontoons to use in crossing the great body of water. Sitting on the baggage and ammunition were (in) soldiers, ready to lay down their lives for their country, and fully prepared to conquer the natives and capture the good missionary and the gold mine.

Natives wrecked the train before it reached the lake, Colonel Oneleg being wounded by a poisoned arrow during the engagement. The iron-hearted soldiers, valiant as their ancestor, "The Little Tin Soldier," carried the baggage on foot, erected batteries at two points, and bombarded the natives in the swamp. The savages, who had hastily thrown up a battery of tree-trunks, shot huge block bombshells from a smoothbore pillar block. The walls of all three batteries fell, flags of both sides were shot away, prisoners on both sides were taken, and the famous British gas pipe pneumatic gun was shelled from its position on the footboard of the bed. At the close of the afternoon the British crawled from under their shattered walls, dashed on the swamp battery, captured its garrison from the rear, where a good path led into the jungle, and, blowing up the gold mine, caught the shower of gold as it fell. But since

GLENMONT, THE HOME OF THE WIZARD the missionary's whereabouts was not known to the British, the battle was not ended, and Charles and I, who tried to help both sides and favor neither, decided that the battle was a tie.

Madeleine and Charles were both much pleased with the story they found in a back-number of "St. Nicholas." It told of children who played in a worn-out horsecar. The little Edisons asked the Wizard if they, too, might not have a playhouse of this kind. One day a wagon drove into a field near the green-houses and dumped an old horsecar upon some rusty tracks. The seats are gone, the wheels stick up through the floor and the paint is scraped away, but the brake is in fine condition. A little friend of the children wishes there had been less strength in that brake. He wound it up and stood too near it when it whirled loose. You can imagine what happened. The hurt did not last long, however. Charles has discussed putting a boxing glove on the knob of the brake. The trouble would be that the horsecar would always come out ahead in a boxing match, as Madeleine said.

A whole book might be written on the adventures, real and imaginary, that Madeleine, Charles and I have had. I am sorry there is here no room to tell you of the crisp, bright days when there was "tag" and "snap-the-whip" on Crystal Lake. Just now



THOMAS A. EDISON AND THE PHONOGRAPH



GLENMONT, THE HOME OF THE WIZARD



CHARLES, ONCE UPON A TIME

the summer—so ill that we could not take her out rowing or driving. If she had been well, the play hours would have been even merrier than they were. Now she is strong again, I am happy to say, and last winter I had trouble to keep pace with her in scrambling up a steep ledge on the mountain side.

Charles and I loved the lake so much that when the water flashed like fire opals and launches screamed and coughed, we hardly knew whether to step into a cedar boat or into the green woods rising up on the other side of us.

There was a stiff breeze blowing when Alling, Charles and myself balanced ourselves properly in the catboat. The lake is two or three miles wide, and we made for the middle, where the wind is strongest.

"Can't we fish?" asked Charles.

It would be rather hard to troll from a sail-boat," we told him. "We're going pretty fast. People row slowly when they troll. But there's no harm in your trying."

Charles seated himself in the bow and allowed the hook to drag over the side. "I do wish I'd have a bite," he said, after a time.

"Well—"

"O, my! Hang on to the end of the line!"

"After this, Charles," remarked Alling, "always tell the fish not to bite, and you'll have a hookful." He turned the boat in a small circle, and Charles, shivering with excitement, hauled in an ugly, handsome six pound muscullonge,—ugly as to mouth and teeth, handsome as to the glitter and trimness of him.

At the house that evening the boarders lined up to



THOMAS A. EDISON AND CHARLES AFTER A FISHING TRIP IN FLORIDA.

Charles is busy over the baseball team, of which he is manager. I think you will enjoy reading the verses which Madeleine wrote after looking into the clear eyes of her baby brother:

BABY.

Little pink cheeks and little pink toes,
Bless our baby wherever he goes.
Little blue eyes, and little brown hair,
Keep our baby from sorrow and care.
Little white heart, may it ever be so,
Let baby be God's from top to toe.

THEODORE.

THE BABY.

Gift of God, indeed you are,
Bright and lovely as a star.
Never has your heart been sore,
Happy little Theodore.

THE BOY.

Romping, laughing, shouting boy,
Full of spirit, full of joy,
Soon you'll be a boy no more,
But a man, my Theodore.

THE MAN.

Always thoughtful, always kind,
Strong of body, strong of mind,
Handsome, active, what is more,
A truthful man is Theodore.

Now you have met two of the dearest children in the world, and know something about the Wizard's Den.



THE BOY TRAVELER

ANNOUNCEMENT—We present herewith the sixth chapter of the narrative from the pen of Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he is describing his adventures as a 16 year old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1896 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$3.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington, where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as cabin-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England, where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the Lord Mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It gives American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teaches them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success of life.—The Editor.

CHAPTER VI.

Contrary to expectation, I found that I could live very cheaply in Switzerland. I had supposed that as the district was so popular with tourists, expenses would be high. But it was the month of October, and most of the summer visitors had left the country. There had been a light fall of snow early in the month, and this had sent the tourists hurrying back to London, Paris and Berlin. So when I visited the country all the hotels were quite deserted in appearance, and I had no difficulty in getting a room at night for almost anything I cared to pay. There were times when the kind-hearted landlords refused to accept any money at all from me. I suppose they figured that their season was over, and that they might as well let this boy have a bed free of charge. I am sure that my youth helped me very often in this way, and I congratulated myself upon being "only a boy."

The Swiss people were usually very pleasant and hospitable, except in the districts where tourists seldom go, and I managed to get along so nicely that I remained in the country much longer than I had expected, and covered it thoroughly afoot from one end to the other. The country was far more beautiful than any I had ever dreamed of. I remembered visiting Switzerland in my dreams, and I could remember places as I saw them then, but none of my dream cities could compare with the real Lucerne, and no mountain in my vision was half so beautiful as the Jungfrau at sunset.

It was rather difficult for me to walk from one place to another in Switzerland, because I had to climb a great many mountains. I wasn't used to this and it went hard with me in the beginning. But after a few days I became accustomed to scaling the heights, and mountain-climbing soon came to have a fascination for me. I even went out of my way at times in order to find mountains that I could climb, for it was glorious to start out in the early morning and find oneself above the clouds by sunrise.

My great enthusiasm finally got me into what bid fair to become a serious misadventure. For several days, while walking from place to place in the Bernese Alps, I had been observing from a distance those great blue fields of ice called glaciers. They were very attractive to me, and I couldn't help thinking what a fine thing it would be if I could reach one of them and see what it looked like at close range. They seemed very near as I looked at them, and I thought I surely wouldn't be very hard for me to get at them. "At any rate," I said to myself, "it will be a chance for me to do a little exploring on my own account." When at school I had been fascinated with the stories I read of explorers and their triumphs, and I thought that here was a chance for me to find out whether I had any talent in this direction. Before many days had passed I decided that I had better do my exploring in company with a guide.

I started out one morning, determined to reach a certain field of ice which seemed not far away. I had eaten my usual breakfast of bread and coffee, but decided that I need not take extra food along because I nearly always came to some house about noon where I could secure my dinner. I went out very bravely and with a light heart, for an adventure of this kind was what I loved, providing it resulted successfully.

I kept to the beaten path up one of the mountains for several hours, climbing higher and higher all the while, until the village in the valley below resembled a collection of toy houses. Then, feeling that I had continued long enough in this direction, I branched off upon what I thought would prove a short cut to the glacier. There was no path at all in the direction I wanted to go, but I plunged into the sparse woodland, determined to reach the object of my trip before noon, if possible. But, strange to say, the farther I walked, the more distant the glacier appeared, so that as the hours passed I became very much discouraged, and wondered why I got no nearer. And then I didn't reach any houses where I could get my dinner, which made me feel that I had perhaps made a mistake in not continuing upon the beaten path, where there were numerous houses. Here everything seemed to be a barren wilderness.

I continued walking until the middle of the afternoon, becoming more despondent with every step, and I was just wondering whether I hadn't better turn back, when I stopped suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, which descended for a hundred feet into a barren ravine below. I looked at the scene before me with wonder and astonishment. Never before had I seen any place so desolate of every living thing. On every side arose great walls of rock and mountains, which shut out the sunshine all the year round. The ravine was strewn with great boulders of rock, and there wasn't a living thing visible anywhere about, not even any goats upon the mountain side. There was perfect solitude, the only noises I could hear coming from a torrent of water which flowed through the ravine, and the occasional thunder of a falling avalanche of snow. It was all terrible, and I wasn't surprised to learn afterwards that the natives call the ravine a "Valley of Death."

I walked along the stony ground and seated myself upon a great boulder of rock. I was feeling miserably weak from hunger, and having lost myself in this desolate place, I became still weaker from fright. All about me rose the mountains, some of them seeming to touch the sky, and I thought that it would be perfectly impossible for me to ever climb the smallest of them. As I sat there despondent, I thought, with tears in my eyes, of the little home that I had been so anxious to leave a few months before. I wished heartily that I were back again at my desk in the office, and made up my mind that if ever I did get back home, I would be content to stay there.

I was so hungry that I could have eaten grass had there been any about, and quite realized the sensations of a starving man. The longer I remained in the ravine, the worse became my situation. The sun soon began to sink below the mountain tops, and great shadows stretched themselves across the valley. I then began to fear that I might have to remain out all night, and I knew in that case I might become too weak to walk at all. Finally I decided to climb over one of the mountains if I could, and trust to luck to finding a house of some kind on the other side. The mountain seemed almost too high for me to scale, but with the fear of starvation and an overcoming weakness to push me on, I started out upon the weary way. Up and ever up I toiled, until finally, at about six o'clock in the evening, I emerged upon a level plateau. I supposed that I would certainly find a house of some kind here, but there was none. Then I saw, rising above the plateau, another mountain, not so high as the first, but still much higher than I felt like climbing. There was no other hope but for me to climb this eminence, also; so I started out once more. It was after dark when I finally reached the second summit, and there, to my great joy, I saw, a short distance off, a chalet with a light in it. I hurried as fast as I could in my exhausted condition, and was met at the door by two good peasants. They seemed to understand something of what had happened me, and were as kind as they could be. Hot gruel they made, and when I had eaten it, I went off to sleep. The next morning I felt almost as well as ever, and was soon upon the path back to the village from which I had started. I had learned a valuable lesson, however, and always afterward I was careful to keep to the beaten paths when traveling afoot in Switzerland.

I remained in the interesting little Republic about five weeks and had many adventures. In Berne, the

capital, I succeeded in seeing the President of Switzerland. He was not a difficult man to get at, and he was decidedly interesting to talk to, so that I really enjoyed the audience. I simply knocked at his door, was told to enter, and was made to feel at home. While there, I told him that I thought he was the best President of a Republic I had ever seen, because he was so easy to get at. I remained with him some time, and when I went away he told me to be sure and call if ever I came that way again.

From Switzerland I made my way into France, and for several reasons I was very anxious to get there. It was rather cold in Switzerland in October, and somewhere I had got the idea that all of France has a warm climate. I also had the impression that all French people were very pleasant to meet. My first disappointment was in the climate. It set up a cold, drizzling rain on the second day I spent over the border, and this steady downpour continued almost every day for two weeks. There was a cold wind with it, and I found it very uncomfortable walking along the country roads in the Eastern Provinces. The land was mostly flat and uninteresting, and the people were decidedly uncivil to me on some occasions. They were so inhospitable at times that I sometimes feared I would have to walk all night, and there was one never-to-be-forgotten occasion when I really did have to walk all night to keep from getting cold.

It was a dreary, dreary time for me. Never before had I passed through such an experience, and I hope I never will again. From exposure to the wet and cold I contracted a bad case of the grippe, and I was miserable enough to have had a doctor. But I had no money for any such thing. My savings were nearly gone and I felt obliged to push on as rapidly as possible to Paris, hoping to reach there before I was entirely penniless. I felt perfectly sure there would be some money from the American editors waiting for me there.

It was a rather gloomy day when I at last reached the city I had longed so much to see. There was a light rain and a cold wind, and I was tired out with my long tramp across the country. Under such conditions it is not surprising that I failed to appreciate the beauties of the city. I could see nothing in this place which resembled the Paris of my dreams. The gay boulevards I read about in books were quite deserted. The trees were leafless and stood like specters in the mist—nothing was like what I had hoped it would be. I could hardly believe that this was Paris.

I hurried at once to the express office, to which I had ordered my mail forwarded. The clerk handed me just three letters. One was from home, one was from the old lady in the inn, and one was from the editor of a London paper saying that he hoped to use one of my articles in a few days and would send me the money for it then. I was almost stupefied at not receiving any money from the American papers. I couldn't understand it. I felt that it was a shame for them to keep the money due me when I needed it so badly. But I was in a bad predicament and must think of some way of getting out of it. I must live, and as I had less than a dollar in my pocket, I must get something to do at once.

But before seeking work I hurried out to hire myself a lodging. I hunted for some time before I found one cheap enough. And then, to my great relief, I found a house where the landlady spoke English, so that I was able to make a satisfactory arrangement with her about the payment for the room. When I secured my lodging, I determined to begin light housekeeping again. I had with me my little coffee-pot and my alcohol lamp, and I cooked all my own meals in my room, except a few times in my prosperous days, when I patronized a little cremerie next door to the lodging-house. My bill of fare in the beginning was a very limited one, and I had little beside my bread and coffee. But when I earned some money I had eggs and other more substantial food. I needed it to keep me up.

I didn't find it easy at all to get work in Paris. I spent several days in making a round of the different English and American stores in Paris, and it was only after much effort that I finally secured a position in an English jewelry establishment. My wages were only four dollars a week, but I was glad to earn even that, since I knew I could live upon it. I am sure I managed to exist more cheaply in Paris than most people would think possible. By this time I had learned all the ins and outs of cheap existence and was able to make every sou count for something. But in living so I was doubtless unable to appreciate the beauties of the city. I was unable to see anything at all attractive, and, of course, Paris is a city where one needs a great deal of money to have a good time

(To be Continued)



ECHINOCEREUS CANDACUS
(RAINBOW CACTUS)
Showing One Bud. Native of New Mexico



CEREUS TRIANGULARIS
Bearing Graft of Cereus Coccineus.



ECHINO CACTUS WISLIZENII
(STUMP, BARREL OR FISH-HOOK CACTUS)
Native of Arizona, one of the most useful species known

Climbing Up the Hill.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Never look behind, boys,
Up and on the way,
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day,
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will,
Never stop to look behind,
When climbing up a hill,
First be sure you're right, boys,
Then with courage strong,
Strap your pack upon your back,
And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag-lout
Fill the lower hill,
And strike the farther stake-pole
Higher up the hill.

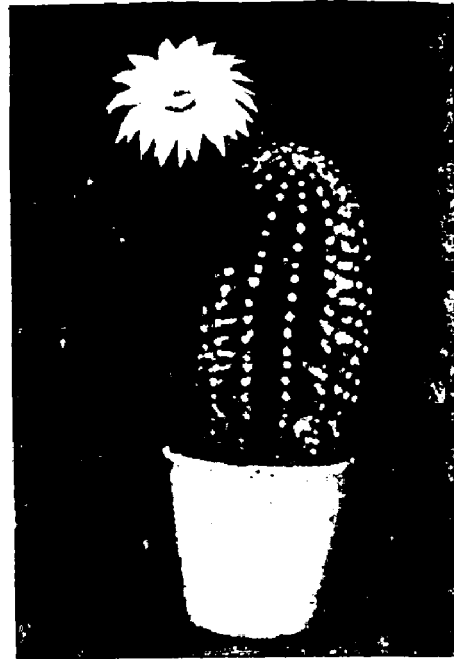


VERNON D. CAMP.

VERNON D. CAMP
....A SIX YEAR OLD GROWER OF CACTI....

Vernon D. Camp, son of Ida Belmer Camp, a philocactist, residing at Caro, Mich., is perhaps the youngest grower of cacti in the world. He is pronounced by his mother to be a philocactist of the most pronounced type, and no wonder, for he has been reared in the midst of the largest private collection of cacti in America. He has drunk in the perfume of their most wonderful bloom from his earliest breath, and has inherited an intense love of nature from both his father and his mother. As soon as he began to talk he began to study the cactus; and the questions he asked compelled his elders to make a deep study of the subject. They had to keep in advance of the boy, if they would answer his questions, for, as everyone knows, a boy can ask more questions, and harder ones, than men and women can answer. For two years Vernon Camp has been a successful grafter of cacti, and some specimens of his skill in that line have been called for from across the water. No doubt when this boy grows up, if he continues to manifest the intelligent interest in nature that he now shows, he will create much that is new in cacti. He is now trying his first experiments at hybridizing. Every one knows how hard it is to pronounce and learn botanical names, yet this little six year old is thoroughly acquainted with the botanical names of all the many plants in the home collection.

The boy desires to do something toward helping care for the boys that are being saved by the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, through its "Boy Saving Fund," so he proposes to send a grafted cactus plant, valued at one dollar, to the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY, that they may sell it for the benefit of the "Fund." The publishers, therefore, now make the offer to sell this cactus, and deliver it to that reader of THE AMERICAN BOY who bids the most for it before September first. The accompanying illustrations show plants from the home collection of Mrs. Camp. For this home collection, Mrs. Camp has secured her cacti from their native homes. She is thus enabled to show fine specimens of many not found in ordinary collections. There is no class of plants of more interest to the student than cacti, as they combine beauty with uniqueness. They have most wonderful blossoms. Many think that cacti have no practical mission and are of no use to man. The idea is erroneous. It is said that in their native homes they supply to man and beast much that is necessary to their comfort. Perhaps this little story of Vernon Camp and his cacti may cause some American boy directly, or through his parents, to make a collection of these wonderful plants, and thus obtain for himself a never ending source of study and entertainment.



ECHINOPSIS EYRILSHII
With Flower Fully Expanded.
Time: 10 P. M.



PHYLLO CACTUS HEAD
CEREUS COLUMBRINUS STICK



ECHINOPSIS EYRILSHII
Bearing Grafts of Cereus Flagelliformis.
A Profuse Night Bloomer

DO YOU KNOW FIVE BOYS WHO ARE NOT SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "AMERICAN BOY?"

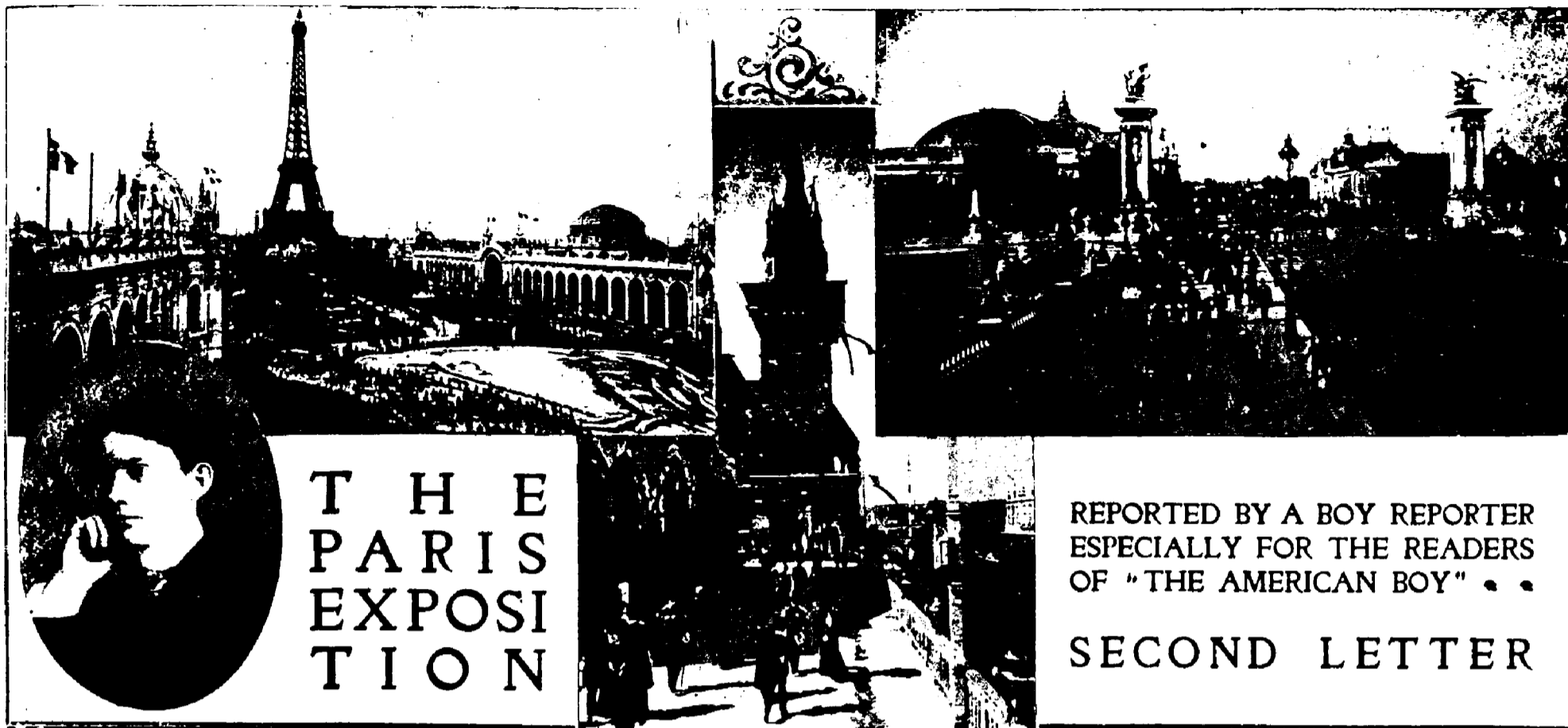
Send us on a postal card the names of five boys, in your town or some other, who are not subscribers to "The American Boy," with street address of each (or name of father), and we will send to EACH OF THEM free a copy of this paper and send to YOU either

- An "American Boy Key Ring," or
- An "American Boy Watch Charm," or
- An "American Boy Base Ball Scorer."

SEND QUICK AND SAY WHICH YOU WANT.

Address "THE AMERICAN BOY," Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Trudger is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.
Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourself and go!
Let the plodding land-pod
Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION

REPORTED BY A BOY REPORTER
ESPECIALLY FOR THE READERS
OF "THE AMERICAN BOY" • •

SECOND LETTER

Dear Boys:

Things were highly interesting in London, so very interesting, indeed, that I almost hated to leave in order to visit Paris. There was tremendous excitement on the relief of Mafeking and everyone made as much noise as possible in order to celebrate the great event. English boys had a fine time playing soldiers, and in every neighborhood they got together after school and formed themselves into companies. Some had real drums to march by, but most of them had to use tin pans, just as we boys do at home. Of course they carried flags, and in some cases there were many who were very seriously wounded after a battle had been fought. The wounded had white bandages about their hands and foreheads, and on the bandages there were great daubs of red paint to look like blood. Some of these boys could sing the national songs very well, and whenever they sang they passed around the hat among the crowd assembled, and collected quite a sum of money for the war fund in aid of soldiers' orphans.

I almost felt like joining one of these companies, for the boys certainly had lots of fun.

I had already been in London some time and felt that I ought to be going to Paris to see something of the Exposition. Very fortunately I met a young English boy named Sidney W. who was going, so I didn't have to travel alone. Sidney is as different as can be from American boys, and perhaps it is because he is so different that we get along so well together. He is dreadfully slow sometimes, and he never sees any need of working harder than is absolutely necessary, but he can always be depended upon, and is a good friend to have. Neither of us have any more money than we need, so we both travel and live as cheaply as we can. We started from London one evening at nine o'clock, having bought third class tickets through to Paris. Our journey was an exceedingly interesting one in many ways. On the train were two other English boys, twelve and thirteen years old, who were going to Chantilly, near Paris, to be trained as jockeys. They said it would take them six years to learn to ride, and for the first three years they wouldn't be allowed to go home at all. After three years they will be sent home for a few days every twelve months. They were very glad to be going and not at all sorry to be leaving home for so long. They were nice fellows and no doubt they will some day be famous jockeys, earning thousands of dollars a year.

In the train there were people of all nationalities. In our compartment there were a Russian, two Swedes, a German and four Frenchmen. The noise when

they were all talking at once was tremendous, and Sid and I thought we should die laughing at the Russian, who was having a row with the German over the Boer war. There came near being a general scrimmage, for after a while the Frenchmen and the Swedes joined in, and every one continued the argument in broken English. All except the Swedes were against the English, and Sid was for joining in, too, and I had all I could do to keep him from defending the honor of his country, as he said. The whole affair was bad enough, and if the guard hadn't interfered, something serious might have happened.

We had a fairly good passage across the English Channel, but Sid was seasick, nevertheless. The poor boy was as pale as could be and declared up and down that he would remain in France forever rather than cross the English Channel again. I felt very sorry for him, having been through the experience many times myself, but I couldn't help laughing when he said this. He was much offended, and sat sulking in a corner of the deck until we reached Dieppe, on the French coast. After this we weren't long in reaching Paris, where we finally arrived at eight o'clock in the morning.

The day was fine and warm, and as Sid and I left the station and walked through the streets, we felt that Paris must, indeed, be the most beautiful city in the world. Everything was clean and beautiful when compared with the dingy streets and buildings of London, and of course, on account of the Exposition there were flags and decorations everywhere. It didn't take us long to find a room, because I knew of an old house in a back street where we could get a room for thirty cents a day, or one and one-half francs in French money. The room is away up in the seventh story of a house, but we don't mind the stairs, and the rent is certainly very cheap, for the street is right in the center of Paris. We can walk very easily to the Exposition and we don't have to pay car fare every time we want to visit any of the downtown streets. In our room we have set up a light housekeeping arrangement. Sid brought a coffee-pot and skillet with him from home and in Paris we purchased an alcohol lamp and some cups and saucers, so that we can get our own breakfast and supper in our room. We don't have much except bread and coffee in the morning, and perhaps an egg or a bit of bacon at night. This doesn't cost us much, and is all we need. Our dinners at noon we get at a little eating-house next door, where there is a nice old lady who is very good to us in every way. She understands our French by this time and charges very little for what we eat. We get a good dinner for about fourteen or

fifteen cents. We rise very early in the morning and while Sid is washing I fix the coffee and put it on to boil. Then I wash, too, while Sid attends to the breakfast, and when I am through the meal is ready to eat. We take turns washing the dishes and all our work is done by eight o'clock, as a rule. Then we are ready to start out to see things. We never go to the Exposition in the mornings, because it costs double before ten o'clock what it costs in the afternoon. Every morning we go to some place in or about Paris and have a fine time seeing the many interesting things there are to be seen. Of course we have lots of experiences and have sometimes been in pretty tight places. Sid, like every Englishman, has a great contempt for the French people, and he is always getting into trouble through being rude and inconsiderate. He never pays any attention to the policeman and the other day we came near being locked up for sure. As it was, I gave the "gendarme" a fifty centime piece (ten cents in our money) and he let us off. It was all on account of Sid's behavior. He insisted on going into a building which is closed to the public and, of course, the officer objected. If we had managed carefully, we would have got in without any trouble. We have learned, among other things, that it always pays to be polite here.

I am sure we have managed to see many things which are closed to the public generally, just because we are boys. They have here in Paris a famous morgue, where are kept the bodies of all unknown persons who die in the streets or hospitals, and also the bodies of persons who are murdered. Sometimes they are kept for years, just as they are found, because the officials hope that some one may come along who can identify them. And in the case of murdered persons, they keep the bodies so that if the criminal is ever found, he may be confronted with the body of his victim. The temperature in the place where the bodies are is many degrees below zero, so there is, of course, no danger in visiting it. Permission to do so, however, is very hard to get, and when Sid and I first heard of the place we were afraid we might not be allowed to see it. But one day we went to the morgue and got on the good side of the official in charge. We told him where we were from, and all, and finally he took us down into the vaults.

I am sure neither of us will ever forget that visit. Of all the horrible places I ever was in, this morgue was certainly the worst. There, in long rows, lay the dead bodies, with ghastly expressions upon their sunken faces, and many of them wearing the clothing in which they were found. It was horrible to

think of the circumstances under which many of them died—poor and hungry—without a friend in all this great city. Sid and I couldn't help shivering while we stood there, and I don't think we have recovered from the sensation yet. One visit to such a place is quite enough, and we'll "never go there any more." But it was well worth seeing and was perhaps a lesson to us, because most of those poor wretches had reached the morgue through their own reckless way of living.

Of course, we are at the Exposition almost every day, and I could write volumes about our experiences there. My first impressions of it were not very satisfactory. After the Chicago World's Fair it seemed rather small and not impressive. But now my opinion has all changed and I am willing to admit that in many ways this Fair is superior to the one at Chicago. There was so little available space here that the commissioners could not possibly make the Fair large, and everyone says that they have accomplished wonders with what space they had. The buildings are not so impressive as those in the Chicago Exposition, but they are very artistic and very finely decorated, which makes up for what they lack in size. And then this Exposition is better classified than any ever held before, and a person who wants to study will find wonderful opportunities for doing so. Sid and I have seen a great deal since we've been here. We have explored every nook and corner, almost, of the grounds. We have made the acquaintance of the Javanese in the Java village, and of the Ceylonese in their department. We have so far spent most of our time in the oriental exhibits and have had many funny experiences with the natives. There are people here from every corner of the globe, and we have decided that a visit to the Exposition is as good as a tour around the world.

Every arrangement has been made for having a good time. There is a great wheel, like the Ferris Wheel at Chicago; there is a "shoot the chutes;" and, of course, there are innumerable merry-go-rounds and other side shows. One of the best things we have seen is the "moving platform." It is built on trestles and extends all around the Exposition. There are two platforms which move along, one at a rate of about two or three miles an hour and the other considerably faster. By standing on the platform and riding around one can get a fine view of the Exposition grounds, and for ten cents you can stay on as long as you like. It's great fun. Next month I will have lots to tell about, but must close for this time.

THE BOY REPORTER.

Paris, June 5, 1900.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

Baker Washington, the Thirteen Year Old Son of Booker T. Washington.

MAX BENNETT THORNER.

Baker Washington, the thirteen year old son of Booker T. Washington, the famous negro teacher and speaker, is a skillful, trained brickmason. He knows how to lay out a piece of work, use plummet, line and trowel, mix mortar and handle bricks. He can do as neat a job as almost any man at his trade, and has worked on the walls of all the brick buildings which have been erected at Tuskegee Institute during the last few years.

Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is the great school for colored young men and women which this boy's father has built up in the heart of the "Black Belt" of the South. Over a thou-

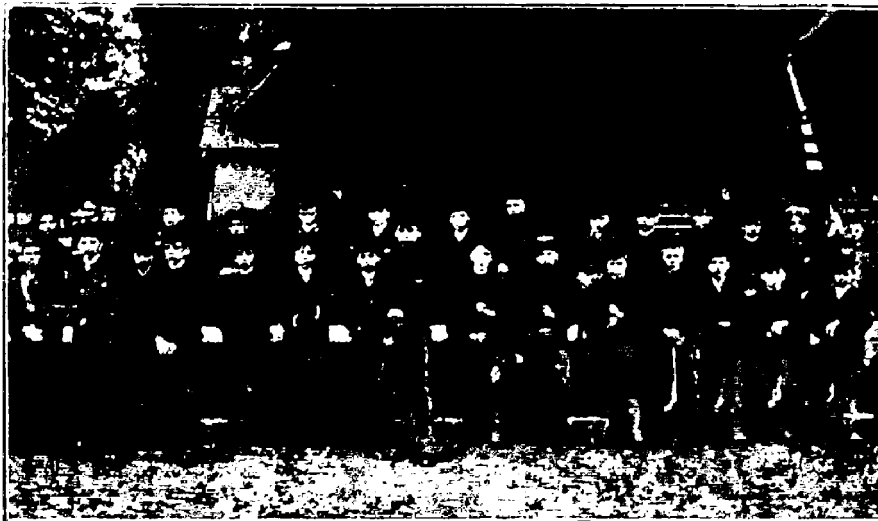


BAKER WASHINGTON.

sand students are taught here each year. Principal Washington is a strong believer in the value of industrial education. He believes in having his pupils learn not only books, but how to work, and twenty six different trades and industries are taught at Tuskegee by actual work. He not only preaches this doctrine, but he practices it. He himself learned to work when he was a student at Hampton, and he makes his own children learn. When Baker was ten years old he began to work one hour every day with the brickmasons' class at Tuskegee. As he grew older the time was increased until now he works from three to five hours a day. A certain portion of each day is also devoted to the usual study of books in the classroom.

Not long ago I heard Mr. Washington, speaking to an audience of his own race in the Metropolitan Church in Washington describe the course of training which Baker is having, and then add: "Teach your children to work, if you would have them grow up to be good men and women. I love my little boy as dearly as any of you here love your children; and it is because I do love him that I want him to learn to work. I do not know that he will be a brickmason when he grows up; he may be a minister, a doctor or a lawyer, for all I know, but this I am sure of, he will have a good solid trade to fall back on, if necessary, and he will have formed the habit of steady, systematic labor."

There are now over forty buildings on the Institute grounds, and all but three of them have been built by the students as a part of their industrial education. A picture taken recently of the chapel, which will seat twenty five hundred persons, built by the students, shows a class of brickmasons at work on the foundation of another building which is being erected near the chapel, and little Baker Washington is one of the number.



SOME DETROIT SOLDIER BOYS.

A Company of Boy Soldiers.

A little more than a year ago a military company of eight boys was formed in Detroit, and one of their number, Cresson Smith, was chosen captain. The boys drilled faithfully three times a week, getting, however, very little encouragement from their parents. At about the same time another company, consisting of five boys, was formed, and shortly afterwards the two companies were combined, with Cresson Smith as captain. Then the fathers and mothers of the boys became interested and gave the company their support. Within thirty days after the consolidating of the two companies, Captain Smith had fifty boys in line.

When the Thirty-first Michigan Volunteers came home from their service

in the Cuban war, the boy company went to the train to meet them, but as the train was late in arriving, the company marched home, tired and disappointed. On this occasion the little fellows were much annoyed by the newsboys, who poked all manner of fun at them as they trudged along the street. A few days before Decoration Day, last year, the captain and his staff visited the chief marshal of the Decoration Day parade and received from him an assignment to a place in the parade, just in front of the G. A. R., with policemen to protect them from the street urchins. The boys received more applause than did any company in the parade, and the Silver Grays of the G. A. R. were more than proud of them. The company continued its drill until the close of school in June last when it disbanded, to reorganize in the fall.

Dennis Weiss, a Brave Sailor Boy.

A distinguished company met on the front steps of the city hall in Detroit, Mich., a few weeks ago, to do honor to a lad who works on one of the Detroit & Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's boats, which plies between that city and Cleveland. There were the Mayor of the city, the officers of the Navigation Company, Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Duluth, the Populist candidate for the Vice-Pres-



DENNIS WEISS.

idency of the United States, and many others. The central figure of the group was Dennis Weiss, a sailor boy on the steamer City of Detroit.

On the first trip of the City of Detroit to Cleveland the past spring, the members of the Newsboys' Band of Detroit were passengers. One of the band boys fell off the gangplank into the Cuyahoga river, at Cleveland, and was in a fair way of drowning, when young Weiss

jumped in and supported him above the water until assistance arrived.

The Detroit Newsboys' Association passed a set of resolutions, raised money and bought a beautiful gold watch, on which they had engraved a brief record of the incident. The distinguished company referred to had gathered for the purpose of presenting this watch in an appropriate way. The mayor made the presentation speech. At its conclusion the boy was in tears, but in taking the watch he managed to make a very pretty little speech, saying that his heart was full and that he was not able to say all that he would like to say.

Dennis is twenty two years of age. His proper name is Martinus Duwysle, but when he started to the Duffield school, in Detroit, the teachers began to say Dennis, as short for Martinus, and being unable to get around the last name they coined for him the name of Weiss, and now the cabin-boy of the City of Detroit is known as plain Dennis Weiss.

When the boy was six years old he was left alone in the world and was forced to give up school. He is something more than a plain cabin-boy and is said to be something of a genius as a writer, many of his poems having found acceptance in newspapers throughout the state. Often he is found, when his work is over, on the deck or in the hold of the big passenger boat, writing poetry. Once he tried to write a play, but got no further than the third act, where he stuck in a hopeless tangle of plot and character. He is a great reader and we may safely predict a good record for him.

Alfred Smith Rescues a Girl From Drowning.

Alfred Smith, a San Francisco boy received as a reward for his courageous act in rescuing the daughter of Henry Bernard, of New York, from the breakers at the Cliff house, San Francisco, two years ago, a gold medal. The little girl who was rescued was eight years of age. She fell from a rock into the surf

and would have perished had not the boy dived into the sea and brought her to the shore. The boy refused to receive any money from the father on account of the act, insisting that he had done only what any one would do under the circumstances.



ALFRED SMITH.

Recently Mr. Bernard and his family were again in San Francisco. They sent for the boy to call at their hotel. When he presented himself the father introduced his little daughter to the boy, and she pinned upon his breast the gold medal. It bears the following inscription: "Presented to Al. Smith for an act of bravery, by H. Bernard, of New York."

Joseph E. McGuire, Honorary Captain of Cadets.

Joseph E. McGuire was made Honorary Captain of St. Stanislaus' Cadets, of St. Stanislaus' College, Bay St. Louis, Miss., recently, the honor having been conferred upon him in the presence of a large audience by the Cadets of the institution. The boy is a son of the late



CAPTAIN MCGUIRE.

Joseph E. McGuire, who was a prominent politician of North Louisiana and saw service all through the Civil War, having been Adjutant in the Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment. The little fellow looks every inch a captain.

Albert Byron Davenport, a Young Merchant of Twelve.

Albert Byron Davenport is the twelve year old son of E. F. Davenport, of New Orleans. The boy is a typical American boy, full of spirit and business energy. His business is a peculiar one. He rents clean aprons and jumpers to bookbinders, printers and lithographers. He receives five cents for an apron and ten cents for a jumper, and he has about



A. B. DAVENPORT, APRON MERCHANT.

fifty customers. His scheme required a little capital at the start, as he had to have two aprons for each man. The work keeps him busy only on Saturdays. He goes to school on other days. One of his cards is before us, reading:

A. B. DAVENPORT
Apron Merchant
NEW ORLEANS

Albert is proud of the success which he is meeting in his business venture. This may be a suggestion to other American boys in large cities. The photograph from which the accompanying picture was made was taken recently, on the occasion of his first communion at St. Therese's Church, in New Orleans.

Francis Lee Faris, Perhaps the Youngest Funeral Director.

The business of the funeral director is not one that ordinarily proves attractive to boys, but occasionally there appears a boy who seems to have a genius for it. Francis Lee Faris, when little



FRANCIS LEE FARIS.

more than sixteen years of age, passed a creditable examination, ranking second in a class of sixty one, with ages ranging from twenty to fifty years, before the Missouri State Board of Embalming, at Kansas City, on May 11. This probably

makes him the youngest licensed embalmer in the United States.

Frank was born in Illinois and when two years of age removed with his parents to South Dakota, where he lived till he was fourteen. During that time he attended the public schools. In November of 1897 Frank moved with his parents to St. Joseph, Mo., where he for a time attended the St. Joseph schools and worked at various minor positions, in all of which he was indifferently successful. In August, 1898, he secured the position of office boy in the Meierhoffer Undertaking Company's establishment, where it was evident that the boy had found the proper field for his energies, for he settled down to work with an assiduity that brought its reward. He soon became his employers' trusted assistant and learned the practical side of his arduous profession. While learning the practical side, he was also acquiring the theoretical from text books. The rapidity with which he learned his work may be judged from the fact that in less than two years he had passed the examination referred to, with a grade of ninety-two per cent.

Alfred Orebaugh Risks His Life to Save a Little Girl's Life.

The presence of mind, pluck and speed of Alfred Orebaugh, a newspaper carrier for The Columbus Despatch, recently saved the life of a little five year old girl on East Broad Street, Columbus. A runaway horse hitched to a buggy in which was sitting a little child, came dashing down the street. The little occupant sat with clasped hands and agonized looks. Young Orebaugh, who was on his bicycle, gave chase and was soon in advance of the



ALFRED OREBAUGH.

horse. Quickly dismounting, he dashed to the head of the runaway, caught him by the bridle and held on until he had brought the frightened animal to a standstill. To any person who has tried to grasp the lines of a runaway horse, the boy's quick appreciation of the situation, and his daring, will seem marvelous. After the boy had gotten the horse under control, a man ran up and, taking possession, drove away with the rig. It appears that a lady who had been driving the horse had been thrown from the vehicle. The boy has only the knowledge that he saved a life as a reward for his bravery. The boy is sixteen years old, goes to school and carries papers after school hours.

A Warning to Boys.

Harold Livingston, of Denver, Colo., a ten year old subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY, died Sunday, July 8th, from the effects of an accident that occurred the evening of July 3d. He was shooting off fireworks, and was wounded by the explosion of a firecracker or a toy pistol, accounts differing as to just how. His mother poulticed the wound, and in a few days it seemed to be healed; but on the evening of the fourth day afterward the little fellow began to be faint, and at three the next morning he died. The doctors diagnosed the disease as tetanus or lockjaw. They think the germ was contained in the impure nitrate used in the making of cheap fireworks. The case is a very sad one, the little fellow's sufferings being intense. He stood it, though, like a brave boy. His father writes us: "Warn the boys."

We would like to become acquainted with what every boy in America is doing. Our address is

THE AMERICAN BOY,
DETROIT, MICH.



SCENE AT THE BEULAH LAND FARM.

The Boy Saving Fund.

The readers of THE AMERICAN BOY know that we have inaugurated a plan by which to save boys from evil surroundings and place them in good care, where they can grow up to be good men, useful to themselves and to the State. The publishers of this paper announced some months ago that they would, out of their own treasury, contribute sixty dollars for the saving of one boy, provided that the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY would contribute sixty dollars for the saving of another boy. The plan proved popular. In a very short time we received the necessary sixty dollars from the readers of the paper, and provision has been made for two boys. "Our boy," whose name is Frank, was taken from the streets of Chicago and placed at the Beulah Land Farm for Boys, at Leoni, Mich. "Your boy," Clarence by name, was taken from the streets of Baltimore and placed at the National Junior Republic Farm, Annapolis, Md. Portraits of these boys, just as they were taken from the streets, appeared in our July number, together with a short sketch of each.

The contributors of the sixty dollars for the saving of Clarence are two hundred and forty in number. The amounts contributed by individuals range all the way from one cent to two dollars and fifty cents. The first contribution was received April 26 from Willie G. Sprague, son of the editor, who contributed six cents, one cent for each year of his life. The last contribution came from William L. Bennett, of Stanton, Wis., on July 7. We were, therefore, a little over two months in raising enough from THE AMERICAN BOY readers to pay for the saving of Clarence. We firmly believe that no pennies were ever given for a better cause and will count more in good results, than those contributed by the boy readers of THE AMERICAN BOY for the helping of this boy.

Between July 7, the date when the amount of sixty dollars was finally made up, and July 11, seven dollars and twenty six cents were contributed by readers who did not know that the full amount had been raised. We have determined that we cannot do too much of this kind of work, and that if it is a good thing to save two boys, it is a better thing to save three. We will, therefore, with the consent of the contributors whose money makes up the seven dollars and twenty six cents, apply their money toward another sixty dollars, with which we will get him and where we will put him, we have not yet determined. We hope, however, by the time our September number is made up to have the name and the picture of the boy and be able to tell who he is and where he is.

We publish in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY the list of contributors to the saving of Clarence, together with the amount sent in by each contributor. Boys who are interested in Frank will

be glad to see a picture of some of the boys at the Beulah Land Farm, showing the kind of playmates he has in his new home. We have no doubt he is learning how to work, so that when he comes to be a man he will be self-supporting. At the same time, we are glad that he has an opportunity to play, and that his playground is not the filthy alley of some slum district in the city of Chicago.

Clarence's friends will be glad to read a letter from one who has visited him in his new home and who writes us of what he saw. The letter is as follows:

Washington, D. C., July 3, 1900.

Dear Boys:
Yesterday I celebrated the Fourth, by going down to the "National Junior Republic" where our boy Clarence is. The picture in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY may have been a portrait of him as he was when he first arrived, it certainly does not do him justice as he is now. Mr. Rogers is quite sure that he can get the "tough" out of any boy in a week. His plan is regular meals with plenty to eat, regular bedtime for sleep, a good, clean bed, and the rigid discipline of a happy home where none live for themselves alone—but each for all. "Our boy" is the youngest on the farm and, of course, the pet. When he arrived he hadn't a whole garment on, looked as though he had been rigged out with subscriptions from rag-bags. The boys fixed that the next day. One bought him a cap, another a shirt, another a coat, and so on. Soon they had him quite presentable. When we remember that every boy had only money that he had worked hard for, and that a little unknown waif made such a strong appeal to their charity, it not only proves to us our boy's sad need of help, but that he is surrounded by good friends. One of the boys expressed the general sentiment when he told me that "the kid was all right, only he never had no show." His smile is as sweet as any I ever saw and I noticed that he seemed most pleased with the chance the box of good things I provided gave him, to pay off some old scores. I hope every one who contributed to put "our boy" where he is, will feel rejoiced to know that he has helped to have one whose only chance (but for kind friends) was surely to the bad.

It seemed to be taken for granted that as I had gone down to the farm to see our boy Clarence, that in some way I represented THE AMERICAN BOY, and I am expected to go down to see him often, and if anything should happen to him, a notice will be sent to me at once. DR. JAY.

A list of the contributors to the saving of Clarence will be found on page 311.

We now want Sixty Dollars with which to save another boy. Will you help?

Address
"BOY SAVING FUND,"
THE AMERICAN BOY,
DETROIT, MICH.



GETTING THE CAPITAL BY SELLING OLD CLOTHES TO "OLD CAPN"

Novel Newspaper Published by Children—It is Printed from Rubber Type, and is Illustrated.

LA FAYETTE PARRO.

The most curious newspaper yet published is undoubtedly the Millbrook Messenger, issued at Boydton, Va., by Hamilton Feild, Harrison M. Feild and Jean R. Feild, aged respectively eight, ten and twelve years.

The outfit for this paper cost thirty five cents, and consists of a meagre font of rubber type, each line of the paper requiring two impressions, re-distribution being necessary each time the type is used.

The wonderful patience exhibited in producing the copies that comprise its rapidly growing circulation is no less remarkable than the earnestness and enthusiasm displayed in its reading matter.

Accuracy and truth of statement are marked characteristics of this delightful little journal, and the guilelessness which permeates its utterances is noteworthy.

"Jean's Jingles" are a feature of the Messenger, and if the feet and measure are not always exact, the jingle is there. Other special features, such as a continued story of Cuba by Harrison Minge Feild, add interest to its columns.

The following are a few specimen nuggets from the Messenger:

"Published as often as possible. Price five cents a month. As we haven't got any advertisements yet, we don't know what we will charge for them when we get any."

These publishers, at least, will not lay themselves open to the charge of asking exorbitant advertising rates. The same first issue shows that they do not believe in a padded circulation.

"Our paper," they say, "begins with nine copies, and the following subscribers: * * * We hope they will all be good pay. We don't want very many



LAYING PLANS.

subscribers, for it is so much trouble printing, as we have to print just part of a line at a time. Our press cost thirty five cents that we made by selling some old clothes to 'old Cap'n'."

This tells the story of small beginnings, indeed; but the subscriptions already bring a good interest on the capital invested.

"Politics crowded out" is one of the announcements in the first issue, but there are many other nice things that got in.

The paper grows ambitious in its second number, and presents a set of anagrams and offers a prize for their complete solution.



RESTING

It also adds the name of Bland Randolph Feild as political editor and makes this announcement: "This is a Democratic paper. We are for Col. Thomas F. Goode for Governor, Hon. Wm. J. Bryan for President, and Gen. Fitz Lee for Vice-President in 1900."

The Messenger places itself on the defensive when it says: "We don't expect to jump any other paper unless they hit at us."

That it is ready for any increased prosperity is shown in this one: "We don't care how many subscribers we get now, as we have found it is almost as easy to print several papers as a few."

I discover what may be considered a little inconsistency in the next two paragraphs, though innocent: "We started with nine subscribers and now we have twenty. One of them wanted to pay for a whole year in advance, but we were afraid to take it, as we were not sure our paper could hold out that long. But we let Edwin Overby go in as deep as ten cents."

"If the Mecklenburg News is correct in its assertion that Boydton cannot support two newspapers, it has signed its death warrant, for the Millbrook Messenger has come to stay." Then follows a budget of news and some of it would be suitable to a more ambitious journal.

"Wee, Wee," who seems to be an important contributor, has the following: "You should have seen the fight Dora (the baby's nurse) and I had with a

roach last night. We chased him around until we all got very much excited. Then he ran in the ashes and came out looking like a white ghost, and it seemed to me twice as big as when it went in. I reckon that was because he was coming towards me. As he got well out on the hearth I raised the tongs and brought them down with a mighty crash right on top of a long bare foot that Dora had slapped down just a second too late for the roach and just in time for the tongs. I don't know what became of the roach after that."

There is interesting local news under the fetching caption of "Home Happenings," beginning with the announcement, "We have just had our strawberry bed wed," and a serial story, "Adventures with the Redskins," by Harrison M. Feild. It is a matter for regret that this young and able contemporary should have deemed it necessary to follow in the path of the new journals by imitating a guessing contest; but its brand is at least original. It announces the contest thus: "Somebody asked us how many times we handled our paper in getting out one issue. So we counted the times and will give a prize to whoever comes nearest to guessing the number. The prize will be the biggest watermelon papa raises on the island; but we don't know how big that will be. If anybody off at a distance guesses it, they will either have to pay the freight on the watermelon or we will give them something else. We want all our subscribers to try for it."



HARD AT WORK.

Here are other items: "We sent the Hammock Man a picture and he said that if we didn't let him alone he would start a paper in opposition and ruin us. We are ready for him, so come on, Mr. Hammock Man, and let's see what kind of quill-driver you will make."

"The News Man asked us how much we would take to advertise him and when we told him we would charge him the same he charges other people, he said that was too much, but he gave us some black ink, so we put in this notice of him."

Several advertisements make up the remainder of the publication. The paper has six pages, about twelve by six inches, two columns to the page, and is a model of hand workmanship. It will doubtless rise to greater usefulness and increase in subscribers until it requires a great perfecting press to print its issues.

BOYS' EXCHANGE

NOTICE.

When you have what a boy asks for or wish to trade with a boy whose name appears in these columns, write the boy himself; don't write us.

Ray L. Fielder, Fallville, Va.: I have an Indian hatchet, sound and all right, that I will exchange for a bicycle.

B. Krebs, 2911 21st St., San Francisco, Cal.: I will exchange leaves from California trees for paper cigar bands from any State.

Ervin J. W. Huber, Newark, N. J.: I will exchange copper ore for stamps or for leaves from western, southern or northern trees.

William B. Rayburn, Bloomington, Ill.: I will exchange relics of the Bloomington fire for Indian relics, stamps, leaves, or rare coins.

A. C. Griffin, Bonds, Miss.: I will exchange splints of wood from trees of Mississippi for the same from trees of other States.

William L. Turner, Great Falls, Mont.: I would like to exchange Indian arrows, copper ore and silver ore for stamps worth over five cents apiece.

Fred Rowe, Letart Falls, Ia.: I will exchange ten different kinds of leaves from this part of the country for two orange leaves and some foreign stamps.

Thomas A. Connell, 415 W. 7th St., New Albany, Ind.: I have some foreign stamps that I will trade for arrow-heads, copper ore or leaves of the orange and banana.

Edgar R. Bean, 202 N. Main St., Fairfield, Ia.: I will exchange apple, cherry, plum, maple, elm and other leaves for leaves from other States, and particularly from foreign countries.

John S. Stubbs, 110 W. 129th St., New York City, N. Y.: I have a piece of crude rubber from Southern Brazil which I will exchange for Indian arrow-heads or other curiosities.

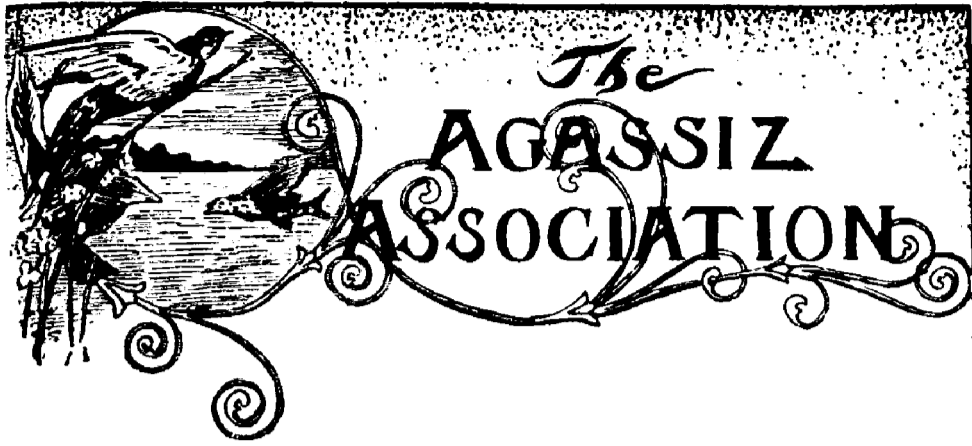
Eugene Blake, Greenwood, S. C.: I will exchange small pressed cotton plants for California redwood, maple or hemlock leaves, or any sort of curios not raised or found in my state.

Clarence Stilson, Gibsonburg, O.: I have stamps from Venezuela, Ecuador, Costa Rica, China and Liberia which I will exchange for foreign coins or stamps from Argentine Republic or Persia.

Clyde C. Swayne, 48 1/2 Bates St. N. W., Washington, D. C.: I have some petrified wood which I would like to exchange for Indian relics, iron, silver or copper ore, gold dirt and other curiosities.

E. S. Johnston, Gregory Landing, Mo.: I have some Mississippi River shells, out of which common pearl buttons have been cut which I want to exchange for sea shells, Indian arrows or good foreign stamps.





THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member.
All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Hurlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.
THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes members

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1875. Incorporated in 1902.
Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited.
Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

One secret of keeping young is to keep in touch with the life of boys, and on good terms with Mother Nature. Mr. R. S. Gray, now a prominent lawyer of California, joined the Agassiz Association many years ago, but judging from the delightful letter from which we quote below, he is as young as he ever was and as old as he ever will be:

Oakland, Cal., June 2, 1900.

H. H. Ballard, President of the Agassiz Association.

Dear Sir:—The card of membership you gave me more than six years ago lies before me. It has been my constant companion ever since I received it. Perhaps I have been too selfish to devote myself to some little corner and do thorough work there. I have so dearly loved to roam hither and thither when free from the toll of making a living, and let the leaves of Nature's great book blow back and forth, content with the glimpses thus afforded me into countless things. Within the last forty-eight hours I raced through Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known," and it seemed as if I was dreaming again of many things I had seen and heard.

True, I have done some work. Technical works in my library, from Parker & Huxwell's Text-Book of Zoology, to Wollie's Freshwater Algae of the United States, will testify, but after all, only when I found some door closed in my face which only thus I could unlock.

You know, perhaps, how dry and dusty is our beautiful California throughout a large part of the year, when we who dwell in its cities hardly know what streams of running water and fresh, cool ponds mean. In the last four years I have lost one happy hunting-ground after another, until, in despair, I have sought to replace them in part by my aquaria. It is true that throughout the year exquisite mountain brooks can be found, but for those tied down to desk and forum, they are like Yosemite—far more an exquisite dream than a present reality.

For years I often stopped on my way home, and visited a drug-store where a great nine-foot tank full of plants, fishes, etc., made me envious. At last, in the march of improvements, it was displaced, and I obtained it for a song and established it in my garden, among the trees and vines. Encased in wire netting to protect it from the archery of mischievous boys, slowly stocked with many kinds of animals and

hollow of your hand, will develop for months and even years. If rightly cared for, almost boundless life. Limitless wealth is thus really mine, wealth beyond my power to use, or even see. As much of the growth upon the sides of the tank as would cover the head of a pin often affords me hours of intense pleasure. For some time just before commencing this letter, I watched what, under the microscope, seemed a vast expanse. I traveled hither and thither as through some great wilderness full of life, beauty, tragedy, but where no human foot nor hand shall ever go.

In that little film of water, not one-half inch across, and thinner than tissue paper, my real self was lost for a space of time, as if it might be years spent in exploring the wilds of some great continent, without fatigue, disappointment or danger, brought close to the wild beauty of Nature's recesses as it was exposed unshrinkingly, without fear—and I was almost going to say, without reservation—but, indeed, that is not so. Here life's greatest problems still stand forth unsolved: birth, development, and death, a mosaic of beauty and horror. Whether it be years or moments, an eternity is typified. A careless touch, and all that life is swept like driftwood upon the shore of a boundless ocean, dead matter, yet ready, through nature's processes to spring forth into life again.

I like to know the names of things, and even to search a little into structure and relationship, but, above all, I delight to wander at will in the mighty mountains, by the roar of ocean surf, beneath the solemn and stately music of the pines, and just so I love to lose myself in the mighty depths of the infusorial ocean, and dwell with diatom, monad, and rotifer, embowered in a maze of algae. If but a little more had been given, it seems to me I would ask the poet's power rather than mere scientific knowledge. I started to tell you of my aquaria, but I fear I have not done so and never can. To tell of their contents in scientific phrases would not be to tell of my real treasures.

R. S. GRAY

[The editor of THE AMERICAN BOY finds that he is personally acquainted with the writer of the foregoing letter and possesses his photograph, so that boys may not only read this delightful letter but look on the face of the writer.—Editor.]

STATE FLOWERS.

Not all the states—only about half of them—have chosen a state flower. The choice is determined either by an act of the legislature or the vote of the school children, and in a few cases by a general ballot.

New York chose the rose; Alabama, the golden rod; Colorado, the columbine; Delaware, the peach blossom; Idaho, the syringa; Iowa, the rose; Maine, the pine cone and tassel; Minnesota, the moccasin flower; Montana, the bitter root; Nebraska, the golden rod; North Dakota, the wild rose; Oregon, the golden rod; Utah, the sego lily; Vermont, the red clover; Michigan, the apple blossom; California, the poppy; Kansas, the sunflower; Nevada, the sage brush; and Washington, the rhododendron. These are the only states that have adopted a floral emblem, though the partiality for certain flowers in various states has been clearly indicated. The Cherokee rose is Georgia's favorite flower; the school children of Illinois are divided in their preferences between the rose and the violet; the latter flower is the favorite of Rhode Island, and it is supposed that the trailing arbutus would, on a vote, be accepted as the favorite flower of Massachusetts. Oklahoma Territory has adopted as its favorite the mistletoe, and if New Mexico took any vote on the subject, its preference would probably be given to the cactus.

And speaking of flowers, I must tell you of a wonderful garden I saw this week, entirely made and tended by a boy, who is so modest that I should offend him if I gave his name. His home is in a beautiful old town of Eastern Massachusetts, and he conceived the idea of putting into a garden all the wild flowers of his town. Fortunately his father had a large estate, and gave the young botanist all the ground he needed. By a careful arrangement of rocks, and trees and walls, the natural conditions of field and forest have been so well reproduced that the boy has now four hundred species of plants growing and thriving in his garden. More than this, each one is labeled with its scientific name, and a card catalogue shows the varied contents of this living herbarium. The day I was there he was experimenting upon the rate of growth of a hop-vine: a string was tied about the trellis to mark the limit of growth which the vine had attained at a certain hour, and careful measurements were to be made at stated intervals. That same day, while strolling through a meadow, we were lucky enough to stumble upon a beautiful flower which was quite new to our friend, and he was as delighted as another boy might be at making a "home-run" or "kicking a goal" from the field.

NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

In response to our offer of a card of membership in the Agassiz Association, and a badge, for a written account of anything of interest observed in any department of natural history, if accompanied by a drawing or photograph, we have received a large number of replies, some of which we have already printed. In every case, thus far, we have sent the promised badge, even when the conditions have not been fulfilled. We are grateful to all our young friends for their interest, and we repeat the offer, insisting, however, on two conditions: 1. The notes must be original accounts of personal observations in some department of natural history. A story of travel, for example, would not answer. 2. The note must be accompanied by a picture of some sort.

NOTES.

16. QUAIL IN A CITY. One day I was standing in a yard of this city, when a large bird flew down and landed in a rubbish pile, where it began eating. One of my companions threw a stone and made it fly. As it rose and began to circle about, it flew through the glass of a large bay window, and fell dead in the parlor. It was a quail.—L. W. Slocum, Petoskey, Mich.

[A similar incident is recorded in THE AMERICAN BOY for March, p. 135.]

17. ROBIN CATCHING WORMS. [See also Note 9.]

Each kind of bird likes some particular worm or lug for diet. A robin seems to prefer fish-worms to any other food. I noticed a robin several mornings ago. It ran along on the ground a few feet, then stopped, turned its head sideways and viewed the ground for a second. Then he pecked the ground vig-



orously, and pulled forth a large fish-worm. Upon investigating the ground I found it covered with tiny hills thrown up by the fish-worm during the night. It is a curious fact that a robin makes so little labor out of gathering fish-worms, while a boy often spends an hour in gathering enough to go fishing with.

I could not help wondering how the robin got his worms. I walked to the place where he had been and tapped the ground for a few seconds with a small stick. The vibration of the ground caused the worms to come out with considerable speed. I had often wondered why the jar of the ground should

frighten them out, until I killed a ground mole and found it fairly gorged with fish-worms. Since then it has been my theory that the robin's bill gives the ground the same sort of vibration which the ground mole does when seeking food.

JOSEPH HOTCH.

306 Middlebury street, Elkhart, Ind.

18. PLANT PIERCES A SHELL. While walking through one of our parks I observed a peculiar growth of yellow star-grass. The flower had grown



through a small shell, in which it had made a hole the exact size of the stem. The shell was fastened on the stem about a half inch from the ground.

EILOWELL R. JACKSON, Trenton, N. J.

19. DID THE BIRD COMMIT SUICIDE? As Farmer S— was walking along one of the country roads near his farm, he spied hanging high up in an oak tree a bird in a very peculiar position. He climbed the tree, broke off the branch from which the bird was suspended, and brought it down. He afterward brought it to this city and loaned it to one of the local newspapers, where I had a good look at it. The bird was a bluejay, and was suspended from the limb, on which was its nest, by a horsehair. The bird had surely strangled to death, but was it an accident or did he do it intentionally? Who knows? I am sure I can not say, although I examined it as closely as I could. ALEXANDER MURRAY, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

[This death by hanging was almost certainly accidental. When a boy, I saw a chimney-swallow impaled on a lightning rod. As it was flying down to its nest it accidentally drove its breast directly against the sharp point of the rod.—Editor.]

AGASSIZ'S BIRTHDAY.

Detroit, Mich., May 29, 1900. Our Chapter of the Agassiz Association, No. 176, celebrated the birthday of Professor Agassiz, Monday evening, May 28. Papers were read on his life, and refreshments were served.

HENRY A. WIGHT.

[This is a pleasant custom that has been adopted by many of our Chapters.—Editor.]



MABEL (stroking kitten, a new present): Mother, kitty's so hot! Ought she sit so near the fire? (Kitten purrs.) Oh, mother, listen! She's beginning to boll!—Punch.

[We offer a card of membership in the Agassiz Association and a badge for the best explanation of the purring of a cat. Address H. H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.]



R. S. GRAY.

vegetable life, like Topsy, it has "grewed," and become a source of infinite delight to me.
This aquarium is my leviathan, but another, which I call my pet, measures but a few inches across and is hardly an inch deep. Fourscore will not number them. It would take volumes to tell what I have seen drawn from their mighty depths, for in as much water as you might hold in the

Boys as Money-Makers and Money-Savers



SETTING THE TYPE.



LOCKING UP THE FORM.



RUNNING THE PRESS.



MAKING OUT THE BILL.

How a New Jersey Boy Earns Money

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM

THE boy, at least, is possessed of a desire to earn money and has acquired something of the art of earning it. There probably is not a boy of his age in Elizabeth, N. J., where he lives, who earns as much money as does Foster C. Howard. He is only eleven years of age, but he has advanced ideas about his business and what he should do with his income. He spends but little money; indeed, he does not spend any that he earns from his business, and will not for several years to come.

Although he is only eleven, he thinks a great deal of the future. If nothing extraordinary occurs to prevent it, there is no doubt but that he will be a physician, as all that he does is influenced by this desire.

He has his own bank account, and he declares that the earnings from his business shall be used to pay the expenses of his education.

An account of this lad's business venture and his success may be of interest and profit to other boys. Even parents who chance to read this may see something in it to help them solve the problem of what their boys may do to help themselves.

What does he do at eleven years of age to be so prosperous? He has a printing press, thirty eight fonts of type, and fixtures enough to make up a well-equipped printing office. He has a 6x10 Liberty press, and while this is a pretty large press for a boy of his age, he finds the chase too small to do many of the "jobs" that come to him. His business bids fair to outgrow his press. His type is well selected, so that he can do any ordinary printing that is turned out from the larger offices by older printers. His work is pronounced satisfactory, and exceptionally good for one so young. The printers say his "display" of type is fine and the "impression" is just right. He has never had a job rejected even by the best judges of printing. He does all his own work, excepting the "proofreading." He submits his proof to his parents, but makes his own corrections and turns off his own finished work; when it comes from the press it will pass the closest inspection, as it is properly inked, and when dry does not "offset."

His range of work includes envelopes, letter-heads, bill-heads, circulars, statements, programs, cards and tickets of all kinds. He does a great deal of church printing. As his father is a minister, this comes to him without solicitation. Upon the whole, he is kept pretty busy, as he attends school every day, and keeps up in his home work. Yet he has time to play and delivers his work when it is promised.

The amount of money he earns is quite

phenomenal for a lad of his years. Frequently his receipts amount to ten or twelve dollars a week, and several times since he has been in business he has earned ten dollars and over on a job, after all expenses were paid. He keeps a rigid expense account. He never forgets to figure up his profits. He has often said, "Well, I didn't lose anything on that job, when expenses are fifty



FOSTER C. HOWARD, PRINTER, ELIZABETH, N. J.

cents and receipts one dollar and a half, as it only required two hours to turn it off."

He makes out his own bills and does his own collecting. When he presents his bill he takes it for granted that he will get the money; and his absolute confidence that he will receive his pay induces him to receipt his bill before he leaves his office to make the collection. He says, when delivering his job and presenting his bill (as with him the two go together), "Here is your work, and here is my bill." His customers admire his confidence and promptness, and respect his demand. He never fails to make the collection when he presents the bill.

The bill collected, he deposits the money to his own credit, and the bank officials honor his demands. He is a veritable little business man, and is fast learning the ways of the business world. He is seeking all the time to buy to the best advantage, so that he may be a lively competitor in the printing business. He studies catalogues and price-lists as carefully as he does a school book. He already has the best terms offered the "trade," and takes advantage of the two per cent. discount for cash. By a study of his books, he has discovered that by discounting his bills he can replenish his office with type, furniture, etc.

Judging from the amount of business

he is now doing, and the money he is accumulating, there is not the least doubt but that he will in due time have money sufficient to pay for his entire course through college. What he does, may not any boy do if he is given a chance? Furnish the opportunity, and the boy, as a rule, will learn how to improve it. The opportunity may not be a printing press in every case; but it may be something. The average American boy will find a way to succeed, if the opportunity is presented.

The money that this boy's plant cost has been, and is, a great investment. It has paid in many ways; and the bank account he is accumulating is the least of the many profits. The printing business is an education in itself, and he will be better qualified, no matter what may be his place in life, from his experience in this little print shop. Correctness is one of the essentials of printing. Attention to detail, with the most painstaking care, also goes with the business. These, with many other accomplishments, to say nothing of the moral effect of being under his parents' roof, and not running the streets at night, as thousands of boys are doing, are sufficient to cause his father to feel that the cost of the printing press is the best investment he has ever made. He realizes every day that it pays to give the boy a chance.



PRESENTING THE BILL.

Foster is a subscriber for THE AMERICAN BOY, and while there are a great many papers that come to his home, he insists that none are so good as it. He reads everything in it, and regrets that it is not a weekly instead of a monthly

paper. Reading THE AMERICAN BOY and showing the cash after he has presented his bill are his chief delights.



SHOWING THE CASH.

SAMPLE distributors wanted. Good pay to good men. Enclose 2c. O. K. Adv. Co., Baltimore.

Wanted Agents in every county to sell "Family Memorials," good profits and steady work. Address—Campbell & Co., 23 Plum St., Elgin, Ill.

YOU are wanted for the NEW FIELD; position—large salaries. Address, with stamp, Prof. Steiner, Lexington, Ky.

Start MAIL-ORDER Business AT HOME, NO CAPITAL REQUIRED. \$1.00 monthly. Daily made. Write Joe H. Jackson, 223 Mackwick Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

BOYS EARN CASH Bicycles, Watches, Cameras, etc., selling Parallel-Blotter, Rulers, all writers want it. Sample made of Aluminum and particulars mailed for 2 cents. THE INDEX CO., Providence, R. I.

WANTED Reliable men or women to sell our goods to the consumer in communities from 1,000 to 10,000 population; permanent employment at good pay. Address THE GREAT EASTERN COFFEE & TEA CO., 301 N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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How Boys Make Money.

Edgar R. Bean, Fairfield, Ia.: I make my money by carrying the daily evening paper and doing odd jobs.
James Clark, Chicago, Ill.: I earn my money by scrubbing the floors, taking care of the baby, and helping mother in any way I can. I get twenty-five cents a week.
Ned Kennedy, Duluth, Minn.: I carry a paper route, getting twelve dollars a month. I also work in a butcher shop on Saturday for fifty cents a Saturday and do odd jobs, so that I earn about fifteen dollars a month.

Roy L. Gillett, Colden, N. Y.: My brother and sister and I earned money to pay for THE AMERICAN BOY by picking and selling peas and picking berries. We live outside the village on a farm.
P. E. Dennis, Jr., Macon, Ga.: My father is the chairman of the Board of Stewards at the church and I write letters on the typewriter for him and members of the Board. I also print them on a "printer-graph" and deliver the letters after I write them.
Adolph Brohaugh, St. Paul, Minn.: Buy a pair of rabbits. The first year they will not bring you any profit, but the years after they will bring all the money you will need for school books and other articles. I have raised rabbits for the last few years and find it quite profitable. I sell them both for pets and to the meat market.
Ervin J. W. Huber, Newark, N. J.: I make and sell ink. It costs me fifty cents a gallon. I get twenty-five cents a pint. I make some money occasionally picking berries and weeding gardens. I have a home repairing outfit, with which I make a little money mending shoes, etc. I have a little bank in which I put a cent every day. If we forget to put one in on any day, we put in three the next day—one for a fine. My brother does the same. We have resolved to keep this up until 1902 and then if we haven't any special use for it we will keep it up until we have.

What the Mayor of Boston Says to Boys.

Thomas N. Hart, President of the Mt. Vernon National Bank and Mayor of Boston, is seventy years old, but time has dealt leniently with him. He is another successful man who began life on a farm. He left the farm at the age of thirteen. He found employment in a dry goods house in Boston, afterwards becoming a member of the firm. What Mayor Hart has to say with reference to getting ahead in the world, should have weight with boys. He says: "Whatever success I have attained I attribute to strict attention to business. The young man who starts out in life with the serious intention of making a reputation and a fortune for himself, has a hard and difficult task before him. His

path will not be strewn with roses. He will meet with many disappointments. Ideals will be shattered before his eyes, and often the clouds will hang heavily over him. "The young man who is waiting and watching for the shutters to go up, and is ever anxious to leave on the dot of closing time, who never does any more than is expected of him, will be of little use to himself or his employers. He might as well give up the idea of ever amounting to anything. In my own case, if I may be permitted to make the observation, I worked hard, early and late. I always seemed to anticipate the wants of my employers. I had generally attended to things before they themselves had thought of them. I had always their interests in mind, and thus made myself valuable—so valuable, in fact, that they thought they could not get along without me, and so, one day, made me a member of the firm. "If there be any such thing as luck I think it consists in being on hand at the right time, and the young man who attends strictly to business is always on hand. That boy is sure to be pushed ahead when a vacancy occurs. Success in life is purchased only at the price of personal sacrifice. My own first appreciable success in life was when I was made a member of the firm of my employers. I did not make a great deal of money in that position, but during those six years the foundation for the business of Hart, Taylor & Co. was laid deep and firm. After that it was smoother sailing. "When I stop and consider my early struggles for a foothold in commercial Boston I wonder how I ever succeeded, but I attribute it all to hard work, faithfulness to self and employers, honesty in dealing with all, strict attention to business, sobriety, frugality, and living within my means. "Young men or women who will do this will greatly enhance their chances for making a success in life."

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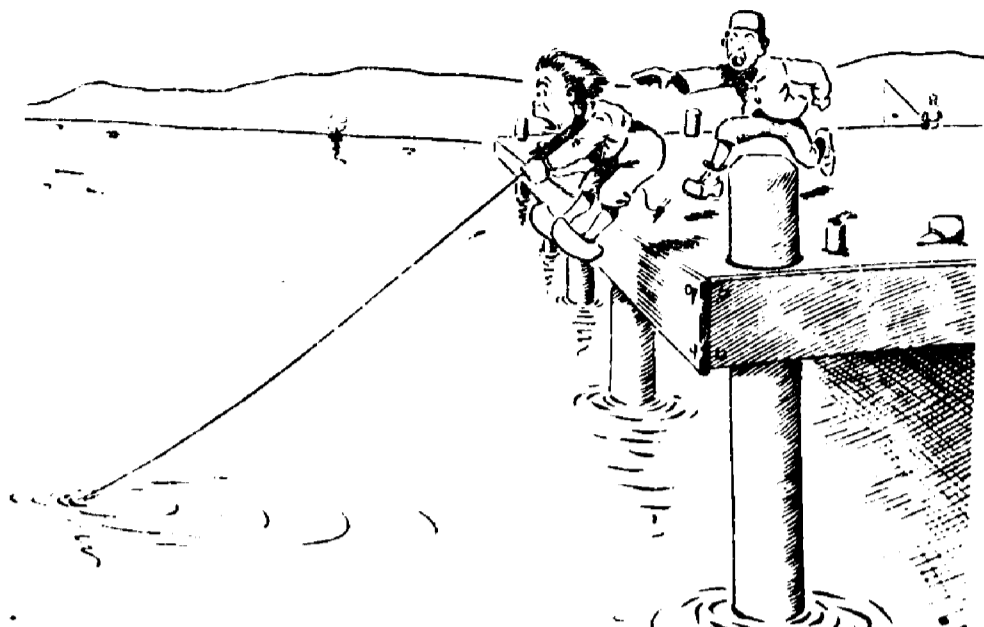
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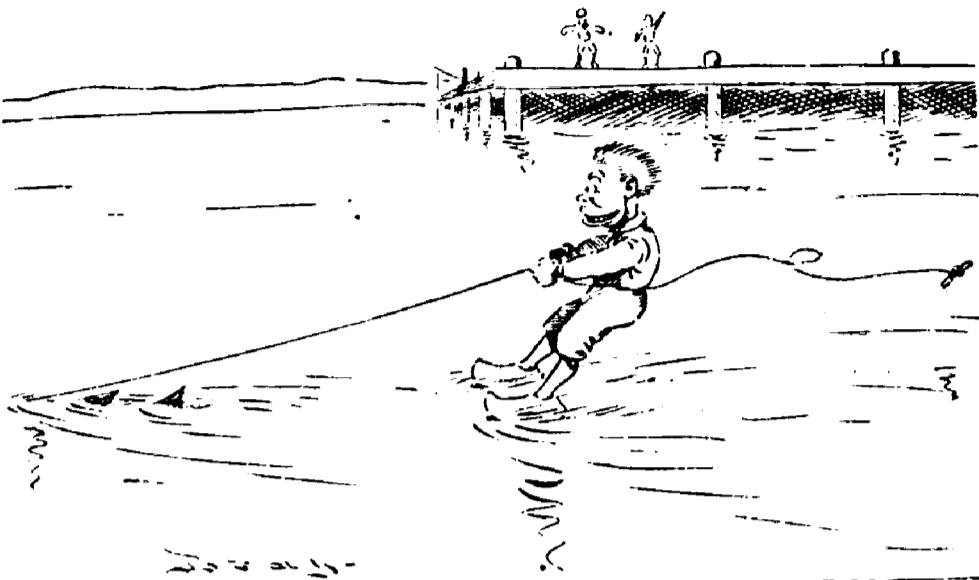
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Are You + or -?

"I'm the heaviest," said Barker.
"I'm the tallest, though," said Kent.
"You mean the taller, I suppose," said Uncle John, smiling. "You forget the grammar often, don't you boys?"
"Barker forgot, too," said Kent. They had been weighing themselves on the slot machine at the station. Barker carried the pointer around to 93, but Kent only to 87.

As they walked towards home Uncle John said, by way of a little instruction: "When you are an inch taller you will be about two pounds heavier. I mean, if the health conditions are about the same."

"Do you gain two pounds every time you grow an inch?" asked Kent.

"About that, on the average, after you get to be well grown boys. Do you know how high men are?"

"They aren't all alike," said Barker.

"No; but there is what we call the 'average.' In the United States the military average is five feet and nine inches; but that is taller than the general average. If all the men were made of the same height, all the tall ones cut down and their surplus placed upon the short ones, they would be very nearly five feet six inches. That means all the men in civilized countries. But in Africa there are dwarf races that are only four feet high or even less, when full grown."

"I'm more than that," said Kent.

"How much do men weigh, Uncle John? There is an average weight for men, isn't there?"

"Perhaps nearly 130 pounds; but that is a guess. Which do you suppose is heavier, a man or his bulk in water? I mean, if I had a vessel of water just as large on the inside as you are, head, body, limbs and all, which would weigh more: you or the water?"

"The water," said Kent.

"I think I would," said Barker.

Uncle John smiled. "If you were to think a little perhaps you could tell. Did you ever try to float in the water?"

"I can float," said Barker.

"I can, a little bit," asserted Kent.

"Tell me how it is done," said Uncle John.

"You breathe in a full breath," explained Barker, "and then lie still with your body kept straight out."

"What happens if you let your breath all out?" asked Uncle John.

"I begin to sink," answered both boys in a breath.

"What becomes of the water under you and around you when that happens?"

The boys thought a moment, and then Kent said: "I guess it is pushed out of the way."

"Yes; and before you can sink, the weight of your body must push out of the way as much weight of water as your body weighs. That means that the body is heavier than the water. But if it were much heavier even the breath in your lungs, which is much lighter than water

and that acts like a float to keep you up would not be sufficient to keep you from sinking. But the body, the average human body, and water are nearly the same in weight. Some human beings are as light as 950 specific gravity. Water is the standard, and we call water 1,000. Some men's bodies, especially if the bony parts are in great excess over the fleshy parts—what we call thin people—are as heavy as 1,040 specific gravity. Such persons cannot float easily; some not at all."

"What is that you call specific gravity?" asked Barker, neither of the boys understanding very well.

"It means the weight of anything compared with a certain standard. Water is taken as a standard because it is convenient and so nearly universal. There are other reasons that I need not mention. If a given bulk weighs more than the same bulk of water, then its specific gravity is plus, if it weighs less it is minus. If a man were ninety-five one hundredths as heavy as the same bulk of water, his specific gravity would be written like this: .95. If he weighed more it would be written, for instance, like this: 1.04."

Uncle John illustrated by making these signs on the side of a fence they were passing.

"I guess my specific gravity must be plus," said Kent, laughing. "I fell out of Capt. Chesboro's boat the other day and went clear to the bottom."

"You came up again, though," said Barker.

"And that proves that you are not very much plus," said Uncle John. "If you add the force of your hands and limbs to your buoyancy, as you do in swimming, this, and the motion forward, keeps you from sinking."

"Why don't I sink as easy in salt water as in fresh?" asked Kent.

"The specific gravity of salt water is greater. Salt is a mineral and sinks in fresh water. That proves that it is heavier. Your body, by its weight, in order to displace its own bulk in salt water, must 'push away' as you put it, a greater weight. Therefore, it is not so easily done. If the water contained more salt it would be still easier to float in it."

A Very, Very Small Boy.

"Swami" is not a very pretty name, but it serves to identify perhaps the smallest boy of sixteen that has ever been seen. Swami was found three years ago on the Bengal coast in Burmah. He measures 18 1/4 inches in height and tips the scale at only 12 1/2 pounds. He has a sister, Fatma, nineteen years old, who is 19 inches in height and weighs 15 pounds and 3 ounces. The German professors at Berlin who have seen the dwarfs say that they are probably the two smallest human beings in the world.



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The Boy in the Home, Church and School

Some Stories About Eton College.

The great school in England known as Eton College, has been written about recently by two of her sons. Some interesting facts appear in these books. For instance, it is said that Head Master Heath once flogged seventy boys at a single session; Keate flogged more than a hundred. In one of Dr. Moberley's published sermons the word "flagging" in the phrase, "We must revive our flagging energies," was printed "flogging".

One of these writers says that athletics are everything in Eton, studies nothing; that when he left the college his comrades gave him forty cricket bats. Once a tutor cried angrily to an Eton boy who had missed his lessons: "Stupid! Your younger brother could have answered that question." "Perhaps he could, sir," said the boy very respectfully, "but then, he has not been at Eton so long as I have."

A "Vigilance Committee" in a School.

A young lad of fourteen, named William, was the best scholar in a country school. The first class was made up of boys and girls almost men and women; and except for William, the term now begun would be their last chance for schooling. A young college student had been engaged for teacher, and the first day revealed that he had no aptitude for discipline. These great boys and girls were used to a strong hand over them, and generally began each winter with a tussle to see whether they would be obliged to obey rules. At the end of this first day the teacher went home discouraged, and the scholars had concluded to let fun take the place of study that winter.

The first class had remained around the stove, and the talk was generally to the teacher's discredit, when William spoke out.

"I don't want to throw away my winter," he said. "I want to fit for the academy and most of you are not going to school any more. Did you not all notice how finely the teacher explained everything, when we gave him a chance? Why not let him have the chance?"

Some said that he was a milksop; and others, that they wanted a man to teach them, not a boy. But several were sober enough to agree with William. The talk grew warm, and at last William put the matter to vote.

"All who want to learn this winter and will stand by the teacher raise your hands."

All but two put their hands up to that way of stating it.

"Now let us organize as a vigilance committee to keep order this winter. Let us each warn our younger brothers and sisters," said the largest young man in the class.

"Agreed!" all shouted as they went home.

Nothing more was said, but there was a new spirit in that school the next morning. The teacher found attentive scholars, and, as William had said, showed that he had a rare faculty to make studies clear and interesting. By night the whole school liked him. And with the exception of a few cases of insubordination that the public sentiment of the school subdued, the winter passed without friction and proved most memorable for progress in study. A teacher who could not govern became a great success, because the school became self-governed.

They Chased the Mayor.

Mayor James K. McGuire, of Syracuse, who was once a newsboy, has a habit of patting small boys on the head, giving them candy and pennies and inquiring about their pas. A little time ago the mayor was in a part of the city where a score or more of small boys can be seen at any time of night or day on the streets. The mayor got in the center of a ring of boys and dealt out candy and pennies.

The more pennies he produced, the larger the crowd got, until it would have taken a small bank account to satisfy them.

His Honor then gave half a dollar to the biggest boy, telling him to go to a store and treat the others. The scheme failed, for every boy wanted a half dollar.

The mayor made a break for a nearby mill with two score boys after him. They chased him through the mill to the tow-path of the Erie Canal. There His Honor begged the superintendent of the mills to hide him. The superintendent took him through a back portion of the building, got him into a boat and across the canal.

The boys made a vain chase around by a bridge.

Some Things Said by Boys in Answer to the Question Why They Like Their Teacher.

She can stand some fun. She has no pets. We feel as if she were one of us. She likes me, and shows it once in a while. When you don't have your lessons she is so sorry that it makes you ashamed. She takes a good deal of interest in us. She puts us on our honor. She never punishes us because she doesn't feel good. She never flies "off the handle." She always means what she says. She makes things pleasant.

A College Education Pays.

What becomes of the college-bred man? Andrew Carnegie once said, "The total absence of the college graduate in every department of affairs should be deeply weighed. I have inquired and searched everywhere, but find scarcely a trace of him." Then, with what approach a sneer, he asked, "Where is the college-bred man?" Prof. Kratz, Superintendent of Schools in Sioux City, Iowa, has made some investigation. He has found that nearly two-thirds of the Presidents, Senators, and Congressmen have been college-bred men, notwithstanding the fact that only about one man in every two hundred of the adult male population is college-bred. The Professor sent out inquiries to fifteen of the largest cities, with instructions as follows: "Make out a list of the five leading men in each of the following professions and occupations: Ministry, teaching, law, medicine, banking, journalism, merchandising and manufacturing (the last two to be considered as one class). Ascertain whether these men are college men or not. Regard all who have pursued a regular college course for two years or more as college men." From the replies received up to the time the compilation was made, he found that 90 per cent. of the foremost ministers were college-bred, 85 per cent. of the teachers, 68 per cent. of the lawyers, 60 per cent. of the doctors, 40 per cent. of the bankers, 30 per cent. of the editors, and 26 per cent. of the merchants and manufacturers; that out of a total of 533 from whom he had received reports, 55 per cent. were college-bred. Now, if there is only one college-bred man to every two hundred men, and if the college-bred man had no advantage over his fellow-man, we would find only perhaps four to six out of the 533 holding leading positions. Instead of that number, we find

293, or fifty times that number; so that we may say that the college-bred man has improved his chances of success about fifty times. Some say, however, that college education does not improve one's chances for success in general business. Out of 119 leading business men reported to Prof. Kratz, there ought to be about one college-bred man, but we find there are twenty times that number; so that it may be said that the college-bred man increases his chances of success in business about twenty times.

How to Bring Up a Boy.

Mrs. Mary G. Mears, the president of the New York State Assembly of Mothers whose object is the advancement of the education of American mothers, says: "Mothers should try to make the home the most beautiful spot on earth for the boy, so that no other place shall be so attractive to him. Harsh methods should not be used. I believe in the public school system. Boys should be watched in order that the parent may learn the tendencies in the boys' natures and plan their education along the lines for which they seem most fitted. Parents should make their children their companions. Let them eat at the family table. Make the meal time an hour for the exchange of ideas with them. Encourage them to talk freely about what has impressed them in the day's work and pleasure, and gently correct any mistaken ideas in their minds. Give plain and substantial food, with plenty of fruit. Impress the value of order and regularity upon them. Insist upon their keeping early hours, and give them a great deal of outdoor exercise. I approve of the kindergarten methods, and believe that education should begin at the kindergarten. Above all, remember that happy home life makes good boys and superior men. The remembrance of happy home life is an influence that has made home a potent factor in life. The devotion of father and mother is remembered and cherished. There should be a close intimacy between parents and children. Many problems now confronting the home would find solution in this helpful intimacy between parent and child."

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Jersey City Convention of the United Amateur Press Association.

REPORTED BY JAMES C. BRESNAHAN.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the United Amateur Press Association was held in the parlors of the Hotel Washington, Jersey City, N. J., on July 2nd and 3rd. Delegates were present from Sioux City, Iowa, Utica, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Newark, N. J., New York and Brooklyn, and in considerable number from Jersey City. The morning of the first day was spent in listening to the reports of the officers and laureate judges and in the reading of communications. The judges in the laureate contests awarded honors as follows: Poet Laureate, J. F. R. Enford, honorable mention, Wm. H. Greenfield; Story Laureate, Louis M. Starring, honorable mention, Geo. A. Seaton; Essay Laureate, Wm. R. Murphy, honorable mention, Louis M. Starring; Editorial Laureate, Wm. R. Murphy, honorable mention, Thos. McKee. The afternoon was spent by the delegates in viewing the sights of New York City and Coney Island. At the latter place the convention photograph was taken.

Tuesday the convention was called to order by President Phillips, of Sioux City, Iowa. After some minor business had been transacted, the committee on proxies made its report. The result of the election was as follows: President, Jas. C. Bresnahan, Jersey City, N. J.; Vice President, Floyd R. Switzer, Utica, N. Y.; Secretary, Guy N. Phillips, Sioux City, Iowa; Treasurer, Chas. E. Wing, Cleveland, Ohio; Official Editor, H. M. Konwiser, Newark, N. J.; Laureate Recorder, Chas. E. Wendemuth, St. Louis, Mo.; Historian, Jas. M. Reilly, Jersey City, N. J.; Eastern Manuscript Manager, Wm. J. Clemence, Nooseneck Hill, R. I.; Western Manuscript Manager, Geo. A. Dolan, San Francisco, Cal.; Directors, Jas. A. Clerkin, Jersey City, N. J., Wm. R. Murphy, Philadelphia, Pa., Thos. McKee, Butler, Pa.; Official Organ, "The Deway," Twinsburg, Ohio. Convention City, 1901, Sioux City, Iowa.

All amendments to the constitution except numbers three and eighteen, were lost on the proxy vote. The convention adjourned sine die at 6:15 p. m. At 7:45 fifteen persons sat at the banquet table. A splendid dinner was served and several excellent speeches made. The following are the names of those who spoke and their subjects:

"Journalism," F. Arthur Atkinson; "The West," Guy N. Phillips; "The Official Journal," Jas. A. Clerkin; "Amateur Politics," H. M. Konwiser; "The Ethics of Amateuria," Thos. F. E. Maher; "Critics and Criticism," Wm. R. Murphy; "Local Press Clubs," Jas. C. Bresnahan; "Should We Have Professional Ambitions?" Jas. M. Reilly, Jr.

Messrs. Reilly and Atkinson were the orators of the evening, and each won great applause. Geo. M. Brazer, of Philadelphia, was the pet and "baby" of the convention, and during the banquet Mr. Reilly, on behalf of the assembled amateurs, in a very witty speech presented to Mr. Brazer a Japanese doll on a rubber string. The incident caused much fun and George carried the doll with him to Philadelphia with its head all scratched over with autographs.

Not a discordant voice was heard. Everyone present voted it a splendid meeting, and many promised to go to Sioux City next year.

Boston Convention of the United Amateur Press Association.

REPORTED BY JOSEPH BERNARD LYNCH.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the United Amateur Press Association was held in Boston, July 2 and 3, with President De Hayn presiding. The address of welcome was delivered by Joseph B. Lynch, chairman of the reception committee. One session was held each day. After the address of welcome, the time of the first session was consumed by general routine business, consisting of the reading of the laureate awards, discussion of proposed amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, and reports of officers. The afternoon was spent visiting points of interest and historical landmarks in and around Boston. In the evening "The Boston Attending Corporation" tendered a delightful reception to the delegates at the headquarters in the United States Hotel, which was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion. On July 3 the second session was held, the election of officers being the principal business. The following officers were elected: Charles W. Heins, of New York, President; Joseph B. Lynch, Boston, Vice-President; James A. Clerkin, 563 Jersey Ave., Jersey City, N. J., Secretary; Walter B. Littlefield, New York, Treasurer; Otto W. Henschel, New York, Official Editor; Phillip F. McCord, East Liverpool, O., Historian; Charles A. A. Parker, Laureate Recorder; J. M. Reilly and Charles E. Wing, Manuscript Managers; Samuel De Hayn, Philadelphia, Thos. McKee, Butler, Pa., and Guy N. Phillips, Sioux City, Iowa, Directors. The editorial laureateship was awarded to J. Wm. Townsend, Long Island City, N. Y.; and the poet laureateship to Percy H. Gladstone, Baltimore, Md. The other laureateships are yet to be announced.

Atlanta, Ga., was chosen as the seat of the convention for 1901.

The National Amateur Press Association also held its convention in Boston during the week of July 4th, and many of the members arrived in time to participate in part, at least, in the U. A. P. A. convention. During the afternoon of July 3d the delegates to both conventions were the guests of Mr. Keith, of Keith's Theater who conducted the party through the entire theater, including the electrical department and machinery rooms, giving them an insight into the theatrical business that few people outside of that profession ever obtain.

The banquet was held at the United States Hotel, on the evening of the 3d, Joseph B. Lynch officiating as toastmaster. Toasts were responded to as follows: "The U. A. P. A.," Samuel De Hayn; "Amateurs' Opportunities," J. R. Abarbanell; "N. A. P. A.," Mrs. Edith Minter; "Boston and Its Amateurs," Dr. Wiggin; "Amateuria in General," Theodore B. Thiele; "New York Amateur Press Club," Otto Henschel; "Making Amateur History," J. William Townsend; "The Fair Sex," Eugene D. Swartout; "The Coming Year in the U. A. P. A.," Charles W. Heins; "Boston, 1900, Attending Corporation," B. Franklin Moss.

This convention will go down in amateur history as the most enthusiastic since the organization of the Association.

This year the U. A. P. A. was divided into two factions by politics, each holding a convention in the name of the Association. Both are above reported. We hope the Association may be soon again "United."—Editor.

Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention of the National Amateur Press Association.

REPORTED BY JOSEPH BERNARD LYNCH.

The annual convention of the N. A. P. A. opened its first session on the morning of July 3d at the United States Hotel, Boston, Mass., with President Theodore B. Thiele, of Chicago, Ill., in the chair. New members were proposed, and various committees made their reports. The chief debate of importance was over the legality of the proxy vote. One side contended that as the proxy blanks had not been mailed to members thirty days prior to the date of the convention, according to the constitution, all proxies were illegal and should be thrown out. The other side asserted that the proxies were cast in good faith by absent members, and should be counted even if they did not keep entirely within the letter of the law. It was finally decided, by a yeas and nays vote, that the proxies should be counted. The convention was adjourned at noon until July 4.

In the afternoon the members, in company with the United Association, visited Keith's Theater, the Art Museum, and many other points of interest where the Reception Committees of both organizations had made provision for free admittance of delegates.

The second session opened July 4th amid much excitement. The question of admitting members without full credentials, and other questions of similar import, were ably contested, the convention showing a natural division into two parties, led by Messrs. Edwin Hadley Smith, of New York, and by Rev. F. S. C. Wicks, of Boston. Many able speeches were made, and the parliamentarians had many chances to show their acquaintance with Cushing's Manual.

Nominations for officers followed the controversy. The two nominees for the office of president were Warren J. Brodie, of Cleveland, Ohio, who during the past year was official editor, and John M. Acee, of Atlanta, Ga., who had served as first vice-president. Mr. Brodie's decisive speech declaring himself out of the race left a chance for a dark horse to appear, in the person of Nelson G. Morton, of Boston. The battle of the ballots followed the surprise consequent on the "springing" of Mr. Morton's name on an amazed convention. The proxy strength was for Mr. Brodie, but as he was not a candidate the election was necessarily thrown into the convention. Several ballots were necessary to establish a winner, and on every ballot Mr. Morton gained votes, and was finally elected by a good majority. It would be impossible in the space at command to enumerate the many topics of controversy, or to mention the able speeches made by the delegates. In the speechmaking the New York delegates were especially active and showed good results from their experience in club debates.

The banquet on the evening of July 4th was a success in every sense of the word. Several former amateurs, now professional literary lights, gave able discourses on amateur journalism as it was in their time, which they of course considered the heyday of its existence, while the thirty six amateurs present did justice to a most bountiful repast. Ex-President Truman J. Spencer, of Hartford, Conn., acted as toastmaster. The following toasts were responded to with a precision and eloquence that had a tendency to suggest past masters in the art of amateur journalism, though only three of the speakers were "old timers"—the others being all active amateurs of today: "The N. A. P. A.," Ex-President Willard O. Wylie, of Boston; "Our Official Board," the retiring president, T. B. Thiele; "The Pacific Coast," John L. Pettret, San Francisco, Cal.; "The N. E. A. P. A.," Mrs. T. J. Spencer; "The Ladies," Rev. F. S. C. Wicks; "The Men," by all the ladies; "Our Politicians," T. J. Donoghue, vice president of the Hub Amateur Journalist Club, of Boston; "The Printer," Mr. Spencer; "The Author," John Livingston Wright, of Boston; "Young Blood," John M. Acee; "The Old Timer," Senator H. K. Sanderson, of Lynn, Mass.; "The Hub Club," Rev. J. H. Wiggin, of Boston; "The U. A. P. A.," J. William Townsend, of New York; "Boston's Four," Mrs. Edith Minter, of Boston. A pleasing feature was the pre-

sentation, by Arthur H. Delano, of New York, on behalf of those present, of a check for \$20.00 to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Woodbury Dennis, of Swampscott, Mass., as an evidence of the esteem in which these two newly married members were held. Mr. Dennis was official editor in 1894, and Mrs. Dennis was Miss Harriet Caryl Cox, of Abington, Mass., also a former official editor and one of the leading story writers of the association.

On the 5th, at 10 a. m., the convention re-assembled for the closing session. The morning was occupied in filling out the official board. The entire ticket elected was as follows:

President, Nelson G. Morton, Boston, editor "Kearsarge;" First Vice President, H. C. Jesson, Omaha, Neb., editor "Interpolitan;" Second Vice-President, Edgar M. Hayes, Nashville, Tenn., present address New York City; Recording Secretary, Miss Amanda E. Frees, Chicago, Ill., editress "Ariel;" Corresponding Secretary, Geo. A. Alderman, Wilmington, N. C., editor "Atlanta 1901;" Treasurer, Leston M. Ayres, New Brunswick, N. J., editor "Hebe;" Historian, John T. Nixon, Crowley, La., editor "Fossil;" Official Editor, John M. Acee, Atlanta, Ga., editor "Young Blood;" Executive Judges, T. B. Thiele, Chicago, Ill., editor "Pirate," Warren J. Brodie, Cleveland, Ohio, former official editor, Mrs. Edith Minter, Boston, Mass., editress "Aftermath." Next convention, Atlanta.

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THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GRENFELL

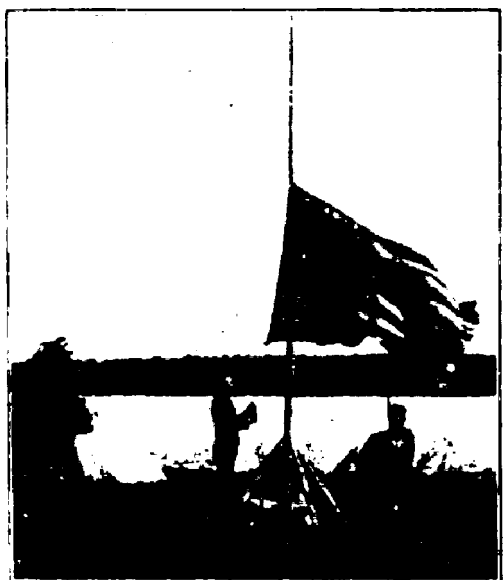
THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

real necessity for any such sized camera, which can readily be believed when it is understood that the cost of each plate is \$125. No plate should be put into a camera without being brushed to get rid of the dust, which, in spite of all the manufacturers can do, will sift in and settle on the face, leaving, when the plate is developed, tiny dust holes. To get the dust off these monster plates another method is used. A man enters a properly constructed door in the bellows of the camera, and when the plate is in place removes the dust with a brush as big as one of those used in painting a house. Isn't it about time to conclude that with this camera the limit of availability as to size has been reached?

Lantern Slides.

Perhaps by this time some AMERICAN BOY readers have advanced far enough in photography to make lantern slides. If so, they have entered on one of the most fascinating of diversions, and if they have patience and perseverance will never regret it. The first step in this pursuit is to make slides by contact, which is very simple. All that is necessary is to buy a box of a dozen lantern slide plates, which will cost fifty cents, and then, going into the dark room with your negative, place the film side of the unexposed plate to the film side of the negative selected, putting both in a printing frame. Then expose to any kind of a white light, from one to ten or more seconds, according to the density of the negative. One way to make an exposure is to open the side door to the dark lanterns, another is to turn on an electric light for an instant, or to use a common kerosene lamp. After the exposure is made develop as you would any other plate; then fix in hypo. If the timing has been correct you will have a beautiful positive, being white and black where it should be. If one has no lanterns, the pictures make nice hangers for windows.

The negatives from small cameras make as good lantern slides as do those from large ones, which have to be reduced. There is always some part of a negative better than the whole, and it is this that the lantern slide maker should select. Often a picture is improved by leaving out sky, or foreground, or some commonplace building. This is a matter of study and experience. Just keep at it until the "knack" of doing the right thing at the right time becomes second nature.



AT FLAG RAISING.

The Biggest Camera in the World.

A camera, the bellows of which when extended will hold fifty men standing up side by side, is worth a word of description. Such a monster has really been made, and it is said to have been tried at the recent national convention in Kansas City, Mo., of one of the great political parties. The actual size of the plate used in the camera is 4 feet 8 inches by 8 feet, and the plate holder itself weighs 100 pounds. Such a big plate requires a much larger box, which in this case is 6½ by 9½ feet. When the bellows of the camera is extended, the distance between the plate and the lens is 20 feet, and it is in this that the fifty men first spoken of can stand, and yet not be so very much crowded. The bellows is made of thick rubber sheeting, braced in the folds with quarter inch veneered wood frames.

While the camera box itself costs but a few hundred dollars, the value of the lenses run into the thousands. This monster camera has two, each fifteen inches in diameter. One is five and the other ten foot focus, and each weighs 100 pounds. They are what is known as combination lenses, and are composed of six parts, each part having a use that causes the picture to have a perfect representation on the surface of the plate. The lenses are said to be worth \$5,000. The weight of the entire camera, ready for use, is only 200 pounds less than two tons, and for efficiency and reasonable rapidity in manipulating it, at least a dozen men are required.

It is to be hoped that no ambitious AMERICAN BOY reader will attempt to build such a large camera for himself, at least without first consulting his papa, for after all such monsters are to be regarded more in the nature of freaks than really of any particular value. In these days of perfect enlargements there is no



"AUGUST."



"JUST BEFORE SUNSET"
FIRST PRIZE PHOTO (JUNE CONTEST).
BY M. E. TUTTLE, DOVER, N. H.

Photographic Notes.

Care in selecting scene, exposing plate, developing, fixing, printing and toning will produce a good picture.

As a rule films give better cloud pictures than ordinary plates. But then, they ought to, for they cost twice as much.

When the corks of your chemical bottles become old and discolored change them for new ones, for old corks are depots of impurities.

Keep your solutions cool, and the superior effect produced over chemicals that are lukewarm will astonish you. In summer the ice box is none too cool a place for the developer.

In taking snap shots be sure to hold the camera perfectly steady as well as horizontal. A slight movement of the camera will cause a considerable distortion of an object fifteen or twenty feet away.



"ROUGH" AND "READY"

A BOY OF THE "TURKEY FOOT OIL FIELD, W. VA.
SECOND PRIZE PHOTO (JUNE CONTEST).
BY GEO. E. ROUSE, PENNETH, W. VA.

Rubber or fibre trays are better than those of stone or glassware, as they are not so apt to scratch the plate or film. Besides, the harder ware sometimes chips off, and the pieces, rolling over the tender film, generally ruin the negatives.

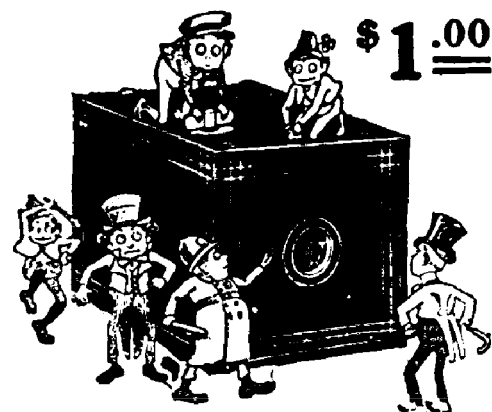
Bad water is the cause of more failures in photography than it is given credit for. Distilled water is the best to use, and as it can be so easily obtained, no amateur should attempt to get along without it. In some places in the United States, notably in Detroit, Mich., the water from the penstock will do fairly well after filtering, but in other places there is so much iron or lime in the water, that it is a wonder the chemicals produce anything.

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The Popular Belgian Hare.

KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

The Belgian hare is the latest craze in this country and the little animal has already obtained a strong foothold, especially in California. The little bunny is not yet common, but there is promise that the cultivation of these animals will soon assume the proportions of an industry.

The Belgian hare originated in Belgium, and sometime early in the present century a number of them were sent to English fanciers who, taking into consideration size, shape, color and so on, finally adopted a standard. After repeated trials they succeeded at last in producing an animal with the color of their graceful English hare, but to accomplish this took many years and the change was not brought about in any haphazard way.

In this country the hare first attracted attention eight years ago during the World's Fair, and of late they have become so popular that an association known as the American Belgian Hare Club has been formed and several exhibitions held in some of the large cities. Hares and rabbits contribute largely to the meat supply of Europe. In France some seventy millions are consumed an-



CHAMPION PALACE QUEEN

THE 1898 CHAMPION DOE OF ENGLAND. WINNER OF 16 FIRST AND 10 SPECIAL PRIZES AND GOLD CHALLENGE CUP, CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON

nually and fully half as many are imported into England. The average price received by dealers from consumers is forty cents. The hare is used commonly for food among the working classes, who value it for its nutritive qualities, and in France the pelts have value, as the hair is used for hat making and the fur is dyed to imitate seal and beaver. In this country the industry is about to be started in Chicago for the purpose of food and preparing the fur for market under the name "electric seal." The proprietors of packing houses in Kansas City, where Belgian hare figures as a delicacy on the hotel menus, have signified their intention to can hare's meat as soon as the supply becomes sufficient.

The growing of these little animals has assumed large proportions in this country already, especially in Southern California. While Denver is looked upon as the pioneer city in the business, its center is Los Angeles, where one company alone has invested fifty thousand dollars in the enterprise. Here, as elsewhere, hundreds of firms have turned their attention to the little brown hare and thousands of rabbit warrens are housing the interesting animals. At a conservative estimate there are one hundred and fifty thousand rabbits, old and young, in and about Los Angeles, and the care of the animals gives employment to nearly a thousand people who thrive on the industry, for it takes many persons to build hutches and attend to the animals. Many firms have expensive equipments costing thousands of dollars, and others have boxes in the back yard screened with wire netting, the owner being some boy or woman. As the Belgian hare is a handsome little fellow, graceful and clean in its habits, interesting and affectionate any child may handle it with perfect freedom.

The casual observer has generally looked upon the rabbit as a worthless pet, but the Belgian hare, through its own merits, has forced recognition wherever introduced. The flesh of the hare has not that rank flavor so common in ordinary rabbits. It is white, fine-

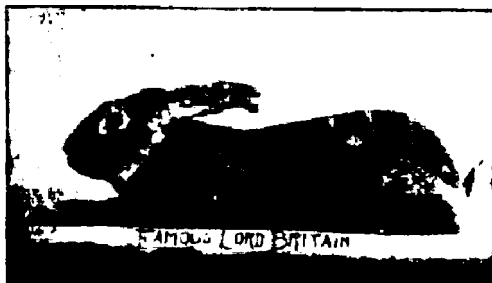
BOYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

grained, juicy, tender and pronounced by epicures as superior to chicken. As compared with the cultivation of poultry Belgian hare raising is much more interesting and profitable. The hares are easily cared for, are cleanly, seldom sick and require little space. These considerations have made them a back yard pet, for even in limited space the little fellows can be raised. There are thousands of bright boys and girls who could be raising these pets if they only knew how simple and easy it is to cultivate the little animals. The amount of money that can be made in this industry is exemplified by a firm in California who invested less than ten dollars and in ten months realized over three thousand dollars. This is the result of the animals being very prolific, and as it costs very little to feed them the profit is enormous. The prices of some of the best hares range from fifty to five hundred dollars, and an ordinary hare sells for twenty five dollars.

Every good specimen must have "points." They are about as follows: Color is considered an essential thing, the champion hare being generally of a golden tan shade, any tinge of gray is a defect. The distribution of white and black markings is another important consideration. The white should show only on the under parts of the hare, the sole of the foot, the tail and a small part under the jaws; too much in this last place being a grave defect. White on the forelegs or nose is considered a disqualification. Black markings should be confined to two places, "lacing" on the ears and "ticking" on the back. The "lacing" should form a black rim on the edges, well defined and distinct. The tint should be blue black, smudgy black being considered a defect.

Another important item is shape. In a general way the animal should be long, graceful and similar to the wild hare. Short, thickset hares are undesirable. The back should be arched, forelegs straight and slender, and hind legs long from back to toe and powerful in proportion to the forelegs. The ideal head is well poised with the nose slightly convex. The greatest beauty of the Belgian hare is the eye, which ought to be large and liquid resembling a fawn's. The ears should be about four inches long and the standard weight of the animal about eight pounds.

While it is given as a general rule that a rabbit will eat anything a goat does, still his appreciation of careful feeding is made manifest by results. Indiscriminate feeding may do for the common stock, but aristocratic hares have three regular meals a day and often a light lunch between. On the other hand they cannot be fed too freely, for like the fine race horses



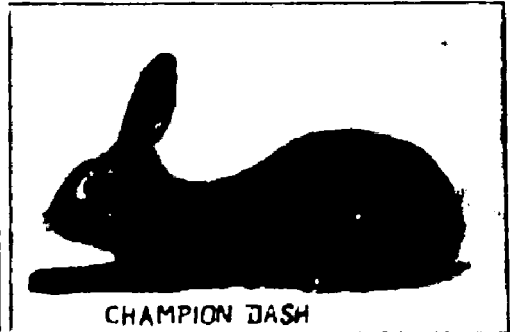
FAMOUS LORD ESPRITAIN

A BUCK WHICH HAS PAID HIS OWNERS A PROFIT OF \$4,500.

their shape must be kept firm and free from superfluous flesh. Oats have been found to be a clean, wholesome food and something the little animal never tires of, if made appetizingly. A handful of oats or small carrot or other green stuff seems to be highly appreciated for the morning meal. Sometimes bunny likes warm mush, composed of equal parts of oats and bran and a little linseed added makes his fur sleek and soft. The bill of fare is often

varied and care must be taken not to give much green stuff.

It is an interesting sight to visit some of the large rabbitries, and a visitor feels more than repaid for the time he spends there. A good keeper sees to it that his hares are dry in winter and cool in summer, and the hutch or box arranged so that the air can circulate freely without exposing his pets to draught. The pens are kept scrupulously clean and earthen vessels used for food and water, as they are cooler and can be kept clean easier. Of course the hare must have a comfortable abiding place if sickness and consequent loss is to be avoided. There are many sizes of hutches or houses for hares in general use, but two feet by six by eighteen inches high is all that is necessary for one hare. The bottom of the hutch may be either earth or boards, and the sides and top, boards or wire netting. The front must be netting with a door. A dry goods box can be fitted up for a cheap hutch. The run or pen may also be enclosed with wire netting and must be located so the hares will not be



CHAMPION DASH

WINNER CHALLENGE MEDAL, 22 FIRST AND SPECIAL PRIZES IN ENGLAND

disturbed by cats, dogs and storms, for while the Belgian hare thrives and multiplies on small rations and with little attention, it always repays one for good care. Some of the hutches kept by large firms are in large buildings erected especially for the purpose. The interiors have rows of three-story hutches from sixty to eighty feet long, and in these fully two thousand animals are cared for, some of them valued at five hundred dollars each.

The champion hares are often exhibited and judges are appointed, fine points scored and pedigree kept just as in a highly prized race horse. Much care is taken to prepare the hares for the exhibition. They are not only fed carefully, but are groomed daily with a soft brush and cloth, and a few days before the show are rubbed with a preparation which imparts a beautiful gloss to their coats. They are also taught to stretch and pose on a table or box daily, and as the Belgian is an intelligent animal, he apparently likes to be manipulated. Some different attitudes can be noticed in the accompanying pictures, which show in a measure the beauties of these animals.

While California has been considered an ideal home for the hare, and some of the finest animals ever produced in this country are in the rabbitries of Southern California, there is no doubt but that the hare can be raised anywhere in the United States. It is a hardy animal and thrives under almost any condition, and in a northern country, where the winter coat "sets" for a long period and is heavy and the hair long, the pelts bring a good price. Any one attempting to raise Belgians should purchase animals as near to the standard as he can afford, and when they begin to multiply the best can be kept for stock, as no one would think of eating a high priced hare. The finest animals in England and America are related to each other, as shown by their pedigree, which traces back to a common ancestry.

The illustrations are from photographs of some of the highest priced Belgian Hares in America. The hares belong to the Meadowbrook Belgian Hare Company.

The Partridge.

SCOTT B. WILLIAMS.

In this State (Arkansas) you seldom hear the word "quail." Here the bird is called "partridge." Partridges are very intelligent birds. Their color resembles that of an oak leaf that has fallen in autumn. The bird has a white topknot, which looks very pretty contrasted with its brown body. The partridge begins to lay in May, some laying as many as twenty five or thirty eggs. It builds its nest in sage grass, on pine-tops, but never in a tree. When the young hatch out in June and July they resemble young guineas. The mother partridge loves her young and will resort to many tricks to distract the enemy's attention from them, so that they can escape. Once I was walking through a cornfield and I came upon an old partridge and her young. The mother ran toward me and fell down fluttering as if her wing had been broken. I stopped and watched her and after the young had time to escape she flew away. At night partridges roost on the ground, forming a circle, with their heads turned away from the center. There is nothing more pleasant in the spring than to listen to the "Bob, Bob White," of the partridge.

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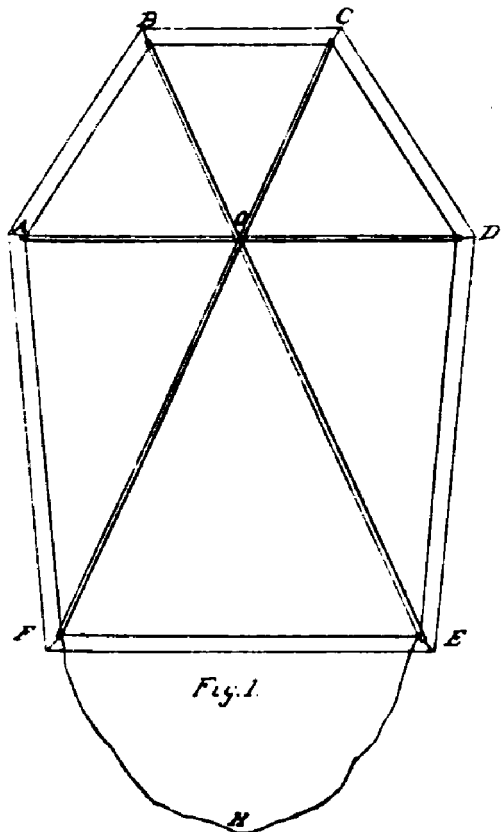


BOYS IN GAMES AND SPORT

Kite-Making and Kite-Flying.

GEORGE F. LORD

All boys like to fly kites, but few know how to make them properly. The kite made by the average boy will fly just so long as he "flies" over the ground



like a race horse. But this method of kite-flying is so tiresome and unsatisfactory that our readers will be glad to know how to make a kite that will "stand" in any moderately strong breeze, whether the kite-string is tied to the fence-post or held by the hand.

A kite should be strong, light, and so put together, strung and balanced that it will lay square against the wind, and rest on the breeze in as nearly a vertical position as possible. If a kite is too heavy for its size, it will not stand. If the belly-band is on crooked, or the tail too short, it will dive. If the framework is too weak, it will break while in the air, or when accidentally striking the ground.

We will, therefore, describe in detail the construction of an ordinarily shaped kite that is light, strong and well-balanced, and can be depended upon to stand whenever there is a steady breeze.

THE FRAME.—Procure three sticks of straight-grained hard wood about one-eighth inch thick by half an inch wide (oak, ash or birch are good woods to use). Cut two of the sticks twenty seven inches long, and the third eighteen inches long. About half an inch from the ends of each cut some notches as shown in Fig. 3. Then mark with a pencil the middle of the eighteen inch stick, nine inches from either end, and lay the half inch sides of the three sticks together with the short stick on top, so that one of its ends will be even with the ends of the long sticks. Fasten them together by driving a thin wire nail or brad through the middle point of the short stick. Use a nail long enough to project from the under side; then clinch it by hammering the end over sidewise into the wood.

Now open the sticks to the position shown in Fig. 1. Tie the end of a ball of strong brown stitching twine on the notch at B. Then take the string to A and fasten it as shown in Fig. 2. First

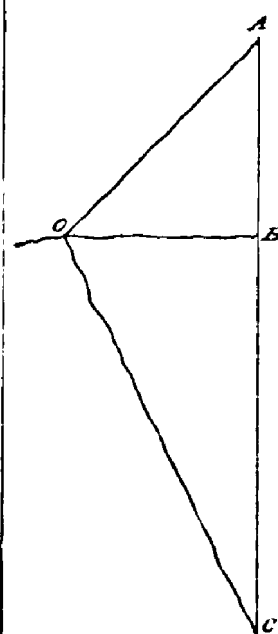


Fig. 2

make the single loop B, as in the lower figure; then pass A up through B as indicated by the arrow. You will then have the loop shown in the upper figure. This will hold very well when drawn tightly around the notches. Fasten the string to the other ends F, E, D and C, in the same manner, and tie it again at B, but be careful that the distance F-E is less than A-D, as shown in Fig. 1, and that A-B and C-D are equal. If the frame has been

carefully made, the distances A-O, B-O, C-O and D-O will each be one-half the length of A-D, and one-third the length of either B-F or B-E. If the frame is crooked, it must be altered until correct. Be very careful about this, as the kite will certainly dive if it is out of balance.

Fasten the tail-band H to the frame by tying it around the notches at F and E, and you are ready to put on the paper. A good kind is the yellowish paper that comes around packages from

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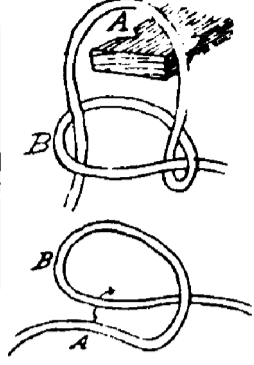


Fig. 3.

Don't use newspaper, which tears very easily, or heavy wrapping paper, which will prevent the kite from standing. Cut the paper about two inches larger than the frame all the way around, and cut a slit at each corner so that it can be readily folded over. Now cover the two-inch margin with mucilage, starch paste or flour paste, fold it over the strings and sticks, and set the frame in a warm place to dry.

THE TAIL.—While waiting for the frame, you can make the tail. Many boy kite-flyers have the idea that the only precaution necessary in making a kite-tail is to be sure that it is heavy enough.

Many a time have we seen a fine kite, with the tail made of a piece of string carrying a stick or weed, sail gloriously up into the air, turn a somersault, and dive ingloriously down again to be dashed to pieces on a house-top or hung ignominiously from a telephone wire. The trouble was all in the tail. While it should always be heavy enough to prevent the kite from laying flat on the breeze, it must also be long enough to prevent the kite from diving every time the wind shifts. The reason for this is that the kite can only stand still when it lays square against the wind. If the wind shifts to the right, for instance, the kite immediately moves to the right to get against the wind. If the wind shifts quickly, and the kite tail is short, the rapid sidewise motion of the kite causes the tail to stand out at one side, instead of hanging in its place below. With nothing to hold it down, the kite "keels over" and dives. The best way to prevent this accident is to make the tail so long that some of it always hangs

(Continued on page 309)

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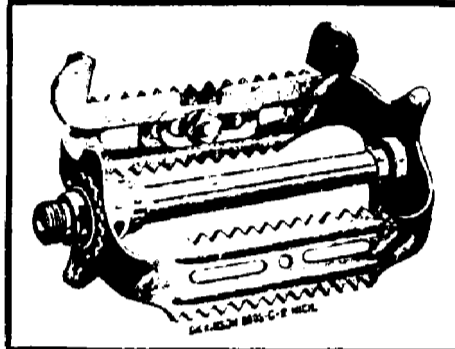
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HOW TO BUILD A PLAY HOUSE

A NEELY HALL.



THERE are very few American boys who own nice play houses, and of these the greater number have them built by carpenters. How much nicer it would be to build one yourself, and save your parents the expense of paying for labor. Many a boy might have one but for the cost of the material, and how much more he would prize it if it was built by his hands.

By following the directions and illustrations given below, a very handsome little house may be built that will cause you to be envied. These plans are for a structure twelve feet long by eight feet wide, with two doors and one window, but these may be easily altered if the builder so desires. It will be supposed that you can procure enough two-by-fours for the rafters, beams and studs, two pieces of four-by-four timber each twelve feet long for the sills, and four pieces each six feet six inches long for the corner posts. For the floor, roof and sides rough lumber will do, but you can secure grooved flooring at such a low price that it will pay you to use it, for it will put a finish to the house and at the same time make it air-tight.

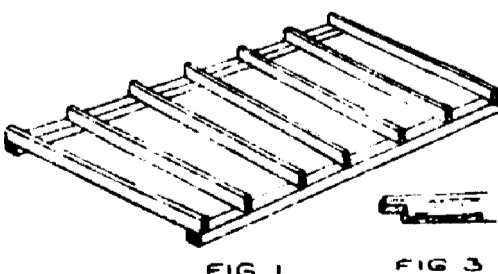


FIG 1 FIG 3

First level the ground as smooth as possible, and then lay the two four-by-four sills, parallel to each other and at a distance of seven feet four inches. Saw up seven two-by-four beams, each eight feet long, and spike them on to the two sills two feet apart. (Figure 1.) Now

take your four corner posts and cut a piece four inches wide by two inches thick from one end of each, and a piece two inches long by two inches thick from the opposite end of each (see Figure 2), after which spike them at the four corners with the end in which you cut the two-by-four notch fitting over the end beams, as in Figure 3. For the side plates cut two two-by-fours each twelve feet long, and for the end plates two pieces, each eight feet long. Spike the ends of both side plates to the corner posts. Cut a piece four inches long by two inches thick off each end of the two end plates (Figure 3), and slip them into the places already made for them in the corner posts, after which saw up four pieces of two-by-four each six feet six inches long, for studs. These should be placed between the side plates and sills, two on each side, at three and one-half feet from the corner posts. The window is to be made in the center of one side. At three feet from the sill, nail a rib between the two studs and another three feet higher, thus leaving a space four feet long by three feet high for the window. When this has been done, saw four more studs the same length as before. From one end of each of these cut a piece four inches long by two inches thick, and place two at each end of the house, the prepared ends fitting over the beams. These should be two feet six inches from the corner posts, so as to allow for the doors between them. Out of two-by-four timber cut six rafters each five feet nine inches long, and miter each end at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in the ends which are to rest upon the side plates, cut a notch (Figure 4), after which nail them together in pairs. Now take one pair and set it in place at one end of the framework, with the notches

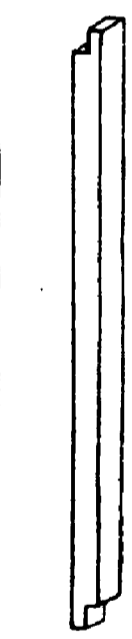


FIG. 2.

fitting over the side plates. Strengthen this by means of boards, until the roof is put on, after which nail a pair at the

opposite end and one in the center. To strengthen the center rafters, nail a piece of two-by-four (eight feet long and

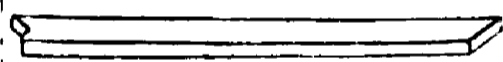


FIG. 4.

horizontally and leaving the spaces for the doors and window, after which roof the house with twelve inch boards. On top of these lay your shingles. Now lay your floor with matched flooring and if you can secure enough lumber, it will greatly add to the appearance of the house to cover the walls and ceiling with the same.

You had better have your window sash made at a carpenter shop, as it is difficult to make neat and true, but the two doors are much more simple

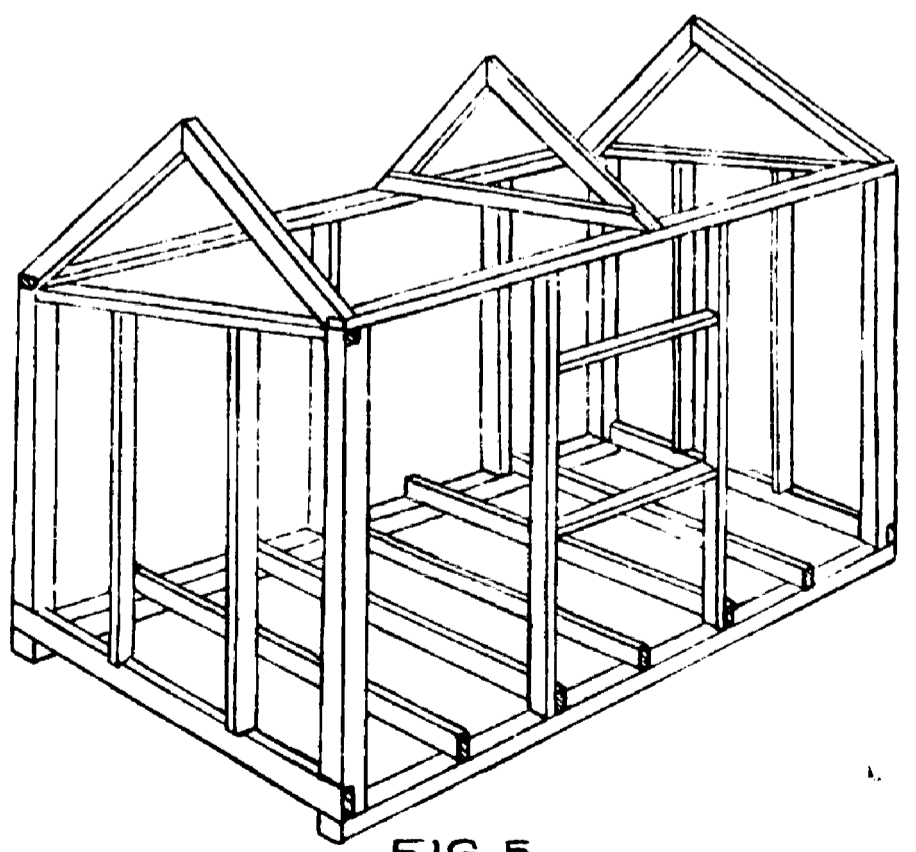


FIG. 5. FRAMEWORK COMPLETED.

and will take very little time to construct. Having all your woodwork completed, paint both inside and out with several coats of some pretty paint and your house is ready for use.

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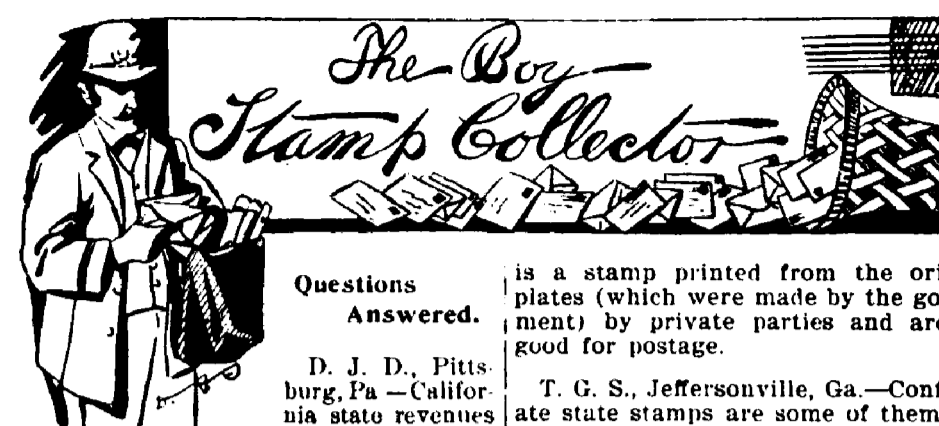
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Questions Answered.
D. J. D., Pittsburg, Pa.—California state revenues have very little value as there are very few collectors who collect them, and all state revenues are left out of the printed albums for this reason.

M. W. P., Greene, N. Y.—We should advise you not to buy a Great Barrier Island stamp, as they were never used postally nor issued by any government, and from the view of a stamp collector they are simply fakes.

R. N. S., Springfield, Mass.—I cannot tell from your description what the stamp is, but if you will send it to the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, he will see that you are given an answer in the next issue of the paper.

M. H. F., West Unity, Ohio.—The stamps you sent us are as follows: 5kr red Bosnia, 7 blue Russia, 5 maroon Switzerland, 3pf brown Bavaria and 20pf blue Wurtemberg. They are all very common stamps, such as you would get in a 100 variety packet for 10 cents.

B. M. S., Berkeley, Cal.—The stamps which you sent for examination are all German, Austrian and Hungarian revenues, except number 4, which is an Austrian unpaid letter. Foreign revenues are not collected much in this country, and therefore have little or no value.

H. M. H., Lansdowne, Pa.—The three stamps which you enclosed for inspection are counterfeits of United States local stamps. Most of the varieties of the local stamps have been counterfeited, so a collector should be very careful as to what he buys. What I said in regard to the Confederate stamps to "T. G. S." would also apply to United States locals.

D. D. M., Benton Harbor, Mich.—The stamp you have found is a 6c envelope of 1873 and depends on the color of the envelope as to how common it is. The cream paper is worth about 50c and the amber 25c, while the white paper is only worth 15c. All envelope stamps should be cut square to fit the spaces in the International album, or kept entire. If they are cut to shape (that is, round) they have no value at all.

J. B. B., Jr., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A 3c 1869 without grill, if unused, is worth a great deal, but used they are not worth much, as the grill is sometimes so faint that it cannot be seen except with a glass, and, therefore, collectors do not care to buy them except unused. The 10c green envelope is worth \$1.00, and the 3c 1869 unused \$15.00. When you ask for prices we quote prices at which you can buy good specimens, but you must remember that when you want to sell, you will have to take less.

J. H., Knightstown, Ind.—1c and 2c stamps of the present issue, if they are tied up in packages of 100, are worth 5c per 1,000. Any of our advertisers will inform you how to sell them. These stamps are of no value for collecting purposes, as they are so common that anyone can obtain them, but some people use them for making stamp plates. I once knew of a man who covered an entire set of furniture with 2c ones lightly cancelled, and varnished them with white varnish to prevent their coming off. The labor was immense, but the furniture looked very fine.

W. P., Woonsocket, R. I.—The first stamp you mention is Serbia. The Cuban stamp and the revenue stamp are worth something, but we cannot tell from your description just which issue they are. Your 5c registered stamp is Canadian. The Heligoland stamps, if they are unused, are probably reprints which are not worth more than 1c each. A reprint

is a stamp printed from the original plates (which were made by the government) by private parties and are not good for postage.

T. G. S., Jeffersonville, Ga.—Confederate state stamps are some of them very valuable and others common. The provisional issues of the different cities are scarce, but the general issues, which were used all over the Confederacy, are most of them common. All Confederate stamps used should be kept on the original letters or envelopes, as they are more valuable in that condition. There have been many counterfeits of these stamps, and so when they are on the original envelope it is easier to show that they are genuine.

A. M., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.—Newspaper stamps of the United States (the use of which has been discontinued) were supplied by the Government for use in the larger Post Offices throughout the country. The stamps were never used on papers, but when a postmaster received an issue of a paper or magazine to be sent through the mails he stuck these newspaper stamps in a book provided for the purpose, which showed that the postage had been paid, and every once in a while when the accounts were verified these stamps were cancelled. They were never supposed to be used for any other purpose. As the postage on 100,000 papers all mailed at once would be a very large amount, the stamps were made in all values, as follows: 1c, 2c, 5c, 10c, 25c, 50c, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, and in 1875 there was also a 1c, 6c, 8c, 9c, 12c, 24c, 36c, 48c, 96c, \$1.92, \$12, \$24, \$36, \$48 and \$60. The old rate of postage required the values last mentioned, but the change of postage to a cheaper rate made the 1c-\$100 set necessary. When the use of these stamps was discontinued about two years ago the government placed on sale at a few of the larger offices complete sets of these stamps at \$5 a set, and as all remaining unsold were withdrawn last January, the sets are now unobtainable except from the dealers.

Unpaid Letter Stamps are placed on letters which have been mailed without sufficient postage to carry them. These stamps were first issued in 1879 and there have been six different sets issued since then. The denominations are: 1c, 2c, 3c, 5c, 10c, 30c and 50c.

Official stamps were first issued in 1873. These stamps were the same designs as the regular issue of that date, but all values were printed in the same color and had the name of the department of the government in which they were to be used printed at the top instead of "U. S. Postage." There are nine sets of these stamps, as follows:
Agriculture, nine stamps, 1c-30c; color, yellow.
Executive, five stamps, 1c-10c; color, carmine.
Interior, ten stamps, 1c-50c; color, vermilion.
Justice, ten stamps, 1c-90c; color, purple.
Navy, eleven stamps, 1c-90c; color, blue.
Postoffice, ten stamps, 1c-90c; colors, black and white.
State, eleven stamps, 1c-90c; color, green.
Treasury, eleven stamps, 1c-90c; color, brown.
War, eleven stamps, 1c-90c; color, red.
Those with eleven values are 1c, 2c, 3c, 6c, 7c, 10c, 12c, 15c, 24c, 30c and 90c.
Those with ten values have no 7c.
Agriculture has no 7c or 90c.

SEND STAMPS for copy of "Onns and Ends," best amateur published, 25 CENTS PER YEAR. ED. WILLIAMS, 227 Powers St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BARGAIN No. 5. For 2c will send FREE 150 diff. stamps, 4 varieties unused Costa Rica, 600 Hinges, 180 catalogue and a genuine U. S. local. W. C. ESTEN, OMAHA, NEB.

150 DIFFERENT STAMPS, 6c; 200 different, 14c; 1,000 mixed U. S., 11c, postage extra 2c. Lists FREE. J. F. GREEN & CO., OMAHA, NEB.

Siam, 8 var., cat. 60c. 20c
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T. S. CLARK, 394 Alfred St., Kingston, Ont., Can.

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" 2, " " 2.00

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Dept. B. St. Louis, Mo.

The Oldest Coin in America.

P. VANDER EIKE.

Are any of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY in possession of a Roman denarius? If so, let us hear from you through these columns.

Mr. C. A. Iffert, instructor in German in the public schools of New Glarus, Wis., is the fortunate owner of a Roman denarius, coined about 100 or 75 B. C. So far as known, there is but one other coin like it in the United States—the one purchased by the government for the coin collection at the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia, by which this was identified.

Mr. Iffert's coin was found at New Glarus, Wis., about three and a half feet below the surface in a lowland. One of a company of workmen employed in excavating for the foundation of an ice house for the brewery, picked it up, mistaking it for a nickel. After discovering his mistake, and not knowing the value of the coin, he sold it to the present owner for ten cents.

The coin is about the size and thickness of a nickel. The metal is a bronze composition, washed with silver. On the obverse side in bold relief is the figure of a head, facing to the left, with a Latin monogram and a few Greek letters to the right. On the reverse side are two human figures in the act of walking to the right; each is carrying something resembling a lance in his left hand, while the right is leaning on some object behind; above their heads and between the two figures is a representation of an anvil and a pair of tongs. There is no edging on either side. In the ancient times of Rome, different families were allowed to coin money, and each family had its own design. The earliest known denarius was coined about 269 B. C. by the family of Carissia. This coin, as mentioned before, was coined by the family of Caesia.

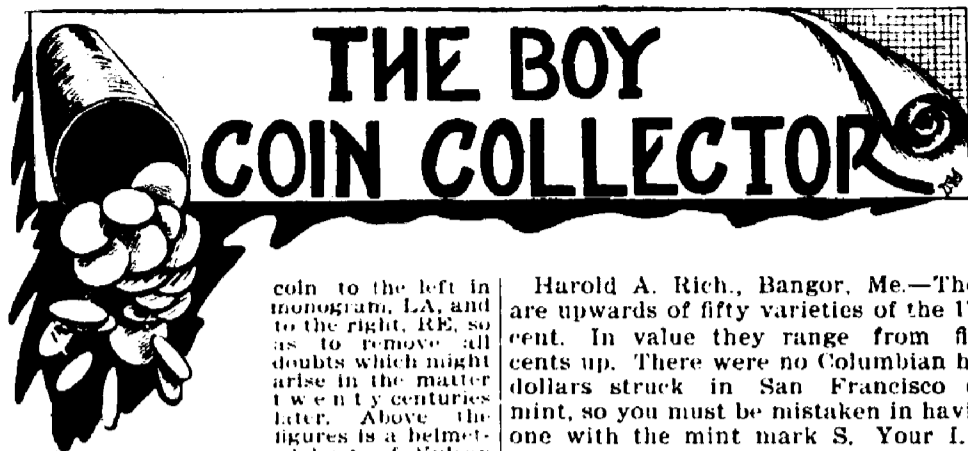
How the subject of this sketch came to be here is a matter of conjecture. This land was first brought under cultivation by the Swiss, who came here as a colony in 1815. None of the descendants of these settlers have any remembrance of such a coin being possessed by their ancestors; further, it would hardly have been possible for it to become covered so deep by cultivation in so short a time. The only plausible theory remaining is that the coin was lost by French traders who frequented this region during the seventeenth century. The surface being very uneven, rains and gravity acting together for more than two hundred years could easily have covered it to the depth at which it was found.

The denarius owned by the government cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Some collectors would probably pay one thousand dollars or more for the New Glarus coin.

To point a moral and adorn a tale the coin editor is glad to give place to the contribution of our correspondent. The editor has said before, that because a coin is old it does not become necessarily rare, neither because it may have been held long in the family or may have been found in some out of the way place or under peculiar circumstances, does it become any the more rare. The peculiar history of this coin, as far as known, may give it a little more local interest than a similar one in the possession of Mr. A or Z, though the latter may have a far more portentous history if it could only speak for itself. If these coins could only speak what strange stories they might tell. The imagination can hardly conceive what they may have passed through in the past 1975 years. How much of joy, how much of sorrow, may they not have been the mute witnesses since they were first struck amidst the decadent scenes of the first republic of Rome until they rest in the greatest republic of all the ages?

This family, Caesia, was only plebeian or of the common people. They had no pride of ancestry and were of little note at the time, and posterity knows nothing of them outside what this little coin may tell us. The Caesia worshipped the gods of Rome. They never knew of Christ, and Paul had not yet proclaimed from Mars Hill or been bound prisoner to Rome, and so in their veneration they put the head and bust of Apollo Vejois on the obverse of the coin and we see him with his back turned in the act of throwing a spear with his right hand. The monogram AP may be either an abbreviation of Apollo or Argentum (Publicum public money).

As a further evidence that they were a religious family, they placed on the reverse of the coin two youthful half-naked figures seated, each with a spear in his left hand. A dog is between them. Plutarch and Ovid would say that these figures were the lares or household gods, but we are not left in the dark for the moneyer placed on the



coin to the left in monogram, LA, and to the right, RE, so as to remove all doubts which might arise in the matter twenty centuries later. Above the figures is a helmeted bust of Vulcan and a pair of pincers or forceps. In the exergue we find L. Caesia, and now we know the denarius was coined by Lucius Caesius, the family moneyer, who was a monetary triumvir in or about 75 B. C., and so we have the date.

We have before said that numismatics was the "torch light of history." But for



CAESIA, ROMAN FAMILY DENARIUS. (Enlarged one-third.)

this single coin we would have never known of such a family as the Caesia. This is but a fragile thread, but there are thousands of similar strands which, when joined, unite distant periods of time and bind the centuries with a strand so strong, so large, that history is not only corroborated, but made.

It is a matter of much regret to the coin editor that this denarius is not worth the value our contributor would indicate. We wish it were, for we have one and know where there are quite a few in America that could be gotten for about a dollar each, which would leave us a fair margin.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Chas. J. Walker, Wentzville, Mo.—The half dollar of 1857 is worth face value only.

Merritt E. Gill, Grand Rapids.—See answer to Joseph Gallagher and Alfred Bragdon.

Box 34, Village Creek, Iowa.—Your coin is a Denmark one-half skilling and is common.

Jules K., Eureka, Nev.—Your 1838 half dollar, O between head of Liberty and date, is worth seventy-five cents.

Emanuel G., Gaena, Ill.—There is no premium on the dollars of 1894 and 1895. An 1839 dime is worth twenty-five cents.

C. R. F.—A silver half dollar of 1818 is worth seventy-five cents. The other rubbing is too poor for us to identify the coin.

C. W. Ervin, Church, S. C.—Your 1837 dime, "E pluribus unum" type, if in good condition, sells for twenty-five cents.

X. Y. Z., Utica, N. Y.—The 1852 silver three cent piece sells for fifteen cents. All the current Canada copper coins are very common.

W. S. C., Denver, Col.—Regarding the 1891 dime, you are misinformed as to the mint. It was the San Francisco mint which issued only twenty-four, and which are consequently so rare. The Philadelphia issue of this year is quite common.

Claude C. Cunningham, Delta, Cal.—A Spanish two real piece of Charles III (1759-88), if good, would sell for about thirty-five cents. This real Spanish and Mexican silver is very common, and unless in at least good condition have only a bullion value.

Geo. H. Cornell, Brewster, N. Y.—A half dollar of 1809, in the condition of yours, is worth seventy-five cents. The two varieties of the half dollars of 1873, with and without an arrow-head each side of date, are worth seventy-five cents and one dollar each.

Karl W. Johnson, Union City, Pa.—The 1798 cent is worth twenty-five cents. Your German coin of 1845 with a crowned monogram, we presume to be from Hanover, but in the absence of a rubbing or detailed description, cannot state positively. Your other coin face value only.

Harold A. Rich., Bangor, Me.—There are upwards of fifty varieties of the 1791 cent. In value they range from fifty cents up. There were no Columbian half dollars struck in San Francisco (S) mint, so you must be mistaken in having one with the mint mark S. Your I. L. Wing token is common.

William Sampson, Rio, Wis.—Your copper-nickel cent of 1856 is a pattern piece. Like the other small cents of 1856 it was issued only in proof and never intended for circulation. The copper-nickel cent, like all the small cents of this date, is quite rare and brings from four dollars and a half to seven dollars and a half.

Alfred Bragdon, Mattapan, Mass.—The 1857 and 1858 eagle cents are worth only face value. The rare eagle cent is of 1856. The Prince Edward Island "Speed the plough" halfpenny sells for 20 cents. The Canadian "Ships, colonies and commerce" and New Brunswick halfpenny of 1843 are common. Your last coin is probably an East Indian piece.

Robt. M. Clayton, Hannibal, Mo.—Most of the large cents between the dates of 1817 and 1857 can be had in fair to good condition for from five to ten cents each. All the silver coins with dates between arrow points of 1853 are common. An 1829 dime is worth 25 cents. Your 1849 ten centimes of William II. (1840-49) sells for 20 cents. Mexican dollars, unless fine, are worth only bullion value.

C. Lineback, Carthage, Ind.—The half dollar of 1796 is an exceedingly rare coin. The hole through the six in your piece is most unfortunate, for a perfect coin of this date in the otherwise good condition yours seems to be, should be worth \$200.00, and we know of one lately sold for this sum. Your Spanish real of 1762, Charles III. (1759-88), and English sixpence, 1821, William IV. (1830-37), are both very common.

Willie Halsey, Chicago, Ill.—We do not know the value of a ten cent bill on the Columbian Bank of Washington, D. C. Perhaps some of our readers can give the information. The 1865 three cent nickel is worth only face value. 1877 is the only date that commands a premium. 1859 cents have no premium. Holed, disfigured or mutilated silver coins are only worth bullion, or about half face value.

Charlie Van Norden, Daytona, Fla.—Your rubbing is taken from a 1-3d Rix-daler of Gustavus III. (1771-92), of Sweden. The rubbing shows it to be a nice coin, such as the dealers would charge seventy-five cents for. The prices usually quoted in these columns are such as the dealers sell for. It must not be supposed that they would pay these prices, for they are in the business for profit to themselves the same as persons in any other line of business.

C. E. Graves, Hatfield.—Obverse: The head of George I. to right. Inscription "Georgius Dei Gratia Rex." Reverse: Hibernia with harp seated. Inscription "Hibernia, 1724." This is a Wood's half penny, one of a series of coins struck in England for use in Ireland. The Irish people refused to use them and they were sent to America. This piece is worth at least fifty cents. The cent of 1798 and the half cent of 1803 are both common dates, but the condition of yours would make them worth twenty-five cents each. Your "Auctore Connee," 1787, is a Connecticut cent, worth from twenty-five to fifty cents. A good 1812 cent is worth fifty cents.

Kaler Hackman, Womelsdorf, Pa.—The half cents of 1825, 1826, 1828, 1829, 1832, 1833, 1834 and 1835, if good to fine, sell usually for fifteen cents each. The 1835 is no doubt the commonest of all the half cents issued. There are two varieties of the 1828 issue, one having twelve stars on the obverse, the other thirteen, the former being somewhat the

rarer. The cents of 1808 and 1812, if in good condition, are worth seventy-five and thirty-five cents each respectively. The 1817 half dollar was struck in three varieties, (a) war 1813; (b) with punctuated date thus, 181.7; and (c) plain date. They sell usually for one dollar, one dollar and seventy-five cents and seventy-five cents each.

Roscoe S. Gorham, Morenci.—There are three varieties of the dime of 1837. (a) Liberty head; (b) Liberty seated, small date; (c) same with large date. The former, dealers ask twenty-five cents for; the last two usually command fifty cents. The dimes of 1839, 1841 and 1842 are worth twenty-five cents each. Half dime of 1853, twenty-five cents. An English shilling of 1736 (George II. 1727-60) is worth about sixty cents. Your copper "Gulicmus Shakespeare" is a Pennsylvania half penny. They were struck in great variety, particularly during the last half of the last century. They are commonly called "bungtown coppers." Very few collect them and they sell mostly for from twenty-five to fifty cents.

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100 choice rare stamps, 12c; 20 curiosities, 5c; 200 shells, 1c; 5 rare old coins, 1c. My price list, 5 var. rev. stamps; old 1798 Liberty cent, all for a dime. W. P. ARNOLD, Peacedale, R. I.

1000 best quality hinges and 100 foreign stamps, postpaid to any address for 10c. AMERICAN STAMP CO., Rogers, Ark.

THE CHEAPEST STAMP DEALER. 1c. Gold Coast unused, 20 cents, 8 valuable stamps free to all who send for my approval sheets, 3c off. CHARLES KING, 214 East 11th St., NEW YORK CITY

FREE prizes to all agents handling my high grade 60 cent sheets, 100 varieties, India, Egypt, hinges, etc., cat. \$1.50, 10c. 25 varieties from 40 different countries, 25c; 15 varieties unused 10c; 100 American hinges, 10c. Catalog FREE. SAMUEL P. HIGGINS, Omaha, Neb.

"THE A B X PACKET" put up especially for American Boys containing 20 diff. stamps from Mexico and Canada, value over \$1.50 only 25c. Send 2c extra for postage and we will include 10 blank app. sheets, Hinges, 6c per 100, 1 set, 3 var. Porto Rico postals only 6c. Sheets on approval 50c dis. Royal Stamp Co., Brooklyn Sta., N.Y.

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THOUSANDS of finely assorted Foreign Stamps just received from abroad. A fine mixture containing no U. S. but stamps from Hungary, Russia, Spain, Belgium, Sunday and Exposition, Turkey, Netherlands (1900 issue), Argentine, etc. Our price this month, 17c per thousand, postpaid. Catalogue FREE. THE MICHIGAN STAMP CO., Room B, 116 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, Mich.

NOW OR NEVER
In a few weeks time Newfoundland will have entered into confederation with Canada, and Newfoundland stamps will cease to be issued. Send 10 cents to the ALLIGATOR STAMP CO., P. O. Box 92, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, and receive our sample by return mail.
N. B.—Postage to Newfoundland is 5c per 50c.

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The Sioux and Apache style for Boys.
If you wish our thrilling Indian Story, (36 page book) relating the experience of two boys who were captured by the Assiniboin Indians and sent five two-cent stamps and it will be sent with our catalogue of Moccasins. Catalogues without the story are sent free to any address. H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 56 Bridge Square, Minneapolis, Minn.

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VOL. XIII. \$1.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE BOY SCIENTIST

How a Candle Burns.

GEORGE W. CAVANAUGH.

I. OXYGEN.

Light the candle and place it upon a piece of blotting paper.

Ques. What do you see burning?

Ans. The candle; or the wick and wax (or tallow).

Ques. Is anything burning besides the candle?

The answer will probably be "no." Well, let us see. Place the lamp chimney over the lighted candle, and partly over the top by a piece of stiff paper as in Fig. 1. You will observe very soon that the flame goes out; i. e., that it is gradually extinguished and does not go out instantly.

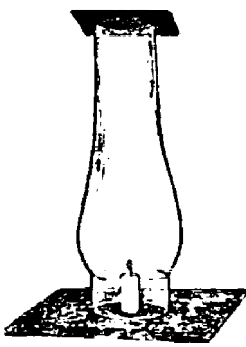


FIG. 1.
THE BEGINNING OF THE EXPERIMENT.

a couple of pencils beside the relighted candle and on them the chimney, as in Fig. 2.

Ques. What is the difference between the way in which the candle burns now and before the chimney was placed over it?

Ans. It flickers, or dances about more.

Ques. What makes boys and girls feel like dancing about when they go out from a warm school room?

Ans. The fresh air.

Ques. What makes the flame dance or flicker when the chimney is raised by the pencils?

Ans. Because it gets fresh air under the chimney.

Repeat the first experiment, in which the flame grows gradually smaller till it is extinguished.

Ques. Why, now, does the flame die out?

Ans. Because it had no fresh air.

Ques. Is it really necessary to have fresh air in order to keep a flame burning?

Ans. Yes; since otherwise the candle would continue to burn until it is all used up.

To prove this further, let the candle be relighted. Place the chimney over it, now having the top completely closed by a piece of paper. Have ready a lighted splinter or match, and just as soon as the candle is extinguished remove the paper from the chimney-top and thrust in the lighted splinter.

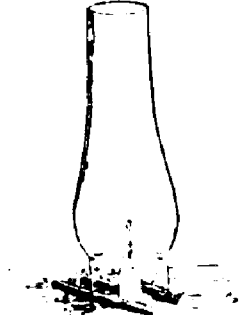


FIG. 2.
SUPPLYING AIR UNDER NEATH THE CHIMNEY.

Ans. Because there is no fresh air inside the chimney.

Ques. What became of the freshness that was in the air?

Ans. It was destroyed by the burning candle.

Evidently there is some decided difference between fresh air and air from which the freshness has been burned, since a flame can continue to burn only in air that has the quality known as freshness. This quality in fresh air is due to a gas which has the name of oxygen, and which is represented by the letter O.

Ques. Why was the splinter put out

instantly while the candle flame died out gradually?

Ans. When the splinter was thrust in, the air had no freshness or oxygen at all, while when the candle was placed under the chimney it had whatever oxygen was originally in the air within the chimney.

Endeavor to have this point clearly understood: that the candle did not go out as long as the air had any oxygen and that the splinter was extinguished immediately because there was no oxygen left. Relight the candle. Our second question may now be repeated:

Ques. Is anything else burning besides the candle?

Ans. Yes; the oxygen of the air.

When the subject of the necessity of fresh air and consequently of oxygen for the burning of the candle seems to be understood the following questions arise, and there are others that will suggest themselves.

What is the reason that draughts are opened in stoves?

Why is the bottom of a "burner" on a lamp always full of holes?

II. CARBON.

Let us now observe the blackened end of a burned match or splinter. This black substance is usually known by the name of charcoal and if handled will blacken the fingers. Try this. The same substance is found on the bottoms of kettles which have been used over a wood fire, only it is a fine powder.

Let us see what was burning when the candle was lighted, besides the oxygen in the air. Relight the candle and hold the porcelain or glass about an inch above the bright part of the flame.

Ques. What happens to it there? Next lower it directly into the flame. (Fig. 3.)

Ques. What is the black stuff that gets onto the glass?

Look closely and see whether it is not deposited here also as a fine powder.

Ques. Will this deposit from the candle blacken the fingers?

Instead of using the name charcoal for this black substance, let us call it carbon (represented by C), the better name, because there are several kinds of carbon, and charcoal is only that kind which is rather light and easily blackens the hands. Some other kinds are the diamond, coal and the black substance in lead pencils. This last kind is called graphite. These are all much harder than charcoal.

The carbon from the candle flame came mostly from the wax or tallow; only a very small portion came from the wick.

It cannot be seen in the tallow, neither can it be seen in unburned wood, and yet it can be found when the wood is partly burned. The condition in which the carbon exists in the tallow or wood may be explained in a later lesson. At present it suffices that it is there.

Why, now, is the glass blackened when held in the flame and not when held just directly above it? It is because the carbon from the candle has not been completely burned at the middle of the flame; but it is burned beyond the bright part of the flame. When the glass is held in the flame, the carbon that is not yet completely burned is deposited on it, because it is cooler than that in the surrounding flame.

A fine deposit of carbon can be had from any of the luminous parts of the flame; and it is these thousands of little particles of carbon, getting white hot, which glow like coals in the stove and make the light. Just as soon as they are completely burned, there is no more light, the same as coals cease to glow when burned to ashes.

III. CARBON DIOXID.

Let us now enquire what becomes of the carbon that we find in the bright part of the flame and of the oxygen that was in the air in the lamp chimney. When the candle was extinguished

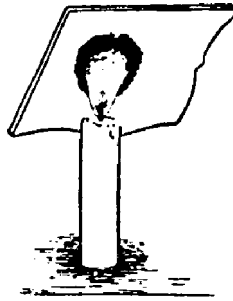


FIG. 3.
THE CARBON OR SOOT ON THE GLASS.

was burning, the little particles of carbon that we find ascending in the flame are joining with the oxygen of the air and making an entirely new substance. This new substance is a gas like oxygen and can not be seen in the air.

Ques. Of what two substances is this new substance made?

Ans. Carbon and oxygen.

What shall we call this substance? Since it is made of carbon and oxygen it ought, if possible, to have a name that will show its composition. Its name is carbon dioxid. The words carbon and oxid show of what it is made and the prefix di, which means two, shows that it contains twice as much oxygen as carbon. This is represented by the formula CO.

Place the bit of quick lime in about half a glass of water on the day previous to the experiment. When ready for use there will be a white sediment at the bottom and a thin white scum on the top of the clear lime water. Pay particular attention, please, to this white scum, as a question about it will follow. Make a loop in the end of the piece of wire by turning it around the point of a lead pencil. Remove the scum from the lime water with a piece of paper and insert the loop into the clear water. When withdrawn, the loop ought to hold a film of clear water. Pass the wire through a piece of cardboard or stiff paper, and arrange as shown in Fig. 4.

Place the chimney over the lighted candle. Lower the loop into the chimney and cover the top of the chimney with the paper. Withdraw the wire a couple of minutes after the candle goes out. Note the cloudy appearance of the film of water on the wire. The cloudiness was caused by the carbon dioxid formed while the candle was burning.

Omitting the candle, hang the freshly wetted wire in the empty chimney. Let the film of lime water remain within the chimney for the same length of time as when the candle was used. It does not become cloudy now. The cloudiness in clear lime water is a test or indication that carbon dioxid is present.

Ques. What caused the white scum on the lime water which stood over night?

Ans. Some CO in the air.

Ques. How does the CO get into the air?

Ans. It is formed whenever wood, coal, oil or gas is burned.

The amount of CO in ordinary air is very small, being only three parts in ten thousand. If the lime water in the loop be left long enough in the air it will become cloudy. The reason it clouds so quickly when the candle is being burned is that a large amount of CO is formed. Besides being made by real flames, CO is formed every time we breathe out air. Renew the film of water in the loop and breathe against it gently for two or three minutes.

The presence of CO in the breath may be shown better by pouring off some of the clear lime water into a clean glass and blowing into it through a straw.

An interesting question to end the lesson with is, Why does water put out a fire? The answer is, not alone because it wets, but because it cools the carbon, which must be hot in order to unite with the oxygen, and prevents the oxygen of the air from getting as near the carbon as before.

within the chimney, there was no oxygen left, as shown by the lighted splinter, which was put out immediately. Neither could any of the particles of carbon be found except on the wick. Yet they both still exist within the chimney but in an entirely different condition than before.

(Continued from page 306.)
below the kite, no matter how quickly the wind may shift. A safe rule is to make the tail at least ten times the length of the kite. As your kite frame is about two feet high, make the tail at least twenty feet long.

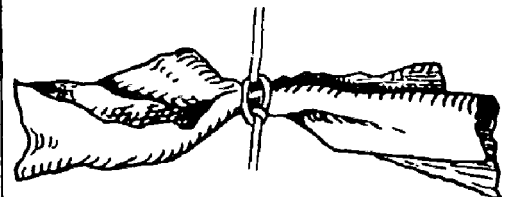


Fig 4

Cut some waste paper into pieces about three inches wide by four inches long. Tie the tail string exactly in the middle of the tail-band H, so that it cannot slip. Then at every interval of six inches tie a piece of folded paper, with a loop similar to that used on the frame, as in Fig. 4. On the extreme end of the tail, tie a large paper tassel. When the kite is not in use the tail should always be wound around the frame; otherwise it will get tangled.

THE BELLY-BAND.—As soon as the paste on the paper is dry, you may put on the belly-band. This should be carefully done, as a little inaccuracy will cause the kite to dive. Connect A and D (Fig. 1), by a piece of stitching twine long enough to stand up from the surface of the kite when pulled taut, as high as O-B (Fig. 2). A-C representing the surface of the kite. Then connect B with E and C with F (Fig. 1), by pieces long enough to stand up from the surface as high as O-B (Fig. 2). Now fasten the three pieces firmly together at the point O (which should be exactly over the crossing of the sticks), by tying them with the kite-string. If the belly-band is tied too high, the kite will lay flat on the wind; if too low, the kite will not fly at all; if to one side, the kite will dive.

FLYING THE KITE.—If you have followed directions carefully you now have a kite that will fly well in a moderate breeze. To start it, have someone hold it at the crossing of the frame sticks, the

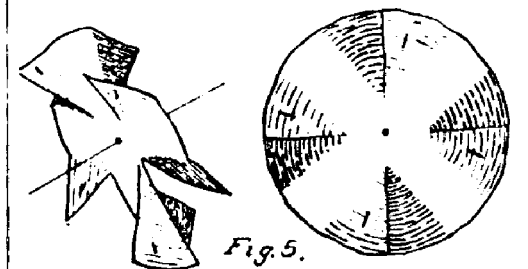


Fig. 5.

tail being stretched out in front of the kite towards you. Walk away a few hundred feet, letting out the string as you go. Then when your companion shouts "Go!" run swiftly until the kite is well up in the air, when it will stand. The remainder of the string can then be slowly paid out to the end, which should be tied to a stick.

If strong gusts of wind prove to much for the length and weight of the tail and the kite attempts to dive, run rapidly forward or let out more string (if not all unwound). This will temporarily prevent it from diving. Carefully draw in the string, walking forward the while to prevent diving. As soon as the tail is within reach, draw the kite down, tie ten or fifteen feet of string to the end of the tail, and fasten a moderately heavy weed to the end of the string. If the weight and length of the tail are then sufficient, the kite will stand all right.

SENDING MESSENGERS TO THE KITE.—This is great sport. If you wish to send messengers to the kite, "telling him to come down," cut some pieces of cardboard in circular form, as shown in Fig. 5. Cut four equidistant slits in each piece and bend up the portions marked I in the drawing, and bend down the darker portions. You will then have a sort of windmill. Untie the kite-string from the stick, and pass it through the hole at the center of your "messenger." Be sure that the hole is large enough. It will whirl rapidly along the string, far up into the air, until it reaches the kite. Its weight will tend to lower the kite, and a few messengers will bring it down. The lighter they are, the more will be required for the purpose.

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PRIZE & PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to Puzzles in the July Number.

- No. 57. Covert Lovers.
- No. 58. Admiral Dewey.
- No. 59. Wisconsin, Wm. McKinley.
- No. 91. Blight - Bight. Supper - Super. Freight - Fright. Seine - Sine. Haunt - Hunt.
- No. 61. Pekin - Augusta. New Orleans. Frankfurt. Concord. Deadwood. Baton Rouge.
- No. 62. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

Award of Prizes.

First mistake—Nicholas Thalheimer, 610 N. Fremont avenue, Baltimore, Md.
 Second mistake—Geo. Nesplit, 276 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
 Longest list of mistakes—H. Lawrence Groves, Coudersport, Pa.
 Puzzle No. 57. Guy - H. Pope, Bowling Green, O.
 Puzzle No. 58. Charles H. Collins, Cripple Creek, Colo.
 Puzzle No. 59. No one answered correctly.
 Puzzle No. 60. Lawrence H. Hill, Blaine, Wash.
 Puzzle No. 61. De Witt Gillies, 1027 29th avenue, S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.
 Puzzle No. 62. Clarence P. Case, Plasterville, N. Y.

Stamp Award.

One-half of the foreign stamps received in our office since last award, for largest number of subscriptions sent in, goes to Raymond Pond, Chicago.
 One-fourth of the stamps for second largest number, to Albert W. Field, Minneapolis, Minn.
 One-fourth of the stamps for third largest number, to T. F. Wilson, Columbus, Neb.
 This offer is repeated for the coming month.

Award of Prizes in Photographic Contest.

First Prize—M. E. Tuttle, Dover, N. H.
 Second Prize—Geo. E. Rouse, Penwith, Pa.
 For further contest see Photographic Department.

Award of Prize for Best Pony.

Prize winner in June contest—Ed. W. Neidig, Goshen, Ind.
 A prize of a handsome bridle is offered again to the best pony, as shown by photograph received by the time our September number goes to press.

Prizes for Pictures Drawn Without Lifting the Pen from the Paper.

The prize offered for the best drawing from one stroke of the pen, or without lifting the pen from the paper, goes to Thomas F. Maher, Marlboro, Mass., and the second prize to Edwin Albert Smith, 514 Grace street, Chicago, Ill., aged 14.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the largest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 63. **Curtailments.**
 Curtail smooth and leave night.
 Curtail to notify and leave strife.
 Curtail a stake and leave a hand.
 Curtail men and leave a good.
 Curtail metal and leave a conjunction.
 Curtail an animal and leave a teacher.
 Curtail a beard and leave a hindrance.
 Curtail to fall and leave an offense.
 Curtail a barbarian and leave "did get."

No. 64. **Anagrams (Birds).**
 1. Beth 1. how. 2. Acorn. Tom. 3. Soko. Brag. 4. Nag ten. 5. Eagrant.

No. 65. **Enigma.**
 My FIRST is to gather, or separate.
 My SECOND a vowel true.
 My THIRD a hollow place of abode.
 From every one quite out of view.
 My WHOLE is a noted place
 Which you in your memory should fix.
 For here a battle was fought
 In seventeen forty-six (1746).

No. 66. **Word-Square.**
 1. A litter. 2. An after-song. 3. An open tone sound. 4. A tumor. 5. A fresh supply.

No. 67. **Decapitations.**
 1. Behold a rock and leave a sound.
 2. Behold a tin-plate and leave a fastening.
 3. Behold a home and leave a river.
 4. Behold a part of a chain and leave a colored fluid.
 5. Behold to run away and leave an Indian's trot.
 6. A woolen thread and leave the alder.
 The decapitated letters spell the name of a noted naval officer in the recent Spanish war.

Regarding Errors.
 Be sure that the errors pointed out are really errors. The word "navy," declared by some to be an error, is a word in good use. See your dictionary.
 Look for errors in the reading columns. We cannot always control the wording of advertisements, as these are frequently "cuts" which cannot well be altered.
 Don't neglect to send your name and address with your letters to the puzzle editor.

Foreign Postage Stamps.
 To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by August 19 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.



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A LETTER FROM A FORMER SCHOOL TEACHER.

J. FRANK BUTTS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, COURT ST.

FREDERICK, Md., July 15th, 1898.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, Detroit, Mich.

GENTLEMEN—I herewith send you a letter stating the circumstances which led me to study law and what induced me to take your course, and the progress made, etc.

I have been teaching school for several years, and found that at the meagre salary I received did not justify me to prepare myself to properly teach, so I resolved to enter some profession of my own and feel free from the hazards that attending one would involve. I considered the profession of law, and I would like to see the profession of law in our country. I was encouraged by one of my lawyer friends, and I encouraged me to it by saying that he would be able to be my instructor. I therefore entered upon the study of law and began reading in the office. My preceptor had quite a clientele, and had but little time to help me in the study, but gave me Blackstone to begin with. I read and re-read it, and was really getting the wiser, and soon became discouraged in the matter by thinking that I was not doing justice to myself. I found the trouble to be the lack of any sensible method in my study, and I began to look around for some plan or method at the best possible moment. I found one that would help me and prepare me for the bar examination. I wrote to Sprague and received his circulars, etc. concerning his school and its methods, and among the many advantages mentioned I found the name of a university in our country. I let my preceptor know and he advised me to take the course, saying that it was equal to a law university course, with the exception of the usual environments.

I immediately signed with Sprague, and from the very beginning I was fascinated with the work, and never regretted it, taking my lessons every day, excepting Sunday. I followed their instructions as near as possible, and always found them ready to fill their part of the contract. I was determined to win, and applied myself to the work, which any one must do, no matter what school he attends.

I took the challenge course of two years, but at the end of eighteen months' study with them I determined to take the bar examination, and passed with the greatest ease. I found that I had been not only up to date, but that which I need for the present practice of law.

Immediately after I was elected a member of the Legislature, and since its adjournment I have continued in my profession, and with success. I had the determination, but I am grateful to Sprague school for the method and aid in the study of law. I can recommend the school to be what they claim, and found them always up to their contract.

Yours very respectfully,
J. Frank Butts

The following is a sample of hundreds of letters from men studying law at home. It is on hand. Write for catalogue and particulars. Sent FREE.

Address, THE SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW,
No. 500 Marquette Building, DETROIT, MICH.



Fellows, Here's Money Made Easily

You can canvass for subscriptions to "The American Boy" for premiums or for a commission in money. You can not get commissions and premiums. If you ask for a money commission, that is all that you get. If you ask for a premium you get, in addition to the premium, a chance at one of the money prizes to be distributed next Christmas. We have told you about these prizes several times, but the story bears repeating.

Next December we will divide \$1,000 among fifty-two persons. We will give to the person who will have sent us up to November 20th the largest number of one dollar subscriptions (each accompanied by a dollar) the nice little sum of \$200; to the one sending the next largest, \$100; to the two next in order, \$75 each; to the three next, \$50 each; to the five next, \$25 each; to the fifteen next, \$10 each; to the twenty-five next, \$5 each.

In addition to these prizes the winners get whatever premiums their subscriptions entitle them to; indeed they select and receive their premiums as fast as they send in their subscriptions, so that if one fails to get a prize, he gets a premium or the premiums which he may select from our large premium list, which every subscriber has received.

Now, up to date, the race has been an interesting one, and yet no one has sent in very many names; for instance, the boy who is in the lead for the two hundred dollars has sent in only fifty-seven subscribers, and if the contest were to close to-day some boys who have sent in only two or three would each get a prize of ten or fifteen dollars. This is fortunate for you, because you can, by getting right at it, succeed in getting valuable premiums and stand a good chance of getting fifty dollars or more by Christmas, without much work. You will find people ready to help you earn money, and a little canvassing will show you how easy it is to make money with "The American Boy." So, let us hear from you within the next few days or weeks, with your subscriptions. Send them in as you get them; don't wait till you get a large number, but send them in at once. We keep an accurate account of what you send. The fifteen (in their order) who have sent in the greatest number of subscribers since the start are:

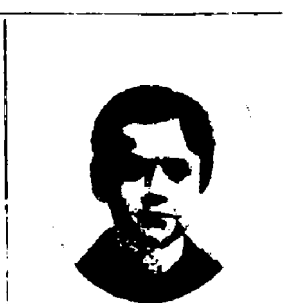
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Get to work, boys.

Respectfully, THE AMERICAN BOY, DETROIT, MICH.



ALBERT W. FIFIELD
MINNEAPOLIS
Who has the highest number



EMERSON T. COTNER
DETROIT
Who stands third



J. LAWRENCE HIRSCHLAND
READING, PA.
Who stands seventh.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy



DUMPSEY'S DIAMOND RING

BLANCHE MARY CHANNING



DUMPSEY sat on the ash heap with something tight shut in his hand, and a great joy in his face. The ash heap was Dumpsey's favorite seat, and from this fact he had gained his queer name. His real, true, proper name, was Patrick Michael O'Rourke, but no one ever used it. Dumpsey was the only name he answered to in the social intercourse of daily life. It was not a pretty name, but he himself was not pretty. He would have come nearer to that desirable quality if he had not been dressed wholly in rags, and covered, from the crown of his head to the soles of his bare feet, with dirt and ashes.

If Dumpsey's mother had lived, he would have had a clean face and mended clothes, but she had died when he was a baby, and there was no one left who took enough interest in him to care how he looked. He didn't care a bit, himself. He had no home, unless it was the ash heap; though an old woman he knew let him sleep in a corner of her cellar if he did a few errands for her. The cellar was damp, however, and rats ran about in it, and tickled his nose with their long tails, and, on the whole, he liked the sheltered side of the ash heap better. When there had been a bonfire of rubbish, the ashes would still be warm at bedtime, and quite delightful to curl up in.

Poor little Dumpsey! But he did not know that he was to be pitied. He was a sturdy little fellow, with merry gray eyes and a light heart, and sometimes, when the sun shone, or he had made an extra



THERE LAY A TINY HOOP OF YELLOW METAL.

good find among the ashes, he felt so glad that he had to turn as many as six hand-springs without stopping. The desire for this mode of expression was strong in him on this particular morning, and it grieved him that reasons forbade the carrying out of his impulse. But all was not lost; he could not, at the moment, turn a hand-spring, but he could tell 'Nita!

'Nita was an important factor in Dumpsey's life. He had, in the days before he met her, considered girls very poor company indeed; and being of a very frank, not to say, blunt disposition, he had taken no pains to conceal this feeling. Even after his fighting the two big bullies who were teasing 'Nita one Sunday as she was going home from Sunday school, and winning a glorious victory, he had not wished to keep up the acquaintance, and, when 'Nita sought him out on the ash heap, had made this unmistakably clear. But 'Nita was not to be so easily got rid of. Day after day, her smiling, black-eyed Italian face had appeared round the corner, and there she had stood, twisting her red and yellow apron in her small, brown hands, waiting.

It had bored Dumpsey badly at first, and we regret to say that he had said in a gruff, disagreeable tone: "Go home, Dago!" than which nothing could have been more rudely ungallant. And 'Nita went, obediently; but the next day, there she was! So Dumpsey resigned himself to the inevitable, and at the time of which we write, had admitted 'Nita to so close a degree of intimacy as to permit her to see his secret store of treasures found on the ash heap in times past—a privilege accorded to no one else.

The chief reason for his elation this morning, was that 'Nita was so nearly concerned in his good fortune. How delightful it would be to see her surprise! He laughed aloud at the anticipation. If only he could turn a hand-spring! But that was clearly out of the question. He must keep calm. And as he sat waiting, 'Nita appeared, and seeing that he was laughing, at once began to laugh also.

"How you look glad!" she said.

"Ho!" shouted Dumpsey, "youse don't need to do no laughin'; youse don't know somethin'!"

'Nita's quick eyes went to his shut fist.



'NITA WEPT DISCONSOLATELY.

"Aren't youse de lucky girl! Youse goin' to have a new dress, an' shoes—an'—an'—a hat; an'—an'—an' a handkerchief!"

Dumpsey, sex and training to the contrary, had for the handkerchief a species of admiration amounting to reverence; his imagination, therefore, halted at this point, and he looked at 'Nita to see in her face the effect of his words.

'Nita's eyes had grown rounder and rounder.

"Why then?" she asked simply.

"Cause! Youse won't tell?" He came down from the heap, stood beside her, and opened his hand. "cause I found a diamond ring, an' old Sheeny Jacobs will give a lot o' money for it; an' I'll be rich, an' youse'll be rich, too, 'Nita!"

'Nita stared.

There, in his very dirty little hand, sparkling in the sun, lay a tiny hoop of yellow metal with three big white stones in it, transparent, like raindrops.

The two children sat down on the heap. They had so much to talk about that when at last 'Nita reached home, the family dinner hour was long past, and her mother slapped her, and called her "Sorrow of my heart"—which was hard. But the thought of the ring prevented her feeling cold or hungry or sore. What did the loss of a plate of maccaroni, or anything else, matter, when one was going to have a new dress, and a hat, and shoes, and a handkerchief?

The next day was Sunday, and when 'Nita's teacher (a beautiful young lady who wore roses in her hat, and always had a handkerchief), dismissed the class, 'Nita lingered behind the others until Miss Meyer asked:

"Well, dear, do you want to tell me something?"

'Nita's white teeth gleamed.

"I goin' have new dress-a," she whispered.

"Why, how nice!" said Miss Meyer. "Then your father has found work, I suppose?"

The child shook her head.

"Little boy—Irlandy boy—he buy me new dress-a; he look on ashes—look every day, and one day he find diamond ring-a; so now he goin' be rich, goin' buy me everything!"

Her face was so perfectly and serenely radiant, so sweetly sure of her teacher's sympathy, that it seemed a cruel thing to question and throw cold water. But Miss Meyer felt that there was more here than appeared at first sight. She put her arm around the little girl.

"I do not quite understand," she said; "tell me all about it." And 'Nita was nothing loath. She told it all, her broken English making queer work of the story, but her brightness making amends. And it surprised and grieved her that Miss Meyer did not seem so pleased as she had expected.

"I lucky girl, ain't I?" she said; then she looked up into the young woman's face, as she did not at once respond.

Miss Meyer was at a loss how to say what had to be said. She stroked the child's hair gently. Then she began: "Now, dear, I want to tell you something. I'm sorry I have to, but it is best. The trouble about this is that that diamond does not seem to be Dumpsey's own; do you see, 'Nita?"

"Oh, it his all right-a!" the little girl said eagerly. "He find it all himself!"

"I know; but someone must have lost it, and if someone lost it, why, it belongs to that person, doesn't it?"

'Nita began to cry.

"I wouldn't cry, dear," remonstrated her teacher, "you wouldn't want to keep what was not yours, I'm sure."

But 'Nita looked down at her old faded dress, and the boots which let in the rain, and wept disconsolately.

Miss Meyer felt very sorry for her—more so than

"What-a you find-a!" she asked wistfully.

Dumpsey giggled non-committally.

"Youse couldn't guess—not in all de time dere is!"

She drew closer, and made a movement to take his hand, but he thrust it behind him.

"Give youse tree guesses!" he cried challengingly.

'Nita was not an adept at guessing. She failed utterly.

Dumpsey danced a wild double shuffle on the top of the dust heap.

"Say!" he yelled, "aren't youse de lucky girl! Youse goin' to have a new dress, an' shoes—an'—an'—a hat; an'—an'—an' a handkerchief!"

Dumpsey, sex and training to the contrary, had for the handkerchief a species of admiration amounting to reverence; his imagination, therefore, halted at this point, and he looked at 'Nita to see in her face the effect of his words.

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'Nita stared.

There, in his very dirty little hand, sparkling in the sun, lay a tiny hoop of yellow metal with three big white stones in it, transparent, like raindrops.

The two children sat down on the heap. They had so much to talk about that when at last 'Nita reached home, the family dinner hour was long past, and her mother slapped her, and called her "Sorrow of my heart"—which was hard. But the thought of the ring prevented her feeling cold or hungry or sore. What did the loss of a plate of maccaroni, or anything else, matter, when one was going to have a new dress, and a hat, and shoes, and a handkerchief?

The next day was Sunday, and when 'Nita's teacher (a beautiful young lady who wore roses in her hat, and always had a handkerchief), dismissed the class, 'Nita lingered behind the others until Miss Meyer asked:

"Well, dear, do you want to tell me something?"

'Nita's white teeth gleamed.

"I goin' have new dress-a," she whispered.

"Why, how nice!" said Miss Meyer. "Then your father has found work, I suppose?"

The child shook her head.

"Little boy—Irlandy boy—he buy me new dress-a; he look on ashes—look every day, and one day he find diamond ring-a; so now he goin' be rich, goin' buy me everything!"

Her face was so perfectly and serenely radiant, so sweetly sure of her teacher's sympathy, that it seemed a cruel thing to question and throw cold water. But Miss Meyer felt that there was more here than appeared at first sight. She put her arm around the little girl.

"I do not quite understand," she said; "tell me all about it." And 'Nita was nothing loath. She told it all, her broken English making queer work of the story, but her brightness making amends. And it surprised and grieved her that Miss Meyer did not seem so pleased as she had expected.

"I lucky girl, ain't I?" she said; then she looked up into the young woman's face, as she did not at once respond.

Miss Meyer was at a loss how to say what had to be said. She stroked the child's hair gently. Then she began: "Now, dear, I want to tell you something. I'm sorry I have to, but it is best. The trouble about this is that that diamond does not seem to be Dumpsey's own; do you see, 'Nita?"

"Oh, it his all right-a!" the little girl said eagerly. "He find it all himself!"

"I know; but someone must have lost it, and if someone lost it, why, it belongs to that person, doesn't it?"

'Nita began to cry.

"I wouldn't cry, dear," remonstrated her teacher, "you wouldn't want to keep what was not yours, I'm sure."

But 'Nita looked down at her old faded dress, and the boots which let in the rain, and wept disconsolately.

she judged it wise to say. She kissed her, and soothed her, and when 'Nita's sobs grew less, she said:

"Now, dear little girl, I think I have a better plan than your friend Dumpsey's. The way to do when anything is lost, is to write a description of it and print it in a newspaper, and ask the person it belongs to, to come and get it. If this is a real diamond ring, I think some rich lady must have lost it, and will be so glad to get it back, that she will give Dumpsey a present for finding it. You and he had better bring the ring to show me, and I will advertise it for you."

'Nita's face was very grave. What would Dumpsey say to this scheme?

"You think that rich-a lady give Dumpsey present, sure?" she asked.

That "virtue should be its own reward," was evidently not enough in the child's mode of reckoning.

"I cannot tell, but I should do so were I in her place," said Miss Meyer.

'Nita sighed; her joy was clouded, and she went slowly away, saying that she would tell Dumpsey what Miss Meyer had said.

Dumpsey took her message ill and he was very angry with 'Nita for having said anything to her teacher about their plans. It wasn't any of her business, anyway, he averred, and 'Nita was a silly to take any notice of what she said. He guessed he wouldn't give up the ring! He wasn't so green as some folks—not much! And if 'Nita didn't want the fine dress and hat and all the rest of it, why, he knew who would jump at the chance, and make no fuss! He would sell the ring to old Jacobs that very evening, and next day he would buy a blue silk dress, and red shoes, and a hat with roses in it, and a handkerchief not for 'Nita, oh, no, but for Katie Molloy, that lived in the bend!

'Nita went crying away, with her apron at her eyes, and Dumpsey tried to whistle, though there was a big lump in his throat. He had never quarreled with 'Nita before, and it hurt him to see her cry; but he wasn't going to give in, not he! He was going to sell the ring to-night, when it was dark, so that the policeman would not see him, for he had learned the first sorrowful lesson of wrongdoing already—the lesson of fear! Until now, he and the policeman had been good friends, exchanging jokes, and, in winter, the occasional amenities of a snowball. Now, Dumpsey looked another way when he saw his old acquaintance, and slunk out of his reach, like the big, bad boys he had seen, who stole things, and were always afraid.

Still, for some reason which he did not explain to himself, he did not try to sell the ring that night, nor the next, nor the next. He sat on the ash heap every day, pretending to hunt for new treasures, but, in reality, waiting for 'Nita. And 'Nita bore no malice, and would have gone to him, but that she, also was afraid—afraid of Dumpsey and his reproaches!

It was a hard week for both of them. When Sunday came round again, 'Nita did not appear at Sunday school. She dreaded Miss Meyer's questions. Instead, she sat in her mother's dark room, and cried. Dumpsey cried, too, out among the ashes. It really seemed as if the ring had brought them nothing but trouble.

On Monday morning, Dumpsey, being unable to bear the existing state of things any longer, went to see 'Nita. He took her hand, and silently led the way to the ash heap. She trembled for fear he was going to scold her again, but went without hesitation, to have a cross Dumpsey was better than to have no Dumpsey at all; and by this reflection she proved her genuinely feminine nature.



SILENTLY LED THE WAY TO THE ASH HEAP.

But Dumpsey had no intention of scolding her. His soul longed for peace, and he wanted to see his little playmate smile as she had been wont to do.

"Say, 'Nita," he said, looking away from her. "I think youse awful silly, but I'se goin' to do what youse wants me to about—"

'Nita's little thin arms went round his neck without giving him time to finish his sentence. Dumpsey had never been kissed before in all his life, and he sincerely hoped that no one saw it happen now. He

submitted with a scarlet cheek, for a brief moment, and then he pulled gently but firmly away.

"Oh, say! drop it," he whispered, "I ain't no little kid to be fooled over; let's go see dat teacher of yours, an' give her de ugly old ring, an' done wid it!" So they went.

Miss Meyer was out, they were told by a big man in a black coat and a white tie, who came to the door. Dumpsey thought he must be a minister, but 'Nita, who had been there before, said his name was Mr. Butteler, and that he always opened doors.

Miss Meyer would be in at six, they were told, so they repaired to her house once more at that hour, and arrived at the entrance just as she herself did.

Miss Meyer shook hands very cordially, and took them into a wonderfully beautiful room, full of books and pictures, and waited for Dumpsey to speak. But he was shy, and kicked the legs of his carved chair, and, stuffing the ring into 'Nita's hand, signified that she was to negotiate the affair.

'Nita put the ring into the young lady's hand; she took it to a window, and examined it very closely. Then she rang for a lamp to be brought in, and gave it a yet closer scrutiny, after which she came back to the eagerly interested children.

"You were a good, brave boy," she said to Dumpsey, "to bring me this ring, because you thought it was worth a great deal of money. Now, it will surprise you very much to know that these diamonds are not real, and that the setting is not gold. It is a brass ring, and the stones are only bits of white glass. So no jeweler would have given you anything for it. Do you see?"

Dumpsey grew pale. "Youse sure?" he asked. "Youse seen real diamonds so youse can tell dem always?"

"I am quite sure." "Den I couldn't buyed dat dress for 'Nita, anyway," said Dumpsey; "it's all no go at all!"

The thought that 'Nita would never have a new dress now, so far as he could see, was too much for him, and he rubbed his torn jacket-sleeve across his eyes.

"Come on, kid!" he said hoarsely, grasping her hand and pulling her towards the door. And 'Nita went meekly, with a trembling lip, for everything was at an end now, even that rather vague hope of a gift from the rich lady to whom the ring belonged, as they had supposed. There were no diamonds; there was no rich lady; there was nothing at all but disappointment.

Miss Meyer's sweet voice called out after them:

"Stop a minute, Dumpsey. Will you let me keep this ring?"

"Keep it if ye like; I don't want none of it."

"But I must buy it of you, Dumpsey."

"Tain't worth nuffin'," the boy said gruffly.

Miss Meyer's blue eyes filled suddenly.

"It is worth a great deal to me," she answered softly. "It means Truth, and Honesty, and Self-sacrifice—the best things in all the wide world, Dumpsey. I like this ring better than any that Mr. Tiffany

has in his shop, and I will give you for it—well, if you and 'Nita will come here again next Friday at the same time, you will see!"

The children did not understand what she meant, but they felt happier, and as if something was left them still to look forward to.

When they went to the big house on the appointed day, they found, first of all, a dress, and a hat, and shoes and stockings, and a handkerchief, for 'Nita;

might vary from fifty to several hundred. If one day was insufficient to decide the game it was continued the following day. The contest was accompanied invariably by great noise and rude violence.

The outer square of this primitive fortification of a century and a half ago was surrounded with high palisades of cedar; within this enclosure was a smaller one with officers' quarters, barracks, etc., and above the wooden bastions, the British flag floated lazily in the summer breeze, guarding the fort and the little cluster of Canadian houses just beyond. In the open space between the walls of posts, the red uniforms of the British soldiers, the gray coats of the Canadian voyageurs, and the gaudy blankets of the Indians mingled in picturesque confusion. The last named were permitted free access to this outer court to bargain with the traders whose goods were stored there for safety.

It was the birthday of King George III. and a partial holiday, consequently discipline was relaxed. In response to the invitation of the chiefs, many of the officers and soldiers had come outside the gates in order the better to see the sport, while the squaws were allowed to stand within the enclosure. While the soldiers strolled around in full enjoyment of the unusual privilege, four hundred Indians gathered between the stations, near the open gate. They were in festive costume, stripped to the waist, their bodies daubed with paint and scalp locks adorned with feathers, all in readiness to begin the play, which, with its attendant yelling and shrieking, was designed to divert the attention of the garrison from any possibility of danger; it was an ingenious plot and aroused no suspicion.

At length the moment for action came; in great excitement the ball was tossed high in air when a general scramble ensued to secure it. The fortunate one who caught it in his bat, held the stick high above his head and ran swiftly toward the goal of the opposing party; when his course was intercepted he threw it as a boy throws a stone from a sling. Back and forth it whizzed, repeatedly changing its course as the throng rushed after it in mad haste. Several times when all were running at full speed the foremost one stumbled, when fifty or a hundred unable to stop in their fierce pursuit, fell upon him until there was a mound of struggling, screaming Indians.

In the midst of this frenzy, while shouts from four hundred savage throats filled the air, the ball was thrown: rising higher and speeding swifter than before, it fell within the palisades. Onward came the Indians, pushing and struggling for advance, shrieking in the unrestrained indulgence of their rude game.

They rushed through the gates where the squaws stood, impassive as ever, though sharers in the plot. Suddenly the braves seized tomahawks and knives which the squaws had concealed beneath their blankets, and uttering their terrible war whoop, commenced an indiscriminate slaughter.

Of the three officers, ninety soldiers and four traders at the fort, but twenty escaped death.

This atrocious massacre resulted in no permanent advantage to the Indians; strange to say, they did not destroy the stockade and buildings, and, one year later, Captain Howard, with a detachment of British soldiers, occupied the fort. Again the cross of St. George was raised over that frontier post which, with its suggestion of safety to the various fur companies, for many years made the great Province of Michilimackinac the commercial center of one of the grandest business enterprises in the world.

THE BOY SAVING FUND.

The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY and the boy readers of that paper are doing some practical work in the way of saving boys, having taken one boy from the slums of Chicago and placed him at the Beulah Land Farm for Boys, at Leoni, Mich., and another boy from the slums of Baltimore and placed him with the National Junior Republic, at Annapolis, Md. These two boys are doing well under the watchful eye of good men.

Encouraged by the requests of readers who are unable to send their money in time to have a share in the raising of the fund for the saving of the boy Clarence, we announced in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY that we would receive contributions from boys for the saving of a third boy, the amount necessary for that purpose being sixty dollars. Up to the 20th of August the amount received for the third boy was thirty one dollars and twenty seven cents, a little more than half of what is required. We are sure that another appeal to our boy readers will result in our receiving enough pennies and nickels to make up the sixty dollars which will be required for the rescue of another boy from the streets and alleys of some great city and the placing of him in good hands, that he may be educated and brought up to be a good citizen. Let no one do more than he can afford, but let every boy who reads THE AMERICAN BOY do something.



RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MISS MEYER'S BEAUTIFUL ROOM . . . DUMPSEY TURNED A HANDSPRING.

and then—that which made Dumpsey open his mouth wide and forget to shut it again—a whole suit of perfectly new clothes for Dumpsey himself!

It was so splendid and wonderful and glorious, that he could think of nothing to say.

For Dumpsey, there was only one way of adequately expressing his feelings and he therewith expressed them. Right in the middle of Miss Meyer's beautiful room, with its pictures, its books and its statues, Dumpsey turned a handspring!

On the first days of June the Indians appeared at Michilimackinac in great numbers, camping in the woods and visiting the fort to dispose of their peltries, with every appearance of friendship. Some of the traders who understood their character and knew the deadly hatred they bore toward the English, cautioned the commandant, Major Etherington, that it might be dangerous to permit hundreds of Indians to have such freedom; but the Major, young and confident, only rallied the traders for their timidity, asserting that there was no danger.

On the fateful morning of June 4th, the Indians gathered in front of the fort, announcing that they were to play their favorite game of Bag-gat-i-way, the Ojibways being pitted against the Sacs, for a high wager. This game played with bat and ball resembles lacrosse, the national game of Canada, which it is believed the French Canadians adapted from the Indians. The stick used was four feet long and one inch thick, made from the toughest wood that could be procured. One end was curved or ended in a ring, in which a net work of buckskin thongs was loosely woven; the ball was not to be touched by hand nor foot, but caught in the net.

At each end of the ground two tall posts were firmly planted a few inches apart; these marked the stations of the rival parties, the distance varying from a few rods to a mile. The object of each party was to defend his posts and send the ball between those of his adversary. The numbers of the contestants

A Historic Game of Ball

EDWARD FROST WATROUS

The particular game of which I write was played on June 4th, 1763, at Fort Michilimackinac; the date is that of the renowned Indian uprising known as "Pontiac's conspiracy." The fort was the most isolated of any of the English frontier posts, standing at the northern extremity of the southern peninsula of Michigan, just where the Straits of Mackinac widen into Lake Huron. The Province of Michilimackinac was the very heart of the Indian country, the principal tribes being the Sacs, Ojibways, Ottawas and Hurons.

The previous summer, Pontiac, the daring chieftain of the Ottawas, had sent his swiftfooted runners to every camp and village of the northwest bearing the belt of purple and black wampum and the tomahawk stained red, notifying all that a grand council was to be held soon on the banks of the river Ecorse, near Detroit. The war tokens were seized with enthusiasm, and all of the tribes were represented in the council held at the appointed place in April, 1763, which pledged itself to exterminate the English and restore the red men to their former power as rulers in the land.



The animal tenders with Dyson's Greatest Show on Earth, said that the old lion, Tiglath Pileser, was growing ugly. They referred to his disposition, and not to his personal appearance. Physically he had long since lost the good looks of youth. He was old and mangy, and almost toothless; his mane, once so

"And really, I own, I myself feel afraid,
"Sometimes when I hear myself roar"
And he wished, as he went and lay down in the shade,
That he need be a lion no more.

But that was long before this, and by this time Tiglath Pileser had even lost his interest in abstract speculation, and seemed merely to have a vague desire that he need not be anything any more. Countless turnings backward and forward had dizzied his understanding.

But the feelings of Tiglath Pileser made no difference to Dyson Brothers. The price they had paid for him was too far in the distance, and he had ceased to be a paying card; so they kept right on with their travels, and one fine day landed at Cape Town. It was the first visit of the Greatest Show on Earth to Africa, and after the Cape Towners had seen its glory, it started by rail to Johannesburg.

A mile out of town the rails spread and threw a car down a bunk. The car spread, and threw a part of its contents; among them the cage of Tiglath Pileser, old and rusty like its occupant. So the cage spread and threw out the old lion, who stood, for the first time in forty years as he was created—free, if not equal!

For a moment he stood bewildered; then, with a mighty thrill, he realized he was free! "Away to the sands!" sang his exulting spirit, and he set out for the cover of the woods; the showmen, who thought him about to die of old age, and not worth pursuit, waving their caps at him crying:

"Farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!"

On he went, over kopje and along vval. What guided his steps? Did he know he was going home, or was he unconsciously led by that capricious thing we call chance, instinct or providence, according to the cut of the ideas with which we are clothed?

Any way, seventeen months and eleven days after he left Cape Town, Tiglath Pileser, stiff in the knees and wheezy in the

throat from sleeping out nights, stood on a rocky spar overlooking a green level on the border of the Barcan desert. From beneath the rocks gushed a spring which widened into a pond; and hither he had been accustomed to lead his mate every evening to drink.

It was the land of his birth, the home of his childhood, and every loved spot which his infancy knew. Did unspeakable feelings fill him now? We can not tell, but let us believe so. He had gone straight to the spot where he had been accustomed to lie and sun himself and meditate to his heart's content; where no such nightmare as his years of captivity ever disturbed his day dreams.

There stood this Rip Van Winkle, looking down on the plain below where he (it seemed ages and ages ago) played with his brothers and sisters. Here later, he had first seen his handsome mate, and here had taken place that bloody battle with his rival, Nemo. Here he had come again from a far country, and how strange it seemed to him, and how weary he was! He thought wistfully of his eight by twelve cage!

The place was deserted and he lay down on the bare rock, and rested with half closed eyes. He lay there a long time, too listless to move, before he began to hear a faint sound in the distance—a low moaning gradually deepening to a deafening roar. He slowly and painfully rose to his feet and listened. Presently he saw four lions approaching the pond to drink. For the first time in forty years, Tiglath Pileser looked upon those of his own kind! He tried to give an answering roar, but it sounded hoarse and feeble even to himself.

As they came near, there was one in the company whom he recognized. It was his enemy, Nemo! Here Tiglath Pileser was, old, decrepit and dispirited; and here was his foe, as young and active looking as he remembered him fifty years ago! His peculiar black and yellow markings looked as bright and fresh as ever. It sent a pang of bitter envy through the old lion's heart. (It was not Nemo at all, but a son remarkably like him. Nemo himself had been pining for twenty years in a zoological garden. But of this Tiglath Pileser dreamed not.)

The quartet stopped, and with one accord looked at the newcomer. Then they began to wag their heads and make remarks about the stranger's appearance.

"He must have eaten grass with Nebuchadnezzar!" said one.

Nemo started toward him. Tiglath Pileser glared as fiercely as his jaded old yellow eyes would permit, and he essayed one of his old roars that used to resound for miles; but it ended in a wheezy rattle. For an instant he stood, himself amazed at the sound; and a derisive roar sounded from the company. He saw Nemo still advancing on him, and turned and slunk away with his tail between his legs.

A week later Tiglath Pileser's buzzard-picked bones lay bleaching on the desert sands. It would be romantic to say he died of a broken heart, but it would not be historically correct. It was really influenza and sciatic rheumatism that killed him, though his soul was filled with harrowing feelings, and this no doubt hastened the machine (that was to him Tiglath Pileser), to suspend activity. The player had withdrawn his hands from the worn-out instrument—more to be likened to a horse fiddle or a callopo than a sweet toned lyre—and the rasping, discordant music was no more!



Did unspeakable feelings fill him now?

thick and fawny, was thinned and faded, and he was run down in flesh. The little boys who were awestruck by the fearful and dazzling beauty of the Bengal tiger, wagged their heads tantalizingly at Tiglath Pileser and mocked his gray hairs without evoking any response. He simply lay still and blinked his sleepy old eyes.

Tiglath Pileser was weary of life. He would that he were dead. For forty years he had been in captivity, and had ridden in the train so much it made his head swim to think of it. I have heard persons say that travel imparts a polish that nothing else can; but Tiglath Pileser did not show it. He did not show it any more than does a Wandering Pete or a Weary Wraggles; and perhaps for the same reason. He had never been able to travel in a Pullman car and take his meals in the diner, but had to eat packed lunches or pick-ups; and so, was not able to observe the exclusiveness of high breeding.

Nevertheless, in the earlier years of his captivity, Tiglath Pileser had worn an expression of aristocratic hauteur, and had been accustomed to pace his cage, lashing his tail and gazing with sullen fierceness at the people who crowded to see him as, per advertisement, the largest and handsomest specimen of the African lion in captivity.

But gradually his spirit was broken; and no wonder, for every day he suffered the humiliation of being stared at by persons who made him feel thankful that he was a lion. Constant scrutiny will demoralize the best of us, and it finally preyed on Tiglath Pileser's nervous system—especially the eating of his meals on exhibition. He grew morose, and the demon of discontent gleamed in his yellow eyes. He gradually quit pacing his cell, and spent nearly all his time brooding, stretched out on the floor.

Of what did he think? Perhaps of his old home, far away on the skirts of the Barcan desert, and the changes life had brought to him. Perhaps even on the mystery of his own identity, for Tiglath Pileser had never been a common lion, but had always had an introspective mind, with ideettes and thought-lettes far beyond his educational advantages. If he had been human he would have been a Schopenhauer. He was the original of the lines you have no doubt seen in the children's rhymes below the picture of the lion looking into the river—in the attitude of Narcissus, but with none of his vanity:

"A lion gazed down at his shadow one day;
Said he: I look theree, I declare!
'No wonder that people keep out of my way,
'And wish they were birds of the air!"



GAZING WITH SULLEN FIERCENESS AT THE PEOPLE.

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT
The Witch Woman of Watertown
 Copyright, 1899, by CHARLES BATTALL LOOMIS, the Author

All the boys in Oakville had hen fever. I once heard a little boy say "hen fever is something like chicken-pox and something like scarlet fever, but it lasts longer than either," and I guess he was right. But if you who are reading this are so unfortunate as to be a city boy and only know hens as the featherless things they hang up by their legs in the poultry stores, I can tell you that hen fever is very delightful while it lasts, for it means the enthusiastic care of hens—which are the birds that lay the eggs of commerce. It means feeding them the right food and rejoicing in their cackling, which is their way of saying "Watch me lay an egg," and it means hunts for hidden nests with maybe a dozen eggs in them and it may be a dozen fluffy little chickens. It means the right food and plenty of water for them and tucking them into bed at night so they won't catch cold, and it sometimes means enough pocket money from the sale of eggs and chickens to buy a handsome double ripper with a picture of Dewey winning out, at Manila, on it.

So you see that hen fever doesn't require the services of a physician and you can catch it at any time of the year, although March and April are the easiest months in which to get it, for then any old hen at all will lay eggs and you think she's going to do it all the year round and you get your father to buy forty of them and the first thing you know your hens are all on strike and you're buying your eggs at a grocery store. And that sometimes cures hen fever. But it also shows you that you didn't have the right brand of fever or they would have kept on laying.

The annual Bangtown fair was billed to come off the first Tuesday in October and ten of the Oakville boys had entered their hens in the hope of winning



"HAVE YOU HURT YOURSELF? CAN I HELP YOU?"

prizes. Abbott Lyman was going to send ten Black Leghorns and Philip Wendell was going to ship a crate of White Plymouth Rocks and Beecher Ward was going to exhibit three Black Spanish hens.

But poor little Bryant Williams felt quite left out because he had nothing to send. He was a little orphan who would have had hen fever in a minute if he could have bought or borrowed any hens, but it was all he could do to get enough clothes to cover him and sufficient food to keep his internal machinery going and to have bought even one scrub hen would have overtaxed his resources.

I'm rather afraid that Abbott Lyman crowed a little over Bryant—maybe he had caught it from his hens—and maybe not. But wherever he had caught it he should have dropped it instantly. He said in that taunting way of his that made him so unpopular with smaller boys and got him into so many scrapes with bigger ones. "If I was so poor that I couldn't enter any fowls at the fair I'd go jump into Naugatuck."

But little Bryant, instead of making an ugly reply, simply turned a handspring and went down the road to help Beecher Ward knock a crate together for his Pekin ducks.

On the way to Beecher's house he came upon an old woman who had slipped on a "slide" and had fallen. She had dancing black eyes and a sugar loaf hat and

long straight hair, and her nose was within hailing distance of her chin and she looked a good deal like old Mother Hubbard or Mother Goose or one of the other mothers of nursery tales.

Bryant was a helpful chap and instead of laughing at the old woman as Abbott would have done he stopped and said, "Have you hurt yourself? Can I help you?"

"Indeed you can, sonny. I think I've cracked my hip. I didn't see the ice and the first thing I did see was stars."

Bryant laughed. Here was an old woman who could make a joke of her trouble and he was the better pleased to help her for he was always joking himself.

He put his arm around her and finding her a bag of bones he lifted her with no trouble at all.

"Indeed but you're a good lad. Once I'm on my feet I'm good for all day, but when I tumble—which I don't often do—I'm as badly off as a turtle on its back."

"Are you going far?" said Bryant. "Can't I carry your basket?"

"Thank you kindly if you will," said the old woman. "My hip pains me a good deal. I suppose you'll be going to the Bangtown fair and exhibiting some chickens like the other boys."

"No, indeed," said Bryant, ruefully. "I have just money enough to get in myself and I made that helping Beecher Ward to take care of his ducks. I wish I could enter some hens, for I love them and would like to win a prize."

"Well, it's a lucky thing that you met me and that I fell, for I have the hen that laid the golden egg in my basket, and I will let you have her all day tomorrow if you will promise to return her to me next day. I live on Black Mountain."

And then Bryant knew who it was that he had befriended: none other than the witch woman of Watertown who in winter lived in Watertown but in summer lived in an abandoned charcoal burner's hut on the mountain.

"You can win a prize with the hen and you can sell the golden egg which she will lay at ten in the morning, for a great deal of money, and you can show her in a tent and charge so much admission."

Did ever a boy find fortune knocking so many times on his door at once? His eyes filled with tears and he grasped the old woman's hand and thanked her with all the fervor of a warm nature.

"I must go and see about getting a tent at once," said Bryant.

"Now I like that," said the old witch. "Some boys would have expected me to furnish tent and all myself, but I see that you are willing to help yourself. Go to Lowell Russell and tell him I sent you and he will fix you out. Here, take the hen along, but be sure that no one steals her or she and the thief will disappear entirely."

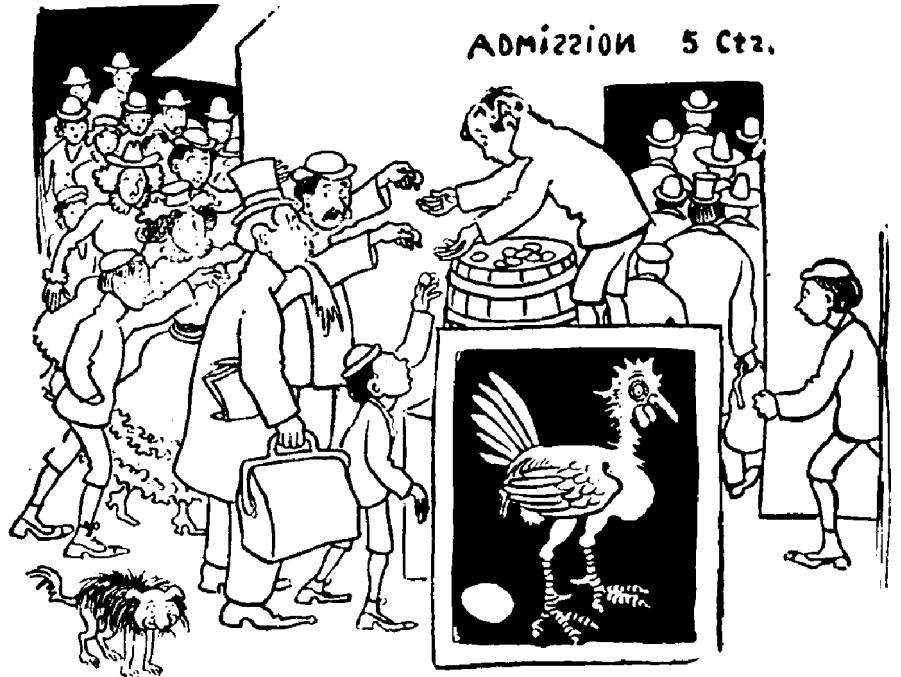
Bryant promised and ran off with the basket. While he was waiting for Mrs. Russell to open the door he lifted the cover of the basket and looked in. There sat a quiet looking hen of a bright golden color. Her comb was as red as blood and she looked exactly as if laying golden eggs was a good thing for her health. Which it undoubtedly was, for think how many years it is since she was first discovered!

Bryant told his errand to Mrs. Russell and she told him that her husband—who was vice-president of the Bangtown Fair Association—had a tent that was to have been used by a man with a five headed calf, but the calf had lost four of his heads in a railroad accident and was now no better than any calf so the man didn't need the tent. And then Mr. Russell came in and proved to be kindness itself.

Next morning the fair opened and it was like all the country fairs that were ever held. And if you never attended one I can tell you that the chief things to be seen there are people. People who have come afoot and ahorseback, on wheels and between wheels—and some would come in balloons rather than miss coming. There is one big tent and a lot of smaller ones, and there are men who sell candy and oysters and soda and whips. The whip men are really worth while. They sell half a dozen whips, each one worth a dollar, and charge a dollar for the lot and still make money. Now that ought to make a good problem in arithmetic. If one whip is worth one dollar and a man sells six such whips for a dollar and makes money on the sale, how much does he make? Do it in long division. Or maybe fractions would be better. But I'm sure I don't know how the man does it.

The poultry show was a fine one; not only all the boys but the farmers for miles around had entered birds. But Bryant took first prize as a matter of course. A hen that lays golden eggs is worth any number of hens with silver feathers.

Bryant was kept busy taking in the nickels that the



BRYANT WAS KEPT BUSY TAKING IN THE NICKELS.

people paid to go in and see the hen in a parrot cage—loaned by Mrs. Ward. Mr. Russell had painted a beautiful picture of a hen at least two feet high and with two high feet and the tent was naturally a magnet of attraction.

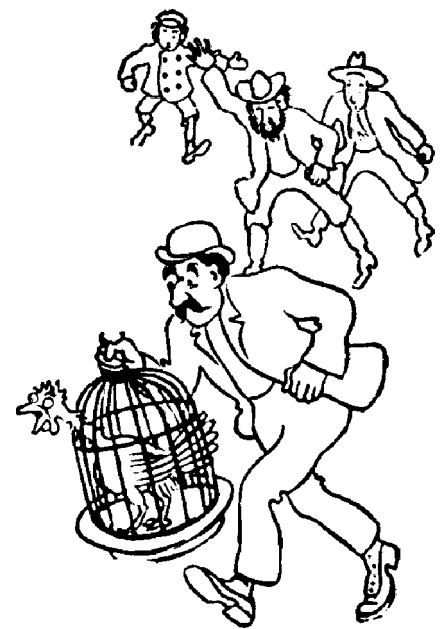
Of course the biggest crowd was in the tent at ten o'clock when the hen was advertised to lay the egg. The tent had been full before that, but there's always room for more people in a crowd. These people who happened to be in the tent when the egg was laid had something to talk about for the rest of their lives, and I dare say if you go up to Oakville you'll find persons who saw the whole proceeding.

At ten sharp the egg appeared and the hen began to cackle a silvery lay. Mr. Russell, who stood by Bryant to see fair play, held the egg up and told the crowd that it was probably worth three hundred dollars and any farmer could have it for that price spot cash. While the crowd was laughing at this, for people up Oakville way don't carry many three hundred bills around loose in their clothes, a queer thing happened.

One of the men who ran a wheel of fortune—the kind where you pay ten cents and are sure to get an article worth a tenth of a cent—no blanks—thought that a hen who laid golden eggs laid over any fortune wheel in the country, so he told his pal that he was going to steal it.

He was standing on the other side of the hen and while the crowd was intent on the glistening egg he seized the enchanted fowl and burst through the crowd and out of the tent as quick as winking. The farmers followed him, crying "Stop thief," but they had not run ten feet when a remarkable thing happened.

That man and the hen disappeared as if they had been swallowed up. There was no place where the man could have hidden. He had simply vanished because he stole the hen.



THE FARMERS FOLLOWED HIM, CRYING "STOP THIEF."

And neither the hen nor the man has been seen from that day to this, although it was way back in October. The old witch's prediction had come true. I dare say that she had the hen, but who has the man I don't know. And I don't care much.

As for Bryant, he sold the egg to a banker in Waterbury for four hundred dollars and put the money in the savings bank and he bought some blooded Wyandotte hens with the gate money he took in, and now he has one of the best poultry farms in the whole State of Connecticut.

A LEGENDARY RIGMAROLE OF THE RENOWNED INDIAN CHIEF,

SITTING BULL

BEING A STORY WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED FOR THE PAPOOSES

F. J. THOMAS



SITTING BULL, the savage and bloody Indian Chief, was a wanderer on the plains beyond the Rocky Mountains. He is said to have murdered many brave men and fair and innocent women and children. He was, no doubt, a descendant of the famous Sitting Bull, the great discoverer, once a chief of the Arapahoe Indians, and originally named Roaring Bull. A sitting bull is rather an anomaly. Who ever heard of a bull sitting, as we understand it? Well, the Indian of whom this story is told, is said to have been the first among the race of red men who discovered sitting to be a very easy and comfortable posture.

The story is something like this: The Indians, you are aware, are a roaming, restless race, who have none of the comforts of a home, no chairs, no tables, no beds, no sofas, no old china, no ceramics, no pianos, no anything, because in reality they have no home. They wander about from place to place, dwelling in wigwams, hunting and fishing, eating and sleeping, and tradition says they once had so little knowledge of the enjoyments this life affords that they never even sat down. They had in fact nothing to sit upon, not a fence, stump, or gate post. They slept at night by hanging themselves across the limbs of a tree, as a washerwoman hangs out her clothes to dry; and they probably rested themselves after the same peculiar fashion.

One day a party of Indians were crossing the plains; the sun had sunk in the red clouds of the western horizon, and the night was coming on. The party, consisting of some ten or fifteen, had retired to roost, so to speak, by hanging themselves across the limbs of



BEFORE THE DAYS OF SITTING BULL.

a small tree, the only one in sight. All 'tis said, were on the roost save one, Roaring Bull by name; and before hanging himself up for the night, he went down to a small stream that ran close by to bathe, and to take a thorn out of his foot, which had accidentally got in during the day's travel.

Indians seldom, if ever, bathe; they have a horror of water something like that of little white children on a Saturday night. They look upon bathing very much in the light of a surgical operation; but this Indian was an eccentric Indian, and wanted to see how it felt to remove the dirt from his person. After he had bathed and dressed he went to the edge of the stream to drink, and as he arose and was coming away, a weed caught his foot and threw him forward, knocking his shins against a rock and landing him upon it in a sitting posture. He sat there and rubbed his shins for some time, and found himself very easy and comfortable, but up to this time he had not noticed the strange position he was in. A thistle growing close by, and waving in the breeze, called his attention to it, when one of its sharp leaves happened to touch his skin; for when he jumped up he found that he was very much relieved of his fatigue.

He felt himself gently all over and, with one eye on the thistle, sat down again and nodded and winked approvingly, congratulating himself, as it were, as any man would naturally do who was satisfied that he had made a great discovery. After sitting down and getting up a number of times, more and more to his satisfaction every time, he thought of his companions. Running and waking them all up he told them to come and see something. They grunted and expressed dissatisfaction at being aroused from their roost, but they got down and followed Roaring Bull in single file to the river. When they came to the edge of the stream Roaring Bull deliberately sat down upon the rock with a self-satisfied air and an exhibition of the pride that Watt must have displayed when he discovered the steam engine, or Morse the electric telegraph. He gazed at his brethren with an expression that seemed to say, "There, what do you think of that?" They

gathered all around him in a circle with their eyes fixed and protruding in amazement, and then burst into a loud laugh; that was a little derision which wounded Roaring Bull's feelings, but he got up and invited "Toad-in-a-Hole" to take a seat. "Toad-in-a-Hole" turned away with an expression of ridicule. Bull then invited "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Mother-in-Law" to be seated. This young brave took a seat, and a renewed laugh went round the circle of red men. "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Mother-in-Law" then got up and eloquently expressed his satisfaction, signed a testimonial approving the discovery, and recommending a seat upon the rock for its ease and comfort to all the red men of the prairie and the forest. After a little pressing, all the Indians present sat down one after another (there was only room upon the rock for one at a time), and all got up and pronounced it good. They then all signed Bull's testimonial, and with some considerable ceremonial afterwards dubbed him "Sitting Bull," in honor of his discovery, as men are nowadays frequently invested with honors by European kings and queens for inventions and discoveries of less importance.

Sitting Bull then with commendable enterprise went into business. He put up a wigwam over the rock, got his handbills printed, and published his testimonials thereon, got a hand organ, which his squaw played at the door, and then invited all the Sioux, Ogahallahs, Comanches, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Modocs and the others to "walk in and take a seat," at the low charge of fifteen cents each, children half price, matinees on Saturdays. He continued in the business some time and accumulated considerable means from his discovery, when he left the plains, and is said to have gone east and established himself in the hair business.

With his superior business acumen and enterprise he had discovered when operating upon the heads of his unhappy victims on the plains, that a great deal of the hair found by him on the scalps of those operated upon, was false, especially among the ladies; and that much of the hair had been grown upon other heads than those that wore it.

The frequent discovery of this false hair led Sitting Bull to thinking on the subject, and after mature deliberation he concluded that if he could only learn where the market was for this material, he would be able to sell the scalps, of which he had a large collection, taken during his long life of murder and robbery upon the plains.

He accordingly arranged his plans for a visit to the Great Father at Washington, intending also to learn what he desired to find out about the false hair business and establish an agency in some one of the large cities most suited thereto, where he would receive the scalps taken by his fellow savages on the plains, and have them properly dressed and prepared and sold to those of the white people, who from vanity or necessity required more hair than nature had provided them with.

He found out what he wished to know about the business, and went into it with great success, and much to the satisfaction of his brother Indians, from whom he received quantities of human hair, and to whom, he returned large sums, the profit of their labors as scalp hunters.

His stock was noted for its great variety and his store was largely patronized. He dropped his character as an Indian, as far as possible, and spent his days in comparative composure, smoking his calumet of peace and surrounded by what seemed to be an endless variety of wigs, toupees, etc., all neatly combed, oiled and perfumed, and labeled, "this style \$4.00," "this style \$7.00," and so on.

He, it is thought, made New York City his home, where he became rich and respected. And as he passed away quietly in the bosom of his numerous family of papooses, his faithful squaw soothed his last moments by playing slow psalm tunes on the hand organ, which



THE GREAT DISCOVERY.

had done duty years before on the plains, and which now took the place of a piano in his parlor.

Before his death he became noted for his business enterprise and integrity, and, even to this day when business men push their business with unusual vigor, they are said to "Bull the market."

After the death of "Sitting Bull the Great," his business prospered in the hands of his sons until, one day a very bald headed gentleman came into the store to purchase a covering for his naked scalp, when to his great amazement he recognized his own hair that had been ruthlessly torn from his skull by the Indians, when he was crossing the continent two years before. Yes, sure enough, there it was, on a wooden block, brushed and curled and for sale for three dollars and fifty cents.



THE HAIR EMPORIUM.

This led to an investigation of the business of "Sitting Bull's Hair Emporium," which resulted in breaking it up and dispersing the family. And as the Indian is said to be an untamable savage, the family went back to the wilderness of the far, wild west from whence it came; and the late Sitting Bull who gave our government so much trouble, was undoubtedly one of its descendants, other members of which still roam the plains, wild and intractable—but no longer engaged in the hair business, that having been stopped by the police.

From Pop-Corn to Politics

MR. J. E. SMITH

Prominent in national affairs just now is the figure of a man who began his business career some thirty odd years ago selling pop-corn in the depot of a certain thriving railroad town. His mother was a widow, and as the oldest of three children it fell to his lot to help fill the family purse. This is the way he did it:

When the through train pulled into the station to wait "twenty minutes for refreshments" and change engines, John was on hand with a big basket of crisp, freshly popped corn, fragrant, delicious, nicely buttered and salted. Mother and sister attended to the popping and seasoning of the stock in trade, and John was salesman, general manager, and hustler in chief. It was his business to sell the corn after it was popped, and he did it. He was wide-awake, obliging, honest. The corn was of the best quality, neither burned nor leathery, and the butter was above reproach. A good many travelers discovered that it was pleasanter to lunch on fresh pop-corn than on stale sandwiches. When the trains pulled out, John made the rounds of stores and offices, and little by little worked up a trade that brought in quite a respectable income.

When the younger brother was old enough, the pop-corn route was made over to him and John found employment in the office of a lawyer who had been one of his customers. He was janitor, errand boy, copying clerk and all round "handy man" with little time for anything but work, but he soon saw that the trained mind is the one that wins life's race. So he made arrangements to attend night school and spent his spare time digging into mathematics, history and various other branches of a practical education. Later he asked and received the privilege of reading his employer's law books, and, to make a long story short, he succeeded in passing a creditable examination, was admitted to the bar, and by and by became junior partner in the firm he had served as janitor. Law led him into politics, and today the Hon. John S. — represents in Congress the very district in whose principal town he once sold pop-corn, did errands and swept offices.

So much for the pluck and perseverance of a typical American boy. He has won success for himself, and his example remains for an inspiration to others who, like him, are bound for the hill top.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSOM

This is the seventh chapter in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER VII.

Having been told that we would find excellent fishing in the waters of Mobile Bay, daybreak found us ready for the sport. We were not obliged to journey farther than to take a comfortable seat on our own craft, however, for the sailors on the vessels near our anchorage were having excellent sport; so we had the pleasure of casting our line from our doorstep, so to speak, and the finest fish of the sea were ours.

A beautiful view was before us, as Gazelle rode peacefully at her anchorage, gracefully rising and falling in the long, rolling swell of the bay. On our left was Fort Morgan, with the barracks and officers' houses near by; on the right was the bay, as far as the eye could see. Many steamers following the narrow dredged channel were wending their way to the city.

At last the sun rose from out of the sea and as it appeared but half-round above the distant horizon the clear notes of the bugle sounding the morning call, and the sharp bang of the morning gun broke the stillness. The Stars and Stripes unfolded at the mast head, and the day was begun.

Our fishing was soon over, for the tide began to ebb and then the fish stopped biting; but not before we had caught a fine string of ground mullet and sea trout. This sport ended, we decided to go ashore and take a look at historic Morgan.

We drew lots and Frank and Arthur were the lucky ones, leaving me aboard to the less inviting pastime of clearing the breakfast dishes away.

Reluctantly I watched them row to the shore, for, to tell the truth, I had desired to look about the fort very much, and had hoped that one of the long matches would fall to my lot. It was not to be, however, and I turned to my task, which was made the more uninteresting because nothing but salt water was at hand for domestic use.

Taking the marine glass, I watched the boys, and when about to land, I could plainly see a sentinel draw near the boat, as if to meet them. Strange as it seemed to me, they did not land but turned around at once and rowed back to the yacht. As they drew near I asked: "What is the matter?" They answered that a guard pointed a gun at them and ordered them to halt and state their business. They said they wanted to look at the fort; but the soldier immediately informed them that it could be seen much better at a distance; in other words, no visitors were allowed ashore. This being the case, and as there was nothing more of interest to be seen in our vicinity, we decided to take advantage of a good wind to resume our journey, and were soon skipping along down the channel for the open Gulf.

A long bar runs out into the sea at Mobile, so it is necessary for vessels to sail through a buoyed channel until they reach the whistling buoy which marks the end of the shoal, where they can turn either way and speed along in deep water.

I can think of no more mournful sound than the woe-begone note of a whistling buoy at sea. The peculiar sound, like a moan, is produced by the action of the waves on a huge pair of bellows, which forces air through the whistle. As we reached the gulf and squared away for Pensacola, our next port, we all seemed merry enough, notwithstanding we were now obliged to sail right out in the open sea. Gazelle acted beautifully on the big billows and sped along as if she had always been a salt-water craft. About noon we passed a full-rigged ocean schooner. She was a five masted ship of almost perfect proportions, with tall tapering masts and well conditioned spars, upon which was spread cloud upon cloud of white canvas. She was a most attractive sight as she passed by, gracefully careening, every sail drawing and urging her along. There is something grand, even majestic, in these great carriers, and we indeed felt complimented when the captain himself saluted us with a wave of his cap as he paced back and forth on the quarter deck.

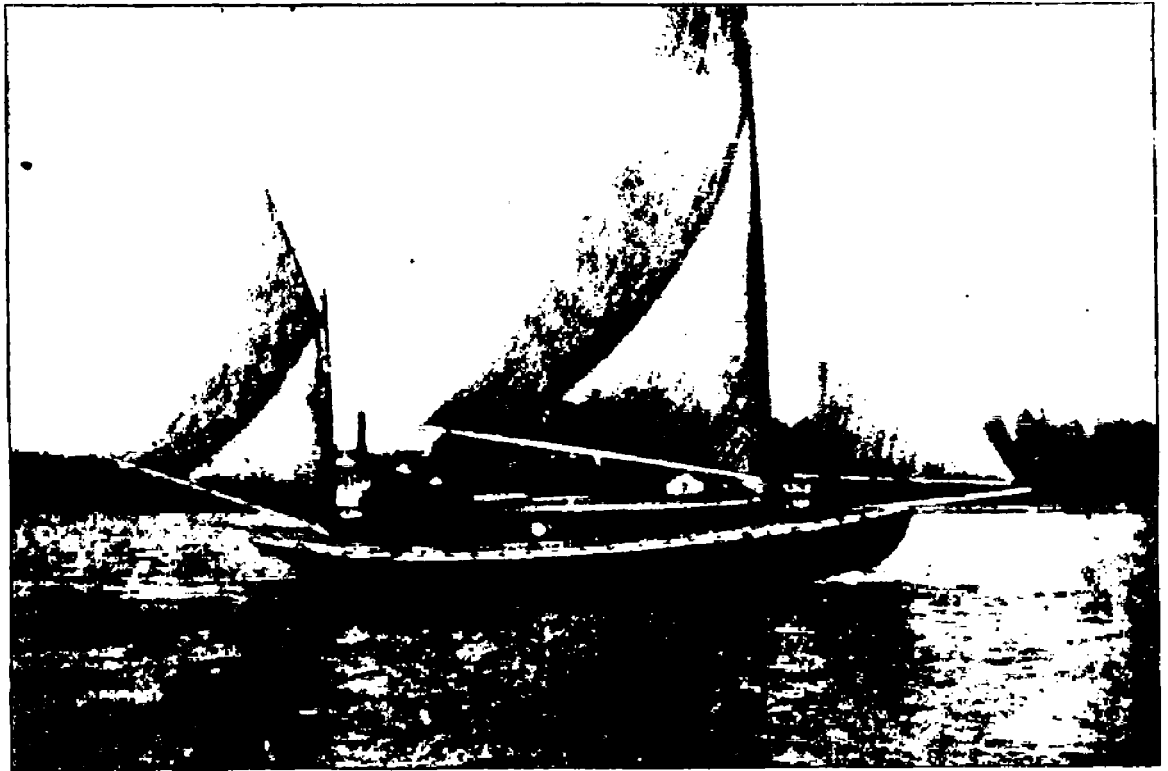
I often wonder just what these sailors thought of us alone in so small a craft on the ocean. But we were comfortable and, aside from our size, felt quite as important as did our larger friends.

It was about two o'clock on the second day out from Mobile Bay that a sudden drop in the barometer, accompanied by a line of heavy black clouds on the western horizon, reminded us that it was beginning to "smell squally."

The night had been warm and sultry, with just enough breeze to give us head way, and we had all whistled for more wind several times. So when it at last came it was in such full measure as to make Frank remark, "Well, boys! we whistled altogether too loud!"

This was our first squall at sea; but we were ready for it, and the first heavy gust found Gazelle snugly reefed and waiting. It was a hard blow, lasting about an hour, kicking up a very large sea, and I don't believe I ever saw it rain so hard before in my life. It happened to be in our favor, however, and Gazelle settled down in her old time fashion, reeling off miles and sporting with wind and wave.

So it was that just at dusk we crossed the bar and sailed up the bay leading to the City of Pensacola. The tide began to ebb before we were able to get far, however, so we cast anchor in the lower bay just off the lighthouse where we remained until daybreak, when we again hoisted our canvas and proceeded toward the city. We found Pensacola a very pretty city indeed. It is a great port. Ships of almost every nation lay at anchor or were loading at the wharves.



THE GAZELLE SPEEDING ON.

We found many things of interest and were greatly pleased to make the acquaintance of the manager of the refrigerating plant, who not only showed us the complete process of making ice in hot weather, but also sent us a generously large cake aboard which was accepted with grateful thanks, for the worst of all things about salt-water sailing in the south, is the scarcity of fresh water, which soon becomes warm and brackish in the heat.

As we had heard much of the beauties of the Santa Rosa Sound we determined to continue our journey by this route. Accordingly, next morning we turned to port and passed down the bay, rounding the buoy which marks the entrance, and soon came upon a dozen ships riding at anchor. The yellow flag at their masthead showed they were in quarantine and inasmuch as we were all well aboard, we felt no desire to stop and inspect, so we sped along.

The beauties of the sound had not been exaggerated to us; in fact, it would be hard for ordinary tongued mortals to do them justice.

The sound is formed by a narrow neck of land extending parallel with the main shore for some sixty miles. The channel itself is narrow but deep, and is plainly followed by its deep blue color, for the edges terminate in abrupt white sand bars washed by the water until nearly as hard as rock.

On the ocean side of the sound are the sand hills, some being so white as to actually look like snow. The government has a large reservation on the mainland extending along the sound, planted entirely with live-oak trees. These are simply beautiful, contrasting as they do with the pure white of the opposite shore.

The wind was fresh and we found considerable enjoyment in simply flying, as it seemed, through this path of beauty. The channel would wind in graceful curves to right or left, and the wind being always abaft of beam, made it easy to follow the course without tacking.

Night came on, and not knowing the channel, we had about concluded to come to anchor, when another vessel came along going our way, and finding no trouble keeping in its wake we continued on with it as our guide, until at last the helm went down and the flapping of sails was heard as the vessel came into the wind. The familiar sound of the anchor followed by the clink of the chain running through the chocks, announced that they had anchored, and we, following

suit, did likewise. We could hear the surf as it pounded on the beach, and knew that we had reached the inlet leading to the Gulf.

Supper disposed of, we rowed over to the schooner which, strange to say, had our name, "Gazelle." The boys aboard, who proved to be fishermen, were glad to see us and gave us a cordial welcome. Their boat had sixty tons of ice below. Thus loaded, she was headed for the red-snapper banks, where they would fish until a cargo was packed in ice, when they would return.

We listened with interest to the yarns spun by these followers of the sea, and it was interesting to learn of their methods of taking and preserving fish caught many miles out at sea and in so warm a climate.

Before leaving our friends we learned that they would continue on their way early in the morning, and as the pass over the bar into the Gulf is a treacherous one, we decided to follow them out. The next morning found us both ready to start, our anchors came aboard at the same time and together we continued toward the Gulf. "Gazelle," the yacht, proved to be too speedy for her big namesake, and we were soon far in the lead, notwithstanding that we slackened sail. Finally we reached the bar a long way in advance of our pilot and decided to use our own judg-

ment and cross it. We were completely successful and were soon skipping along o'er the deep blue of the Mexican Sea.

Although the Gulf coast from Pensacola to Apalachicola is very bold and dangerous and we had several severe squalls with heavy seas, we reached the latter city safely, and after a short visit and making a few necessary repairs to our rigging, we continued our journey, our next stopping place being Cedar Keys.

Passing through St. George's sound and continuing along the coast without serious mishap or incident, but every day proving pleasurable and instructive, we finally, on the twenty third day of May found ourselves becalmed off the mouth of the Suwanee River. We were lonesome, and as we thought and realized how far we were from home and friends, the strains of the old melody seemed to cross our minds and we found ourselves saying over and over,

"Way down upon the Suwanee River,
Far, far away."

How strange it seemed to be right there, and to realize that it was "dreary" too. But next morning brought us a fine breeze and by nine o'clock the beautiful emerald islands of the Cedar Keys were in sight.

How green and pretty these beautiful little islands seemed, rising up from the sea like gems in a rich setting! Sea Horse Key, on which is situated the pure white picturesque light-house and keeper's home seemed a garden of paradise, so rich and beautiful was its verdant foliage.

It seemed good to land once more and we found the little old town of Cedar Keys quite interesting. The harbor was well filled with sponge fishing schooners, and we were greatly interested in learning from the sailors how this article of high commercial value is procured and made fit for market.

The outfit consists generally of a wide schooner vessel of generous beam and strong construction, varying in length from fifty to one hundred feet. Notwithstanding that the accommodations for sleeping are necessarily limited, sometimes the crews consist of a dozen or more negro sailors and fishermen. These negroes are more enlightened than are those reared in the States, as their position in the Bahama Islands, from whence they come, gives them a far better chance to improve their condition. These negro spongers are nevertheless hated by the few white crews that still go forth in quest of this product of the sea, for it

is claimed that they are ruining the trade for the white man and driving him from the shoals.

Each boat is provided with many long, slim poles, made from clear southern pine. These poles are very slender, but strong, and range from ten to forty five feet in length, while their diameter throughout is only about one inch. They are provided at the end with hooks and with these tools the expert fishermen drag the sponges up from the bottom. They do not fish from the large boat but from small yawls about twelve feet in length, and each vessel is provided with at least six of these consorts which string out behind by a long towline. The schooner is thus made a rendezvous, store house and general living place for the outfit during the several weeks spent in securing a load.

Cedar Keys seems to be a favorite stopping place for the spongers after their long time at the sea. They gather there in large numbers and after a general jollification and, I am sorry to say, much dissipation they continue their way to Key West, which is the home port.

Having visited these boats in the harbor and seen the cured sponges nicely strung on strings and ready for sale, we became so interested as to wish to hurry along and visit the fishermen on the sponge reefs.

Our provisions all aboard and stored away, with a new supply of fresh water, we bade farewell to the

Keys and resumed our voyage down the coast. After leaving Cedar Keys the charts show a peculiar bottom formation reaching a hundred miles or more along the Gulf coast. From the shore line out into the sea at varying distance of five to twenty five miles, the water deepens only about one foot a mile. This forms a peculiar shoal safe to sail upon, for the gradual slope breaks the force of the waves and seldom does a sea of any size form on this bank. It is, therefore, a grand place to cruise as one can anchor in safety almost any place.

The stillness of the water no doubt is the cause of such splendid marine plant life as grows on the bottom; the water, too, is so clear that everything is plainly visible, so that the fisherman is greatly aided in securing the sponges.

We enjoyed our cruise on this water very much, but it seemed good to sight a fleet of spongers the second day out of Cedar Keys, for we had kept out of sight of land during the entire time.

We were welcomed by the vesselmen, and anchoring near by, we tried to make up our minds whether or not we could stand the odor of decaying sponges for the sake of the knowledge gained by a visit with the fleet. Soon, however, we became accustomed to it and greatly enjoyed watching the process of gathering and caring for the cargoes. It was fun to see the men with

their long poles hook up the jelly-like balls from the bottom. A trial with one of the hooks proved fruitless for me, and the trick, which looks so easy, was seen to be the result of long training.

The sponges are piled up on deck where the sun decays the animal matter, after which they are thoroughly pounded with clubs. After this operation they are buried in sand for a few days, when they are again thoroughly washed and hung in the sun to bleach.

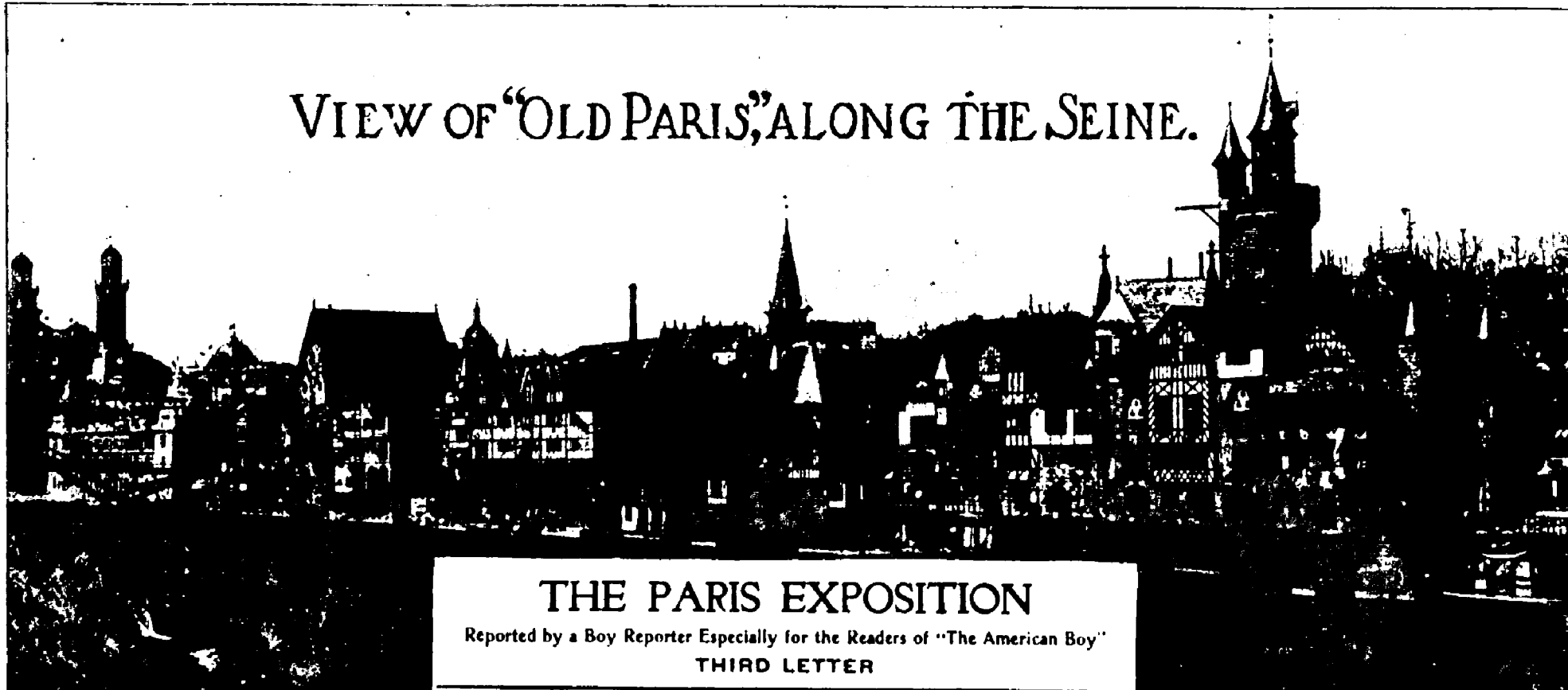
How the men ever live aboard these boats during the curing operation is more than I can understand, for the odor is very disagreeable and in the hot sun doubly offensive; but they become used to it, and I am told that the men are exceedingly healthy while plying their trade.

We met these fleets of boats all along the reef, and when we came to St. Martin's Point we found great numbers of them.

Thus we enjoyed the passing days greatly. We were also becoming used to the tides, the currents and all the peculiarities of the salt sea. Many good times, without any exciting incidents, marked our voyage to Tampa, but as we came to anchor in the lower bay in the friendly lee of an island we little imagined what a time of adventure our visit to the Ten Thousand Islands and the Everglades of Florida would bring.

(To be Continued)

VIEW OF "OLD PARIS," ALONG THE SEINE.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION

Reported by a Boy Reporter Especially for the Readers of "The American Boy"

THIRD LETTER

Dear Boys:

Paris becomes more crowded with visitors every day, and if we boys had not already secured our room for thirty cents a day I am afraid we wouldn't be able to get one now at that price. Even the small houses in out-of-the-way streets are beginning to raise their prices and every room, almost, is in demand at any price. People are flocking here from everywhere. As we go through the streets we see representatives of all nations. There are a lot of Algerians and Tunisians from Northern Africa and, of course, there are numerous Turks and Armenians. There are not so many Chinamen here as we see at home, but those here are doubtless of better class than the laundrymen. Sidney, coming from England, has never seen many Oriental folk except the East Indians, and he is always calling to me to look at some strange individual in the crowd. It is almost impossible to get along the main streets in Paris in the afternoon or evening, for the crowd is simply tremendous. Most French people walk slowly, too, and when Sid and I are in a hurry we simply have to run along the street between the carriages and wagons. Being boys, we can get along pretty well this way, but, of course, we have to keep watching to avoid getting run over by some of the automobiles, of which there are hundreds in Paris. The machines go shrieking here, there and everywhere, and most of them carry horns, which they are always blowing. We wonder that the horses don't get frightened, but they all seem to be used to automobiles by now. They do scare old ladies from the country, though, and it is sometimes amusing to see the expression on the faces of the frightened ones. But Sid and I were a little afraid in the beginning, too, so we can't laugh at anyone.

We continue to visit the Exposition almost every day and always find something new and interesting to see. We have learned to know our way everywhere within the grounds by now, and I think I have seen nearly all the American exhibits. In most departments I couldn't help being disappointed with our showing. I had been telling Sidney that the United States was sure to surpass England everywhere, but when I began to compare the exhibits of

the two countries I found that England had surpassed us in nearly every section. It was very humiliating to me, and Sid keeps roasting me about "the great United States exhibits." Even our National pavilion is less interesting than that of England. Ours is very large and imposing from the outside, but as soon as one enters the door he begins to be disappointed, for there is nothing at all that is interesting to see, just some chairs and tables and some American newspapers that are a week old. All the other countries have interesting exhibits of some kind in their buildings so that visitors are not disappointed when they enter. In the British Royal Pavilion there are some famous tapestries and paintings and Sid never tires of pointing them out to me and asking if we have anything like them in the "States." The German building also contains some fine works of art, and the Norwegian, Italian and Spanish pavilions are simply overflowing with interesting exhibits of various kinds. The American pavilion is the least interesting in the grounds from a foreigner's standpoint. I wish the Commissioners had only seen fit to furnish one room in our building with Indian things. There are any number of beautiful things they could have secured and everything Indian is interesting to Europeans. Or they might at least have secured photos of Niagara Falls and the scenery among the Rocky Mountains and in Yellowstone Park. Or they could have shown some pictures of our great buildings and our fine railway trains. All of these things would have attracted thousands of people to our building, whereas now few go even once and none go a second time.

Germany seems to have the finest and most complete exhibits of any nation, next to France herself. She has evidently spent much time in preparing them, and the men at the heads of departments must have known their business thoroughly. Germany has secured good space and has made the best use of it. The result will surely be of great value to German commerce.

There is one American exhibit that has interested us boys more than any other one thing we have seen. This is the American Corn Kitchen, or "Cuisine de

Mais" as they call it in French. It has been established by the United States Government for the purpose of educating French people to use corn as a food. They raise but little corn here and most of that which is raised is fed to pigs and to chickens. The people have never discovered that it is a good food for human beings, and our Government is trying to teach them that it is. Of course, corn is very cheap, so there is no reason why it shouldn't become a popular food here, and if it does our trade with France will be greatly increased. In this Corn Kitchen is a real old Southern "mammy," and she makes all sorts of good things out of corn and serves them free to the French people, who come in by hundreds to eat. Of course, she has a lot of assistants and they manage to serve a mighty good lunch, in which everything is made of corn. They first give people some corn soup, then follows some hominy or some fried mush. The next course consists of corn cakes with syrup and for dessert there is a kind of corn starch pudding. Frenchmen have never eaten any of these things before and neither have Englishmen, and Sidney was very much surprised when he found how good everything was. He has been back to the Corn Kitchen at noon three times and says he would go again, only he's afraid "Aunt Jemima" will refuse to serve him any more. The Frenchmen seem to like the corn immensely, too, and I have seen many of them back again for more of it. The corn products have been introduced into the Paris stores and are said to be having quite a sale. In the same room with the Corn Kitchen is a stand where a certain famous Pittsburgh firm is serving free samples of their baked beans and sweet pickles. Sid and I have patronized this stand quite extensively for Sid likes baked beans, too. Frenchmen can't understand how beans are cooked in this way, but they eat the samples in great quantities. It will be very strange if corn and baked beans do not form hereafter an important item on every French bill of fare. The only bad thing about this exhibit is that it is very hard indeed to find. It has been located on the third floor of a small building away at the edge of the Fair Grounds and it is nearly an all-day job to find it. I met an American from Kansas the other



admission. It is a collection of buildings which have been constructed along the right banks of the river Seine and they are built to represent Paris as the city looked hundreds of years ago. All the buildings are true to history and one can read about some of them in the books telling about medieval France. There are people inhabiting this quaint old village and they are dressed in the ancient costumes and live as much as possible in the old-fashioned way. When in the village we could imagine that we really stood in ancient Paris and the experience was a very delightful one. There were men, women and children walking about dressed in a most outlandish way, and the stores, the church and the furnishings of the houses were all wonderfully interesting. We remained in the village for quite a

omnibuses, one must get a ticket with a number and then wait with a crowd until one's number is called out by the conductor. Sometimes we have to wait more than an hour, and nearly always walk rather than do that. Sid tried to take a bus one evening at a starting-point and as usual was told to get a number. He got his number all right, but as this was his first experience he tried to get on at once without waiting to be called. The conductor put him off, while a crowd of Frenchmen laughed and jeered. Then Sid lost his temper, and from his appearance when he reached home he must have fought the whole crowd. He hasn't ridden on an omnibus since and says he never will in Paris. "We do things better in London," he says.

But we are rapidly learning all these little peculiarities of Paris and are getting used to French ways. This past week we have been seeing a lot of new things and to-morrow we are going to Versailles to see Napoleon's bedroom, and next time I'll have a lot to write about, I'm sure.

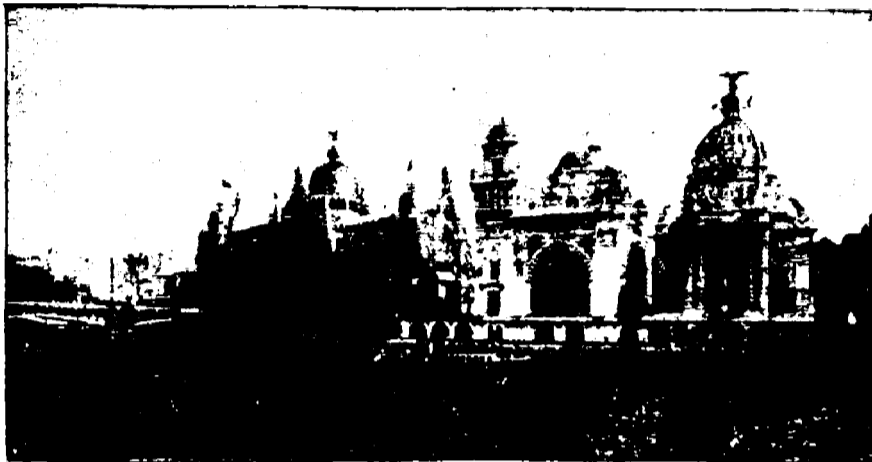
Paris, July, 1900.

THE BOY REPORTER.

day who said that the kitchen should have been located in the rotunda of the National pavilion, and I think he was about right. It should have certainly been placed somewhere in a building that people can find. Aunt Jemima says she doesn't blame people for not wanting to walk two miles and climb three flights of stairs to get corn cakes. "Them cakes is mighty good," she said the other day, "but I wouldn't kill myself walkin' to git 'em." Old Aunt Jemima is the most homelike thing I have seen in Paris and I hope she stays here as long as I do.

One thing at the Exposition which Sidney and I have had lots of fun visiting is "Old Paris." This is perhaps the leading "side show" on the grounds and is also about the only thing that's worth the price of

forever. Although we spend much time at the Exposition we go about Paris a great deal, too, and have all sorts of funny experiences. It is almost impossible to get a seat in any of the trams which run in Paris streets, so we have usually to walk from place to place. We wonder that the omnibus companies do not put on more trams during the Exposition, because there are always about twice as many people wanting to ride as they can accommodate. In order to get on at one of the starting points for



TWO HEROES OF MALVERN HILL

The tenth story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAR ROBINSON WATSON

"Do you think you can get along without me, mother?" asked Louis Thornton.

His face was grave and earnest while his eyes were lifted with an anxious tenderness which for a moment brought the tears to her own.

"It will be hard, dear," she answered slowly, "but if our State needs you, I have nothing to say."

"Father joined the army a year ago. I have tried to take his place, mother, and now little Jim must take mine."

"You have been brave and true in the discharge of duty," she replied. "I believe you will be so always. In six months you will be fifteen years old, but you have borne a man's responsibilities already."

It was a very simple little farmhouse down in Georgia where they lived; the mother, Alice, little Jim and Louis, but it was the home of heroes, nevertheless.

The father went out with the first regiment from his county when war was declared, and was one of the earliest to answer the musket call of the enemy.

Although Louis was yet only fourteen, the spirit of a long line of knightly ancestors fired his soul, and the need for soldiers seemed so great, his mother could not refuse to let him go.

The command which he joined was ordered to Virginia, later to the banks of the Chickahominy, where in the battles of Frazer's Farm and White Oak Swamp, June, 1862, it bore itself with distinguished gallantry.

For a while, with the other Confederate forces engaged, they drove the enemy before them though every step was hotly contested. Towards Malvern Hill the fight was tending, that impregnable spot, cannon-crowned and gun-girt.

Here the Confederates, in the face of certain destruction, were sent out from the cover of the forest to face the enemy, but as they advanced their step was firm, proud and unhesitating.

Over on the James the gunboats lay, and every moment or two, high over head, came crashing through the treetops their death-laden missiles. Shell after shell ploughed its way from the hillside through the advancing ranks of gray; but on they came, leaving the comrades who fell, stumbling over their dead bodies, but "closing up" and facing the fire like men to whom fear was an untranslated word.

It was July the first, and the day was warm and sultry. Clouds began to gather, then the rain fell, the twilight was descending, but the most desperate charge of all was yet to be made. The approaching phalanx of Confederates was now within musket range of the enemy and with the fierce "Rebel yell" charged on the run in the murky darkness.

They were mowed down by scores, for the storming

of the hill was foolhardy, worse than useless, and at last the "retreat" was sounded, and down the incline the Federals rushed towards them with bayonet points in the lead.

In the smoke and gloom it was difficult to distinguish anything. Federals and Confederates were falling on all sides, when a blue-coated soldier, charging, heard a loyal voice call out:

"Hold on, I surrender!" and reaching forward he laid his hand on the shoulder of a mere child, a pale-faced, gentle-voiced boy. It was Louis, who following his soldier father, had left the little Georgia home almost a year ago.

"I surrender," he repeated faintly and his captor saw that he was wounded in the side and head.

He was only a child, and the blue-coated soldier, thinking of his own little lad so safe in a New York village, tenderly lifted his little enemy and carried him in his arms to a point somewhat removed from the carnage.

The wounds were bleeding copiously, but no groan escaped the lips of the little hero while he was being placed upon a pile of blankets hastily thrown together.

There were dead and dying on all sides and he was only a little boy Confederate, of small importance in the scene; but the generous-hearted Blue-coat, thinking tender thoughts of home, remained near by to do what he could to soothe the last dark hour which he saw was drawing on apace.

"You are not afraid, my little man?" he asked very gently.

"Afraid of what?" was the half audible reply.

"You are going, don't you know—where the guns won't fire any more—where—the Great General has declared peace, and there's no fighting and no suffering."

"Oh," was answered very slowly, then "I—I don't care for myself, but mother and Alice and Little Jim—it'll be so hard for them."

He was quiet for a time, then started up, exclaiming: "It was a grand charge! Were we defeated?"

"Yes, driven back," was the answer.

"But some of us reached the lines?"

"Yes, and you among them."

A faint smile lit his face. "The boys said I would be afraid, but—but—you can tell them I was not. I was cheering when the last ball struck."

"Yes, you were as brave as any of the noble fellows who fought to-day," answered the kindly voice and the boy smiled and seemed to sleep.

The soldier bending over him took one of the slender brown hands and clasped it tenderly; the finger tips were growing icy and damp. A half hour later the boy stirred again and tried to sit up, calling softly, "Mother, mother!" then fell back—dead.

A sob went up from the compassionate heart that throbbed under the blue coat, a tear fell upon the face of the dead child, and a very gentle hand smoothed back the hair on the white forehead, buttoned the little gray jacket over the wounded breast, and folded the arms so that they hid the cruel blood-stained rent.

Two American soldiers they were, the man and the boy, though enemies in life they were friends at the

last. The wand of Death, the Great Reconciler, had touched them.

It was many years before the mother, Alice and little Jim knew how he died, they had only learned that he fell at Malvern Hill and was buried there. But after so long a time "the boys" of the little country school, grown to be men now, had his message that he was not afraid, that he fought to the last, that he was cheering when the fatal ball struck.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000 IN MONEY PRIZES

As announced from time to time during the past nine months, the publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will distribute, a few days in advance of the Holidays, \$1,000 among the fifty-two boys who will, by that time, have sent in the largest number of subscriptions, each subscription being accompanied by one dollar. The boy who has sent the largest number of subscriptions will receive the nice little sum of \$200; the one sending the next largest, \$100; the two next in order, \$75 each; the three next, \$50 each; the five next, \$25 each; the fifteen next, \$10 each; the twenty-five next, \$5 each. This competition is open to all readers of THE AMERICAN BOY who are working on commission. Boys who send in subscriptions are entitled to the premiums listed in our premium catalogue, and the subscription sent count toward these money prizes. Boys, however, who are retaining a money commission on each subscription on sending it in are not entitled to be counted with the contestants.

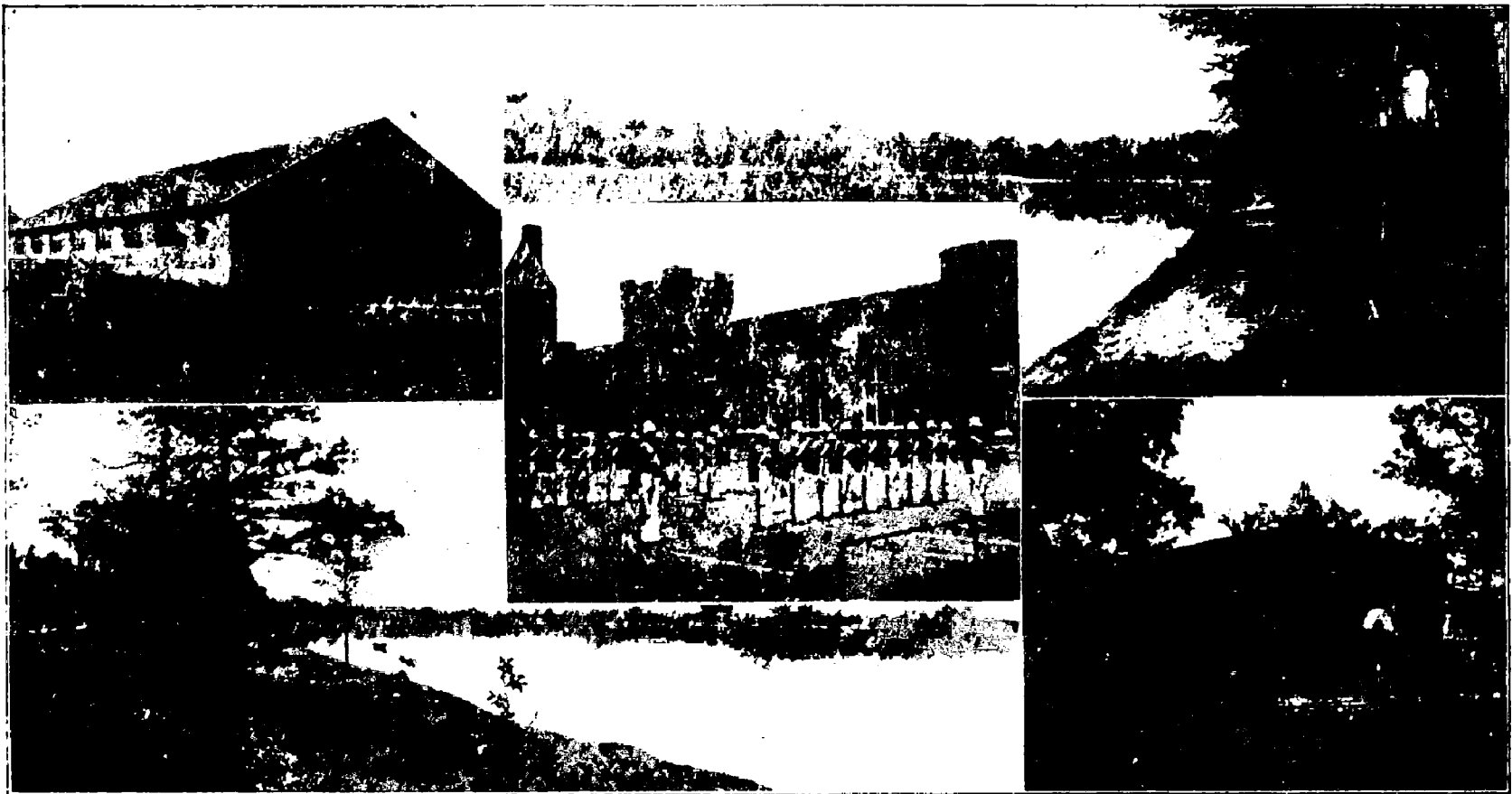
The time is drawing near when the distribution is to take place, and as a consequence the boys are greatly interested and working with might and main for subscriptions. Remember that the lowest prize that any one of the fifty-two boys will get is \$5. Any boy with a moderate degree of energy in his make-up can go out and by a few hours' work put himself within the number of those who will get a cash prize on or about Christmas. He will find people ready to help him earn a little money, and he will find, also, that THE AMERICAN BOY is a good paper with which to canvass. Send in your subscriptions as fast as you get them and we will keep an accurate account of what you send.

We would like to give the names of the fifty-two boys who stand highest on the list, but we have not the space for it. The fifteen, in their order, who have sent in the largest number of subscriptions are:

- Albert W. Field, Minneapolis, Minn.; Charles Gustafson, Chicago, Ill.; J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Emerson T. Cotner, Detroit, Mich.; Louis Straka, David City, Neb.; John D. Croneweth, Detroit, Mich.; Fred H. Hilker, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Raymond Pond, Chicago, Ill.; Donald Annis, Detroit, Mich.; Carl Matthews, Dubuque, Ia.; Clarence Lycett, Fort Lemhi, Idaho; Herman H. Smith, Lamoni, Iowa; Eugene Steele, Phillipsburg, Mont.; Charles Meader, Chicago, Ill.; T. F. Wilson, Columbus, Neb.

It will be noticed by comparing the relative standing of these fifteen that some changes have taken place in the order of names as published in the August number. For instance, J. Lawrence Hirschland, of Reading, Pa., has jumped from seventh place to third place, Donald Annis has jumped from eleventh place to ninth place, Eugene Steele, who was not named in the August number among the first fifteen, is now number fifteen, having passed Avery C. Hand, of Mansfield, O., who was number fifteen at the time the August issue went out.

Perhaps in our October number we shall publish the names of the fifty-two boys who stand at the head. Let us tell you, in confidence, that young Field, who stands at the head, has not so many subscriptions but that any boy, particularly if he lives in a city or large town, can outstrip him in the race in the next two months.



IN AND AROUND THE ACADEMY.

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY
THE WEST POINT OF THE WEST

SITUATED on the shore of Orchard Lake, one of the prettiest lakes in the whole lake region of Michigan, but a short distance from the City of Detroit, is an institution of which all Michigan is proud, namely, the Michigan Military Academy, sometimes called "The West Point of the West." Here, amid scenery most enchanting, free from the allurements of city life and yet near enough so that on appropriate occasions the boys may have city advantages, this institution of learning has flourished for many years, presided over by Col. J. Sumner Rogers, a military officer of high standing who has been at its head since its founding, assisted by a large academic and military staff. In 1877, at which time the school was organized, General Sherman wrote to Colonel Rogers: "It requires no prophet to tell that, with perseverance in the course you have so well begun, the Michigan Military Academy will become famous and honored throughout the land." That his prediction proved true is shown by the fact that Captain Lee, in his report to the War Department, as United States Army Inspector, in 1894, said: "The Military Department of the Michigan Military Academy stands pre-eminently without a peer among all of its class."

The surroundings of the Academy are healthful and inspiring. The soil, unlike that of many lake regions, is dry and fertile, entirely free from low, marshy places. Beautiful shaded drives about the shores of Orchard Lake and its neighbor, Pine Lake, make it a favorite resort for those who drive or take delight in the wheel. Orchard Lake, being eight miles in circumference and having a sand and gravel beach, affords ample opportunity for bathing and boating.



LIEUT. LANDIS ON WAR CRY, JR.

The parade grounds belonging to the Academy consist of about fifteen acres, and here, outside of study and drill hours, the boys may be seen engaged in tennis, golf, football, baseball, and such other amusements as delight the heart of a boy. In the months of May and June visitors come from far and near to witness the dress parade of the cadets and listen to the excellent band concerts on the parade grounds. In stormy weather the gymnasium, which has a clear floor space of one hundred and fifty by fifty feet, is used for infantry exercises, and the riding hall for cavalry exercises. To the west of the parade grounds along the shore of Orchard Lake, stands the target, with the lake as a safe background.

In 1877, when the Academy began its existence, it had but a single building, which was at once a schoolroom, teachers' quarters and barracks. Now, many splendid buildings are scattered throughout the grounds, the principal one being the recitation building, with its ten



MARCHING FROM MESS.

recitation rooms, four offices, a chapel and a library; then there is the barracks, with accommodations for one hundred and forty four cadets; the gymnasium and riding hall, already mentioned; the quartermaster's building containing postoffice, armory, laundry, tailor shop, and other rooms for the accommodation of employees; the mess hall, which includes the kitchen and bakery; the Castle, which is the residence of Superintendent Rogers; the boiler house, including shops and dynamo room. A new science building is in process of erection.

The curriculum at Orchard Lake embraces the courses of study offered in the best high schools of the large cities, as well as a preparatory year, by which students may prepare for the regular course, and a post graduate year following it. The post graduate year is designed for students who have graduated from the Academy or from a first-class four year high school. It covers the first year's work in the best colleges and universities.

Every cadet must look after his own room, march in military fashion to recitation and mess, and learn promptness and precision in his movements. This means much more, educationally considered, than is usually understood. We may easily underestimate the value of a discipline that begets habits of attention, punctuality, promptness, obedience, industry, and at the same time gives a military bearing and a vigorous body and mind.



ACADEMY BAND.

THE BOY TRAVELER

ANNOUNCEMENT—We present herewith the seventh chapter of the narrative from the pen of Harry Steele Morrison, who is known as "The Boy Traveler," in which he is describing his adventures as a 16 year old boy on a tramp through Europe. The boy was living in 1886 in a small town of Illinois, but in that year became suddenly ambitious to go to Chicago to work. He lived in that city for a year, working as office boy at \$1.50 per week, and then, being determined to become a reporter, he started upon his famous trip to Europe. He had saved \$25, and with this money started for New York, stopping off at Washington, where he was received by the President and Mrs. McKinley. From New York he worked his way to London as cabin-boy on a cattle-ship, and arrived in England, where he worked for his room and board in an inn. He succeeded in interviewing Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria and the King of Belgium. He visited the late President of France and the Lord Mayor of London, and altogether saw more famous men than any other person could possibly have interviewed. He was lost in the Alps and had many startling adventures of various sorts. The trip was remarkable in every way. The story of his achievements is extremely valuable. It gives American boys a knowledge of the opportunities which are open to them, and teaches them that with industry and courage, the boy who is early thrown upon his own resources may rise by his own efforts and make a success of life.—The Editor.

CHAPTER VII.

Though I didn't particularly enjoy my stay in Paris, I had several very interesting experiences. When I started out upon my trip to Europe I was very anxious to have an interview with the President of France, M. Faure. I had read somewhere that he had once been a poor boy, so I was more desirous of meeting him than of talking with any other man in Europe, except Mr. Gladstone. And I thought that because M. Faure was the President of a Republic he would be an easy man to get at. In this idea I was much mistaken. The President lived in the Elysee palace, which was surrounded on every side by high walls. There was apparently but one entrance to the courtyard, and this entrance was guarded day and night by soldiers. I called several times at this gate, but the soldiers refused to let me pass. They couldn't speak English and I couldn't speak very much French, so my visits to the outside of the palace never amounted to much. I soon saw that the guards were determined not to let me in, because they supposed me some boy from the streets, no doubt. And I saw, too, that people arriving at the entrance in cabs and carriages were not stopped, but were allowed to drive right in. So, finally, it occurred to me that I might be able to get in if I could only fix myself up to look like some person of importance. I was very anxious, too, to outwit the soldiers who had treated me in such a shabby way, so I waited, and meantime made great preparations for my effort. I hired a dress suit and a cab, and drove up to the main entrance in style. The soldiers at the gate made no effort to stop me, and into the courtyard I went, and up to the very palace door. Once inside the building I sent in a card to the President, who received me, and the expression of surprise on his face when he found me only a sixteen year old American boy was very funny to see.

But when I explained to him why I had been so anxious to see him and how I had succeeded in gaining admittance, he laughed heartily and was much interested in learning about the trip I had been taking. I told him the whole story, and when I had finished he made me glad by telling me a great deal about his own early life and experiences. I was surprised to learn that this great man had at one time been an apprentice to a tanner in the city of Havre, and that he had to work early and late for a mere pittance. President Faure told me how he had worked himself up from one position to another, studying nights to improve himself, until finally he was made a partner in the firm and married his employer's daughter. It seemed almost like some story from a book, and after I had seen him I felt vastly encouraged in my own efforts to succeed.

After seeing President Faure I felt ready to return to England on my way home again, and having received the money from the London paper, I was able to make the journey in comparative comfort. My second stay in London was to be the most enjoyable period of all the trip.

I wrote daily for one of the leading evening papers in London, and when I had exhausted the narrative of my experiences on the Continent they had me write my impressions of various things I saw in London. I wrote for them my opinion of the British boy, and what I thought of London omnibuses. I also interviewed several famous men whom I had not seen before. Among these was the Lord Mayor of London, whom I had long been anxious to talk with. At school I had heard about Dick Whittington having been Lord Mayor, and I had seen pictures of this one in his robes of office. His portraits looked very interesting and I was exceedingly anxious to see him. So one day I went to the Mansion House in London, where the Lord Mayor lives, and sent in a card to "His Lordship." I didn't have to wait long for an answer. His secretary hurried out and said for me to come in. "As soon as His Lordship heard that the "American Boy Traveler" was outside he sent for you to enter," said the secretary, so I went in feeling that the Lord Mayor must be a very pleasant man indeed.

I found him seated at a long table in his office,

dressed in a purple velvet robe trimmed with gold and other ornaments, and wearing a white wig over his hair. He was, of course, very impressive in appearance, and I was just a little overawed at first, but after awhile I felt perfectly at ease. The Lord Mayor was exceedingly pleasant, and seemed anxious to do all in his power to make me feel at ease, and he told me a great deal about the duties of his office and what a Lord Mayor has to do. Then, when we had talked



THE MANSION HOUSE.

some time, he had me shown over the Mansion House, from top to bottom. It was all very interesting indeed, for there were many old relics and curios that were well worth seeing. I was even taken down to the kitchen and introduced to the cook. I found the kitchen to be one of the most interesting places in the entire building. The cook was roasting meats on a spit before an open fire, just as in olden times, and I enjoyed watching the operation.

When I had passed through the building I was much surprised to be told that I could sit beside the Lord Mayor on the bench in the Mansion House Court if I cared to do so. I was surprised, because this was an unexpected honor, and a new experience for me. But I determined to accept the invitation, and in a short time I was seated beside the Lord Mayor of London in the court-room. It was a trying position, for, of course, everyone in the court below was staring at me and wondering who that boy could be. I was very proud indeed. The Lord Mayor was exceedingly kind, explaining things I didn't understand, and pointing out many interesting persons in the court-room. I shall always remember the day spent with the Lord Mayor as one of the most delightful in all the trip.

I was almost tempted to remain in London during the Christmas holidays, but I had now been away for many months and was beginning to feel anxious to see my friends and the dear ones at home. Then, too, I couldn't be sure that my prosperity would be lasting, and after several months of traveling under difficulties I was anxious to avoid any more such experiences. So I began to make preparations for returning to the United States, and as I had been successful in earning some money I was able to come back as a first-class passenger on one of the great ocean liners instead of having to wash dishes to pay my way. I could as well have traveled second-class, but I was anxious to come home in the best way possible, just to show my friends that I had been able to get along without any help from them and without any money from this side.

I was a little sad at leaving London. I couldn't but remember the good times I had had while exploring the nooks and corners of the grand old city, and I knew that such good times would never come to me again, because I could never have the same feeling in going over the ground a second time. I hated to say good-bye to my many friends, too, but I felt sure I would be able to see them all again some time.

The voyage home in the fast liner was hardly as interesting as had been my voyage over aboard the cattle steamer. I had no grumbling "Pants" to order me about, and I had no dishes to wash, which was much more pleasant. I was again a sufferer from sea sickness, but could, of course, lie down when I felt it coming on. That was better than having to work in a hot, stuffy pantry and submit to being scolded because I couldn't wash dishes as fast as was necessary during meal hours.

After six days the vessel entered New York harbor, and I was overjoyed to see the Statue of Liberty rising proudly in the distance. We steamed slowly up the North River to the company's pier, and I could see the tall buildings standing like sentinels on the shore. One of the tallest of them was that owned by the newspaper to which I had been sending articles, and I made up my mind to see the editor as soon as possible after my arrival.

I was, of course, delighted to find myself in New

York once more. I went to see the editor and asked him why he hadn't sent me any money for the articles he had used. He surprised me very much by saying that he thought it would be so much more interesting for me to be over there dependent on my own resources. "There's a much better story in it, now that you are back," he said. I told him that it was certainly "interesting" enough to be abroad without money, but not very pleasant. He paid me then for the articles he had used, and he made me very happy by saying that I could begin work on the paper if I cared to. I was glad to hear this because it showed that the first object of my trip had been accomplished. I had started out in the beginning hoping to get a start in newspaper work, and now my hope was realized. I could feel that I had made at least a beginning in my chosen profession.

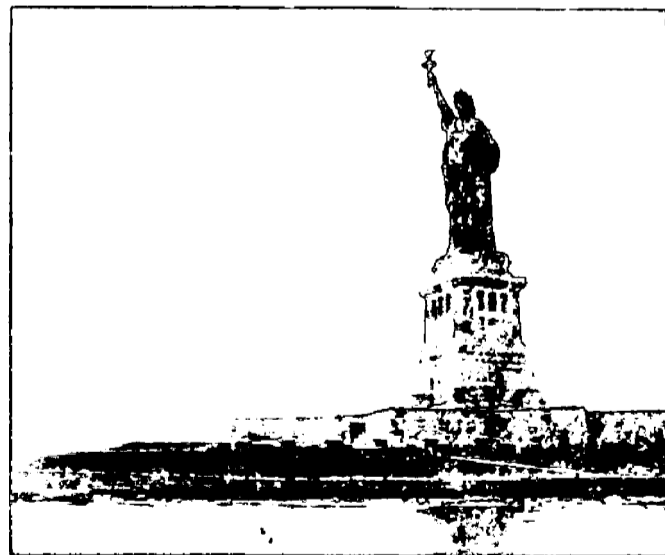
Before taking up my work I was, of course, anxious to go West to Chicago and down to the little town from which I had gone to that city nearly two years before. So I planned to get there just before Christmas. I found many persons willing to aid me after my return, and because he was interested in my trip, the good-hearted president of a great railroad gave me a ticket to Chicago. I went back, therefore, triumphant and was received by my friends in the most pleasant way possible. They all congratulated me on what I had accomplished, forgetful that they had done their best to keep me from taking the trip.

The person I was most anxious to see, excepting my mother, was the editor who had first helped me to accomplish my ambition. He was truly glad to see me successful and paid me for the articles he had printed. He, too, it seemed, had been testing my perseverance, by allowing me to make my way alone in Europe.

And then at last I returned home. There was quite a crowd present when the train from Chicago pulled up at the station platform, and all were glad to see me back again. I didn't tarry at the station to talk. Mother was waiting for me at the old home and I was more anxious to see her and feel her arms about my neck, than to see all the people in the world beside. And, oh, what a good time we had together, talking over my experiences, and wondering if it could be really less than two years since I left home first. Mother had, of course, worried a great deal about me while I was away. I had written her nothing concerning the hard times which came to me; nevertheless she worried some. But now all that was over with and we were thankful that things had turned out so well after all.

When I had been home a day or two they held a public reception for me in the dear old church, and I got up and told the neighbors all about my experiences and interviews. It was an evening long to be remembered for I appreciate the fact that those who knew me best were proud of what I had managed to do.

After several happy days at home I returned to New York to take my place upon the paper, and during my term as reporter I have been sent to interview many famous and successful men. I have talked with all of them and have asked them to what they owed their success in their chosen career. Most of them have quickly answered: "To hard work and perseverance."



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

So I have come to believe that perseverance and hard work will enable a boy to do almost anything he undertakes. I wouldn't advise any boy to undertake a trip to Europe under such circumstances as mine. I am quite sure that I would never have gone if I could have looked ahead and known all I would have to go through and I shouldn't care to go again under the same conditions. But I am sure that when a boy has decided upon the career he wants to follow, he can find equally original ways of getting a start in that career; and I am sure that all boys will find, as I have, that men and women everywhere, all over the world are always ready to help those who help themselves.

(The End.)

BOYS AT THE SEASHORE

By GEORGE F. LORD

From the moment when the first breath of "salt" air fans the cheeks of the passengers in the hot and dusty railway car, to the last backward look of the returning visitor, the ocean is the great object of interest. The first glimpse from the train reveals only a thin blue line of water on the horizon. In a few moments some bright boy shouts, "I see a ship!" Then as the train draws rapidly nearer the depot, the blue line widens, yachts, schooners, and steam vessels can be distinguished, and the journey's end finds the tired but happy travelers within earshot of the everlasting roar of the breakers.

If the reader has never visited the seashore, he must know that the big waves are constantly rolling in toward the shore, but as the water shallows, the lower part of the wave is held back by striking the bottom or beach, and the crest rolls over and "breaks" into white foam. Thus the water is always advancing and receding from the beach.

As the boys of whom I write felt the

air to keep their heads above water. Sometimes a nervous chap would jump too soon and land right in the middle of a heavy wave. Down he would go, with his mouth open; then, spluttering and rubbing his eyes, "bob up serenely" on the other side, only to be tumbled over again before he could recover his footing.

Thus they spent the merry moments, shouting, diving, and rolling over in the buoyant water until blue lips and chattering teeth drove them to the warm sand of the shore to rest.

Here they dug holes in the sand and watched the water filter in from the ocean, or buried each other's legs in huge sand heaps. Then they played tag on the shore, or hunted for the little air holes in the sand that betoken the presence of clams. Sometimes the clams could be found half buried in the sand. These the boys usually gave to the negro men and women that made a business of "digging clams" with sticks or clamshells.

Finally dinner time would draw near, and after washing off the sand in the surf, the boys would re-enter the bath-houses, change their clothes, and

under the piers. The water that washed up around the wooden posts seemed to be alive with the funny ten legged animals. The boys had to be very careful in handling them as their big "nippers" were ever ready to close on a finger or toe that came within reach. As soon as a crab discovered their presence, it would bury itself in the sand. Then the boys would dig for it with shells, sticks, or shovels. But often the crab was too quick for them and escaped.

All the young folks patronized the "Hokey Pokey Ice Cream" men. These enterprising merchants would drive their little donkey carts up and down the beach, crying, "Hokey pokey ice cream! All flavors! vanilla, strawberry and chocolate! Three cents a package, two for five!" They sold a sort of custard ice cream wrapped in paraffined paper. It was frozen and tasted nice on a hot day.

Then there were donkeys to hire for riding purposes. For five cents the donkey leader would give a boy or girl a ride on the back of his sleepy looking "Jack." The donkey rides were very popular with the girls and the younger children.

Lifeboats were stationed along the beach.

handle and feed the fishes, and point them out as the lecturer explained all about them. The lecturer was in telephonic communication with the diver, and sent him messages from the audience. Two pumpmen pumped a supply of fresh air to the diver, and two other men hauled him up out of the water after the exhibition, and took off his suit before the audience, explaining the purpose of each piece.

When the boys preferred, they went farther out on the pier to an opera house to see the moving pictures and hear the opera, or still farther out to another large hall, where exhibition games of basket ball were played.

Out near the end of the pier, the fishermen hauled up their nets twice each day. My! What a lot of fish were in those nets! Hundreds of small ones weighing from eight ounces to a pound; dozens of skates—queer animals with jelly-like heads—and here and there a huge "drum-fish," as big as a Newfoundland dog. After the net was drawn up



MAKING CANALS.



"HOKEY POKEY ICE CREAM"



DIGGING FOR CLAMS.

water surging around their feet, it seemed cool, but as they waded in deeper and deeper, and the foam dashed against them, it seemed to grow warmer, until finally a tremendous breaker took them unawares, and sent them sprawling. As they rose again, wet from head to foot, mouth, ears, and nose filled with generous samples of the "briny deep," they discovered that after their involuntary "ducking under," the water was "just fine."

And then the fun began.

One of the boys produced a hollow rubber ball, and they began to catch and throw it to one another. If one failed to catch it, he waded or swam after it as it floated lightly around. Or, perhaps, in reaching for it, he would forget the breakers, and just as his fingers started to close around the elusive ball, a huge wave would bury him from sight.

After tiring of this sport, the boys would join hands and "take the breakers," this is, stand waist high in the water, and as a rushing wall of foam threatened to engulf them, jump in the

leave their wet suits to be dried for the morrow.

The bathing was enjoyed every day at least once, although they soon learned from experience that lying in the sand with their wet bare arms and legs soon produced sunburn and blisters that necessitated the careful application of witch-hazel, "sun-burn lotion," cold cream, etc., for several days, to reduce the swelling and relieve the pain. But after being well browned, and "shedding" one or two thicknesses of skin, they were not so sensitive, but gradually changed from pale-faced "landsmen" to brown-skinned "Jack tars."

THE SEASHORE.

There were many interesting things along the shore and much of the boys' time was spent on the white sand. Sometimes they dug clams with iron shovels purchased at one of the many toy stores that fronted on the beach. Then there was lots of fun to be had "crabbing"

and a man in uniform went out in the surf with each boat whenever many bathers were in the water, and watched to see that no one got beyond his depth.

THE PIERS.

At several points along the shore, immense piers extended far out into the water. These were very popular places to spend the afternoon. For five cents a boy could go on the pier after dinner and stay until half past five. It was not only cool and pleasant there, but some kind of free entertainment was always in progress. First there would be a minstrel performance. Then a trick bicyclist would give an exhibition of his skill. This would be followed by a funny Punch and Judy show, or a band concert. Then there were two fish tanks containing ocean water, in which large turtles, and king crabs, bumped up against fish as big as a good sized boy. Twice each day, a diver in full diving uniform would enter one of these tanks,

so that the fish could not escape, they were lifted out in a big basket, dropped into a sorting box, and rapidly sorted by the fishermen. The fish flopped around in the box so fast that a regular shower of scales flew up into the air, and when the basket brought up a big drum-fish, everybody shouted with excitement.

On the extreme end of the pier was a man with a telescope. For five cents he would let you "see the people on the ships, or the spots on the sun."

Every hour a steamer left the pier for a five mile trip out to sea. Twenty five cents a trip was charged, but it made a very nice ride, except when the boys got seasick. Sometimes the big waves would lift the prow of the steamer right out of the water, and then drop it down in a hollow again. Out in the ocean the steamer would pass the pleasure yachts that were always sailing up and down, filled with people. There were usually two or three on each boat that became seasick through the motion of the boat. But they soon recovered their health on land. The well ones enjoyed these ocean



trips immensely and felt sorry for the sick people, but that did not make them feel any better.

THE BOARDWALK.

All along the shore for about four miles was a promenade or walk about ten feet above the sand and forty feet wide. It was called the "boardwalk" because it was covered with boards. Crowds of people were constantly walking up and down and the boys found much that interested them there. The side of the boardwalk opposite the ocean was lined with stores, hotels, bath houses, and places of amusement. One of the latter contained a fine merry-go-round. A pipe organ poured forth sweet melodies and popular airs while the boys and girls rode around on the backs of lions, dragons, horses, camels, etc. In the same building was an orange-juice machine that made a drink from oranges. This

was sold for five cents a glass, and was very cool and refreshing.

Near the merry-go-round were the penny mutoscopes. The boys could drop their pennies in the machines, turn the handles and see amusing moving pictures.

In nearly all of the candy stores "salt water taffy" was made in full view of the public. The operation was interesting and the taffy very good.

Several "weight guessers" were located along the boardwalk. Each had a large scale from which hung a chair. He charged nothing for weighing a person, unless he guessed within three pounds of his weight, before he sat in the chair. If he guessed correctly, five cents was asked. The boys were surprised to see how often these fellows guessed correctly and got their money.

Of course our old friend, "the balloon man," was there, with red and blue balloons, filled with light gas. Many boys and girls bought these floating spheres

and let them rise on the end of long threads.

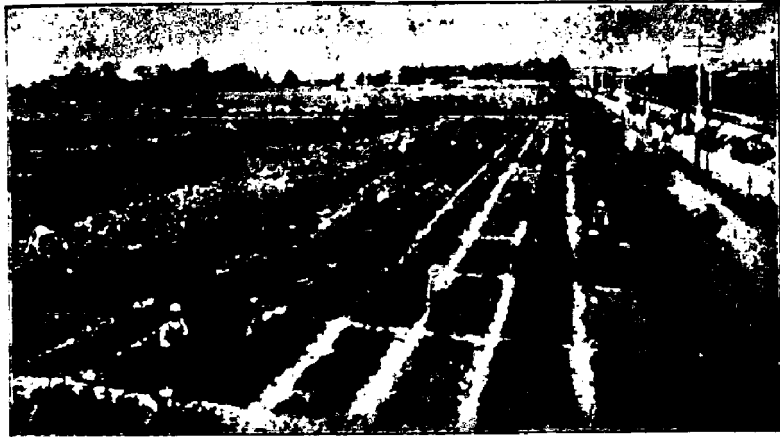
There were numerous Japanese stores, for the sale of china and ivory wares; Mexican stores, where curious burnt leather goods and Indian curios were sold; and Turkish stores in which one could find beautiful rugs and silken scarfs. While the boys could not buy all they saw, they enjoyed looking at them, and seeing the queer foreign people that presided over the stores.

THE SHORE AT NIGHT.

Everything was bright and gay along the shore during the day, but it was like a dream at night. As soon as it grew dark, thousands of electric lights flashed out from the piers, and jeweled the waves with sparkling reflections. Throngs of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen walked up and down the boardwalk, and many others rode around in large wheel chairs that looked like overgrown baby carriages. The soft wind

that blew in from the ocean brought strains of sweet music from the bands playing out on the piers. The electric searchlight shot its white beam of brilliancy up and down the water and over the tops of the buildings. As the boys sat down and watched the people pass and repass with their brilliant dresses and sparkling jewels, it all seemed like a glimpse of fairyland.

Thus the days and evenings passed away. The boys' skins turned brown; their appetites increased at an alarming rate; they waxed fat and strong, and fooled the "weight guesser" on their avoirdupois. But like all good things, their vacation at the seashore came to an end. But as they returned, healthy, but tired with their numerous adventures, filled to the brim with wonderful tales to tell all the other boys, they realized, as we all do many a time, that when all the world's seen, "there's no place like home."



THE BOYS' PRIZE GARDENS.



JOHN BOWER, Winner of the First Prize in the Boys' Vegetable Garden Contest.



READY FOR WORK IN THE BOYS' GARDENS.

BOYS' GARDENS

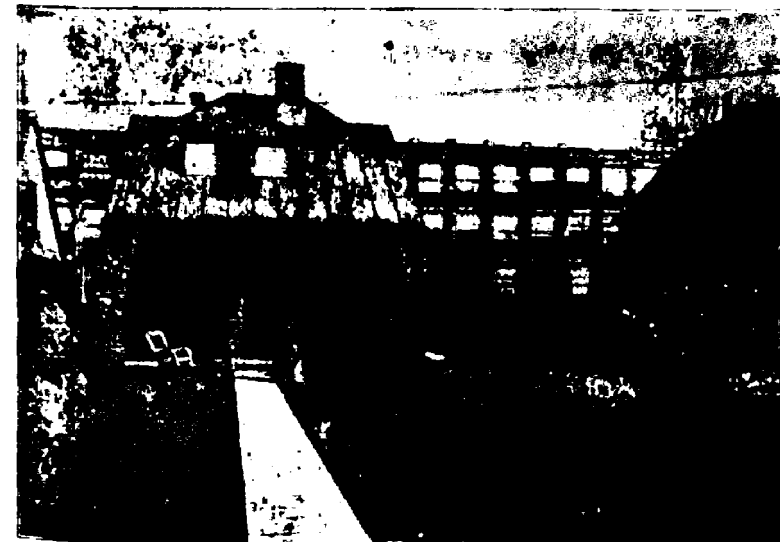
The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, is a wonderful institution in the extent of its business and the character of its product, but in nothing is it so remarkable as in the care it exercises over all its employes and those connected with it even in the remotest degree.

Readers of this paper will be interested in no feature of its work more than in the Boys' Vegetable Gardens, where the boys in the neighborhood of the institution cultivate gardens and raise vegetables, under the watchful eye of skilled landscape and vegetable gar-

deners by one hundred and thirty feet in size, tools, seed and instruction. The boys raise two crops a year, the first including early vegetables, and the second summer and fall vegetables. In many cases the boys have raised enough to supply their families throughout the entire year.

Our readers will be interested in reading a short account of one of the annual distributions of prizes.

With the assistance of the stereopticon, views in colors, of homes of contestants and illustrations of good planting in each particular class were thrown



A BACK YARD NEAR THE FACTORY.

deners and under the stimulus of prizes. The last annual distribution of prizes took place April 20, the prizes ranging in value from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars. Fifteen boys received distinction for their work. These boys were all between the ages of eleven and fifteen. Forty three boys competed, and the judges took into consideration care of grounds, quality and quantity of product and attention to duty. The Company supplies the gardens, which are

and the factory. I will tell you. Five years ago I asked one of our foremen why he lived three miles from the factory and paid \$2,000 for a lot when he could get one near the factory just a good for \$500. And he replied, "I don't like your neighborhood." Upon investigation we found that three boys gave the neighborhood this bad reputation. We made an estimate of the value of the land that these boys influenced in South Park within a radius of one-third of a mile from the factory. We found that these three boys cost the property owners within this district \$30,000. Ten thousand dollars for a bad boy? What do you suppose a good boy would be worth? We further studied the cause of this trouble with the boys and soon found it to be idleness. "Nothing to do" was the secret of most of this difficulty, as it is of most of the evils of city life.

This was especially true when the little children who won the back-yard prizes came forward and received their money. Some of these prize winners were so small that it seemed impossible for them to care for a yard.

Mr. John H. Patterson, president of the Company, presented the prizes to the successful contestants. Introducing the subject, he said:

"Some one may ask what is the connection between our Boys' Vegetable Gardens

and the factory. I will tell you. Five years ago I asked one of our foremen why he lived three miles from the factory and paid \$2,000 for a lot when he could get one near the factory just a good for \$500. And he replied, "I don't like your neighborhood." Upon investigation we found that three boys gave the neighborhood this bad reputation. We made an estimate of the value of the land that these boys influenced in South Park within a radius of one-third of a mile from the factory. We found that these three boys cost the property owners within this district \$30,000. Ten thousand dollars for a bad boy? What do you suppose a good boy would be worth? We further studied the cause of this trouble with the boys and soon found it to be idleness. "Nothing to do" was the secret of most of this difficulty, as it is of most of the evils of city life.

"The boys who were raised on the farm (and I am thankful that I was one of them) were compelled to work. They had gardens to plant and cultivate, sheep, calves and fowls to feed, wood to carry in, and many other things to do. But improved machinery has cheapened farm products, and it requires fewer people to do the work. Hence the boys have been driven by the great progress of civilization to the cities, and the little village shoeing shop and wagon making shops have been swept away by the great organizations in the cities. The little factories are gone, and the boys are here; and what are we going to do with them? Make men out of them.

"We cannot change the old men, but we can change the young boys. A man took me through the Tombs, in New York, the other day, where he talked to some of the three hundred and fifty convicts and tried to induce them to be better. When we came out he asked me what I thought of it. I said, 'Do you see that tree over there?' It was as big as my body. 'Yes,' he said, 'Go and bend that tree. You can do it as easily as you can bend these men back to the right way. Do not waste your time on them. Commence with the boys and girls. Keep them from being criminals. One hour so spent will do more good than a lifetime spent trying to change men and women.'"

"Forty boys can do a great deal, and we will show to-night what they have done, and thus give models for every boy in South Park and every boy in Dayton.

"Everything that helps the boys in South Park helps everybody in it. And everything that helps the people in South Park helps everybody in Dayton. Everything that helps Dayton helps every other city in the country.

"Look out for the boys. Give them something to do. I hope that in the next five years every school in Dayton will be teaching gardening, the use of tools, domestic economy, cooking, kindergarten art, and everything the N. C. R. Co. is teaching. All these things will aid in teaching the children business and keep them at school.

"I want to congratulate the parents of these children. They deserve to be congratulated for having boys who will do what these boys have done. This speaks well for South Park. We feel proud of the boy farmers of South Park."

John Bower, the winner of the first prize, then stepped to Mr. Patterson's side and said:

"Mr. Patterson: We want to thank your company for the prizes you have given us; and on behalf of the boys of the N. C. R. Boys' Gardens I wish to say that the gardens have cost us much hard labor, but have also given us much pleasure. Many times we would have preferred to play or go fishing or in swimming rather than to work. When our teacher would catch us on the way to the river he would make us work in our gardens, and we thought we had a hard time of it.

"We are glad now that we have worked, for we learned a lot of things. First, we learned how to prepare the ground, and then how to plant our seeds, and how to cultivate our vegetables. Then we learned that we had to get all the weeds out and hoe our gardens well, or else we would not get a very large crop.

"We are ready for three cheers for Dewey, Schley and the N. C. R. Co."



THE N. C. R. BOYS' BRIGADE.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

Harry Turner, a Little Hero.



HARRY TURNER.

On June 26th last, Harry Turner, of Muncie, Ind., and his little sister, aged six, with several other children, were playing at the home of Harry's father, who is Captain of Police. On the preceding day, his little sister, Margaret, had taken part in an entertainment given by the Catholic Schools, and had carried a candle fixed in a stick of pretty design. She had lighted this candle and was running about when the flames ignited and caught on her dress. In an instant the little girl was enveloped in a sheet of flame. Harry, who is only nine years of age, heard the screams of his sister and hurried to her assistance. Instead of becoming frightened or calling for aid, as many boys would have done under the circumstances, he bravely tore the burning dress from the child and saved her life. Both of the children were badly burned, but the boy insists that it did not amount to anything. The entire police force of Muncie, of which his father is a member, are proud of the boy.

Wesley Breese, a "Silent Worker."

The illustration shows a little deaf-mute boy setting type in the office of "The Silent Worker," Trenton, N. J. His name is Wesley Breese. This little twelve-year-old has learned to read the lips, having been deaf from his birth. He is the smallest boy in "The Silent Worker" office, yet one of the most care-



A "SILENT WORKER"

ful and industrious. George S. Porter, the publisher of "The Silent Worker," says that all the work on his paper, from the typesetting to making up on the stone and making ready on the press, as

well as feeding, is the work of his deaf-mute pupils. Wesley Breese's department of the paper is entitled "Bits of Science." Mr. Porter says the boy makes few errors in his department.

Raymon Rives, a Filipino Drug Clerk.

The only Filipino drug clerk in the United States, as far as can be ascertained, is Raymon Rives, who is employed by the Sherman-McConnell Drug Company, of Omaha.

He has had a very interesting career for a boy of his years. He was born in Borongan, a small city on the eastern coast of the Island of Samar. His father is a merchant and young Rives received a good Spanish education, but not being contented with the tame life of a Philippine village, and not seeing matters always as his father viewed them, he ran away from home and went to Iloilo, where he worked in a factory. He afterwards enlisted in the Spanish army and was at Manila when Dewey annihilated the Spanish fleet. He was twice wounded in battle—once slightly in the chest by the fragments of a bursting shell and once in the right



RAYMON RIVES

hand by a rifle ball. He was taken prisoner by Uncle Sam's soldiers, and after his release, came to America on a transport. He was one of the Filipinos who were on exhibition at the Philippine village during the Greater American Exposition.

Young Rives is a bright, energetic and pleasing young man. As the accompanying picture shows, he is rapidly becoming Americanized. He is in love with the United States and says he has no desire to return to his native home. He is a devout Catholic. He is studying English and speaks it quite readily, considering his short residence here. Notwithstanding his limited opportunities and being entirely among strangers, he promises to become a very useful and patriotic citizen. He says he would gladly defend "Old Glory" if opportunity offers, and there are reasons that cause one to believe that he is sincere.

Risked His Life to Save Another Boy.

On the fourth of June, Leo Reuscher, of Newport, Ky., saw a lad named Otto Scherer struggling in the water near the foot of Washington avenue in the Ohio River. He rushed out on a barge and plunged in, not taking time to remove any of his clothes. He reached the drowning boy as he was sinking for the last time. Scherer clutched Reuscher in a death grip around the neck, and, although Reuscher is a good swimmer, he prevented him from swimming to safety. Their cries for help brought several men in a boat to the rescue and both were saved.

Wm. H. Cross, a Boy Life Saver.

When the steamer "Morning Star" was putting passengers aboard a lighter from which they could walk up the gang plank onto the Iowa's deck at Long Beach, Cal., a woman tried to jump as it swung away from the steamer on the swell, but instead fell into the sea. An eighteen-year-old boy, Wm. H. Cross, of Los Angeles, was on the battleship's deck when he saw the accident. Without a moment's hesitation he dived into the water and rescued her.

It is hardly four months since young Cross saved a companion from drowning, after a hard struggle, in which both the rescued and rescuer went down twice.



WM. H. CROSS.

A Novel Exploit by a Young Illinoisan.

Will Nicol, a seventeen-year-old boy, has succeeded in working his way from Monmouth, Ill., to the Paris Exposition. He received the consent of his parents to attempt the trip without capital, and left Monmouth March 15, reaching Paris June 8.

The boy is a natural magician and made the money necessary for his expenses by giving little entertainments on the way. He went from Baltimore to London as a cattle tender on board a cattle ship. It takes a boy of grit and pluck to accomplish an undertaking like that. About a year ago he attended the Omaha Exposition, and while there sprang into prominence by his performance of tricks as an attraction to draw a crowd at McDonald's Battle of Manila. He earned considerable money at Omaha, which he saved. When he made up his mind to go to Paris, he did not think for a moment of spending his accumulations, but determined to pay his way as he went along, and gave his mother a check on the bank for his entire fortune. His first stop after he left Monmouth for his long trip was at St. Albans College, Knoxville, Ill., where the faculty permitted him to give a performance, from



WILL NICOL

which he realized five dollars. He made several other stops before reaching Chicago. From Chicago he traveled through Indiana and Ohio, making a little money at every place he stopped by giving exhibitions. At Pittsburg he real-

ized quite a large sum, for a boy. A few more stops were made in Pennsylvania, and in a short time he was at Baltimore, where he took passage on the Bothnia.

On shipboard he entertained the sailors with his music and his magic, and the captain gave him two dollars and a half and a return trip ticket to Baltimore good for thirty days. This he sold for five dollars.

"On the entire trip," he says, "I did not see a face that I knew, but the secretaries of the Y. M. C. A.'s at Baltimore, Pittsburg and other places, were very kind to me and gave me much assistance in working up my exhibitions."

His baggage consisted of a shoulder grip, containing a change of clothing, and a hand "telescope" containing the suit shown in the picture, which he used in his exhibitions, together with his paraphernalia with which he was enabled to hold his audiences interested for an hour and thirty minutes.

Since reaching Paris he has been invited to appear before some of the old masters of magic who have taken a great interest in him. His father says the boy has not yet decided whether to follow magic or music.

Tommy Doran.

Tommy Doran, of Monon, Ind., at the age of eleven lost both of his arms through a railroad accident. At the time, his life was despaired of, but it has been two years since the accident took place and Tommy is a boy of sturdy physique, cheerful, and determined to make something of himself—as much so as is any other American boy.

When he came to play with the boys after he got well, he saw that he could never be equal to them physically, so he resolved to be equal to them intellectually at least. As soon as he was able he returned to school, and displayed such a determination to learn that the teachers were astonished and delighted. Writing was, of course, the first difficulty which presented itself to him, but he has mastered that by holding the pen or pencil in his teeth. His letters are said to be models of neatness and legibility—so much so that the superintendent of the Monon schools has on exhibition compositions written by him, of which he is very proud. Although Tommy is a studious boy, yet he is a merry little chap, playing tag and hide and seek with his chums with great gusto.



TOMMY DORAN.

Kubelik, the Boy Violinist.

Fame and fortune came almost in a day to Kubelik, the wonderful boy violinist, who has recently appeared in England. Three months ago he was unknown outside of a small coterie of musical enthusiasts, and now he is playing to immense audiences. He has played before the Queen, at her request. A well-known nobleman recently offered him five hundred and twenty-five dollars to play at a reception, but he refused unless he was given twice the sum. It is said that already over a thousand engagements are booked for the young star in America and on the European continent. The boy's parents are quite poor, but yet will see he is in a fair way to make them rich.

The boy is a social creature; he goes in crowds. He must have companions—one chum, and others less intimate. He needs help to find the right kind. He follows a leader or is a leader himself. If the former, see that he gets a good one.

A Boy With a Remarkable Memory.

Joseph Mansfield Earl is the four year old son of a railroad switchman living at Vincennes, Indiana. He is like most other citizens of Boyville when it comes



JOSEPH MANSFIELD EARL.

to romping and playing. There is one unusual thing about him and that is his remarkable memory. It has puzzled doctors and all others alike who have met him and come to know how much knowledge there is stored away in his little brain and how he retains everything that he learns. The boy is also remarkable in the knowledge of machinery that he evinces. He understands the working of a big locomotive and can name each piece of the big iron horse. He knows how steam starts the locomotive. He can describe the action of the water in passing from tank to boiler, the use of the air pump, steam pipes and blower pipes, how to apply air brakes to stop the train. And he can give accurately all the signals and meanings of the various colored flags and lights used in signalling. His knowledge of the human body is equally remarkable, and his ready answers to hard questions in physiology would do credit to a high school pupil. It is hard to give him a question in American history that he cannot answer. He can relate story after story of Bible history in the most interesting manner.

A Talented New Orleans School Boy.

One of the brightest students in the New Orleans public schools is Guy Livingston Hauck, the twelve year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hauck of that



GUY LIVINGSTON HAUCK.

city. He is a pupil at the McDonough School, number sixteen, his teacher being Miss Virginia Leclerc. The boy was recently the recipient of a silver medal for penmanship. The medal was offered for the best vertical writing in a class of over fifty pupils. The design of the medal was that of a shamrock and represented the highest achievement of the engraver's art. The boy has an unusu-

ally bright mind and applies himself with great diligence to everything he undertakes. He is an ambitious little fellow and has all the qualities that go to make a noble man and a useful citizen. He is popular among his classmates and has friends by the score. His greatest delight when out of school is to go hunting and he is quite an expert with a gun. He is a good composer as well as a good penman and has received a number of prizes in that line. His great desire is to become a reporter and he will doubtless enter upon newspaper work.

Designs and Builds a Steam Launch.

John R. Hayes, nineteen years old, living at Farmington, New Hampshire, has constructed a steam launch of his own design. It is twenty feet long, four feet eight inches beam, and draws two and one half feet of water. It is constructed of white pine plank, the wash rail or gunwale and all inside finish of oak and cypress, finished in natural wood. It has a three horse power gasoline engine, fifteen inch propeller blades, which make four hundred and fifty revolutions per minute. The gasoline tank holds ten gallons, a quantity sufficient to keep the engine in motion twenty hours. Boat and engine are fitted with all modern



JOHN R. HAYES

appliances, including exhaust mufflers. The young man did all the work alone, made the patterns and put the boat together. It is pronounced to be a beauty in every particular. Its speed is estimated at eight miles per hour. This is the fourth boat the young man has made. He recently finished a naphtha launch, with which during July he cruised along the coast of New England. He asked no help in his work, even going to the blacksmith shop and getting out his own iron work. His mother says of him: "I have never seen him undertake anything yet that he could not do." He thinks he would like to be a shipbuilder. He is a boy of most excellent habits.

Delivered Every Sunday.

Weather Forecast, 10th To The 12 Pleas't

Miss Missouri Johnson was in frog town Saturday

Prof I S Powell left Tuesday for Baton Rouge.

Uncle, Calvin have laid his Garden, but he is eating Vegetable out of it Every day

Drugs at Marbury & Kidd's Photograph supplies call and Look

Mr Willie Wilson was in frog town Saturday evening

Mr George N'ton Duck cooper and Gean Lewis went to fishing Friday what did they catch, Nothing

Don't trade Until you see, Phone No' 201

J M Caradine agent for fine Tailor made clothing Ruston La, P O box Ticket Avenue

When you want shoe work are a hair cut call on Alex King' calerhouse row

Temprence streets has a New Namo' it's called "Ticket Streets,"

F. B Colenworth has changed his mind about going to St Louis

A girl went to have her Tooth Pull and she didn't No'er tooth was out Until the lady dennis say here is your TOOTH " Newton

I Wants to see who will help The Editor to get some types

0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50

come on down "hand"

FROGTOWN NEWS,

Ben Burton Edr & Prop; Matthew Newton Repr; W B Burton Casher Robert Burton Bis, mgr George Newton Devil

J M Caradine agent for fine Tailor made clothing Ruston La, P O box Ticket Avenue

What is you mad about i had a fight the other night and it made me mad

The festival Party was well attended Saturday Night

Teaches Ripe' at JOSLIN'S

To the Editor, " that letter b," and tiger 4, "means before"

After five Day's return to Mr Benj Burton frog town editor Ruston La

When you want shoe work are a hair cut call on Alex King'

The other day while matu Newton was walking down the Streets he met a girl and he was wiffed about another girl, he was crossing somewhat narrow bridge on the street fist b 4 she serch, him she said I never give the streets for a raasal, he politely raised his hat and stopt a side and said, well i do that ended the call at " Once "

Warrant the to raise " O. O. G. Sertain Chill Cure," the pleasant and guaranteed cure for Fever, Ague and Malaria—Better than Quinine Price 50 cts

PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF A PAGE OF "THE FROGTOWN NEWS."



CHICAGO CHOIR BOYS' CONCERT CO. Louis Magnus, Violinist; Reuben Manierf, Soprano; Louis Klein, Dramatic Soprano; Reginald Martin, Organist and Pianist.

Ben Burton, Editor of the "Frogtown News."

Here is a paper printed by a colored lad thirteen years of age that will interest our readers; at least, it has interested us. The editor, Ben Burton, is a colored boy, living at Ruston, La. The copy of his paper before us, which we reproduce in the illustration, is printed upon a cheap pink paper. The editor of The Daily Leader, at Ruston, tells us that the size of the paper varies, depending entirely



THE EDITOR OF THE "FROGTOWN NEWS."

upon whether the boy can get hold of waste cuttings from the paper cutter in The Leader office, or blank wrapping paper from the butcher. In a copy of the paper which we do not reproduce, the subscription price is stated to be "five buttuns" a week; advertising, "one buttun for four lines." The boy posed for the photograph from which the accompanying picture of him was made, especially for us. You can see that he realized the dignity of his position as an editor.

Poverty is very terrible, and sometimes kills the very soul within us, but it is the north wind that lashes men into Vikings; it is the soft, luscious south wind which lulls them to lotus dreams.--Ouida.

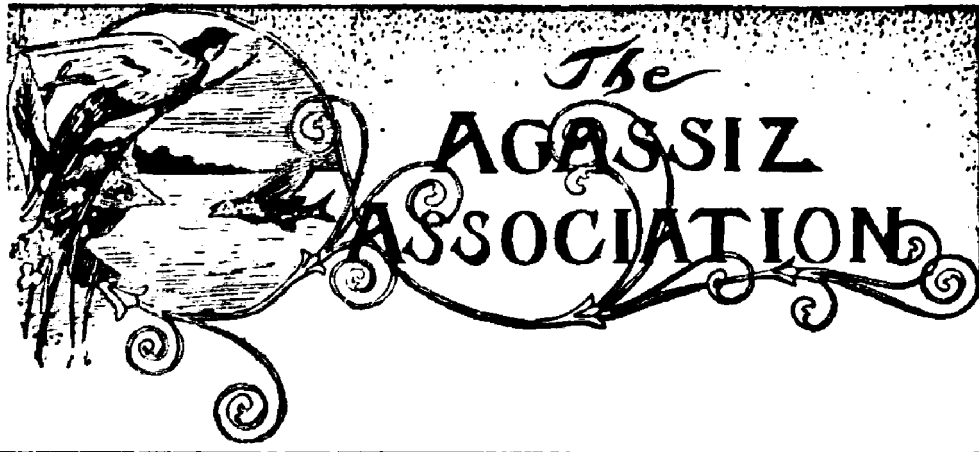
DO YOU KNOW FIVE BOYS WHO ARE NOT SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "AMERICAN BOY?"

Send us on a postal card the names of five boys, in your town or some other, who are not subscribers to "The American Boy," with street address of each (or name of father), and we will send to EACH OF THEM free a copy of this paper and send to YOU either

- An "American Boy Key Ring," or
An "American Boy Watch Charm," or
An "American Boy Base Ball Scorer."

SEND QUICK AND SAY WHICH YOU WANT.

Address "THE AMERICAN BOY," Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member. All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Herlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used. THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION welcomes members

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1875. Incorporated in 1892. Short notes of personal observations are particularly desired for use in the A. A. department. Send illustrations when convenient. Questions are invited. Address H. H. BALLARD, Pittsfield, Mass.

The responses to our invitation to American boys and girls to join the Agassiz Association are most gratifying. New members from at least twelve different states, including Massachusetts and California, Wisconsin and Florida, show the already phenomenal extent of the circulation of THE AMERICAN BOY, and also demonstrate the fact that, wherever he lives, the American boy is wide awake, alert and observing. It is remarkable, too, that to most of our young correspondents this paper has brought their first knowledge of what scientific nature study means.

Nothing has given us more pleasure than the rapid improvement in the quality of work done by our army of young observers. The change is noticeable even in the second letter from the same boy or girl. Many did not seem at first to "catch on" to the idea. They did not know just what a "note of personal observation" means. One boy sent as his first contribution simply a story of adventure, another an account of a favorite horse, another a description of an article of furniture. But among even our first letters have been many which contained just what we wanted, viz., simple accounts of interesting facts in bird or animal, or insect life personally noted by the writers, and accounts of expeditions in search of minerals or plants. Now, since we have published selections from the best, showing the sort of thing we wish, a larger proportion of our young friends understand the plan at once, and fall in line promptly. This month we have a larger number of interesting letters than ever before, and the success of these will stimulate many others to join us. We want to lead our young scientists to appreciate the value of acquainting themselves with the beauties and wonders of their own natural surroundings, interest them in studying the minerals, animals and plants that are to be found within five miles of their own front doors.

The work will at first be very simple, even crude. The observations will often be hasty and inaccurate, but the habit of looking at things carefully will be formed. The value of accuracy will be more and more appreciated. The need of systematic study will be felt. Already we are asked to recommend books which may be used as guides to a better understanding of Nature in all her forms. To the first question: "What is the name of this bug?" already succeeds the question, "How can I learn to classify all my insects?" and soon will follow the more important query, "How can I best study insects or birds, or flowers, so as to obtain a true knowledge of their structure, development and life-history and their place in the great system of nature?"

More slowly, but none the less surely, is growing the understanding of our general plan of organizing all our young friends into local societies for the combined study of local flora and fauna. New "Chapters" of the Agassiz Association are already being formed, as the value of united effort is realized. The advantages of corresponding with distant friends engaged in similar efforts will next be perceived, and letters and exchange specimens will begin to fly back and forth between our new Chapters as they have long been flying between our older organizations. Only

four members are necessary to the formation of a Chapter. These may be all members of the same family, they may be associates of the same school or college, or they may be united only by a common liking for natural science. Little museums will follow, in which will be gathered more or less complete collections of all local specimens. A little parliamentary law will be learned, so that the meetings of these societies may be carried on smoothly. Later, rooms will be secured for these meetings and these collections. Some buildings may be erected, some endowments obtained, money will be raised by entertainments of various sorts, courses of study will be taken up; lecturers engaged, libraries established, and finally out of the ranks of our home-trained observers, there will come many whose love for nature will lead them to devote their lives to these delightful pursuits, and we shall have budding teachers, professors, and specialists in science. If any part of this program seems attractive to you, the sooner you begin to act with us the better. You don't have to wait until you know something. Begin to-day. Write us a letter telling about yourself, your home, and your town.

If you send us a description of any personal observation of your own, together with a drawing to illustrate it, no matter how rude, or a photograph, we will send you a card of membership worth fifty cents, and our beautiful badge containing a fine portrait of Louis Agassiz, the great American naturalist whose name we are proud to bear.

If you haven't seen anything of interest, write to us just the same, and we will put you in the way of seeing many things of surpassing interest even in your own door-yard. And remember, what may seem common to you, may be rare and extremely interesting to those who live far away from you. "Horned toads" are as common in Texas and Arizona as "tumble-bugs" are in Ohio; and while garnets are as common as robins in Berkshire county, Mass., we have none of the "potato-stones" that Iowa boys play duck-and-drake with. Join the Agassiz Association today!

We will now open our budget of letters.

The first is from one of these same Iowa boys we have just mentioned, and is in answer to our question:

"What is the purring of a cat?" Edgar R. Bean says: "I think it is a peculiar sound made by a cat when happy. It might be called 'singing.' Now, that's all right as far as it goes. But this is Edgar's first letter; his first step in natural science, and he doesn't yet quite understand what we are driving at. What we meant by the question is, How does the cat make this peculiar noise? Is it in the throat or the nose, or the mouth, or where? And by what exact means is it produced? This is really a difficult question, too difficult, for a beginner to solve, and we again invite an answer.

A FAMILY CHAPTER.

The next envelope we open contains letters from nearly a whole family, all of whom wish to join the Agassiz Association as a Chapter, and are heartily welcome. Their Chapter has been enrolled as No. 257, North Chatham, N. Y. The mother writes, "We are very much in-

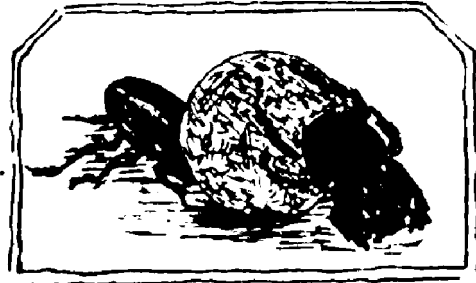
terested in collecting insects and studying their habits. We have about 500 specimens named, and wish to exchange. Can you recommend books on the habits of insects?" [Lubbock's Ants, Bees and Wasps, D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. City; Ballard's Among the Moths and Butterflies; G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y. City, and McCook's Tenants of an Old Farm, Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y. City—Ed.]

One of the sons, Walter E. Bain, aged 11, sends this account of

TUMBLE-BUGS.

"I found a pair of these bugs rolling a ball of hard earth. It was three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and solid as a marble. The eggs are laid and then rolled into these balls, which grow larger and larger until it seems as if the bugs cannot roll them any more."

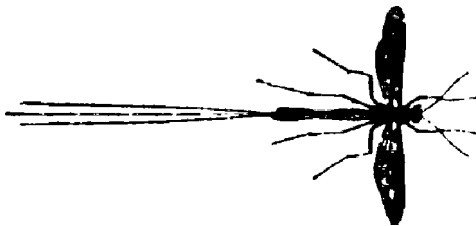
[Walter will be interested in a curious sight told us by an observing friend a day or two after his letter came. This gentleman watched one of these "Tumble-bugs"—which, by the way, are not bugs at all, but beautiful beetles, of several families, the most common species



being known as *Canthus laevis*,—rolling its ball until it rolled it into a crevice in the sidewalk, from which, kick and tug as it would, it could not extricate it. Finally it stopped struggling as if in despair; then in a moment it scampered off as fast as its six crooked legs could carry it, and presently returned with three other tumble-bugs. All four then set to work upon the ball, two pulling in front and two kicking from behind, and they soon had it out of the crevice and on the smooth road again.]

Howard C. Bain, ten years, sends an account of a stag beetle, and William sends a drawing and sketch of the wonderful

"ESSIGN," OR ICHNEUMON FLY (*Pimpla atrata* and *lunator* Fabricius), a cut of which we give.



This form, William says, is the female, and he wishes a description of the form and habits of the male. This insect may often be seen with its long "tail" thrust deep into a hole in some old tree, and hence many suppose that it stings the tree, or that it lays its eggs in the wood, later to hatch and become borers. On the contrary, it really protects the tree against the ravages of another insect, the boring beetle (*Tremex*) as it is in the living body of this borer that the Ichneumon thrusts her ovipositor, depositing eggs therein, from which are hatched parasitic grubs which destroy the life of the tree-destroying borers.

A MOTHER'S VIEW.

Mrs. Bain gives the following valuable hints on nature study for boys:

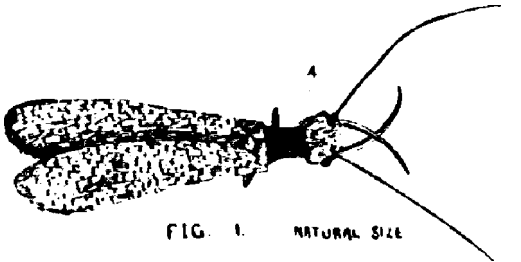
"Ruskin gives as a common exclamation of an Englishman on awakening, 'This is a beautiful morning; let us go out and kill something,' and how aptly this can be applied to our restless American boys, ever alert for something new! Their untrained instincts can be turned into channels of observation and usefulness. Turn the boys loose with an air-gun, and some form of life must be extinguished, and for no good result unless to train future 'rough riders' to shoot; but turn your boys out with a good net, a cyanide bottle, and proper mounting-board, and the foundation of a life-study may be laid. Teach them not to kill needlessly, nor destroy wantonly. In-

sects may well be captured as they are for the most part pests. Books will soon be asked for, and names and descriptions hunted up. Questions multiply, 'How, when, and where?' and the rollicking boy has 'struck a fad' that may blossom into a scientific life. The next cry is for a museum: bugs, beetles, butterflies, all are there, to be talked over and enjoyed. Patience is required on the part of the older ones, but what of the future? Consider that the mind is a storeroom of good or of evil. The 'fad' drives evil away, and adds to the wonderful store for future years. Mosses, lichens, mushrooms, all are wonderful. What boy can pass a collection of minerals unheeding its beauty? In a little while play hours are spent in collecting, and rainy days in arranging the treasures. We hope for wonderful reports from the AMERICAN BOY'S boys."

NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

20. "Dobsons" again—*Corydalis cornuta*. [For the larva, see Note 10.]

Enclosed find two drawings of a creature I obtained in one of the offices in this city. It is of a gray-brown color, and just about the size of the drawing enclosed. It has two pairs of net-veined wings, the outer thicker and darker than the inner. The 'horns' are covered with fine hairs. The eyes are prominent. There are six several jointed legs. The



head is jointed to the thorax at A, and can be moved up and down, or sideways. The long antennae have a rotary motion. The mouth is a complication of horns and books. I have searched in several books, and made many inquiries but fail to get the name of this creature.—D. C. Bartley, Grand Rapids, Mich.

[By a curious coincidence Mr. Bartley's note reached us shortly after Mr. Hatch's description of the larva of the same insect. See Note 10. This is the "imago" or mature form of the so-called "Dobson," or Hellgramite, or Horned *Corydalis*. The larvae are used as bait for bass. They live under stones in the beds of streams, where the water flows most swiftly. They feed upon the larvae or 'nymphs' of Stone flies, May flies, and other insects. When nearly three years old, the larvae leave the water, and make cells under a stone or some other object near the bank of the stream in early summer. Here they change into "pupae," which correspond in a way to the chrysalids of butterflies. From this state they emerge in about a month in the adult form shown in the cut. The eggs are then soon laid in chalky-white masses, attached to stones overhanging the water. A single Mass contains from two thousand to three thousand eggs. See Comstock's manual. Answered also by Robert White, Clark, Pa.—Ed.]

21. Pacific Great Horned Owl.

On Jan. 21, 1900, while rambling in the mountains, I spied an old hawk's nest in a hollow tree about half way up the cliff. On throwing a stone a bird flew from the nest. It proved to be the Pacific Great Horned Owl. My partner stayed at the foot of the cliff, while I went to the top and looking over the edge saw two young birds in the nest. My partner secured a gunny-sack, while I got a large, flat stone, which I dropped down on the butt of the tree. It jarred the tree so violently that the young owls tumbled out, and rolled down the precipice, where my



partner put them in the sack, and I took them home. I have them yet.—Percival L. Bradford, Placentia, Cal.

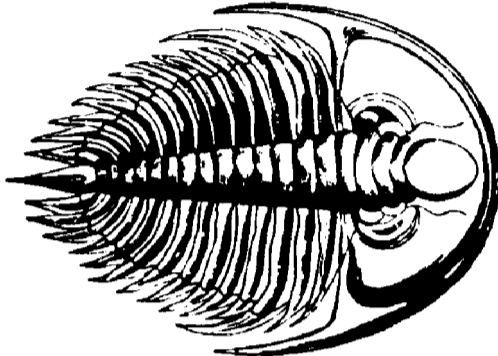
22. House Finch, or Linnet.
The house finch, or linnet, is one of our most common California birds, being a resident during the entire year. They



pair early and nest-building begins at once. Complete sets of eggs may be found about April 1. It occupies any convenient site, a tree or bush, the eaves of a house or barn, or a hole in a tree. I have seen them even nesting in cans, and in large Abilone shells which had been hung up purposely for them. I have found quite a number of their nests in

Eucalyptus trees, where, as a rule, they were close to the trunk and supported by small twigs. The bark of the Eucalyptus often peels down in long strips which coil and twist about the trunk, forming convenient nesting places (see cut), which I have frequently seen occupied by the house finch. The material of the nest is as varied as its location. The greater part is composed of twigs, rootlets, grasses and leaves, but cotton, string, sheep's wool, cloth and feathers are also used, and as a rule the lining contains a few horse hairs. There are from three to six eggs, but commonly four or five, in a set. Their color is light, bluish green, lightly marked with specks or lines of dark brown, mostly around the larger end. The nesting season ends about July 1.—W. H. Hiller, 147 W. Twenty-third street, Los Angeles, Cal.

23. Trilobites.—Not long ago I found a round stone and broke it. On the inside I found a long bug, which looked a great deal like a "Dobson." (See Notes 10 and 20). I sold it to a man for \$2. It was very nearly perfect.—Russell Hertzog, Hiram, O.



[The "bug" may have been a "trilo-

bite," a cut of one species of which we give. If so, it is not a "bug," but a ——— Who will tell what?]

24. Happy Family.—The white mice, when first born, were queer looking animals. They had no fur to cover their pink bodies, which were only about a half an inch long. At two days old they were quite sturdy. With them were several young rabbits, and as they were about the same color they were allowed to remain in the same nest. The mother rabbit seemed to enjoy her varied family of fifteen, and when I left them they were getting along nicely.—P. Dettelbach, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN JULY NUMBER.

Being a reader of THE AMERICAN BOY, and very much interested in the Agassiz Association, I take leave to answer the question about the gigantic beetle. I think it is "Megasoma elephas," described by Fabricius. Yours respectfully, Charles Daly, 2028 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[The name is correct, and Mr. Daly has won his admission into the Association and his badge. According to Dr. Champion, an authority on the Coleoptera, or beetles, of Central America, this insect is said by the natives to inhabit mango trees when in fruit.—Ed.]

The difference between a bug and a beetle is that a bug is always a bug from the egg, and a beetle is first a grub and goes through transformations similar to those of a butterfly. A bug also has a proboscis-like mouth, adapted to sucking the juices of plants, while a beetle has jaws or mandibles for biting. These are the main points in which they differ.—E. A. Lester, Kinsley, Kansas.

[Mr. Lester is substantially correct. The young 'nymphs' of bugs resemble the adults more closely than do those of beetles, and their wings are gradually developed at successive molts. It should be added that the Coleoptera, or beetles, have a pair of horny wing-covers, called "elytra," which meet in a straight line down the back and beneath which there is a single pair of membranous wings; while the Hymenoptera, or bugs, have four wings.—Ed.]

A KIND OFFER.

Binghamton, N. Y., July 30, 1900.
Dear Mr. Ballard:
It is possible that your readers of THE AMERICAN BOY may have questions regarding ferns. If so, I shall be glad to identify any ferns that may be sent to me for that purpose. Specimens should consist, if possible, of both fronds and root-stalks, and should be gathered when in fruit, that is, when covered underneath with spore-cases. I shall be glad to send free on application a copy of the Fern Bulletin, published in the interests of the Linnaean Fern Chapter, one of the largest of the "Corresponding Chapters" of the Agassiz Association, and numbering more than a hundred members. Yours truly, Willard N. Clute.

Goldfish.—Bethel, Vt., July 27, 1900.
Will some one please answer through THE AMERICAN BOY, "What are goldfish fed? Also kindly give a few points as to their care.—Benj. M. Washburn.

NOTICE.

Reports from Chapters of the Eighth Century, Nos. 700-800, should reach the President of the A. A. by Oct. 1, 1900.



How Boys Make Money.

LeRoy R. Cortell, Spring Lake, O.: I would like to tell you how I earned two dimes for the Boy Saving Fund. I am twelve years old and live in the country. I take a music lesson once a week and have a paper route, selling from twenty to thirty papers a day. My brother subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY, but as he goes to school six miles from here, he took his AMERICAN BOYS with him, so I could not read them. I sent to you for some papers and in the meantime he sent me his, so I sold mine, as you recommended, and now the proceeds will go to help some boy. I would like to do more if I could, and probably I will find a chance before long. I am pretty busy and will take more papers to sell soon. You may think the money I get from my papers is not very much, but it helps, and I save every bit.

J. C. Bayer, Cumberland City, Tenn.: I have a peanut and popcorn patch, out of which I expect to make some money the coming season. In the winter I make money catching rabbits, partidges, muskrats, opossums and pole-cats. If I work good this year I am to have one eighth of the tobacco crop on our place.

Walter C. Ficklin, Charleston, Ills.: I have made money by carrying an evening paper, at fifty cents a week, and after I worked at that for fifty five weeks I was promoted to collector, at a salary of two dollars and a half a week.

Benjamin M. Washburn, Bethel, Vt.: I keep hens and think it's a very good

Boys as Money-Makers & Money-Savers

and easy way to earn money, providing that you have a good henhouse. This summer I am raising cabbages, which when full grown my father will sell in his store, and I expect to make a nice little sum of money out of it. This vacation, too, I have helped my father in the store.

Henry Adams, Tipton, Iowa: I carry a paper route, getting five dollars a month. I own a cow which I bought by selling papers and milk. I make about thirty five cents a day and expenses by selling milk.

How Some Grand Rapids Boys Make Money.

MARY P. SAYRE.

Let me tell you how some Grand Rapids boys are earning money for a college education.

One is making money with his camera by taking photographs of houses for sale by real estate agents. Nearly every house for sale bears the sale card of the agent, and it is quite an easy matter to get an interview with a real estate agent. It only requires a little courage to carry on this pleasant and profitable employment. Real estate agents generally are willing to do anything reasonable that will help along the sale of their property, and will often pay a good price for a good view of a house.

Another boy has, during the past year, outside of school hours, earned enough money to clothe himself, pay his school expenses and lay by twenty five dollars toward a nest egg. Two lady teachers in the schools offered him an opportunity to care for their pony and carriage. He accepted, rented a barn near the school, furnished the feed and kept pony and carriage clean and ready for use. For this he received a fair compensation. Every Saturday he earns one dollar working for his uncle in a lumber yard.

Another little fellow has earned a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes by cutting flowers for bouquets at the greenhouse close by—a work for which he received fifty cents a day. Often he works at potting plants, receiving twenty five cents a day. The small pay

does not discourage him, for he saves the dimes, knowing that the dollars will care for themselves.

Several small boys whom I know have made money digging ferns and selling them at five cents a root, for border plants. Ferns can be had in woods and swampy places for the asking.

Of course, there are many boys in Grand Rapids selling papers and distributing circulars. Some boys are doing well acting as agents. Boys should not go into this work, however, unless they are especially adapted to it. There are some who have genius in this line.

The inspiration with many a boy is a college education. I know boys who are at work as salesmen and helpers in the furniture factories in Grand Rapids during the summer, who are saving money for their schooling. The fierce competition of schools nowadays is putting tuition fees at a figure within the reach of even poor boys, so that there is little excuse for the average boy failing to get a business education, if not something more. I know one boy who was so eager to get a business education that he took the position of janitor in a business college, paying for his tuition by the hard work that this entails; not only this, he waited on table at a restaurant for a total of three hours a day to pay his board, and carried wood and water at another place for his room rent.

A gentleman recently resigned his position as a teacher in the Grand Rapids schools to take charge of a beet sugar farm. He offered work to any of the High School boys who wanted to go on the farm for the summer vacation, and several of them took advantage of the opportunity; still others are going to summer resorts to work during their vacation. This is a favorite way of earning money during the summer with college boys who are poor. The hotels at the seaside and mountain resorts offer opportunities for college boys to serve as waiters, and in other capacities, and an earnest, aspiring boy does not hesitate to take this kind of work when nothing better offers itself. Let me express the earnest hope that every boy who is dependent upon his own exertions may deserve success and meet with it.



MAKE and sell ink, big profit, easy work. Formulas for black and 4 colors. Plots. C. H. French, Lansing, Mich.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send stamp A W MOTT, Coburn, N.Y.

WIDE-AWAKE BOYS COIN MONEY Selling Campaign Buttons. Everybody wants one or more. Terms and 8 fine samples mailed for 2 cents. Secure agency to-day. A. H. Spencer Novelty Comp., Grand Rapids, Mich.

FAIRY Savings Bank shows children HOW TO SAVE MONEY by spending it. The Fairy says: "A penny saved is a penny earned," and the BANK proves it. The children's "Story of The Fairy Bank" sent postpaid. DORRITY & YOUNG, 121 LaSalle St., Chicago. FREE

AMERICAN BOYS Don't waste your evenings, we furnish light legitimate work, any distance, \$1 to \$10 a week easily made. Particulars, enclose stamped addressed envelope. HENNS, Dept. A, Lippincott Bldg., Philadelphia.

WANTED—BOY AGENTS To sell SUN Furniture Polish. Keen on all Finger-Marks, Ey Specks, Dirt, etc., from Wood, Brass, or Enamelled Furniture, Dishes, Leather, etc., leaving them clean and dry, and evenly polished as new. No Oil or Acid used. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Put up in neatly wrapped cakes. One mailed, postpaid, on receipt of \$5c. Sun Furniture Polish Co., 543 Bolton Ave., Cleveland, O.

Salesmen Wanted Good hustlers make big wages taking orders for our Made-to-Measure Clothing. Capital and experience unnecessary. Send 2-cent stamp for sample outfit, and full particulars. THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., 198 O. Monroe Street, CHICAGO.

Printing Programs.

An American boy writes of his experience in making money as follows: "I was part owner of a small printing outfit, and my partner and I were anxious to enlarge the plant, but lacked the necessary money. The happy thought struck us that we could print the opera house programs. Our parents at first objected, because the manager of the opera house was known to be tricky. However, we soon won them over and sought an interview with the manager. We asked him if we could print his programs for nothing. He readily agreed to it, provided we could do a good job and had them on time. We asked if we could put advertising on the programs. He consented, but said that this had been tried and there was not enough of it in the town to pay a printer. We took a piece of cardboard and cut it into a quarter sheet and marked ten spaces, twelve ems wide down each side, leaving the center for the cast and synopsis of the play. Then we went to all the merchants and succeeded in selling all the advertising space, two dollars being charged for each space. After the winter season opened, there was a very busy time in our office. The casts and synopses were so long that sometimes they had to be written on the other side of the cardboard. We then decided that the back, too, should be filled with advertising. We succeeded in filling it. The cardboard was a good advertisement, as it could not be rolled and made into spitballs, and it could be used as a fan. The programs caused much comment and a local paper gave us praise. When a show came to town that stayed a week we cleared about fifteen dollars on the programs for that week. Of course, this cannot be done in a large city, but in a town of a few thousand inhabitants it is a money maker for a boy who has his own outfit and is learning the work. In the spring we had enough money to add quite a bit to our plant."

Freddy (aged six) was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man," said the barber, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Like papa's, with a round hole at the top."

A Boy Who Will Succeed.

Down in Missouri lives a boy who likes pets. He began with a pair of pigeons that he got in trade for a dog that he had traded a knife for. His parents allowed him to keep the pigeons until they multiplied so that there were pigeons all over the place. Then he sold the pigeons and bought a goat that ate the clothes off the line every Monday. He was compelled to dispose of it, and traded it for a pair of game chickens. In a week there wasn't a rooster left in the neighborhood: the game rooster had killed them all. His father took the game chickens for a ride one night and lost them three miles out in the country. Three days afterward the boy brought them home, but he never told anyone how he got them. And so he fought for his pets one by one—his dog was lost, his lamb stolen, his rabbits ran away. He has come down to one old hen. Recently he bought a "settin'" of eggs. A "settin'" of eggs is as many as a motherly hen can hatch into chicks. He had made up his mind that his hen was lonely and needed company, and what so companionable as a hatch of little chicks to scratch for? The hen, however, had different views and didn't want to sit on the eggs. But he was not a boy to be stumped by a hen—he had borne too many losses already. He put the eggs in a box in which he had made a nest of hay. Then he planted the indignant hen on them, put a board in which he had bored a lot of holes over her and left her to come to terms. That night his big brother kicked off the box and set the hen free. The next morning the boy put her back and put some bricks on the board, for he thought she had raised the board and released herself. The brother kicked both bricks and board off that night. The boy replaced hen and board again, and again they were kicked off. Then he got a board and made a hole in it for the hen to poke her head through and nailed the board to the box. Once a day he takes the board off and chases the hen around the yard for exercise, and twice a day he carries food and water to her. What is the use of trying to discourage a boy like that?—Kansas City Star.

Boys' Exchange.

J. F. Mosley, Columbia, Fla.: I will trade orange, persimmon and chinquapin leaves for foreign stamps. Sidney S. Wortsman, 115 Gaston street west, Savannah, Ga.: I will exchange Cuban shells for other curios. Arthur R. Talbot, care H. L. Judd & Co., Wallingford, Conn.: I will exchange good foreign stamps for arrowheads. James C. Montgomery, 368 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.: I have some good stamps that I would like to trade for arrowheads. Howard O'Brien, 1928 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.: I would like to exchange stamps and would like sample copies of amateur journals. Dwight Jennings, Thornton, Mich.: I have a flint arrowhead that I will promptly send any boy who will send me ten foreign stamps. Ray Gates, Auburn, Neb.: I have Indian arrowheads which I will exchange for foreign stamps. The stamps must be in good condition. C. Baggett, Oak Plain, Tenn.: I have five Indian arrowheads which I will exchange for gold, copper or silver ore, or for shells from the East or Great Lakes. Grover C. Reese, Box 185, Mena, Ark.: I will trade cotton bolls, pine burrs, sweet gum balls, and the leaves of the holly and cucumber trees for curios from other states. L. Lester, Kinsley, Kans.: I will exchange a thirty two caliber rifle and a telescope for a four by six printing press. The telescope is a five-power one. J. C. Bayer, Cumberland City, Tenn.: I will exchange leaves and splinters of wood from trees in this locality for leaves and pieces of trees from other localities. I have an Indian arrowhead that I will exchange for something I have not. Frank J. Kearns, 348 Thirteenth street, St. Paul, Minn.: I want the first nine numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY and will give for the same twenty numbers of "The Argosy," published during '88 or '89, or will give twenty numbers of "Golden Hours," in exchange.

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THE BOY HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

September.

MORNING STARS—Mercury to September 11, Venus, Mars. EVENING STARS—Mercury, September 13 to the end of month, Jupiter, Saturn. LEGAL HOLIDAYS—September 3, Labor Day in all the States and Territories and District of Columbia except Arizona, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Vermont. It is observed in Wyoming, but is not a legal holiday. September 6, Labor Day in North Carolina. September 9, Admission Day in California. ANNIVERSARIES—September 1, 1870, Capitulation of Sedan; September 8, 1781, Battle of Enlow Springs, S. C.; September 10, 1812, Battle of Lake Erie, Perry's Victory; September 11, 1812, Battle of Chancellorsville, McDonough's Victory; September 12, 1847, Battle of Chapultepec; September 14, 1847, City of Mexico taken by the U. S. troops; September 17, 1862, Battle of Antietam; September 19-20, 1862, Battle of Chickamauga; September 20, 1870, Italians occupied Rome.

The name of the ninth month, according to our calendar, is September. September is from the Latin "septem," seven, this being the seventh month according to the old Roman calendar.

Father Quinn says: "I proffer the advice to study closely before anathematizing profane, free-fisted, police-baiting youngsters under fifteen. In many instances they are promising crude material. Not a few of them are really diamonds, though admittedly the roughest conceivable. Hidden under rags, slang and boyish mischief, often lie generous hearts, honest and pure; souls amazingly responsive to a sacred touch."

The Boy Who Is Liked.

J. L. HARBOUR.

Any life of Abraham Lincoln that you may read will tell you that he was a boy whom every one liked, although he was utterly lacking in grace or beauty. He was, indeed, a very awkward and homely boy, and it falls to the lot of few American boys to be poorer than was this boy of the common people. He must have been liked for some inner qualities, some traits of character that caused those who knew him to forget that he was poor and homely, and uncouth in his appearance. These were the traits that made Abraham Lincoln so popular both as a boy and a man. He was overflowing with human sympathy. He hated everything that was small and mean. He was generous in thought and deed. He was kind to everybody and everything. He was always kind to the dumb beasts, and he was always patient and gentle with the weak. Then he was absolutely honest, and he gave to things their true value. He admired the man in homespun quite as much as the man in broadcloth, and yet he was not a man who ridiculed well-dressed people, but he gave to dress the only real value it has. If you will read the lives of the men who have lived in the hearts of their countrymen long after they have gone from earth, you will find that they were boys who were liked in their boyhood. You will find that the honesty, the kindness, the unselfishness, the sympathy that have made them such good and popular men also made them popular in their boyhood. You will find

that they were invariably polite boys, and that no one ever accused them of being "too smart." You will find that they were not idlers, for even boys have a contempt for out and out lazy boys. Then they did not whine. Let no boy who wants to be popular with his mates or with any one else ever descend to the low estate of whining. Nothing is so contemptible in a boy as a tendency to whine about everything. A boy of this kind will find that his room is more desirable than his company in any assembly of spirited and manly boys. I know of nothing so sure to make a boy disliked as a tendency toward whining and complaining. Fortunately this weakness is not very common among the boys of America.

The boy who would be popular must be manly. Let him avoid above all else any tendency toward that which other boys call with proper contempt "girl-boyishness." Be anything but a "sissy." A boy can be gentle, polite, affectionate, clean in person and speech, and sympathetic, without being in the least "girl-boyish." Be manly as God intended all boys should be. The "girl-boy" is held in as much contempt by girls as by boys, for there is nothing that girls and women admire more in boys than manliness. Do not, however, make the mistake of thinking that it is a sign of manliness to affect contempt for girls and their occupations. The American boy has had proof in recent years that the American girl has what the boys would call "mighty good stuff" in her, and that she can hold her own when it comes to intellectual

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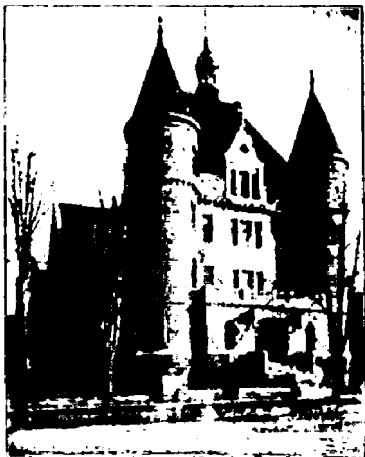
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attainments and general force of character. That she is generally physically weaker than the boy is a fact that should entitle her to his protection instead of his contempt. There is something radically wrong with the boy who sneers at the physical weakness of girls. The most popular boy I can think of at this moment is one whom I once saw grow white with indignation when he saw another boy strike a girl full in the face with his open hand. Off flew the coat of this popular boy and his clenched fist dealt the cowardly fellow a stinging blow full in the mouth, while he said:

"You strike a girl and I will strike you!"

The dazed assailant of the girl, although he was fully four inches taller and evidently much stronger than the champion of abused girlhood, gave further proof of his cowardly nature by turning and running without making the least attempt to defend himself.

The boy who would be liked must be far removed from anything suggestive of the sneak. He must be "open and above board," as the other boys would say.

Woe to the boy who is known to have done a sneaking, contemptible deed to serve any end. Boys who are true and manly will distrust him ever after they know of this lapse from true manliness. It always pays to be perfectly frank and honest in all that you do or say. Nothing but the truth will serve when the truth should be told. The boastful boy will never be very popular because boastfulness is an unfailing sign of conceit, and no one likes a conceited boy. I have in mind a boy who could be a very agreeable fellow if the pronoun "I" did not enter so largely into all that he says. The boy who acquires the reputation of being a "blow" will be looked at askance by other boys. Modesty is a very good attribute for any boy to possess. The greatest and bravest men of the world have always possessed this attribute.

Neatness and cleanliness are necessary to the make-up of the boy who wants to be popular. I know of a boy who was refused admission to a boys' club because he was so grossly untidy that the other boys said that they would be ashamed of him. It is a shame and a reproach to any boy to be slovenly and actually dirty when soap and water are so abundant.

The boy who would be popular must not seek popularity. He cannot do this without attracting attention to the fact that he is seeking popularity, and no one could or would like such a boy. Seek to be honest, brave, manly, true-hearted, generous, and your friends will be legion.

The Whistling Yankee Boy.

We like the whistling boy. We like to fall in behind him as we go down the street. He has as many tunes as the mocking bird. If it is Monday morning, the Sunday School tunes follow him. If it is after the Dewey parade, the last thing from Sousa. It is the young folks who set the standard in music. The great composer may sigh in vain for recognition until comes the whistling boy and girl at the piano, then his success is assured. If whistling is any index, American boys are full of music. Alone as he drives the cows to pasture or rides the horses to water, or goes on errands, the boy takes up the burden of the latest air and makes his ways melodious. It is not to keep his courage up, as the old proverb implies, it is to communicate his superabundant life to others; it is to bubble over as does the fountain. And these airs go about as by some vocal infection, until every other boy has added them to his catalogue of accomplishments. — The Christian Herald.

"He Was Pure Grit."

The boy is a skeleton, and the long, white skeleton is wasting to a shadow. The other boys know he is going, but they say nothing to him about it, and he says nothing to them. His wasted face is always smiling, even in a grimace of pain. And they crowd around him, their great bodies redolent of health, bringing the outdoors he loves so well. They tell him about their plays—his old plays—and school, and how the fish bite, and

how many millions of bluebells there are in the woods. They lay sheaves of the azure things before him, making room on the table among vases and pots of flowers which they love to bring him every day.

As often as he can go out in his wheeled chair, two of the gentlest push him, taking turns, and the rest accompany him like a body guard. He loves this better than anything else, except to have his father sit beside him reading aloud—a grizzled, bald boy, who understands, just like the other boys.

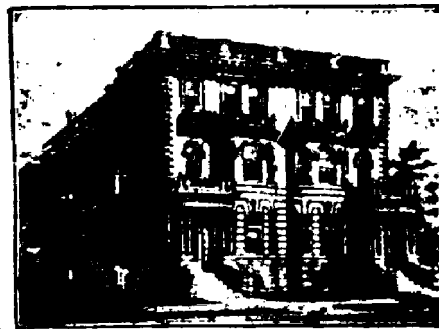
The boy had been so full of life. He got his injury in fearless climbing and leaping. Now he has to lie and watch tree trunks turning sleek and black in the rain and the leaves enjoying moisture. And soon he can hug his agonizing limb no more. But all the boys, without any nonsense of reminding him that he suffers, will stick to him until his smiling face is at last covered from their sight in flowers. They will say: "He was pure grit" and sneakingly wipe tears from their eyes. And to the end of their lives his paper-white hand will still seem to hold them in fraternal grip, and his wasted face will smile on their triumphs. — Times-Herald.

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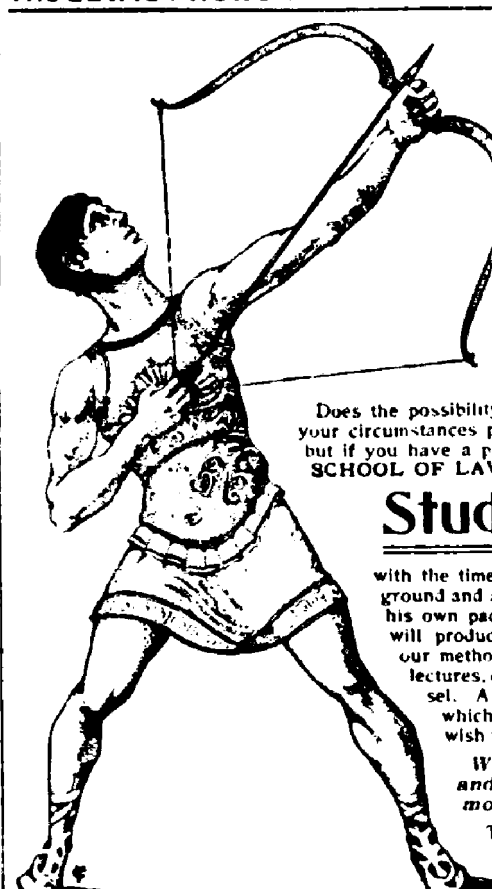
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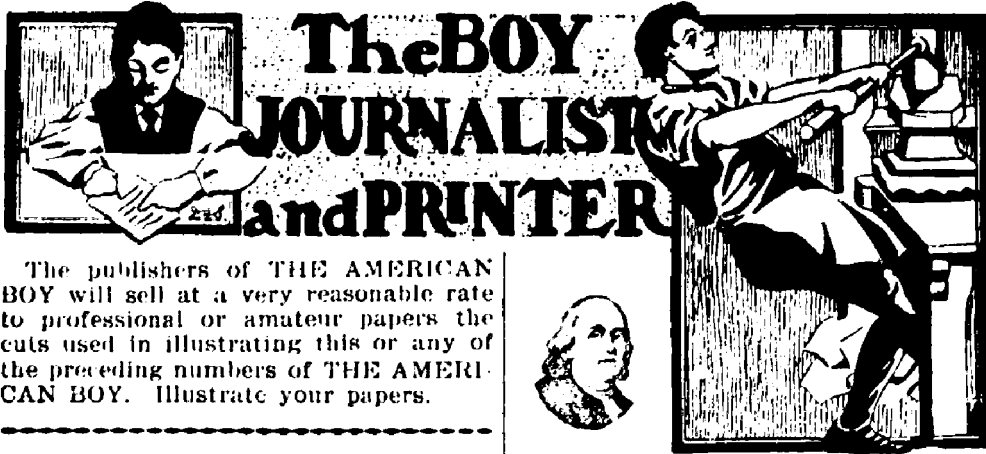
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The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will sell at a very reasonable rate to professional or amateur papers the cuts used in illustrating this or any of the preceding numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Illustrate your papers.

Notes.

"The Interpolitan," published by Jessen Brothers, of Omaha, is of such excellence as to deserve more serious consideration than is usually given, by older readers, at least, to amateur papers.

"The Juniors' Collector" is a little eight-page paper devoted to stamp and coin collecting. It is published by Treymond Babcock, at Dayton, Texas. The number before us is eight pages, without a cover. By devoting his paper to this hobby, the publisher succeeds in getting a good advertising patronage, which probably pays at least the expense of publication, and he is enabled to gratify two hobbies at once: namely, collecting and amateur journalism.

In Flushing, N. Y., a young man is devoting his entire time to the publication of a neat little monthly, called "The Shut-In-Friend." Its object is to bring sunshine into the homes of poor invalids who are not able to romp and play in God's bright sunshine, but are forced to remain in the darkened sick room. This young man gave up a position paying him eighteen dollars a week in order that he might devote his time to this. In His Name. The young man is Harry J. Cornell and he can be seen in his office early and late.

We have received a copy of No. 3 of Volume I. of "The Reporter," which, according to the editorial announcement, is "published occasionally," by Heath & Newcomer, Monroe, Mich. Donald R. Heath is the editor. As the editor's inclination fixes the date when a new number may be expected, instead of being published on a regular business basis, we presume it is not run for profit, but the boys are getting out a very good amateur paper just the same. The issue before us has two stories, a column of general editorials, a page of news notes from their school and other miscellaneous matter.

"The Advertiser," published at Fultonham, O., by W. E. Slack, is, we suppose, called an amateur journal, but the copies that have been received at this office merely bear out its name, for it has no reading matter and consists simply of eight pages of small advertisements. This may be good business, but it is not journalism, though financially it may be more profitable than publishing reading matter. Certainly there is little profit in publishing any periodical unless it can get advertisements. As "The Advertiser" is now in its tenth volume, the "editor" evidently finds its publication satisfactory.

We have received copies of several amateur papers started by boys whose interest in amateur journalism has been awakened by this department of THE AMERICAN BOY. The fact that a boy is not able to buy a printing outfit, however, is no reason why he should not start an amateur paper. We advise boys to print their papers if they can, but if they cannot get together a plant for doing that work, they need not delay starting their papers, but can have them printed at local offices, doing the editorial and literary work themselves, and thus getting a large part of the benefits to be derived from this hobby.

"The Amateur Record" is another AMERICAN BOY amateur paper. It is published by Carlton Houston, editor,

and Zach. Sanderson, business manager, at 609 S. Boots street, Marion, Ind. The March number was the first. This is an excellent number and one of which the editors may be proud. It exemplifies the true principles of amateur journalism. The contents consist of an article on Amateur Journalism; a biography of George Washington; a page of well-selected and well-written short editorials; a description of Honolulu; Y. M. C. A.; list of the best books for boys; a fourteen year old boy's composition on "Breathing"; news notes of the Marion High School; a letter from the Philippines, and three pages of advertising.

The first number of "The Auburn Echo," published at Auburn, N. Y., by Ray Burgess, as editor, and Roy Burgess, as assistant editor, consists of six pages about the size of those of THE AMERICAN BOY. It is printed in regular newspaper style. The first page is divided between literary and local news features. In fact, it has very much the appearance of an ordinary country weekly, with its plate matter bought from the press association. This may add interest to the contents of the paper, but if "The Echo" is to be run as an amateur paper, we would advise against publishing this kind of matter. Anybody can publish that kind of stuff, but it has not educational value for the editor, nor does it give him any experience.

"The Huronia Amateur," published by Harvey M. Whipple, as editor, and Richard T. Baldwin, as manager, at 1417 Sixth street, Port Huron, Mich., is one of the amateur journals started as a result of the reading of this department of THE AMERICAN BOY. The April issue, just at hand, is the first number. It consists of eight pages about five inches square. The first page contains a very sensible and well-written salutatory from the editor, and the other pages are made up of a story by Philip F. McCord entitled "Saved by Tobacco, A Cheerful Tale of Poverty;" a poem; the first installment of a continued story by Harvey M. Whipple, the editor, entitled "Under the Shadows of Grey Rock;" two pages of editorials, and one page of advertising. We congratulate the publishers on this their first issue.

The Editorial.

GEORGE R. S. CONNELL.

The editorial is almost a stranger among amateur journalists, especially with the younger element. Why this is so I cannot determine. If one edits an amateur paper and publishes a poem by someone, a story by someone else and a serial or a department, and then leaves a column or so for editorial talk, no matter how much praise the paper may get, so far as the editor is personally concerned, he gets praise only for what he has written himself.

When I started "The Antecedent" last April I was very new at the newspaper business and I took little or no pains with my editorials, scribbling off a few notes of absolutely no interest, and those in the following issue were worse. I soon began to notice the editorials of other amateurs, especially those of Walter S. Golf, of Blissfield, Mich., in "The Review," and I saw that much care was taken in writing them. In the third issue of "The Antecedent," therefore, I took particular pains to have my editorials both longer and more carefully prepared, but still, after they appeared

in print, I was far from satisfied. My last editorials were prepared while in the country and I took great pains, criticizing everything severely and rejecting much that I at first thought good, writing something new every day, until after



GEORGE R. S. CONNELL.

about a week I managed to prepare a page and a half of editorials that I deemed worthy of publication.

Most amateurs think that their editorials should be confined to the doings and happenings in amateur circles. No greater mistake could be made, as editorials may be written on any subject, and the wider the range of subjects discussed the better for both the editor and the readers of the paper, for the editor learns much in preparing his discussions of the various subjects—more, in fact, than the readers to whom he gives only a part of which he reads in his investigations.

The question as to whether a paper should contain nothing but editorials depends upon the taste of the writer. There is much difference of opinion on the subject. Such a paper is not apt to be very interesting or popular.

I hope that no amateur who reads this will sit down and write off a score or so of short notes. His editorials should consist of several paragraphs, not too long nor yet too short, and they should be written on a variety of subjects.

There is too much harsh criticism and personal denunciation in the editorials of many amateur papers. Such editorials lower the dignity of the papers that publish them and do no good to anyone. A plain statement of the facts of the matter and of the editor's opinion, written in gentlemanly and courteous language, will command more respect from his readers and have more weight with them. As an amateur paper is published for the intellectual benefit as well as amusement of the editor, even more than for his financial benefit, amateur editors should employ the editorial for its proper purpose, and when properly employed there is no feature of an amateur paper that will prove more beneficial. It gives the editor practice in original writing, as well as in thinking connectively and forcibly, and will lead him into lines of study and investigation that will greatly increase his store of knowledge.

The Youngest Foreman of a Printing Company in the United States.

Frederick Herman Jaenichen was born August 29, 1878, in Cincinnati, O. At the age of twelve he finished his grammar school studies in Cincinnati



FREDERICK HERMAN JAENICHEN.

and the next year the family removed to Columbus, O., where they have since resided. In 1892 young Jaenichen was forced to leave school, in order to help support his parents, and on May 29 went

to work for the Westbote Printing Company as office boy. Just one year later he went into the Ohio State Journal job printing office, where he remained for exactly two years, and where his faithfulness and ability gave the greatest satisfaction to his employers. On May 29, 1895, he was given a better position in the publishing house of the Weekly Law Bulletin and Ohio Law Journal, of Columbus.

Young Jaenichen's idea at this time was to thoroughly understand and operate the typesetting machines which were at that time installed in this office. After working at the machines six months he was appointed assistant foreman, and on April 10, 1896, when only seventeen and a half years of age, he was appointed foreman over the entire plant, many of the employes of which were nearly twice as old as he. Since then he has had the distinction of being the youngest foreman of such a publishing concern in the country. The fact that he has won such an important position speaks volumes for his ability as well as for thoroughness in his work and his faithfulness to the interests of his employers. Although he had to give up school at the age of twelve, young Jaenichen did not entirely give up his studies when he left school, as so many boys do. He is well read for a young man of his age and speaks the English, German and Spanish languages fluently. A young man with the qualities that he has shown must certainly have even higher ambitions. The future holds much in store for such young men.

Prize Offer to Amateur Journalists.

Did you see the prize offer to amateur journalists who will get subscriptions for THE AMERICAN BOY, published on page 310 of the August number? If not, look it up and take advantage of it. You will find it worth your while.

100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES neatly printed with your return card, postpaid for only 25c. 50 for 25c. W. K. HOWIE, Printer, Heebe Plaza, Va.

LITERARY ECHO an amateur monthly magazine, subscription 25c a year. Sample copy FREE. Literary Echo, Box 776, Savannah, Ga.

100 Fine Cards 25c. Stylish, elegant; name and address exquisitely printed in latest fashionable script. 75 extra fine, or 40 finest card made, same price, sent prepaid. New type and second-hand presses, 23 and larger, CHESA. Commercial Press, West Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y.

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Fill YOUR Teeth Dr. Curtis's Artificial Enamel Stops Pain and Decay. Lasts a lifetime. Circulars FREE. Restore Dental Agency, Hartford, Conn.

GREAT CAMPAIGN NOVELTY JUST OUT nickel plated pencil and comb holder, mounted with a campaign, secret society or trade union button. Sell on sight. Every man and boy should have one. Thousands sold. Sample and terms 50 cents. EAGLE NOVELTY CO., Miles Grove, Pa.

I WILL GIVE \$25.00 CASH for the best well written advertisement about my 20th Century Silver Polish. Any person having their name on my books as one of my agents is eligible to enter the contest. If YOU ARE NOT one of my agents, send the "ad" you wish to submit and a dime (no stamps) for agent's outfit, YOU MAY WIN. Address JOHN E. ROGER, manufacturer of the 20th Century Silver Polish, AMSTERDAM, N.Y. Contest closes Oct. 1, 1900.

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SELF-SEALING PIE TIN has a crimped rim which holds both crusts firmly together and prevents the rich juices from escaping. Crust will always bake crisp and brown. We are the largest manufacturers of Pure Aluminum. Meets the Granite and Tin Ware in the world. AGENTS, write how to get free this and four of our other best selling household novelties—Outfit worth \$2.00—Express prepaid. Address Dept. C D HOUSEHOLD NOVELTY WORKS, 26 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., or New York, N.Y.; Buffalo, N.Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash. This Co. is worth a Million Dollars and is reliable.

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 A Violin bought by our original and unique plan becomes simply an investment. It is always worth exactly what you paid for it. It will pay you to investigate this plan before buying. We carry the largest line of fine and rare Violins in America. Large, handsomely illustrated Violin Cat. FREE on request. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. 208 EAST FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI, O.

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DENT'S
Toothache Gum
STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY
 NOT A CHEWING GUM.
 How to Use It
 Clean cavity of tooth, and press firmly into it a piece of the Gum. If no cavity, apply to the gum as a plaster. At all drug stores, 15 cents, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

American Boys Should Learn a Trade.

P. W. HUMPHREYS.

Why is it that so many of our American boys are prejudiced against learning a handicraft or trade? It is said with a great deal of truth that such Americans as must work at the mechanical trades find themselves at a disadvantage when competing with trained foreigners.

Americans lay the bricks, but the stone masons are from Europe. There are native plasterers, but the ornamental work is nearly always entrusted to a German. There are American and English carpenters, but the fine joiner work in hard woods, and the carving and other decorations are necessarily entrusted to the French technically trained workman. Americans paint houses, but for the frescoping and decorative work the Italian, French or German has the call.

One valid reason against training a boy to a particular handicraft is the progress of invention whereby ingenious machinery has supplanted manual labor.

Our apprentice laws have fallen into disuse, and the trades unions have discriminated against lads who wish to become mechanics.

Then there are so many opportunities for making money in trade and speculation that ambitious young Americans are eager to enter the fields of commerce, to become politicians, to do anything, in fact, rather than confine themselves to the farm, the shop, or the factory. And so it comes about that when any work requiring technical skill is required, foreigners have to be employed.

A change has taken place of which our people have not taken advantage. It is true that machinery has supplanted manual labor in the manufacture of clothing material, but no inventor can take the place of the skilled workman. We have too many traders and speculators.

An advertisement for a bookkeeper or a salesman is answered by a hundred boys and young men, while skilled and artistic workmen are so scarce that we are forced to import them from Europe.

What we need is such an extension of our public schools as will give our boys and girls the same advantages of art education as those possessed by the young French, German and Italian workmen. We want technical industrial schools. And we want sensible boys to appreciate the advantages of these schools and to consider it an honor to be a thorough master of some trade or handicraft.

There are too many bookkeepers, salesmen, merchants and politicians in the United States. It is a mortifying fact that the most keen-witted, inventive and intelligent people on earth allow themselves to be beaten in many of the industrial arts by foreigners who have not the same natural capacity, but who have the advantage of an excellent technical and artistic education.

The boys of today—yes, and the girls, too—should see to it that they are taught occupations in which foreigners now excel, and in which there is no danger of competition in the way of improved machinery. It is only when the boys lay aside their prejudice against trades, and look at the matter from a common sense standpoint, that we can hope to compete with the skilled workmen from other countries.

A Good Motto.

A boy who was very anxious to obtain work called upon a merchant to whom he was an entire stranger and asked for employment.

The merchant told the lad that he had all the assistance he needed. But the boy persisted in his entreaties, and the merchant said to him, "What do you wish to do?" The boy replied, "I am willing to do anything; only give me a chance." "What is your motto?" asked the mer-

chant. "The same as yours, sir," replied the boy. "What is my motto?" asked the merchant, "and how do you know what it is?" "Why, sir, it is on your door, 'Push!'" The merchant was so pleased with the boy's reply that he gave him work, and he had no reason to regret his decision.

Battleship Display for a Druggist's Window.

W. H. Pring, of San Jose, Cal., describes a rather unique window display: "On the floor of the window was spread a white cheese-cloth bunched and ruffled to represent waves. Then I built a ship of bars of Castile soap (white); for the line of soap next to the top I used short bars, leaving holes to represent port-holes; through these I placed a line of shaving brushes (to represent cannon). I made the smokestack of a five-yard roll (blackened) plaster can. Masts of wood were fastened to the floor, and chamois skins used as reefed sails. Smoke was represented by a piece of carbon paper stretched on a loop of bamboo, the paper being creased and dented. For night effect I lowered the lights in the window and placed tapers in little boxes covered with red and blue glass. Near the front of the window I placed a few small rocks and three or four pounds of white sand, and on this an oblong box two by three by twelve inches, with four windows cut near the top; inside the box I placed a lighted taper at night time to create an impression of a lighthouse."

Do More Than You Are Paid to Do.

"One trouble with many young men who start out in business is they try to do too many things at once," says Hetty Green. "The richest woman in America," in the June Ladies' Home Journal. "The result is that they don't know as much as they ought to about any one thing, and they naturally fail. The trouble with young men who work on salaries is that they're always afraid of doing more than they are paid for. They don't enter into their work with the right spirit. To get on and be appreciated, a young man must do more than he is paid to do. When he does something that his employer has not thought of he shows that he is valuable. Men are always willing to pay good salaries to people who will think of things for them. The man who only carries out the ideas of another, is nothing more than a mere tool. Men who can be relied upon are always in demand. The scarcest thing in the world to-day is a thoroughly reliable man."

"It's a queer world," said the old man, "when you come to think it over. You know, I dedicated Jim fer a lawyer?"
 "Yes."
 "An' Bill fer a preacher?"
 "Exactly."
 "An' Tom fer one o' those here literary fellers?"
 "I've heard so."
 "An' Dick fer a doctor?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, now, what do you reckon I'm a-doin' of?"
 "Can't say."
 "Well, sir, you mout not believe it, but I'm a-supportin' of Jim an' Bill' an' Tom, an' Dick, an' it keeps me a-goin' from daylight to dark!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"There is but one way," says Dr. Lyman Beecher, "of securing universal equality to man—and that is, to regard every honest employment as honorable, and that for every man to learn in whatsoever state he may be therewith to be content, and to fulfil with strict fidelity the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honor."

FREE PLATE. POCKET STAMP, PEN & PENCIL. SEND PLATE TO ANY PARTY. STAMPS, ALL FOR ANYTHING NAME ON 127 WITH ANY RUBBER. All kinds of Stamps, Rubber Type, etc. J. F. Hullet, 511 W. Balto. St. Balto. Md.

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 Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, & Supplies. Write for catalog. 446 Illustrations, FREE; it gives information for musicians and new bands. LYON & HEALY, 99 Adams St., CHICAGO.

WELL MAKE A FIRST-CLASS BOOK-KEEPER of you in 6 weeks for \$1 or RETURN MONEY; I find GOOD POSITIONS too! Previous knowledge unnecessary; distance immaterial. WRITE! J. H. Goodwin, EXPERT ACCOUNTANT, Room 647, 1215 Broadway, N. Y.

The Standard Gas Lamp
 A wonderful invention. 15 the expense of kerosene, or six times the light. Perfectly safe. 14 different styles. Retail from \$4.00 up. All brass. Country people can now have light brighter than electricity and cheaper than kerosene. Can furnish thousands of testimonials from people using them for months. Agents earning money. Write for exclusive territory. STANDARD GAS LAMP CO., 114-120 Michigan St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SCHOOL PINS
 This style, SOLID STERLING SILVER, any two colors Enamel, any letters and figures up to seven for 20 cents; well worth 50 cents. Any bright boy or girl can take orders for a large number in school. When one scholar has one the whole school wants them. First order for sample will secure agency. No money required in advance (except for sample). Send money after you receive the pins and deliver. Large commission allowed for taking orders. Sample pin sent post-paid for 10 cents silver or stamp. Write to-day and be first in the field. Address: E. W. JONES, 69 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.

THE OLD WAY. OR THE NEW WAY.
GUITAR, MANDOLIN, BANJO, VIOLIN, PIANO AND ORGAN SELF-TAUGHT
 Without Notes, by FRED WILSON. We ship first instrument to each locality at an EXTRA HIGH DISCOUNT, simply to advertise our goods and establish a trade. Beware of large and high-sounding newspaper ads, but send direct to the manufacturers. HIGH ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE. E. C. HOWE, Mgr., 1643 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO.

ASK your dealer for the HOLLEN'S IDEAL, the cheapest and best shoulder brace on earth. Price 75 Cents.
 Send money order with your breast measure, and get a pair by return mail. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
BOYS send us an Three order for your FREE. Agents Wanted.
 HOLLEN MFG CO., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

WE ARE SELLING
 BATTERY TABLE LAMP COMPLETE \$3.00
 Battery Hanging Lamp, \$10.00
 Telephone, complete, 5.95
 Electric Door Bells, 1.00
 Electric Carriage Light, 8.95
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 Electric Hand Lanterns, 2.00
 Pocket Flash Lights, 1.50
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 24 Medical Batteries, 8.00
 Genuine Electric Belts, 1.00
 \$12 Belt with Suspensor, 2.00
 Genuine Electric Insoles, .25
 Telegraph Outfits, 2.25
 Battery Motors from \$1 to 12.00
 Battery Table Lamps, 8.00
 Nocket Lights, 75 cts. to 8.00
 Bicycle Electric Lights, 2.75
 Electric Cap Lights, 1.75
 Electric Railway Lamp, 2.25
 Battery Student Lamp, 4.00
 Dry Batteries, per dozen, 3.25
 All Electrical Books at low prices.
 We undersell all on Everything Electrical.
OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS
 CLEVELAND, O.
 Headquarters for Electric Novelties and Supplies.
 Agents wanted. Send for New Catalogue just out.

THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER



Edited by JUDSON GREENELL

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year, one prize for each month, the competition to be based upon the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. The contest is open to subscribers only. Photographs will be returned if stamps are sent for the purpose. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed by the sender, and fifty cents will be paid for each photograph that may be used, the prize photographs in any event to be our own, without further payment than the payment of the prizes. Write on the back of the photograph its title, with a description of the picture, and the full name and address of the contestant.

Light Struck Plates.

One of the greatest difficulties amateur photographers have to contend against is light struck plates. And yet it is only a question of proper care in guarding them against streaks of light. It is not enough that the plate holders are not manipulated in broad daylight; they should always be kept in the shade. A good plan is to have made a black cotton flannel bag, just the size of the camera, with puckering strings at the top. When the camera is not in use, it will make a good covering for it, protecting it from dust and abrasion. When in the field, use the bag to carry the plate holders. Always make the change from bag to camera in the shade. Always cover the camera with the cloth when withdrawing or replacing a slide. Always interpose your body between the sun and the camera, when making changes. If you will follow these suggestions your light struck plates will be few and far between.

Some Pretty Fair Pictures.

Among the pictures received by THE AMERICAN BOY, above the average for general merit, was a picture of an interior of a machine shop, by John Evans, of Newton, Iowa; "Atlantic Highlands," by L. M. Moody, Hartford, Conn.; "Drawing on Nature," a milking scene, by Robert Brubaker, of Johnstown, Pa.; "Pork Chops," a farm scene, when the little pigs were being fed; and "Tobe Tired Out," showing a pool of water and a panting dog in it, the circling eddies producing a pleasing effect. But unfortunately some of these were not properly printed for reproducing. They were either too dark, or had some other defect. However, the contestants should not despair. Let them try again, and again, and finally success will crown their efforts.

Time to Take Sea Pictures.

In a few weeks, now, will be the best time to take pictures of the sea, with coast lines, beating surf, and mayhap a wreck in the foreground. The sun will be rather low but that will make the shadows all the better. The sun in July and August sails the heavens at too high an altitude, but in October, when the winds begin to blow the salt water into spray, it hugs the horizon closer, and the color of sky and water produces beautiful effects.

Have the sun at your right or left. It will not do to have it directly at your back. Be careful of the focusing, making the foreground sharp. Stoop down as much as is needed to give depth, but not so much as to make the horizon line as sharp as the foreground. To do that destroys the atmospheric effect.

Keep the camera well covered with the focusing cloth. With hand on bulb, and when breaker, sky and water combine to form a real picture, make the exposure—

a quick one that catches the turn of the breaker and does not allow the foam to run away into a streak of white without any definition.

A good way to keep the focusing cloth over the camera when the wind blows hard, is to tie an ounce or two of shot in each corner; or take some strong wooden spring clips such as are used to hold a washing on the line on a windy day. It is really necessary to keep the camera dry. Particular attention must be paid to its protection from the salt spray. And, too, care must be taken, when drawing the slide, that no stray ray of light enters to play havoc with the plate. One streak will spoil everything. These little attentions to details will well repay the trouble, for they make the difference between success and failure. For general interest nothing can exceed a good sea picture.

Largest Plates Ever Made.

The Seed Dry Plate Company, of St. Louis, Mo., has just completed an order for six of the largest photographic plates ever made. They are five feet by eight feet in size, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds apiece, and cost a dollar a pound. The plates are for a Chicago man, who expects to utilize them in taking actual life size photographs.

Just follow these plates a little way and see how the expense will pile up. It will take a dozen men to manipulate the camera, for one hundred and fifty pound plates will require a four hundred pound plateholder. Then after the man has gone inside the camera and dusted off the plate, and after the exposure has been made, it will take a bucketful of developer to properly flow the plate, which must be in a great and strong waterproof box so adjusted that it can be rocked without warping. And, too, the air bubbles must be broken by a big swab, so that every part of the surface of the plate will get the effect of the developer. After that comes the fixing bath, and finally the careful washing that will remove every trace of "hypo."

Finally the negative must be printed and then when the print is toned, it will take a mount something like nine by twelve feet to properly set it off. So from beginning to end everything must be made to order, and it is probable that each completed picture will represent an expenditure of five hundred dollars. AMERICAN BOY photographers will find it cheaper to stick to their four by five cameras.

Photographic Notes.

Weak negatives with clear shadows show underdevelopment.

A "squeegee" roller is almost a necessity for nice mounting.

Prints should be printed darker than wanted, as they tone up lighter.

An exposure of one-fifth of a second or quicker, is called instantaneous.

The camera cannot be held in the hand while making a time exposure. To try it is to spoil a plate.

A negative dried in a warm atmosphere is more intense than when dried in cooler air, with a draught.

If you are taking an interior in which there is a clock, stop it, or the face will appear blurred in the print.

In taking a portrait, give more time to people with sallow complexions than those whose color is bright.

Cloud pictures are best when taken with a long focus lens. It makes the clouds look more majestic.

When the "subject" has small eyes, they should be looking up; staring eyes, down; deep set eyes, full view.

If your film or plate is soft after being developed, drop it in water containing a little alum, before final washing.

For a "Rembrandt" lighting, the head must be three-fourths in the shadow, the light coming more or less from behind.

Do not attempt to make instantaneous exposures on a dark, cloudy day, for the picture will be no better than the day.

In pictures of scenery, the horizon line should be either above or below the center of the plate—never just in the middle.

As shadows are as necessary for a pleasing landscape as sunlight, always place the sun to one side, and never, directly back of the camera.

Outdoor pictures of people should be taken in the shadow of a building, or of dense shrubbery. Do not let the sunlight play in spots over the face; it produces a mottled appearance.

The Camera and Dark Room advises amateurs not to wet plates before developing. If they are not wet, then be sure to cover all the plate with developer, to prevent blotching from places being left uncovered for a moment.

After developing and before placing the plate in the hypo or fixing bath, rinse sufficiently to get rid of the superfluous developer. This will prevent the fixing bath being discolored too rapidly, thereby saving expense by making it last longer.

There is now a very good paper on the market that is developed with just salt and water. It produces a warm tone. The only objection some have to it is that it has a glossy surface. But, then, there are others who do not want the dull finish at any price.

In developing a picture the only safe course is to take the developer recommended by the maker of the kind of plate used. There are other developers that will do just as well, and it may be even better than the mixture recommended by the plate man, but it is expensive finding this out.

Time was when one camera satisfied the ordinary person, but nowadays, to be fully provided for every emergency, three are necessary. For journeys and street scenes, where a tripod cannot be used, a 4x5 camera will be found just the thing. With posed pictures and views of a more ambitious nature, especially when the beauties of the woods are wanted, a 5x7 or 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 is none too large. And then, "just for fun," not a little amusement and pleasure can be obtained from one of the Eastman Co.'s "Brownies."

Answers to Correspondents.

John Smart—For a permanent paste use arrowroot, one ounce; water, ten ounces, in which an ounce of gelatine has been soaked; and boil. After cooling add an ounce of alcohol and a few drops of carbolic acid.

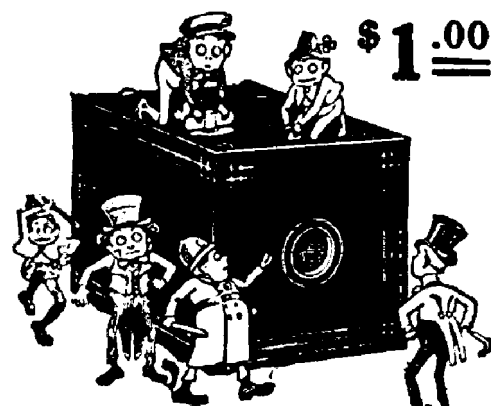
Harry G. Harper—Your print shows that the plate is light struck. It very likely occurred while either pulling out or putting in your slide when making an exposure. Cover the camera with the focusing cloth when manipulating the slides.

Ernie Bengler—If there is much yellow in the negative, in all probability it cannot be removed. Some makes of plates will not respond to anything. You might try a ten per cent solution of sulphite of soda, to which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been added.

Joseph Hitchcock—Try blue prints by all means. After printing, like any other printing out paper, just wash them in pure water for a few moments, but the printing must be carried further than with other paper—so far, in fact, that the shadows bronze over. It is permanent.

Horace Mainwaring—Self-toning papers are handy, but as a rule are not permanent. You might try Argo Matte for your landscape; a correspondent speaks very highly of it, though THE AMERICAN BOY has never used any. Next to carbon, platinotype has the most admirers, but its cost prevents a great number using it.

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Make pictures 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inches. Load in Daylight with our six exposure film cartridges and are so simple they can be easily operated by any school boy or girl. Fitted with fine Meniscus lenses and our improved rotary shutters for snap shots or time exposures. Strongly made, covered with imitation leather, have nicked fittings and produce the best results. **\$1.00**

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SEND YOUR PICTURE and 30c. in silver photographs of the same. Sample picture and particulars sent on receipt of 3c. in stamps. Address: OXFORD PHOTO CO., Oxford, N. Y.

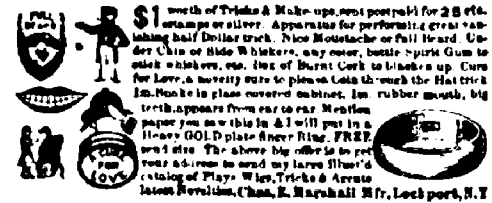
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was established an English standard. This standard did not prove satisfactory and a revision of it was made in 1889, when the English standard now recognized was adopted. The revised standard required a much more racy animal than before, and one as nearly as possible like the wild English hare in shape. Then the Belgian hare made one grand leap, which carried him across the Atlantic. He alighted in the back yard of a Scotch stone mason, a Mr. E. M. Hughes, of Albany, N. Y. So delighted was this gentleman with the little animal, that he

veloped and should be mated no oftener than once in six weeks or two months or the progeny will be small and puny. The pairs must be separated inside of two weeks after mating, as the male frequently destroys the young. In England mice have been popular as pets for years. Over two hundred persons belong to the English mouse club. Last year the United States Mouse Club was organized in Chicago, with John H. Grube, of Albany, president, Anton Rothmueller and Mrs. Leland Norton, both of Chicago, secretary and treasurer, respectively.



THREE GRAND BREEDING BUCKS
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HISTORY OF THE BELGIAN HARE

The Belgian hare, which is attracting so much attention of late, is a descendant of the rabbit. The hare has a long, slim body, with short fore legs and long hind legs. Someone has said that the hare must go down hill diagonally to avoid the danger of toppling over on its head. The animal builds its nest on the surface of the ground, usually in some depression or hollow. The little ones, which are seldom more than five in a litter, are born with their eyes wide open and a goodly covering of hair, and at the age of thirty days are able to take care of themselves. Rabbits, on the contrary, are short and chunky. They burrow in the ground in making their nests. Their young are born without hair and with eyes closed and to remain closed until they are ten days old. Fifteen or sixteen young ones in a litter are not uncommon. Then, too, rabbits mature more slowly than do hares.

There is a difference of opinion among breeders as to the origin of the Belgian hare, but there is not much doubt that fanciers in Belgium first began to breed from the little rabbits belonging to the species Leporidae, differing somewhat in shape and color, with a view of producing animals uniform in size, shape and color. Finally they succeeded to a marked degree and called the animal produced Leporine. The Belgian hare can be said to date back to the early part of the nineteenth century, but for nearly fifty years after the time we first hear of it, it did not cut much of a figure; indeed, not until it was taken to England, where it attracted great attention as a meat-producing animal, did it come into any prominence. For a time it was bred for meat purposes only, but soon it attracted attention as a fancy animal, and great efforts were made to raise the standard. For a long time the breeders who bred for meat purposes only and those who bred for beauty, held long and heated discussions, and their diverse efforts finally led to the establishment of two types—the heavy meat-producing type coming to be known as Flemish Giants, and the stylish, fancy and more symmetrical animal, as the Belgian Hare. Trouble again arose among the fanciers, for they differed as to the qualifications that a fancy animal should possess, but later—that is, in 1882—there

devoted the most of the remainder of his life to advancing the interests of the Belgian hare, getting it admitted to show-rooms and classified. Then a number of eastern fanciers effected an organization known as the American Belgian Hare Association, but it was short-lived, the members being too widely scattered. For a few years not much was heard of the Belgian hare, although Mr. Hughes and Mr. G. W. Felton, of Barre, Mass., continued, wherever they were able to gain admission, to exhibit their animals in poultry shows. They exhibited specimens of their stock at the World's Columbian Exposition, in Chicago, in 1893. Then Mr. W. N. Richardson, of Troy, N. Y., by his pen, began to stir up public interest in the Belgian hare, and to-day, only a few years after its first introduction into America, the Belgian hare is the most talked of and popular little animal in America.

In articles by the same author, which are to follow, the boy readers of this paper will learn how to make a start in the Belgian hare business, how to build houses for the little animal, how to care for and how to feed it.

Fancy Mice.

There are few pets more interesting than Fancy Mice. They are little rolls of brown, black or white satin. They should have another name; there is but little connection between these pets and the wild gray creatures that sometimes cause so much annoyance. With proper cages and the right diet, there is very little odor from them and nothing offensive; two inches of sand in the cage, renewed once in two or three days or a week, and oats to eat, will keep their quarters in good condition. Fancy mice are as gentle as kittens and never bite; they are as beautiful as the finest lace or the daintiest picture. During the mid-day they sleep curled up in the nest but in the evening whisk about, nibble their oats, sip a little water and go through endless antics around the cage. They can be made very tame and taught many tricks. Besides several plain colors, there are mixtures of two or more shades, the tri-colors often being very beautiful.

Colors are not always inherited, a previous generation sometimes giving varieties altogether new and unexpected. Fancy mice are naturally hardy and prolific. The young should remain three weeks or more with the mother; they should not be paired before three months of age when they are fully de-

A Rooster's Queer Love.

SIDNEY S. WORTMAN, SAVANNAH, GA.

I have a very fine game rooster in my yard and out of six partridges I have one blind one left. Since the rest died the rooster lets the partridge sleep under his wing and lets it roost with him. When dinner comes he always crows until the partridge comes out, and will not let anybody come near or hurt the partridge.

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Some Pointers Regarding Raising Chickens.

Healthy parents will have healthy children, so the parent stock of little chicks should be active, not too fat, well mated, and properly fed and cared for.

The first enemy the little chicken is apt to meet is lice. One or two of them on the head of a chick will soon kill him. Keep the chicken house, and everything about it, clean. If the chicks are raised in a brooder, whitewash it inside and out.

Don't let the little fellows get their feet wet. Don't let them go out into the wet grass, but make them stay in until the sun has come out and dried it. A little cold is good for a chick, but the cold must not be a damp one, nor should it last long.

Give the chicks what they will eat. It is useless to lay down any certain method of feeding or rule as to kind of food; let it be wholesome and let there be variety about it. Never feed as much of any kind of grain as the chicks will eat. Don't let them stuff themselves. Chicks are very much like little children; they are liable to eat too much. When chickens are kept confined, the first meal of the day should consist of soft food, because it takes a long time to digest grain, and on a cold morning the chickens need something that will get into their system as quickly as possible. Grain may be given at night; indeed, it is the very best food for that time, as it will afford support and warmth during the greater part of the night. Give fowls fresh water every day and see that the water vessels are not so arranged that dirt can be scratched into them. Add a few grains of sulphate of iron to the water, as it acts as a tonic. See that the water given is not real cold. Make them take plenty of exercise. If they have no room to run, make them scratch on some chaff into which some fine seeds, such as millet, have been thrown. The exercise produces strength and invigorates them.

They should have green food, such as grass and the tops of plants. If you have no grass, substitute cut clover or cabbage. At first they should be fed quite often—say every three hours. As they grow older they can be fed more at one time and not so often.

If you use a brooder, do not raise too many chicks in one brooder or department. Fifty is as large a community as will thrive well. As the chicks grow older, of course they will need larger quarters.

The Conceited Rooster.

BY A GRAY GOOSE GANDER.

Being a dignified old gander, and knowing that one goose is of more value than three hens, I have never had much to say to the roosters and their flocks. Now and then I have met an old hen who had other thoughts than clucking about and ruffling up her feathers and trying to pass for a pullet, but most of them are not worth a gander's time. It is still worse with the roosters. I can't say that I ever met one who'd talk about the weather or the crops for five minutes. Their idea is to strut about and show off before the hens and chickens, and because they can crow and fight they try to put on airs over the geese and ducks. They know what I think of them, however. I've given many of them a good drubbing, and they quit strutting around me years ago.

It was about three years ago we had a rooster here who was a beauty. He was black as night, and his feathers shone like silk, and if it hadn't been for his foolish ways the whole farm would have been proud of him. Because he was big and handsome he thought himself the smartest rooster in the whole state. The other roosters ran from him, and the hens all bowed down, and the chickens held their breath as he passed by. One day I heard this rooster boasting to the hens that he had heard of a fox being

in the neighborhood, and that he was going to hunt him up and drive him away. This was dreadfully foolish talk, and I called the rooster aside after awhile and said:

"My friend, you should not talk such nonsense to the hens. No rooster ever hatched is a match for a fox."

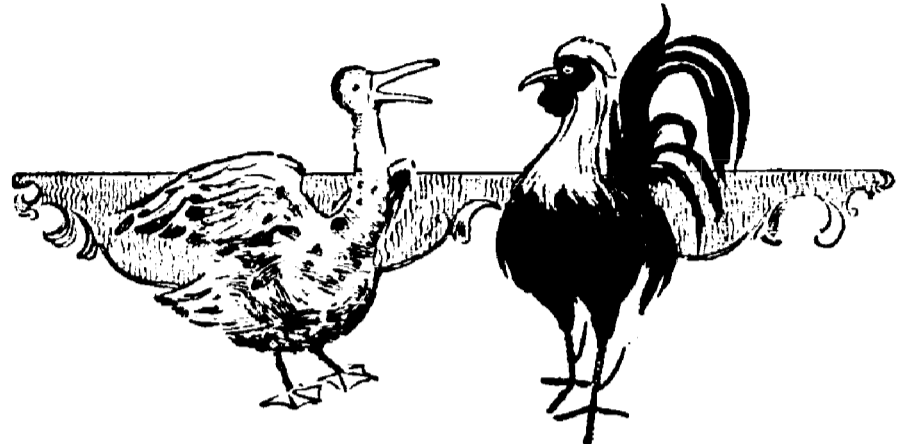
"Do you mean that I cannot make the fox run for his life?" he asked.

"Of course you can't. A fox would kill you in a minute. Even the biggest gander is afraid of a fox."

"That's because you are geese and can't crow. My dear old gander, don't worry about me. I can not only take care of myself, but of all the ducks, geese and

"You wait a bit," said I to them. "A rooster who sets out to hunt a fox may be very brave or very much of an idiot. If he ever comes back he'll know a fox from a hollyhock all the rest of his days."

They said I was a jealous o'd gander and ought to be ashamed of myself, but I went swimming over to the other side of the pond and let them talk. When sundown came and we went to roost and the rooster had not come back the hens began to look very sober. His crow did not sound at daybreak next morning as usual, and soon after breakfast the farmer started out to hunt for him. It



I CALLED THE ROOSTER ASIDE.

hens beside. Just waddle back to your pond and mind your own business."

I had no more to say. I knew what would happen if a fox and the rooster met, but my words of advice had not been heeded. That very afternoon, after crowing as loud as he could for ten minutes and strutting up and down in his pride, the rooster set off for the back field to find the fox. The hens flapped their wings and clucked to encourage him, and some of the geese and ducks said he was a brave fowl and ought to wear silver spurs.

was almost noon when he returned, and in his hand he had three or four black tail-feathers belonging to our missing friend. As the wife came out, the husband showed her the feathers and said:

"Mary, here's all that's left of our big black rooster."

"What has happened him?" she asked.

"Why, he went off to the back field by himself yesterday, and a fox must have got hold of him and eaten him up. He was a fine looking fowl, but he didn't know half as much as a goose."



American Boys and the Olympic Games.

In the contest between Elijah and the priests of Baal you will remember that the priests slashed themselves with knives, thinking that shedding their own blood would please their god and lead him to grant their requests. In the Middle Ages, monks and nuns would whip themselves, go without food for long periods of time, wear prickly clothing, and lie on cold stone floors, thinking that by doing thus they were pleasing God and making themselves better men and women. In India little children used to be thrown into the river Ganges as offerings to Buddha, and living wives were burned with their dead husbands as religious acts. But the gods of ancient Greece were not cruel and were never to be honored by pain or torture. They were honored by pleasure, by public and tumultuous rejoicing. Therefore, in Greece, all acts of public worship took the form of popular festivals. The greatest and most celebrated of these was the athletic festival known as the Olympic Games.

Similar contests were no doubt held in pre-historic times, but from the year 776 B. C. the Greeks began to reckon their time by Olympiads, or periods of four years at which intervals the games took place. A sacred truce lasting for a month put a stop to all war between the various states at the time of the games. This enabled every one to travel in safety as none would dare to offend the terrible god Zeus. Almost every town in Greece sent representatives either to compete or to look on at these contests, and from the islands along the coast as well as from the colonies in Asia, Africa

and Western Europe visitors came for business or pleasure. No women, except one priestess, were allowed to be present at the contests.

All competitors were obliged to prove that they were of pure Greek blood and that they had spent ten months in preparation for the contests. Then, if accepted, they were obliged to pass the thirty days immediately preceding the games in training at Olympia under the direction of the officials. During this period the athlete and his friends made frequent sacrifices and prayers to the various deities whom they thought might assist in giving him the victory. On the day of the games all the competitors were obliged to take a solemn oath at the altar of the god Zeus that they would abide by the rules and would take no unfair advantage of an opponent.

Originally the games consisted of but a single race, the stadium—600 feet; but at the time of their greatest glory five days were consumed in deciding the contests. They were then as follows: Foot races, the pentathlon, horse and chariot races, boxing, wrestling and the pancratium. The foot races consisted of the single course, already mentioned the double course, the long race, sometimes twenty four times the length of the course, and the race in armor. The pentathlon consisted of five events, leaping with dumb bells, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, running and wrestling. A victor was obliged to win three out of the five events. The wrestling was not very different from what we have now-a-days; but the boxing was done with the hands enclosed in strips of leather on which were fastened pieces of metal. This arrangement was called a cestus, and you can imagine what a terrible mass of blood and bruises would result from such a contest. One day was

given to the contests of boys, the others to the men and youths.

After each contest the victor was given a palm branch. At the end of the games there was a formal presentation of olive wreaths to all the winners, then followed feasts and sacrifices almost without number.

When a champion neared home, the whole town or city came out to meet him. If there was a wall about the city, a new opening was made for the glorious one to enter through, songs were sung regarding him, statues were made of him and set up in his native town and at Olympia. Presents of all kinds were made to him in such numbers and of such magnificence that all necessity of working for the good things of life was taken away from him.

From the year 394 A. D. when they were discontinued by the order of the Emperor Theodosius, until 1896, there were no Olympic Games. But in that year, through the efforts of Baron Pierre de Coubertin and a committee representing all the nations which take an active interest in gymnastic and athletic exercises, a modern edition of the Olympic games was held at Athens. America led in the prize winning, with nine events to her credit. The other winning countries were France, England, Greece, Germany, Australia, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland and Denmark.

The second of the new Olympic Games is now being held in Paris, as you all know and with the results of the events which have already been held, it is certain that America will again be leader of the winners.

Baron de Coubertin, in bringing about the revival of these games, was animated by a desire not only to see uniformity in the rules under which the athletes of the world compete and an end put to the constant quarrels between athletic associations, but also by the hope that International Games would stimulate that perfect disinterestedness and the sense of honor without which athletics become detrimental to the best interests of young men and of the country in which they flourish. In addition to this it is hoped that by bringing representatives of many nations together in these friendly contests, the cause of universal peace may receive a distinct, if indirect, impulse.

It has been stated that the next Olympic Games are to be held in Philadelphia, in 1904, on the athletic grounds of the University of Pennsylvania, known as Franklin Field. By that time many of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY should be in possession of such strength and skill as will make them eligible to compete in track events, in gymnastics, in rowing, in bicycling or in fencing for the honor of the United States against the athletes of the other nations of the world. And while the prizes and honor which the victors will receive will be somewhat less than those accorded the champions of Ancient Greece, the vigorous constitution which careful gymnastic and athletic preparation through the coming four years will give him, and the unbounded admiration which thousands of admirers will shower upon him by voice and through the newspapers will be something worth striving for by every American boy.

[The foregoing article was written for THE AMERICAN BOY by Horace Butterworth, Associate in Physical Culture at the University of Chicago.—Editor.]

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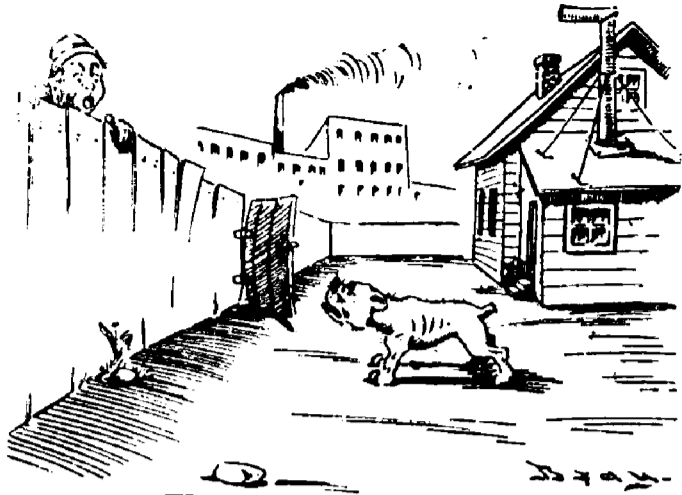
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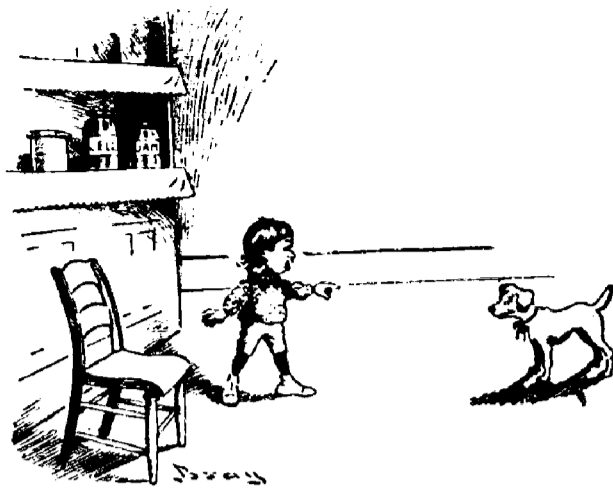
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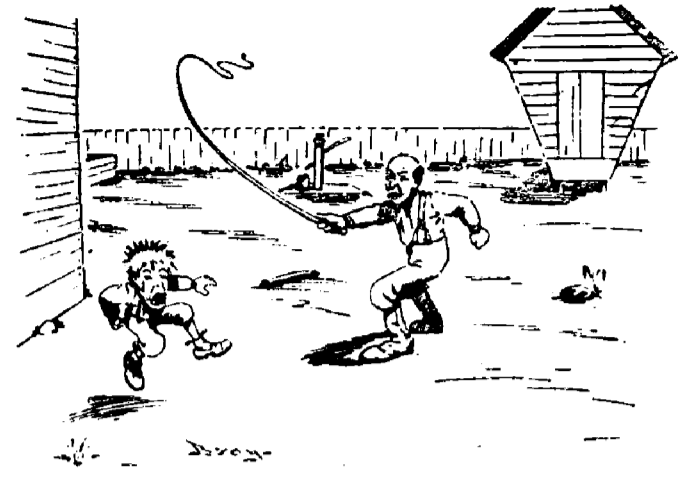
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A YARD RULER.



Johnny (who has just been told by his mamma that God sees every thing he does)—"You go on back! It's bad enough to have Dod follerin' me 'round widout havin' you chasin' after me every minute."



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ELLA BARTLETT SIMMONS.

"Boys are boys, the world over" and all have their ways of making money, but not many perform such remarkable feats in the pursuit of wealth (?) as do the little Arabian divers at Aden.

Aden, you remember, is a small volcanic peninsula on the southern coast of Arabia, about one hundred miles from the foot of the Red Sea. It is a romantic spot, admirably situated and strongly fortified. The streets are narrow and the houses are typically tropical; the Mahomedan troops, with their striking costumes, add to the oriental effect of the whole.

Our good ship Arabia had passed through the Isthmus of Suez, paying six thousand dollars for the privilege, had sailed slowly down the Red Sea, had left the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb behind, and had arrived at Aden.

"We stop here to coal and water," said our jolly captain, "get your coins ready; here comes the water rats, the renowned Arabian divers."

"Water rats," indeed, they appeared to be. They seemed to emerge from the depths of the Gulf, to spring upon the deck with the agility of a "really, truly" rat, and to stand before us while we were drawing breath.

These tiny specimens of humanity knew enough English to make us understand that if we would throw coin in the water, they would dive and get it.

"Me, me, twy me," importuned one little fellow, dressed in a coat—a coat of coconut oil.

Wondering if he really could perform so marvelous a feat, we threw a shilling far out into the water. Quick as a flash, the keen-eyed well-trained diver jumped from the ship's deck into the Gulf, and in an incredibly short time returned with the money between his teeth.

The other passengers being attracted to the spot, coins of all denominations were thrown into the water, to be dived after and kept by these little Arabs, it being an unwritten law among them that

possession is TEN points of the law in such instances.

"How are they able to dive with such accuracy?" you ask.

It is the old principle, "We learn to do by doing." These little boys are brought up on the seashore. From infancy they are taught to be as much at home in the water as on the land. They receive daily instructions from their parents in swimming and diving. Many times they are subjected to severe discipline before they are able to satisfy the demands of their father. Many methods of testing the skill of these little ones are tried before they are allowed to jump from the ship.

It is a proud day for the parents, as well as for the diver, when the well-earned coins are brought home.

The Game of Impromptu Artists.

Any number can play, and all that is necessary is that each player must be provided with a sheet of white paper and a pencil. All must mark five dots, in any arrangement that he pleases, on the paper and then pass it to the next player on his left. He then takes the dotted paper which has been handed him, and tries to draw on it some human figure in such a position as to bring one of the five dots at the middle of the top of the forehead, one at the point of each foot, and one on each hand.

No one must be allowed longer than a given time in making his picture. The results are often very laughable and the game calls for a good deal of invention on the part of the players.

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SHIN GUARDS. Canvas, pair, foot muleskin, pair, foot leather, pair, 50c. Postage extra. Our free catalogue shows complete line of football and all fall and winter sports.

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BOYS MAKE MONEY SELLING THEM. Procure from your dealer, or we will send you one dozen prepaid \$2.50, single tops 25 cents, with 4 cts for postage, silver or money order.

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4 Seychelles Islands, unused, 15c.; 5 Mauritius, unused, 10c.; 4 Rhodesia, (B. S. A.) unused, 14c.; 6 Newfoundland, fine and desirable set, 12c.; 15 Australian, a good set, 6c.; 6 Transvaal, scarce and cheap, 12c.; 8 Canada, Maple Leaves, 4c. to 10c., complete, 25c.; 9 Canada, Numerals, 5c. to 10c., complete, 14c.; 6 Newfoundland, Royal Family, 5c. to 6c., 14c.; 7 Straits Settlements, a choice set, 10c.; 5 Hong Kong, a desirable set, 9c.; 6 Falkland Islands, 4, 1, 2, 4, 6, 1 sh., unused, 9c.
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office. That is to say, the gum should be in its original condition as sent out from the manufacturers, the perforation should be complete, the impression well centered, and the color unfaded.



Face Value One-tenth of a Penny.

While it is not desirable to neglect the colonial issues of France, the familiar design of which is illustrated here, it is necessary to point out that they are of little value. For instance, the stamp illustrated represents one of the face value of one centime, which is, roughly speaking, one-tenth of a penny. As it is not customary for the publishers of catalogues to price stamps at anything less than one penny, these stamps are included at that price. It is quite obvious that to pay ten times the face value for a current postage stamp is to incur a direct loss. Young collectors are frequently lured by the attractiveness of these and similar stamps in the unused condition; and they think they are getting bargains when they pay 1d. each



for these pretty stamps, whereas they are really paying seven or eight times too much. The same applies to the 2 1/2 reis stamps of the Portuguese Colonies, the one centime stamps of Monaco, and others.

Other stamps which should be neglected by the collector when making his purchases are the stamps that have been "made for collectors." There are not a few countries which issue unnecessary



SOME SPECULATIVE STAMPS.

stamps in order to make profit from their sale to collectors. Jubilee, commemorative, exhibition, and other stamps are included amongst unnecessary issues. They are generally of brilliant, artistic, and attractive appearance, but are ignored by the advanced collectors, who very justly resent their hobby being taxed in this manner in order to fill the coffers of impecunious governments.

100 choice rare stamps, 12c; 20 curiosities, 25c; 25 sea shells, 15c; 5 rare old coins, 12c. My price list, 5 var. rev. stamps; old 1798 liberty cent, all for a dime.
W. P. ARNOLD, Peacedale, R. I.

CHEAP REVENUES
1c Proprietary, 2c; 5c Excess, 3c; 25c Life Insurance, 12c; 50c Passage Ticket, 8c; \$1.00 Loan, 5c; \$2.00 Conveyance, 6c; \$3.00 Charter Party, 6c; \$5.00 Conveyance, 8c; \$10.00 Mortgage, 6c; a Packet containing 30 varieties revenues, 12c.
ROYAL EXCHANGE STAMP CO.,
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Dept. B. St. Louis, Mo.

The Numismatic Sphinx.

Geo. M. G., Coffeyville, Kas.—1866 nickel only worth face value.
Ralph V. Rich, Onancock, Va., wants to exchange old coins and stamps for others.
A. I. W.—The nickel cent of 1856 is worth \$4.00. The other nickel cents only face value.
John Swanson, Chicago, Ill.—The C. C. (Carson City) quarter of 1876 commands no premium.
Herbert Jeffries—Your 1860 Orleans mint half dime, unless uncirculated, has no premium.
J. F. Moseley, Columbia, Fla.—An 1869 three-cent piece and English halfpenny are both very common.
E. Morgan, Benson, Neb.—The quarter of 1854 and nickel five cent piece of 1867 are both very common.
Charles Mason, Oil City, Pa.—Your II. skilling piece of Frederick III. (1648-70), Denmark, 1650, is worth 30 cents.
J. F., Chicago, Ill.—A Chinese coin (cash) of the present dynasty, equal to a mill of our currency. They sell for five cents each.
Joseph Wells, Chicago, Ill.—The cent of 1845 and quarter of 1838 are both very common. The dealers would charge you five and fifty cents respectively for them.
Lloyd B. Bennett, St. Louis, Mo.—The rubbing you enclose is taken from a five Lepta of Greece. It is a neat bronze coin and was struck at the Paris mint. It is common.
Louis H. McBain, Grand Rapids, Mich.—The two-cent piece of 1873 is much the rarest of these pieces, having been issued only in proof condition. They sell for about \$1.50.
John W. Culver—Your half dimes of 1829 and 1854 are comparatively common, and unless in extra good or uncirculated condition, would hardly bring over ten or fifteen cents each.
H. M. Clark, Maple Park, Ill.—An 1856 cent is worth only five cents. U. S. paper currency (shinplasters) are always worth face value, and if in fine condition often bring a good premium with the collectors.
Ernest Kuhn, Mansfield, O.—Half dimes of 1839 and 1853 are worth twenty

THE BOY COIN COLLECTOR



cents each. Half dollar of 1825, seventy five cents. The 1828 copper cent, large date, is common; small date sells for twenty five cents.
Sherrill B. Greene, Warren, O.—Your ecu (dollar) of Louis XVI. (1774-93), 1777, France, is worth \$2.00. The two-cent pieces issued during the years 1864-72, though rarely seen now in circulation, hardly command a premium.
George W. Austen, Hamilton, Ont.—The "Washington and Independence" cent of 1783, with Liberty seated on the reverse, is usually classed as a Washington cent. It is one of the commonest of these coins and sells at the dealers for fifty cents.
C. Davis, Lowell, Mass.—The Carson City dime of 1875 is worth, in mint condition, twenty five cents. The dimes of 1894, with the exception of that issued in the San Francisco mint, which is invaluable, are worth face value. The 1863 cent is common.
F. W. J., Belvidere, Ill.—In 1895 the Philadelphia mint issued 13,000 silver dollars; the San Francisco mint 450,000, and the New Orleans mint 400,000. Thus only the dollars of this year, of the former mint, can be in any ways rare. The 1867 two cent piece is common.
W. G. Scholtz, Minneapolis.—(1) 10 sen silver of Japan (3d coinage, 1873-90), worth twenty cents; (2 and 3) common Canadian cents showing the Queen laureated and diademed; (4 and 5) nickel cent of 1862 and nickel three cent piece of 1870, face value only.
Irving Truett, Berkeley, Va.—Your piece with "Army and Navy" on one side

and head of Liberty on the obverse is a common war token of the Rebellion 1861-65. The cent of 1817, with thirteen stars, is worth fifteen cents. Another variety, with fifteen stars, sells for fifty cents.
Reslaf L. D'A., Wartburg, Tenn.—Your quarter dollar of 1815 is worth from one to two dollars, depending upon condition. There are two dimes of 1828; large and small date; the large date is much the rarer, bringing a dollar in good condition; the other sells for 25 cents; 1842 copper cent, if good, 10 cents.
R. I. P., Beatrice, Neb., wants the names of some coin companies who send coins on approval. If he will watch the advertising columns and look back into some of the Sphinx columns of THE AMERICAN BOY he will find the addresses of dealers who no doubt will be glad to accommodate him if he will give good references.
Wayne Seely, Maple Park, Ill.—An 1803 half dollar is worth one dollar; one of 1826 seventy five cents. Half dollars of this type of Liberty head and lettered edge were struck between 1807 and 1836. Good quarter dollars of 1844 and 1849 are worth fifty cents each. The other coins you mention have no particular premium value.
George A. Moore, Chicago.—An 1850 half-cent sells for 20 cents. Your Puerto Rico 20 centavos of 1895 is interesting from the fact that that island now belongs to the United States. Many of these pieces have been brought home by our soldiers as souvenirs, thus making them common. Your other rubbings are of coins easily obtained and correctly named by you.
Wright Wilson, Knoxville, Ia.—Your dimes and half dimes are all common mints and dates. No premium on the 1859 nickel cent. The date has been worn off your Canada dime. All originally bear dates. Your German coin is a six einenreichs thaler of Frederick

William III. (1737-1840). It is base silver, or silver much alloyed with baser metals, and has little value.
Harry C., Monrovia, Cal.—Your 1833 cent is worth ten cents. None of the minor coins have mint marks, as all are issued at the Philadelphia mint. The letters D. K. on your coin must have been stamped there by private parties. 1847 cent is worth five cents. An 1806 half cent sells for twenty five cents. The Columbian half dollars sell for seventy five cents each at the dealers. Mexican silver hardly brings face value in this country.
Lewis A. Austin, Milwaukee, Wis.—(1) Five pesetas of Peru, 1880; \$1.75. (2) Confoderatio Helvetica or Helvetian Confederation or Switzerland nickel coins of five, ten and twenty centimes, and copper two centimes are all very common. (3) "Our Navy," one of the innumerable Rebellion tokens issued during the Civil War, 1861-65. (4) Half cent of 1807, if good, is worth twenty five cents. Your Canada Bank Token, 1854, face value only.
Clyde Boyd, Rowell, Ark., asks if an 1849 twenty-dollar gold piece is worth anything. Were there any of these pieces for sale or to be obtained we should unhesitatingly answer, yes. Only one piece of this issue was ever struck, and it has ever remained in the mint cabinet at Philadelphia. There was but one other twenty-dollar gold piece issued in this country during 1849, and that was a Mormon (Salt Lake City) issue. This is valued at \$50.00.
Harry Berg, Manistee, Mich.—Sends some rubbings of very interesting coins and asks information concerning them. No. 1 is a Vernon medal, struck to commemorate the capture of Porto Bello, a fortified Spanish city on the Isthmus of Panama, by the British Admiral Vernon with six ships of the line. This event occurred in 1739 and occasioned the issue of many varieties of medals in brass and copper to celebrate the event. Lawrence Washington served under this admiral in this expedition, and in compliment, named his estate on the banks of the Potomac, Mount Vernon, after him. No. 2. A square ore or klippe of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden (1611-32), usually sells for one dollar and seventy-five cents. No. 3. A bronze medal struck in honor of Gustavus Vasa of Sweden (1523-60). No. 4. A silver klippe of Eric XIV.

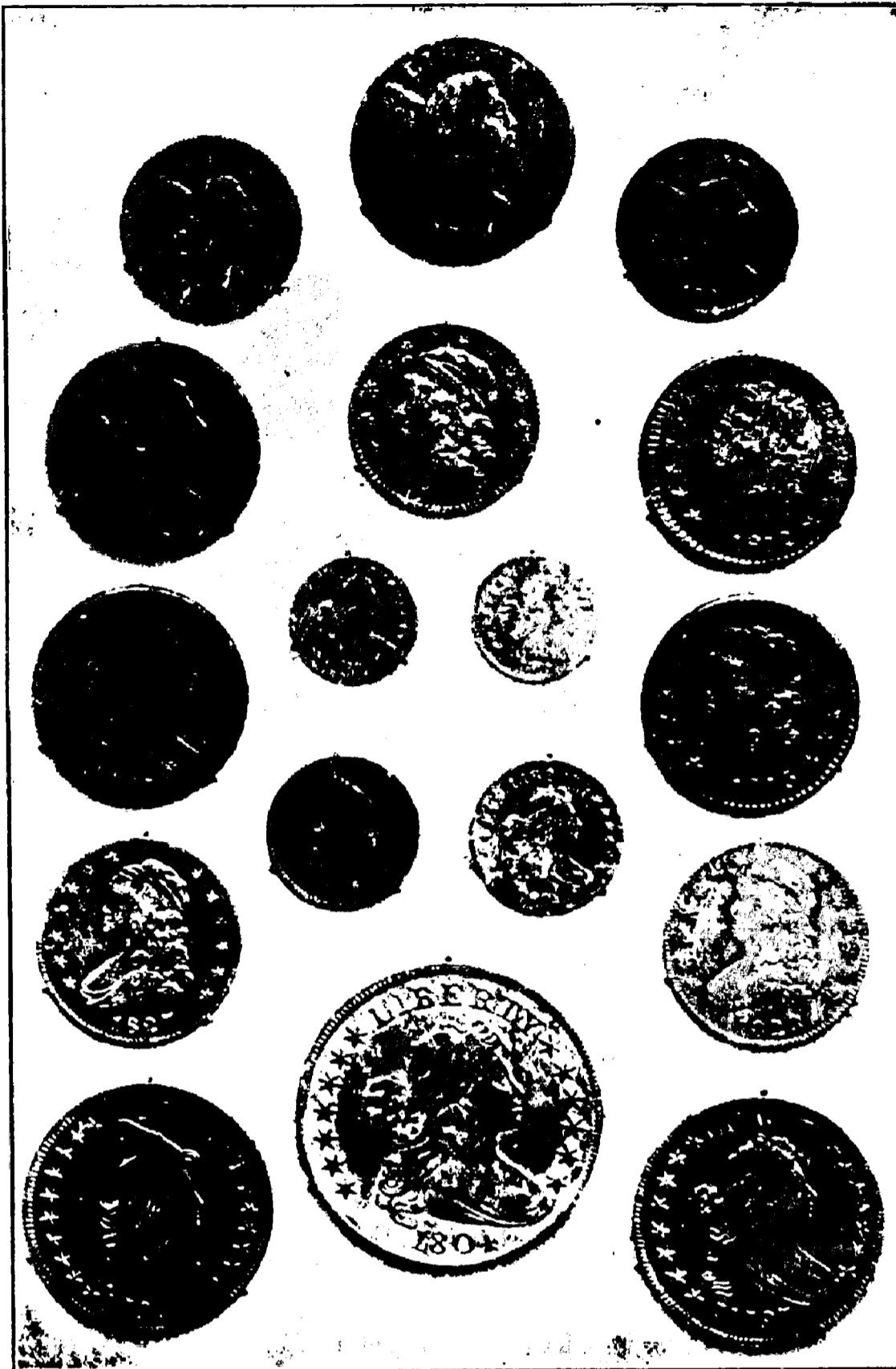
of Sweden, 1560-68. This is a piece rarely met with outside of the auction rooms. No. 5. A Papal two and one-half mezzo of Pius VI. (1775-99), worth thirty five cents. A similar piece has the bust of St. Peter to left and is somewhat rarer. No. 6. A Roman first bronze coin of Septimus Severus A. D. 193-211. Good first bronze coins of this emperor are worth a dollar each. No. 7. A silver IIII skilling of Christian IV., of Denmark, 1588-1648. Obverse: C4 crowned and inscription. Reverse: Hebrew letters in the field. Justus above and Judex beneath. Worth fifty cents. No. 8. This is another Danish silver coin of the same king, but the rubbing is so poor we cannot give particulars. No. 9. A Norwich (England) half penny token of 1797. No. 10. An English half penny token issued plentifully and in great variety by private parties during the latter part of the seventeenth century. These (as well as many similar to No. 9) were struck for necessary change and are found in lead, tin, copper and brass. These small pieces were suffered until 1672, when King Charles, having had struck a sufficient quantity of small change they were forbid circulation by law. No. 11. Hamburg (Germany) II skilling base silver of 1758. Very common. Would be glad to know more regarding No. 12. Cannot make out the reading on the Victoria bronze. No. 13. Silver of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden (1611-32).

Some Rare U. S. Coins.

It is not often that a series of coins so rare and in such perfect condition as here illustrated are found in one collection. These coins at one time all belonged to the veteran collector, Lorin G. Parmelee, Esq., of Boston, and while all are not of extreme rarity, their condition makes them all extremely valuable.

Cent, 1795—Lettered edge; the same weight and thickness of the cent of 1791.

Half cent, 1796—The mint records state that one hundred and fifteen thousand four hundred and eighty of these pieces were struck. This must be an error. The best authorities now believe but few were struck and



SOME RARE UNITED STATES COINS

these as pattern pieces. This is by far the rarest of the half cents.

Half cent, 1795—Lettered edge, heavy type. The rarest of the half cents of this date.

Half dollar, 1815.

Cent, 1799—The rarest of all the cent issues.

Cent, 1812—A tolerably common date, but always very rare in fine condition.

Half dime, 1797—Six stars facing.

Half dime, 1802—A good half dime of this date readily brings one hundred dollars.

Cent, 1807.

Cent, 1813.

Half eagle, 1795—No stars on obverse.

Dime, 1804—The rarest of the early dimes.

Quarter dollar, 1823 and 1827—The rarest of the quarters, only four thousand of the latter being struck.

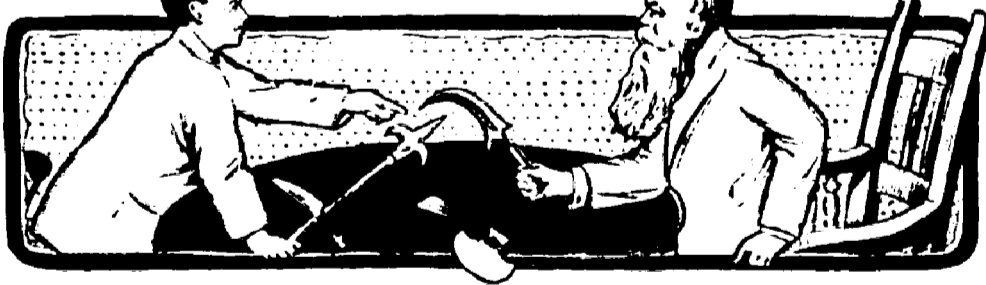
Dollar, 1804—Often called the "king of rarities." There has long been much controversy and speculation regarding this coin. The mint records say that nineteen thousand five hundred and seventy were issued. At this time we know to a certainty that the early records of the mint are far from reliable. They are certainly so in this instance. The most reliable authorities now agree, that, while the dies were no doubt prepared for this issue, no dollars were struck from them until between 1836 and 1842. They are thus, properly speaking, re-strikes. Some eight or ten undoubted specimens are known to exist, and it is likely that not over twenty were struck, the die was destroyed in 1869.

Eagle, 1795—Five stars facing.

Half dollar, 1797—An extremely rare coin. The mint records stating that three thousand nine hundred and eighteen were struck.

Charles R. French, Lansing Mich.—Your 1848 and 1851 cents are worth ten cents each. The Canada 1859 and 1882 cents, laureated and crowned heads of Victoria, face value only. The rubbings show them to be nice specimens and you should keep them as a nucleus for a larger collection.

THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR



The Collecting of "Indian Relics."

L. A. B.

There is one branch of collecting in which no more than two out of every hundred collectors proceed correctly, and that is the collecting of "Indian relics," so called.

The average collector is acquainted with but the arrow point and the stone axe or tomahawk. These articles are widely known, but how many can tell the difference between a game point and a war point, a fish point and a leaf point, a knife and a spear?

How many know what a great and interesting study goes with the collecting of these things? It is called Prehistoric Anthropology, and means the origin of art as it has been manifested in the works of man who lived before written

history. When you come to think of it, that was quite a while ago.

When our country was discovered by Columbus, civilization was fairly advanced in the old world. Here the red man lived near to nature, but without the art of chronicleing or writing history; hence, up to the time that the white men landed here, these Indians were a prehistoric race.

In the very fascinating work of making stone collections it is necessary to learn, in order to properly classify results, that all stone implements found may not necessarily have been the work of the Indian. When man lived without the knowledge of how to use metals, he quite naturally resorted to the making of necessary tools and weapons out of stone. This period was very properly named the "stone age"; following this

comes the age of bronze and later, that of iron.

The stone age has been divided into three periods, the Eolithic, Paleolithic and Neolithic periods, the words meaning first stone, old stone and recent stone. The quality of the implement found and its geological surroundings determined the period, but the collector will pay but little attention to these periods until he has advanced somewhat in his study of prehistoric times.

One writer in THE AMERICAN BOY has stated that any boy living in the country has "unlimited chances" for finding relics, but be assured that this is a rather broad statement, for by no means are the chances "unlimited." The most likely places for the finding of these things are such localities as would appeal to your judgment as good camping places, for, bear in mind that the life of the Indian was a camp life. Consequently the land at the outlet of lakes and ponds, mouths of rivers, commanding sites on river and creek banks are generally worth a very careful search, as are also shell heaps upon the sea shore.

The richest finds are always made at Indian burial places, while next in order come the sites of the arrow maker's workshop and the camping places. Of course, specimens are found singly in isolated spots at times, but they are implements, etc., that have been lost by hunters and others, and the finding of these is not by any search but by mere



Figs. 1 and 2—Hammer Stones. Fig. 3—Grooved Axe. Fig. 4—Chisel. Fig. 5—Gouge. Fig. 6—Scraper. Fig. 7—Piercer. Fig. 8—Game Point. Fig. 9—Needle.

chance. Our advice to boys is that they save whatever they may have or find, for what they may think to be mere "chips" may be of considerable value.

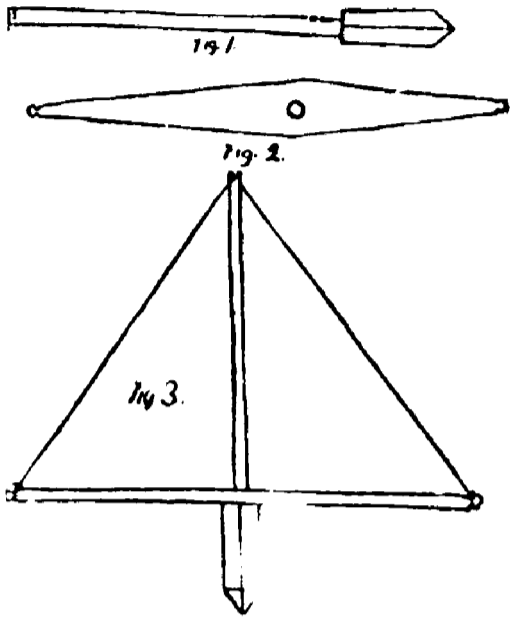
William Treffeisan, of Philadelphia, sent the editor a piece of flint from a collection he made at League Island, near Philadelphia.

John W. Dixon, Bigpine, Cal., asks us to give him a few points on Lapidary work. He says he has a large amount of onyx, agate, raganite and orange mottled marble that he wishes to polish, but can find no data or description of machinery necessary to do the work.

An Indian Drill.

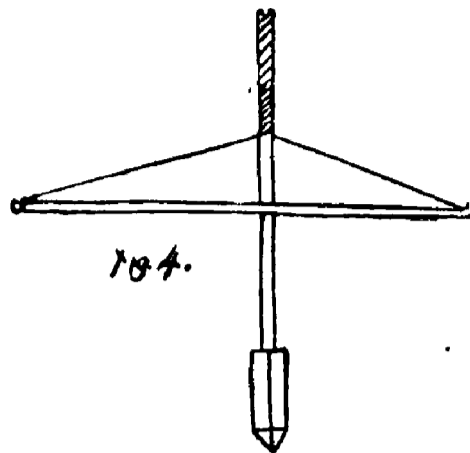
CARL M. DODSON.

Every boy has a knife of some kind, and, having a knife, the number of interesting and instructive toys he can make is unlimited. Here is a contrivance, which, though used hundreds of years ago, is still new to many American boys. The method of its construction is as follows: Take a piece of wood about ten inches long by one inch square, and shape as in Fig. 1, making the small part round and smooth. Then



take another piece, the same length but about twice as wide and half as thick (which will make it ten by two by one-half inches) and shape it as Fig. 2, making a hole in the center just large enough to admit the small part of the first piece. Then tie a piece of strong cord to the second piece as in Fig. 3. Now, by giving

the cross piece a few turns, the cord will be wound around the upright piece, giving the appearance of Fig. 4. Press



downward on the cross piece and the cord will unwind and turn the upright around at a great speed. The momentum thus received will again wind the cord in the opposite direction, and so the operation can be repeated any number of times. This contrivance illustrates the exact manner in which the old Indians drilled the holes in bones and teeth which they used as ornaments.

How to Find Indian Relics.

F. E. H.

In a recent issue of THE AMERICAN BOY was an article entitled "The Arrow Head Collector." Perhaps a few hints about where and how to find arrow heads would be welcomed by the amateur.

To begin with, we should learn as much as possible about the habits and customs of the Indians who inhabited that part of the country in which we wish to search. A few general rules, however, will apply to most parts of the country. As they traveled mostly by

water, and obtained a good deal of their living by fishing, we find more implements, etc., near streams that were deep enough for canoes; also near lakes in some dry spot sheltered from the wind. They almost invariably chose the sunny side; at least, the writer has never found anything on a northern slope, except near the ocean; even then they were not so abundant as on southern slopes. At the forks of large streams are found evidences of big camps; here ceremonial objects are often found. Wherever you find a good spring, search diligently over the dry ground in its vicinity. You will never find anything on swampy ground.

In autumn, after crops are harvested, is the best time to hunt for relics, because rain and cultivation bring more of them to the surface. It will also pay to look over ground that has recently been plowed, if there has been a shower or two on it to wash the dirt off the pebbles.

Always carry a light walking stick, and with it turn over every small stone that you see which looks at all peculiar. When you find numerous little thin pieces of flint or other stone, look very carefully, for these are chips broken off in making implements.

A little experience will soon teach you whether a location is favorable; and sometimes the collector is rewarded for digging in ground that has never been worked. The writer once found five arrow points in digging over about five square yards, and six or eight inches deep. It was at the top of some rocks, and twenty feet or so above high tide.

The collection of Indian relics affords a very interesting study, from the fact that one seldom finds two specimens of the same size and material; and one is constantly coming across implements the use of which is a mystery, and which sometimes prove to be some rare ceremonial objects of value.

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A Boy's Books.

H. H. H.

So much of the reading of boys, and of men, is valueless that one almost wishes there were not so much reading matter in the world. Some of it is simply inane while some is harmful. Some is really amusing, and we can find no great fault with this for there are times when one ought to be amused. But the boys of to-day do not read enough books. The best literature of the day is to be found in books. The most lasting impressions are made by the careful and systematic reading of good books. It was that wise and good writer, Horace Mann, who wrote:

"Good books are to the young mind what the warming sun and the refreshing rain of spring are to the seeds which have lain dormant in the frosts of winter. They are more, for they may save from that which is worse than death, as well as bless that which is better than life."

If you believe this to be true, and it is true, you may be glad to know the names of some of the best books for a boy to read. It is a great waste of time to read other than helpful books. What books will be most helpful to you? Theodore Parker answered this question for all readers when he said: "The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading, but a great book that comes from a great thinker—it is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth and with beauty."

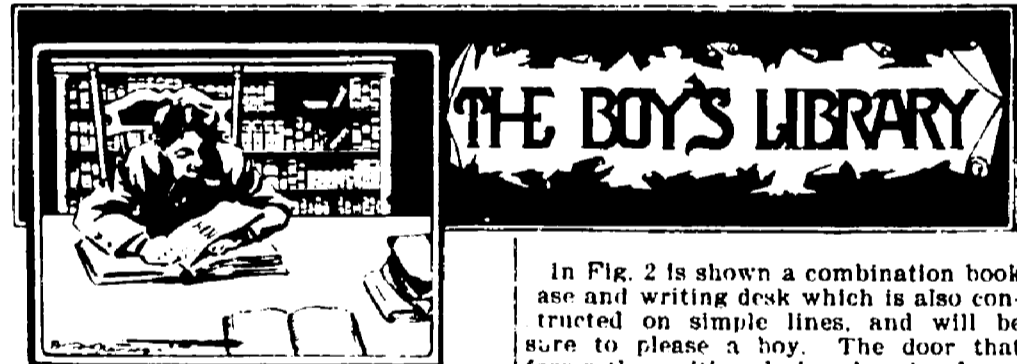
Every boy in America ought to read a book that I fear a good many of our American boys do not read, and that book is the Bible. He should do this because, as some one has wisely said, "It is the history of all that is highest and lowest in mankind; the depths to which he can sink in degradation and despair; the heights that he might reach if he but would." A wise and careful reading of the Bible cannot but be helpful to every boy, even though he read it only as history or literature. It is not often that a boy reads the Bible without being impressed by its spiritual power and influence. And so I would urge all boys to read the Bible because of its helpfulness.

Most boys like to read some fiction, and good fiction is often helpful reading. One of the best books of fiction is Cooper's "Spy," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," and Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair" are all charming stories in which an intelligent boy will become interested. It is well to give all "blood and thunder" tales a wide berth. They convey absolutely false impressions of life. They weaken the intellect, and have a tendency to make a boy coarse. They never inspire him to do or to be anything that is good. They are trashy to the last degree. Read fiction if you will, but let it be the kind of fiction that will give you right standards of living and inspire you to be better boys and good men.

This is an age when there is great interest in outdoor life, and nearly all boys have in their boyhood the instincts of the naturalist. They are more or less interested in birds or flowers or animals or sports or geology. Such boys will derive much pleasure and profit from such books as "Wild Animals I Have Known," "How to Know the Wild Flowers," "Nature's Garden," "Birds Through an Opera Glass," "Up and Down the Brooks," "Outdoor Papers." It is a good thing for a boy to have a real interest in the world of nature. It is a good thing for him to know all that he can about animals and flowers and trees. Hunting and fishing and rowing are fine for both mental and physical development, and every boy should read nature books.

No boy can be well informed without reading history. Every boy's library should have in it as many historical books as possible; and they should be for use and not merely for ornament. Charles Coffin's "Boys of '76," Parkman's books, particularly his "Oregon Trail," Fiske's "War of Independence," "The Rise of the Republic," Gray's "Crusade of the Children" and the books of Motley and Prescott will be valuable additions to the library of any boy.

Every boy should have a library, and the books in that library should stand this test. Never was there an age when good books could be had for so little money. Let every boy invest a part of his money in good books and have nothing to do with the "penny dreadfuls."



A Simple Arrangement for Books.

JOSEPH HATCH.

Nearly every boy has treasures in the shape of books which must have a resting place when not in use.

In many instances a boy's room is rendered untidy by books being stacked one upon another or else littering the table.

The illustrations show some cabinets which can be constructed with such sim-



In Fig. 2 is shown a combination book case and writing desk which is also constructed on simple lines, and will be sure to please a boy. The door that forms the writing desk, when let down, can be held in position by a telescoping piece of iron. The back of the shelves may be of some cheap wood such as pine or white wood.

The top of the desk can be covered with green felt bordered by a narrow



braided fastened with brass headed tacks. From a brass rod, yellow silklike curtains may be draped.

There are many nooks and corners in a house which a cabinet or book case will nicely furnish; and a boy's room with its many little belongings absolutely demands something of the kind.

plicity that anyone who is a little skilled in the use of tools can make them.

The case can be stained a cherry color or any other color one fancies. Curtains which serve to keep out the dust may be hung from brass rods at the top. Two drawers at the bottom make an excellent place for papers and magazines

THE BOY-ORATOR AND DEBATER



Books on Parliamentary Law.

Cushing's Manual, 75 cents.
 Roberts' Rules of Order, 75 cents.
 Waples' Parliamentary Law and Practice, \$1.00.
 Pocket Parliamentary Pointer, 25 cents.
 Address
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
 Detroit, Mich.

Alfred J. du Perier, a Boy Orator.

Alfred J. du Perier, of New Iberia, La., has recently been graduated from Notre Dame College, Vincennes, Ind. The young man has just passed his majority. While in college he made a good record as an orator. At Notre Dame he won the Barry elocution gold medal in 1899, and afterwards the Breen gold medal for oratory, the subject of his address on the latter occasion being "Joan of Arc." His



ALFRED J. DU PERIER

composition abounded in many thrilling and pathetic descriptions, and his delivery was easy and graceful.

The judges on thought and composition were Hon. George Clarke of South Bend, Prof. Will D. Howe of Indianapolis and Rev. M. A. Quirk of Ottawa, Ill. The judges on delivery were Mr. James S. Handy of Chicago, Mr. M. H. Carmody of Grand Rapids and Prof. J. Stuart Lathers of Ypsilanti, Mich.

Daniel Webster and the Bible.

Daniel Webster was remarkable not only for his oratorical powers, but for his familiarity with the Bible. His colleagues once nicknamed him the "Biblical Concordance of the United States Senate." One man says that he never received such ideas of the majesty of God and the dignity of man as he did one clear night when Mr. Webster, standing in the open air, recited the Eighth Psalm. On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jack knife to the boy who should recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible. When Webster's turn came he arose and recited off so many verses that the master was forced to cry: "Enough!" It was the mother's training and the boy's delight in the idioms and music of the King James version that made him the "Biblical Concordance of the Senate."

But these two factors made him more than a "concordance." The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterances. He listened to them until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in the King James translations, became his mother tongue. Of his lofty utterances it may be said, as Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are "Hebrew in soul." Therefore they project themselves into the future.

The young man who would be a writer that will be read or an orator whom people will hear, should study the

English Bible. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has attached to it, have made it a mightier force than any other book.

Ten Peace Questions for Debate.

G. W. WISHARD.

1. Resolved, That James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, did more good than any warrior that ever fought.
2. Resolved, That Napoleon Bonaparte did the most harm of any person that ever lived.
3. Resolved, That the nineteenth century has wasted enough in war and war preparations to have fed, clothed and educated every human being.
4. Resolved, That Great Britain has disgraced herself forever by the South African war.
5. Resolved, That imperialism means militarism. Remark: The discussion of this resolution now (1900) would have special reference to the annexation of the Philippine Islands.
6. Resolved, That the New Testament does not sanction war.
7. Resolved, That the world should compel the nations to resort to arbitration before a permanent court instead of resorting to war with one another.
8. Resolved, That more good will flow from the Hague Peace Conference than from the Spanish-American war.
9. Resolved, That history should be rewritten, so as to contain less of the details of war and more concerning the works of peace.
10. Resolved, That New York should hold an international exposition in 1907, to celebrate the centennial of the steamboat.

The Difficulties of the Young Orator.

W. F. STEPHENS.

The young man who would achieve success as an orator must not be deluded by the impression that he can realize his ambitions without a struggle. The path of the aspirant for oratorical honors is beset with difficulties. In addition to the arduous preparation which he must undergo, there are at least two other difficulties to be overcome in all ordinary cases. They are self-consciousness, of which nearly every speaker is or has been a victim, and vocal defects which in one form or another, nearly all possess.

Many of our greatest orators have been afflicted with organic defects of speech which were cured only after hard and diligent labor. We are all familiar with the story of the great Demosthenes and his successful efforts to control his stammering tongue. Curran, the famous Irish orator, when a boy, was called "stuttering Jack Curran." He labored indefatigably to remedy his defect of articulation, for years following the practice of reading aloud daily, clearly enunciating each syllable.

The part which the voice plays in oratory should not be underestimated. It has been instrumental in bringing fame to many a speaker. The charm of Clay's oratory lay in his marvelously sweet voice. We have heard of orators with "tears in their voices," and such have always been eminently successful.

We cannot all hope to acquire the wonderful vocal powers of a Garrick, of whom it is said that he could make men weep by the manner in which he pronounced the word 'Mesopotamia,' but there are few who cannot by the exercise of patient and persevering effort improve their voices so as to make them at least pleasing.

The voice is an organ of marvelous mechanism, and time spent in its cultivation will repay one an hundredfold

The practice of reading aloud is of inestimable benefit. Singing, exercised judiciously, will strengthen the voice. Mumbling, a fault which is all too prevalent, is merely a habit. It can be remedied by aiming to pronounce every word clearly and distinctly both in reading and conversation.

Self-consciousness, the principal difficulty which the young orator encounters, is in many respects an inexplicable thing. Many a man who has marched without flinching up to the very mouth of the cannon has been transformed into a veritable coward at the mere thought of speaking in public. But this diffidence, strange as it is, is a most painful reality, as most of us can testify, and all of the great orators have experienced it.

Webster's first attempts at public speaking were flat failures. When he rose to speak, his mind became a blank, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he was compelled to resume his seat. Patrick Henry, the peerless young orator of the Revolution, disappointed and chagrined his friends by his early efforts.

When Henry Clay first addressed a debating society, which he had joined, he was so nervous that he opened his speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the Jury."

The first appearance of Franklin Pierce in court was disappointing in the extreme, but he was stimulated by his failure to greater effort, and eventually he became one of the leaders of the bar.

Disraeli, the celebrated English statesman, was laughed down in his first speech in the House of Commons. Stung almost to madness at the ridicule which greeted his effort, he shouted, "I have begun several times many things and have succeeded in them at last, and the time will come when you will hear me." His prediction was verified.

Curran, in his maiden efforts, both in debate and at the bar, was so overcome that he was unable to utter a syllable, but perseverance and determination brought him success.

Erskine, the noted English advocate, was extremely diffident, but he was spurred on by thoughts of the family which was dependent upon him, and he is now admitted to be one of the greatest forensic orators which the world has ever seen.

These examples and many more which might be quoted, show us that before determination, these difficulties fade away like the mist before the morning sun. The remedy for self-consciousness is practice. The young orator should embrace every opportunity to speak, and while speaking he should, as far as possible, become so wrapped up in his subject as to become oblivious to his surroundings.

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FIRST PRIZE DRAWING MADE WITHOUT LIFTING PEN FROM PAPER BY THOMAS F. MAHER.

Answers to August Puzzles.

- No. 63. Eye-n. War-n. Paw-n. Sting-y. Or-e. Rabbit. Bar-b. Sh-k. Got-h. No. 64. Bob. White. Cormorant. Gros-beak. Gannet. Tanager. No. 65. Battle of CULLODEN. No. 66. L. E. V. E. R. E. P. O. D. E. V. O. W. E. L. E. D. E. M. A. R. E. L. A. Y. No. 67. S-tone. C-lock. H-ouse. L-ink. E-lope. Y-arn. S-HILLEY.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 68.

Transposition.

As we were jaunty whole We sauntered down the dell. In climbing o'er a fence We SAW NED ERR. He fell.

No. 69.

Charade.

A human being, from Adam down, I'm my FIRST, as you'll agree. My SECOND is a vowel, it sounds like a word You use it when talking to me. My THIRD is a kind of print. At present the fashion with all My WHOLE is what crowds the editor's desk And threatens him with mental wreck. But once in a while he pauses to smile And immediately writes out a check.

No. 70.

Decapitations.

Behold slender and leave trivial; upright and leave by word, a specimen and leave full; gay and leave unsubstantial, a winter wagon and leave a bluff, high crime and leave judgment.

No. 71.

Query.

Who will send us the shortest sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet? Example: Hezekiah Quiney sent the judge an ox-load of peevender and blooming flower.

No. 72.

Anagrams.

Direction: The phrase contains the exact letters (no more nor less) of a common word.

An ice old pie A modest fern Get her a lot Great help Rob I save tons Fat bakers Sup on a stone Great masts.

No. 73.

Hidden Words.

Find, spelled straight through in part of two or more words, the names of ten animals.

Do go quickly, Leah, or send for Mary. The procession will be around the corner at ten sharp. I guess it is nearly that hour now. They have elephants of wonderful size, brave riders, a clown lunatic, attended by his funny wife, and an Eskimo. Use your eyes well. On the other hand, must go for Hal. He said this morning "Oh, are we all doin' to see dat 'cession tum to town?"

No. 74.

Rebus.



The Stamp Prizes.

The three boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions during the past thirty days are, in their order: J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Albert W. Field, Minneapolis, Minn.; and Eugene Steele, Phillipsburg, Mont. J. Lawrence Hirschland, therefore, receives one-half of the foreign stamps that accumulated in our office during the same period, and

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Albert W. Field and Eugene Steele share the other half equally. 362 stamps go to the three boys.

Photographic Prizes.

The amateur photograph contest in July resulted in the first prize going to Willie Kreuter, 430 Washington Ct., Sheboygan, Wis., and the second prize to M. Blanchard, Temple, Texas.

Award of Prizes.

First mistake—Otto Roegner, 224 Elliot street, Detroit. Second mistake—Roscoe L. Heaton, 65 Columbia avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind. Longest list of mistakes—Glenn W. Bugbee, Parish, N. Y. Puzzle No. 63—Frank Willets, Chicago. Puzzle No. 64—Edward Shoemaker, 106 Fountain street, Allegheny, Pa. Puzzle No. 65—Will M. Williams, 1130 Rock street, Scranton, Pa.

Puzzle No. 66—James Johnson, Albion, Mich.

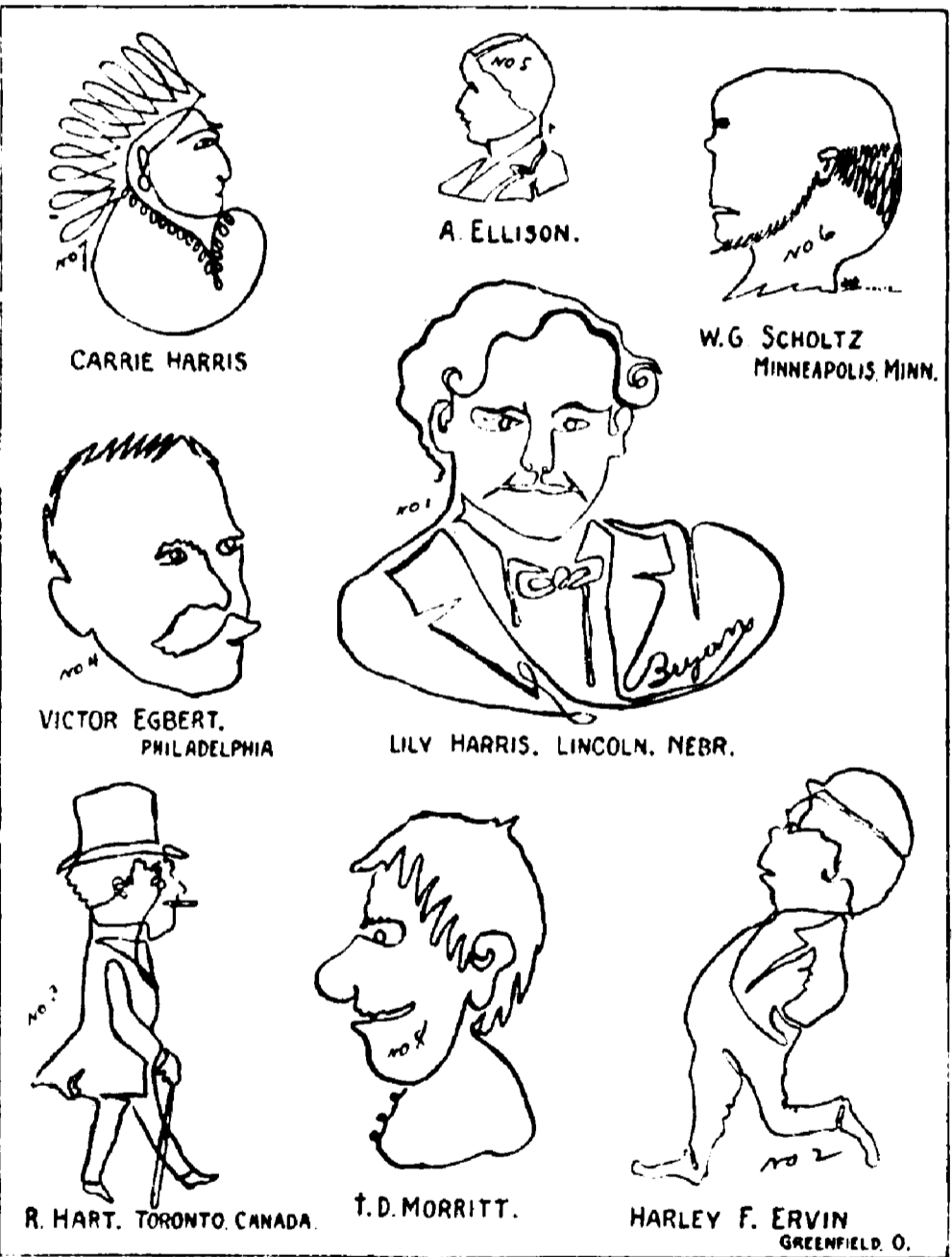
Puzzle No. 67—Willie S. Morris, McConellsville, O.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by Sept. 20 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

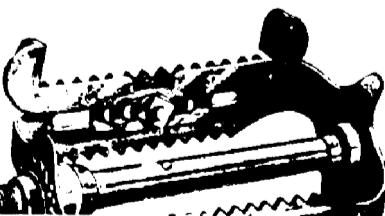
Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the largest list of mistakes, \$2.00.



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Send name and address. NO MONEY, and get a box of 10 of our Pearl and Stick Pins to sell at 10 cents each. Rings, Bracelets, etc., given for selling 10 pins. Watch, with Chain and Charm, given for selling a few more. When pins are sold, send us the money and get your premium FREE. HATES JEWELRY CO., Dept. 4, Box 84, Providence, R. I.

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SECOND PRIZE DRAWING MADE WITHOUT LIFTING PEN FROM PAPER BY EDWIN A. SMITH, CHICAGO, AGE, 14.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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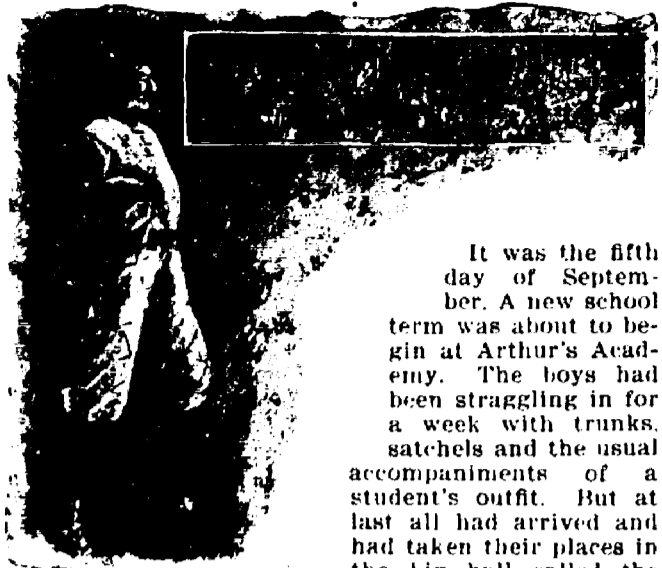
[Sprague Publishing Company, Publishers,
Detroit, Mich. (Majestic Building).]

MONTHLY
Vol. 1. No. 12

Detroit, Michigan, October, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy





It was the fifth day of September. A new school term was about to begin at Arthur's Academy. The boys had been straggling in for a week with trunks, satchels and the usual accompaniments of a student's outfit. But at last all had arrived and had taken their places in the big hall called the "Assembly Room," or

"Chapel," where, every morning before the day's duties began, the boys met to join in the religious exercises.

The older students—those who had been at Arthur's one or more terms—seemed much at home, while to the freshmen, or those in their first year, everything appeared strange and embarrassing. The tales of hazings and all manner of hardships which awaited them in their earlier days at school, and which had been industriously dinned into their ears with painstaking effort by playful older brothers, and not infrequently by fathers themselves, did not tend to reassure them as they took note of the easy, self-confident bearing of the "men" of the higher classes, who strutted about as though all the academy belonged to them individually.

The two boys who interest us most, as leaders of their respective classes and in athletics, were Hector Traynor and Chester Farley, and each was now entering upon his senior year. The final struggle for supremacy was about to begin, both in studies and sports, and there was an unspoken defiance in the eyes of the rivals that meant much.

Sometimes Chester would forge ahead; then Hector. But, take it all in all, they remained about equal in popularity. All the other boys looked up to them as a peasant would regard a knighted prince. Each was a hero, among his own following. The little freshmen spoke their names with bated breath and in lowered tones, and if it chanced that any of them should happen to be spoken to by either of his chieftains, he was looked upon as a favored being by his less fortunate companions.

Even the new boys soon learned, in that mysterious boarding school way that this was to be the last term of Chester and Hector, before they had been there two hours. As the two athletic kings took their seats that bright September morning, they each made

said. The rivalry between these two institutions in every form of sport was very bitter.

Chester Farley had been selected, by a majority of one ballot, as captain of the Arthur's, and played right half back. Hector held the position as left half back. The friendly relations which had existed in previous years between the two boys, despite their warm rivalry, had never, it seemed, been so strained as now. Though the leaders themselves could have offered no explanation of their estrangement, it was largely due to the irrepressible zeal of their followers, and the speeches with which each faction extolled the merits of its particular favorite.

At last the eventful day arrived. There had been very little snow thus far, and the great field was in excellent condition. The grand stand was well filled: hundreds of enthusiastic "rooters" stood below outside the ropes—many of them "old boys," whose blood was now set a-tingling with the fervor of their own reminiscent games, and who pranced about and nudged and poked one another, with comical awkwardness, and laughed like delighted children. It was pleasant to see these bewhiskered old fellows made young again.

Among the concourse in the grand stand, none were more noticeable than the girls from Miss Wrightman's Seminary, five miles away from Arthur's Academy. Their own colors were prominently



THE BALL TIGHTLY CLASPED TO HIS SIDE.

blended with those of the home boys, and their many fresh young faces made a picture pretty to look upon. But Parkhurst admirers were not to be overlooked. From all quarters, the gold and silver colored ribbons of the visiting team flaunted in the air, and as the sturdy Parkhursts emerged upon the gridiron, hatless and padded for the fray, a mighty yell went up from the multitude.

"Count 'em up; count 'em down!—One-nine-ought-ought! Parkhurst! Parkhurst! Victory! Victory-y-y! we have fought!"

But scarcely had the last words died, when there burst forth a second deafening cry, and the Seminary girls arose in a body and waved their colors to the accompaniment:

"Ivan! Ivan! Ho! Ho! Conquerors we as he! Hoo-rah! hoo-rah! Arthur's Ack-a-dem, Ack-a-dem, ee! ee! ee!"

The Arthur's were coming on the field. Not one whit inferior in point of appearance, they looked equal to the task of giving their strong opponents a hard contest.

After a short time of preliminary practice, punting, kicking and trying formations, the two elevens lined up at the referee's whistle as follows:

Arthur's.	Position.	Parkhurst.
BROOKES	Right End	BLAIR
MANNING	Left End	FORDICK
RELVILLE	Center	BROTDENNY
OTIS	Right Tackle	CAPSON
SCOTT	Left Tackle	SAMUEL
HENSLEER	Right Guard	MCCARTHY
JACQUES	Left Guard	GEMDORFF
BRIDGES	Full Back	LOCKE
FARLEY	R. Half Back	PIERCE
TRAYNOR	L. Half Back	O'DONNELL
GALLAGHER	Quarter Back	WEBB

The Arthur's secured first kick-off, and Bridges made a pretty punt, sending the egg-shaped spheroid clear to Parkhurst's twenty yard line. But it was quickly advanced by the foe's wiry left guard to their forty-five yard mark, where he was "downed" by Arthur's. On the second attempt, Parkhurst again made a gain of eight yards, but they could get no further and lost the ball on "downs" to the home eleven.

"6-11-43-A-!" cried little Gallagher. Arthur's quarter back, as he snapped the ball to Brookes, and forming a "revolving wedge," in the protected center

of which the right end hugged the ball, the boys dashed into the Parkhursts, cutting their defense like a knife. However, it was only the surprise of the unexpected movement that confused the visiting team. In a moment they had rallied, and Capson, getting inside Arthur's interference, pulled Brookes to the ground, after a gain of fifteen yards. It was a splendid tackle, and the adherents of Parkhurst voiced their delight and approbation in loud cheers.

"You just watch Traynor and Farley to-day," said Tom Turner, a well grown fellow in football attire and sweater. He was a substitute for Arthur's, and stood near the side lines, conversing with another student in civilian's dress. "Each of them is going to try his best to outdo the other, they say."

"That's dead certain," returned the one addressed, with an air of conviction. "I heard Farley myself say only last night that he would rather win the honors of this game than the class rosette—and I guess he wants that bad enough."

In the meantime the game was going on fiercely. Neither side seemed able to gain any pronounced advantage, for as sure as Arthur's advanced the ball twenty yards into the enemy's territory, so sure were the others to force them back with their greater weight. End plays were the only ground-gainers for the home team, and Parkhurst's best work was done through the center, their battering-line generally regaining the ground lost by the brilliant running of Arthur's two tackles, Otis and Scott.

Both Farley and Traynor had been working like Trojans. They were really the backbone of their eleven. Their faces were covered with dirt, but even through the coating of grime could be discerned the set expression of their determined features. Finally, by a persistent rushing, Parkhurst forced the ball to Arthur's ten-yard line. The linesmen sang out:

"Third down!—five yards to gain!" With a feeling of despair and desperation, Arthur's men waited for the expected dash of their more weighty opponents, but less nimble ones. In a second it came. Like an avalanche the rugged Parkhurst rush-line struck the strained front of Arthur's defense; it wavered, and through the opening made, Blair, of Parkhurst, plunged with the ball.

"He is going over the line! It's a touchdown!" shouted some one outside the ropes.

But no! With the bound of a tiger, Chester Farley is after the escaping fellow; he overtakes him, throws him to the earth, and falls upon the released pigskin. It is now Arthur's ball.

They line up, panting. The cries from the spectators have all ceased, and they crane their necks to see what Arthur's Academy will do. They soon know. Bridges falls back, as little Gallagher darts the ball to him. Too late to prevent his move, Parkhurst sees the egg of leather leave the toe of the full back's shoe and go sailing over their heads toward their own goal. In the middle of the field, they are on the point of lining up when the sharp blast of the referee's whistle tells that the first half of the game is ended, and neither eleven has scored.

"Wasn't that a great tackle of Chester's?" said



IT WAS A SPLENDID TACKLE.

a separate vow to do his best to surpass the other and to win the much coveted Badge of Honor as well as the field contests.

When the students filed out of the recitation rooms, late in the afternoon, they gathered about the bulletin-board and read the freshly posted notice pinned to its face.

"All candidates for the Academy football eleven are requested to meet at the gymnasium at 7:30 p. m."

In little knots they excitedly discussed the contents of the notice, and the ensuing seven or eight weeks witnessed a great deal of practicing on the part of the chosen members who were to compose the team. Meantime several games had been played with minor schools, but the big contest of all was to be brought off Thanksgiving Day, when the doubtless eleven of Parkhurst Hall was coming over to Arthur's Academy to "trounce the stuffing out of them," as they



WHEN THE SHARP BLAST OF THE REFEREE'S WHISTLE TELLS THAT THE FIRST HALF OF THE GAME HAS ENDED.

Danny Naber, one of the smaller boys, who almost worshipped the object of his remarks, because Chester Farley had on one occasion rescued him from some of the Seniors who were tormenting him.

"It was all right," answered a small follower of Chester's rival, "but if Hector Traynor hadn't pulled Brotdenny, the other fellows would have got the ball."

"But what do you think of that twenty-yard run of Farley's?" put in another.

"It wasn't any better than the run Traynor made through right tackle," defended the admirer of Hector's.

And so, all over the field, the respective adherents of the rival athletes argued in favor of their particular star with great vehemence.

After a rest of ten minutes, the teams are again in their positions and the last half of the game is on. Swiftly and almost savagely the contest progresses, but neither side is able to gain any great advantage, though they are both fighting like gladiators in a Roman arena. Little Gallagher is playing the game of his life at quarter back—not a fumble nor mistake. So are all the other fellows of Arthur's struggling as they have never struggled before.

On their part, the Parkhurst eleven, too, realize that it will take the hardest kind of work to score. Pierce, the captain, is a big, cool-headed fellow. By his example, he infuses new life into his tired players—for they have discovered that Arthur's men are not to be despised. He is everywhere, making seemingly impossible tackles, and blocking superbly.

Now the ball is on Parkhurst's forty-five yard line. "Third down; Arthur's ball!" calls the referee. "Three minutes of play!" shouts the timekeeper.

And still neither team has scored. Then, with the next call of Gallagher's, comes Hector Traynor's temptation.

"E—G—7—92—99—1!" calls out the doughty little quarter back.

That is the signal for Chester to go around left end. In a flash he is circling with the ball in the desired direction. The Arthur tackles are covering his steps beautifully, and the guards are bunting away the Parkhurst men who are striving to reach him. A moment later, Hector Traynor has joined the defense of his rival, and fighting valiantly, they skirt the end and speed swiftly toward their opponent's goal.

As he sees the Parkhurst full back alone between Chester and victory, Hector, running beside the former with his one hand resting lightly upon the shoulder of the other boy, is assailed with a great temptation. He recollects that the time left for play is so short that should Chester be downed by the full back in their way, there will be no chance for either team to line up again and score. Shall he do his utmost to guard his rival from the coming assault of Locke's, and thus help him to become the lion of the school? Or shall he, on the other hand, allow the Parkhurst full back to get under his interference and throw Chester to the ground, and spoil his opportunity to gain distinction?

Swifter than his flying feet do these thoughts run through Hector's mind.

"If Locke throws him, it will delay the game. Do not let Farley snatch the honors from you!" It is the fierce whisper of Evil in his ear.

"Be true to yourself and your school!" said conscience softly.

No one in that vast concourse of spectators knew of the struggle which was being fought then in Hector Traynor's breast. None of the players realized that he was engaged. In those few seconds of time, in a battle far stronger, far more momentous, than that of the past hour.

But he must decide quickly. Already Locke is crouching for the spring at Chester, directly in the path. Suddenly he vaults low for the tackle, grim and determined. See! he has wound his long arms about one of the speeding Arthur back's knees, and together they fall to the ground. Has Hector succumbed to the tempter?

The excited throng in the grand stand arise to their feet as of one mind. Then a wild cry echoes over the field, as they see the one remaining runner, the ball tightly clasped to his side, stumble over the goal line for a touchdown.

It is Chester Farley! Hector Traynor has saved his rival by springing into the arms meant for the other.

Arthur's Academy has won, and as Bridges sends the ball fairly between the goal posts, at the try for goal, making the score 6 to 0, the colors of Arthur's wave in triumph from all parts of the enclosure, and Miss Wrightman's Seminary girls are especially demonstrative.

"What's the matter with Farley?" shouts some one. And the loud response comes from all parts of the field:

"He's all right!"
"Who's all right?"
"Farley!"

"Hold on there, fellows!" said the generous and grateful victor. "While you are cheering, send up your loudest for Hector Traynor, for he saved me!"

Then, from the apex of the admiring mass, on whose shoulders he was being borne, Farley tossed his head-band high in air, shouting in a voice that could be heard all over the field:

"What's the matter with Hector Traynor?"
And the boys, catching the spirit of the fierce but honorable rivalry between the two leaders, broke out into a tremendous ovation, which went far towards repaying Hector for his sacrifice.

"He's all right!"
"Who's all right?"
"Traynor!"

Hector Traynor and Chester Farley had many earnest competitions after that, and sometimes the indiscreet zeal of the followers of each would nearly involve the two in hard words. But something would always check Chester's hasty temper in time. It was the thought of his rival's self-forgetfulness on the hard-fought gridiron of that Thanksgiving Day contest with Parkhurst.

And Hector Traynor, when he felt slightly out of sorts, would again see his contemporary from his perch above that sea of heads, tossing his rubber head-band high over his curly hair, and would hear again as in a pleasant dream, the clear, ringing shout of Chester:

"What's the matter with Hector Traynor?"
And then would come the deep roar of the spectators:
"He's all right!"
"Who's all right?"
"Traynor!"

WILL YOU HELP?

The Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY are desirous of placing this paper in the hands of every boy and every friend of boys. Tell your boy friends that they should not fail to send \$1.00 for a year's subscription at once to get the fine numbers that are coming this fall and winter.

"I ain't the kind that gits prizes," was the sullen reply. "Turner's the chap to git it. He's one of yer goody kind. I ain't." Never, seemingly, had Jack been more idle or wantonly disobedient than all that week.

The prize failed utterly to effect its intended purpose. "If Jack would learn, would get his lessons, I could overlook some things," murmured the troubled teacher as he worked on this human problem, far more difficult of solution than originals in geometry.

Of all the characters, gentle or tough, with which he had to deal, none so utterly upset all his theories and so completely discouraged him as did this one.

"Was a rousing thrashing what the boy needed?" The teacher sat with bowed head and puzzled over his living problem.

The fire died out, and the ashes chilled in the fireplace.

Monday came. The demon of disobedience and sullen idleness seemed to possess Jack Ballard, and when at afternoon recess a fight came off, in which the boy was reported as aggressor, the teacher turned white with suppressed anger, and resolved that a sound whipping could no longer be deferred.

No one was surprised when, at the close of afternoon recitations, the teacher said, "Jack Ballard, I wish to see you after school."

A look of sullen defiance and ugly resolve came over the boy's hard, sun burned face. When the pupils were all gone, and Professor Grey stood alone with Jack, a great pity, unbidden and unexpected, rose in the teacher's heart, for there was something so outcast and so wretched in the lad's appearance.

His voice was troubled as he said, "Jack, I'm sorry to whip you."
"You needn't be, 'Fessor, I's used to it."

The boy's stubborn manner irritated the teacher.

"Take off your jacket and shirt; I'm going to whip you so you'll remember it." The boy removed the patched garment, hardly worthy the name of coat. He pulled somewhat more slowly at his dirty shirt. When he had removed it he turned his bare shoulders and waited for the teacher's lash.

The teacher raised his whip to strike, then suddenly dropped in a seat near by. "Oh, my God," he cried half aloud.

The boy's back was marked from shoulder to waist line with dark streaks.

"What's the matter, 'Fessor? Why don't you fire away; you see I's used to it," came in hardened tone from the boy, still bent, waiting for the blow to come.

"Who whipped you in this brutal manner, Jack?" asked the teacher. The lad turned a stolid look on Professor Grey.

"That's nothin'. Pap licks me that way 'bout twice't a day."

Trembling with indignation, and with his heart full to overflowing, the teacher threw down the lash.

"Put on your coat, Jack; I cannot whip you."

Jack stood puzzled. He couldn't understand.

"If 'Fessor Grey was goin' to flog him, why didn't he do it and be done foolin' 'bout it?"

"Do you hear me, Jack? Put on your clothes. I cannot strike you."

"You ain't goin' to lick me?" Jack asked, in a dazed sort of way.

"No, my boy," and the teacher's eyes were full of tears. "I shall never whip you. I wouldn't after what I have just seen. You can go. Try to bear your life as best you can. I want to help you, but I can never strike you."

The boy's face flushed painfully, then a softened look, a look unknown and hitherto strange to his whole being, passed over it.

The teacher had won. He had reached the boy's soul.



"WHO'S ALL RIGHT: TRAYNOR?"

UTTERLY INCORRIGIBLE

KATE ALMA ORGIAN

"Utterly incorrigible!"

Yes, that was what the worried, worn out teacher said, as he sat alone in his room one night, watching the fire sizzling, dying out in pale glow, amid the gathering ashes of his fireplace.

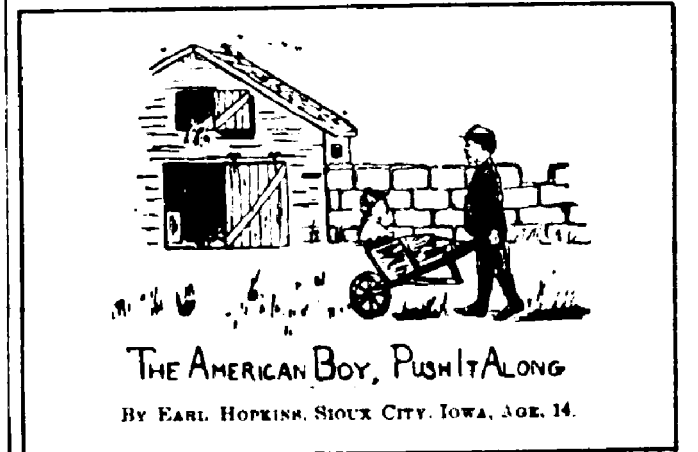
"What can reach him? I will try him one more day, and if he does not behave himself I am going to give him a thrashing that will count as long as he can remember. He's the toughest problem I've met yet."

Jack Ballard had tried his teacher in every conceivable manner in the school room during the past week. Ordinary punishment seemed to have no effect upon him. Coarse, sullen, vicious, he defied the teacher.

"Just thrash him," said the trustees. "He's given us more trouble than any boy in school. Flail him out."

Professor Grey had entered the profession of teaching with steadfast, earnest purpose. He wished to cultivate the heart, as well as the brain of his pupils, but Jack Ballard seemed utterly beyond his reach. Nothing, so far, had touched or bettered this uncouth, and seemingly incorrigible boy.

"I'll give a fine knife," Professor Grey had said on the previous Monday, "to the boy who behaves best till Friday afternoon." It was a kind of forlorn hope. Most boys can be reached by a good pocket knife. "Jack, will you not try for the knife?" the teacher asked.



THE AMERICAN BOY, PUSH IT ALONG

BY EARL HOPKINS, ST. LOUIS, MO., AGE 14.

....TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT....

SYDNEY AND THE JAR FAIRY

A STORY OF SCHOOL BOOKS, A CHEERFUL GRAND-MOTHER AND A GOOD, BUT STUPID LITTLE BOY

Copyright by the Author, CHARLES BATELL Loomis, 1900.

Sydney Puffer was the stupidest boy in the Malburn school. Now, some boys are stupid and don't know it. If you were to be led by their opinion of themselves you would say they were anything but stupid, but Syd. knew he was stupid and wished every day that he could become less so. It is not the custom at the Malburn school for the boys to have any home studies. All their studying is done in the class room, but Syd. was so anxious to learn that he would take his geography and his speller home and would study and study until he fell asleep over the books.

And next day in class Miss Greene would say: "Sydney, spell 'few.'" "F-i-e-w." Sydney would say. "Wrong. Spell 'exasperate.'" "I-g-s-p-a-r-a-i-t." Sydney would spell slowly and painstaking, and, then, like as not, Bob Addoms, who had not looked at his lesson, would spell both words as glibly as could be and poor Sydney would feel utterly disheartened.

Then would come the geography lesson. "Sydney, where is France?" "France is the capital of England." "Yes, but where is it?" Miss Greene would continue. She really seemed to take pleasure in leading Sydney on.

"Is it in Ireland?" he would ask doubtfully.



"IS IT IN IRELAND?" HE WOULD ASK.

"No, it isn't. What are its chief products?" "Products" would start Syd. off: "Tar, pitch, turpentine and lumber," he would say with unusual speed, and amid the laughter of the class he would sit down and Bob would get up and bound France and tell her chief products and something about her form of government, and yet he had only dipped into his geography between classes.

But it was in reading that Sydney fared worst. He could not read the simplest words without stumbling along. Once Miss Greene gave him this verse from Longfellow:

"The shades of night were falling fast,
When through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,
'Excelsior!'"

Sydney rose at his desk, held the book close to his face, for he was near-sighted, opened his eyes wide, and, frightened, dropped his lower lip, and very slowly read:

"The shads of nigt were fall-ing fast
When thog in Al Pine villag paced
A yout who bore mid snow and ice
A baner with the strong device, 'Ex-
Excellent!'"

"Very excellent," said Miss Greene, "but I'm afraid not excellent enough for you to get an 'extra' in reading."

When Syd. sat down he was in tears, but that did not cause the sniggers and smiles of his classmates to subside, nor did Miss Greene make any attempt to stop the scholars.

Little Syd. felt humiliated and hardly knew what happened the rest of the day. He was kept in for an hour and had to read that verse out loud fifty times and then write it twenty five times.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally left school and started for home. His way lay along the seashore, and he shuffled through the damp sand, half wishing that a big wave would come and bear him away to a land where there was no such thing as school.

"I wish I could learn. I don't want to grow up a dunce," he said to himself, "but everything is so hard, and Miss Greene doesn't think I can do anything, and then I can't. I read that verse all right to grandma,

but she kept stroking my hair and that made the words look easier."

So he talked out loud to himself and shuffled along until his foot unearched, or rather unsanded, a bronze jar of a very curious shape. Little Syd. had never read any fairy stories, of course. Reading was too hard a thing for him to do more in it than he had to do. And his grandmother, although a lovely old lady and devoted to her little grandson (the only one left of a large family of children and grandchildren) was no believer in fairy tales. "It's a waste of time," she had said to a caller who had asked her whether she read "Alice in Wonderland" to Sydney. "It all seems very nonsensical to me. What is the use of filling the poor boy's brain with stories that are not only untrue, but are silly? It isn't easy for him to learn, so I believe in reading only those things that will do him good."

"Yes," the visitor had said, "but if you don't exercise his imagination you are going to give him a cheerless old age."

But grandma had laughed in her cheery way and had said: "Well, I'm old enough, conscience knows, and I've had enough to try me, but I find life pleasant and that without any fairy stories, either."

So the caller had changed the subject. You see, therefore, that Sydney did not immediately wonder as an imaginative boy would have wondered what the jar was good for and whether it was one of the kind told about in the Arabian Nights.

But it is a peculiar thing about fairies and their ways that it doesn't make a bit of difference to them whether you believe in them or not. If they think that you need them they will come to you and force you to believe in them.

As soon as Sydney kicked the jar he stooped and picked it up and began rubbing the sand from it, and lo and behold! a beautiful fairy came out of it and flew before him like a butterfly, talking as she flew.

"What do you want of me, my dear?" she said in the sweetest voice imaginable.

But Sydney only stared in amazement. "You call'd me, my dear, and here I am. I can do anything for you that you wish done. Make you rich, make you wise, make you good."

Now, there are a number of boys in the Malburn school who would have said: "Oh, make me rich," but dear little Syd. hardly ever thought of money. He did want to know something, so he said:

"I wish that I could learn easily."

You see, he didn't even ask to know everything without study; he merely wanted to learn easily and as he had asked so he received.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a fellow like Sydney.

Then the fairy and the jar vanished, but Sydney walked home as happy as if he had never been bothered at school. He had his school books under his arm, for he had determined to have good lessons next day if it took him all night to learn them.

I think that he fancied his grandmother would not believe that he had met a fairy, so he said nothing to her about it, but eager to test his new power he sat down at the center table in the sitting room and began to study his history lesson. The boys had studied far beyond their ages in that school. Sydney was only ten, and as you have seen he could hardly read, and yet he had history, geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar and physiology.

Well, the history lesson for the next day was about the battle of Concord, and Sydney began to read it out loud, as was his habit, and to his great astonishment he read it as glibly as Bob Addoms, and to his greater astonishment he remembered every word of



A BEAUTIFUL FAIRY CAME OUT OF IT.



GRANDMA CAME INTO THE ROOM JUST AS HE WAS FINISHING.

it, and when he had shut the book up he found himself repeating the whole chapter, word for word, and with as much expression as Lorimer Halstead put into his reading, and Lorimer was the star "elocutionist" of the school.

Grandma came into the room just as he was finishing his recitation, and she was astonished enough. "Why, my boy, you are improving a great deal. I always said you had it in you. Your dear father was as smart as a steel trap and I knew you'd inherit some of his smartness. That's an interesting part of history. My grandfather was at the battle of Concord. He was a cousin of Paul Revere's. Do you know about Paul Revere? There are some very pretty verses about him by Longfellow, the poet, in this book. See if you can read them to me."

She handed a volume of Longfellow's poems to the



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF EDUCATION WALKED IN.

boy and he read "Paul Revere's Ride" as easily as if he had known it by heart. Not only that, he shut the book up and recited it with appropriate gestures, and his grandmother caught him in her arms and said: "Just like your father. He could recite that so that people always wanted him to repeat it immediately."

You can imagine how pleased Sydney was at this praise from his grandmother, but he did not allow it to turn his little head. He took his other books and studied each lesson and found that one reading fixed it in his mind. He was able to do examples in fractions that had merely given him a headache formerly, and as for geography, before bedtime came he had read the whole book through, from beginning to end, and could draw maps and color them and print the names of cities and counties in most beautiful letters. And as he did each thing his grandmother would say: "Your father all over, my dear."

Some boys would have been eager to show off next day to the class, but it never entered little Sydney's head. He was very happy that he was going to be like his father; that father who had died when he was a small baby, and he would be glad not to vex Miss Greene any more, but he was not at all anxious to show off. I must say that a little bit of that spirit would have been natural and perhaps commendable, but I am not trying to draw a picture of a boy who might have been, but of a boy who was.

The first lesson after morning exercises was geography. Bob Addoms was asked to go to the board and draw a map of Africa and to name all the Dutch possessions. Addoms was the champion map drawer of the school, and he knew it and I suppose that that fact made him careless. At any rate, when it was done and Miss Greene had said, "Excellent, Bob. I will give you two extras," Sydney raised his hand and said: "Is it quite right at the Cape of Good Hope?"

A shout went up from the scholars and Miss Greene herself smiled. Sydney, who did not know the difference between Europe and South America, to be criticising Bob's map!

"Perhaps you can draw a better one," said Miss Greene. I didn't like the sarcastic way in which she talked. Teachers have no business to be sarcastic.

"I'll try," said Sydney, and he went up to her table and selected crayons of different colors.

Then he drew such a map as had never been seen on the school board. It was as accurate as the map in the geography, even to the smallest inlets and tiniest capes. And when he had drawn it he colored all the

divisions and printed all the names, amid the dead silence of the class.

Just as he finished it the door opened and the superintendent of the county board of education walked in.

In spite of his coming, the boys and girls clapped their hands at Sydney's work, and Miss Greene said: "Beautiful, Sydney! I'll give you ten extras."

Sydney stood erect and felt that at last he had come to his own.

And the superintendent, who was quite a good draughtsman himself, said: "Miss Greene, I consider that map so remarkable that I am going to have the blackboard removed and sent to the Paris Exposition

as a sample of American school work."

And the scholars rose to their feet and gave three cheers for Sydney, quite unchecked.

Now, if you go to the Exposition just ask them to show you Sydney Puffer's map of Africa.

But I don't vouch for its being there. It was drawn under fairy influence, and it may have been withdrawn under the same influence.

But this I do know. Sydney Puffer is now the best scholar in Malburn school. Miss Greene says it is awakened ambition, his grandmother says it is his heritage from his father and Sydney says it is the fairy.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION
AS SEEN BY OUR "BOY REPORTER" FOURTH LETTER

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

THE AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

Dear Boys:

We boys have been living in Paris long enough to begin to feel somewhat at home, but we have made up our minds that we can never hope to get along with Frenchmen. They are forever trying to cheat us in some way, and as I said to Sidney yesterday, "It seems that we spend most of our time fighting for our rights." There is not a day but what we have a row of some kind with somebody, and I expect every morning that one of us will be in the police station before night. So far we have managed to escape such an adventure. My latest row was with a barber. Of course I had always read of the great skill of barbers here in Paris, and I felt that I would like to see if they were really as fine as reported. So I decided yesterday evening to get a shave. I didn't need one, but I thought a shave would be the cheapest thing I could get. I went into the shop, rubbed my chin to indicate what I wanted, and sat down. It seemed to me that the barber had a shrewd look on his face, and I almost wished I had visited some other shop. It was now too late to leave, though, and I decided to stick it out. He finished shaving me in about a minute, and before I had time to remonstrate he had begun to cut my hair. I saw through the scheme at once. He was going to put me through the whole process of shaving, hair-cutting and shampooing, and then expect me to pay the bill. I made up my mind that I wouldn't be caught in that way.

He finished the cutting and then he shampooed my hair. After that he singed it, and ended up by rubbing my face and hair with various perfumes and bits of grease. Then he seemed to be through. I put on my hat and laid ten cents on the cashier's desk. The barber nearly fainted with surprise and immediately began to jump about and gesticulate in the regular French way. He went almost blue in the face trying to make me understand that I must pay sixty cents instead of ten. It was almost pathetic to see him in such convulsions, but I was determined to teach him a lesson if I could. So I told him that I had asked for a shave only and that I wouldn't pay for anything else, and then I walked hurriedly away, leaving the poor barber in agony. I was afraid he might send for a gendarme and have me arrested, but none came after me. If he had done that I am sure I would have come out ahead in the court, because I certainly asked for a shave only and had no chance to object to all the other operations.

All the Frenchmen seem determined to make as much as possible out of the foreigners during this year of the Exposition, but so far they haven't succeeded in getting much money from Sidney and me. Our landlady isn't making much when we pay less than two dollars a week for our room, and I'm sure there's no great profit for our restaurant man on our meals. The laundresses don't make on us because we do nearly all our own washing, and the wicked cabbies don't cheat us because we always walk when we can't get on top of an omnibus. The French people in the house where we live don't know what to make of some of our doings. All the Americans they ever heard of were very rich, they say, and they are much concerned to know how we happen to economize so. They see us making our coffee in the morning, and the concierge knows that we buy our own candles, rather than pay her double price for them. The restaurant keeper

next door has probably told the whole neighborhood about how we never have dessert when we buy soup, and how we sometimes skip the soup and take dessert instead, in order to save money. But the great sensation was when we first hung a lot of handkerchiefs and stockings on the clothesline in the courtyard. I was in the room writing that day, and at intervals I saw the whole population of the lodging house looking at those things and talking in low tones, probably about "those peculiar boys." But we don't mind what they think and are quite content to be objects of curiosity. It was rather trying to be always stared at, at first, but now we are quite accustomed to it.

One soon gets used to being an object of interest in Paris because whenever the least thing unusual takes place there is immediately a great crowd collected in the street. The French are certainly the most curious people on earth. I had an adventure the other evening which proved it to me. The whole affair was the result of an attempt by a bootblack to cheat me out of sixteen cents. The price of a "shine" here is only four cents, and that includes two cents for the bootblack. I usually do my own polishing, but on this evening I was in a hurry and stopped at a stand on the sidewalk to get it done. The old fellow had polished my shoes for me before and I had always given him four cents, with which sum he seemed well satisfied, but this time I gave him a franc (twenty cents), and asked him for change. The old robber calmly pocketed the whole sum and began to insult me and carry on in a terrible way when I insisted on having my change. A crowd soon collected, as it was in the Avenue de l'Opera, one of the principal streets, and the first thing I knew I was the center of a great mob, all of whom were trying to see what the row was about. I couldn't speak sufficient French to explain to anyone, and was much relieved when a young girl who spoke both English and French came up and offered to help me. She demanded the sixteen cents from the bootblack, and he began to yell and shake his fist at her. He was actually blue in the face with anger. I was determined not to go away without my money, so I went for a policeman. The crowd all waited to see how things turned out and most of them jeered at me and asked me if I wanted three cents to ride on top of an omnibus, or if I wanted to buy a piece of chocolate. I didn't answer them, but when I found a policeman the affair was soon settled, and I departed amid the laughter of the crowd. It was all very unpleasant and I didn't like being made fun of, but it is wrong for bootblacks, cabbies and barbers to be always cheating Americans, and I wasn't going to submit to it. Sometimes the police decide in favor of the Frenchman and then there is nothing to do but stand it.

Sydney and I sometimes get into trouble with French boys in the street, but these skirmishes do not result seriously. They nearly always start by some French boy shouting "A bas les Anglais" to Sid, who never fails to chase that boy. "A bas les Anglais" means "down with the English," and Sid says he can't stand still and allow these Frenchmen to say that. I tell him it's no use chasing them because they always run away, but still he does it. The French boys seem very peculiar to us, both in dress and actions. They all wear long aprons over their trousers until they are about fifteen, and sometimes they can hardly be distinguished from girls. The aprons are usually made

of black sateen, and I suppose they are worn to keep the clothes clean. The boys don't play much in the street here, but they seem to have a lot of indoor games, many of which are similar to ours at home. We were invited to a boys' party the other evening and among other things they played our old game of "Hot and Cold." They had a pie-eating match, too, and the party closed with some amateur theatrical performances which were very like some of the shows we have had in our old barn at home. Our refreshments consisted of cake and lemonade, and were not the language and clothing so different, we could have imagined ourselves at home again.

We continue to visit the Exposition every day. On account of the low admission fee (ten cents) we can afford to go as often as we like, and we always find something new and interesting to see. Every Sunday and Friday night the grounds are illuminated, and I have never seen so beautiful a sight. The great Electricity Building has fountains in front, and on gala nights these fountains show all the colors of the rainbow. Some of the buildings seem to be fairly covered with small electric lamps, and the whole scene is like a night in fairyland. There are band concerts, too, on these nights, and it is no wonder the crowd is very great. Sidney and I never miss going on these occasions.

We had just begun to feel the other day that we had seen nearly everything in the Exposition, when we happened to run across the exhibit of mechanical toys. This is certainly one of the most interesting departments to be found anywhere. If anyone had told me of some of the wonderful toys to be seen here I would have suspected him of exaggeration, for I could not have imagined such ingenious arrangements. There is nearly every kind of game and toy that any boy could want, and there are all sorts of wonderful dolls for the girls. There are horses which run around a track, and engines which travel from Moscow to Peking over a miniature Trans-Siberian railroad. There are fiddlers and jumpers and street sweepers, and there are some toy soldiers which go through all the motions with their muskets. None but the French could produce such remarkable figures. No doubt some of these toys will find their way across the ocean when the Fair is over and will be in some American boy's stocking about Christmas time. There are crowds of children about these toy cases all the time, and many of the best of the dolls and games are already marked "sold."

Sydney and I can't buy any, because they are very expensive, and just now we are saving all we can for a trip we hope to take into Switzerland and Germany before very long.

THE BOY REPORTER.

Paris, August, 1900.

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...MENGE'S

JULIA TRUITT BISHOP



"TIME'S out; why don't you go?"

The boy looked up from the horse's foot which he was examining, into the face of the foreman.

"This horse was a little lame yesterday, Mr. Long," he said; "and he's worse today. I thought I'd better speak to you about it."

But the foreman was already hurrying out at the door; and the night watchman, hanging his overcoat up on its accustomed nail, said grimly:

"What's that to you, Smarty? It ain't anything out o' your pocket, I reckon, if the horse dies."

The boy straightened up and rubbed the neck of the animal with a gentle hand.

"He's a good horse," he said pleasantly. "I wouldn't like anything to happen to him."

But the watchman was not to be conciliated.

"You won't gain nothin' by snoopin' around after hours," he said. "It's been my experience that when folks pertends they're so desprate anxious to cram all they can do into about fourteen hours o' daylight, you kin afford to watch 'em the other ten. You needn't let on like you're so fond o' fact'ry work, anyway."

"I'm not so fond of it," said the boy candidly. "I took it because I had to have work; but now that I've taken it I'm going to do the best I can with it, you can depend on that."

He was slipping into his coat and running his fingers through his tumbled curls and straightening his tie, with an instinctive habit of neatness. Even factory work, so demoralizing to most youths, could not keep Roy Morris from being neat. The sight seemed to inflame the anger of the watchman.

"Here, git out, you dude!" he cried savagely. "What



"Here, git out, you dude!" he cried savagely.

business have you got hanging aroun' here after hours?"

Roy laughed indifferently and went his way; but as he passed the coat on the wall he noticed that a well-filled bottle protruded from one of the pockets.

"Not very good company for a night watchman," he said to himself, involuntarily glancing back, but Dennis scowled after him and muttered something he could not hear.

After all, Roy might have said to himself, what did it matter to him whether or not the night watchman did his duty. His own business was to work there all day, helping to clean moss or to make mattresses or to drive one of the delivery wagons; and when six o'clock struck his labors were over, and he had earned his fifty cents. All the other workmen looked at it in that light, and he had seen them leave a stitch half taken or throw down a bundle of moss or cotton at the very first stroke of that six o'clock bell; and even Mr. Long, the foreman, was generally out of the building by the time the last of the six strokes had sounded. Somehow, Roy could not help feeling uncomfortable at this haste to get through, to give their employer no more than the exact number of minutes bargained for.

And yet, Roy was the only one among them, perhaps, who was not born and bred to factory work. Less than two months since, his father's death had left him the bread-winner, walking the streets wearily from day to day in search of work, and at last eagerly accepting this place in Menge's Mattress Factory and

the poor fifty cents a day that it implied. True, his mother sewed, but there was so little she could get to do; and there was little Bob to be taken care of and to be nursed and petted, and he must see the doctor occasionally, and there were medicines to buy always. A mist was in Roy's eyes and a lump in his throat when he thought of Bob, brave, patient little Bob, with the thin little white face and the two crutches that were so pathetically small.

Roy flew home and bounded up the long stairs and into the room at the top of the house like a young whirlwind. Bob, on his lounge at the window, screamed with pleasure at the sight of him; and the mother, busy with supper, paused a moment to be hugged and kissed, and to look into Roy's face with those farseeing mother eyes that saw quite beyond the smile and the jest.

"Tell us what's happened!" cried Bob; and Roy rattled away merrily as though he were the happiest boy in the whole city. How did he find so many things to talk about? And how did they ever come to be such amusing things? Why, Bob went into such shrieks of laughter that he had to be beaten on the back when he heard about that funny old Mr. Cobham who always put the long mattress needle behind his ear when he wasn't using it, and then forgot where it was and got a new one, which he afterwards stowed away in the same place, until he went about with sheaves of needles bristling out on either side of his face.

"But I found one of the horses in a bad way to-day, mother," Roy said thoughtfully, while he was eating his supper; and he told all about the lame horse which was growing worse, and for which no one was doing anything.

"It's a pity Mr. Menge isn't at home," he went on. "Perhaps he'd see that it was taken care of. Mr. Long doesn't seem to mind, nor Mr. Dennis, either."

Bob burst into a shrill little cackle of laughter.

"Oh, Roy you are such a funny fellow!" he cried. "Here you are workin' at Mr. Menge's factory at fifty cents a day, 'stead o' studyin' medicine, like you was goin' to do; an' a body'd think it was your factory 'stead o' Mr. Menge's."

"Yes, and I was going to study medicine just as though everybody's health depended on me," said Roy good-humoredly, and yet a little sadly, too. He was sore at heart still for the sake of the dreams he had given up. Roy sat silent and thoughtful for a few minutes, but when he roused up presently his mother was saying that when her father's horses fell lame he used to bathe the strained or bruised member in warm water to allay the inflammation.

"I'll try that in the morning, if I can get time," he said; and then he helped Bob to bed and, bidding his mother good night, sat down by the kitchen stove to read.

But reading was hard work for Roy, now that all his future seemed to be swept away. His thoughts turned sadly back to his daily work and the happenings at the factory, and the thinking brought him around at last to the lame horse. He started up with a sudden purpose.

"I won't have time in the morning," he said to himself. "I might as well attend to it to-night—if Mr. Dennis will allow me. He can't do more than refuse, anyway."

He found a tin bucket, filled it from the kettle of hot water on the stove, and then searched the rag-bag for some old cloths. Fully equipped, he slipped out, careful not to wake his mother, and stole down the long stairs and out into the street.

"I hope Dennis won't be cranky," he thought, as he ran lightly up to the first crossing; but there he stopped and gazed with amazement at Mr. Dennis himself, mounted on the other horse, the sorrel one, and riding rapidly up the street and away from the factory. The man's face was very red, and his blood-shot eyes were set. And Dennis was the night watchman, and the factory was left unprotected! And Roy had heard the foreman say that there was always a good deal of money in the safe since Mr. Menge was away!

Roy ran after him and called to him, but he did not hear, and the boy was left standing in the middle of the street.

In another instant Roy was off, swift as the wind. He had forgotten all about the bucket of water, which he still carried unconsciously, and was rushing past astonished wayfarers and doubling around corners. Two or three persons turned to look after him curiously, as he dashed up to the factory and in at the door, which had been closed, but not fastened.

Yes, everything was silent and safe. The lame horse neighed softly and joyously from his stall at the sound of the familiar footstep. The electric light was burning in the little corner office. Nothing was wrong—nothing at all—except—what was that smell of smoke?

With sure foreknowledge Roy rushed to the stock room, that was always piled full of cotton, excelsior and moss. A glance showed him that some one had been making a bed of a pile of cotton; a second look revealed a tobacco pipe near the door, while a thread of fire crept away from it through the loose cotton.

Quick! The bucket of water was poured carefully along the full length of the fiery thread which, in a few moments more, would have been so fatally beyond control, and then Roy was tramping desperately on what was left, and crushing out a spark here and another there, until finally he stood, bucket in hand, breathlessly watching the sullen smoke that still curled up from the blackened cotten.

"It's out, I reckon," said a voice behind him.

He turned, very much startled, and found a queer little wrinkled man leaning against the door casing with his hands in the pockets of his long overcoat.



Two or three persons turned to look after him curiously.

"You'll have to go out," Roy exclaimed hastily but firmly. "No one's allowed in at night—and even my being here isn't regular. I'm sorry if you haven't any place to stay," he added hesitatingly, for the little man certainly did look shabby.

"You might let me sit down stairs long enough to get warm," said the new-comer, taking his hand out of his pocket to scratch his chin reflectively, and watching Roy out of the corners of his eyes.

The man was very thin and weak and had a cough. Roy was very tall and strong. The little man couldn't do any harm if he tried. Roy silently led the way down stairs, and the two sat down in the office and looked at one another.

"So you're the night watchman," said the man with a burst of confidence.

"No, I'm not," Roy replied blushing. "He's—he's been called away unexpectedly, I think. I was bringing some warm water to bathe that horse's leg—and there! I've poured the warm water on the fire!" he cried regretfully.

"Cold water would have done," grunted the little man, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets. "Did they hire you to 'tend to the horses?"

"No—not especially," said Roy, surprised. "I believe I'm a kind of man-of-all-work. But I've noticed that horse has been lame for the last two days, and so I thought I'd doctor him up a little."

"And get paid extra for it!" sneered the man, scratching his chin again and looking particularly offensive.

Roy laughed and poked the fire.

"I get fifty cents a day, whether I do much or little," he said.

"Then you're a fool for doing more than you have to!"

snapped the little man, with his wrinkled face all screwed into knots. "What's fifty cents? Who wants to work for fifty cents?"

"No, it isn't much," said Roy thoughtfully.

"I'd like to make a good deal more. But then, it isn't the fifty cents, after all; for there's the pride in your work—"

The man leaned back and laughed—a most unpleasant laugh.



Taking his hand out of his pocket to scratch his chin reflectively.

"Pride in your work! Nonsense!" he snarled. "Always do just what your employer pays you for, and no more. If you get small wages, then do little work. Lounge on the sidewalk till the work-hour strikes; an' never work a minute after the first stroke of six. Don't be an idiot an' work over-time tryin' to make yourself so useful to your employer that he can't get along without you. If work gets slack he'll fire you just as quick as anybody. Comin' up here to doctor a sick horse! It isn't your horse, is it? You don't lose anything if it dies? An' what are you stayin' here for? Go back to bed, an' let the place take care of itself!"

Roy's face reddened and he laid the poker down carefully.

"I hope you won't mind my saying it," he remarked; "but if that's the plan you've always followed, it's no wonder you have to go into other people's places to get warm. And even if I knew your kind of work would succeed, I just couldn't do it. It seems so dishonest. I would be looking down on myself all the time. If a man hires me he hires the best I can do. A few months ago I wasn't thinking of doing factory work. I—I thought I was meant for something entirely different. But there was mother to take care of, and little crippled Bob—and—in short, since this work has fallen to me I'm going into it with my whole heart, just as I would have gone into the other."

The little man sniffed, and rattled something at the bottom of his long pockets, and looked at Roy from under his shaggy brows, but he said nothing more. In fact, he leaned back presently and went to sleep, or seemed to do so, while Roy walked up and down to keep himself awake, or went out to pet the horse, or peeped into the stock room to see if there was any further trace of

fire. When he came back from one of these trips, toward morning, he found that the little man had disappeared; but a little later Dennis came riding back, pale and sullen, and put the wearied horse into its stall; and then Roy went out into the gray dawn and ran home.

They were all at breakfast that morning when there came a knock at the door, and there stood the little man, with his face screwed into more wrinkles than

Roy had risen, but he fell back into a chair and tried to recover his breath and to remember all the things he had said to his employer the night before.

"I'm in search of a boy, ma'am," Mr. Menge went on, with a stiff little bow to Roy's mother. "I haven't got much education, an' my spirit's kinder broke, I reckon, so that I don't even 'tend to things like I used to, an' the men get the better of me, an' it spoils 'em an' ruins my business, too. I want a young man who'll—who'll take an in'trest in things over an' above what he's jest hired to do—who'll be a kind of assistant to me, like my own little boy might have been, if he'd a lived."

Such a look was in Roy's face—such a look!—and he began to murmur:

"Oh, Mr. Menge, you don't mean—"

But the little old man continued:

"An' there'll be a good salary, boy. An' you can go on with your studies—you'll have plenty of time. An' when you get ready for the profession, whatever it is, why, maybe—maybe—the lonely old man can help you out; for somehow I think you're very like what my own little boy would a been—if he had lived!"

There were tears streaming down the wrinkled cheeks, and so it was perfectly natural that the little old man should run away, which he did, quickly. And when he was gone, it was Roy, strong-hearted Roy, who threw himself face down on the lounge, and sobbed out:

"Oh, mother, my chance—my chance after all! And little old Bob!"

And Bob screamed and cried and laughed and pounded his crutches on the floor in the wildest manner; and it was only the mother that sat still, while her lips were moving with words the boys could not hear.



• • • And there stood the little man, with his face screwed into more wrinkles than ever.

ever, and with his hands plunged deep into his pockets.

"My! but you do live high up!" he exclaimed gruffly. "Why didn't you get up to the stars at once, young man? My name's Menge—Jeremiah Menge—and I used to think I owned Menge's Factory, but now I ain't so sure."

A HERO OF FISHING CREEK

The eleventh story of a series entitled "Stories of Boy Heroes"

ANNAR ROBINSON WATSON

From a Tennessee home three young brothers went out to join the Confederate army when the Civil War broke out. Their father was dead, the widowed mother and two sisters remained in the old home.

John Rhea, the eldest of the three, was only eighteen years of age. The others were only fifteen and thirteen, but all of them were earnest, true-hearted young fellows, answering the call of duty with the determination to act the parts of men in the emergency which confronted them.

John joined the Nineteenth Tennessee infantry; his brothers were in the same command and were detailed for skirmish duty. With them went a young neighbor, Samuel Cox, who lived on an adjoining plantation. The four boys, only half realizing the terrors of battle and the fearful dangers so soon to be encountered, promised always to be watching for one another, and to render assistance should it be possible, no matter what it might cost nor what the difficulties to be overcome in so doing.

When January of 1862 came only a short time of service had passed, but John Rhea had several times faced the fire of battle and had learned through its hard lessons the seriousness of the life upon which he had entered.

The Nineteenth Tennessee infantry in this month took part in the battle of Fishing Creek. General Zollicoffer had made his winter quarters on the north bank of the Cumberland river. The Federals, under General Thomas, were not more than twenty miles distant on Fishing Creek. One bitter cold January night the Confederates moved out to attack General Thomas. The rain and sleet were falling in a steady downpour, the wind was blowing and howling, but the Confederates marched out with firm tread and unflinching hearts, hoping to surprise the enemy and win a great victory.

The hurried march was made, and at dawn, with a wild yell, the Southern soldiers rushed forward. The Federals quickly formed in line to meet them, but so impetuous and unexpected was the attack, so furious the charge, that for a while resistance seemed

useless. But soon came a withering fire from front and flanks. The Federals were now fully aroused. They almost surrounded the Confederates and mowed them down in fearful numbers. Two-thirds of their dauntless men who entered the fight lay dead or wounded on the field, and a retreat began. Those who were left turned under heavy fire, and, hotly pursued, started back across the ill-fated field. The heavens were ablaze with lurid light; there was a deafening noise and confusion everywhere; the retiring army went stumbling over the dead, dying and wounded, while others of their number were falling at every step. It was maddening to hear the groans of agony, the prayers for help from their comrades, and yet to be forced to rush on seemingly unheeding.

John Rhea was in his place in the remnant of his retreating company when suddenly from a prostrate form a piteous moan attracted his attention. In all the din and confusion it seemed to appeal specially to him. Something influenced him to pause and look, and there, lying just beside his path, he saw Sam Cox, the friend and comrade who had come with him from the old home in the mountains, desperately wounded.

He hesitated just a moment, taking in fully the situation. Before and around him his own flying command, behind him the Federal army in fierce pursuit. To stop even a second might mean death, but he could not desert his friend; he could not break his promise.

Falling on his knees beside the prostrate form, he cried hoarsely, "Sam! 'Sam! I am here; it is John. Come, I will carry you; try to move, I will lift you to my back."

The wounded boy, only half conscious, stirred feebly. He lifted an arm, but it fell back nerveless.

"Oh, Sam! try, quick; there isn't a moment to lose, the Federals are almost upon us!"

Then with a strenuous effort he bent forward, lifted Sam to his back and started across the field. The sky was black with clouds, the rain was falling, the burden was very heavy and it seemed as if the shelter of the forest was a thousand miles away, but the young hero bore up bravely until a place of safety was reached, and at the imminent risk of his own life he had rescued his friend.

There were many bloody battles following Fishing Creek, in which John Rhea was conspicuous for gallantry, through which he passed unharmed, but at last, at the siege of Vicksburg, he was shot through the chest and very dangerously wounded.

It was impossible to secure the attention of a physi-

cian, and all night long he lay in the greatest agony, a friend staunching the flow of blood as best he could, and trying in every way to lessen his suffering. Next day he was carried to the temporary hospital and everything possible was done for him, but week after week he lay in greatest agony. Then he began to improve, but the wound would not heal. All efforts were unavailing, and at last, chafing under the inactivity of the hospital, and knowing that the "cause" he loved was in need of every supporter, he decided again to go into the field.

"I can't wait to get well," he said. "Give me a horse, I can fight in the saddle."

And so he did until the close of the war. Then, still suffering from the wound, which had never healed, he went home to wage war against other foes—Poverty and Destitution. The two younger brothers, who had gone through the war unharmed, joined him, and the three reached the old home in the mountains together.

Awaiting their return were the mother and two sisters. They had labored faithfully, but the place looked desolate and deserted. The fences were down, the fields were overgrown with weeds, the farm houses were falling into ruins, there was no money in the family coffer, and nothing with which to begin life over again, except twenty bushels of corn in the broken-down crib, and the old worn-out army horses which the boys rode home.

Nevertheless, the three young soldiers went into this fight with poverty as valiantly as they had faced the conflict when cannon and bayonet were in front. A field where great forest trees had been felled by the enemy was cleared and corn was planted. Half of the horses were worked in the morning, half in the afternoon, the idle horses being turned out to graze, as there was no provender.

In this way a crop was gathered, and the first terrible year after the close of the war had passed. But when the second year came, gallant John Rhea died from the effects of the musket ball received at Vicksburg. During all these weary months he had worked faithfully, and had borne his sufferings with patience and fortitude. Through all, his heroic soul did not flinch nor falter, and when the final encounter with death came he met it bravely and calmly.

This gallant John Rhea was the great-nephew of Major Matthew A. Rhea, who performed a like heroic deed upon the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse during the Revolutionary War. He carried a wounded comrade upon his back to a place of safety.



CHAPTER I.
PLANNING.

"Hurrah, fellows, I am going to Pike's Peak!" exclaimed Jack Carroll excitedly as he rushed pell-mell into a group of boys on the ball ground who were discussing the game that was to come off the following day between the "Stars," the crack club of the neighboring town, and the Hickories," their own home club, to which they belonged.

"When are you going to start?" asked his cousin, Frank Chapman, a boy somewhat older than Jack and a little less lively in temperament. The question was asked rather testily, as Jack was always going to do many wonderful things, few of which he ever really did do.

"Why, just as soon as I can get ready," answered Jack, between gasps for breath. You see it's this way: Father has a friend in the mountains who is an artist. He paints pictures of Indians. He can do it better than anyone else because he lives with them most of the time. He knows them by heart. Well, you know how much I have wanted to see the mountains; so father wrote to Mr. Sinclair, that's his friend's name, and asked him if he would keep an eye on me for a few weeks if I turned up some day out there, and he wrote back, 'Of course, I will. Send the boy along. I will show him some Rocky Mountain life and it will do him good.' So I am going." And Jack ended with a toss of his hat into the air and two or three steps that might well be taken for an Indian war dance.

Every boy in the group was busy thinking by this time, but not one of them had the courage to say a word, for the truth is that each one was inwardly wishing he was Jack Carroll and wondering if anything so splendid could ever happen to him.



"Hurrah, fellows, I'm going to Pike's Peak!"

Frank, who, as has been said, was Jack's cousin, had never known a time when he and Jack had been separated for a whole week, so he could not restrain a feeling of envy and not a little bitterness of heart that Jack was going to have all this fun and adventure and he be left out.

There was some more talk about the trip, the coming ball game being entirely lost sight of, and Jack told the boys what he knew about Pike's Peak. His father, who had been in the mountains several years

before, had described to him this snowy peak that rises companionless from its broad foothills, and from the very edge of the "Great Plains," eight thousand feet into the air. He had been told how, less than half a century before, it was unknown to the white man—the hunting ground of the Indian and the home of the wild beast; how the early travelers to California had swept three hundred miles to the northward, by way of the Oregon trail, or far to the southward, on the Santa Fe trail, leaving these mighty mountains alone to the red man; how in 1806 Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike first caught sight of its snowy summit, and how ten days later, after forced marches, he reached its base and afterwards attempted to scale its rugged steep, meeting with failure, which he recorded in his diary in the words, "No human being can ascend to the summit;" how Lieutenant Long in 1819, Fremont, the Pathfinder, in 1843, and Ruxton, the intrepid explorer, four years later, were fascinated with its grandeur and its beauty.

Jack, since hearing his father's description of the mountains, had longed to see them and explore their fastnesses, and now, as he said, he could scarcely believe that he was actually going to see them and climb their rocky sides and stand on their snowy tops.

There was one other boy in the group who with Frank Chapman said nothing during Jack's excited talk; that was Ned Roberts, the most popular boy in

town, the best ball player in the Hickories, of sturdy physique, honest and hearty, and just the very boy to be the captain of as fine a lot of boys as ever swung a bat. Ned was the youngest of the three boys, but a natural-born leader. His enthusiasm and his quickness of thought and action put him at once at the head of every boy enterprise in his neighborhood; and Ned, too, was doing a lot of thinking.

The upshot of it all was that when the little group broke up and the boys went home to supper, two of them, Frank and Ned, went with well defined plans to go to Pike's Peak, if they could get parental consent, and if Jack and Mr. Sinclair would agree to it. They were sure of Jack; they had not much misgiving as to Mr. Sinclair; but their parents—well, when a boy sets out to get consent to do a thing, if the thing itself is not wrong and harmful, it is not such a hard matter. So it came about within a week that three mothers were washing, ironing, darning and sewing buttons on tighter. The three boys slept in one bed, turn about, at the home of each during the last few nights before the start for Colorado, for they had so many plans to make, so many matters to talk over and decide, that, in fact, they had made the trip in their minds more than a dozen times before the day of their departure.

"Do you suppose we will get lost in the mountains?" whispered Jack one dark night a good hour or two after the light was put out.

"I suppose we will," replied Frank. "It wouldn't be much fun if we didn't," added Ned, brave enough. "There wouldn't be anything worth telling about when we got home if we didn't get lost or shot at by Indians."

"Or fall over a precipice," suggested Frank. "Say, wouldn't it be fun to get caught in a big storm of thunder and lightning on Pike's Peak?" asked Ned. "To see lightning underneath us and hear thunder coming up from away down under our feet!"

"I suppose there are caves in the sides, so that if it should rain we could get in," said Jack.

"Yes, but I don't think I'd trust myself in a cave at night. I am not anxious to get acquainted with bears that way," replied Frank.

"That reminds me," said Ned, sitting bolt upright in bed, "we must take a stock of matches—the kind that light in the wind. We might want to light a signal of distress."

"Or fire one at the bears," suggested Frank. "I don't suppose they have any matches out West," added Jack, with mock gravity.

Then all three boys punched one another in the ribs and laughed till their sides ached and the bed clothes were in a hopeless tangle, and a big but kindly voice came up somewhere from below. "Here, you boys, be quiet! It is nearly midnight and you are keeping the whole house awake." A few more sly punches and smothered laughs and the three boys were dreaming of Pike's Peak lifting its snowy summit till it pierced the sky, its hoary sides covered with majestic forests, its tops encircled by wreaths of smoke from a thousand wigwams.

CHAPTER II.
ON THE WAY.

Jack's father was to go with the boys as far on their way as Chicago, where they were to take the night train for Denver; there Mr. Carroll's friend was to meet them. No one of the boys had ever been in a large city; so the big buildings, the crowded streets, the great rush and rattle made them feel a little queer and uncomfortable.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Carroll of Frank, as they were walking down La Salle street on the day of their arrival in Chicago. The boy had not spoken for fully half an hour.

"Why, sir?" asked Frank timidly. "Well, you have said scarcely a word since we landed in Chicago. You are not homesick, are you?"

"No, I guess not—but I never thought it was so big as this! I wouldn't like to live here. The buildings are so big and—"

"Say, young feller, wot ye doin'? Ye'll git run in fer takin' up all de street, see?"

Mr. Carroll turned to find Ned standing awkwardly in front of a dirty, ill-featured lad, who held a bundle of papers under his arm, and, with an air of braggadocio, was peering out at Ned from under a poor excuse for a hat.

"I don't want any more of the street than you do, I guess," retorted Ned, showing a little warmth.

"Well, you needn't tink I'm go'n to git off'n the earth cause you're on it. Seems ter me ye kin size up that sky scraper 'thout standin' all over de street. Do yer want to buy it? Yer mus' have jist got in. Where's yer lugs?"

Ned was about to make a retort in kind when Mr. Carroll, seeing a crowd gathering, put a hand on the shoulder of his protege and faced him about down the street, telling him at the same time that the best policy to pursue in a big city is to attend strictly to business and not get into people's way, and that a crowded city sidewalk is a poor place from which to take overhead observations. Ned more than once glanced over his shoulder as if to return and give the boy a lesson in politeness, but the newsboy and his billingsgate were soon lost in the crowd.

"You mustn't judge of all newsboys by that one," added Mr. Carroll. "When one thinks of the kind of homes these boys live in, if indeed they live in any, and the life they are driven to lead, it is really strange that many of them are brave, honest, little fellows, and deserve the sympathy of every boy—especially of such boys as you are, with your good homes, good friends and good times."

Mr. Carroll pointed out to the boys the objects of interest in the great city, and when late that night they entered the depot they were as tired a lot of boys as ever dragged one foot after another at the end of a day of sightseeing.

The big depot was ablaze with lights; people were coming and going; bells were clanging; and men were announcing trains—bewildering, indeed, to boys who were accustomed only to the sights and sounds of a little country town. In the waiting room was a motley crowd of travelers of every description, and for the first time the boys saw a real trapper. Yes, sure he must be a cowboy or a trapper; for he wore a big brimmed hat, a full suit of buckskin, and there were spurs on his high top-boots. His hair, too, was long and his face swarthy, as if burned by the suns of a score of summers and toughened by the blasts of an hundred storms.

"I wonder where he's going?"

"I'll bet he can ride a broncho."

"And hit the bull's eye every time,"

"I suppose he's got a gun in his pocket."

"Two or three of them."

"Don't you wish he would go on our train?"

"There he goes to buy a ticket."

"Say, I'm going to see," and Ned took a few cautious steps from home base, as it were, till he was within earshot of the ticket-seller's window.

"Gimme a ticket fer Denver."

That was enough. Ned slipped back to tell his companions and the three congratulated themselves heartily on the fact that the picturesque stranger was actually going on the same train with them.

As the big hunter stalked away the boys turned their attention to another queer sight: a whole family of strange looking people, three grown persons and a flock of children all hand in hand, were trailing through the depot, conducted by a man in uniform, who looked like a policeman.

"They are foreigners, I suppose," said Frank, "going West. My, they are afraid they will lose one another, aren't they? I suppose that fellow in uniform can speak their language. They follow him just like sheep, don't they?"

"And they don't look as if they know any more than sheep do," remarked Jack.

Then, as the immigrants were lost in the crowd, the attention of the boys was attracted to a company of smart tourists who wore clothes the like of which the boys had never seen, and many were the guesses as to whether they were dukes, or lords, or princes, or what; but before they had made up their minds, Mr. Carroll returned, and the sonorous call of the train announcer rang out. "All aboard! Denver limited! All aboard!" The boys' hearts jumped. They were really going. Mr. Carroll took up the hand baggage and led the way out through the pushing crowd to the train, which looked bewilderingly beautiful among its fellows, several of which stood in a long shed awaiting their turn to glide forth into the night.

"This way for the Denver Limited! Denver Limited, third track! This way, please!"

The boys had just time to glance along the rail at the great train and on ahead

at the powerful iron horse that was to draw them out into the night and on past the sleeping towns and villages of Illinois, scarcely stopping for rest until it stood for a moment panting on the banks of the Father of Waters, which, to their keen disappointment, they were to cross in the night.

They were brave lads—each of them



"Where's yer lugs?"

—but the truth must be told: When the last "All aboard!" rang out in the depot and Mr. Carroll had swung himself from the slowly moving train and waved his hand in a last good-by, the three boys scarcely dared look one another in the face for fear of betraying a little of the nervousness they felt. But they were off, and to their joy, just after starting, they espied at the forward end of the car in which they were sitting the object of their greatest interest while in the depot—the man with the broad brimmed hat and bronzed face.

CHAPTER III.

AN INTERESTING ACQUAINTANCE.

The three boys could scarcely await the coming of the morning. Indeed, several times during the night they pressed their noses against the car windows and peered out into the darkness, but to no purpose. There was only the heavy roar of the great train to tell them that they were rushing through field and forest, over streams and under hills, to the great prairies of the trans-Mississippi country. When finally the light streamed in at the windows they hurried into their clothes, snatched a hurried breakfast from the big lunch box which Mr. Carroll had had prepared for them in Chicago, and were busily engaged studying their railroad map and trying to make out where they were; but they met with little success, for their eyes rested only on great stretches of rolling



country, the like of which in their own hill country they had never seen, which might be in any one of the great States of Iowa, Nebraska or Colorado, through which

they knew they must pass. Great fields of undulating grass that seemed endless, stretched to the very horizon and for miles along the track.

"Isn't it splendid!" exclaimed Jack. "did you ever suppose there was so much country?"

"Why do you suppose people will crowd themselves into big cities like Chicago, with all this land going to waste?" asked Frank wonderingly, unconscious that he was stating a problem which has puzzled older heads than his.

"Oh, what's that?" Ned almost shouted. "Where?" asked the others in one breath. "There, quick, before we pass it! There are more of them! See, way over yonder!"

Then the boys caught a glimpse of what was exciting Ned—little animals sitting upon little heaps of dirt—scores of them, in fact a little colony. "They must be squirrels!"

"Pshaw, you never saw squirrels acting like that! They look as if they were saying their prayers."

"I'll tell you what they are," said Frank. "they are prairie dogs. They are just like the ones in the pictures in the geography. How funny they are; just like a lot of people, each one sitting before the door of his own house."

"They say," said Jack, "that you will always find owls and rattlesnakes where you find prairie dogs."

"If that's so, I'm glad my ticket doesn't read for any prairie dog town," answered Frank, with a shake of his head.

"Well, that would just suit me," answered Ned bravely. "I want some excitement. I hope I'll not be cooped up in cars and houses all the time I am away. I want to rough it. If I don't get into a rattlesnake's nest or have a fight with a grizzly I'll be sorry I came. Say, let's brace up and get acquainted with that fellow with the big hat. He looks like he might know a good deal about this country. I want to know where we are and I've got a lot of questions I want to ask somebody," and Ned made a move as if to go forward and introduce himself to the trapper.

"Better not," suggested Frank, "you know Mr. Carroll said we must be careful about talking to strangers. We might get taken in. I don't just like his looks."

"O, say, we can't do anything or learn anything if we are just going to stay by ourselves and guess at everything," said Jack. "Father didn't mean we weren't to speak to anybody. We have been gone nearly a day and a night and haven't said a word to a soul but the conductor. I am going to get acquainted."

Two is a majority in a company of three, and that settled it, so the boys moved slowly to the forward end of the car, where the big hat could just be seen over the back of the seat. When they stood before its owner they found him stretched out at full length, his feet, encased in long top-boots, resting on the seat in front of him, his body occupying nearly the whole of the section. The man's eyes were closed and the brim of his big hat shaded his swarthy face. The boys were puzzled as to just how to proceed, but not for long, for the big fellow slowly pulled himself together, sat bolt upright and looked curiously into the eyes

of the three boys, who were standing confusedly before him.

"Wall, youngsters, kin I do anything fer ye?"

"Yes, sir, if you please," answered Ned, who was generally quickest to meet an emergency. "We want to know where we are and we thought perhaps you knew better than anyone else on this train."

"Wall, now, I do that. I've ben over this 'ere ground more times than you kin count. I've chased buffaloes and follored the herds and trailed Injuns up and down these prairies till I know every inch of 'em. Set down an' tell me whar yer goin'!"

"To Denver, and after that into the mountains," answered Frank.

"Ben thar afore?"

"No, sir."

"Know anyone thar?"

"This boy's father has a friend in Denver who paints pictures and knows all the country and the Indians, and he has promised to give us a good time."

"Huh," grunted the trapper, with a look of disdain. "Paints picters! Likely 'nough he's seen a few half-breed squaws, or maybe he's taken a ride on a stage. The chances is that's 'bout all he knows. I never saw a city chap yet what knew a grizzly's track from a hole in the ground. Takes picters, does he? Wall, a real redskin would make short work o' that feller. Take keer he don't git ye inter trouble. Who are ye and whar d'ye come from?"

Frank gave the information asked for.

"Wall, I'm sorry fer ye. Right sorry. Yer right pert lookin' chaps. But yer ain't goin' to see anything, I tell yer, with that city chap. I never saw but one city chap yet what was real grit, and he was the nerviest man I ever seen, not barrin' anyone. I'll never fergit that feller the longest day I live." And the big, swarthy face turned to the window and nothing was said for fully a minute.

"Youngsters, d'ye mind hearin' a story?" he asked, turning a serious face on the boys.

The three assented with one voice and all took the seat facing the trapper, motionless as statues, their eyes riveted on him, and the story began.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRAPPER'S STORY.

"Once't I was a dare-devil of a feller, livin' back up in the mountains near Fort Bridger. I had played in hard luck, lost my money and friends and was drinkin' myself crazy. The redskins in them parts was oneasy in them days and it was as much as a feller's life was worth to stick his head out o' the camp. I had come in from the mines whar I had run through everything, desprit 'nough to give my life away fer a word. Jist about that time the boys in camp was bein' hard pressed fer pervisions, as nuthin' had got through fer some weeks on account of the red varmints who were watchin' us from every bush. I told the boys I'd take a message to the Fort twenty miles off. I didn't keer much if I was scalped, and I was ready to take any chances, no matter how slim they was, for I was desprit, as I said. The boys told me I was foolish and begged me not to go, and two or three fellers better'n me said they would go in my place, but I told 'em I was the one to go; that I warn't wuth much anyhow, and that I would get to the Fort or never show my face to an honest man agin. The boys give me a hoss—a big critter, strong as iron.

I rode out o' camp one black night on old 'Lion,' fer that was the name the boys give him, feelin' that death was the only thing that stood 'twixt me and the Fort. I took with me a bottle of fire-water; fact is, youngsters, I was never 'thout it. The stuff was killin' me, but I was stickin' to it as if it war my best friend. Fer two or three miles that hoss picked his way careful 'long the trail, bein' anxious as if he knew how pertickler it was not to step on a twig or make a false move. I was feelin' purty good at gettin' 'long so well, and took a pull at my bottle, to keep my nerves steady. In a few minutes I swollered another dose of the stuff, and then another, fur I seemed to need it, till I felt the old fire in my brain. I must hev given the spur to old 'Lion,' fer he was now in a wild gallop. Along the trail up the mountains we went, the stones flyin' down the sides from under the critter's hoofs which were beating like an avalanche on the hard mountain path. All to once't a flash of light and the crack of a rifle and my hoss was down, with his crazy fool of a rider strugglin' to free hisself. A

dozen red devils was on me afore I could draw my weepion, and bound me, fightin' like the demon I was.

Next day when I come to my senses I found myself tied to a tree with cords of buffaloe hide, and a hundred redskins holdin' a pow-wow 'round me, tryin' to make up their minds how to get rid o' me. I didn't care what they did with me. I was 'shamed o' my failure and never wanted to see the face of a white man agin. The pow-wow was goin' on afore my very eyes, and to tell the truth, youngsters, I longed to tell them devils they could do their worst. Then all to once't a man, who, even with his blanket and his feathers and his moccasins, I could see was a paleface, stood up 'mong them. I've had lots of surprises, I've come suddenly face to face with a she grizzly and her cubs, and more than once't walked right into the arms of onfriendly Injuns, but I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw a white man standin' there 'mong them bloodthirsty Injuns. He stood there tall and commandin' and begun to talk, movin' his arms back and forth and pointin' up to the sky. Them redskins never moved a muscle. But they didn't seem to like what he was sayin'. Then he got excited and seemed to get riled. He took his blanket from his shoulders and threw it on the ground. He tore the feathers from his hair an' broke 'em. He stamped his feet. Every redskin looked more and more sullen. Then he talked earnest agin and seemed to be beggin' for suthin, and at last



"What do you say?"

took up his blanket and wrapped it 'round him, folded his arms and stood before them still as marble, his eyes fixed upon an ugly old warrior who seemed to be the chief. It seemed to me he stood there for hours, but I 'spose it was only a minute, and then the old chief said a few words and the hull lot of 'em got up and filed off inter the forest.

"Will you believe me, youngsters, that paleface then walked straight up to me. He began talkin' afore he hed reached me, and as near as I kin rekillect he said, 'My friend, you are a fool, but you are a brave feller. No one but a brave feller would ride through this country when the Injuns are on the war-path, and no one but a fool would let whisky get him into this scrape.' I had nuthin' to say. I knew he was right and I almost felt like askin' him to take his rifle and shoot me, as he couldn't hurt me any more than to do what he was doin'. But I didn't say nuthin'. 'I am goin' to save your life,' he continued, 'but to do it I have had to risk my own. These Cheyennes owed me a debt, and they have paid it with your life. You are now mine and I kin do with you what I like. I don't know who you are or what you were goin' to do when these redskins caught you, but you are a brave feller and deserve a better fate than to stand agin this tree as a target fer tomahawks. As I say, you belong ter me. I bought you and I kin do what I please with you. In a minute I kin call them Injuns

back and call our agreement off, or I kin take this knife and cut you free. It is fer you to say what I shall do. But if I save your life its on one condition, and that is that as long as you live you will let this infernal whisky alone. It has ruined many a brave trapper and miner and now its got you by the throat. You are a brave feller, but yer not brave 'nough. You know its yer enemy, but you haint got the nerve to kill it. I ain't sentimental 'bout this thing, but I won't do a thing to save you till yer promise me that by all that's good and holy you'll never tech liquor agin. What do yer say?"

"Wall, what could I say, youngsters? But I wasn't goin' to say suttin' jist to get free and then go back on it afterwards. I hed sunk purty low down, but I wasn't no sneak. I felt all the man there was left in me risin' up, and it sez to me, 'Promise, Jim, promise; here's yer chance ter be a man agin,' and I up and said it, and I ain't no coward, but right afore that paleface I broke down and cried like a woman. Then that feller whipped out his huntin' knife and cut the strings of hide that was sawin' their way inter my arms and legs and I was free ter go. I didn't know

what to say, I was so 'shamed of the fix I was in, but onc' thing I sez to myself in that minute, I'll see that feller agin and I'll do him the best turn fer this day's work he ever had or my name's not Jim Galloway. So I jist said out loud ter him, 'Stranger, I ain't got words to say that's good 'nough fer ye now, but afore we part I want yer name. I want ter remember it. I want ter speak it when the devil gits me by the throat.' Then that feller took from his belt a little picter with his name on the back of it, an' handed it ter me 'thout sayin' a word, and here it is. I carry it with me n'ight an' day, fer somehow I feel that the time'll come when I'll see that man and tell him I've kep' my word."

With this the trapper took from his belt a little picture and handed it to one of the boys. They all looked at it and, on turning it over, read the name on the back:

"Robert Sinclair."

"Why, that's the name of father's friend, the Indian painter," cried Jack.

(To be continued.)

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THE SHAH OF PERSIA AS SEEN AND DESCRIBED BY A BOY

HARRY STEELE MORRISON, FOR THE AMERICAN BOY

Mouzafer-ed-Din, Shah of Persia and "King of Kings," has been in Paris for nearly two weeks in order to visit the Exposition. His majesty has been having a fine time in every way, and has been an object of great curiosity to all the visitors in Paris. I confess that I was just as curious as anyone to see what he was like. I had read of the Shah many times, but having never seen a picture of him, I had only my own imagination to tell me what he looked like. I supposed him to be very, very fat, and very dark complexioned. I also thought that he must be lazy and sleepy looking like so many of the East Indians, and that perhaps he was very dull-minded on account of living in the midst of much luxury. Well, I was mistaken in all these ideas. I went to the railway station on the day of his arrival in Paris to see him, and I found him to be quite the opposite of what I had supposed him to be. Instead of being very dark, he has a sort of yellow complexion, and instead of being fat, he has a rather slender and upright figure. His eyes are bright, and he takes a wonderful interest in all that goes on about him. He is, in short, quite an ideal monarch in looks and action, and has made a fine impression upon the people whom he has met.

He is popular with the Parisians because he has done so many graceful acts while going about the city and the Exposition. He seems to possess a happy faculty of doing the right thing at the right time. He made a State visit to the Persian building at the fair, and almost the first thing he did was to buy two copies of the Persian Bible. One of them he kissed devoutly and placed in his pocket to keep, the other he presented to one of his friends. When the Frenchmen who were gathered outside the doorway saw this action they cheered loudly, because it appealed to their sentimental natures.

A few days ago His Majesty visited the great Louvre Museum in Paris, and had a fine time there. He admired some of the paintings, and then he entered a room where some refreshments were spread on a table. The crowd stood around to watch him eat. The Shah doesn't mind being stared at; he rather enjoys it, than otherwise. While he was eating a wafer a little boy about four years old went up to him and handed him a rose, blushing furiously all the while. The Shah was delighted with the gift. He took the boy by the hand and thanked him very nicely. Then he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a gold piece stamped with his effigy. This he handed to the little fellow as a keepsake, and the child ran back to his mother wild with delight over the lovely gift. It was indeed a valuable present and will probably be handed down in the family for generations.

On another day the Shah went to visit the famous factory where the Gobelin tapestries are made, and while he was there a very funny incident took place. I happened to be on hand to see it all,

and I laughed over it very much. No one seemed to know that His Majesty was expected at the factory and we were all walking about examining the tapestries, when all at once the guards began to hustle us about. "Go into the room there on the side," they said, "the Shah is coming." So we were all crowded into the side room in order that we shouldn't be in the way of the royal party. Among us was a little girl about ten years old, and she carried a little skye terrier in her arms. She seemed wildly afraid that the dog would bark, and that was just what he did do. It was quite natural that he should make a noise. The word in French for "cat" is "chat," pronounced in the very same way as the word "Shah." So when the little terrier heard everyone saying "the Shah" he naturally supposed that they were talking about a cat. And he

she saw him coming, thought he was certainly going to take her dog, and she held him behind her back. But the Shah saw her do it, and he went up to her first thing. "Let me see your dog," he said, in French, and she was obliged to hold him up. The Shah wanted to take him in his arms, but she wouldn't let go of him for a minute. His Majesty asked what we were laughing about, and I told him about the dog thinking a cat was coming. He laughed heartily at this. "Your dog seems to be very smart," he said to the little girl. "Do you want to sell him?" The child was badly scared. "No, siree!" she exclaimed, using words which mean that in French. "I wouldn't sell him for anything in the world." The Shah laughed again. "Oh, all right," he said, "you mustn't sell him if you love him so much." Then he patted the little girl

visitors to the Exposition are entertained. They were certainly a pleasant party in appearance. They were dressed in European clothes, which was rather disappointing but they were a very cordial lot of men. The gentleman introduced me as "An American boy who wants to shake hands with you," and the Shah immediately rose from his chair and extended his hand. "I'm very glad to meet you," he said, in fair English, and then he introduced me to the members of his suite. I was given one of the chairs at the table, and while they all drank their coffee, they asked me many questions about myself and how I happened to be in Paris. They thought it very remarkable that a boy of my age should be so far from home alone. "But you know American boys are very enterprising," said one of the gentlemen, and that remark seemed to explain everything to the Shah's satisfaction. His Majesty asked me a great many questions about the United States, which I was only too glad to answer.

"Of course you will visit America before returning to Persia," I said. But the Shah shook his head. "I'm afraid not," he said. "You see, it is a very long way off, and my time is limited. I must be going back to Teheran." I told him that I had crossed the ocean in little more than seven days and that some vessels make it in less than six. Then he asked me how I had come across, and I told him I had been a steerage passenger. They all thought this very interesting. "You must tell us about your experiences in the steerage," said one of the gentlemen. I tried my best to remember all the interesting things which had taken place during the voyage and told them as much as I could. They listened most attentively, and the Shah laughed at everything funny which had happened to me. "Well, that is certainly unusual," he said, when I had finished.

I couldn't help thinking when I was in the room how very informal everything was. The Shah and most of the gentlemen had their coats unbuttoned and were leaning forward with their elbows on the table. I am afraid that mine were there, too, and anyone looking in would never have supposed that this party included the "King of Kings." But His Majesty seemed to enjoy the informality, and he didn't send me away until an usher entered to say that the carriages were ready for some drive. Then they all shook hands with me again, and the Shah said he hoped I would visit Teheran some day. I told him I would certainly call on him if I did.

I left the palace delighted with the reception which had been given me, and I was an enthusiastic member of the crowd which cheered His Majesty when he drove out a few minutes later. He is far more bright and enterprising, in my opinion, than many greater and supposedly more enlightened monarchs. He has been seeing everything possible during his stay in Paris, and he will probably go back to Teheran with dozens of new ideas.

I wished after I had left the palace that I had asked the Shah about his boys and girls at home. I am sure he must have children of his own when he displays such a kindly feeling toward all the children he meets on his travels. I bet his children have a mighty good time. Paris, August, 1900.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA

had been taught to bark whenever that hated word was mentioned. As the Shah and his suite entered the larger room the little fellow barked as loudly as he could, and everyone in our corner was convulsed with laughter. The guards looked around to find the dog, and I heard the little girl's mother say to her that the Shah would certainly carry the dog away if he heard him barking. Then the little girl was frightened half to death. She held the dog as close as she could, but he lept on barking, and we kept on laughing, because we couldn't help it. It seemed so very funny that the dog should mistake the Shah of Persia for a common, everyday cat.

He made such a racket finally that the Shah noticed him, and when he saw that we were all laughing, he immediately walked over to our corner to find out about the joke. The little girl, when

on the cheek and walked away. The guards were horrified at this occurrence. They couldn't understand how any little girl could refuse to sell her dog to the Shah of Persia. They considered that it would have been an honor and a privilege, but the little girl thought differently. She preferred keeping her pet to pleasing the Shah and everyone in the crowd thought she had done just right.

I was very glad to find the Shah so very friendly in manner, and I determined to get an introduction to him if I could, so that I could have a talk with him. I finally succeeded in obtaining the necessary letter to a French gentleman, who was managing the Shah's affairs, and one morning I found myself standing before His Majesty and four members of his suite, while they were at breakfast in the dining-room of the Palais des Souverains, where all royal

...SHORT TALKS TO BOYS...

J. W. BURGESS.

No. 1.

You are attending school, or ought to be. Make a business of it. Don't be content with skimming over your lessons, and picking up barely enough to enable you to pass an examination with seventy five or eighty points to your credit. But learn your lessons; devour them; digest them and make them so much a part of your being that you can apply them any time, anywhere, as naturally as you do your eyesight and power of locomotion. This done, the passing of an examination with a score of ninety eight to one hundred will be a natural and easy task. It is the patient and conscientious plodder that not only captures the prize, but retains his hold of it after he has secured it. You know of a boy who started in at school when you did. He knew almost nothing. Every time he turned around he stumbled over something. The girls laughed at him, and the boys played jokes on him. He said little but studied much, and when the examination papers were returned he had more points than any of you, and it was not the result of luck, either. While you were pitying his ignorance and thinking how much smarter you were than he, and kicking footballs and riding bicycles (all of which are proper in their place), and making believe to learn your lessons, he was poring over his books, and putting in every minute to the best advantage. He will keep right on working and plodding and toiling until his school days are ended, and then he will not stop. He will very likely go to work at a trade, or in a store, until he earns money enough to carry him through college. He may never be able to kick a football clear across the gridiron; nor break a man's back in the attempt to get the ball away from him; nor bat a baseball away over the left fielder's head. He may never be able to do a mile in one minute and fifty seconds on a bicycle, nor inhale the smoke of a cigarette without choking, but it is more than likely that he will some day occupy a position where you or some of your chums will be applying to him for a clerkship on the plea that you were an old schoolmate of his. Such things are happening every day, and it is for you to say, in this great, free country of ours, which of the positions mentioned you will train for.

No. 2.

Get into the habit of committing things to memory; not merely your lessons, but poems, orations, essays, literary gems of any kind. If you chance upon anything that suits your fancy sit down and learn it. Your memory will soon become accustomed to this sort of treatment, and will, with continued exercise, begin to write down indelibly everything you read the moment you set your mind upon it, until as time passes it will develop into a perfect scrap book, all pocketed, numbered and indexed, that will, in after years, prove a mine of wealth to you. For, depend upon it, no matter what particular calling you may choose as your life work, there will surely come a time when every decent thing you ever committed to memory will come in play, and you will be glad you learned it. During the exercise of these mental gymnastics, you will need some mental recreation. Select some good story book, something with spice and snap, and life in it. Have it where you can lay your hands on it when you are waiting for dinner, or at odd times when it is too wet for the playground, and your brain is weary of study. Read, if only a few pages, and then remember or mark the place and return the book to its place. About all the reading of books that some truly great men do is on just this piecemeal plan. And it is astonishing what a vast amount of reading one can do in this manner of simply filling in the moments that would otherwise be wasted. Of course, you are reading the papers every day. Not the murder trials and divorce suits and sporting news alone, but the general happenings in state and national affairs. This advice does not mean that you should be old men before your time, but simply that you should make a business of life while a boy, as you surely must when you are a

man, and, as you must then relax occasionally, so it is doubly important that you do so now, while you are growing and developing physically as well as mentally. When you play, put your whole soul into it. Do your best to excel while at play as you do when at study. Be as fair and manly on the playground as you expect to be as a business man in after years. Never compromise yourself to gain a temporary advantage, but stand up squarely and boldly, but always kindly and fairly, for what you believe to be the right. Thus you will gain the respect of all fair minded associates, and cultivate a habit and principle that will stand you in good stead at every turn you may make in the years to come.

(Other talks to follow.)



A Sliver in His Toe.

LORENA OSBORN HUNT.

THE 'AMERICAN BOY'S' a paper
What tells of fellers brave,
Who fish folks out from drownin'
An' pert near rob a grave;
But swimmin' in a river,
A catchin' folks, you know,
Ain't half as brave as laughin'
With a sliver in your toe.

There is some great, big fellers,
What think they're awful flip,
A sailin' round among the girls,
A twistin' their upper lip;
But, put 'em in my place jist onct,
An' see where they would go,
They'd go plum crazy, surer'n guns,
With this sliver in their toe.

I got it out in our back yard,
A playin' Comp'ny G,
My throat it kep' a fillin' up,
An' I could hardly see,
I didn't know I could be brave
Till mother told me so,
Then I busted out a laughin'
With this sliver in my toe.

Germantown Boys' Parlors.

For some twelve years, thirty five or forty young men and women of Germantown, Pa., have interested themselves in providing a pleasant, unobjectionable place where boys, particularly those who have no homes or have unhappy homes, can meet and spend their evenings. Games and good reading are provided, as well as the means for instruction in drawing, hammock making, carpentering and scroll sawing. A ten-minute talk is given once a week by some interesting speaker. The average attendance has been 140, while 220 boys are on the membership roll. The gymnasium, which is one of the features of the "Parlors," has been the star attraction. The boys are taught to save money, and quite a number have opened accounts.

There is a call for institutions of this sort, not only in the large cities but in small towns, and the editor of THE AMERICAN BOY is not sure but that the small towns are in greater need of helpful places of rendezvous for boys than are the cities.

\$25.00

Extra Prize to the Boy

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The Saturday Evening Post

During the month of October. \$20.00 to the boy selling the next largest number; \$15.00 to the next, and so on, making 50 cash prizes to the 50 different boys selling the Post. This is in addition to your regular profit made on every copy you sell.



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You can find many people who will be glad to patronize a bright boy, and will agree to buy of you every week if you deliver it regularly at the house, store or office.

You can earn money without interfering with school duties, and be independent.

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Has the greatest living writers and a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million copies every week.

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Cleveland Rough Riders Invade Canada.

The Rough Riders of Cleveland, an organization among the members of the Junior department of the Young Men's Christian Association. They recently made a trip into Canada, which was their third annual outing. The party consisted of thirty boys, in charge of the Junior secretary. They made the trip on the steamer Melbourne, stopping at Toronto, Montreal and Niagara Falls. When their boat approached a port the Rough Riders would assemble on the top deck and, accompanied by a cornet, would sing national airs and give their yell. At Toronto the mayor, to whom they were introduced, gave them a hearty welcome and the freedom of the city. The boys gave the mayor three rousing cheers. Their trip through the Welland Canal was a most interesting one. They sailed down the St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, and at Montreal a stop of three days was made. The boys thoroughly enjoyed every mile of the trip and returned to Cleveland tanned and healthy.



Eighty per cent of the cost of the world's governments is caused by war.

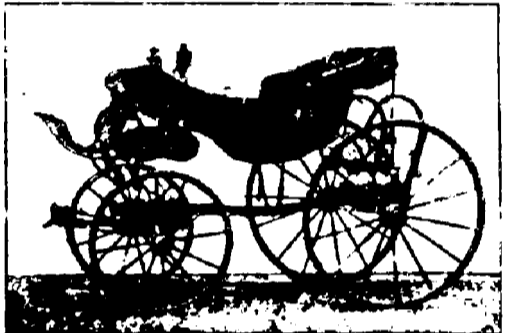
There is no legitimate descendant of any king of England who sat on the throne before the reign of George I.

Of the twenty five barons who set their hands to the Magna Charta not a single male descendant remains.

Married couples in Norway are privileged to travel on railways at a fare and a half.

The total cost of the trans-Siberian Railroad is estimated at five hundred million dollars, of which amount three fifths already has been expended.

If all the money in the world were divided equally, each person would get about thirty dollars. Were the division made, five minutes thereafter there would be a good many of us that wouldn't have a penny.



THE CARRIAGE CONSTRUCTED FOR GEN. LAFAYETTE'S USE ON HIS LAST VISIT TO AMERICA (1824). BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

We marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its four hundred and ninety two bones, but man is not so remarkable in this particular as is the fish called carp, which moves no fewer than four thousand three hundred and eighty six bones and muscles every time it breathes.

The largest gun in the world is now in process of being finished at the Government works at Watervliet, between the cities of Albany and Troy. Without its carriage, it weighs two hundred and fifty two thousand pounds. It is forty nine feet and six inches long, and its bore is one foot and four inches in diameter. At the breech it is eighteen feet and six inches in circumference. The shot for this monster gun is five feet and four inches long and weighs two thousand three hundred and seventy pounds. One thousand and sixty pounds of powder are necessary for a charge. Every projectile costs six hundred dollars, powder for one shot two hundred and sixty five dollars, the time of the men to handle the gun at least thirty five dollars more; so that every discharge of the gun will cost at least nine hundred dollars. The gun will throw this enormous projectile the marvelous distance of twenty miles and two thousand six hundred and forty feet. In order to reach thus far it will have to travel through the air at an elevation at its highest point of at least five miles.

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A Single Pound of Coal.

A single pound of coal is capable of producing two hundred and thirty six horse-power, and could do the work of an express locomotive for one-fifth of a minute. In other words, it is enough to haul a train of eight cars, including the Pullman sleeping cars and dining-cars, at the rate of fifty miles an hour one-sixth of a mile.

In sawing wood, a man may work at the rate of about sixty strokes a minute, and his saw-blade may have progressed five feet a minute, but a circular-saw, driven by machinery, will cut seventy times as much wood in the same time. And yet this one little pound of coal contains power enough for one hundred and eighty such saws.

We can easily compare the power locked up in this black diamond with the work of a strong man. The strength of a man may be reckoned at one-tenth of a horse-power. Allow him eight working hours, equal to four hundred and eighty minutes. During this time he occasionally stops for short rests, to change his position, to pick up another tool, to judge of the result of his work and plan for further procedure. This will take one-tenth of the time, leaving four hundred and thirty two minutes, which, at one-tenth of a horse-power, gives him a total effect of forty three and two-tenths horse-power as the result of his day's labor. This pound of coal contains more than sufficient power to do in one minute the day's work of five such strong men. Or it would take about nine thousand, six hundred strong men, working steadily side by side, to do jointly as much work

in one minute as nature has locked up for us, ready at our call, in a single pound of coal.



Felling a 200-Foot Stack.

It is not an easy matter to demolish a lofty chimney. It usually takes long continued work and the expenditure of considerable money. A method is adopted in England which has proved very practicable. It consists of removing the greater portion of the base of a chimney, substituting thick, wooden underpinning for the masonry, and then setting fire to the props, which in time burn through, with the result that the chimney collapses. Recently a stack was felled which was two hundred and fifty feet high and weighed three thousand five hundred tons. It took six and one-half tons of coal, four tons of pitch, forty sacks of shavings, one hundred and eight gallons of tar and one hundred and twenty six gallons of paraffin. The burning of the props has to be most carefully watched, since it is necessary that they all collapse at the same time. We present an illustration of the felling of a shaft in Lancashire which was two hundred feet high, as shown in a recent issue of "The Scientific American"

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Our free style book of the "Famous Maryland" Made-to-Order Clothing is now ready and shows the most fashionable styles, with large samples of cloth that will be worn by the best dressed this season. Suits and Overcoats from \$7.75 to \$25.00. We guarantee to fit and prepay Expressage to your station. This book also contains some special values in the "Famous Maryland" Shirts, Shoes and Underwear, also Boys' Clothing.
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We send you 4 beautiful large colored pictures, each 16x22, framed "Christ in the Temple," "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "The Life of Christ." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought at Art Stores for less each. You sell them for 25c each and send us the money and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold plated ring, set with beautiful brilliant stone which looks exactly like a diamond. These rings are really handsome and cannot be told from genuine diamonds except by an expert. If you send pictures we give you a handsome Silver Dish a beauty. If you sell 15 we give you a nice watch or a dozen Silver-plated Tea Spoons. The watch is carefully regulated and guaranteed a good timekeeper. The spoons are really plated and guaranteed to wear well. Our pictures are worth their price and our prizes are valuable. Don't waste time trying to sell them. Take hold of our High-Grade Goods and secure your future. We pay all the risk. **STANDARD CO., 615 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

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STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY
NOT A CHEWING GUM.
How to Use It.
Clean cavity of tooth, and press firmly into it a piece of the Gum. If no cavity, apply the gum as a plaster. At all drug stores, 15 cents, or sent by mail on receipt of price.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED. IT IS ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE OLD FORD'S THEATRE IN WASHINGTON. (Photograph by James B. Nichols, Waltham, Mass.)

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FIFTH AVENUE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, Dept. 1, 111 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

A Successful Boy Singer.

Wesley Mayne, a boy soprano of Chicago, has won the plaudits of the music-loving public for his beautiful rendition and interpretation of the Masters. The boy is described as having a phenomenal voice, sweet and clear as a skylark's, flexible and sincere in its wide scope of exquisite timbre. For several months he has been earning public approval through his charming and delicately accurate work as soprano soloist in Grace Church. The boy is an Australian, having been born at Melbourne, the home of Madame Melba, who was a school comrade of the boy's aunt. He is thirteen years old and has lived in Chicago with his parents for the past ten years. At the age of eleven he became a member of St. Chrysostom's Choir, and his talent was promptly recognized. He is



ELIHU ROOT, JR.



EDWARD W. ROOT.

We present pictures of the two bright sons of Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of War. Elihu, Jr., a young man of eighteen, and Edward W., a boy of fifteen.

main to remove the obstruction, succeeding in getting the last tie from the track just before the train arrived. The first inkling had of the matter by the railroad officials was when Hawes appeared at the Northwestern depot, in Kenosha, hatless and breathless, having run the entire distance from his home, a mile and a half from town. The chief of police immediately swore in a posse of four men and started to find the desperadoes, but was unsuccessful. Young Hawes was the hero of the hour, as the train was loaded with passengers, and had the attempt to wreck it been successful, great loss of life would have resulted.

Charity Wins.

The McDowell Club, an organization of Chicago boys on the "South Side," was split for a week over the question of disposing of one dollar and four cents that was left as a surplus after an entertainment recently given by the Club. One leading member of the Club loudly championed the purchase of a pair of boxing gloves with the money. Another leader favored giving the money to La Rabida Sanitarium for Infants, in Jackson Park. The boys held several meetings, at which the discussions were long and earnest. Finally, charity won over sport, nine boys voting for the gift to the Sanitarium.



WESLEY MAYNE.

Indefatigable in his voice practice, and his instructor, Frederick Bruegger, says that with ordinary care his voice should hold and gain in sweet volume and tone for several years. Although he is slender and rather delicate in general appearance, he is quite an athlete, with a bundle of nerves and muscles capable of unexpected endurance. He has recently returned from an extended engagement in Iowa. An item in a Carinda Iowa paper says of him: "He is a thorough-going, gentlemanly boy. In his sports with the boys since he has been here he has proved himself no mean competitor. He is a typical city boy. Saturday evening he went to the home of C. A. Lisle for the express purpose of seeing a cow milked, it being only the second time in his life that he had ever seen the marvelous operation."

A Boy Prevents a Railroad Accident.

A few weeks ago an attempt was made by unknown persons to wreck the Northwestern passenger train due to arrive in Kenosha, Wis., at 9:32 p. m. A large number of ties had been placed upon the track.



CHARLES HAWES.

A farmer boy, Charles Hawes, who was a witness of the act, watched the men, who were three in number, pile the ties on the track, but was unable to get close enough to identify them. After the men had disappeared young Hawes worked with might and



A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.

Photograph by Rice, Washington.

The boy who posed for the picture entitled "The Doctor of Divinity" is Houston Hale Driggs, the son of Lieutenant Commander Driggs, who during the war with Spain commanded the St. Paul.

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 Gem Typewriter Co., Dept. 12, Williams Bay, Wis.

THE MAGIC ENGRAVING FLUID Engraves names on knives, key rings, scissors, saws, hammers, hatchets, etc., in one minute. No experience required. Send 25c. for package or 2c. stamp for circular. H. MOTER, Box 49, New London, Ohio.

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X-RAY CATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket cur on X-ray. Everybody buys. It tells time on watch through cloth. See your fellow, best girl or any object through clothing, wood, stone, any distance, any climate; lasts lifetime, always ready for use. Price 35 cents, stamps or silver. E. V. X-RAY CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AMERICAN BOYS

The Cisco Gem Diamond Heart Pin is a beauty. It sparkles like a diamond. Clean it like a diamond. It baffles experts. Some firms sell it for a dollar, our price is 25 cents. We wish to introduce it everywhere, and will send one to you for 10 cents if you will agree to show it to your friends, who will want one right away. Don't delay. Send at once. Address: AT BERT BINNS, Box 748, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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MAKE you nervous to smoke and chew. It does others. Why not quit for a while, rest your nerves, and get the nicotine out of the system, and note gain in strength, health and ambition. Easy to acquire the habit again, if you wish. HARES' tablets rolled in the mouth, take away all desire for tobacco. Parents should not use tobacco before growing boys, as the tobacco habit acquired in early youth, leads down stairs to purgatory, note descent.
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 "A Drunkard, will Lie"
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 There may be exceptions, but note the opportunity of a life time to get rid of the filthy tobacco-habit, safe and easily.
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THE MELROSE POLICE PATROL. (Photograph by D. Webster Dow, Melrose, Mass.)



SPORT.

(Photograph by Gilbert, Washington.)

The boy who posed for the picture entitled "Sport" is Sidney Kent Legare, a descendant of the Legares and Calhouns of South Carolina. He is a Washington City boy.

An Indiana Boy Orator.

Owensville, Ind., has a boy orator in the person of Byron Johnson. This is not the only distinction possessed by young Johnson, as he was probably the youngest soldier sent out by Indiana in the Spanish War. On last Decoration Day, at Owensville, he was one of the



BYRON JOHNSON.

speakers, and his oration was a masterful effort and won great praise. He has won several debates in and around Owensville. When there was a call for volunteers for the Spanish War, young Johnson left the high school to enlist. He was then sixteen years old. After receiving his discharge he again entered the high school and will be graduated next year, after which he will study law at Indiana University.



JOCKEY.

(Photograph by Rice, Washington.)

The boy who posed for the picture entitled "Jockey" is the son of James M. Johnson, of Washington City, and a great grandson of Col. James Johnson, of Savannah, Ga.

TWO OF A KIND.

From L. A. W. BULLETIN AND GOOD ROADS

Mr. Humtover went out for a run,
And he flew like a bullet shot out of a gun;
He didn't look east nor he didn't look west,
But he pushed on the pedals and they did the rest.
He kept his eye riveted close to the earth
As he tore through the country for all he was worth.
Though others would warn him with bell and with shout,
Still he wouldn't look up nor he wouldn't turn out.



In the course of his journey he happened to meet
The fellow who cycles all over the street.—
The highway marauder, of reason bereft,
Who rides on the right side and then on the left.
This cheerful galoot and his fast flying friend,
The terrible scorcher, they meet at a bend
Of the road they were riding and oh, what a mess!
And the next time they'll ride as they ought to, we
guess.

FREE Watch and Chain for selling Washing Blue. We trust you. SEND NAME FOR SAMPLES. Logan Supply Co., Dept. B, Nicetown, Pa.

"THE AMERICAN BOY" TO REACH BOYS...

SOMETHING NEW Tracing Paper, 5 colors. 5c For BOYS and GIRLS. Oxford Specialty Co., Box 53, Evanston, Ill.

BOYS Our Catalogue has all the latest novelties, and is now ready to mail. Send a 2c stamp for a copy. H. W. HARDISTY & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL. Largest Nursery. Result of 15 years' experience. STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Dansville, N.Y.

MANDOLINS Guitars, Cameras, Bicycles, Watches, etc., given to persons selling our Aluminum Thinking Cases, needed in every household, and therefore easy to sell. Send name and address, with two references, for outfit. No money wanted in advance. KEARNS & CO., Dept. A, Beaver Springs, Pa.

Useful Premiums - Bicycles, Cameras, Trip Sets, Watches, Clothing, Parlor Furniture, etc., given free to persons selling our Needle Cases, needed in every household, and therefore easy to sell. Send your name and address, with two references, for outfit. No money in advance. KEARNS & CO., Dept. A, Beaver Springs, Pa.

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Result of Twenty Years' Research. NOTHING IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN WHITE, HEALTHY, SOUND, PERFECT TEETH. Why allow your teeth to decay when you can arrest the cure the disease with one bottle of Absolute Teeth-Decay Cure, costing only \$2.00 per bottle, delivered by express prepaid? It cures decaying gums and bad breath arising from the mouth, whitens and hardens the teeth. Not only is it an anti-septic that destroys the germ which causes the teeth to decay, but it is a vitalizer and supplies the proper elements that strengthen and build up the whole bone structure and system, and remove any fungus development causing diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. Send your orders to F. P. MEYENBERG, Proprietor and Sole Agent, 159 LaSalle Street, CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



A Mink Farm.

There is a novel industry at Lakemills, Wis. A boys' paper once suggested to Mr. E. N. Harvey, of that city, that money could be made by raising minks...

Boys as Money-Makers & Money-Savers

Learning How to Spend Money.

Boys cannot truly be said to have been taught economy if they have simply been exhorted to save and perpetually taken to task for extravagance.

Boys should never be allowed to ask their parents or anyone else for pennies, nor to receive money from strangers.

Let the boy spend his own money, not yours. If the father gives a penny any and every day for a new pencil the demand is constant...

As the boy grows larger the chance to earn larger sums of money may be given to him.

Some-times a weekly allowance has been conditioned on promptness at breakfast. Some boys who live at a distance from school are allowed a certain sum for luncheon and car fares and are encouraged to save as much as they can of this for themselves.

When a boy is fifteen or sixteen years old he should be trained to buy all the simpler articles of his wardrobe. A boy who has been trained to consider values and utilities in purchasing can be taught to save without much trouble.

These are some of the expressions our agents are using in writing us. Send us your name on a postal and get full particulars of the easiest and pleasantest way to make money that you have ever heard of.

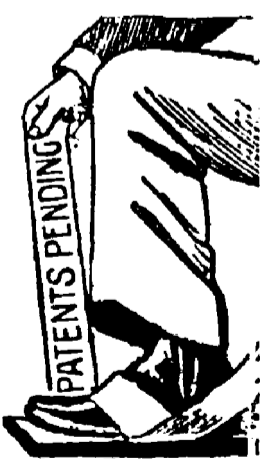
BOY WANTED You can earn 25 to 50 cents an hour for all your spare time until Xmas. Send us your name, and we will tell you all about it.

WE GIVE Child's Reeler, Cameras, Parlor Furniture, etc., to persons taking orders for our perfumed Toilet Soap...

"It Makes Me Laugh." "Like Finding Money." "Easiest Dollars I Ever Made." "Nothing But Fun."

Manufacturers' Distributing Co., PITTSFIELD, Massachusetts.

BOYS HERE IS THE QUICKEST SELLER YOU EVER SAW!



Every man, woman and child needs it. To show it means a sale. One man sold 55 in 61 minutes. Send 25 cents for sample.



GOLDEN BOY, JR.

How Two Boys Made Money With Belgian Hares.

CARRIE D. BOND.

"Hurrah! we've hit it at last!" "Hit what, Joe?" "Belgians, of course!" "Why, Joe, what do you mean? Has trouble turned your brain?"

Mrs. C. D. Bond, the writer of the foregoing story, which she declares is a true one, was the pioneer importer to the Pacific Coast of Belgian Hares.

it—feed regularly and keep spotlessly clean. Remember, it's the worker and "sticker to it" that always wins!

"Well, brother, this seems just what mother calls 'Providential like,' and we must try our hand at it. She'll let us have the ten dollars to fix up some dry goods boxes for hutches—they call them—and we'll have enough to buy feed until we can sell the youngsters.

The boys went to work with a will and in due time had forty one youngsters. But it was not all smooth sailing; they had to battle with their trials and

experiences and prove what sort of stuff they were made of. They fed the mothers green food and the babies got slobbers from eating it, too, but kind Mr. Simmons soon helped out and only two were

lost. Then the wire mesh was too large and a youngster got out one night and proved a delicious supper for the rats. This left thirty eight. Then two weakly ones dropped off, leaving thirty six. When six weeks old they sold eleven at five dollars each and five at ten dollars each, making one hundred and five dollars.

Joe and Hal went to school and supported their mother, worked mornings and evenings at the rabbitry with an indomitable perseverance that surmounted every difficulty, and were as happy as the birds.

In time, no doubt, we will hear of Hal as a famous educator; and Joe will always be "just mother's boy," for, as Schiller says: "Es liegt ein tiefer sinn ein kinder spiel" (there lies a deep meaning in children's play), or, better still, to quote our own Shakespeare, "The child is father to the man."

Mrs. C. D. Bond, the writer of the foregoing story, which she declares is a true one, was the pioneer importer to the Pacific Coast of Belgian Hares.



\$3.00 Per 1,000 paid for distributing circulars. En. close stamp. O. K. ADV. CO., Baltimore, Md.

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GET RICH. Agents wanted to handle our 1900 Novelties. Send for circulars and price lists. C. W. BROWN, 518 Irving Ave., Big Profits, N. Y.

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BOYS EARN CASH Bicycles, Watches, Cameras, Rulers, all writers want it. Sample made of Aluminum and particulars mailed for 24 cents. THE INDEX CO., Providence, R. I.

BOYS AND GIRLS MAKE MONEY selling Campaign Souvenirs. Send 25 cents for eight elegant samples and terms. AGENTS WANTED. H. E. Oviatt & Co., Box 208, Montpelier, Vt.

BOYS now is the time to make money handling our 4 campaign Buttons, Badges, Etc. Particulars mailed FREE to any boy. Address D. Blumenthal, 116 Laurel St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Agents Wanted WEBSTER'S VEST POCKET PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY. Rules for spelling, etc. 104 pages, size 5 1/2 x 2 1/2 in. Full leather; gilt edges; indexed; sample postpaid, 25c. Will send free full particulars of Argument Settler, Writing Desk Book, Dictionary and other Vest Pocket Editions. For terms, address, GEORGE W. NOBLE, Publisher, 90-94 Market Street, Chicago.

Say! Everybody Likes Ralston Breakfast Food. Another 1,000.00 Dollars in cash for One Thousand Boys and Girls. We have extended the opportunity for bright boys and girls to earn money easily introducing Ralston Breakfast Food by offering an additional one thousand dollars. The business knowledge gained, and the bank account started, are big inducements, especially as no money is required and check is mailed for service rendered. Write and we will tell you how to earn the money. Give the name of a minister or doctor for a reference and the name of your grocer, as all orders will be filled through him. PURINA MILLS. "Where Purity is Paramount" 806 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo. To Adults: If your grocer hasn't Ralston, send us his name for a sample, free.



ANTICIPATION.

"Here you are, five cents a bag."

HOW ABOUT THIS, BOYS?

"THE NUMBER OF YOUNG MEN OF EIGHTEEN, NINETEEN AND TWENTY YEARS OF AGE WHO ARE BEING REJECTED DAY AFTER DAY BY THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IS APPALLING. WHAT IS MORE, THE BOYS AND GIRLS LACK THE STAMINA OF OLD DAYS. I KNOW, AS A SCHOOL COMMITTEEMAN, THAT THE SCHOLARS OF TO-DAY CANNOT DO THE HARD WORK OF EVEN TEN YEARS AGO. WE MAY SERIOUSLY QUESTION IF WE ARE NOT BECOMING A CITY OF DEGENERATES."

From a statement made publicly in the State House, Boston, Mass., by Dr. W. J. Gallivan, President of the Boston School Board.



REALIZATION.

A poor market for pop corn.

Some Good Advice About Making Investments.

Within the last year or two a number of gigantic swindlers in New York have been unearthed. Millions of dollars are found to have been taken out of the pockets of the poor throughout the country by men who promised to make people suddenly rich. The New York World interviewed Mrs. Hettie Green, the richest and one of the shrewdest women in America, regarding investments, and among other things she said: "No way has ever yet been invented to prevent people from being credulous and throwing away their money. It is a thankless task to warn anybody against these 50 per cent. enterprises."

"I remember an instance of this many years ago. My father warned a friend of his against a concern that promised enormous profits and had no capital behind it. This man became very angry at my father and told all the members of his family not to have anything to do with us. A short time afterward my father's words came true, and the business that he had warned his friend against went to pieces, and all the depositors lost the money they had invested, my father's friend among them. But father never received any gratitude for the warning he had given.

"People should have more sense than to listen to this wild talk about getting rich in a night. Unprincipled men may promise to pay depositors 50 per cent. for their money. Anyone can make promises and perhaps keep them for a while to deceive people, but it is ridiculous to suppose that a business man or banker can pay such percentages.

"Such a thing has never happened since the flood and it is a very good thing that such profits are impossible. If there were a country in the world where people got 500 per cent for their money, I wouldn't want to live in it.

"Of course, I do not say that such profits are never made. But if they are, they must be obtained by the blessing of God and not by listening to the foolish talk of some man on the street.

"Here and there a single individual may do well by a wise investment. For instance, if one happens to put his money into a rich gold mine or silver mine, he may be fortunate enough to multiply it many times over or if he is a member of some large concern like the Standard Oil Company he may now and then make a good deal of money by a transaction that has been carefully thought out.

"But a hundred people cannot make such large profits, and nobody is smart enough to make five times his capital every year as a regular thing. Any person with half a grain of common sense knows this. Those who do not will never grow any wiser, no matter how much we may preach to them.

"I think real estate is the best investment for people who have only a few thousand dollars and want to make as much by it as they honorably can.

"They must be careful to pick out the right kind of property, and to get possession of it at a reasonable figure. If one chooses the right piece of property he has it half sold as soon as he buys it. He must depend, too, upon the blessing of God more than upon his own skill and wisdom. That is one thing that most people do not stop to consider when they go into business. The result is that they soon find themselves much poorer than they were before.

"Not long ago a man sold me some real estate in Chicago, and my lawyer discovered that the property had been misrepresented to me, and that it was not worth as much as I had paid for it. It seemed as if I were going to be a heavy loser by the transaction, but just then the Madison street railway had its route changed and went past my property.

"I had a number of houses on this property, and when I discovered that the street cars were to run in front of these, I at once had store fronts put in, making the property very valuable. Altogether I cleared \$12,000 by the transaction, in spite of the misrepresentations of the man who had sold the property to me. This looked to me very like "the blessing of God."

"I am an old-fashioned Puritan, and I believe that every business undertaking must be entered into with a proper sense of our dependence upon the divine will.

"People forget this too readily in these later days, and it is no wonder that swindlers are springing up everywhere and robbing those who are foolish enough to trust them with their money.

"The Bible says that every one shall earn his living by the sweat of his brow, and I believe that old saying is as true to-day as ever. The only way to get rich is the Bible way. No man would ever go wrong in business if he went by the Bible.

"The good old virtues of thrift and prudence and carefulness should be cultivated more than they are. One more point: When a man promises to pay 500 per cent. for the use of money, every one should remember that he has no place by right in the business world of today."

A "Short Cut" to Wealth.

J. L. HARBOUR.

A boy cannot make a greater mistake than when he thinks there is some better way to make a dollar than by honestly earning it. There are very few "short cuts" to wealth, and few of these are to be recommended. Very few of the wealthy men of to-day amassed their wealth at a single bound. With most of

them the acquiring of their money has been a slow and careful process. They have "made haste slowly," and have developed character and intelligence with their wealth. One needs character and intelligence to make a right use of money. A great fortune can seldom be acquired honestly in a short time, and ill-gotten gains never bring real happiness.

Many prison cells are occupied by men, both young and old, who have been unwise enough to think that they had discovered a way of making money without honestly earning it. I went with a minister not long ago to see a young man of this class. He had grown tired of "plodding and poking along," as he expressed it, and had concluded to take a "short cut" to wealth. He invested three hundred dollars that he had inherited from his father in stocks. This gave him the "stock exchange fever." The young man had a good position with a salary of fifteen dollars a week, and the certainty of more in the near future. All of his savings he invested in stocks, and was certain that he was on the high road to immediate wealth. He was so sure of this that he took a hundred dollars of his employer's money to invest in a certain "deal," whereby he would make twenty times a hundred dollars and could then repay the money. He was dazed with surprise and disappointment when the stock in which he invested suddenly depreciated, and he lost not only his own money but his employer's. Then he took another hundred dollars to buy stock that was "dead sure" to treble in value in a week. It also depreciated, and the final result was that the young speculator found himself in jail as a defaulter. He had discovered that any "short cut" to wealth offered by the stock market was a "cut" that young and inexperienced men should fight shy of. Had his hopes been realized it is doubtful if he would have been level-headed enough to have used his gains wisely.

Sudden wealth is often an actual misfortune. I lived for several years in one of the great mining camps of the west.

Now and then a man would "strike it rich" in a single day, and from being almost poverty-stricken would suddenly become rich. I know of many a man to whom this sudden acquisition of wealth was a positive harm. Most of these men "lost their heads" at once, and began a course of "riotous living" that soon dissipated not only their money but their health.

I once saw a man going around among the miners with a subscription paper securing funds with which to pay the funeral expenses of a man who had been worth half a million dollars in a single day, and who had in less than three years wasted all of it. He died in the charity ward of a hospital. His "short cut" to wealth had also been a "short cut" to the grave.

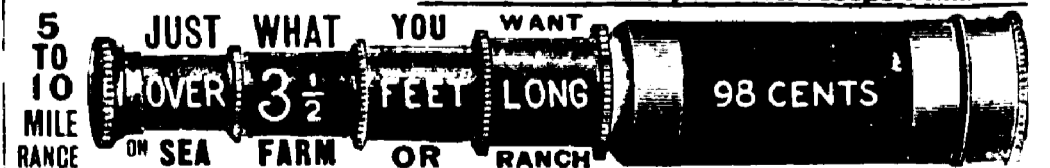
If the boys who are so eager to discover some "short cut" to wealth will look about them they will discover that the rich are not any happier than the poor. Some of the most fretful, complaining, unhappy and altogether miserable men and women I have ever met in my life have been men and women rich in this world's goods.

The American boy is wise who starts out in life determined to honestly earn every dollar that he is to possess. He will not seek nor want any "short cut" to fortune. He will not want anything that is not the result of his own industry. He will scorn to take a mean advantage of the necessities of others. He will prefer honest poverty to ill-gotten wealth. He will write on the tablets of his heart this further saying of Franklin's:

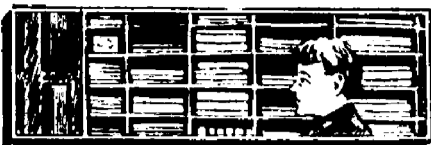
"The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do and with them everything." This is the shortest cut to wealth of which I have knowledge.

"Better late than never" is not half so good as "better never late."—Pushing to the Front.

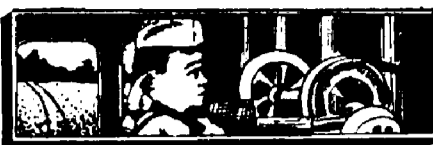
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The BOY



in the Office, the Store, the Factory and on the Farm

Rothschild's Rules.

When Meyer Rothschild, founder of the great banking house in Frankfort, Germany, died he left something better than wealth—an example that has become a tradition in this noted family. He also left precepts. Among them were the following:

- Carefully examine every detail of your business.
Be prompt in everything.
Take time to consider, but decide positively.
Dare to go forward.
Bear troubles patiently.
Be brave in the struggle of life.
Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing.
Never tell business lies.
Make no useless acquaintances.
Pay your debts promptly.
Shun strong liquors.
Employ your time well.
Do not reckon on chance.
Work hard.

A Boy in a Hurry.

The merchant had arrived at his office rather early in the morning, and five minutes after he got down to his desk a foxy-looking, bright-faced boy came in. The merchant was reading and the boy, with his hat off, stood there expectantly, but saying nothing.

At the end of two minutes he coughed slightly and spoke.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I'm in a hurry."

The merchant looked up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want a job, if you've got one for me."

"Oh, do you?" snorted the merchant.

"Well, what are you in such a hurry about?"

"I've got to be, that's why," was the sharp response.

"I left school yesterday afternoon to go to work, and I haven't got a place yet, and I can't afford to be wasting time. If you can't do anything for me, say so, and I'll go. The only place I can stop long is the place where they pay me for it."

The merchant looked at the clock.

"When can you come?" he asked.

"I don't have to come," replied the youngster.

"I'm here now, and I'd been at work before this if you had said so."

Half an hour later he was at it, and he's likely to have a job as long as he wants one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stay on the Farm.

A recent writer urges boys to go on the farm. He prophesies that the farm will soon return to favor as it will to greater profit. He suggests that the life of the farmer is far more peaceful and independent than the lot of the average city man. Conditions are annually growing more uncertain and difficult in the cities. Then, too, a dollar earned at home is worth two earned abroad. The writer refers to Lancaster County, Pa., showing the money made and saved by the farming community. There are in that county thirty seven thousand men, and there are twenty two million dollars out at interest in the county, hundreds of millions in homes, besides nearly one horse to every adult male, and household comforts galore.

How to be a Good Hotel Clerk.

Remember that the best trade of a hotel is the old customers. Keep the old ones and new ones will come. To hold old customers is an easy thing. The first thing is to treat them right. Never let them think that because you have their trade they are neglected. Keep their likes and dislikes in mind. A guest is pleased with a clerk who

says, "Mr. Jones, you had room 124 when you were here last. Would you like the same room?" Little accommodations that cost you nothing go a great way toward making and holding customers. Never call a guest by his christian name; always say "Mr. So-and-so." Keep the hotel office tidy; put things in their place. Keep in your place yourself. Don't make guests wait unnecessarily. Render accurate itemized accounts to your guests. Wait on customers in a many way and not lose your head. Be patient. Don't think it is necessary to wear a high collar, red tie and a diamond. Don't think that you have learned it all. Study to please the management. Be polite and not gruff or short. Use horse sense. Don't be fresh. Remember the old saying, "Once a gentleman always a gentleman." Learn your house so you can describe a room if the question is asked. Learn the train times by heart.

A Pertinent Question.

H. H. H.

A boy of sixteen was an applicant for a very desirable position in the office of a man noted for his kindness and generosity to his employees. After asking a number of questions, the gentleman said to the boy: "Where do you spend your evenings?"

The boy resented this question and said smartly: "My evenings are my own, and I spend them where I please." "I make no claim on your time in the evening, my boy," said the gentleman kindly, "but I think that I can tell a great deal about a boy's character if I know where and how he spends his evenings."

This gentleman must have had in mind the saying of the wise man: "I care not how a young man spends his days. Let wisdom but direct his evenings, and his future is assured."

I have often thought of this saying when I have seen boys on the street late at night. One sees hundreds of them in



"WHERE DO YOU SPEND YOUR EVENINGS?"

the cities dawdling and idling away their time, when they might have the advantages of the reading rooms and free libraries provided for those who will use them. It is certain that many a boy takes his first lesson in crime when he is wandering around the streets in the evening. There are hundreds of men in prisons and reformatories who would not be there if they had made wise use of their evenings when they were boys.

The old curfew law requiring boys under a certain age to be in their homes by eight o'clock in the evening is being introduced in some towns, and there are many who think it a wise law.

The American boy has been for so long a privileged character that he is likely to resent this law, but there is sure to come a time in his life when he will know that it is a wise law that requires a boy to be in his own home at night.

It is true that a boy's character can be pretty well determined by a knowledge of where he spends his evenings. Few business men would care to put a young man in a place of trust if they knew that he spent his evenings wandering around the streets or with questionable associates. The question, "where do you spend your evenings?" is a pertinent one that any man has a right to ask of the boy he employs.

A Good Worker.

Alfred Smith is probably only one of many American boys who apparently prefer work to play, but he is the only one I have ever happened to meet. When I asked him how long he had been at work, he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh! ever since I was born, I guess." And there wasn't so very much exagger-



ALFRED SMITH.

ation in that statement, for I have seen him ever since he was a wee bit of a boy trying to "help" around his father's meat market.

He tells me he has really worked in the market since he was nine years old. He began to "deliver meat" then, and now he delivers meat, waits on customers, helps "get in ice," and, in fact, does all the work of a grown man, excepting the heavy lifting.

From early morning till sometimes late at night he is at work, with very few "days off" during "vacation," and in the winter, when he goes to school, his Saturdays and most of his leisure hours are spent working in the market.

I wonder how many boys of fourteen—to which grave and serious age and the dignity of "wages" Alfred has now attained—could honestly say they "couldn't be spared" from the place where they work? When I asked Alfred if he enjoyed the Y. M. C. A. camp this year (the Y. M. C. A. boys of our city camp out for a week every summer), he replied, "Yes, but I only stayed two days. My father couldn't spare me any longer. You see, we were moving into this new market and he needed my help." And I wondered if Alfred's "help" had not, to some extent, made that "new market" possible.

Well, I'm glad to have met one "American boy" like Alfred, and I would like to hear of more of them. And the best of it all is he really seems to enjoy his work, as the picture of him, taken last year in front of the "old market," shows.

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A Holiday Suggestion—A gift of never ending usefulness and a constant pleasant reminder of the giver. Your Choice of these popular styles, superior to the

\$3.00 STYLES

of other makes, for only

\$1.00

Try it a Week. If not suited, we buy it back. Finest quality hard rubber holder. 14k. Diamond Point Gold Pen, any desired flexibility in fine, medium or stub and the only perfect ink feed. By mail, postpaid on receipt of \$1.00 (registration 5c. extra.)

Ask your dealer to show you this pen. If he has not or won't get it for you (do not let him substitute an imitation on which he can make more profit), send his name and your order to us, and receive, free of charge, one of our Safety Pocket Pen Holders.

Remember, there is no "just as good" as the Laughlin. Insist on it; take no chances.

(Illustrations one-half size.) LAUGHLIN MFG. CO., 228 Laughlin Block, DETROIT, MICH.

THE BOY IN THE HOME, CHURCH AND SCHOOL

DANCING EASILY LEARNED AT HOME by marked diagrams. Step over them to time and you CAN DANCE. Write or circular Miss F. B. Brown, 311 LaGrange St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

TODD SEMINARY FOR BOYS 5th year. An ideal school near Chicago. Designed especially to meet the needs of boys of the public school age. **NOBLE HILL, Prin., WOODSTOCK, ILL.**

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL, IND. Prepares thoroughly for College, Scientific Schools, or Business. Best advantages at moderate expense. Manual training selective. Personal attention given to each boy. Fine athletic field and beautiful lakes. For illustration address **REV. J. H. MCKENZIE, Rector.**

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WANTED YOUNG MEN AND BOYS who can write rapidly and well are always in demand at a premium in the business world. You can become a Fine Penman at your own home under our personal instruction by mail. Send for circular. **Western Correspondence School of Penmanship, BOULDER, COLORADO.**

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NEW JERSEY Burlington Nautical Academy BURLINGTON, N. J. A MODERN SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST TYPE FOR BOYS.

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55 CENTS DON'T BUY A WATCH

before seeing our 17 Jeweled movement, has Patent Regulator, is Quick Train, stamped 17 Jewels. Adjusted. Is beautifully engraved Gold Filled Metal Case. The Imperial, with certificate for 25 years. This is the best watch ever offered for the price, and one of the oldest and most reliable Wholesale Jewelers in America will send it to you by express to examine before you pay one cent. When you find it to be the best value for the price you have ever seen, pay Agent our Special Price, \$5.95 and charges for Watch and K. I. Gold Chain warranted 5 years. Give both P. O. and Express office and state whether Ladies or Gent's Watch is wanted. Jeweled Elgin or Waltham Watch at same price if desired. This offer can not be continued long, so send order at once to

Sam Ward & S. Allen & Co., 45 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

\$1.25 FOR NOTHING

Our presses have completed printing our Catalogue No. 89, of everything in LAY, USE AND WEAR. Each copy costs \$1.00 to print and 25 cents to mail. As an evidence of interest, send 10 cents in stamps to help pay postage, and you may deduct these 10 cents from your first order of \$1. It required 17 cartons of paper for this wonderful catalogue, which contains 180 pages, size 10 1/2 x 14 1/2 inches, equivalent to over 1000 pages of the ordinary catalogue. We save you 25 per cent. to 75 per cent. on everything you buy at every season of the year. This book quotes wholesale prices to consumers, and with it in your possession you buy cheaper than the average dealer.

There is little you can think of that this book does not contain, excepting Lacquered Boots. We even quote Live Animals. Everything a man, woman or child wears, all kinds of food, everything for the home, for the office, for a hotel, for use on a farm, in a barn, or for every known purpose, can be found in this catalogue. This book contains over 13,000 illustrations and quotes prices on over 150,000 different articles.

Lithographed Carpet, Rug and Drapery Catalogue, and our Clothing Catalogue with large samples attached, are also Free. Expressage paid or Clothing: Freight paid on Carpet.

Which book shall we send? Address this way:

JULIUS HINES & SON
Department 55, BALTIMORE, MD.

October.

MORNING STARS: Venus and Mars. **EVENING STARS:** Mercury, Jupiter and Saturn.

LEGAL HOLIDAYS: None. **ANNIVERSARIES:** Battle of King's Mountain, N. C., October 7, 1780; Great Fire in Chicago, October 8-11, 1871; Columbus Discovered America, October 12, 1492; Burgoyne Surrendered at Saratoga, October 17, 1777; Cornwallis Surrendered at Yorktown, October 19, 1781.

Street corners are poor colleges.

There is no poverty like ignorance.

What goes into the brain today comes out tomorrow.

Boys are the most neglected portion of the community.

Boy friends are as dear and beautiful a source of inspiration as this old world affords.

A good condensation of the greater part of advice to boys is, "Work hard and keep straight."

Many men do not discover the true relation of father and son until it is too late to save the boy.

More than once a Christian teacher has found a boy's father standing between him and the boy.

A boy and his father should be confidential friends, even if it takes a little time from the father's business.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "Children are wonderfully sagacious in detecting their natural friends and enemies."

Charles Dickens says: "I love these little people, and it is no slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us."

The key to success in life lies close to the hand of every boy. It is doing thoroughly and well every task, even the humblest.

There can be no doubt that the captains of industry today, using that term in its broadest sense, are men who began life as poor boys.—Seth Low.

A man recently bought an umbrella in Germany that cannot be opened without inserting a little key in a keyhole in the slide. It is said that he has never lost this umbrella!

A certain eight-year-old, when his father and mother were away, wrote them letters, all signed, "Your little friend." It meant son, companion, comrade, all in one.

During the past four years the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States, through their employment departments, have placed in good positions 3,000 men and boys.

Young Men's Christian Associations are becoming more and more convinced that it is growing harder each year to bring its religious influences to bear upon men, while it is easier and more fruitful to bring them to bear upon boys.

Tommy—It was a dreadful day the last time I went to grandma's. It blowed and it—
Mother—"It blowed" is not proper. Say "it blew."
Tommy—It blew and it snowed awful.

The boy is the best thing on earth out of which to make a man.

If a boy is quiet, send for a physician. There is something wrong.

Expect boys to be gentlemen, but also expect that they will continue as boys.

Somebody says, "Don't worry about the boy wearing out the carpet. One yard of boy is worth ten thousand yards of carpet."

"He is a good boy!" That is as good a recommendation as you need, and you can earn it from a hundred persons if you but half try.

P. B. Fisk, the lecturer, claims that every boy at the age of fifteen has cost about five thousand dollars, and that if he attends college the amount will be doubled by the time he is twenty one.

It is a bad sign when a boy cannot be contented except when in the company of other boys. Every boy should have resources in himself. Have a mission in life, boys. Be of some account.

Charles Dudley Warner has said: "The disadvantages of being a boy is that it does not last long enough; it is soon over; just as you get used to being a boy you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun."

You can save fifty boys in the same time it will take to rescue one from the gutter. There is need for a fuller appreciation of the preciousness and value of the boys. They are pearls among our treasures, and harvests for our enrichment.

Horace Mann once remarked in an address at the opening of a reformatory institution, that if one boy was rescued from ruin the enterprise was worth all it cost. At the close of the exercises a friend asked him if he had not exaggerated the matter a little. Horace Mann replied: "Not if it were my boy."

Amid the cares and distractions of a singularly busy life, Horace Greeley managed to be on time for every appointment. Many a trenchant paragraph for the Tribune was written while the editor was waiting for men of leisure, tardy at some meeting.—Pushing to the front.

The older men of every community—the men whose good opinions are worth having—always keep an eye on the boys of their acquaintance, watch the development of character, and are proud to discover evidences of talent, force and honest purpose. Boys do not realize it, but they are making reputations for themselves which will some day be solid capital.

A teacher in a Chicago school not long ago noticed a group of boys counting holes in a piece of cardboard and was curious to know what it meant. The explanation given was that a saloon-keeper around the corner punched one hole for every free drink of beer a boy drank, two holes for a straight drink, and three for each mixed drink; and that at the end of each month three prizes were awarded as follows: The first prize, a revolver; the second prize, the Life of Jesse James; and the third, a meerschaum pipe. The prizes were awarded to the boys who had the most punches in their cards. The saloon-keeper knew that a saloon could no more run without boys than a sawmill without logs.

THE 'BEST' SADIRON "REST"

Is new and has merit. Every household, every milliner, every dressmaker, and every body else needs it. Saves room, saves temper, and is convenient. Cannot heat handle. No need to lift iron to test its heat. It lays on its side ready for you. No more burns for hand or table. No bother with stands or pads. Fits any handle. Nickel sample 15c. Handle, if wanted, 15c extra. Handle and Rest combined. **COLUMBIAN NOVELTY CO., 50 cents postpaid. 12 River St., Chicago, Ill.**



SEND A ONE CENT STAMP for postage and we will send you this picture, 30 to 40 times this size, on paper 5 1/2 by 8 inches. **FREE.** You should know the **Perry Pictures**, one cent each for 25 or more; beautiful for the home. Every child should have them. Address **THE PERRY PICTURES COMPANY, ST. CECILIA, Box 268, Malden, Mass.**

Flowers for Winter.

- What You Can Buy for 25 cts. Postpaid.
 - 6 Hyacinths, all different colors, beautiful. 25c
 - 12 Tulips, a fine assortment, all colors. 25c
 - 10 Choice varieties Narcissus, all colors. 25c
 - 20 Crocus, all colors, handsome. 25c
 - 15 Frosting, Splendid Winter Bloomer. 25c
 - 2 Calla Lilies for Winter Blooming. 25c
 - 15 Ozella, all colors, including Buttercups. 25c
 - 6 Choice Winter-blooming Roses, all colors. 25c
 - 6 Finest Chrysanthemums. 25c
 - 3 Carnations, ready to bloom. 25c
 - 2 Elegant Decorative Palms. 25c
 - 6 Giant Golden Sacred Lilies, new. 25c
- You may select 3 complete sets for 60 cents, any 6 sets for \$1. Get your neighbor to club with you and get yours **FREE.** Catalogue free, order today. **GREAT WESTERN PLANT CO., Springfield, Ohio.**



For 65 Years Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff has kept on Curing CATARRH.

The oldest remedy, has a national reputation and has never been equalled for the instant relief and permanent cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, and the attendant Headache and Deafness. Restores Lost Sense of Smell. Immediate relief guaranteed. Use before retiring at night until all symptoms disappear. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Ask your dealer for it. Refuse all substitutes. Price, 25 cents. All druggists, or by mail postpaid. Circulars free. **F. C. WELTH (Mfr.), Cleveland, O.**



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Successfully Taught by Mail. The Stone System requires only a few minutes a day, in your own room, before retiring, with no apparatus whatever. Your individual condition carefully considered, and mild, medium, or vigorous exercise prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will cure or prevent most of the ills to which the flesh is heir. Mr. Frederick W. Stone, director of Athletics of the Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture, has been director of Athletics of Columbia College, The Manhattan Athletic Association, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association, and is at present acting in the capacity with the Chicago Athletic Association, an organization of Chicago's most prominent business men, whose clubhouse represents an investment of over \$50,000. He is a practical instructor, and at the age of 50 years is a physically perfect man. Our aim is to create a perfect development, greater strength and better health, rather than to produce professional strong men. Does not overtax the heart. Both sexes, all ages, from 15 to 80 are alike benefited. Illustrated descriptive booklet and measurement blank sent **FREE.** The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture, Suite 1645, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.



BUY 80 ACRES FINE TIMBER AND COAL LAND.

\$25.00 CASH, \$10.00 PER MONTH.

E. J. KIRBY & CO., 700 Journal Bldg., CHICAGO.

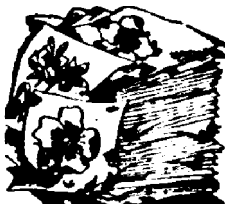
THE IDEAL SPOON HOLDER



Is an article of merit and a novelty. Its needs have long been felt in every household. It is heavily nickel plated and will last for years.

McKay Mfg. Co., 3727 La Salle St., Chicago.

Stamped Satin



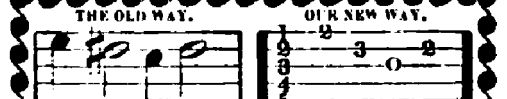
assorted colors in 9 square inch blocks, for Fancy Work, Quilts, Sofa Cushions, etc. Each stamped with a neat and graceful design to be worked in silk.

E. A. STRONG, 857 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

WONDER EGG BEATER & CREAM WHIP.

Will beat eggs in half a minute. Will whip cream in three minutes. Guaranteed simplest and most efficient egg beater made.

This Co. is worth a Million Dollars and is reliable.—Ed



GIUITAR, MANDOLIN, BANJO, VIOLIN PIANO AND ORGAN SELF-TAUGHT

Without Notes, by FIGURE MUSIC. We ship first instrument to each locality at an EXTRA BIG DISCOUNT, simply to advertise our goods and establish a trade.

E. C. HOWE, Mgr., 1644 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO.

SEND 50cts. Cut this ad out, send to us and we will send you this GUITAR by express C.O.D. subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful bargain you ever saw or heard of, pay the express agent our Special Offer Price, \$2.95, less the 50c. or \$2.45 and express charges.

60 DAYS FREE TRIAL

ORGANS & PIANOS of fine tone, elegant finish and thorough workmanship, shipped on 20, 30 or 60 days free trial at one-half dealer price. We ask not to be sent in advance.

Advertisement for Buttons featuring 'Entirely New' oval photo brooches and 'Photo Novelty Company' logo.

Boys in Flats and Boarding Houses.

"There is hardly any excuse for a parent rearing a boy in the average boarding house, flat or tenement," says the Reverend T. Dewitt Talmage. We might as well expect a hothouse plant to have the strength of the crocus growing at the foot of the snow bank...

Keep the Boy Ambitious.

FRANK H. SWEET.

Many of us have seen the discontented boy making a pretense of picking up stones or potatoes, or perhaps sulkily working his way across an onion or turnip field, and we know something of his value in the economy of a farm.

We coax the restive or refractory horse, and do not think time wasted in training him to usefulness; and yet some of us are unwilling to do as much for the boys who are being fitted for the higher and more intelligent work of the farm.

Remember that work is well done when the laborer's heart is in it, but when the heart strays, the work flags.

Better Than Taking a City.

M. B. S.

The Mausers were coming over the hill at the rate of millions to the minute. It appeared, yet none seemed destined to touch the broad-shouldered Major who paced up and down behind the prone firing line.

less advice to men who had been waiting for this chance all day.

"One thousand yards!" called the Major; then, "Make it eleven hundred." We were getting their range down fine, but they were retallating in the same way.

Major Arnold walked a little beyond his accustomed beat, and came face to face with Captain Warren before either realized that the other was anywhere near. There was a moment's pause, then both grasped the outstretched hand of the other.

The musketry continued without a pause. "Here, bind up this sergeant's arm!" Hardly were the words out of his mouth before the Major fell, shot through the thigh, and was carried to the rear.

The fortunes of war compelled me to bunk with the Captain that night, for one thin poncho was all we had to cover both of us. The excitement of the day made both restless and sleepless.

My thoughts went back to the proverb about conquering one's self and taking a city, and as I turned over to sleep, my last thought that night was one of pride in the two brave men I could number among the list of my comrades.

YOURS FOR A QUARTER

An instrument on which you can learn to telegraph, and become an operator on a large salary. Instruction chart \$1.00 each one. Send to-day before prices advance.

THE DIAMOND PIN CO., Montpelier, Vt.

Free Scholarships advertisement for American School of Correspondence, offering instruction in Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Marine and Locomotive Engineering.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?

Advertisement for The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 36, 240 West 23d St., NEW YORK.

Advertisement for Boys and Girls, send us your name and address and we will send you 10 STICK PINS TO SELL FOR 10 CTS. EACH.

For the Benefit of Non-Resident Customers! EXTRAORDINARY OFFER FOR THEIR BENEFIT. 200 Doz. Foster Hooks, Best Quality, Real Kid Washable Gloves, worth \$1.25 a pair, AT \$1.00 PER PAIR.

STAMMERING CURED advertisement for The Lewis Phono-Metric Institute, Detroit, Mich., featuring a photo of the building and a portrait of a man.

A GREAT PHYSICIAN SAYS: ROBINSON'S TURKISH CABINET advertisement for a Turkish Bath, featuring an illustration of a woman and a cabinet.



The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will sell at a very reasonable rate to professional or amateur papers the cuts used in illustrating this or any of the preceding numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Illustrate your papers.

A Well-Known Amateur.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

Few amateur authors have been so prolific in all branches of literature as William H. Greenfield, of Philadelphia, who has been called the father of the United Amateur Press Association, being its founder and principal organizer. In editorial argument, in essay, in verse and in story writing he has had exceptional success, winning during 1899 either first or second place in all the literary laureateships of the U. A. P. A., thus demonstrating beyond a doubt his versatility as well as ability.

Mr. Greenfield was born in Philadelphia in 1881 and had attracted notice as an amateur writer by the time he was thirteen. At fourteen he contributed to a number of professional juvenile publications, and though most prominent as an amateur, he has done a great deal of work for which the professional press has paid him liberally, much of the work



WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD.

being of a high order of merit. Last winter he completed a long serial on the English-Boer war, under an assumed name, which he disposed of to a literary syndicate. Few, if any, contributors to the amateur press stand higher than Mr. Greenfield, who has been a leader since 1895, when he became the first president of the U. A. P. A., laying the foundations of the organization, undertaking its first expenses, and raising it to a position of prominence in the "junior world of letters." Mr. Greenfield has published, edited or helped to edit a great number of amateur journals, at one time being connected with eighteen different publications. Among these were Greenfield's Monthly, Greenfield's Magazine, The Amateur Press, and Hot Stuff, the last named being an illustrated comic monthly having professional contributors. In 1896 he published the first amateur newspaper modeled on professional lines, with headlines, display, editorials, etc. He is a leader in the world of amateur journalism.

A boy in Flushing, N. Y., who is not yet twenty has secured the publication of a weekly religious journal and is making great preparations for bringing it out. He is installing a sixty by twenty press, with new type and a motor, and intends to give employment to several men. He says he has also an offer for the publication of another journal, a monthly, which he is considering. This shows the opportunities that there are for boys with the right stuff in them—enterprising, energetic boys who wish to get ahead.



Practical Printing for Amateurs.

W. S. KNOX.

To the average American boy there is no more intensely interesting or really instructive study than that of printing, and the mysteries of the typographical art—"the art preservative of all arts"—are perhaps mastered more easily and quickly than are those of any other art or profession. Time and experience, of course, are required to perfect the learner in this as well as in any other trade, yet the boy who can not go into a printing office and learn the "lay of the case" (the location of the various letters of the alphabet in their boxes) sufficiently well the first day to set two or three "sticks" (the printer's implement for holding the type as he picks them letter by letter from the case), would, indeed, be a dull boy. "Practice makes perfect," 'tis true, and the young student in the art typographical can only expect to become expert and "fast" by diligent practice and careful attention to details and particulars.

A "printer" is generally supposed to be a person who does all the work that is required in a printing office—from setting the type and "locking the forms" ready for the press, to washing the ink rollers and doing the actual work of printing on the press. This is now only true in the small printing offices. In the larger shops each operation is a "trade" by itself. The man who sets the type is a compositor—and even that occupation is sub-divided into several specialties, such as "news compositors," "book compositors" and "job compositors"; the one who arranges and prepares the "forms" for the press is the "make-up" or "stone man"; the one who puts the "form" on the press and prepares it for the act of printing is a "pressman"; the one who actually prints the "job"—who places the sheet of paper in the press to receive the impression of the type form and removes it therefrom—is a "press-feeder." The small shop and "country" printer, however, has the opportunity to become proficient in all these operations and become what is known as an "all-around" printer—able to fill any and all of the various positions in the mechanical department of a printing office. The amateur printer may be classed with the "country printer" in the opportunities he has for "learning the business from the ground up."

This article is written on the supposition that those who are sufficiently interested in the art of printing to peruse it are also acquainted with the simpler mechanical details of producing a printed sheet. Boys' printing presses are numerous in variety and cheap in price, and there are few neighborhoods where at least one boy is not the envied possessor of a printing machine. Most of these small printing presses, too, be it said, execute as good work, mechanically, as the larger and more expensive "Gordons." It all lies in the "manner of doing it." Any boy with some pains in selecting his type assortment, a little taste in arranging his lines, and the exercise of care in using the right quantity of ink and in handling the freshly printed job so that it will not "smut" or blur or "offset" upon the sheet laid on top of it, can turn out work hardly distinguishable from a "city" job.

When a boy receives a printing press and a few fonts of type, the first thing he prints is his name. Then he prints "name cards" for all his sisters, aunts and cousins. This soon becomes mo-

notonous, and then he gets himself up a "business card" as follows:

WILLIE B. GREEN,
Plain and Fancy Printer,
Blankton, O.

His career as a printer is now fully under way, and it depends entirely upon his own energy and ability whether he will earn a reputation for neatness, accuracy and general excellence as a typographical artist, or whether he will become a "botcher" and his work be the laughing stock of all who see it.

The trouble with the great majority of amateur printers is that they choose too much "fancy" type, when selecting an office. Fancy type, except in very modest faces, is considered "out of date." Little of it is now used except upon special occasions and then only sparingly and by expert printers. Scripts, too, are used sparingly and are confined mainly to invitations, announcements and the like. Shaded outline, and very light face letters are used much less than formerly. The prevailing styles are toward the use of plain, neat, and rather heavy faced type in various styles. A study of the advertising columns of THE AMERICAN BOY will attest this fact, and also disclose some of the most popular styles of type faces now in general use. Besides being tasty in design, these letters are good wearers, long lasting and are not easily injured or broken. They are serviceable in nearly all classes of printing, and, with comparatively few sizes and varieties, very creditable job work can be produced by any boy who gives his work thought and careful attention. The average amateur printer is generally over anxious to do "fancy" printing, when plain work would be easier to do, present a much more tasty appearance when finished, and be more pleasing and satisfactory in every respect.

(To be Continued.)

We have received several copies of "Arrows," issued from the press of Charles W. Heins, 1920 Lexington avenue, New York. It is an amateur magazine deserving of much praise, both from an editorial standpoint and for the work of the printer. Charles W. Heins is editor; Otto W. Henschel, associate editor; Arthur J. Maecker, business manager, and Henry M. Henschel, staff artist. The contents are well selected and a good variety is given, and the pages are enlivened with cuts, ornamental initial letters and a fancy running head, the word "Arrows" being in heavy script with a long arrow running horizontally through the letters.

"Evel Angel's Magazine," published at Victoria, Tex., has just made its appearance. The contents consist of two stories, some historical articles, a department headed "The Waste Basket," another for recipes and another entitled "The Florist." The name "Magazine" is hardly appropriate for the publication in its present form, as it is printed on rather poor paper and consists of only eight pages about half the size of the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY.

OTN Odds and Ends—high grade monthly for young folks—16 pages—sample copy 2c—4 months 10c. P. De VOS, Coopersville, Mich.

BOOK FOR BOYS FREE—Treasure Island to each one sending the regular price (10c.) for a 3 months' subscription to our up-to-date "QUILLINGS." THE ERICSON CO., Elroy, Wis.

ONE. For 10c. "THE LITTLE STAR," a Monthly Story Paper. THE LITTLE STAR, 220 W. 16th St., New York City.

100 VISITING CARDS 35c Post paid with name and address, latest style. Order executed same day received. Booklet, "CARD STYLE," FREE. E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. J., St. Louis, Mo.

If you don't catch him in 5 days return to

25 fine XX white envelopes, No. 4 with above picture and your name & address printed below, for only 14c. postpaid, 50 for 25c, 100 for 40c. Note paper same price. EAGLE SUPPLY CO., New Haven, Conn.

798 CARDS 2c each 2c stamp for biggest sample Book of 250 does name a Bit Price Cards extra offered. BUCKEYE CARD CO., LACRYVILLE, OHIO.

100 FINE WHITE ENVELOPES neatly printed with your return card, postpaid for only 25c. 50 for 25c. W. K. HOWIE, Printer, Beebe Plains, Vt.

BOYS Get a Pocket Dictionary. Contains nearly 30,000 words, with their orthography, definition and pronunciation. Sample copy and terms FOR A DIME. GEM BOOK CO., Box 1, WHITTIER, N. C.

100 Letter Heads Free..... A 2 cent stamp brings samples and particulars. Avoid postals. FRANK CHEADLE, Erwin, Okla.

FINE PRINTING 100 Fine White Envelopes, With your name and address neatly printed thereon, for only 25c. 100 Packet Heads printed same for 25c, or both for 40c. 50 of the finest cards out, neatly printed, for 25c. 100 Business Cards same for 25c. Everything postpaid and modern type and work given. Write J. DUNSON N. BURTON, Madison, N. Y.

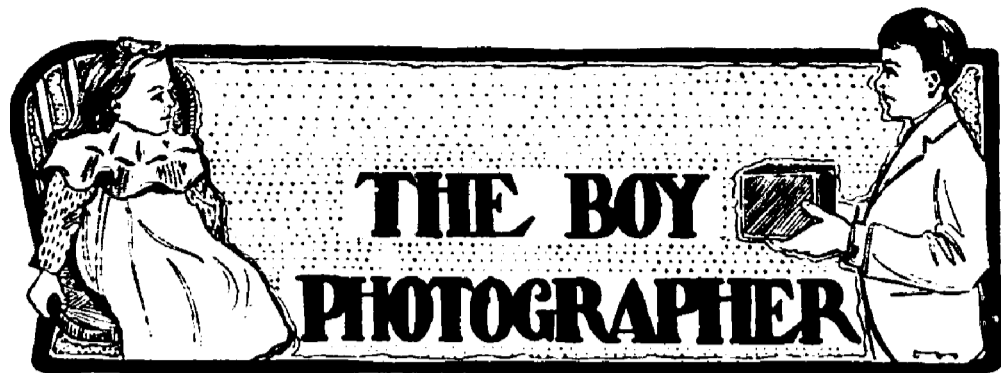
Money Maker And save. Print your own cards, circulars, book, new paper, with our \$5 or \$18 printing press. Type setting easy; printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper to factory. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Fred T. Woodruff—Flashlight powder can be bought already put up in boxes, with fuse attached; six boxes for thirty five cents or less.

Henry Allen—There is no necessity for you to buy a dark closet; every room in the house is a dark room at night. Do your developing at night.

Wm. Eickoff—You must make "positives" of common plates, but it is not so easy as to use lantern slide plates. The ordinary plate is too quick.

Jules Labadie—Never draw your slide with the sun shining right on the plate holder. Cover it with the focusing cloth, or a handkerchief, or the sleeve of your coat.

Photographic Notes.

Developing powders, when fresh, can generally be depended on to give satisfaction.

For under-exposed plates metol cannot be excelled; but use it cautiously, or it will fog your plate.

The slightest movement of the camera during an exposure will cause double lines to appear on the picture.

Beginners are advised to buy their developers already prepared. But insist on being given something reasonably fresh.

The simplest paper to use is the blue print, and it is the cheapest. After the print is made, it is fixed by washing it in water.

Some photographers when making a picture of an auburn haired girl, will discreetly powder the hair, so as to prevent the picture giving the golden locks too dark a color, for red photographs black.

The reason why a picture is not as clear on the edge as in the center is because the marginal rays of light do not come to the same focus as those entering through the center. This can be remedied by using a smaller stop, and giving a longer exposure.

Quick Picture Making.

Doubtless many readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have noticed an item in the daily papers telling of quick picture making before the Michigan and

Ohio Photographers' Association while it was in session at Put-in-Bay, the latter part of August. It stated that the negative and finished print, even to the mounting, was completed in eight minutes and twenty four seconds. How was it done?

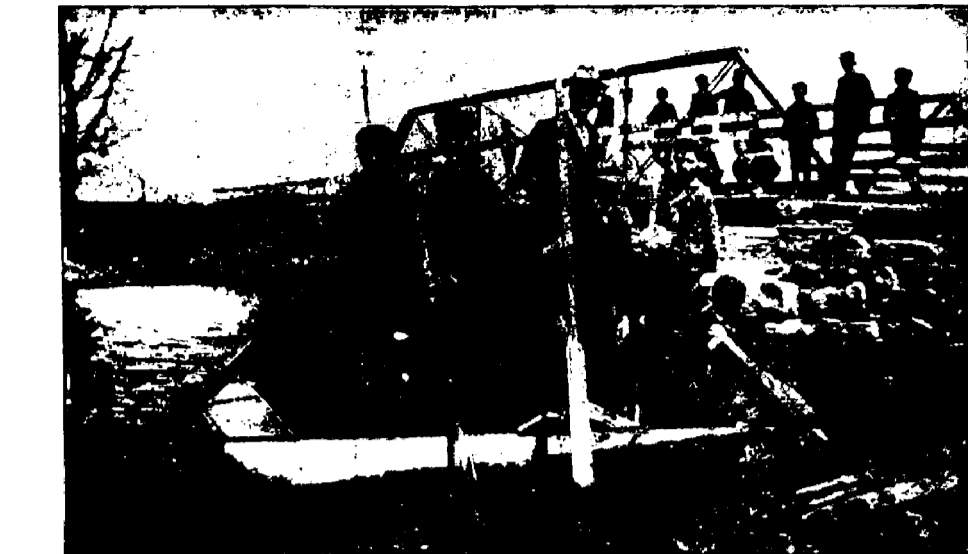
The negative was made at night, with four seconds exposure by acetylene light, which seems to have most of the qualities of daylight. It was taken out of the developer as soon as there was sufficient density to show detail in the shadows—less than two minutes—and then dropped into a strong fixing bath and cleared in a moment. Then with hardly an apology for a wash, a piece of Velox printing in paper was floated on the plate under water to make it lay smooth, and it was afterwards exposed to artificial white light for ten or fifteen seconds. The print was then treated exactly as the original plate was: developed in a few seconds, dropped in a fixing bath, given an apology for a wash, and mounted.

Such a print will not keep very long; neither will the negative, for in neither instance has the "hypo" been washed out; but it serves to show what can be done in an emergency. After the quick print is made, the plate can be put back into the fixing bath, and then thoroughly washed, when it will be all right, providing the original developing was carried sufficiently far.

Tone Values in Pictures.

The common, everyday plate used by amateur photographers lacks one quality essential to the highest photography. It does not represent the true color values of the various shades photographed. To the eye, a bright yellow appears much lighter than a medium dark blue; but when the blue and the yellow is photographed on the ordinary plate, the yellow comes out dark, and the blue is nearly white. This is because the blue reflects actinic rays, and the yellow does not.

While the yellow possesses the illuminating power that makes it look bright, the blue has a chemical power that causes it to impress itself much more readily on the sensitive plate. So chemists made a hunt for some chemical or combination of chemicals that, when used on the plate, would make it more sensitive to the yellow, while not being any more sensitive to the blue, thus producing in the finished print what is called



ALL IN A BOAT.

SECOND PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY CLARENCE CORP, CURFU, N. Y.

"tone value," that is, the representation of colors as they appear to the eye—yellow, light; and blue, dark.

The result of all the experimenting has been the production of "orthochromatic" plates, from two Greek words, "orthos," correct, and "chroma," color. The plates are prepared by so coloring the emulsion that it is sensitive to red and yellow. These plates are a little slower than the regular kind, and therefore are not so well adapted to snap shots requiring short exposures. Besides, unless very carefully developed, they are apt to come out flat, without sufficient contrasts. For this reason many photographers will have nothing to do with them, preferring to manipulate the plate by reduction or other baths, to paying a big price for a plate that loses in one direction as much as is gained in another.

Worthy of Notice.

The photos sent THE AMERICAN BOY, the past month, are in the main of a better quality than usual. Among those most worthy of notice might be mentioned Forest S. Harvey's picture of "Rip Van Winkle Rock," showing the face of an old man. It is a beautiful scene, but it lacks snap. M. Blanchard's picture of a Texas dam is a good photograph, except for the lack of detail in the shadow; but the woods are too far away. Roy Case's ponies are good. The blue prints by Charles H. Otis are well taken, but the view selected is not sufficiently striking to justify the trouble, except for personal reasons. Lawrence C. Godfrey's Pan-American buildings are all right, but badly printed. George W. Kennedy sends a negative of his pony Fanny. It ought to make a good print, yet it is slightly fogged—probably from too warm developer, or the light of the dark room being too strong.

"Oh, how I do appreciate a boy who is always on time," says H. C. Brown. "How quickly you learn to depend on him, and how soon you find yourself intrusting him with weightier matters! The boy who has acquired a reputation for punctuality has made the first contribution to the capital that in after years makes his success a certainty."—Pushing to the Front.



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BOYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

Why Do Birds Migrate?

No one has given a really satisfactory reason for the migration of birds. Some say it is a matter of instinct; others that it is a matter of example—the younger learning from the older; still others that it is largely a matter of search for food. The last-named reason will hardly hold in view of the fact that, often, birds disappear when food conditions are seemingly perfect. Notwithstanding naturalists have studied and written much on the subject, the real reason remains a mystery. Some extraordinary stories are told of migratory birds. It is said that the Virginia Plover flies to the height of two miles and at a speed of two hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. It is reported that a Black-cap Warbler arrived at a certain bush in the north in three successive years at half-past three o'clock of the afternoon of the same day.

A Fish That Fishes.

Most remarkable of strange fishes is the angler fish, whose very name seems a paradox. The fishing fish is nevertheless a reality, and a stern one to all that approach those awful jaws of his. With a body the color of mud he generally lies in the shadow of some rock on the bottom of the sea, waiting motionless for

the approach of his prey. He is provided with an odd kind of fin just over the mouth, and this is held out in front of him to give warning of the coming of something to be swallowed. One taken alive was experimented on, and it was found that if this projecting fin was touched with a stick, even though the stick did not come near the mouth, the jaws closed convulsively. This shows that the fin, by some provision of nature, closes the jaws as soon as it is touched.

The mouth is tremendous, growing to the width of a foot when the whole fish is only three feet long. One of these anglers was caught not long since, and, although it was only twenty five inches long, a fish fifteen inches long was found sticking in its throat. The angler is provided with peculiar teeth set in double or treble rows along the jaws and at the entrance of the throat. Some of these teeth are a foot long. He is not a pretty fish to look at, but he attends strictly to business, and will swallow anything that touches his warning fin, whether it be meant for food or not. All kinds of things have been found in the stomach of anglers, from bits of lead and stone to fish almost as large as the angler itself. This is without doubt one of the most peculiar and interesting fish in the whole ocean.

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DOGS

BY
A. Neely Hall.

Of all the pets owned by boys, I think that the dog is the best liked and usually the last to be neglected. If it be only the common street cur it generally finds kind treatment at the hands of a boy. This seems natural when you realize what a good companion a dog is. He loves to accompany his master upon his hunts and rambles, and, if taught to fetch game, he can make himself very useful.

When choosing a dog it is best to secure a young puppy, as he can be more readily trained than an old dog, and he will grow up to understand and obey your commands.

If you live in a large city, where there are very small back yards, it is not advisable to keep a large dog, for he cannot get enough exercise to keep him in good health. Our best authorities on dogs say that if he has plenty of exercise it does not matter how much meat he is fed. The old idea that meat gives him disposition is now dropped, as it has been discovered that it is a germ disease, and the contagion is always received from some other dog. This dreaded disease has a great many stages, each of which must be gone through before the dog can recover, and there is nothing to do for him but put him in warm quarters and keep up his strength by plenty of nourishing food. I think you will find Shields' book, entitled "The American Field and Dog," one of the best publications upon dogs' diseases and the remedies for the same.

To return to the feeding of dogs, let me say, that you ought to have regular times for their meals. Puppies should be fed four times a day until about one year old, when three meals a day are sufficient. From two years on feed your dog two meals a day, morning and night, the hearty meal being given in the evening.

HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DOG.

Begin when he is a puppy, and make him understand that he must obey every command given him. This done, it will be found very easy to teach him the most difficult feats. If you go hunting of course you want to teach him to retrieve. He will very soon learn to fetch a stick thrown fifty or a hundred feet away from him. When you have taught him this you can try him at game. He will very likely mouth the first bird; to cure him of doing this take a dead bird and stick pins in it points outward. Toss this as you did with the stick and command him to "go fetch it." You will find that he will very soon learn to carry it without making the slightest mark of his teeth upon it, as the pins will prick him sharply if he does not.

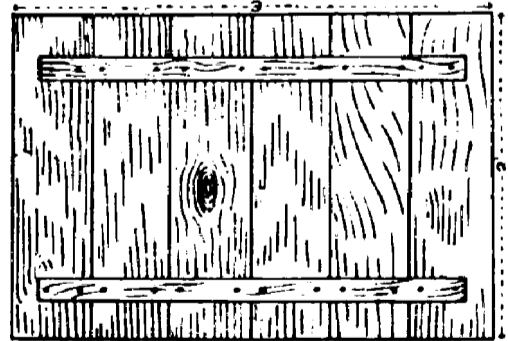


FIG. 1. SIDE OF KENNEL.

The best time to train a dog is just before meals, as he is then hungry and can be rewarded with some food every time he performs a trick successfully. To teach him to jump through a hoop, hold one close to his head and taking a small piece of meat hold it in your other hand in front of the hoop, at the same time giving the order, "jump, sir!" He will naturally jump for the meat and go through the hoop. Raise the hoop a little higher each time, repeating the order, "jump, sir! jump!" In this way you can get him to jump through it at quite a height, and when he becomes accustomed to your command, he will jump at the snapping of the fingers.

I once had a water spaniel, named Jerry, whom I taught to jump through a hoop. He thought it such fun that when I was not around he would often times jump an eight-foot fence into the alley and come around to the front porch and wait until let in.

Unless you are rewarding him for doing a trick, always make your dog speak for his food. I find that the best way to teach him is to hold a piece of meat about as high as your head and command him to "speak!" At first he will look puzzled and try jumping for it, but after you have repeated the order several times he will usually growl. Give him the meat and taking another piece go through the same performance. It is very likely that he will understand what you mean this time and will answer more promptly than before.

A dog may be taught how to shake hands very easily. First take hold of his paw and shake it, saying, "shake! shake hands!" then try tapping his paw and at the same time repeating the order. If he fails to give you his paw you will have to take it and shake it, as you did in the first place, until he understands



what is wanted. A favorite performance of Don, a Yorkshire terrier, is to stand holding a cane between his paws while decked with a large, dark cravat and a pair of spectacles. His picture is here reproduced in this costume. There are three good rules to follow in training a dog: First, never tire him out; second, do not attempt to teach him more than one trick at once, wait until he has thoroughly mastered one before attempting to teach him another, or he will get confused; third, always be firm with him and make him mind everything you tell him to do.

The first thing that should be done after getting a dog is to provide a shelter for him. Unless you have a barn in which to keep him, you had better build him a kennel. The dimensions depend entirely upon the size of the dog. For one of medium size, a kennel should measure three feet long, two feet wide and three feet high. Cut two six-inch boards each two feet long, and two each three feet long. Mitre the ends of these and nail them together. On this foundation nail the floor, after which saw twelve pieces of six-inch board two feet long, and eight pieces each three feet long. Taking six of the two-foot boards for each side, nail them together by means of braces (figure 1). In the same way make the front and rear walls out of the three-foot boards. Cut a doorway

in the front wall, large enough for the dog to enter with ease, after which set the four sections in place and nail them together. It will be noticed that the front and rear walls were made a foot taller than the side ones. This was done to allow for a slanting roof. With a pencil and ruler find the centers of the top edge of these walls marking them (b). Taking a carpenter's square, draw b, a

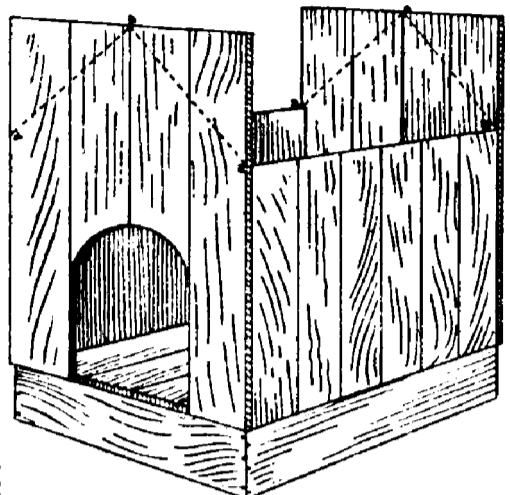


FIG. 2.

(figure 2), after which cut off the triangular pieces. The roof is made in two pieces and put together in the same manner as the walls. Each section should be three feet six inches long by one foot eight inches wide. Fasten one section on with nails and hinge the other to it at the peak of the roof. By lifting this section you can get at the inside when you wish to change the bedding. To keep the kennel well ventilated, bore

one-half inch holes around the base about three inches apart, and three or four near the top of both front and rear walls. If boards with matched edges are used in the construction, your kennel will be water tight, and a few coats of paint will keep it in good condition for a long time.

One disadvantage in having a dog in the city is that you cannot keep your lawn or garden in good condition with him running about upon it, digging here and there to bury his bones. There are several ways of overcoming this difficulty, however. A good plan is to fence off a run about four feet wide along one side of your yard with two-inch wire mesh. If your dog is large this will have to be made between six and eight feet high to keep him from jumping over it. A much cheaper way is to make

A TROLLEY FOR YOUR DOG.

It may be run alongside of your fence from the house to the barn. Fasten a hook in the wall of the house and barn about four feet from the ground. Secure a piece of stout wire the required length and a small pulley. In one end of the wire make a loop, similar to figure 3, and put it on one hook, after which slip the pulley on the wire and fasten the other end to the second hook. Attach the dog's chain to the pulley and the dog will take the place of the electricity found on a trolley wire. If you cannot

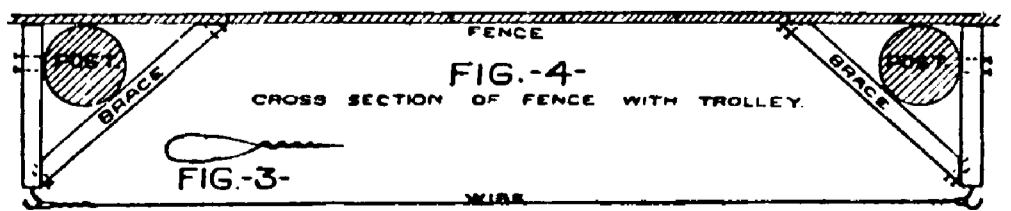


FIG. 4- CROSS SECTION OF FENCE WITH TROLLEY.

spare the entire length of the yard for the trolley, you can put it up differently. Cut two pieces of two-by-four about two feet long and nail them to the fence posts as far apart as you wish. In the ends of these fasten the hooks, and after attaching the wire, brace the two-by-fours to keep the wire tight. (See figure 4.)

Place the kennel at one end of this trolley in such a way that your dog can enter it without being checked by his chain. Although the freedom of a dog is somewhat limited in this way, it is a great improvement over chaining him up to a post.

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It was early one afternoon, late in November, when I boarded a car for Coney Island, that famous watering place by the sea, to look at the damage done by a great storm that had passed along the coast. It was sundown when I concluded to return home. As I strolled along the beach in the direction of the station, as many others were doing, I saw a man rush to the water's edge, pick up something and hastily retreat again, a big wave following close on his heels. When I drew near to where he stood, I saw that he had a large fish still wriggling in his hands. I remarked that it was an easy way of catching a fish. He replied, "Yes, and the first I ever caught in this manner."

Continuing on, I saw another man rush toward the water and pick up something. Hastening to his side, I saw that he, too, had caught a large fish. Surely this was really the first good fishing I had ever seen or taken part in.

Full of excitement, and determined to try my skill at rushing, I walked on a few feet farther and stopped to watch a big wave come rolling in. As it broke upon the beach and began running out again, I saw my first chance to rush, for there in about an inch of water was floundering a big fish. The next wave would carry it out again, should I wait but an instant. I rushed, and with a smart kick sent the fish up on the beach high and dry. In this novel manner of rushing and retreating, I caught twelve nice fish which, I found on reaching home, weighed nearly nine pounds. I saw over two hundred fish caught in this manner, some of them weighing from two to three pounds each.

The explanation is this: In running in too close to shore to feed on the sand cel, three or four inches long, the fish are caught in the breakers and thrown up on the beach, and if not caught are generally carried out again with the next breaker. The fish are called Frost-fish, or English Whiting, and are splendid eating. Codfish are frequently caught in the same way. During the first frosty weather of winter is the time to look for this kind of fishing along the seacoast.

JUMPING.

The Proper Way to Jump, the Different Kinds of Jumps, and the Benefits of Jumping as a Gymnastic Exercise.

P. W. HEMPHREYS

Jumping is an athletic sport as old as history. It is often referred to in the Greek and Latin classics. In fact, jumping was one of the five great events at the Olympic games—the national sports of the Greeks held at Olympia every fourth year.

It is claimed by those who are experts in this sport, that there are many reasons why boys should practice jumping. Aside from the fun of it, it is one of the very best gymnastic exercises. Unlike tennis, bicycling, and many other popular sports of to-day, it does not require an expensive outfit. It is as free as air, as walking, as running. It demands no skill in managing tools; simply skill in managing one's self, but of that sort of skill a great deal. Only the juggler, in fact, is more completely master of every nerve and fibre of his own body than is the leaper.

Jumping is exhilarating, exciting and manly. It teaches the throwing of one's whole self into a thing in an instant, and this is something that every boy should learn, for he will have to practice it very many times when he becomes a man in the business world.

That it is useful to know how to jump, nobody will pretend to doubt. The story book, "Leap for Life," is rare enough in the real world, but the leap to save distance and time is a thing of every day.

There are three kinds of jumps, each of which admits of more or less variation.

- 1. The long jump (also called wide, broad, horizontal, level, ground).
2. The high jump.
3. The jump from a height down, generally known as the vertical jump.

It may not be necessary to explain to a boy, who is a boy, just how to use the hands, feet, and body in each of these jumps, but a few hints can be given that will help him to become, with practice, a powerful and graceful jumper.

In all jumping, take the fullest possible breath at the moment of the spring.

An old champion writes: "When the jumper throws himself forward, he must employ all his vigor, so as to make a bound as far as possible." "When he has thrown himself forward, he must employ all his activity in order to fall as softly as possible." Fall on the ball of the foot; bend the legs the instant the ground is touched, and then let the heels drop. The jar of the falling directly on the heels may cause a shock great enough to injure the brain, while dropping heavily on the toes may sprain them.

The long jump may be taken with or without a run. The standing long jump is sometimes made with dumb-bells or other heavy weights in the hands. By throwing these backward a greater distance can be cleared. The use of weights, however, is no longer in favor with the best jumpers. In the standing long jump, most boys jump too low, jump high, and you will surprise yourself.

A run of forty yards is often made for a running long jump, but there is no rule for the length of the run. The spring, or "take-off," as it is called, should be made at the top of your speed and on the ball of your foot. If you feel as if you were going to take-off too soon or too late, or on the wrong foot, don't slow up, or lengthen or shorten



your stride. The chances are ten to one you will take-off all right.

It is an admirable plan to lay a white handkerchief or paper just beyond the point where you expect to land. The sight of this makes you strain every muscle at the right moment, and at the same time makes you less nervous about your take-off. In the air, keep the arms perfectly straight, pointing front and slanting downwards. Held in this way, they will help a good deal in keeping the body bent forward as it should be. One of the best jumpers in the world gives the following three rules for a running long jump:

- "1. Use all your pace. 2. Never alter your stride. 3. Jump much higher than you feel inclined to."

In practicing the high jump, you will do well to use a simple apparatus by means of which you can tell exactly how much you gain day by day. You can easily make this apparatus yourself.

Perforate two poles six or seven feet long with holes an inch or two apart; number the holes, and make for each hole a pin which slides easily into the holes. Fix the poles erect, place the pins in holes of the same number, and lay over the pins a cord weighted at both ends with bags of shot or sand, or, if you prefer, lay on the pins a light wooden rod. The rod or rope falls readily to the ground when hit by the jumper, and no harm is done. This is much safer than practicing on stone walls and fences.

In the running high jump, there is as much danger of running too hard as there is in the running long jump of not running hard enough. For the running high jump many professional jumpers walk a part of the distance to the point of the spring—"to fix the nerve and muscle," as they say—and depend on the last three strides for momentum. About half the height of the jump is the best distance to take-off from; as much depends upon gauging this accurately as upon making a strong spring.

No rule can be laid down as to the position of the body in crossing the rope or bar. No two jumpers cross exactly alike. Some always bend their legs under them, and then straighten them out, while others throw the legs one side.

The vertical jump is not often seen in athletic contests, but it is perhaps the most useful of the three kinds of jumps at the same time that it is the most dangerous. In this jump it is much more important to land right than to spring right. Landing on the ball of the foot is here absolutely necessary, and in jumping from a great height it is safest to bend the knees at the moment of striking the ground, and to fall forward lightly on the hands. Jumping from a height should be practiced very gradually, but for that matter so should all jumping and all athletic sport.

The comet which visits our atmosphere but once in a thousand years is never a single second behind time.—Pushing to the Front.

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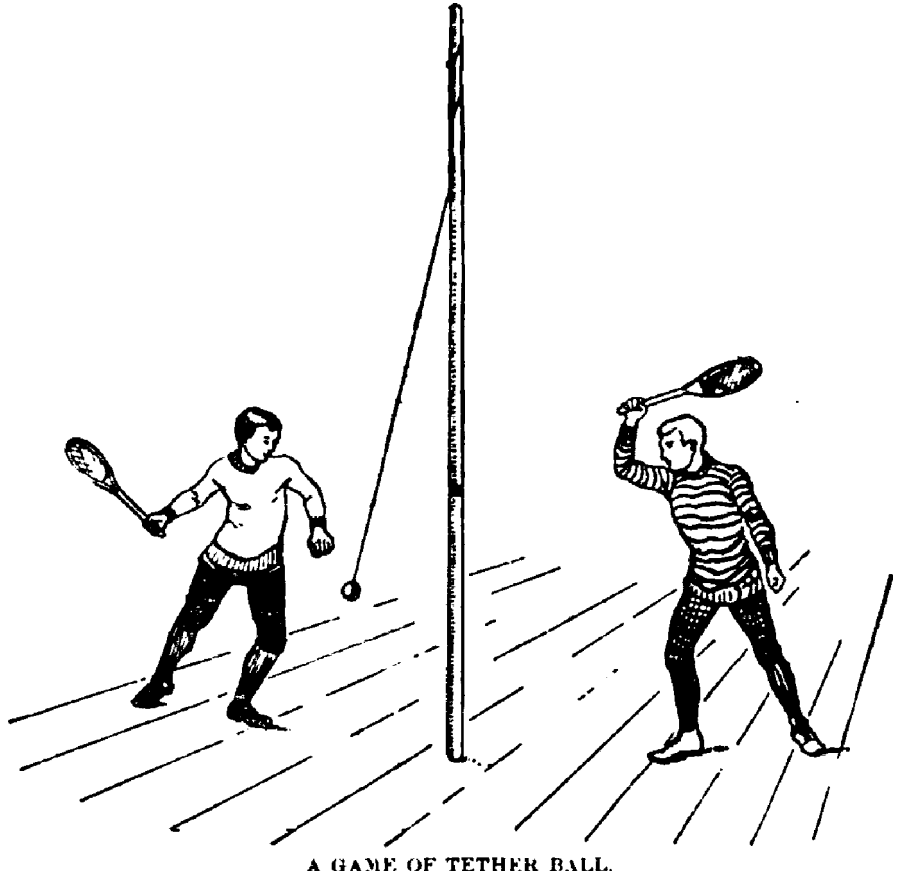
TETHER BALL.

It is the Popular Sport Among Schoolboys as Well as College Men Just Now.

The illustration shows a game of tether ball in full progress. To give the best results the pole should be about sixteen feet long. As two feet must be buried to make it stand firmly, fourteen feet will be above ground.

Two rackets are necessary, one for each player. If you possess tennis rackets they may be used; if not, rackets cut from a pine board will do quite as well. The cord to which the ball is attached should be eleven feet long. Fasten the ball to the cord by means of a small net. If there is some member of the opposite sex whom you can interest in tether ball (and this game is quite as well suited for girls as boys) she can probably crochet a net for you with very little trouble; but if this kindly aid can not be secured, a strong and durable fastening may be made as follows: Cut from a piece of cotton flannel or chamois, a disc ten inches long. Make a large knot in the end of the cord. Gather the flannel or chamois about the ball and knot. Tie firmly by binding the edges of the disc close to the cord above the knot. Paint a black circle one inch wide six feet from the base of the pole. Bore a hole three inches from the top of the pole; push the end of the cord through, and then knot it. This makes much the best fastening.

To play: Toss up to see which player shall have the choice of court. The courts consist of half the circle about the pole. If the winner of the toss prefers he may forfeit the choice of court and choose in which direction he will wind the ball. After deciding this point the two players take position in their respective courts. (On no account must they make an off-side play by trespassing into the court of an opponent.) The player to whom has fallen the choice of direc-



A GAME OF TETHER BALL.



BAXTER WINNING THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN POLE VAULTING, IN THE PARIS SPORTS. —Collier's Weekly.

tirely wound round the pole. His opponent's play is to, if possible, interrupt this and start the ball in the opposite direction. The last decisive turn of the cord which brings the ball against the pole must be above the black ring mentioned. If a player strike the cord above the ball, and so winding it around his racket and stopping it altogether, his opponent is allowed a free serve.

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tion now begins the game by knocking the ball around the pole in either direction he may desire. His object is now to continue the play until the cord is en-

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The Beginner's Guide to Stamp Collecting. FRED. J. MELVILLE. Author of "Stamp Collecting," "The Stamps of Haiti," "A Postage Stamp Zoo," etc., and Editor of "The Young Stamp Collector" (London, England). (Begun in June Number.)

STUMBLING BLOCKS AND HOW TO GET OVER THEM. The collection of the unguided beginner is generally a veritable agglomeration of blunders. The chief cause of this state of affairs is the neglect on the part of some Governments to include in the inscriptions on their stamps the name of the country by which they are issued. In other cases where the alphabetical characters are different to our own, beginners are puzzled to know to which country to give the credit of some postal issues. Not unfrequently will it be noticed in glancing over the collection of a comparative beginner that specimens of Swiss stamps are included in the space devoted to the stamps of France. This is on account of the word "Franco" (meaning free) being confused in the name of the French Republic. Mistakes of a similar character are surprisingly numerous, and it is with a view to preventing in some measure the repetition of such errors that this dictionary is given naming the inscriptions by which the readers may identify certain stamps with the nationalities of their emission. Anatoakth Pomayla—Eastern Roumelia. Stamps similar in design to those of Turkey. Bs As—Buenos Ayres. Chiffre Taxe—On the postage due stamps of France. Communications—Spain. Copenja—Servia.

STAMPS—100 var. Labuan, British Guiana, etc. 10 cents. H. M. FULVER, FULVERS, N. Y.
COLLECT STAMPS from my approval sheets at 50 percent discount. C. F. HARRIS, 226 West 20th St., NEW YORK.
STAMP AGENTS WANTED—See here, boys, you can get a good Watch FREE for selling our fine stamps. 5¢ page price list free. 100 mixed Newfoundland and Canada, over 2 var. Atlas Stamp & Pub. Co., London, Ont., Can.
30 varieties Foreign Stamps, 10¢. 20 varieties U.S. 10¢. 20 varieties old U.S. Revenue, 5¢. CLARK W. BROWN, Irving Ave., SYRACUSE, N. Y.
FREE! A Fine Packet of Stamps to all who apply for my new approval books at 50% discount. H. G. TAYLOR, 100 Pearl Street, Middletown, Conn.

OFFICIAL PREMIUM COIN CATALOGUE. Buying prices, complete list of all rare coins. American, gold, silver and copper. First Edition. Invaluable to bankers, brokers, storekeepers and others. Price 10¢. A. A. ST. GERMAIN, Kankakee, Ill.
EIGHT FOREIGN POSTAL CARDS from 8 different countries, such as Japan, India, Newfoundland, etc. and Booklet "Hints on Card Collecting," mailed in 4¢ box envelope on receipt of 10¢. A. TOWNE, Station 24, Baltimore, Md.
FREE—an unused Chinese stamp to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. 20 var. Canada, 25¢. 20 var. Argentine, 25¢. 20 var. Venezuela, 25¢. 20 var. New Chinese, 4¢. The 4 packets with a name, number and address card, free for only \$1.00. W. T. McKay, 628 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

STAMPS 101 different genuine Natal, Porto Rico, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only 10¢ extra, an excellent bargain. Agents wanted, 5¢. New 100 list FREE. C. A. STEGMAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

STAMPS 50 fine mixed, Australian swan, etc., 10¢. 12 var. China, Orange State, So. Afr. Rep. Album, etc., 10¢. 15 unused, etc., 21 U. S., 12 Africa, 10¢. 15 Asia, 10¢. 21 Oceania, 10¢. 15 N. and C. Amer., 10¢. 15 W. Indian, 10¢. Large stock, low prices. Agents wanted at 50% com. ESTABLISHED 1899. F. P. VINCENT, CHATHAM, N. Y.

STAMPS 106 all different genuine Mauritius, Natal, Cape G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., with nice ALBUM all for only 10¢. A splendid bargain. New 100 list free. Agents wanted, 5¢. et. com. L. R. BOYER & CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CASH PAID FOR CANCELLED STAMPS. Cash paid for all kind of Coins and Stamps. Have all the stamps you find on letters; you can get cash for them, even the common kind, send 10¢ for our Coin and Stamp Book giving prices paid. Holland Supply Co., 125 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

100 STAMPS FREE to introduce our new price list. Send names and addresses of two collectors and 2 cents for postage. Only 1 packet to each customer. Twelve var. Rev. 5¢ to \$1.00, 5 cents. Four Foreign Fine Stamps, 6 cents. TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

FREE 9 all different South African War stamps, valued 25¢, absolutely free to all applying for our 100 price list and enclosing 2¢ stamp for postage. Agents wanted at 50% com. and liberal extra discounts. Our premium prize contest, now commencing, will interest you. KOLONA STAMP CO., Dayton, Ohio.

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20 var. French colonies 25¢ Transvaal 1d Jub. 4c
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100 VARIETIES of Foreign Stamps, Album 50¢
150 varieties Foreign, for 10¢
30 varieties Foreign, for 4¢
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STAMPS 100 var. the India, Egypt, hinges, etc., cat. \$1.35, 50¢ 5 var. Bergedorf unused, 6¢, 6 var. Berlin, new, 6¢, 20 var. from 40 countries, 25¢, 20 mixed 10¢, 4 var. Greek Games, 10¢, 100 hinges, 8¢, fine sheets 50 per cent. Lists free. Album, 10¢. SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.

IF YOU WILL send the names and addresses of two or more persons whom you know are collecting stamps, and a 2¢ stamp for postage, to E. T. PARKER, BETHLEHEM, PENN'A, there will be sent you by return mail a stamp issued in 1907 not yet catalogued, but will be and priced at 10 cents.

SEASON STARTERS
10 Stamps, all different 10¢
10¢ 10 Denmark 15¢
10¢ 10 Austria 15¢
10¢ 10 Argentina 15¢
10¢ 10 Brazil 15¢
10¢ 10 Colon 15¢
10¢ 10 Italy 15¢
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ROBT. M. MITCHELL, ORADELL, N. J.

Land Post—Baden.
L. McL.—Trinidad local.
Losen—Sweden (unpaid stamps).
AUSTRIA. AUSTRIA (Unpaid).
Magyar—On stamps of Hungary (see illustration).
Mapka—On many Russian rural stamps (see illustration).
Marakech (see illustration), Maroc—Morocco.
Mejico—Mexico.
Modonesi—Modena.
Napoletana—Naples.
Nederland (see illustration)—Holland.
Ned Indie—Dutch Indies.
Norge—Norway.
N. W. S.—New South Wales.
N. Z.—New Zealand.



CRETE
Dansk Vestindiske Oer—Danish West Indies.
Deficit—Peru (unpaid).
Escuelas—Venezuela.
Espana—Spain.
Estensi—Modena.
Franco—Switzerland.
Franco Bollo—Italian States.
Franco Srisorei—Roumania.
Franqueo—Peru.
French Colonial stamps surcharged.
The following initials are used to denote the particular colony for which the stamps were used:
A. and T.—Annam and Tonquin.
C. CH.—Cochin China.
G. P. E.—Guadeloupe.
M. Q. E.—Martinique.
N. C. E.—New Caledonia.
N. S. B.—Nossi Be.
S. P. M.—St. Pierre et Miquelon.
Greek Inscriptions—The stamps of Greece and Crete (see illustration) bear inscriptions in Greek characters.
Helvetica—Switzerland.
H. H. Nawab Shah Jahan Begam—On the stamps of Bhopal.
H. I. and U. S.—Hawaiian Islands.
H. R. Z. G. L.—Holstein.
Ionikon—Ionian Islands.
Island—Iceland.
K. G. L. Post Frm.—Denmark (valued denoted in skillings). Danish West Indies (value denoted in cents).
Kais koenigl oesterr post (see illustrations)—On many of the stamps of Austria.

STAMPS ON APPROVAL—50¢ dia. Album 50¢, 50¢ Stamps 5c. E. C. Ingram & Co., Dept. A, Mapleton, Ia.

BOYS! WRITE AGENCY and special Prize Contest, open to all. Enclose stamp. H. J. KLEINMAN, Germantown, Phila., Pa.

NOW BOYS! ALL DIFFERENT!! 12 Africa, 6c 40 U. S. Postage, obsolete, 10c 15 W. I., 6c; 15 B. A., 6c 30 U. S. Revenue, 6c 100 var. Pkt. Foreign, 5c Pr. ex. The J. H. Allen Co., 372 Penn'a Av., Detroit, Mich.

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STAMPS 50 stamps FREE if you send for our fine approval sheets at 60% commission. Reference required. 50 stamps—Natal, Cape of Good Hope, South African Republic, 10¢. COLE STAMP & NOVELTY CO., Lock Box 988, Dept. X, Omaha, Neb.

NICARAGUA, USED 1891, 2, 6c. 10c 1899, 1, 2, 6c. 15c 1901, 1, 2, 4, 5, 10c. 10c 1900, 1, 5c. Sweden, 35 var. 18c Luxembourg, 8 var. 10c Hungary, 1899-30, 14 var. 18c Persia, 5 var. 10c Guatemala, 1897-95, 1, 2, 5, 6, 10, 20, 25c. 12c Mexico, 1891, 1, 2, 4, 6, 10, 20, 50c. 15c Postage extra. North Shore Stamp Co., Beverly, Mass.

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APPROVAL SHEETS STAMPS At prices easy to sell and 50% commission. TAYLOR STAMP COMPANY, 66 W. Tupper Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

ALL FOR 10¢—100 var. foreign stamps, one Album, one set four 4 unused stamps, cat. 16¢; hinges and 61 prize stamps, all for 10¢. 25¢ for stamps and album only 10¢; set Cuba unused, 10¢. 25 var. U. S., only 10¢; 50 unused, worth \$1.50, only \$1.00. FREE \$1.00 in prizes to approval sheet agents. FAIR STAMP CO., 19 N. Conynton St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodesia 1895, 4d & 6d. 25¢ North Borneo 77, 1, 10, 20, 50c. 15¢ Rhodesia 1896, 1d & 2d. 25¢ Labuan 79, 1c to 5c. 15¢ Canada Jub. 4c & 6c, new. 40¢ Newf. Royal S. I. 1/2, 1, 2, 3, 5, 12¢ Canada Jub. 50c, used. 22c Cuba, 14 var., all issues new. 17¢ Netherlands 1 G. Coronat. 20c 14 different 5c stamps. 30¢ U. S. Omaha 9c. 22c Congo 1894 5 francs. 5¢ Trinidad unpaid 1d & 2d. 12c Ideal hinges; 1000. 10c. 300 5¢ POSTAGE EXTRA. T. R. CLARK, 129 St. James Street, London, Ont., Canada.

10 CENT SPECIALS 1 Perfor Gauge. 5 China. 100 Hinges. 5 Portug. Colonies. 50 United States. 100 mixed Australia. 15 Cuba. 25 mixed Africans. 15 Porto Rico. 25 mixed S. and C. America. 15 Mexico. 25 mixed Asia. Or the 12 specials as above for \$1.00, POST FREE. J. C. Morgenthau & Co., 87 Nassau St., New York City.

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BARGAINS 100 different stamps. 10¢ 100 unused, all different. 15¢ Album, bound in lists. 25¢ Manager's Packet, 25¢ to hold \$100 stamps. 25¢ stamps, having picture of animals. 50¢ 9 unused Honduras. 10¢ 50 different Cuba unused. 1.50 15 diff. Philippine unused, all different. 1.50 40 diff. Porto Rico. 100 mixed stamps. 25¢ 40 diff. Porto Rico. Price-list and sample copy of the oldest stamp paper in the country free. ROBERT & DIRBIN CO., Established 1869. 722 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. We cater to the wants of the advanced collector as well as the beginner.

STAMPS Good ones, too, and cheap! Send your want list of U. S. Postage and Revenues. SPECIAL BARGAINS 50 varieties good U. S. postage and revenues and Canadian postage, catalogue value \$2.00, 50¢ post paid. Fine stamps on approval. Do not forget written reference with your request. Price List Free. CHAS. A. HALSTEAD, Lock Box 812, CHICAGO, ILL.

STAMPS ON... APPROVAL 50 PER CENT. DISCOUNT AND SPECIAL PREMIUMS. Read Reference Letter from Parent, if a minor. Make Size of Collection. W. W. MacLAREN, 63 Hough Place, Cleveland, Ohio.



The Numismatic Sphinx.

Station A, Detroit—The 1832 cent, with either small or large letters on the reverse, is worth only five cents.

J. O. H., Chicago—Your rubbings are all of very common coins. The Mexican one centavo nickel is worth a dime.

Arthur Bergantz, Phoenixville, Pa.—A ten cent piece of 1821, in good condition, is worth thirty five cents. The head on the obverse is that of Liberty.

Miss Leona G., Des Moines—Your rubbing is taken from a two ore copper coin of Denmark. The large C within which are the Roman numerals IX, is the monogram of Christian IX., under which the coin was issued. There are three coins in the set, viz.: One, two and five ore, all of which are very common.

Preserving Insects.

The care of a collection of insects is quite a responsibility, as there is constant danger of other insects getting in and devouring the specimens. When the insects are caught they are killed by being put into what is called a cyanide bottle. This bottle is prepared by covering several crystals of potassium cyanide with plaster of Paris, dampening the plaster and allowing it to harden. The fumes of the cyanide fill the bottle and are very poisonous. If the insect is too large to be placed in the cyanide bottle, place it in a vessel with a few drops of chloroform, and cover from the air. After the insects are dead they are "mounted" by thrusting a slender pin through the thorax, or the division of the body to which the legs and wings are attached. With beetles, however, the pin is thrust through the hard covering of the right wing. Moths and butterflies are prepared for mounting by spreading the wings out smooth on a "stretching-board." This board is made by placing two soft wood pieces on blocks, parallel with each other, leaving a space between them to receive the body of the insect. The wings are then spread out upon the two pieces, where they are held by papers or threads, and pins, while the body rests in the space between the boards. The insects, after being dried are placed in shallow boxes, such as cigar boxes, the bottoms of which have been covered with some soft substance, such as sheets of cork or pieces of corn-stalk pith, into which the pins may be easily inserted. Moth balls, or some such insect preventive, should be always present in the boxes to prevent the specimens being eaten by other insects.

The Army and Navy Button Collection.

W. G. S.

Surely every American boy has a fad or "hobby" of some kind. It may be collecting stamps, coins, curios or any other articles, but there is one thing that I have known but few boys to collect, that is, the buttons of the army and navy. Of course, some boys may have two or three buttons, given to them by the soldiers of the late war, but this is not a collection. Each state has a militia, and the buttons used by the militia have the seal of their state on them. Another button is that worn by the regulars, which has the American eagle on it. Then there

P. A. Warsabo, Coldwater, Mich.—A good 1798 dollar the dealers would charge you two dollars and fifty cents for. It is one of the commonest of the old date dollars.

D. W. Randall, Watervliet, Mich.—Your rubbing is taken from a Roman silver coin, but the inscription is so indistinct that we cannot locate it. As you state, it is a difficult matter to get a desirable rubbing from these ancient coins. Send us a copy of the inscription on the coin, or, better still, the coin itself, and we will place it for you.

Stewart Riblet, 1684 Superior street, Cleveland, O.—Wants to know the value of a Bank of Old Dominion (Va.) note of one dollar and twenty five cents, issued May 1st, 1862. Who can tell him? He also wants to know the value of a silver coin of Mexico dated 1786. As there were half, one, two, four and eight reals, silver, of this date issued under Charles III. (1759-88), he will have to be more explicit before we can answer him.

J. F. Moseley, Columbia, Fla.—The coins you describe are all very common. Victoria D. G. Britt; Reg. F. D. on your coins is the abbreviation of Victoria, Dei Gratia, Britannia, Regina, Fides Defensor (Victoria, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain and Defender of the Faith). The female seated by a shield is emblematic of Britannia and was handed down from the time the Romans were in Britain.

Robert R. Cook, Caledonia, Mich.—Writes that he has a "Carolus a Carollo" half penny dated 1412. There are no coins of this date. Charles II. of England, who issued this half penny or farthing, reigned between 1660-1684. If a

farthing, it is worth twenty five cents; if a half penny, about a dollar, providing it is in good condition.

Alfred Robinson, Albion, N. Y.—1826 cent, ten cents; 1853 and 1854 cents, five cents each; 1841 dime, twenty five cents; 1836 half dollar, lettered edge, seventy five cents. Spain, one real, 1785. Charles III. (1759-1788), twenty five cents; Canada, Bank of Montreal, 1844 half penny, five cents; Feuchtwanger Composition 1837 one cent, eagle on rock, twenty cents.

C. R. Giles, 144 E. Sixtieth street, New York—Wants to exchange starfish and Indian arrow points for coins and relics. His rubbings are taken from (1) a facsimile of a Jewish shekel of the time of the Maccabees, 140 B. C. This facsimile was struck to go with a work on Bible coins, and is of no value; (2) a brass jetton of no value; (3) a Hacienda or more likely a railway token of Talca, Mexico, worth twenty five cents.

Charles J. Braden, Broughton, Ill.—The Missouri defence bonds were issued by the state authorities at the beginning of the Civil War, supposedly to protect the neutrality of the state. The Union forces promptly entering the state for its defence against secession, rendered this money worthless. There was a large issue and we have seen the various denominations from one to one hundred dollars. The notes are common, and when properly signed are interesting to both the paper money and the autograph collectors, as they should have the signature of Claiborne F. Jackson, the governor of Missouri, beside those of D. M. Frost and Jno. P. Clarke, both of whom

became later prominent in state and congressional politics. A fine one hundred dollar note is worth fifty cents at the dealers.

We have received the usual number of questions regarding the premium on nickel cents between 1857 and 1864, both inclusive; two cent pieces, dates 1861 to and including 1872; silver quarters and half dollars of 1853, with date dividing arrowpoints and rays about the eagle. To all these we will repeat that they have no premium value. For a good 1817 and 1817 cent the dealers will charge fifteen cents each. The O (New Orleans) mint did not coin any half dimes in 1873 or 1874. In fact the half dimes were discontinued in 1873. We would again advise that none of the common coins be sent us. A good rubbing or description in all cases is all that is necessary.

ANCIENT and Modern Coins, from 8c up. List free. T. L. ELDER, Princeton Place, E. E., PITTSBURGH, PA.
OLD COINS Book giving highest prices paid for all kinds of coins sent for 10 cents.
C. W. KING, BOX 281, ELYRIA, OHIO.

10 old coins, 25c; 5 Liberty cents, 15c; hog cent, 12c; 5 rare old coins, 12c; 17c Liberty cent, 5 rare stamps and price list, all for 10 cents.
W. F. ARNOLD, Peacedale, N. I.

THE NUMISMATIST

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THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR



are various buttons of the navy having eagles, anchors and stars on them. Now a collection of army and navy buttons should contain the large coat buttons and the small sleeve buttons of the various state militia, the navy and the regular army. The way I got the idea of collecting came about in the following manner. During the war with Spain several regiments of volunteers were at Camp Ramsey, near my home. I made frequent

visits to the camp and became acquainted with many of the soldiers, who often gave me buttons from their coats in return for rides on my wheel. On one visit I met a sergeant, who drew from his pocket a handful of buttons from different states and offered me my pick if I would give him a ride on my wheel. After this I received more buttons from him for more rides on my wheel, and by the time the soldiers left the camp I had quite a collection.



"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS."

George H. Atkins, a friend of THE AMERICAN BOY, living at Beeville, Texas, sends us a photograph of a steer, named by J. M. Doble, his owner, "The Last of the Mohicans." The photograph was taken by Mr. Atkins shortly before the steer started on his journey to the North from the land of his birth in the sunny South. The steer belongs to a now fast disappearing long-horn variety. He is furnished with a very large pair of horns, measuring six feet and three inches from tip to tip in a straight line. Mr. Doble bought him with a bunch of cattle somewhere on the Lower Rio Grande. He has refused an offer of a thousand dollars for him, preferring to send him North for exhibition purposes. Many American boys will no doubt have an opportunity of seeing the wearer of these big horns.

ANCIENT INDIAN RELICS—4 different, 25c. Send stamps. List 2c stamp. H. D. HAY, Winston, N. C.
INDIAN stone RELICS of New Jersey FOR SALE; duplicates from my large collection. Sample variety 6 for 25 cents. Other curios also. Correspondence desired. M. P. OAKES, Highlands, N. J.

PRECIOUS STONES from our mines. We send GENUINE MEXICAN OPAL for sale. Worth \$2.00. Take orders from friends 50c. Mexican Mining Co., 2d and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

50 varieties of Minerals from \$1.50 to \$8.00 different kinds of Shells \$2.50. Illustrated list FREE. Indian Relics. Address NATURALISTS' SUPPLY ASSOCIATION, 857 W. Van Buren Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

CURIOS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Our marvelous collection of 44 curios, all different, with descriptive list, 6c. 50 kinds of minerals, 75c; 24 showy kinds, 50c; 12 kinds of cut gem stones in box, 60c. Send stamp for bargain list eggs, minerals, shells, curios, fossils, etc. W. F. Webb, Albion, N. Y.

HEAVY INDIAN TANNED MOOSEHIDE MOCCASINS
The Sioux and Apache style for boys. If you wish our thrilling Indian Story, (36 page book) relating the experience of two boys who were captured by the Assiniboin Indians and sent five two cent stamps and it will be sent with our catalogue of Moccasins. Catalogues without the story are sent free to any address. 36 Bridge Street, H. J. PUTMAN & CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

Beautiful Moose-Hide Moccasins, INDIAN TANNED.
Men's—Sizes 6-11, \$2.75
Ladies' and Boys'—Sizes 2-5, \$2.25
Youths' and Misses'—Sizes 11-1, \$1.75
Children's—Sizes 5-10, \$1.25
Sent prepaid on receipt of price.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis.
We also have these Moccasins in Slippers, handsome gaiters, in sizes and at prices as quoted above. Either kind is not only elegant but sensible and comfortable house footwear for young as well as old. So, with desirable for tender and swollen feet. Money returned if not satisfactory.

"THE AMERICAN BOY" THE MEDIUM TO REACH BOYS

QUEBEC A \$25.00 Watch
In appearance, the handsomest genuine gold plated watch on the market. Inside hunting case. SOLID GOLD PATTERN of engraving. Elegantly finished jeweled movement, stem wind and set and absolutely guaranteed for **5 YEARS**.
Get this out and send it to us with your name and address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination; you examine it at the express office and if as represented pay express agent our special introductory price \$2.50 and it is yours. Only one watch to each customer at this price. Mention in your letter whether you want GENT'S OR LADY'S SIZE and order to-day as we will send out samples at this reduced price for 60 days only.
E. E. CHALMERS & CO., 829-836 Dearborn St. Chicago.

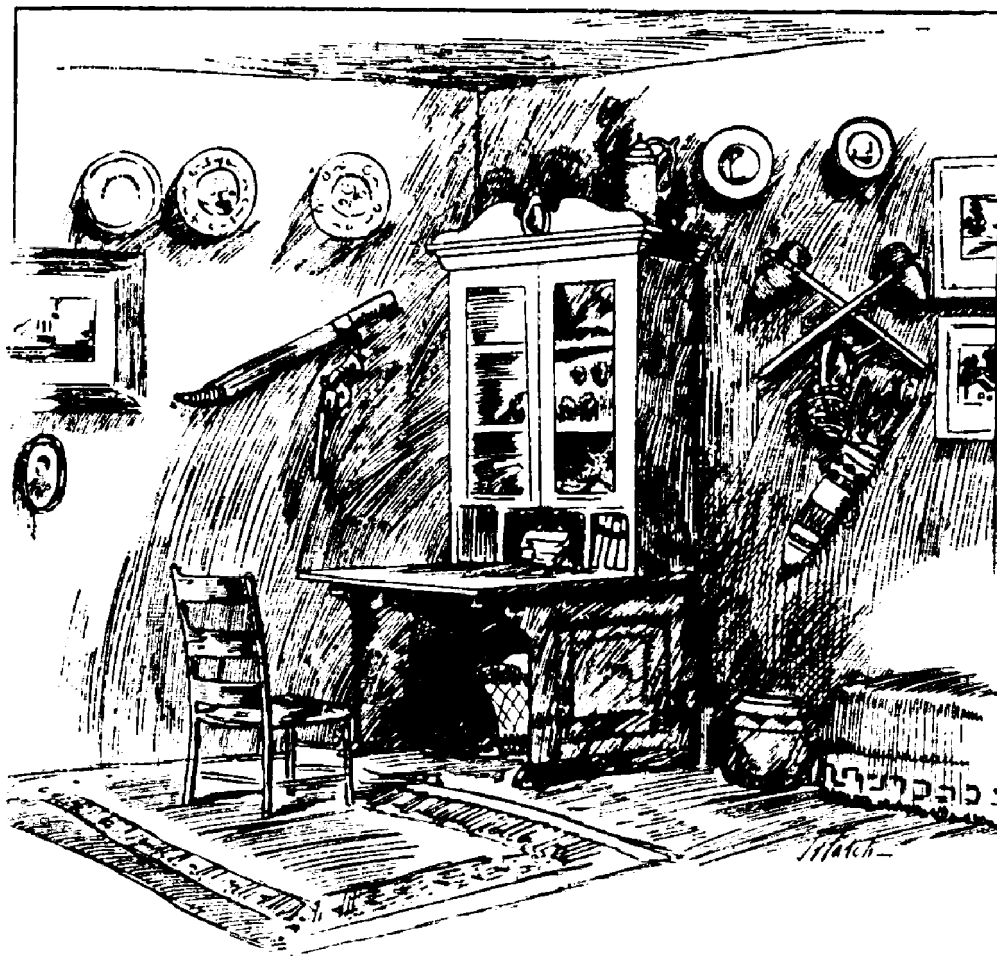
Where Boys Are Whipped by Machinery.

If you were a Scotch boy and were inclined to get into mischief you might appreciate the value of a recently invented Scotch machine. It is a device for whipping young folk who have been unruly. It is said that this ingenious machine works like a charm and will turn out more well-punished boys in an hour than the average person could attend to in a day. The machine is in operation at the town of Airdrie. The complaint that the boys make who have been birched by the machine is that too much time passes between the strokes, and each one of them feels like a sound thrashing in itself. Four strokes is a pretty severe punishment for any boy. The lads about the town of Airdrie are said to either be growing better behaved or are moving to another part of Scotland.

Schoolboys Serve as Barometers.

"What do you think of this beastly weather," asked a gentleman of a young woman who took her seat beside him in the street car recently.

"I can't tell you today," answered the young lady, smiling an acceptance of whatever might come. "If it were a school day, and you were willing to come to school with me, I could tell you in a very few minutes with absolute certainty. It'll sound funny to you, but it's true. I have noticed that you can always tell what the weather is going to do by the children. They're regular barometers. If there's going to be a storm they get restless, and I have the hardest kind of work to control them. Particularly the boys. The girls aren't so bad, but there seems to be some mysterious quality about approaching rain that always affects the former. I've got so now I don't blame them, because I don't believe they can help it. So you see," she concluded, "children have their uses, after all."



THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR'S ROOM.

A Boy Is Like a Bicycle.

A boy is like a bicycle, because he cannot stand alone. He needs a steady hand to direct his way. He runs the easiest down hill. If you lose control of him, he may break your heart, if not your head.

He is not made to travel on bad roads. The straighter you keep him the more safely he runs. The faster he runs the more closely must his guide stick to him. He needs blowing up once in awhile. He should never be run by more than two cranks.—Young Churchman.

\$6 ROCKING CHAIR or DESK FREE. For plan, Address OHIO DESK CO., Youngstown, O.

X Ray Camera see through clothing, stone, etc., 25c. Mic. Watch Charm, 10c; Our Homefolk Mo. Magazine, 1 year, 25c, all the above for 25c. Stuart Co., Prov., E. I.

FREE! Electric Wiring Lessons. Stamp for particulars. Electrical goods at amateurs' prices. T. Binford Electric Wks., 94 Wash. Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

BOYS

Did your father ever see you to beat the parlor carpet with an old broom or the limb of a tree? Nice work, wasn't it? Then you know how to appreciate the value of our Carpet Beater, and can show it to others to the best advantage.

GIRLS

Did you ever help your mother pry the tacks out of the carpet with a dull screw driver or a broken knife? Made you pretty cross, didn't it? Then you know how to explain to all the ladies in your neighborhood the beauties of our Tack Puller, which removes the tacks without bruised fingers or temper.

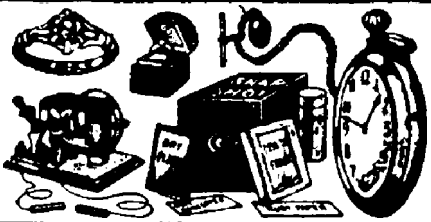
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THE BOY'S LIBRARY

William T. Hornaday.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

Three years ago I read one of the most powerful, curious and interesting books it had been my good fortune to run across. It struck me as being so peculiarly odd and valuable, with its wealth of imagination and good sense, that I was carried away with it, from beginning to end. It is the story of "The Man Who Became a Savage," by William T. Hornaday.



WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

The tale was first written as a serial for the "Buffalo (N. Y.) Illustrated Express," in 1894, then published in book form by the Peter Paul Book Co. It is a narrative of the adventures of Jeremiah Rock, who, becoming disgusted with the unchecked multiplicity of crimes, political and otherwise, taking

place in the midst of our civilization, goes to Central Borneo among the free and simple head-hunting tribes—with whom, for a time, the author has lived—hoping to find there the native purity which is denied where there are lawless politicians, rum sellers and divorces. He arrives in the Dohong Country in good season to prevent a "civilization" company—with rum—from gaining a hold upon this natural people. As a story with a purpose, full of interest and excitement, the book stands ahead of anything of the kind I have ever seen. It so delighted me that I wrote Mr. Hornaday regarding it. Being an autograph collector, quite naturally I enclosed a "much vexed" request in my letter. About a week later, on the Fourth of July, a reply came, of more value to me than twenty times the whole fireworks of the evening. It was from New York City, where Mr. Hornaday was then living as the director of the New York Zoological Park. I give it to you in full, trusting that you will forgive some of the expressions which, perhaps, I should have withheld:

"New York Zoological Society,
"69 Wall St., New York,
"July 3, 1897.

"Dear Mr. Hurd:
"Your letter of June 28 has such a clear ring of sincerity—and of sympathy in ideas—that it quite 'warms the cockles of my heart.' Had I a hundred autographs, you should have them all.
"I am pleased that you are pleased with Mr. Rock, and the Dohongs. It is not every man who likes my kind of people. You are undoubtedly of a more thoughtful and reflective turn of mind than the great majority of people who read fiction. I fear my story was writ ten either ten years too late, or twenty years too soon; for it strikes me that today scarcely anyone cares—or has

time—to read an old-fashioned story with a purpose."

"Therefore, I rejoice that I have found one more man who takes life seriously, and regards its problems as proper food for reflection. And I thank you most heartily for your frank and generous expressions of approval of my one literary pet—my first, last and only novel. If you ever write books, you will know how soul-satisfying is the approval of The Reader! Yours gratefully,

W. T. Hornaday.

In pursuance of my idea of completing autographical sketches with a biographical mention, I broached the subject to Mr. Hornaday, who answered that he is very much interested in the American boy, but that he thinks "the great A. B. would be much more interested in the story of the Zoological Park of Greater New York." However, I think you would like to know something about the man, and I really wish I could do more than merely outline it.

"If you do write anything about me," said the naturalist-author, "tell the boys that on one subject I have become a genuine crank, and that is—the extreme importance to every American boy and girl of giving more attention to English grammar, composition, rhetoric and elocution. The young person who specializes on these studies, and masters them, has a long start in life's race ahead of those who do not. I wish I could say this to every boy and girl in this country; for I fear they are beginning to neglect their mother tongue."

Thus having given his message to many thousands of them, I will proceed to tell the youths about the sender.

From the moment when, as a very little chap, I had read the first chapter of a serial entitled "Rifle and Canoe on the Orinoco," I had placed its author on the list of my favorite story-tellers. What with the alligators, jaguars and tapirs—in stories in which I then reveled—as well as in the pleasing style of the writer, I received a fascination which will ever be felt whenever I think of it. And let me ask you young men—it is more natural to call you fellows—of sev-

enteen, or thereabouts, if some very first impressions in reading have not always clung to you? This author was William T. Hornaday, and his story was doubtless of incidents which befell him while in the jungles of Venezuela.

Forty-five years ago Mr. Hornaday was born, first sniffing the breezes of an Indiana backwoods; then catching the airs that haunt an Iowa prairie, in a large farm in the midst of which were spent his boyhood days. In the colleges of Iowa he received his education, until the romance of a technical course dealing with natural history appealed to him so strongly that he entered Professor Ward's famous naturalists' school at Rochester, N. Y.

Crusoe's Island to be a Colony.

The Island of Juan Fernandez, on which every boy has wandered with Robinson Crusoe, is to be colonized by the Chilean government. Since Alexander Selkirk died, the island has been inhabited by only a few dozen people. Now Chill is to send out at once a colony of 150 adults. The fruit trees which were planted by Selkirk have reproduced themselves, and peaches, quinces, pears and grapes are now plentiful. The island also abounds in wild cattle, goats and pigs. The adjacent sea swarms with cod and other edible fish. The cottage which Selkirk built, and which Defoe describes, still exists as a broken-down ruin. The Chilean government proposes to christen the colony "Crusoe's Island."

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Letters from Boys



Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 1st, 1900. Editor of THE AMERICAN BOY: We notice in your August issue that you would like to know what every American boy is doing, so I will try and tell you what I am doing. For the past two years I have been studying to be an architect

and draughtsman and have made quite a few drawings. I think every American boy should know what trade he is going to follow before finishing high school. I have carried papers for over four years, sold magazines been a messenger boy, worked in a store, picked berries and worked on a farm. As I like drawing I think I ought to make a good draughtsman. I have traveled in all of the States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, and Canada west of the Great Lakes. When I was ten years old I could telegraph thirty eight words a minute but my

father made me stop practicing as I would have to go away from home to get work. I collect stamps, coins, stones, shells and confederate bills. I remain, an American Boy, CHAS. S. FINNEY.

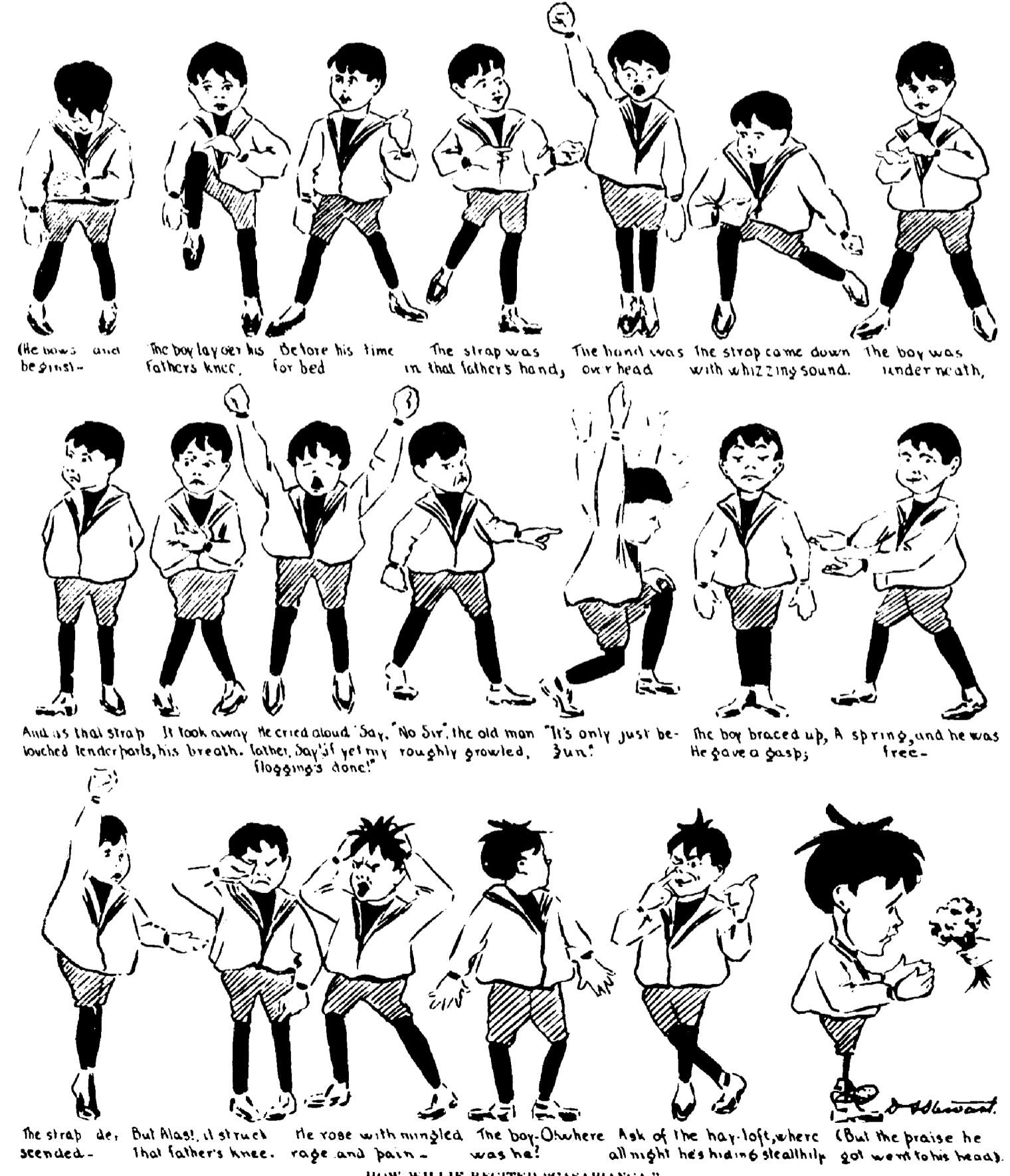
Seville, Ohio, July 20th, 1900. Editor AMERICAN BOY, Dear Sir: Please find one dollar for my subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY. I could not subscribe any sooner for I had to earn my subscription money. I have a little camera and sold pictures. I send you one of my pictures of some boys swimming in Chippewa Creek. I have been very busy this summer taking typewriter and shorthand lessons and I am nearly through my shorthand book and the teacher says I am the best scholar he ever had in shorthand and I am only ten, but I am an American boy and a Michigau boy. I like THE AMERICAN BOY paper better than any paper I have ever read. One of your American boys, ROBERT McNEIL.

Toledo, O., August 27, 1900. Mr. Editor: As I wish to become acquainted with all boys who read your paper, I take pleasure in introducing myself. While I was visiting at Alma last month my uncle with whom I live subscribed for THE AMERICAN BOY for me. I want to say right here that I have the best uncle that ever lived. He is pure gold. I hope I will be as good a man

and true when I grow up. My father died when I was four years old. I am twelve now. I have commenced business in a small way, making sixty cents a week clear. I have a small paper route in my neighborhood, and have a wheel, which enables me to get around quite lively. I will send you names of boys who do not take THE AMERICAN BOY. JAMES P. CRAIG. Colorado Springs, Colo.

Dear Editor: I had some bantams while I lived in Iowa. One hen hatched five chickens, two of which lived. Their mother soon died. One day I went out to their coop to feed them. I found the rooster digging and calling to the chickens. He seemed to understand the responsibility of having a family left in his care, for he took care of them till they were old enough to care for themselves. Yours truly, BERT CONNER. 405 North Second St., Carrollton, Mo.

Dear Editor: I see someone asks how to take care of gold-fish. We have some and just feed them cracker crumbs. We never change the water. We keep sand in the bowl and add fresh water as it evaporates. Yours truly, F. HOSSICK.



(He bows and begins- The boy lay over his fathers knee, before his time for bed The strap was in that fathers hand, The hand was over head The strap came down with whizzing sound. The boy was under weath, And us that strap touched tender parts, his breath. It took away He cried aloud "Say, "No Sir," the old man "It's only just be- the boy braced up, A spring, and he was He gave a gasps; free- scended- But Alas! it struck He rose with mingled The boy-Oh where Ask of the hay-loft, where (But the praise he got went to his head. rage and pain - was he? all night hes hiding stealthily

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WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE, EDITOR. GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

ONE YEAR OLD.

This number closes our first volume. Look it through carefully; then read over, if you please, the editorial on the first page of our first number. Have we not reached, in fair measure, a fulfillment of our promises, and may not our readers and advertisers join with us in the confident belief that ere long we will realize our ideal of a boys' paper?

There is a certain amount of doubt in the public mind of the permanency of a publication for boys. May this not come from the fact that few such publications have DESERVED success?

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W. Bartlett Sumner, 233 Herkimer street, Buffalo, N. Y.: I will exchange old United States stamps for Indian relics (especially from Yavapai County, Colo.), or old United States pennies.

R. Mora, Jr., 101 Hillside avenue, Newark, N. J.: I have foreign stamps, vegetable ivory, Cuban and Spanish newspapers, which I will give for Indian relics, war relics, etc.

Eugene G. Adams, Danville, Va.: I will trade a stamp collection of six hundred and twenty five varieties, catalogue value over thirty five dollars, for second-hand printing press, chase 5x7.

Russell Bailey, Boundbrook, N. J.: I would like to exchange books with any reader of THE AMERICAN BOY.

H. G. Redrut, 408 South Market street, Vanwert, O.: I will exchange a good mandolin for a printing outfit or printing press.

William Crane, 1422 First street, N. W., Washington, D. C.: I have some petrified wood and Indian arrowheads I would like to exchange for foreign stamps, shells, minerals and other curiosities.

Russel Erwine, 76 Canal street, Zanesville, O.: I have blank approval books, stamp hinges, J. T. and Star tobacco tags, old coins and a starfish to trade for coins, small slips of cacti or Indian relics.

Henry O. Clark, 106 Warner street, Fond du Lac, Wis.: I will exchange pressed leaves from Wisconsin for leaves from Kentucky or copper ore or shells from the Atlantic Ocean or any other waters.

Henry C. Pifer, Lovington, Ills.: I have stamps from South Africa, Heligoland, Roumania, Japan, Spain, Finland and South Australia, which I would like to trade for stamps from Persia, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia and Liberia.

Luis Robert, Center Moriches, L. I., N. Y.: I will exchange Golden Days, beginning with July 1, 1898, Vol. XX., No. 33, and extending to May 5, 1900, Vol. XXI., No. 25, making a total of forty five papers, for an ostrich egg.

John H. Morrow, Rural Route No. 1, Steubenville, O.: I will exchange a copy of the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette or the Steubenville Herald Star for a copy of any other newspaper. I am making a collection of newspapers.

Roy Clark, Hermoson, Texas: I have a number of complete volumes of magazines which I would like to exchange as follows: Munsey's, two volumes of six numbers each, for the Argosy of 1897, whole year; also odd numbers of several other good papers and magazines to exchange.

Will Cox, Upper Stewiacke, N. S.: I will exchange leaves of birch, maple, beech, hazel, oak, cherry, apple, plum, hemlock, juniper, spruce, pine, chestnut, lime, willow, ash, hawthorne, alder, silver maple, elm, witch elm, poplar, and leaves of different berry plants, also birch bark, spruce gum, beechnuts, hazelnuts, acorns, etc., for leaves not mentioned here, or good, not common, foreign stamps or Indian arrowheads or sea shells or books of adventure of other relics.

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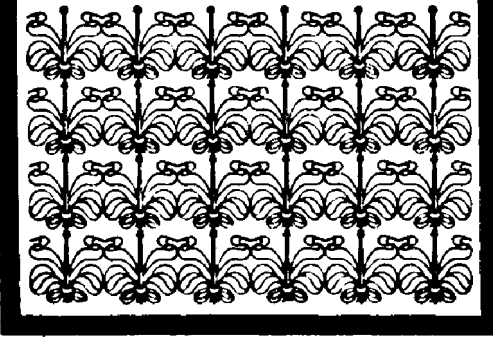
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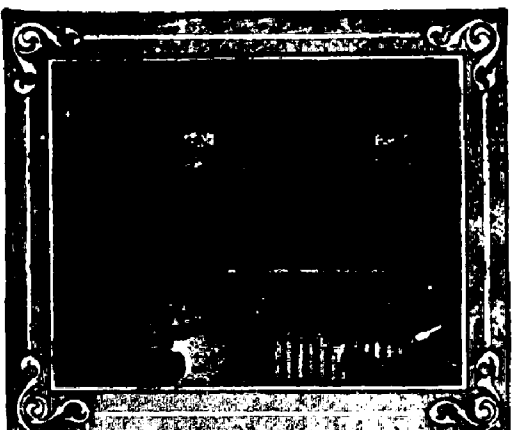
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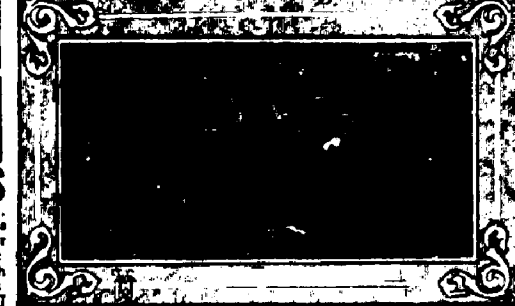
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Answers to September Puzzles.

- No. 68. Wanderers.
No. 69. Manuscript.
No. 70. S-light, M-oral, S-ample, B-risk, S-ledge, T-reason.
No. 71. Ezra's vat was quickly fixed by making Joe help.
No. 72. Encyclopedia. Demonstration. Altogether. Observations. Breakfast. Spontaneous. Stratagems.
No. 73. Dog. Horse. Rat. Pig. Zebra. Cat. Mouse. Lion. Hare.
No. 74. Honesty is the best policy.

Award of Prizes.

- First Mistake—F. Hossick, Carrollton, Mo.
Second Mistake—Willie Cartwright, Golland, Texas.
Longest list of mistakes—Stirling R. Fulmore, Austin, Texas.
Puzzle 68. Charles W. Banks, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
Puzzle 69. Fred A. Wendt, 34 Liberty St., Utica, N. Y.
Puzzle 70. Julian M. Blanchard, Hartford, N. C.
Puzzle 71. B. C. Trueblood, 1024 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
Puzzle 72. Elliot Sanders, Hartford, Ct.
Puzzle 73. Benjamin M. Washburn, Bethel, Vt.
Puzzle 74. Douglas Gott, 114 West Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 75.

Some Well Known Boys.

The descriptive phrase holds the suggestion of a word which is the boy's entire name.

- 1. A blessing of a boy.
2. An upbuilding boy.
3. A stormy boy.
4. A floral boy.
5. An example, or typical boy.
6. A leading boy.
7. The king's boy.
8. An awkward boy.

No. 76.

Curtailments.

A sound behind, there's little left. Curtail, and find a motto strong. Curtail again. When you've bereft, What's left, you'll cry, if I'm not wrong.

Or, should you wish, curtail the sound. A heavy weight is left us; so, Curtail the weight; a word we've found That's wed to every verb you know.

Curtail damp ground; a god remains. Curtail the god. There's left the wrong That's done by whatsoever stuns. Curtail again. The sweetest song Ne'er told the worth of her we've found. Behold. A word that's but a sound!

No. 77.

Numerical Enigma.

Whole, composed of 32 letters, is a quotation from Pope's translation of Homer's Odyssey.

- My 12-1-28-3-20-19-22 is an interpretation.
My 9-2-32-2-11-14-31 is like.
My 17-27-7-29-30-7-18-24-21 is to pierce.
My 26-6-13-21-15-5 is powerful.
My 23-13-22-16 is to cure for.
My 1-25-8 is intense grief.

No. 78.

Biographical Transpositions.

- Col. Linn—A noted American.
Gen. N. D. East—A noted Englishman.
Col. N. D. Adam—A Canadian statesman.
H. Arton, Sr.—An ex-President of the U. S.
Sir M. Bock—A noted German.
Ann Poole—A great French general.
Theo. H. Wain—An American novelist.
Tell on Wing—A famous English general.
Russell Davidson, Wellesley, Ont.

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

No. 79.

Hidden Laborers.

Capital and labor should co-operate. She does not, so far, merit any praise. The great Inn erected in 1671 was burnt in 1887. I saw them last eve, Dore-mus. When the Greek met the Trojan I tore around the corner.

No. 80.

Reversal.

FIRST I am a manner becoming to kings. A quality oft assumed by them. But as often lacking; 'tis often found In the "scum of the earth" whom we condemn.

REVERSED, I'm a drink, a favorite, too. Amongst people of phlegmatic habits. They say that animals love it, too. But you must not give it to rabbits.

No. 81.

Picture Acrostic.



The Country Most Talked About at the Present Time.

No. 82.

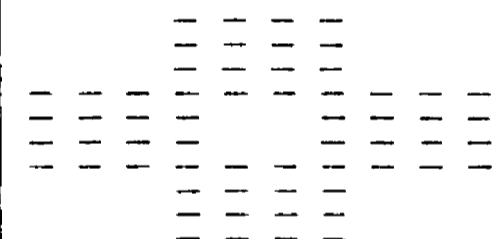
Deletion.

Take me altogether and I am a power Which revolutionized the world. Take out one letter and I am a support; I hold each flower and flag unfurled.

No. 83.

Connected Square-Words.

Diagram.



- Upper Square. To separate. Space. Behind. Sour.
Left square. Rapid. Distant. A French author. A car.
Right Square. An allowance. A scheme. Latin for "to be." Abounds.
Lower square. Part of a ship. A dull pain. Part of the leg. To care for.

No. 84.

Charade.

A careful mother ties my FIRST Beneath her baby's THIRD. My SECOND is a letter. It sounds just like a word. Sad and dark and stern and cold My WHOLE doth look, but never bold.

Regarding Answers to No. 71.

Worthy of special mention are the following: Several excellent sentences were sent in response to the query (Number 71). "Queen Roxy and lover saw the circus zebra jump and kick from the wagon." by D. Valentine Godard, Topeka, Kas.; "The zealous but anxious navigator beholds with keen joy the friendly, picturesque Esquimaux." by Douglas Gott, Baltimore, Md.; and "Jackey exchanged twelve pieces of quartz for a bantam." by John Meredith, Eutaw, Ala. A hundred, or more, sent us the stock phrases used in teaching typewriting, which, of course, we could not consider. Five sent good sentences in which one letter was lacking, the defect being fatal.

The Stamp Prizes.

The three boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions during the last thirty days are, in their order: J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Albert W. Effield, Minneapolis, Minn.; and F. H. Kane, Charlevoix, Mich. The first named receives one-half of our accumulation of foreign stamps and each of the others one-fourth.

Photographic Prizes.

The amateur photograph contest for last month resulted as follows. First prize—Arthur G. Gilman, Lebanon, O. Second prize—Clarence Corp, Corfu, N. Y.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by Oct. 20 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the longest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

Prize Offers.

- For the first correct solutions of the puzzles we will give prizes as follows:
Puzzle No. 75—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scorer.
Puzzle No. 76—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.
Puzzle No. 77—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
Puzzle No. 78—An AMERICAN BOY Knife.
Puzzle No. 79—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.
Puzzle No. 80—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
Puzzle No. 81—A six months' subscription to this paper for any boy whom the winner may name.
Puzzle No. 82—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.
Puzzle No. 83—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.
Puzzle No. 84—An AMERICAN BOY Knife.

THE REST FREE OF THE YEAR FREE

We desire to have you become a regular subscriber for PETS and ANIMALS, a handsomely illustrated monthly magazine for the home, and in order to induce you to do so will give you, absolutely FREE, the remaining numbers of 1900, if you will remit us the small sum of 50 cents in payment of one year's subscription, to begin with January 1, 1901.

Pets and Animals is the only publication of its class, and will be welcomed in every home. Its purpose is to give a better understanding of the animal world, to form a sympathetic bond between human and brute creatures. The scope of its purely practical side is a wide one, as it gives much valuable information about the care and keeping of domestic animals. Of deeper and wider significance, however, is the influence of the publication as a teacher of the doctrine that thoughtful kindness and mercy extended to dumb creatures add nobility and breadth of mind to the person who performs the service.

The literary features of Pets and Animals are surpassed by those of no other publication. The matter it contains is alike entertaining and instructive. Among the clever features of late fall and early winter issues may be mentioned: "Rudyard Kipling's Pets at College," by Michael Gifford White; "Manx Cats," by Alice J. Cleator; "Simplified Entomology," by Frank H. Farquhar; "Our Neighbors the Spiders," Elizabeth Grinnell; "The Circus at Home in Winter," by Katherine L. Smith; "A Dog Circus," the story of educated canines, by Lawrence D. Fogg. Boys and girls always watch for its coming, and read its columns with deep interest. Children of larger growth enjoy Pets and Animals hugely. It is the publication you have been looking for. Every family needs it. Remember, all the remaining numbers of 1900 FREE, if you send us 50 cents for a year's subscription, to begin January 1, 1901.

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Broughtford 1900

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
Vol. 2. No. 1

Detroit, Michigan, November, 1900

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POLITICS AND THANKSGIVING

POLITICS AND THANKSGIVING! We venture to say that boys, much less grown up people, will find little harmony between these two characteristics of the month of November. Thanksgiving comes last, and that would seem to be very proper; for then there will surely be one thing everybody—unless it be the professional “spell-binder”—can be thankful for, and that is the end of another election campaign with its fuss and fury and needless disturbance of the peace that should characterize individual and national life, and the tranquility that business requires in order that it be safe and profitable.

Politicians for a few days to come will be busy spreading seeds of strife and discontent, arraying man against man, class against class, prophesying dire calamity, and making out that as a nation we are in a bad way and headed straight for perdition; but later, when the smoke of conflict clears away, we will all, at the suggestion of the nation's Chief Executive, go down on our knees and thank God for the richest, wisest, happiest and best country on His footstool; and many will add to their prayer of thanksgiving a short but earnest expression something after this sort: “We thank Thee for deliverance from politics.” Every boy should love his country; but he should early learn that he can do this without becoming a politician or running for office. To the end that he may love his country he should study history; but the less of so called history he gets from curbstone philosophers and professional stump speakers the clearer will be his knowledge and the purer his loyalty.

Every boy should prize the right of the American citizen to govern himself through a free and untrammelled ballot; but he should

remember that a Republic is not a rabble or a communism.

Most boys are born into party as they are born into church. They are Republicans or Democrats, as the case may be, by inheritance: and the

charged with the responsibility for the evil in existing conditions. These stay-away men are the curse of the land, and in no small measure they are men of intelligence and virtue. In a national election a few years ago over four million registered voters failed to appear at the polls!

Every boy should see to it that his father votes; for is not this country the boy's own country? Is it not his inheritance? And is it not to come into his keeping after a while in the condition in which his father has left it? Then let every boy on election day resolve himself into a committee of one on public safety to see that his father marches up to the

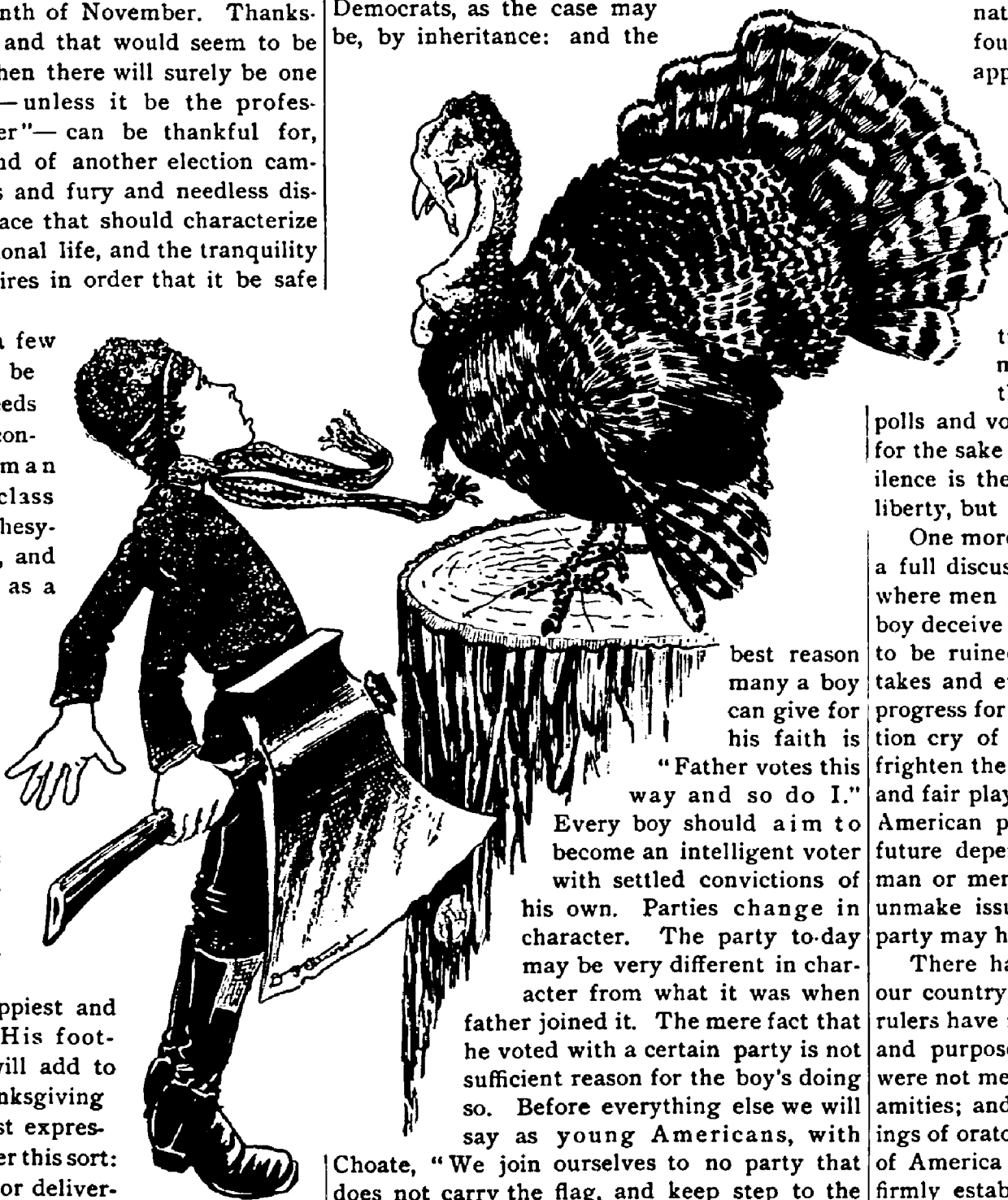
polls and votes *like a man*. Let the man do it for the sake of the boy, at least, for eternal vigilance is the price of *liberty*, not only his own liberty, but that of the boy to come after him.

One more word: Candidates and issues and a full discussion are all proper in a Republic, where men govern themselves, but let not the boy deceive himself. This country is too great to be ruined by a man or a set of men. Mistakes and evil men may apparently block her progress for a time, but the perennial ante-election cry of alarm is only a bugaboo set up to frighten the timid. The great love of freedom and fair play and the good common sense of the American people is underneath it all, and the future depends not upon the “say so” of any man or men who plan and plot and make and unmake issues to the end that they or their party may hold the offices.

There has been no time in the history of our country, from Washington down, when its rulers have not been vilified and their motives and purposes attacked; no time when there were not men and parties prophesying dire calamities; and yet, despite the calamitous mouthings of orators of all parties, the United States of America was never greater and never more firmly established in the respect of the world and the affections of its own people than now.

The election will come and go, boys, and whichever way the will of this mighty people is registered, the country will still live; and when a few days thereafter the President proclaims a day of thanksgiving, you will still be able to thank the God of Nations for a great, a happy, a blessed country.

“The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union forever.”



best reason many a boy can give for his faith is

“Father votes this way and so do I.”

Every boy should aim to become an intelligent voter with settled convictions of his own. Parties change in character. The party to-day may be very different in character from what it was when father joined it. The mere fact that he voted with a certain party is not sufficient reason for the boy's doing so. Before everything else we will say as young Americans, with

Choate, “We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag, and keep step to the music of the Union.”

Notwithstanding the fact that the freeman's will can be but poorly expressed by the ballot, where ignorant and bad men are clothed with citizenship and the same right denied some men for other reasons, and where candidates are made in secret council by party leaders and issues framed by designing demagogues for party advantage, yet for all that, every boy should come to know that voting is a duty devolving on every citizen, and that he who wilfully neglects this duty may be rightfully

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT
**JACK HOLIDAY, A GOOD BOY
 WHO WOULD TELL TALL STORIES**

(Copyright by the Author, CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, 1900)

Jack Holiday was a great exaggerator. He could never hear any remarkable statement without telling of an experience of his own or of his father or brother that was even more remarkable.

If Harrison Morgan said that his father had been on a train that went sixty miles an hour for nearly two hours:

"Pooh, that's nothin'," Jack would say. "My father owned a train once that would go seventy miles an hour all day long."

"Oh, get out," some one would reply. "That would wear an engine out and the engineer would get tired to death."

"Why, you silly, of course my father had the strongest engine in the world and the tender was all filled with engineers. When one got tired another one took his place."

Or maybe Sam Ormiston would tell of his brother, who went up in the Maine woods and caught ten trout in a half hour.

"Pooh, that ain't any fishin'," Jack would say. "My Uncle Tim used to catch trout so fast that he had to hire two boys to take 'em off the line, and all he did was to throw the hook into the water. No bait, nor nothin'."

Well, as some of you know it is very irritating to have anything to do with a person who is always telling stories that are not true. You would have grown tired of my stories long ago if you had not been sure that every word was as true as any fairy story that ever was told, but these friends of Jack knew that he was just making up, and when they had told stories that they expected would astonish the rest of their companions and that miserable Jack had something more wonderful to spring right on top of them, it vexed them exceedingly, and they determined to stop it.

All these boys lived in New York, up near Central Park or Prospect, or some park—maybe it was Carroll Park. You see, I live in the country, so I can't be sure of city localities, but it was near some park where they have animals and an obelisk.

One day the boys were looking at these animals. There were lions and crows and tigers and sheep and hippopotamuses and sparrows and rhinoceroses and mice and elephants and canaries and all sorts of beasts that strike terror when they are loose. If you don't believe they strike terror just put a lion into a school room and see the boys run, or put a cat into a mouse trap and hear the mouse squeal, or put a mouse into a sewing circle and hear the women scream, or put a sparrow into a canary's cage and hear the canary beg to be let out.

Now, one of the keepers in this menagerie is an Asiatic of some kind and he is generally supposed to be a magician. Some people say that his great-great-great-great-great-grandfather was Aladdin. I don't believe it myself, but at any rate the boys had heard that he possessed magic powers, and they thought it would be an excellent plan to get him to cure Jack of his exaggerating.

They stopped in front of the lion's cage and Sam said: "My father saw a bigger lion than this in London—"



"Huh," said Jack, "my father had a kitten given him."

"Huh," said Jack, "my father had a kitten given him by a man out west and the first thing he knew it grew up to be a lion and it was the biggest ever known. This lion would look like a baby beside it."

"Oh, come off," said all the boys together. "Where is the lion? We've known you ever since you were a kid and we never saw it."

"Oh, I don't mean lately; I mean when papa was a little boy. He sold the lion long ago."

Just then some boys swept by the lion house on roller skates, and Sam, who was looking out, said: "Phewee! See those kids go. I wish I could skate as fast as that."

"That's nothin'," said Jack. "I can skate twice as fast as that—up hill, too."

"Why, Jack Holiday!" said Tracy Ledyard. "You know your ankles are weak and you can't skate hardly any."

Then it was that Sam made up his mind to see the Asiatic and ask him if he could help them out.

He found him in the elephant house with a turban on his head and a shawl thrown over his shoulders, for the day seemed cold to him, although it was June. Sam ran back and got the other boys, and while Tracy kept Jack out of hearing Sam said: "Are you a magician?"

"Yes," said the Asiatic, nodding his head up and down. "Me make magic. Get gold fish in hair, pull butterflies out of butter, pull rabbit out of vest pocket. Yes, me magic man."



"Me make magic."

"Good enough," said Sam. "You see we have a friend here who is a terrible—well, he doesn't know when he's telling a whopper, and we thought that if you could give him a dose of magic that maybe you could stop him."

You should have seen the gleeful smile that appeared on the sober face of that Asiatic. He nodded his head so fast that Sam was afraid he'd break his neck and he said: "Oh, yes, me cure him. Me make him do what he say he do."

"That's it," said Sam. Then he added a little doubtfully: "I don't want him hurt, you see, but we fellers are dead sick of hearing him say he can do this and that better than anyone else, or that his father is richer than the President. He can't skate a little bit, and he says he can skate faster than any of us, and he hasn't any brother at all, but he says that his brother can play the cornet better than anybody in the big military bands."

"Me know that kind. In India, too. Call 'em liars."

"Do you?" said Sam rapturously. "So do we, only I thought you might not like the word. Well, when will you begin?"

"Any time. Bring boy." Then the fellow turned and affectionately patted the trunk of the big elephant behind him, and that great beast lifted him high in air, just for pure mischief.

When he set him down the magician said to Jack, who had been brought over to him: "How do." Jack shook hands with him, and while he was doing so the magician said something that sounded to Sam like "Ramshapinghboombindarbrahmapootrah." Then he said, "All right. Cure all right. Good-bye," and pointed to the door, and the boys all rushed out as boys do, screaming and yelling for no reason in the world except that they were in high spirits.

The boys were exceedingly curious to see how the charm would affect the unconscious Jack, so Sam walked over to a very high elm and said:

"I wish I could climb that."

"Pooh," said Jack. "I can shin to the top of that."

In a second, very much to his surprise and discomfiture, he was shinning up that tree and never stopped to take breath until he had worn out his trousers at the knees and reached the top, both of which feats he accomplished at the same time.

But when he stopped he was a very scared boy. How to get down he did not know, nor could the boys suggest any way.

A crowd began to gather. "Mercy on us. How did he get up there?"



There he was, and there he'd stay unless some one went for him.

It was a tree that would have been hard for a steeple Jack to climb, and how such an ordinary Jack as Jack had accomplished it no one not in the secret could tell. But there he was, and there he'd stay unless some one went for him.

"Cut the tree down," said one man, for there are always people around who think no more of trees than they do of old shoes, but fortunately there were some there who knew how many years the tree had taken to climb as high as Jack had in a minute, and they said it would be better far to cut Jack down than to harm the tree.

But by great good luck there was a boy in the crowd who had a box kite and he immediately flew it and the twine passed near enough for Jack to catch hold of it.

"Now," said Sam, "I bet I could slide down that twine in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

"But I can do it in one shake," said Jack, and he did, landing all right on the asphalt pavement.

The crowd cheered and dispersed and that was the end of lesson number one.

"You never had such an experience as that before, did you, Jack?" asked Sam.

"Lots of times," answered Jack. "I told you I was a tree climber."

"He isn't cured yet," whispered Tracy to Sam.

"Give him time," answered Sam. "Let's go down to the lake."

So they all ran pell-mell down to the lake, and there were the swan boats. "Those look hard to manage. It's harder to run one of those than it is to run a bike," said Sam.

"Tain't either," said Jack, puffing out his lips. "My father used to have those up on our lake in the country, and I can make 'em go faster than those men can."

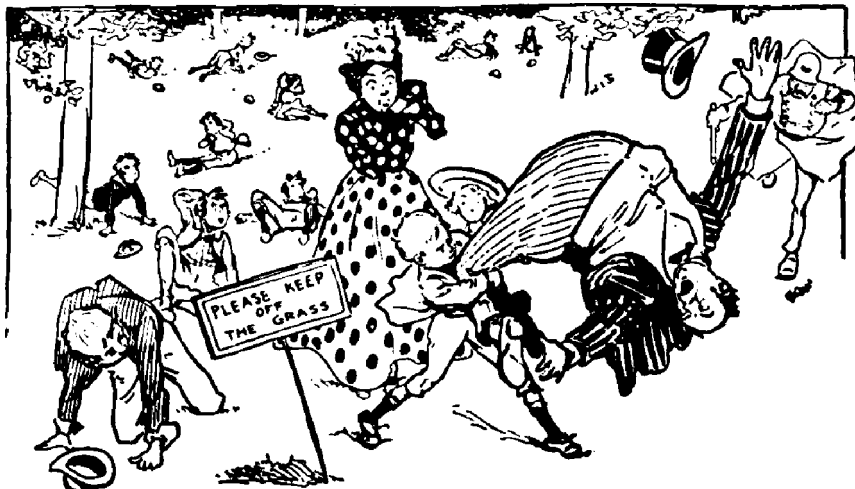
The words were hardly out of his mouth before the swan boat glided up to the wharf, the boatman jumped out and lifted Jack into the seat and he began to propel it around the lake. It will be understood that these are really water velocipedes and a, worked by means of pedals that turn big paddles, so that any one who rides a bicycle will know how to run one, although he may lack the requisite strength. But, for once, thanks to the magician, Jack's muscles were strong enough. Round and round the lake he went at a speed that had never been witnessed before and that made him so dizzy that he would have been glad to stop, but he couldn't. The boys stood on the shore and cheered and jeered by turns. Then they fell to laughing as poor Jack raced around, his hair streaming in the wind, his hat in the bottom of the boat and his feet bobbing up and down like corn in a popper.

At last he began to show signs of exhaustion and then quick-witted Sam called out: "Ah ha, you can't stop. Bet I could stop in two minutes."

"Bet I can stop right off," said Jack, and did so with a suddenness that threw him out of the boat upon a little island in the center of the lake.

The boatmen had been watching him with the greatest astonishment, and one of them rowed to the island in an ordinary boat and brought him to the mainland in a really exhausted condition.

"You're a wonder, boy," said the boatman. "I never saw anyone go as fast as that—"



He tackled the man and threw him in a jiffy.

"That's nothing," said Jack, true to his instincts. "You ought to see me wrestle."

This remark made Sam afterward wonder whether he had not suspected that he had been enchanted and wanted to pay the boys back for playing such a trick on him.

At any rate, as soon as he said it the weariness went from him, and he began to wrestle with Tracy and had thrown him inside of thirty seconds. He tackled Sam next and each boy in turn until there were ten boys lying winded on the grass. But he now found that he couldn't stop wrestling. A man and his wife

came walking by and he tackled the man and threw him in a jiffy. Then he set on a park policeman and threw him, and when another policeman came to his companion's aid he threw him.

But suddenly in the midst of his active exercise he dropped like a stone, white and breathless. Sam went to him and asked him what was the matter. "Oh, I don't know. I didn't want to climb nor run the swan boat, nor wrestle, but I just had to, and my heart feels as if it was going to stop."

"Well, Jack, if you'll promise not to tell such horrible whoppers in future I think I can get you out of this fix."

"I bet I'll tell less whoppers than any boy in this crowd for the next year," said Jack in a weak voice.

And the very next instant the magician stepped out of a tree trunk and said "Ramshapinghboombind-arbrahmopotrah" backward, and Jack got up as fresh as a daisy.

But now the boys complain that he is very uninteresting, because no matter how much they exaggerate he only says: "My, I wish I could do as well as that," but he never offers to tell them how much better he and his family could do it.



MR. CYRIL E. RUDGE, MUS. BAC.
Choirmaster Trinity Church, Chicago.

Some Promising Boy Singers
... and Their Teacher



ALLAN DALBY CRAIG.
Soloist, Trinity Church, Chicago.



J. ARTHUR SCHEIB, AGE 14.
Contralto Soloist, Trinity Church, Chicago.

THE choir of Trinity Episcopal Church, Chicago, has always been remarkable for its continuous supply of good boy singers, some of whom have obtained a wide and flattering reputation.

Allan Dalby Craig is one of them; he is just commencing his career as a soloist and bids fair to become as well known as many of his predecessors. Master Allan is just thirteen years of age, and was born in Chicago of Scotch-American parentage. His father, Mr. Adam Craig, is well known in Chicago musical as well as business circles. The boy has a full, round mellow voice of remarkable purity and richness, his range being from low B flat to upper B flat, powerful and even throughout.

He is a pupil of the Choirmaster, Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, who has for years made a specialty in the training of boys' voices. Mr. Rudge, whose photograph is here reproduced, was himself a choir boy and soloist in the famous choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, and is a graduate in music of Trinity College, Toronto, Canada, in which city he resided before taking charge of Trinity Church Choir, Chicago. He trains his boys exactly on the lines and system used in the choir room of St. Paul's Cathedral. To be a pupil of Mr. Rudge is a long step towards the success of the boy as a singer.

Choir under Mr. Rudge's tuition: Gilbert Porter, Joe O'Hare (the famous choir boy), Edward Woods, John Burtch, J. Arthur Scheib, and Lloyd Simonson—all of Chicago. Master Sam Loose, brother of George Loose, whose portrait appeared in the July issue of this paper, is also one of Mr. Rudge's pupils, and is studying for the mantle of his brother, who is so well known in New York as the soloist of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in that city.

The choir of Trinity Church numbers some fifty five voices, thirty of whom are boys; there is also a preparatory class of ten boys, to fill the vacancies constantly occurring caused by the breaking of the voice and other causes.

In connection with the choir is a gymnasium, well fitted up for the use of the choir boys, and also a Mandolin Club, which is under the direction of one of the ex-choir boys. The boys meet for rehearsal three times a week, and receive a small remuneration for their services, according to their classification and usefulness. Every effort is made by the choir-master to procure situations for such boys as require them in deserving cases, then advancement is urged where interest and influence can be honestly used.

There is an annual outing under canvas provided for the boys for two weeks, at one of the numerous Lake resorts around Chicago, where fishing, boating, bathing, etc., is the order of the day.

Here are some of the names of boys who have made their debuts as soloists in Trinity Church Choir under Mr. Rudge's tuition: Gilbert Porter, Joe O'Hare (the famous choir boy), Edward Woods, John Burtch, J. Arthur Scheib, and Lloyd Simonson—all of Chicago. Master Sam Loose, brother of George Loose, whose portrait appeared in the July issue of this paper, is also one of Mr. Rudge's pupils, and is studying for the mantle of his brother, who is so well known in New York as the soloist of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in that city.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER



FRANK H. SWEET.

"The dainty Indian maize. Was eat with clam-shells out of wooden trays."

The first New England Thanksgiving was not a day of religious observance but a week given up as much as possible to merrymaking. Edward Winslow of Plymouth wrote to a friend in England Dec. 11, 1621, "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which times, among other creations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some 90 men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they

brought and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the captains and others."

According to the account this feast was probably held in the block house. The deer and fowl were roasted in the open air, the fowl being wild duck and turkey, both of which were plentiful. Although the first Thanksgiving was held in November or early in December, other Thanksgivings were appointed as the political or military event, which gave rise to them, occurred. But it was not until November, 1677, that the first regular Thanksgiving proclamation was printed, and at this time, the day had come to be observed as an occasion of family reunion, on which our Puritan ancestors heard long sermons and returned home to eat Indian pudding, wild turkey and pumpkin pie.

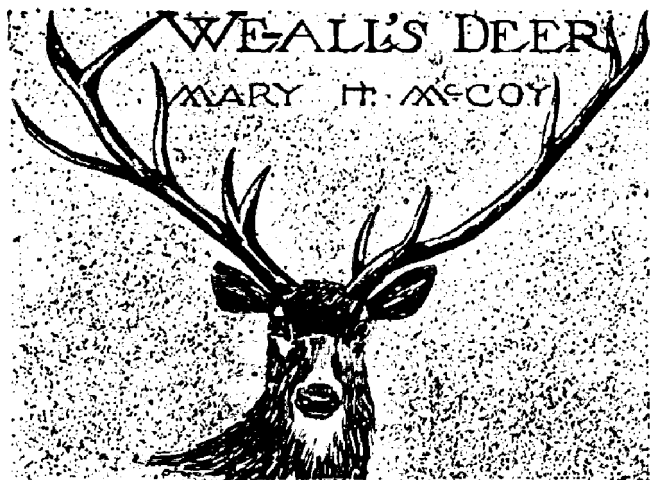
The colonial kitchen is the most appropriate setting for the picture of an ideal Thanksgiving time. We find it in the low, heavy-timbered room, with its huge, yawning fireplace. Here the blazing fire gives out its genial warmth and a cheery welcome to the shivering guests, the children and children's children who have come home to feast around the family board. Ordinarily the table, around which the family and guests were accustomed to gather, was improvised; it con-

sisted of a board laid on trestles. They gathered literally about the "board." It was covered with a "board cloth," of fine napery brought from Holland. The guests were seated around the board on long forms (benches) and stools of various heights. Pewter or wooden trenchers lined the table, and by each lay a napkin and spoon. Knives and particularly forks, were considered curious implements, denoting extreme luxury. Gov. Winthrop was the fortunate possessor of the first table fork brought to America.

The other "plenshings" of the table were drinking cups, tankards and chargers of silver plate, pewter or wood. At the settlement of America, wooden ware was just giving place to pewter. The centerpiece that gave the crowning distinction to the table was the "standing salt." In families of distinction this was usually an heirloom and of silver. In 1720, standing salts were out of date and trencher saltcellars came into fashion. The universal table furnishing.

"The porringers that in a row Hung high and made a glittering show."

were out of place at a ceremonial dinner



THE morning dawned clear and bracing in the mountains of West Virginia, one November day in the early fifties. In the air was a breath of frost and a spicy fragrance, as Nathan Arnold, with his sons and servants, mounted on fleet-footed horses, and with dogs impatient for the chase set out to hunt "big game." One dog yelped and tugged at his restraining chain, eager to be gone with his fellows, and two boys with lumps in their throats, watched till the hunters disappeared up the mountain, and listened as long as the music of the horn was caught and echoed by the neighboring hills. How they had longed to go and how they had begged! But they, like "Lion," the big puppy, had been told they were too young for such sport.

The early hours of the afternoon found the boys lying prone upon the ground, under a large beech tree, that stood in front of the house. They talked in low tones, and at intervals, following with their disappointed hearts, the hunters in the chase. The dog, released from restraint, lay beside them, his head between his paws, his eyes half closed, a picture of dejected and insulted caninity.

"Henry," said David, in a half whisper, and with a cautious glance toward the house, whence came the hum of a spinning wheel; "Henry, let's take a gun and go up towards the sugar camp an' see if we can't find something!"

Henry's countenance brightened for a moment, then fell as he answered, "Don't you know, Marse Davie, dere hain't nary gun on dis yere place!" David had scarcely time to give vent to his vexation, as he remembered the truth of this statement, before they were startled by a great crackling of bushes, and beating of hoofs. Springing up with a bound, boys and dog beheld, with that mingled sensation of surprise, joy and fear, that makes strong men tingle with pleasure, and tremble, as well, a huge buck deer, with wide branching antlers, evidently pursued by some hunter.

For a few seconds he stood, not more than one hundred feet away, and faced them with antlers reared aloft, eyes blazing, nostrils dilated, and muscles quivering. Then, with a loud snort, he made down the cañon. The dog, true to the instinct of his breed, gave chase; and the boys, forgetting everything in their thirst for adventure, followed, as fast as their sturdy legs could carry them.

"Sick 'im, Lion!" "Go it, Lion!" they shouted as they ran, and with ever growing excitement, they had measured half a mile, when—presto! they beheld the dog coming toward them, with long leaps, yelping with every leap! The sight of the deer hard upon his heels, explained the cause of his retreat. Quick as thought the boys looked about them for a tree among whose branches they might seek safety. To their dismay the trees about them were all too large for them to climb quickly, excepting one sapling, close at hand. Realizing in a flash that in it lay their only safety, David shouted, "Up it, Henry, skoot!" Up went Henry almost as nimbly as a squirrel, with David close behind him.

Scarcely had they reached a safe distance from the ground when the dog, seeing them, came yelping toward the tree. He was too hard pressed, however to stop, and the buck, close in his wake, with lowered antlers, struck the tree such a blow as to send him reeling backwards and to frighten the boys almost out of their wits. Quickly recovering himself, the animal stood at bay, more furious than ever. The boys, terror stricken, scrambled further up the tree, when, horror of horrors! their combined weight was too great for the slender sapling, and the top, where they clung for dear life, began to bend toward the ground! Back they crawled as far as they dared, but the tree once bent was not inclined to straighten. Desperately they clung to their frail and only chance of safety, their little hearts beating so hard beneath their homespun blouses as to almost choke them. So near were they to the ground that the buck, if he had known it, could have picked them off with his antlers. Sometimes he would stand off a little way and look at them with eyes blazing, toss his horns, snort, and stamp the ground; then turning upon the dog, would chase him round and round the tree, the dog's litheness in doubling, saving him from being run through with the sharp horns. Then the dog, hard pressed, would dart off to one side, and choose another tree for a circuit.

"Suppose the tree should snap," "Suppose the buck

should raise his horns as he goes under us," were some of the terrible possibilities that suggested themselves to David, as he wrapped his arms and legs the tighter round the tree.

After a very creditable display of bravado, Henry's pent up agony overcame him, and he gave way to his terror. "Mam-my! Mam-my!" he screamed. "O Lawd, o' massy, Marse Davie, I kyan't hole on no longer! I gwine drap sho!" "I thought I gone dat time, sho; Mam-my! Mam-my! come quick, fo' de goodness sake! Me an' Marse Davie done et up by a mons'rous buck deer!" "Shut up!" shouted David, whose courage was stretched to the snapping point, "Hold on tight, or I'll shake you off the next time the deer comes this way. Now, let's both call together, and maybe they'll hear us at the house, or over at Mr. Moreland's." "Help! Help!" they yelled with one voice.

But the only result was that the deer, diverted from the dog by the cries, turned and looked at them a moment, the picture of wild ferocity, then made a mad dash at the tree, and struck it such a blow as to almost dislodge the terrified boys.

"Good bye, Marse Davie, I'se gone dis time, sho! I kin hole on no longer! 'Good bye Mammy!—boo-hoo-hoo—'" "Henry," shouted David, "hush that blubbering and hold on tight, or you're a dead niggah!" "I'se dat now Marse Davie, I done feel myse'f on dem horns!"

Whizz! the deer went under the tree after the dog, who had again diverted his attention. "Dat's de time he most got me! Mam-my! Mam-my!"

"Hush, Henry," said David, in a more conciliatory tone, and in full sympathy with his terror. "Try to be sensible, and use your strength to hold on with. We may have to stay up here all night, if father and the boys shouldn't get back." "I ain't gwine stay up here all night—I gwine drap now, kase I kin hole on no longer!" "Henry," said David, seizing him by the leg, really frightened lest he should do what he threatened, "if you don't hush that and hold on tight, I'll—listen!" he said in a hoarse whisper, "Some one's coming!"

And sure enough they could hear, at the ford below, the welcome splashing of horse's feet through the water. A moment they waited, breathlessly, until they could discern, through the trees, the form of a man on horseback. Recognizing him as a neighbor, David shouted lustily to him: "Mr. Scott! wait, there's a mad buck here, trying to get Henry and me, an' he'll get you if you don't mind; can you shoot him?"

Mr. Scott approached to where he could see the boys in the bending sapling, and the deer, for the time, occupied with the dog.

"Boys," he said, "keep your courage and hold on tight! I've got just one bullet left, and I'll do my best, and if I don't get him, maybe he'll get me, but you'll be safe at any rate!"

So saying, he wheeled his horse half about so that he might be ready for flight in case of failure put an extra priming of powder into the pan of his flintlock gun, and looked up to find the deer standing at bay, in all the grandeur of his fury. Just then, however, a fierce yelp from the dog attracted the buck's attention, and he turned toward him with lowered antlers.

Mr. Scott quickly raised his gun, aimed just behind the shoulder, and fired. A shout from the boys announced the success of the venture, and the smoke clearing away revealed the buck fallen on his side.

Two more relieved and happy boys never scrambled out of danger than those who followed Mr. Scott to the fallen monarch. And Lion went almost wild with delight, evidently taking the credit to himself. Indeed it was a magnificent specimen, and any hunter might have been justly proud of such game.

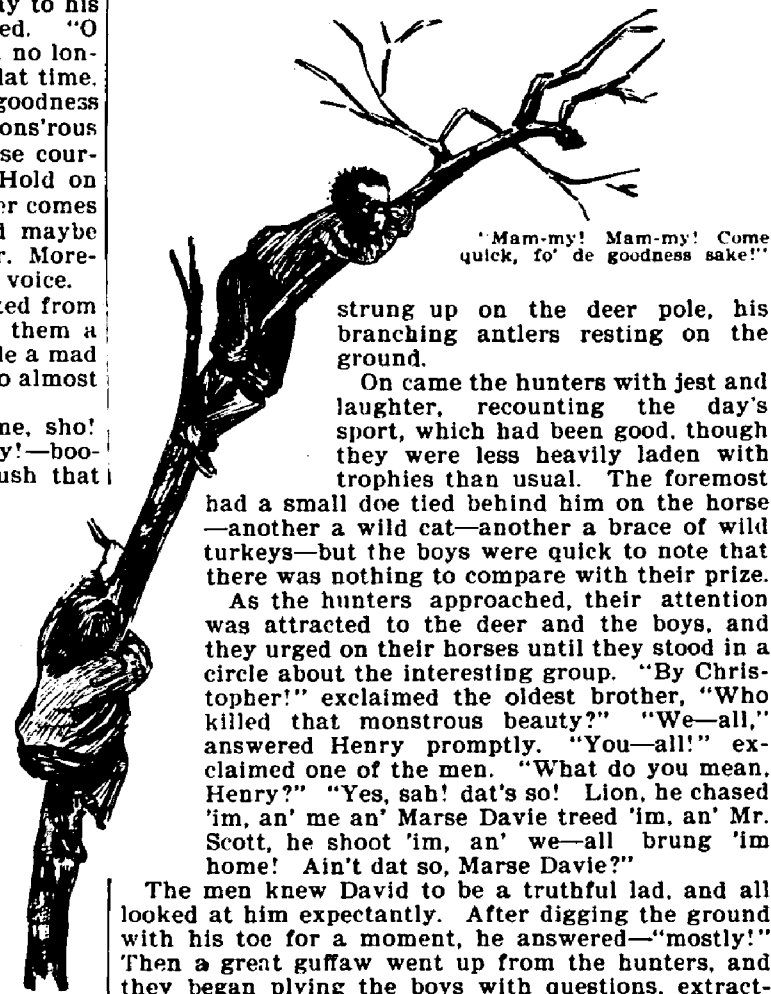
David held himself with the air of a young Nimrod, while Henry danced about, half wild with delight. With their aid Mr. Scott succeeded in lifting the deer to the horse's back and started for home, Henry leading the horse and David and Mr. Scott walking on opposite sides of the horse to steady his load.

As they neared the house, their shouts brought Mrs. Arnold and her daughters from their spinning wheels, and "Mammy" from the kitchen. Clustered about the door they awaited the procession.

"Look what we— all killed!" proudly announced Henry; and then came exclamations and explanations, amid which the boys were both petted and scolded.

As the day began to deepen into twilight,

there came upon the evening breeze the sound of the horn, first faintly, then louder and clearer, announcing the return of the hunters from the chase. David and Henry, instead of running to meet them, as usual, took their places beside the buck which had been



strung up on the deer pole, his branching antlers resting on the ground.

On came the hunters with jest and laughter, recounting the day's sport, which had been good, though they were less heavily laden with trophies than usual. The foremost had a small doe tied behind him on the horse—another a wild cat—another a brace of wild turkeys—but the boys were quick to note that there was nothing to compare with their prize.

As the hunters approached, their attention was attracted to the deer and the boys, and they urged on their horses until they stood in a circle about the interesting group. "By Christopher!" exclaimed the oldest brother, "Who killed that monstrous beauty?" "We—all," answered Henry promptly. "You—all!" exclaimed one of the men. "What do you mean, Henry?" "Yes, sah! dat's so! Lion, he chased 'im, an' me an' Marse Davie treed 'im, an' Mr. Scott, he shoot 'im, an' we—all brung 'im home! Ain't dat so, Marse Davie?"

The men knew David to be a truthful lad, and all looked at him expectantly. After digging the ground with his toe for a moment, he answered—"mostly!" Then a great guffaw went up from the hunters, and they began plying the boys with questions, extracting all the fun out of the situation possible. One examined the antlers with all a hunter's fondness, one smoothed the sleek brown coat, and one remarked that "next time they would send these Nimrods to the chase, while they stayed home to capture the big game."



A shout from the boys announced the success of the venture.



TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

...A SERIES...

JOINING THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY.

THE advisability of a boy joining a college fraternity will always remain a question. In the nature of the case, it can be answered only by "It depends." Arguing from my own experience, I would advise in favor of it; arguing from the experiences of some others, I would advise against it.

Just at this time of the year the "freshies" of the colleges are being scrutinized very carefully by the boys of the older classes. The chief excitement in the fraternity chapter at this time

is the struggle for the best material; and the boy who is now entering college with the influence of a good family name and some reputation at home for good-fellowship, good scholarship or some prowess in athletics, finds himself sought after. And, even should he go to college without the influences named, in his favor, if he presents a good appearance in the classroom and on the streets and shows himself to be wide-awake, he will be the recipient of many attentions that will cause him to wonder. Flattered by these attentions, the average boy will easily fall in with the plans of his new-made friends and soon wear the colors of a "pledged man." Many are the rejoicings in the chapter hall on the announcement of a brother's success in "rushing" an available candidate. Every member of the chapter hastens to throw the protection of his presence and his friendship around the fledgling, that the conquest may be a sure one.

I have one word of advice for the boy who is now entering college and besieged by "frat boys," and that is, don't allow yourself to be "spiked" until you have been in college for one term, at least. On the threshold of your college life you are not prepared to select a fraternity. Perhaps when you know more about them you may not care to join any. Certainly, when you know more about them than you do now, you will have a choice between them, and the choice will be based on something more than that you like the looks of a certain set of men, or prefer the style of architecture of some particular chapter house. You will come to know that college fraternities possess characters, just as do boys and men. There is one fraternity that is recognized by its partiality for boys out of rich families, who have money to spend and are free, easy livers. There is another whose life is characterized by a generous supply of conviviality. No boy is invited into this fraternity unless he likes society and is not averse to tipping. Another fraternity selects its men from among the best students, that is from among those who stand highest in scholarship—some regard, of course, being paid to a man's social qualities. Another, while not perhaps avowedly or purposely doing so, collects to itself the "sissy boys," the entree to it being smart clothes and a cigarette.

Then, too, each of the many fraternities in the field has a history, and the boy who has made up his mind to become a fraternity man owes it to himself to know something of fraternity history. He ought to know something about the men who founded the fraternity, and particularly about the old fellows who belong to it and who, graduating years ago, still retain an interest and a guiding hand, for the destinies of the fraternities are largely determined by the old boys who manage its affairs, and not by the young fellows not yet out of college. Ask the boy who has "bid" you, to furnish you with the history of his fraternity and the history of his chapter. All good fraternities have put their history in print. Determine for yourself, from an examination of this history, whether or not the fraternity is founded on good principles and has a record to be proud of.

If you are invited to join a fraternity, make the acquaintance of all the members of the chapter with whom you must associate. Note their character and

habits in class and out. If these are not such as would commend themselves to you, or better still, if you can say that you are satisfied that your father or your mother would not approve of such associates, you need not hesitate long in making a decision.

But you can't learn much about a crowd of boys in a day, or a week, or a month. Take sufficient time for thorough observation. Don't be an easy mark. You are not going to lose an opportunity of joining a fraternity simply because you do not at once fall a victim.

It is a good plan to ask some one of the instructors in the school his opinion of the various chapters represented in the institution. If the instructor has been in the college for any length of time he has had ample means for observation, and doubtless has an opinion. You will find many boys in the college who are "anti-frats." Learn what you can of what these boys think regarding the groups of boys making up the chapters. Note particularly what company of boys succeed best in class-room work. That is usually the best indication of the chapter's character. Students who make high grades do not, as a rule, waste time nor dissipate it in pursuits that do not conduce to good work.

In a word, delay your decision until you know the situation. Don't decide until the first term has rolled around and you have been home and had an opportunity to confer with your parents, who have a right to know what you propose to do. Then, when you have returned to college, you will be ready to make a decision that will not prove afterwards an unfortunate one for you.

There is a general impression that college fraternities are a detriment to student life. This may be so in the main, but I can conceive of nothing more helpful to the student and the college than the college fraternity, if its affairs be conducted by earnest young men of character who are in college for an education, and not for the fun there is in it.

I was fortunate enough, when in college, to join a chapter composed of just such young men. Their influence upon me throughout my entire college course was elevating and inspiring. The brightest memories of my life cluster around the chapter fire. Among the best friendships I cherish are those made about its altar. Good scholarship was necessary in the candidate who knocked at its door. Good-fellowship was a close second in the requirements. The result was a society of fellows all of whom were in dead earnest in the getting of an education, and yet full enough of snap and fun to make a congenial and hearty company. Instead of lowering the character of its members, every one of them was made the better for the association. One boy was saved from the gutter by the protecting influence of his brothers in the chapter, and he now lives to hold a responsible position in one of the leading universities of the land. Yet that boy's father to the day of his death was a bitter opponent of the college fraternity.

If my boy were to go to college to-day I would give him one piece of advice. I would not advise him to refuse the overtures of the fraternity men, but I would beg of him to wait at least three months before making his decision and confer with me before taking the final step.

A GREAT MAN HONORED.

It is well for the children of each succeeding generation to know something of the great and good men of the generations behind them. It is a good thing for the boys of to-day to know about the good men of yesterday. No one can read the life story of Wendell Phillips without being made better.

The people of Boston, the city in which Wendell Phillips was born and in which he died, never tire of honoring his memory although there was a time when he had many enemies in that city. If you should chance to be in Boston at any time and should go to No. 50 Essex street, which is now in the heart of the business center of the city, you will find there a tablet on which there is this inscription:

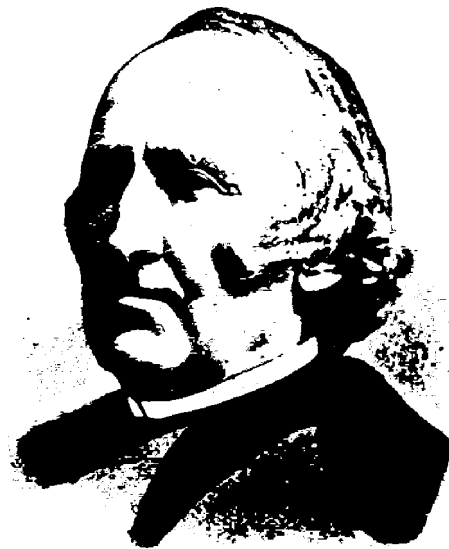
"Here Wendell Phillips resided during forty years devoted by him to secure the abolition of African slavery in this country. The charms of home, the enjoyment of wealth and learning, even the kindly recognition of his fellow citizens, were by him accounted as naught compared with duty. He lived to see justice triumphant, freedom universal, and to receive the tardy praises of his opponents. The blessings of the poor, the friendless, and the oppressed enriched him. In Boston he was born November 29, 1811, and died February 2, 1884. This tablet was erected by order of the City Council of Boston."

Could there be a nobler tribute than this paid to

any man? Could there be a nobler life than that which could make a man deserving of such a tribute as this? Could earthly riches give such luster and honor to a name as "The blessings of the poor, the friendless, and the oppressed?" It is a great thing for a man to have spent forty years of his life for a just cause, and to see that cause triumphant at the end of the long and hard struggle.

Last March the Wendell Phillips Memorial Association of Boston, placed in the magnificent new Public Library of that city a bronze bust of Wendell Phillips, and it was right that the bust of so noble a man should have a place in so noble a building. One of the speakers said at the ceremony of placing the bust in the library:

"We are met here to set up in his native city a memorial to one of those rare personages who make illustrious the place where they are born, who illuminate the pathway of peoples, who lift up nations to a loftier view and quicken them with a nobler aspiration, and who thereby do highly make the world better for their having lived in it. Such a man was Wendell Phillips, in whose name we are gathered, and may the word spoken in this hour be a tribute worthy of him. Wendell Phillips was born into the purple, of one of the best families of New England, of whom it was truly said, 'God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice seed wheat into the wilderness,' and from among the finest of that 'choice seed wheat' he sprung."



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips spent forty of the best years of his life contending for the right in the face of popular sentiment. He lived to see some of his foes become his warmest friends, and the tears of a nation flowed when he died. He was one of the most eloquent orators America has ever known, and his voice was always uplifted for the right. He might have won the highest place in the social world for he had money, accomplishments, unusual personal beauty, tact and great kindness of heart; but the social world had no charm for him, and he put it aside for the greater and nobler things of life.

There are men and women who are living better lives because of the good life lived by this man. The tablet with which his native city has sought to honor him is a source of help and of inspiration to many who pass by it daily in going to and from their work. It is a mute appeal for them to live good and helpful lives and to trample under foot all that tends to make them self-centered and unmindful of their duty to the poor, the friendless, and the oppressed. There can be no better thing said of any man than that he lived for God and his fellowmen; and if the fact of his having done so is not recorded on a public monument or tablet it is certain that it is recorded in the hearts of those he has helped and in the book of our Lord's remembrance.

BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BYE.

JOHN L. SEROY, IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate,
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

"Be a good boy; good-bye." It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
I 'nseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,
This motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
Be a good boy; good-bye.

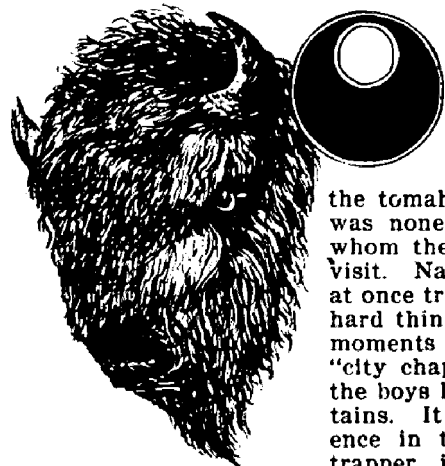


(Begun in October.)

Review of Preceding Chapters: Jack Carroll, Frank Chapman and Ned Roberts, three boys whose homes are in a village in the far East, obtain the consent of their parents to go to Denver for a visit to Robert Sinclair, a friend of Jack's father, who is a painter of mountain and Indian life, and spends the greater part of his time among the Indians. They are accompanied on their journey so far as Chicago by Mr. Carroll, and are greatly delighted with the sights and sounds of the great city. On the train for Denver they meet Jim Galloway, a trapper, who tells them a true story in which his life is saved by a white man, who was living at the time with the Indians, and turns out to be Robert Sinclair, the artist, whom the boys are going to visit.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN PAINTER.



COURSE, the big trapper was both surprised and pleased on the discovery that the man who had saved him from the tomahawk of the Indians was none other than the one whom the boys were about to visit. Naturally, he set about at once trying to take back the hard things he had said a few moments before about that "city chap" who was to show the boys life among the mountains. It made all the difference in the world with the trapper if that "city chap"

was the man who had saved his life; so he assured the boys that they were going to fall into good hands and would have the best kind of a time.

The trapper's apologies were really pitiful, and once, as Frank afterwards declared, he saw the big fellow brush something from his eyes suspiciously like a tear, but it couldn't have been that, he said, for it was hardly to be conceived that an old hunter, hardened by the storms of more than a score of winters and bronzed by unnumbered suns, accustomed to danger and toil, as brave as the wild beasts among which he had passed the greater part of his life, could be guilty of anything so foolish as a tear. Perhaps he was just brushing away in imagination the cobwebs from his memory so that he could see more distinctly with his mind's eye the face of Robert Sinclair as he saw him that day in the mountains.

For some time the four could do little else than talk about this man who had so strangely come into their lives. The trapper plied them with questions innumerable, and before he was satisfied they had to tell him what they had heard from Mr. Carroll about the Indian painter. The story, as Jack gave it, prompted now and then by the other boys, ran something as follows, though the boy did not tell it in exactly this language:

Some years ago Robert Sinclair was a young fellow living in New York City. He belonged to a rich and influential family, his father being a merchant and head of a great importing house. Robert was the youngest of several brothers, all of whom save himself had gone into business and had homes and establishments of their own. Robert being the last to leave home, became the joy of his mother's life, and was petted and humored in everything.

The father, disappointed in finding his older sons drifting away from him into other lines of business than his own, centered all of his hopes, so far as the carrying on of his own business was concerned, on Robert; but the boy had a will of his own, and was intent on following it. It seemed to be his sole purpose in life to get out of it as good a time as possible. With an artistic temperament and not a little talent with the pencil, careless about matters of money and business, he drifted into a gay, careless world, and there became a favorite. He looked upon his father's business as drudgery, and secretly despised the grind of the office and the details of money making and money saving. At first he spent one or two evenings

a week with congenial fellows of his kind, in a way that his conscience scarcely approved of, though it exactly suited his tastes.

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At the sight of the great mountains the artist awoke to the grandeur of his true nature, and bidding his friends good-bye, he cut loose from the caravan, determined to make his home among this wilderness of beauty and here to live a new life, alone if necessary, in the pure air of mountain and plain. Carrying his trusty rifle and his little bundle of sketching materials, he explored cañons and crevices known only to the Indians, climbed the untrodden tops of many a mountain peak, and became the guest and friend of every Indian band for hundreds of miles in all directions.

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This story, told falteringly and in a boy's way, was of intense interest to Jim Galloway. All through the telling of it the trapper kept his eyes riveted on Jack, and after the last words were spoken he sat for some minutes motionless and silent; then he said:

"Youngsters, many's the time I've wondered why that pale-face was so earnest in makin' me promise not to tech liquor agin, but I know now."

CHAPTER VI.

THEY SEE BUFFALOES.

The train was still speeding along over the great undulating plain, and the boys several times in their eagerness thought they could see mountains in the distance, but in each case what appeared to be mountains was only little sandhills or clumps of bushes on the horizon, and the trapper told them that they must spend another night on the train before they could get the longed for glimpse of the Rockies.

"When yer wake in the mornin' you'll see 'em 'long the line o' sky yonder," said he.

As the boys' eyes followed the direction of the trapper's index finger, suddenly Frank caught sight of a strange object in the distance.

"What's that, Mr. Galloway?" he asked.

"Hold on thar, youngster, don't mister me. Jest plain Jim. I wouldn't know myself out here 'cept as Jim, an' the boys would run me out o' camp if I 'lowed a feller ter call me mister. Say Jim an' I'll allers know who yer referrin' to."

Jim, too, had seen the object that occasioned Frank's question, but to him it was no strange sight. He was too much taken up with the thoughts engendered by the story of Robert Sinclair to particularly notice anything else, and then, too, he had failed to realize that everything about them was new to his young companions.

"That's a buffaler," he said, answering Frank's question.

"A buffalo!" exclaimed the three boys in one breath.

"Didn't yer see that buffaler trail we passed back yonder?" asked the trapper.

"I did see something that looked like a path a ways back," said Ned, "and wondered what it was."

"Wall, that war a buffaler trail, an' it looked fresh, so I knowed thar war buffaler 'round here," said the trapper.

"But I thought," said Frank, "that buffaloes traveled in big droves, and how could they make a narrow path like that?"

"They does ginerally, but long 'bout sundown you'll see 'em trail off injun file, hundreds and thousands sometimes, goin' ter some place whar ther's water. They most ginerally git thirsty in the evenin'. Some ole bull leads the way an' the rest o' the herd trails along arter. If yer foller one o' them paths on the plains you'll allers find it leads to water. Many's the time I've come upon one o' them when I was 'bout to give out fer a drink, an' I tell, yer, youngsters, one o' them trails is a lucky find fer a thirsty trapper."

"No wonder," said Ned, "that the path was cut so deep. It seemed to me that it must have been a foot. But I wish we could get nearer to that buffalo, and I believe we are," and the boys strained their eyes to get a good look at what was little more as yet than a black speck on the horizon.

"He's prob'ly some ole bull driven out o' the herd to shift fer hisself," said the trapper.

"Why should they drive him out?" asked Jack.

"Wall, yer see, when a buffaler bull as has been a leader gits old, some young bull gits to thinkin' ne knows better'n the ole one how to boss the rest, an' he'll up an' strut roun' as if ter pick a fight, an' sooner or later he'll git it, an' arter he's had two or three scraps with other ambitious young fellers, the buffaler cows and calves gits ter thinkin' he's the hull thing, an' they jest naterally snub the ole leader and foller the young un. Then the ole bull he feels disgraced like, fer nobody wants ter foller him any longer, an' he sulks and falls back into the herd and gits run over some day in a stampede, or more ginerally wanders off broken hearted alone and gits et up by wolves. But thet feller over thar ain't alone; there's others."

The boys could now plainly see the shaggy forms of four or five buffaloes grazing a little distance apart, just as the train rounded a slight swell in the ground.

"We're now in the buffaler country an' ought ter see a lot of 'em," continued the trapper. "Them fellers yer see is prob'ly spies sent out ter watch fer trouble. A buffaler herd is a good deal like an army; it has its captains an' its generals an' its pickets. Buffaloes are strange critters. They act most like human at times, an' then agin they hain't got a grain o' sense. Them fellers over thar'll likely take ter their heels afore long, when we git nearer, an' run right inter the middle of the herd and give the warnin'. Then the leaders 'll start off with the hull lot of 'em gallopin' arter, and jist like as not they'll run right inter danger, fer they're big fools that way. They've ginerally got a notion that they must keep agoin' straight ahead, an', instid of turnin' from the track whar their pursuers is goin' they'll keep straight on it er try ter cross it in front. I've seen a herd o' buffaloes run head of a train fer miles, tryin' to outrun it, and stick clost ter the track all ther way."

In a few moments more the train was within a short distance of the group of buffaloes, and the boys wondered that they did not become frightened.

"The wind's comin' this way," explained the trapper, "an' they hasn't scented us yit. You ken git close up ter a buffaler if the wind is off."

Just then the animals lifted their heads and gazed from side to side in a nervous way, so that the boys

Publishers' note: The author of "Three Boys in the Mountains" has attempted, at our request, to write a story of adventure for boys devoid of impossible incidents and questionable morals. The race with buffaloes described in Chapter V. was not an unusual occurrence in the early days of railroading in the West. Trains were often delayed for hours by the closing in upon them of multitudes of these animals.

had a good view of them. Their great, shaggy heads were covered with matted hair, tangled and full of burrs, almost concealing their little horns and their eyes that seemed to stick out of the sides of their heads, so that, as Frank suggested, they could see both ways.

So near had the train now come to the animals that the boys were wild with suppressed excitement, and this was increased when several short, sharp whistles from the engine startled the big beasts into a run, or rather a clumsy gallop. Sure enough, just as the trapper had said, they plunged off in a way parallel to the railroad track and in the same direction in which the train was going.

"I shouldn't wonder if we'd see some fun," suggested the trapper, with a significant movement of his arm, as if he was feeling to see that his "shootin' iron" was all right.

CHAPTER VII.

NED KILLS A BUFFALO.

The train had not gone far 'ere it had left the galloping buffaloes in the rear, but the wild shrill whistles of the engine at short intervals, and the perceptible slowing up of the train, indicated trouble ahead. So intent were the boys on keeping the buffaloes in view that they scarcely noticed these signs of something unusual ahead.

"Youngsters, we've run down a herd o' buffaloes sure. 'Taint ofter yer git this sport now. It use ter be a few years ago thet yer couldn't cross these plains without runnin' inter a bunch o' them big fellers. Looks like we war in fer a race with 'em good and heavy."

The boys were on the tiptoe of excitement. Just to think of it, they had only been gone from home two or three days, and already had seen buffaloes and were about to have a race with a herd of them! Were boys ever so lucky? Each of them found a window that was unoccupied, and out of it stuck his head to get a good view of what was about to happen. Just ahead of the engine appeared the rear guard of an immense herd of the shaggy-coated monarchs of the plain. The herd itself could be seen at a distance, evidently not yet fully aware of the approaching danger, for they had not started to run. The engine kept up its shrieking as it crept nearer and nearer the outskirts of the great mass. Now they were in the midst of them, and the whole pack of countless hundreds were lumbering along, bellowing with what seemed like a low, hoarse groan, and making a noise with their hoofs which sounded like the rumble of thunder heard above the rattle of the train. A great cloud of dust arose on all sides, almost blinding the sight. Strange to say, the entire

herd was galloping along in the same direction with the train, pushing and jostling in their mad attempts to outrun the danger, carried by their foolish leaders right in the very way in which they should not go.

The boys found themselves in a seething, struggling mass that seemed to be closing in on them more and more every moment. Through the clouds of dust they could see distinctly the forms of the animals nearest them as they plunged along, pushing away as far as possible from the danger line, and beyond these, so far as the eye could reach, they beheld nothing but a black sea unlike anything that they had ever before looked upon.

There was the sudden crack of a breechloader ahead, and Ned, whose head was out one of the forward windows of the coach, cried out: "Some one in the car ahead is shooting out the window! Don't you wish we had a gun?"

"I don't believe," said Jack, excitedly, "that a fellow could miss at this distance, no matter how bad a shot he might be," and just then a young buffalo threw his head in the air and pitched forward upon his knees. In an instant a score or more of big fellows stumbled over him and fell, some to catch themselves and go limping away, others to be trampled to death under the hoofs of the oncoming horde.

"O, isn't it awful!" exclaimed Frank, as another shot rang out, this time from a window of their own car, and then another and another, until it seemed as if the train were a moving arsenal.

"I don't like this at all," cried Frank. "It isn't hunting. It's more like murder."

"What's one buffalo more or less among these thousands? I wish I had a gun," said Jack.

"Wall, I guess yer ken git satisfaction ef yer really want it," said the trapper, accompanying his words with a quick movement toward his hip pocket. Here's a feller as'll fetch 'em as good as a rifle," and with this he handed to Jack an ugly looking pistol that had evidently seen considerable service. Jack for a moment almost regretted having expressed a wish for a gun, but now that he had one in his hands he was not going to show the white feather.

"Now, youngster, aim keerful. Fire at buffaloes. You won't hit nothin' that way 'cept the ground. Up a little! That's it! Pint it at thet big feller comin' this way; he's nearest to yer. Hit 'im in that little spot jest back o' the shoulder. That's the place to git a buffaloe."

Jack's hand trembled so he could hardly pull the trigger.

Bang!

Four heads peered out through the smoke and dust, but not a sign could be seen of a wounded or dead buffalo, and the big fellow was lumbering along as if nothing had happened.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys.

"Let me try it," said Ned, and by this time the train was going so slowly that the big fellow at whom Jack had shot was still opposite their window.

The trapper looked his weapon over, set the trigger, and handed it to Ned. Ned had scarcely taken it in his hand and turned its barrel toward the window than he had pulled the trigger, and again the

anxious to get a near view of a bison; but they stood very near the train until the mad throng had somewhat thinned out, and then they cautiously approached the shapeless mass of shaggy heads, hoofs and horns that almost covered the big buffalo which Ned had brought down.

The boys were awed by the spectacle, and Ned could scarcely be prevailed on to do what the other boys did with the aid of the trapper's hunting knife, cut off some of the shaggy locks of the big fellow for a memento.

"I don't know," said Ned, "why I should feel this way, but I really feel like a coward. If the buffalo could have had a fair chance for his life I think I wouldn't feel so bad."

Jack broke into a laugh, and suggested that he thought the buffalo had more than a fair chance for his life with Ned holding the trigger, and he declared testily that he thought it was all luck anyway and that Ned needn't feel so bad about it; that he wasn't to be blamed for hitting something that he really didn't expect to hit.

As they clambered back into the train the old trapper said, putting his hand on Ned's shoulder: "I wisht more people had yer feelin's, youngster. Them buffaloes used ter run these plains by the millions. They war masters then. Ther only foe war the Injuns an' the wolves, but the wolves didn't dare tech 'em 'till they got old and feeble, an' the Injuns didn't take enough of 'em to keep 'em from growin'. They killed 'em fer their hides fer their wigwams, an' fer their meat in the cold winter, an' arter they got that they let 'em alone; but the travelers an' fortune

hunters from the States has been killin' 'em for sport. There's been hundreds o' the poor critters give up their life to-day fer fear o' these keers. In a few years this noble critter will not be found in all this country, an' I don't know what the Injun will do without 'im, fer the buffaloe is 'bout all he has to depend on fer grub an' shelter."

The sun had now set and the air was still. The train was speeding along amid the usual quiet and desolation of the prairies. Not a sign of life appeared, save here and there a single buffalo laboriously creeping along through the grass, while scattered about lay dead members of the great herd, singly and in groups, awaiting the crows and wolves, which, after feasting on the flesh of the dead animals, would leave the bones to whiten in the sun until time should crumble them back to earth.

The three boys fell into a sleep that night that was not altogether untroubled; but they wakened in the morning happy at the sight in the far distance of the low lying foothills of the old Rockies with Pike's Peak standing sentinel over all.

(To be continued.)



The entire herd was galloping along in the same direction with the train.

boys were peering through the smoke to see what had happened.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and in the laugh that followed Jack's voice was the loudest. "Now let me try," said the trapper quietly, and taking the pistol in his hands he held it at arm's length for just a moment, then quietly withdrew his arm and almost rose from his seat as he said: "Youngster, look, you've got 'im. See, he's droppin' behind. He's stumblin'. Now he's up agin. Look out, ole feller, or you're done. There he goes! Give me your hand, youngster; you're a dead shot." "Oh-h!" exclaimed Ned, scarcely above a whisper, his face suddenly growing pale. "I'm sorry I did it. He's a noble looking fellow. He had just as much right to live as I have, and it was cowardly of me."

During all this excitement the train had gradually slowed up and had now come to a standstill a few yards beyond the point where the big buffalo had dropped at Ned's shot, and over the body his fellows were tumbling in a mad rush.

"We're goin' to wait to let 'em pass," suggested the trapper.

"I wish," said Ned, "they had not stopped just here."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jack in disgust, "I wish I'd killed him. I'd give anything to be able to write home that I hadn't been gone a week before I'd killed a buffalo."

"You'll have ter git over them sentimental feelins if yer goin' ter see this country," said the trapper; but let's git off till the train starts an' see what you've got."

It was no sooner said than done, for the boys were

A FARMER FATHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

FRANK S. PIXLEY, IN CHICAGO MAIL.

Dear Son—Your letter of the 10th came in the mail today. And so you want to marry, and you wonder what we'll say!

Well, Joe, your mother here and I have read your letter through.

And she seems to think that I'm the one who'd better lecture you;

For, though in most affairs, of course, there's nothing; quite so nice

As a mother's letter, still it takes a man to give advice.

Your letter says: "She's beautiful and handsome as a queen."

I hope so, Joe, and hope you know just what those two words mean.

A beautiful form is one which tells of a beautiful soul within;

A handsome face is one which wears no damning brand of sin;

Beautiful eyes are those that with the fire of pure thought glow;

Beautiful lips are those which speak for a truthful heart below;

The handsomest hands are those not ashamed the Master's work to do—

Hands that are patient and brave and kind, gentle and strong and true;

Beautiful feet are those which go in answer to duty's call;

And beautiful shoulders are those which bear their dally burdens all.

Remember this maxim true, my boy, wherever you choose a wife:

"The handsomest woman of earth is she who leads the handsomest life."

I therefore trust that the woman you wed (if you really love each other)

May be the handsomest one in the world—excepting one—your mother.

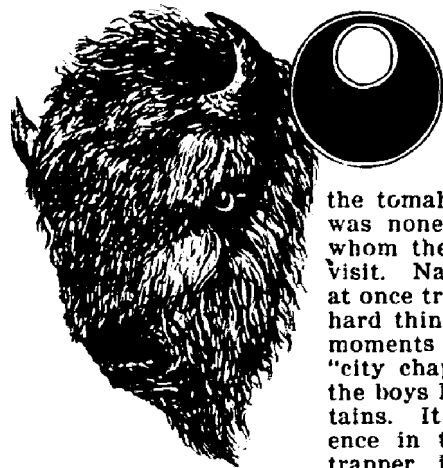


(Begun in October.)

Review of Preceding Chapters: Jack Carroll, Frank Chapman and Ned Roberts, three boys whose homes are in a village in the far East, obtain the consent of their parents to go to Denver for a visit to Robert Sinclair, a friend of Jack's father, who is a painter of mountain and Indian life, and spends the greater part of his time among the Indians. They are accompanied on their journey so far as Chicago by Mr. Carroll, and are greatly delighted with the sights and sounds of the great city. On the train for Denver they meet Jim Galloway, a trapper, who tells them a true story in which his life is saved by a white man, who was living at the time with the Indians, and turns out to be Robert Sinclair, the artist, whom the boys are going to visit.

CHAPTER V.

THE INDIAN PAINTER.



COURSE, the big trapper was both surprised and pleased on the discovery that the man who had saved him from the tomahawk of the Indians was none other than the one whom the boys were about to visit. Naturally, he set about at once trying to take back the hard things he had said a few moments before about that "city chap" who was to show the boys life among the mountains. It made all the difference in the world with the trapper if that "city chap"

was the man who had saved his life; so he assured the boys that they were going to fall into good hands and would have the best kind of a time.

The trapper's apologies were really pitiful, and once, as Frank afterwards declared, he saw the big fellow brush something from his eyes suspiciously like a tear, but it couldn't have been that, he said, for it was hardly to be conceived that an old hunter, hardened by the storms of more than a score of winters and bronzed by unnumbered suns, accustomed to danger and toil, as brave as the wild beasts among which he had passed the greater part of his life, could be guilty of anything so foolish as a tear. Perhaps he was just brushing away in imagination the cobwebs from his memory so that he could see more distinctly with his mind's eye the face of Robert Sinclair as he saw him that day in the mountains.

For some time the four could do little else than talk about this man who had so strangely come into their lives. The trapper plied them with questions innumerable, and before he was satisfied they had to tell him what they had heard from Mr. Carroll about the Indian painter. The story, as Jack gave it, prompted now and then by the other boys, ran something as follows, though the boy did not tell it in exactly this language:

Some years ago Robert Sinclair was a young fellow living in New York City. He belonged to a rich and influential family, his father being a merchant and head of a great importing house. Robert was the youngest of several brothers, all of whom save himself had gone into business and had homes and establishments of their own. Robert being the last to leave home, became the joy of his mother's life, and was petted and humored in everything.

The father, disappointed in finding his older sons drifting away from him into other lines of business than his own, centered all of his hopes, so far as the carrying on of his own business was concerned, on Robert; but the boy had a will of his own, and was intent on following it. It seemed to be his sole purpose in life to get out of it as good a time as possible. With an artistic temperament and not a little talent with the pencil, careless about matters of money and business, he drifted into a gay, careless world, and there became a favorite. He looked upon his father's business as drudgery, and secretly despised the grind of the office and the details of money making and money saving. At first he spent one or two evenings

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At the sight of the great mountains the artist awoke to the grandeur of his true nature, and bidding his friends good-bye, he cut loose from the caravan, determined to make his home among this wilderness of beauty and here to live a new life, alone if necessary, in the pure air of mountain and plain. Carrying his trusty rifle and his little bundle of sketching materials, he explored cañons and crevices known only to the Indians, climbed the untrodden tops of many a mountain peak, and became the guest and friend of every Indian band for hundreds of miles in all directions.

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"When yer wake in the mornin' you'll see 'em 'long the line o' sky yonder," said he.

As the boys' eyes followed the direction of the trapper's index finger, suddenly Frank caught sight of a strange object in the distance.

"What's that, Mr. Galloway?" he asked.

"Hold on thar, youngster, don't mister me. Jest plain Jim. I wouldn't know myself out here 'cept as Jim, an' the boys would run me out o' camp if I 'lowed a feller ter call me mister. Say Jim an' I'll allers know who yer referrin' to."

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"But I thought," said Frank, "that buffaloes traveled in big droves, and how could they make a narrow path like that?"

"They does generally, but long 'bout sundown you'll see 'em trail off Injun file, hundreds and thousands sometimes, goin' ter some place whar ther's water. They most generally git thirsty in the evenin'. Some ole bull leads the way an' the rest o' the herd trails along arter. If yer foller one o' them paths on the plains you'll allers find it leads to water. Many's the time I've come upon one o' them when I was 'bout to give out fer a drink, an' I tell, yer, youngsters, one o' them trails is a lucky find fer a thirsty trapper."

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"He's probly some ole bull driven out o' the herd to shift fer hisself," said the trapper.

"Why should they drive him out?" asked Jack.

"Wall, yer see, when a buffaler bull as has been a leader gits old, some young bull gits to thinkin' ne knows better'n the ole one how to boss the rest, an' he'll up an' strut roun' as if ter pick a fight, an' sooner or later he'll git it, an' arter he's had two or three scraps with other ambitious young fellers, the buffaler cows and calves gits ter thinkin' he's the hull thing, an' they jest naterally snub the ole leader and foller the young un. Then the ole bull he feels disgraced like, fer nobody wants ter foller him any longer, an' he sulks and falls back into the herd and gits run over some day in a stampede, or more generally wanders off broken hearted alone and gits et up by wolves. But thet feller over thar ain't alone; there's others."

The boys could now plainly see the shaggy forms of four or five buffaloes grazing a little distance apart, just as the train rounded a slight swell in the ground.

"We're now in the buffaler country an' ought ter see a lot of 'em," continued the trapper. "Them fellers yer see is probly spies sent out ter watch fer trouble. A buffaler herd is a good deal like an army; it has its captains an' its generals an' its pickets. Buffaloes are strange critters. They act most like human at times, an' then agin they hain't got a grain o' sense. Them fellers over thar'll likely take ter their heels afore long, when we git nearer, an' run right inter the middle of the herd and give the warnin'. Then the leaders 'ill start off with the hull lot of 'em gallopin' arter, and jist like as not they'll run right inter danger, fer they're big fools thet way. They've generally got a notion that they must keep agoin' straight ahead, an', instid of turnin' from the track whar their pursuers is goin' they'll keep straight on it er try ter cross it in front. I've seen a herd o' buffaloes run head of a train fer miles, tryin' to outrun it, and stick clost ter the track all ther way."

In a few moments more the train was within a short distance of the group of buffaloes, and the boys wondered that they did not become frightened.

"The wind's comin' this way," explained the trapper, "an' they hasn't scented us yit. You ken git close up ter a buffaler if the wind is off."

Just then the animals lifted their heads and gazed from side to side in a nervous way, so that the boys

Publishers' note: The author of "Three Boys in the Mountains" has attempted, at our request, to write a story of adventure for boys devoid of impossible incidents and questionable morals. The race with buffaloes described in Chapter V, was not an unusual occurrence in the early days of railroading in the West. Trains were often delayed for hours by the closing in upon them of multitudes of these animals.

had a good view of them. Their great, shaggy heads were covered with matted hair, tangled and full of burrs, almost concealing their little horns and their eyes that seemed to stick out of the sides of their heads, so that, as Frank suggested, they could see both ways.

So near had the train now come to the animals that the boys were wild with suppressed excitement, and this was increased when several short, sharp whistles from the engine startled the big beasts into a run, or rather a clumsy gallop. Sure enough, just as the trapper had said, they plunged off in a way parallel to the railroad track and in the same direction in which the train was going.

"I shouldn't wonder if we'd see some fun," suggested the trapper, with a significant movement of his arm, as if he was feeling to see that his "shootin' iron" was all right.

CHAPTER VII.

NED KILLS A BUFFALO.

The train had not gone far 'ere it had left the galloping buffaloes in the rear, but the wild shrill whistles of the engine at short intervals, and the perceptible slowing up of the train, indicated trouble ahead. So intent were the boys on keeping the buffaloes in view that they scarcely noticed these signs of something unusual ahead.

"Youngsters, we've run down a herd o' buffaloes sure. 'Taint often yer git this sport now. It use ter be a few years ago that yer couldn't cross these plains without runnin' inter a bunch o' them big fellers. Looks like we war in fer a race with 'em good and heavy."

The boys were on the tiptoe of excitement. Just to think of it, they had only been gone from home two or three days, and already had seen buffaloes and were about to have a race with a herd of them! Were boys ever so lucky? Each of them found a window that was unoccupied, and out of it stuck his head to get a good view of what was about to happen. Just ahead of the engine appeared the rear guard of an immense herd of the shaggy-coated monarchs of the plain. The herd itself could be seen at a distance, evidently not yet fully aware of the approaching danger, for they had not started to run. The engine kept up its shrieking as it crept nearer and nearer the outskirts of the great mass. Now they were in the midst of them, and the whole pack of countless hundreds were lumbering along, belching with what seemed like a low, hoarse groan, and making a noise with their hoofs which sounded like the rumble of thunder heard above the rattle of the train. A great cloud of dust arose on all sides, almost blinding the sight. Strange to say, the entire herd was galloping along in the same direction with the train, pushing and jostling in their mad attempts to outrun the danger, carried by their foolish leaders right in the very way in which they should not go.

The boys found themselves in a seething, struggling mass that seemed to be closing in on them more and more every moment. Through the clouds of dust they could see distinctly the forms of the animals nearest them as they plunged along, pushing away as far as possible from the danger line, and beyond these, so far as the eye could reach, they beheld nothing but a black sea unlike anything that they had ever before looked upon.

There was the sudden crack of a breechloader ahead, and Ned, whose head was out one of the forward windows of the coach, cried out: "Some one in the car ahead is shooting out the window! Don't you wish we had a gun?"

"I don't believe," said Jack, excitedly, "that a fellow could miss at this distance, no matter how bad a shot he might be," and just then a young buffalo threw his head in the air and pitched forward upon his knees. In an instant a score or more of big fellows stumbled over him and fell, some to catch themselves and go limping away, others to be trampled to death under the hoofs of the oncoming horde.

"O, isn't it awful!" exclaimed Frank, as another shot rang out, this time from a window of their own car, and then another and another, until it seemed as if the train were a moving arsenal.

"I don't like this at all," cried Frank. "It isn't hunting. It's more like murder."

"What's one buffalo more or less among these thousands? I wish I had a gun," said Jack.

"Wall, I guess yer ken git satisfaction ef yer really want it," said the trapper, accompanying his words with a quick movement toward his hip pocket. Here's a feller as'll fetch 'em as good as a rifle," and with this he handed to Jack an ugly looking pistol that had evidently seen considerable service. Jack for a moment almost regretted having expressed a wish for a gun, but now that he had one in his hands he was not going to show the white feather.

"Now, youngster, aim keerful. Fire at buffaloes. You won't hit nothin' that way 'cept the ground. Up a little! That's it! Pint it at that big feller comin' this way; he's nearest to yer. Hit 'im in that little spot jest back o' the shoulder. That's the place to git a buffaloe."

Jack's hand trembled so he could hardly pull the trigger.

Bang!

Four heads peered out through the smoke and dust, but not a sign could be seen of a wounded or dead buffalo, and the big fellow was lumbering along as if nothing had happened.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boys.

"Let me try it," said Ned, and by this time the train was going so slowly that the big fellow at whom Jack had shot was still opposite their window.

The trapper looked his weapon over, set the trigger, and handed it to Ned. Ned had scarcely taken it in his hand and turned its barrel toward the window than he had pulled the trigger, and again the

anxious to get a near view of a bison; but they stood very near the train until the mad throng had somewhat thinned out, and then they cautiously approached the shapeless mass of shaggy heads, hoofs and horns that almost covered the big buffalo which Ned had brought down.

The boys were awed by the spectacle, and Ned could scarcely be prevailed on to do what the other boys did with the aid of the trapper's hunting knife, cut off some of the shaggy locks of the big fellow for a memento.

"I don't know," said Ned, "why I should feel this way, but I really feel like a coward. If the buffalo could have had a fair chance for his life I think I wouldn't feel so bad."

Jack broke into a laugh, and suggested that he thought the buffalo had more than a fair chance for his life with Ned holding the trigger, and he declared testily that he thought it was all luck anyway and that Ned needn't feel so bad about it; that he wasn't to be blamed for hitting something that he really didn't expect to hit.

As they clambered back into the train the old trapper said, putting his hand on Ned's shoulder: "I wisht more people had yer feelin's, youngster. Them buffaloes used ter run these plains by the millions. They war masters then. Ther only foe war the Injuns an' the wolves, but the wolves didn't dare tech 'em 'till they got old and feeble, an' the Injuns didn't take enough of 'em to keep 'em from growin'. They killed 'em fer their hides fer their wigwams, an' fer their meat in the cold winter, an' arter they got that they let 'em alone; but the travelers an' fortune

hunters from the States has been killin' 'em for sport. There's been hundreds o' the poor critters give up their life to-day fer fear o' these keers. In a few years this noble critter will not be found in all this country, an' I don't know what the Injun will do without 'im, fer the buffaloe is 'bout all he has to depend on fer grub an' shelter."

The sun had now set and the air was still. The train was speeding along amid the usual quiet and desolation of the prairies. Not a sign of life appeared, save here and there a single buffalo laboriously creeping along through the grass, while scattered about lay dead members of the great herd, singly and in groups, awaiting the crows and wolves, which, after feasting on the flesh of the dead animals, would leave the bones to whiten in the sun until time should crumble them back to earth.

The three boys fell into a sleep that night that was not altogether untroubled; but they wakened in the morning happy at the sight in the far distance of the low lying foothills of the old Rockies with Pike's Peak standing sentinel over all.

(To be continued.)



The entire herd was galloping along in the same direction with the train.

boys were peering through the smoke to see what had happened.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and in the laugh that followed Jack's voice was the loudest. "Now let me try," said the trapper quietly, and taking the pistol in his hands he held it at arm's length for just a moment, then quietly withdrew his arm and almost rose from his seat as he said: "Youngster, look, you've got 'im. See, he's droppin' behind. He's stumblin'. Now he's up agin. Look out, ole feller, or you're done. There he goes! Give me your hand, youngster; you're a dead shot."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Ned, scarcely above a whisper, his face suddenly growing pale. "I'm sorry I did it. He's a noble looking fellow. He had just as much right to live as I have, and it was cowardly of me."

During all this excitement the train had gradually slowed up and had now come to a standstill a few yards beyond the point where the big buffalo had dropped at Ned's shot, and over the body his fellows were tumbling in a mad rush.

"We're goin' to wait to let 'em pass," suggested the trapper.

"I wish," said Ned, "they had not stopped just here."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Jack in disgust, "I wish I'd killed him. I'd give anything to be able to write home that I hadn't been gone a week before I'd killed a buffalo."

"You'll have ter git over them sentimental feelins if yer goin' ter see this country," said the trapper; but let's git off till the train starts an' see what you've got."

It was no sooner said than done, for the boys were

A FARMER FATHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

FRANK S. PIXLEY, IN CHICAGO MAIL.

Dear Son—Your letter of the 10th came in the mail today. And so you want to marry, and you wonder what we'll say!

Well, Joe, your mother here and I have read your letter through.

And she seems to think that I'm the one who'd better lecture you:

For, though in most affairs, of course, there's nothing quite so nice

As a mother's letter, still it takes a man to give advice. Your letter says: "She's beautiful and handsome as a queen."

I hope so, Joe, and hope you know just what those two words mean.

A beautiful form is one which tells of a beautiful soul within;

A handsome face is one which wears no damning brand of sin;

Beautiful eyes are those that with the fire of pure thought glow;

Beautiful lips are those which speak for a truthful heart below;

The handsomest hands are those not ashamed the Master's work to do—

Hands that are patient and brave and kind, gentle and strong and true;

Beautiful feet are those which go in answer to duty's call; And beautiful shoulders are those which bear their dally burdens all.

Remember this maxim true, my boy, wherever you choose a wife:

"The handsomest woman of earth is she who leads the handsomest life."

I therefore trust that the woman you wed (if you really love each other)

May be the handsomest one in the world—excepting one—your mother.

The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSON

These are the eighth and ninth chapters in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TURTLE HUNT.

It was scarcely daybreak when I was awakened by the boat's rolling and pitching. At first I thought that the waves were caused by a passing steamboat, for so placid had been our anchorage when I retired from my watch, only a few hours before, that a sudden change was unlooked for. However, after waiting several minutes for the swell to pass without any satisfactory results, I jumped up, shoved back the companion-way, and saw that the wind had shifted right about, and as it was now blowing directly down the bay, our island was no longer a protection.

Sheets of fog floated off before the wind looking like great folds of velvety gauze, twisting and changing form as they were wafted along and finally dispelled by the rising sun's penetrating rays.

I was impressed with the beauty of the ever changing scene. It was indeed one grand dissolving view. At first only objects in the immediate vicinity of the yacht could be seen, but little by little, as the dark gray of early morning and the vapor disappeared, the sun shown on distant clouds and water, disclosing a splendid panorama.

The wind was a favoring one for us. I called the boys, and soon the sounds incident to getting a craft under canvas dispelled my day dream, and as the sails filled and I grasped the tiller, the thrill ran through me which I always experience as the yacht gathers headway and comes under my control. I know I was happy, as were my crew, for we all joined in the mate's song, which proclaimed:

"The sailor's life's the life for me."

With a good breeze abaft of beam it did not take us long to round Egmont Key, on which is situated the Tampa Bay light, and reach the gulf. All day long we sped merrily along, reaching Lemon Bay at noon. A small sloop, lumber laden, came out of Lemon Pass, and, as we were glad to note, held our course. It seemed truly pleasant to have company, and as the speed of the two boats looked nearly even we were able to sail together. The craft's name was "Gasparella," and a very smart little boat she was, too. We learned that she was headed for Charlotte Harbor, and that excellent fishing, hunting and turtling was to be found in the vicinity; so we decided to stop and have a hand in turtle flipping, a sport to which we were strangers.

During the afternoon several squalls accompanied by heavy rain and electrical disturbances, made the run exciting. It was great sport to race our companion under shortened canvas. In reducing sails in reefing I plainly demonstrated the superiority of the yawl rig over the sloop in squally weather, for we made decided gains on our rival, both in speed and in trimming our sails. Nevertheless we both reached Charlotte Harbor lighthouse early in the evening, and crossing the bar, came to anchor in the beautiful bay inside.

The quarantine flag floated over the inspector's residence, and it was not long before "his honor" came down to the wharf, and taking a seat in a small yawl boat, directed the man at the oars to row him to our craft.

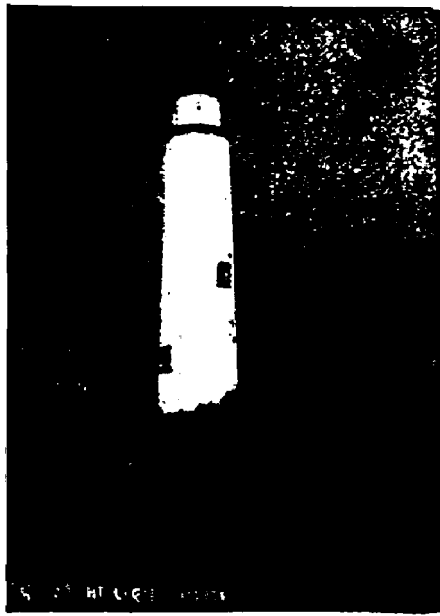
It was our first experience with quarantine inspection, but we did not fear the outcome of it, for our craft was neat and clean and no traces of even "homesickness" were manifest. So it was that after a pleasant chat with the doctor, who took considerable interest in our undertaking and kindly offered to do all in his power to make our visit a pleasant one, we carefully laid away the bill of health he gave us, and, acting

upon his suggestion, hoisted sails and moved a short distance up the bay, where we found a more protected anchorage.

We were delighted at the prospects of big game. The lightkeeper having told us that the turtles were now beginning to crawl in large numbers on the outer beach. The thought of capturing these mammoth "armored cruisers" was exciting, and each of us was on nettles to see which would be the lucky ones, for one of us must stay with the yacht.

Never before had we chosen lots with keener interest, and when the matches were drawn and held up for comparison I found mine the shortest. But it was a fair draw, so I forgot my disappointment in the interest I took in helping the boys to get ready for the exciting night excursion.

At certain seasons of the year the female turtles crawl out on the sandy beach to a point not reached by tides, and after digging a deep hole in the sand, deposit their eggs, which often



EGMONT LIGHTHOUSE.

number as many as five hundred, there to be hatched by the sun's rays. These eggs are very good to eat when cooked properly, and are much sought for by the people living along the coast, as well as by bears and coons, which relish them greatly. We had been told that where turtles were numerous bears are frequently found, watching and waiting in some nearby cover for the turtle to leave her nest that they may feast on the eggs. The possibility of meeting Mr. Bruin to dispute our claim to the spoils was enough to stimulate us to a high degree of excitement. My companions started out "armed to the teeth." Frank carried two revolvers, a rifle, a small ax and a huge knife, while Arthur had a very similar outfit and also carried a lantern and cordage, the latter to be used in securing the meat to poles on which it was to be carried.

Thus equipped I rowed the hunters ashore. We landed on the low, marshy beach of the harbor side of the point. The land back from the shore was heavily wooded with a dense growth of palmettos, palms, and semi-tropical undergrowth, forming a jungle which could not be penetrated; so the boys were obliged to follow the beach several miles around the point to the open coast.

Bidding them good night and with assurances that I wished them splendid sport, resulting in a replenished larder, I rowed back to the Gazelle and began my lonely watch.

I could see the twinkle of the lantern as the boys plodded along, and once the sharp crack of Frank's rifle rang out on the stillness of the night. Visions of bears danced before my eyes; but as there was no repetition of the report I made up my mind that the engagement, whatever it was, could not have been very exciting.

I wrote my day's log and several letters in hopes that time would pass quicker. But how the night did drag! Hours seemed doubly long and I wondered if morning would ever come. It was half past twelve o'clock when the land breeze sprang up, causing a little roll on the water, and the lullaby of the wind in the ropes was so soothing and the rocking so gentle that to keep awake was a thing impossible; so taking pillows on deck, I lay down and soon was enjoying a turtle hunt of my own in dreamland.

The first bright rays of the morning sun shining in my eyes awakened me, and jumping up, I took a plunge into the sea. After swimming twice around the yacht I donned my clothing, and feeling greatly refreshed by my morning dip, proceeded below. Soon the merry song of the teakettle, followed by the aroma of boiling coffee, gave evidence that the morning meal was begun, for I knew the boys would return hungry.

Taking the glass I scanned the coast in search of my companions, and finally made them out sitting on a low hummock near the water, evidently resting. I watched them until they again started, when I saw that they were carrying a heavy load of some sort suspended from two poles which rested on their shoulders. This showed some success, and I immediately rowed ashore to relieve them of their heavy load and bring them on board.

They could scarcely wait to tell me their story, for they were justly proud of the results of their expedition. Strung on the poles were the hains of a huge sea turtle which weighed fully one hundred and fifty pounds, while a basket carried by the mate contained several dozen eggs. I looked for a bear or two, but Frank understood my questioning look and said, "We couldn't carry a bear, so we let them alone."

Being anxious to hear the story, we hastened aboard, and, while the cook prepared the choicest steaks for breakfast, Frank told me of their night's adventures.

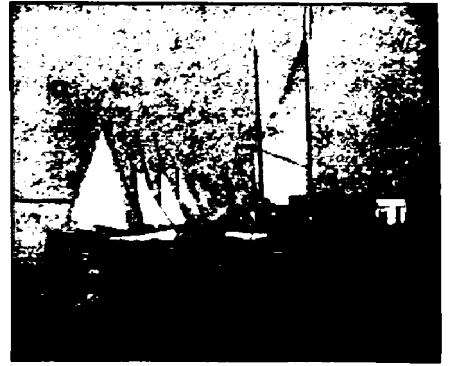
After I left them they tried to penetrate the jungle, hoping to cross the narrow point and reach the sea, which they knew by the pounding of the surf on the shore could not be far distant; but this proved fruitless and they were forced to believe that "the longest way around is the shortest way," and stuck to the beach.

Nothing exciting occurred in the first part of the journey. Frank, seeing a large sea fish in too shoal water to navigate, took a chance shot at him, which explained the rifle shot I had heard.

Continuing around the point past the lighthouse, they proceeded up the coast for about two miles, where they found two trenches running parallel with each other up the beach. This they knew from previous descriptions was a turtle crawl, and a walk up the path was soon begun. On reaching the end, however, they were greatly disappointed to find that a turtle had been and gone, and noting the broken shells and empty hole it was evident that bruin or coon had also paid their respects. Nothing daunted, they proceeded on and soon came upon another crawl, and this time they found their game; for about fifty yards from the sea they came upon a huge loggerhead turtle and their joy was supreme. It was the first they had seen and its size and weight was a big surprise. Taking advantage of the description which the lightkeeper had given as to the way to flip turtles, they soon had Mrs. Turtle successfully turned upside down; but they had not figured on any defense on the turtle's part and the shell monster's advantage for a short time was complete. Using her great flippers as scoops she sent the sand flying with great force in every direction. This onslaught was unexpected and as a result the turtle's foes nearly had their eyes put out. After a while when the monster had scooped great hollows on each side and was unable to longer reach

the sand, she became less formidable, and the boys were enabled to approach very near. Taking careful aim Frank sent several bullets through her head and the prize was won.

The sport was good and both boys were soon again winding their way along shore over shells and coral, and after walking for about half an hour they came to another sandy spot which had a turtle look, and, sure enough, they were not disappointed, for, high up on the beach, they found a green turtle considerably larger than the one they had killed. Confident of their ability to flip the biggest of turtles, they approached from the rear and grasping the shell with both hands, tried their best to end her over, but she proved too heavy. By vigorous use of her flippers she soon "gave them the shake" and started for the sea. Now it was exciting, for the boys had no idea of letting her escape.



RENDEZVOUS OF THE FISHING FLEET.

Several revolver shots failed to stop her and at last Frank jumped on the huge shell, but as the turtle proceeded as if nothing uncommon had occurred he imbedded his hand axe so deeply into the turtle's skull that he was unable to remove it. This did not seem to check her progress; on the other hand, infuriated by the harsh treatment, she renewed her efforts to reach the sea and had nearly gained her point with the axe still fast in her head, when Arthur, by two good shots, ended the fight and the sailors were victorious.

The excitement over, the boys began to think how they would get their prizes home, for they each weighed several hundred pounds. It was now approaching daylight. The lighthouse keeper having heard the shots knew the boys were having success, and when he was relieved from duty he started up the shore and arrived just in time to show the boys how to cut up the animals. Thus aided, they were soon on their homeward march with the best cuts of one of the turtles and their basket of eggs. They left the second for the keeper of the lighthouse, and so, all in all, their first experience with sea turtles was something long to remember. We found the turtle meat nice, tasting much like the best porterhouse steak. The eggs were also most acceptable and furnished several very good meals.

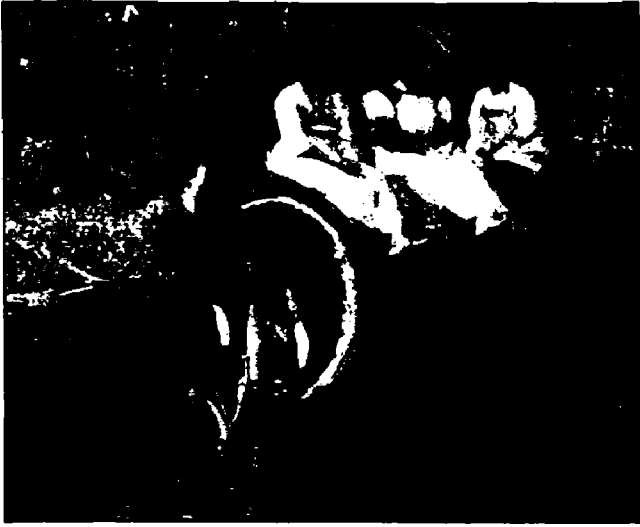
After breakfast we began to salt our turtle, so we could keep it for future use. Cutting it into long, narrow strips, we covered it completely with a thick coating of salt and hung it on strings in the sun to dry. This operation occupied our time until after two o'clock, when we again made sail and were soon on our way. We selected the pass between the islands and night found us anchored off Captavia Island.

CHAPTER IX.

LOST ON CAPTAVIA ISLAND.

Our sails being nicely furled and all snug aboard, Frank and Arthur visited the island, but as night was beginning to fall mosquitoes were very troublesome ashore, so they returned early.

Next morning the mate and myself visited the shore and found a cottage inhabited by a man who raised vegetables for the northern market. He showed us the pass across the island to the Gulf beach and we experienced little difficulty in reaching the sea, where we spent a very pleasant morning in quest of sea curios. But, alas! when we returned, or tried to return, we found we were lost. All palmetto trees "looked alike to us," and try as we would, we could not find the pass through the



swamp. Starting in at the sea coast we hunted and hunted for the lost trail, but without any comforting results. The day was a terrifically hot one, and as the hours passed by we became faint and hungry and our thirst was intense, with not a drop of fresh water to be found. Sunset came and still the pass was a lost trail. Each time we made a search one of us would proceed into the jungle and skirt along the boggy strip that ran down the center of the entire island, while the other remained in the open and shouted at short intervals, so as to guide the searcher back.

As it became dusk the mosquitoes swarmed down upon us by the millions. Our hands and faces became dreadfully swollen by the poison of their bites, and notwithstanding that we started huge fires all round us and remained in the smoke they gave us little rest. Added to our discomfort was the knowledge that the island was infested by large and poisonous snakes, so that, all in all, our night of captivity was one of intense misery.

After a wait which seemed a week, the first golden hues of the morning sun became visible. As soon as it was light enough so there would not be so much danger of being injured by the monstrous sharks which frequent the waters in large numbers in this vicinity, we took a plunge into the sea and felt greatly refreshed. But we were getting desperate. Well knowing that another day in the heat without food or water and another night such as we had just passed through would be serious, we determined to find the narrow pass across the mire; or, if we should fail, to walk up the coast to the extreme point of the island and fire our guns in the hope of attracting some passing fishing smack. We were about to put this plan into execution, having failed in repeated attempts to find the pass, when I heard a dog bark near by. We both whistled and called, and soon a dog, which we immediately recognized as the one we had petted at the planter's home came up to us and wagged his tail as if glad to see us.

Never before was I so glad of a dog's company. I knew now that we were safe, for it would not be long before he would return home, and, as the muck was impassable to man and beast alike I was certain his route would lead us across the island to the planter's home. I therefore began to scold him, telling him in a commanding way to go home, but this he did not seem to understand, so I cut a switch and as soon as he saw this he immediately started off, with us after him. It was comical to see us chase that dog. I do not believe I will ever run so fast again. I was so afraid we would lose sight of our guide, who seemed anxious that we should. After a lively chase through palmetto trees and underbrush, we at last were overjoyed to see that he had found the trail, and soon we also stepped into the well-beaten path and, knowing that we were now safe, we let our canine friend proceed unmolested. Besides being a pass across the island, the path led to the spring of fresh water which supplied the planter's wants, and this accounted for its being well trodden and easy to follow when once found.

Using my hat as a cup, I dipped up some of the water from the spring, for my mouth was dry and parched, and my lips felt like chips. There is nothing like hardship and privation to make a fellow appreciate the blessings of even

a humble existence. I thought of the many faultfinders at home, complaining of the fact that they must live on simple food. What a contrast! Experience has told me that it's a blessing to have even pure, good water to drink and a crust of bread to eat.

An hour's walk brought us to the planter's and in a few minutes more we reached the beach. Here we found the small boat just as we had left it, tied to a palm tree. Luckily the tide was at flood, so we did not have trouble in floating the boat, and were soon making all haste toward the yacht.

We found Frank greatly worried at our long absence but he had hoped for the best. When he first saw us approach the shore he started dinner, so when we reached the boat the meal was well under way. We sat down and told our companion of our experience, and he agreed with us that he would prefer our snug cabin and a life at sea to being lost on a lonesome, mosquito-infested island.

We always relished our meals, but this day's dinner tasted extra fine, for we were nearly starved, not having tasted food for over twenty four hours. Being anxious to continue our journey we set sail immediately after our noon time meal, and ere evening fell we had visited St. James City, where we mailed letters home, took on a fresh supply of seventy five gallons of rain water from the kind dock keeper's mammoth cistern, and with several days' provisions, we cast anchor under the lee of Senibel Island for the night.

Noting a small schooner loading at a dock on the island, we rowed ashore to get information, if possible, from the captain or crew as to the coast below, for we could see by our charts that we were now approaching a part of the gulf which was studded with thousands of islands, making sailing dangerous by reason of the ugly shoals and reefs.

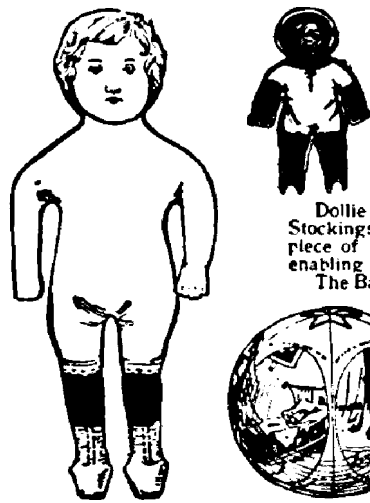
We found the whole crew very companionable and their knowledge of the shore quite complete, although their course, which carried them to Key West, did not take them coastwise a great way. They gave us all the aid they could, however, and as the captain expected to have his load, which consisted of eighteen hundred water melons, on board so as to set sail on the morrow, we resolved to sail in his company, at least while his course kept him near the coast. We were therefore very glad to find him making canvas when we awoke next morning, so we brought our anchors on board and together the two boats glided through the pass. Safely passing the shoal beacon and holding our southern course, we were soon bounding forward over the billows of the Gulf. The morning was beautiful, but during the afternoon squall after squall kept us busily employed reefing sails, etc., and we were glad when night came and with it a gentle land breeze which calmed the large sea and enabled us to hold our course by compass.

(To be Continued.)

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SMALL DOLL, for Baby, (20 IN.) HIGH)
BABY'S BALL, (30 INCHES IN) CIRCUMFERENCE)**

This Doll is hand-painted in oil colors that will not crack. Doll to be stuffed with cotton as directions will show. Dollie has Golden Hair, Rosy Cheeks, Brown Eyes, Kid Color Body, Red Stockings, and Black Shoes, and in following the directions in making up if piece of heavy cardboard is inserted in the soles a perfect shoe is formed, enabling the doll to stand erect. The Baby's Ball is hand-painted same as doll, to be stuffed as per directions.

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Price of Ball	25c, 50c
Postage on Ball,	4c, 28c

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Upon a background of pure solid gold rests the Family Record in the shape of a handsome volume with gold clasps upon a cushion of crimson velvet with a beautiful gold tassels. On the pages under the different headings are spaces in which to write the names and date of birth of each member of the family. Upon either side is a beautiful scroll ornamented by lovely flowers on which to register marriages and deaths. At the top of the picture are the words "Family Record" in the richest and choicest lettering known to the printers' art. Under this are two spaces for father's and mother's pictures. Enclosed in these spaces are lovely bluebells and morning glories. In the lower part of the picture is a beautiful home scene in colors. The dear old grand-parents, the handsome stalwart husband and happy young wife, the loving daughter and the baby boy—the idolized grand-child—are all gathered around the table while grandfather reads a portion of God's Holy Word. A truly delightful scene. Underneath are the words in rich lettering, "God Bless Our Family." Around the picture are arranged eight spaces for photographs of the other members of the family, each space enclosing a little gem flower piece. Elsewhere on the picture are scattered creeping vines, buds and blossoms in rich profusion, the whole resting on and thrown into bold relief by the gorgeous background of solid gold, which produces a picture of dazzling beauty. **AGENTS** Mark Hagie, Ugly, Mich., has sold over 5,000 pictures; Wm. D. Weesner, West Salem, Ill., has sold over 1,000 frames; H. C. Jackson, Fillmore City, Pa., bought 375 records for \$55.63, sold them at half-price, 25 cents each, making \$48.12 clear profit. If you take orders for twelve Framed Pictures your profit will be over \$25.00 PER DAY, sample for 12¢ 9 for \$1.00; 100 for \$9.50. Sample frame made of beautiful gilt moulding nearly four inches wide, \$1.00. One dozen frames \$9.00, glass and backs included. We will send a Present Free with Every Order, if you will cut out and return this advertisement. J. LEE, 124 G, VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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<p>THE "CLEAN CUT" CAKE TIN.</p> <p>Prevents cake from sticking and produces a perfect cake. Is made of best quality tin with a flat, thin knife, securely riveted in center and at rim. Simple and durable. It is a great seller.</p>	<p>COMBINATION DIPPER.</p> <p>Consists of nine different useful articles combined in one.</p>	

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NOVEMBER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

NOVEMBER 1, 1861: GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN MADE COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE UNION ARMY. McClellan was a West Pointer of the class of 1846, and served in the war against Mexico. He was promoted for gallantry on several occasions. He became an instructor at West Point, and was sent by the Government to Europe to study European armies. He left the army in 1857, and engaged in civil engineering and superintending railroads. When the Civil War broke out he took command of the department of the Ohio. He afterwards was given command of the Army of the Potomac, and made a Major General. After being appointed General in Chief he made a campaign against Richmond with the army of the Potomac, which was not successful. His delay in following up the Confederates after he had driven General Lee out of Maryland caused the command to be given to General Burnside. In 1868 he was a candidate for President against Mr. Lincoln, and was unsuccessful. After holding various civil positions he was, in 1877, elected Governor of New Jersey. He died in 1885.



GEN. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

NOVEMBER 2, 1783: WASHINGTON MADE HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN ARMY.

NOVEMBER 2, 1865: PROCLAMATION OF NATIONAL THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE.

NOVEMBER 3, 1794: WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT BORN.

NOVEMBER 5, 1818: GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER BORN.

NOVEMBER 6, 1800: ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE, ELECTED SIXTEENTH PRESIDENT. The number of electors required to elect was one hundred and fifty two. Lincoln received one hundred and eighty; John C. Breckinridge, seventy two; John Bell, thirty nine; Stephen A. Douglas, twelve. During this month there was intense excitement at Charleston, S. C., and in other Southern States, resulting in the secession of South Carolina in the following month.

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NOVEMBER 6, 1869: "OLD IRONSIDES" DIED. Admiral Charles Stewart, known as "Old Ironsides," died at Bordentown, N. J., at the age of ninety two. He entered the service as a cabin boy at the age of thirteen. He served in several wars. In July, 1862, he was made Rear-admiral.



"OLD IRONSIDES."

NOVEMBER 7, 1811: THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE. In the summer of 1811 the Government proposed the seizure of the Indian Chief Tecumseh, and his brother, known as the "Prophet," who were giving trouble in Indiana. General Harrison was placed in command of a body of troops numbering about eight hundred. They went up the Wabash about sixty miles to Terre Haute, and there established a post called Fort Harrison. Harrison then sent chiefs on a commission to the Prophet, who treated them with scorn.

THE PROPHET.

Then the troops advanced until within three miles of the Prophet's village. Harrison arranged his camp in the form of an irregular parallelogram, and soon after supper on the evening of the sixth, the whole camp was soundly slumbering. Rain fell through the night and darkness was intense. Shortly after midnight the Indians crept through the prairie grass, and with horrid yells, fell upon the camp. Shortly after daylight they were dispersed, leaving forty of their dead on the field. Harrison lost over sixty men. Twice as many were wounded. The soldiers burned the Indian village and then drew back on Vincennes. The battle ground is close by Battle Ground City, a little village in Indiana. It is covered with the same oaks as at the time of the contest. This battle gave General Harrison a military reputation.

NOVEMBER 8, 1830: GENERAL O. O. HOWARD BORN. General Howard is a gallant soldier and an active christian worker.

NOVEMBER 8, 1864: ABRAHAM LINCOLN RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Mr. Lincoln had the largest majority ever given in an electoral college. His opponent, General McClellan, who resigned his post in the United States army on this day, received the votes only of the three States of Delaware, Kentucky and New Jersey. The soldiers in the army gave 121,000 votes for Lincoln and 35,050 for McClellan.

NOVEMBER 8, 1867: AMERICAN FLAG FIRST RAISED IN ALASKA. The Russians acquired possession of Alaska by right of discovery in 1741. In 1867 negotiations were begun for the purchase of the territory by the United States, and a treaty to that effect was ratified by the United States Senate in May of the same year, the price paid being \$7,200,000. A district government for Alaska was established May 17, 1884. A census of the territory taken in 1891 showed a population, including Indians, Eskimauz, Chinese and whites, of about 41,000, all but nine thousand being Indians and Eskimauz.

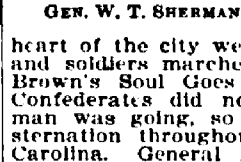
NOVEMBER 9-10, 1872: GREAT FIRE IN BOSTON: The losses in this fire approximated seven million dollars. The insurance amounting to fifty million dollars.



NOVEMBER 10, 1865: CAPTAIN WIRZ HUNG. Captain Wirz, after a long military trial, was hung for cruelty to Federal prisoners at Andersonville. Twelve thousand and four hundred and sixty two prisoners died in Andersonville.

NOVEMBER 10, 1876: THE CENTENNIAL closed. The international exhibition at Philadelphia, known as "The Centennial," was open for one hundred and fifty nine days. The gates were closed on Sundays. The total number of cash admissions at fifty cents each was 7,250,620; at twenty five cents each, 753,654. The grand total of admissions was 9,910,966. The largest number admitted in a single day—"Pennsylvania Day"—was 274,919. The total cash receipts of the exhibition were \$3,813,725.50. The cost of the buildings, 190 in number, was \$4,444,000. They covered, with their annexes, over seventy five acres of ground.

NOVEMBER 16, 1864: GENERAL SHERMAN BEGAN HIS FAMOUS MARCH TO THE SEA, BEGINNING AT ATLANTA. Sherman's force numbered 60,000 infantry and artillery and 5,500 cavalry. On November 11th he cut the telegraph wires between Atlanta and Washington. He was then in the heart of an enemy's country, with all avenues of communication with the Government at Washington closed. Two hundred acres of buildings in the heart of the city were fired, bands played, and soldiers marched to the song, "John Brown's Soul Goes Marching On." The Confederates did not know where Sherman was going, so there was great consternation throughout Georgia and South Carolina. General Beauregard, who was sent to meet him, issued a manifesto to "destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank and rear, and be trustful in Providence." Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, wrote from Richmond to the people of his State, "Destroy the enemy by retarding his march. Be firm. Burn what you cannot carry away. Burn all bridges and block up the roads. Assail the invader in front, flank and rear, by night and by day. Let him have no rest." Governor Brown, of Georgia, offered pardon to prisoners in the penitentiary if they would volunteer. About one hundred convicts accepted the offer. Sherman steadily advanced. On December 22nd he took possession of Savannah, and on the 26th wrote to President Lincoln, "I beg to present to you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty five thousand bales of cotton." On



GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

his march he appropriated to the use of his army 13,000 beehives, 160,000 bushels of corn, more than 5,000 tons of fodder, besides a large number of sheep, swine, etc. He forced into the service 9,000 horses and mules, captured 1,328 prisoners and 167 guns. Fully 10,000 negroes followed the flag to Savannah, and many thousands more, chiefly women and children, were turned back at the crossing of rivers.

NOVEMBER 18, 1871: GRAND DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA WARMLY RECEIVED AT NEW YORK.

NOVEMBER 18, 1890: BATTLESHIP MAINE WAS LAUNCHED. The Maine was destroyed in Havana harbor by the explosion of sunken mines February 15, 1898, which was the immediate forerunner of the war between Spain and the United States.

NOVEMBER 18, 1886: CHESTER A. ARTHUR DIED. By the death of President Gartield, Chester A. Arthur, Vice President, became President. He had occupied many important positions, among them that of collector for the port of New York. He was a lawyer by profession.

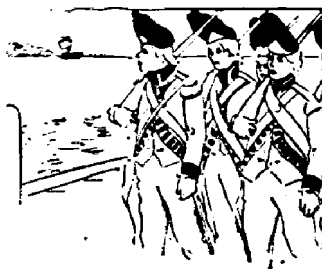
NOVEMBER 19, 1861: MASON AND SLIDELL CAPTURED. The Confederate Government sent James M. Mason and John Slidell, two able men, as their diplomatic agents, to European courts. Each took along a secretary of legation. They left Charleston harbor one stormy night and landed at Havana. They there boarded the British steamer "Trent" for St. Thomas, intending to sail from there to England. The American warship San Jacinto, in command of Captain Wilkes, then on its way home from the coast of Africa, touched at Havana and heard of the movements of the men. He at once set out in search of the Trent, and found her on November 8. He fired a shell across her bow, and sent Lieutenant Fairfax to demand of the captain the delivery of the ambassadors and their secretaries. The captain of the Trent protested, and the reinforcements were sent from the San Jacinto and the four men were taken by force, but not before the daughter of Slidell slapped Fairfax in the face three times as she clung to the neck of her father. The captives were lodged in Fort Warren, at Boston. It looked for a time as if the British Government was preparing for war against the United States on account of this act. Congress and other legislative bodies thanked Captain Wilkes, but President Lincoln, believing that the principles of neutrality were not properly recognized in the act, disavowed the act of Wilkes and released the prisoners. They were placed on board a British vessel and went to England.

NOVEMBER 21, 1789: NORTH CAROLINA ADMITTED INTO THE UNION. North Carolina was the twelfth State in numerical order. Though next to the last of the thirteen original States to accept the Constitution, she was the first to sanction independence officially.

NOVEMBER 22, 1862: GENERAL BURNSIDE SUMMONED FREDERICKSBURG TO SURRENDER. Confederate General Lee and about eighty thousand men were in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. General Burnside had superseded General McClellan on November 5, and was in command of one hundred and twenty thousand men. Fredericksburg refused to surrender. The Battle of Fredericksburg, which followed, resulted in a loss of over fifteen thousand men to the Union army. The Confederates continued to occupy the town.

NOVEMBER 24-25, 1863: GENERALS SHERMAN AND THOMAS DEFEATED GENERAL BRAGG AT CHATTANOOGA.

NOVEMBER 25, 1783: EVACUATION OF NEW YORK BY THE BRITISH. On the morning of this day the American troops, commanded by General Knox, marched to "Bowery Lane" and halted at what is now the crossing of Third Ave. and the Bowery and remained there until one o'clock in the afternoon, the British claiming the right of possession until noon. At one o'clock the British soldiers went on board ship, and before three o'clock General Knox took formal possession of the city and Fort George amid great rejoicings. Governor Clinton during the afternoon gave a public dinner to the officers of the army, Washington being present. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. Fireworks and bonfires blazed everywhere. When the British left they nailed their flag to the staff in Fort George and slushed the pole. A boy soon pulled it down and put the Stars and Stripes in its place.



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AGENTS can make money selling our Combination Shoe and Stove Polishing Set. Sure seller in every house. Send \$6 cents for complete outfit of either. CLINE MFG. CO., 65-69 W. Washington St., Chicago.

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FREE 48 PREMIUMS! Watches, Rings, Bracelets, Baby-Pin Sets, Shot Guns, Rifles, Base Balls, Baseball Mitts & Masks, Silver Tea Sets, Kufas, Forks, etc. Send your name and address and we will send you, charges paid, our large premium list and 1/4 doz. packages BYRON BLUING. You sell them among your friends at 10 cents each, send us \$1.50 & we will send you any 1/4 doz. premium in the list (charges paid). We give a valuable book free with each package. Address BYRON CHEMICAL CO., New Haven, Conn. When answering mention AMERICAN BOY

YOU PAY NOTHING to examine our goods. Before you buy a gold filled watch cut this out and send to us with your name and express office address, and we will send you for examination a beautiful 14k gold plated, double hunting case elegant engraved, stem wind and stem set watch, fitted with a finely jeweled, accurately adjusted movement, guaranteed a correct timekeeper, the finest in the world for the price. After examination if you consider it a great bargain, and equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold filled watch warrant to any \$25.00 gold filled watch and obtain special introductory price of \$12.00 only. Mention if you wish ladies or extra size. H. FARBE & CO., 23 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE EXAMINATION Express Charges Paid Before you buy a watch it will not cut you a cent to see our great watch bargains. Cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a beautiful 14k gold plated, double hunting case elegant engraved, stem wind and stem set watch, fitted with richly jeweled movement, accurately adjusted and guaranteed a correct time keeper, with long gold plated chain for ladies or vest chain for gents. If you consider it equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold filled watch and obtain special introductory price of \$12.00 only. Mention if you wish ladies or extra size. H. FARBE & CO., 23 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.

NOVEMBER 28, 1859: WASHINGTON IRVING DIED AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Washington Irving began his work in literature while but a boy. At the age of twenty four he published "Salmagundi." At twenty five he published "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Was Secretary of the American Legation in London from 1829 to 1831, and received from George IV. a medal for eminence in historical composition. From 1842 to 1846 he was minister to Spain. His last work was "Life of Washington" in five volumes, completed a few months before his death. He never married. He was buried in the cemetery attached to the ancient Dutch church at the entrance of "Sleepy Hollow." The church remains the same as when it was built in 1669, and is the oldest church building in New York.



WASHINGTON IRVING

NOVEMBER 29, 1811: WENDELL PHILLIPS BORN. Wendell Phillips graduated at Harvard in 1831, and from the Cambridge Law School in 1833. He joined the abolitionists in 1836. He left the profession of the law because he could not take the attorney's oath to a Constitution that sanctioned human bondage. During his whole life he did not cease to lift up his voice against slavery. He was an eloquent and effective speaker, refused to vote under the Constitution, and was an advocate of temperance and labor reforms.

NOVEMBER 29, 1872: HORACE GREELEY DIED. Horace Greeley, the eminent journalist, died at the age of sixty one. At fifteen he was a printer's apprentice at Poultney, Vt., and soon became an expert workman. While yet a boy, he visited his parents, who were living at Erie, Pa., twice, walking each time nearly the whole way. At the age of twenty he was in New York searching for work, with ten dollars in his pocket. He worked as a journeyman for two years and then started a business of his own, printing the "Morning Post," the first penny daily paper ever published. On April 10, 1841, he issued the first number of the New York Daily Tribune. He was nominated for the Presidency against General Grant, but was defeated and died shortly afterward. Mr. Greeley held to a belief in universal salvation.



HORACE GREELEY.

NOVEMBER 30, 1782: PRELIMINARY TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN. This treaty was signed at Paris by Richard Oswald on the part of Great Britain, and John Adams, John Jay, Benjamin Franklin and Henry Laurens on the part of the United States. The previous July the British Parliament passed a bill to enable the King to acknowledge the independence of the United States. Mr. Oswald was then vested with full power to negotiate a treaty of peace. The chief features of the treaty were: 1. Recognition of the independence of the United States. 2. The Mississippi made the western boundary and Canada and Nova Scotia the northern and eastern boundary. 3. Navigation of the St. Lawrence was opened to the English. 4. Navigation of the Mississippi was made free to both parties. 5. Rights in the Newfoundland fisheries were adjusted. 6. Bona fide creditors were not to be hampered in the collection of their debts. 7. Certain measures looking to the return of confiscated property of loyalists were to be recommended to Congress and the several States. 8. A general cessation of hostilities, withdrawal of troops, and restoration of public and private property. In September of the following year this preliminary treaty was made a definitive treaty and was signed by David Hartley on the part of Great Britain, and Franklin, Adams and Jay on the part of the United States. When they had signed it Franklin put on the clothes he had laid aside about ten years before, at which time he made a vow that he would never put them on again until he should see the degradation of England and the independence of America.

NOVEMBER 30, 1861: JEFFERSON DAVIS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES. Jefferson Davis was a graduate of West Point in 1828. He served in the Black Hawk war; afterwards resigned and became a cotton planter in Mississippi. He was for several years in congress, and also served in the Cabinet of President Pierce as Secretary of War. He died December 6, 1889.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BOYS' EXCHANGE

Roscoe Gorham, Morenci, Mich.: I will exchange a raccoon for a pair of Belgian hares.

Julian M. Blanchard, Huntford, N. Y.: I would like to exchange stamps with other readers.

James C. Montgomery, 368 Abbott street, Detroit, Mich.: I will exchange some good stamps for curiosities.

Ollie H. Cleveland, Adrian, Mich.: I will pay cash for best offer made me on second-hand printing outfit.

S. N. Thornton, 32 Perry St., Detroit, Mich.: I will exchange foreign stamps for some type in good order.

H. Bedford Jones, 763 North Park St., Columbus, O.: I will exchange stamps for Indian relics or curios, etc.

Stanley Henderson, Bentonville, Ark.: I would like to trade some zinc ore for either iron, copper, gold or silver ores.

M. Nugent, 175 Fourth street, Jersey City, N. J.: I will exchange a first-class violin for a 22-caliber rifle or shotgun.

I would like to exchange petrified woods and nuts for iron ore and arrowheads. WALTER E. ALTIZER, Antisch, Cal.

Fred Dargatz, Schroyer, Kans.: I will give five ten-cent magazines for the November, 1899, number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Phil Kraus, Box 91, Mobile, Ala.: I have an arrowhead, confederate bills and foreign stamps that I will exchange for good coins.

Herschel McCallum, Box 358, Monongahela, Pa.: I will exchange a copy of any Pittsburgh daily for a copy of any other paper.

Ray Risdon, National City, Cal.: I will exchange Pampas' plumes, orange, lemon and olive leaves, for curios or presidential badges.

Charles Wondland, 479 North Ashland Ave., Chicago: I have a Kombi camera which I wish to trade for stamps of North and South America.

Robert L. Adams, Box A, Gastonia, N. C.: I will exchange cloth bound books by Henty, Reid, Alger, and others, and Indian arrowheads, for curios.

Quintin Campbell, Conway Springs, Kans.: I will exchange an illustrated stamp and coin guide for an Indian arrowhead or any other Indian relics.

Walter Mashburn, Flomaton, Ala.: I will exchange the book, "A Texas Cowboy," for the first four numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Write first.

Joe C. Kilburn, Western Grove, Ark.: I have Indian arrowheads of different kinds which I will exchange for foreign coins, other Indian relics, or a copy of Robinson Crusoe.

V. P. Kaub, Rensselaer, Ind.: I have a 5x7 viewing camera (Anthony Champion Outfit) and a good football which I would like to trade for a good press not less than 5x8 inches.

Fred Dargatz, Schroyer, Kas.: I would like to trade an Indian arrowhead and one dozen McKinley or Bryan badges for the November, '99, number of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Anybody can easily make \$50 BELGIAN HARES a month in a back yard with T. L. KENNEDY, All grades \$2.00 per pair up. BOOK ON BREEDING, 10c. HACKENSACK, N. J.

X-RAY Wonder of the age. See your fellow, best girl or any object through clothing, wood or stone, 35c each. BA, X-Ray Co., 26 W. 22d St. N. Y.

\$25.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY. CHRISTMAS GIFT.

To introduce our Magazine in every home we make this unparalleled offer: we will send free, if you send \$5 cts. for postage and a magazine 3 months, all these articles named. PACKAGE CHRISTMAS CARDS. Fine imported goods, beautiful designs, and warranted to please all. IMPORTED DRESSED DOLL. This dollie has dark eyes, curly hair, and has on a very pretty dress, will give enjoyment to little girls. 3 SETS OF DOLL'S FURNITURE. 35 pieces as follows: Parlor Set, Centre Table, Small Table, Sofa Easy Chair, and 2 small Chairs, Easel, Picture, Folding Screen, and Footstool. Dining-Room Set, Sideboard, Square Table, 4 Chairs, Chamber Set, Bedstead, Bureau, Sink, Towel Rack, 3 Chairs, Cricket.

A WHOLE FLOWER GARDEN. A Mammoth Collection contains the cream of all flower seeds - just what you want to make a magnificent garden. 223 Exquisite Varieties of elegant, brilliant, dazzling flowers. WONDER BOOK FOR BOYS. Tells how to make Christmas Toys, Steam-Engines, Photo Cameras, Wind-mills, Microscopes, Electric Telegraphs, Telephones, Magic Lanterns, Zoolon Hugs, Boats, Kites, Balloons, Masks, Waxons, Toy Houses, Bow and Arrow, Poppans, Slings, Stills, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit, Bird Traps, and many others. All is made so plain a boy can easily make them. 200 handsome illustrations. Send \$5 cents in silver or stamps and we will send all of the above goods and magazine at once, post paid. MAGAZINE CO., LOCK BOX 2130, BOSTON, MASS.

Make In Selling \$20 a Week Herb Kidney Tea. This Remedy is the Greatest Discovery of the Age. Mrs. K. B. Miller, of Russiaville, Ind., says: Your Kidney Tea sells like hotcakes. I can't order it fast enough to keep it here. I was only busy half day in selling the 16 boxes. I sell most of it at home, etc. Persons whose condition has been pronounced incurable, are particularly invited and urged to use DR. KILMER'S HERB KIDNEY TEA. It cures all disorders caused by a diseased condition of the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. It purifies the Blood and tones up the system. Take it also for Dyspepsia. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Large Cash Commissions to Agents. Write for terms and samples, and secure agency at once. Sold in 25 cts. and 50 cts. packages. Address: KILMER REMEDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

NO MONEY FREE. BOYS & GIRLS can get this watch, chain, gold bangle ring and stick pin, all for selling 20 packs of ROSEBUD PERFUME WONDER at 10c. each (sweetest of all perfumes, prevents moth, or 20 packs of PINK BUDS). Send name and address. NO MONEY, and we'll forward either postpaid, or premlist. Rosebud Perfume Co., Box 231, Woodboro, Md.

FREE WE TRUST YOU. With 20 large beautiful colored pictures worth 50c each. You sell them at only 15 cents each and send us the money. For your trouble we give you a nice WATCH, like illustration. If you cannot sell all we give you a handsome present of JEWELRY or SILVERWARE for what you do sell. We pay postage. We take back unsold goods. We run all the risk. Address: STANDARD CO., Dept. A, Omaha Bldg., Chicago.

DINNER SET FREE. To every purchaser of a package of Toilet Soap we give free a beautiful Cut Glass Pitcher or Granite Preserver. Keep your choice of many other valuable articles. To the lady agent who sells 24 pkgs. Soap, giving free choice of Pitcher or Kettle, we give free handsomely decorated, gold-traced 50-piece China Dinner Set. We also give Furniture, Couches, Watches, Sewing Machines, etc. for selling our fine Toilet Soaps. Cash commission also paid. No money required. We ship Soaps and Premiums and allow agents time to sell the goods and then remit us. We pay the freight. Write today for our famous easy plans of earning everything you want in a few hours enjoyable work. Brookstedt Mercantile House, 208 N. W. Way, 128 S. St. Louis, Mo.

Watch, Camera, Air-Kite, Foot Ball or Mitt. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Boys or Girls can get FREE any of the above handsome Premiums for selling 10 packages of Morrow's Improved Blue at 10c each, and distribute 20 circulars among your friends. No money in advance. Send your address and name plainly written, and we will forward the BLUE, postpaid. G. F. MORROW, 301 Madison Temple, Chicago, Ill.

JUST PUBLISHED "SMILES" AND "WINKS". Two of the greatest books ever published for girls and boys. "Smiles" is a book of new recitations for girls. "Winks" is a book of new recitations for boys. Each book contains 66 poems, 133 pages, size 7 1/2 x 5 inches, in cloth binding. The entire contents by one author, every poem strictly new, none ever published before. Selections for all holiday occasions, price 75c. postpaid. Order now and mention American Boy. Agents wanted. Write for particulars. Address: MRS. ALICE LEWIS RICHARDS, Cayahoga Falls, O.

CANCER, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, PILES and all Blood Diseases. Cured by fluid and solid extract of Red Clover Blossoms. Best Blood Purifier known, not a patent medicine but PURE RED CLOVER. Our preparations have a world-wide reputation. Send for circular. B. WEDDAM'S SONS, 30 Water Street, New York, N.Y.

WE MAKE INCUBATORS. That hatch strong, healthy chicks and lots of them. Our faith in these facts is such that we send you our NEW PREMIER Incubator on TRIAL. You put the eggs in it and make a hatch for yourself. When you have tried it thoroughly and are satisfied, you pay us for it. Isn't that the sensible way to buy and sell incubators? Send for Catalog and "Pooultry Helper." We are also sole makers of Simplicity Incubator. COLUMBIA INCUBATOR CO., 110 Water St., Delaware City, Del.

SELF MADE MEN WHO BECAME GREAT LAWYERS Study Law at Home. THESE EARNED THEIR PLACE IN THE ROLL OF LEGAL FAME. [List of names: William S. Black, Logan S. Breckley, John S. Bush, John S. Corliss, Matthew M. Carpenter, Henry Clay, Thomas M. Coon, Joseph M. Coon, Stephen A. Douglas, George F. Edwards, James F. George, Walter G. Graham, Robert S. Ingersoll, Abraham Lincoln, Samuel F. Miller, Charles O. Connor, Ben. Paken, Allan G. Thurston, Lyman Trumbull, John W. Stephenson, Emory S. Starr, John Sherman, William West, John F. Critchfield, Shelby M. Curtis, John F. Brien, Edwin Douglass, Thomas B. Reed, Henry M. Teller, Charles F. McCreary, Charles C. Conling, Tom Carter, Thomas Long, Ben. F. Butler, John A. Trumbull, Benjamin Harrison, Augustus H. Garland, Oliver P. Sargent, Judah P. Benjamin, George H. Stephens, Edwin M. Stanton, AND HUNDREDS MORE]. THE young man to whom early opportunities have been denied needs only the qualities of industry and nerve to achieve success in the field where his peculiar abilities will have wider scope for expression. Few young men are able to readily determine in what field their lives can be made the greatest success. Many a man has studied and prepared himself for a special field of effort, and found late in life that he made a mistake in thinking that he could be a successful lawyer. No man, however, ever made a mistake in studying law, because no study has so great a tendency to broaden the mind, elevate and cultivate thought, sharpen the reason, as the study of law. A young man versed in the law has a better chance for success in any direction in which he may turn his talents. A man is a better preacher, a better teacher, a better statesman, a better workman in any department of physical or mental activity for having studied the law. The law is a great stepping stone to preferment. The chances for employment are greater, other things being equal, to the young man thus equipped. A law school is the best place in which to study law. It is not the only place. The men whose names appear in the margin of this advertisement, and countless others, have made great successes without law-school instruction. They became great lawyers not because they never attended the law school, but despite the fact that they did not. The opportunities open to the most of them for study were inferior in number and in character to those open to any young man nowadays. The correspondence system of study which claims to be second only to study in a resident school and infinitely better than study in an office or alone, comes near bringing the law school to the home of the student. Certainly what young men have done, young men can do again under more favorable conditions. We want you to write us for our handsome catalogue of particulars with reference to the correspondence system of the study of the law, and our book of testimonials from hundreds of students, many of whom have become successful practicing lawyers in every State in the Union and in some foreign countries. These are furnished you free of charge. They will interest you and may lead to something of great advantage to you. Address: The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, No. 300 Majestic Building, - Detroit, Mich.



S. H. Kruger
SIGNATURE OF OOM PAUL KRUGER.

Great Britain eats her entire wheat crop in about thirteen weeks.

The Prince of Wales owns as a paper weight the mummied hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.

A German mathematician has calculated that if all the gold in the oceans of the globe could be collected it would be worth \$1,450,000,000,000,000.

There is a tusk of Ivory on exhibition in San Francisco twelve feet and ten inches long, weighing two hundred pounds. It was discovered in Alaska.

In Sweden, street cars rarely stop to pick up or set down passengers and the natives of both sexes are wonderfully expert in jumping on or off while the cars are in motion.

Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered in Berlin within an hour and a half, and sometimes within thirty five minutes. They are shot through tubes by pneumatic power.

Chopin's last study in C Minor for the piano has a passage, taking two minutes five seconds to play, that requires a total pressure of the fingers on the keys estimated at three full tons.

Aumone, a French village, is said to be the healthiest spot in the world. There are forty persons living there, twenty eight of whom are over eighty years of age and three are over a hundred. There are no graves in the local cemetery, and the oldest inhabitant cannot remember seeing a funeral.

The debt of the United States in 1898 was two per cent of her wealth; the debt of Great Britain was five per cent of her wealth; France, twelve per cent; Germany, one per cent; Russia, five per cent; Italy, twelve per cent. Germany, therefore, is the only country better off financially than is the United States. The total wealth, however, of the United States is from three to four times the wealth of Germany.

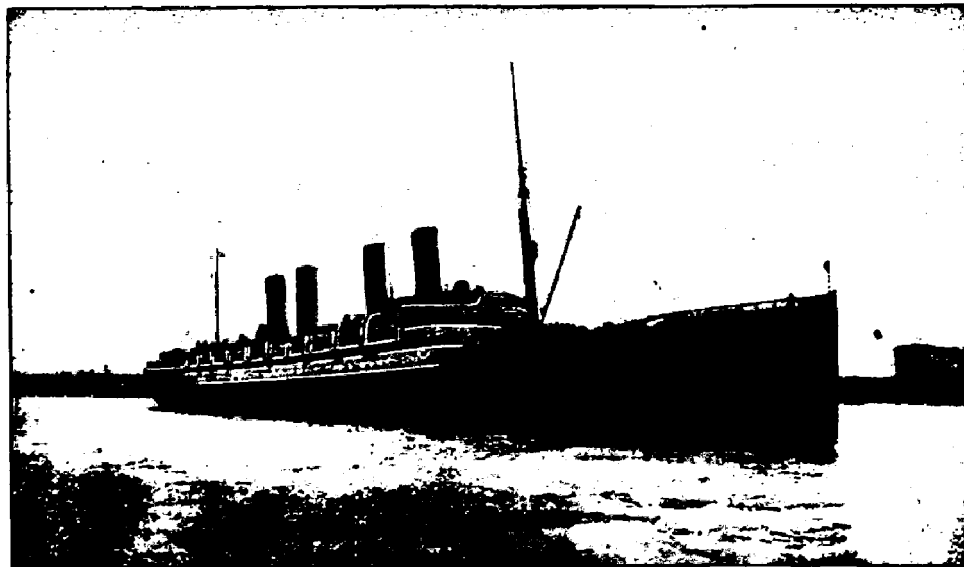
The Record Breaker.

We present a picture of the "Deutschland," which holds the record for the fastest trip across the Atlantic. She has a length of six hundred and eighty five feet, a beam of sixty seven feet, and a speed of twenty three knots.

In the April issue of THE AMERICAN BOY we described and gave a picture of the "Oceanic," the largest steamer that floats the ocean. The Deutschland, which has since been built, if not the largest, is at least the fastest, most powerful and best appointed vessel ever built. She was constructed in Germany and is an ideal Atlantic racer, reminding one in the beauty of her lines of the model of the steam yacht. Steam is supplied by sixteen boilers, twelve of which are double-ended. The firemen have to feed coal continuously to no less than one hundred and twelve separate fur-

Her record-breaking trip was her second trip across the ocean. She attained the average speed throughout the entire course of twenty three knots an hour. Had it not been for a fog which she encountered on two days of the run, her speed would have been greater. She makes the round trip to Europe every three weeks.

The greatest ships that sail the ocean have been built in the last eleven years. It may be of interest for us to compare the lengths of seven of the greatest ships built in that time: The "City of Paris," five hundred and sixty feet; "Teutonic," five hundred and eighty five feet; "Campania," six hundred and twenty five feet; "St. Paul," five hundred and fifty four feet; "Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse," six hundred and forty nine feet; "Deutschland," six hundred and eighty six feet, and "Oceanic," seven hundred and four feet.



THE "DEUTSCHLAND," THE RECORD BREAKER.

naces. She carries four hundred and sixty seven first cabin, three hundred second cabin and three hundred third-class passengers. In her first cabin is a separate playroom for children and a gymnasium. There is a grill room on the boat deck at an elevation of forty feet above the sea where passengers may obtain a meal at any hour of the day. The dining saloon, reaching across the full width of the vessel, is lighted by large portholes at the sides and through a large light-well, terminating in a dome covered with cathedral glass. The promenade deck gives an unobstructed walk of five hundred and twenty feet, or over one thousand feet circuit.

Lightning at One Hundred and Fifty Miles.

Lightning is believed to be invisible at a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Opinions differ as to how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer who has made observations declares that thunder cannot be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to one hundred and thirty seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give a distance of twenty seven miles from the place where the lightning occurred.

Slate Pencils.

Slate pencils were formerly all cut from solid slate, just as it is dug from the earth, but pencils so made were objected to on account of the grit which they contain, and which would scratch the slate. To overcome this difficulty, an ingenious process has been devised by which the slate is ground to a very fine powder, all grit and foreign substances removed, and the powder bolted through silk cloth in much the same manner in which flour is bolted. The powder is then made into a dough, and this dough is subjected to a very heavy hydraulic pressure, which presses the pencil out the required shape and diameter, but in length of about three feet. While yet soft the pencils are cut into the desired lengths and set out to dry in the open air. After they are thoroughly dry, the pencils are placed in steam baking kilns, where they receive the proper temper. Pencils made in this manner are not only free from all grit and of uniform hardness, but are stronger than those cut out of solid slate. For these reasons they have superseded the old kind. Over twenty-five millions of these pencils were made and sold in 1899 by one American concern in Chattanooga.



FIGHTING FIRE IN OIL TANKS.

-From Scientific American.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR BRUSH

For \$1.00 **POSITIVELY CURES**
Nervous Headache in five minutes!
Bilious Headache in five minutes!
Neuralgia in five minutes!
Dandruff and diseases of the scalp!
Prevents falling hair and baldness!
Makes the hair long and glossy!

It should be used daily in place of the ordinary hair brush, hair washes and hair growers.
Made in five sizes: No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$1.50; No. 3, \$2; No. 4, \$2.50; No. 5, \$3.

Absolutely FREE Trial.

If at the end of six months' time you find that the Brush is not all we represent, send it back to us and your money will be promptly refunded. We take the risk, not you.

Geo. A. Scott, Dept. E 842 Broadway, N.Y.

SOMETHING NEW!!
This peculiar 14k Rolled Gold Set of Band Ring, Bracelet, Brooch, Ladies' Chain, etc. FREE to anyone who will sell 20 papers of Needles at 5c each. Send name and address saying you will sell needles or return them, and we will mail 20 papers (25 needles to a paper) and large list of Watches, All Guns, Lace Curtains, Printing Presses, etc. When sold send us \$1.00 and we will mail you premium you select. **A. C. COMPANY, 134 E. Van Buren St., CHICAGO.**

BEAUTIFUL WATCH FREE
Guaranteed timekeeper. FREE to BOYS and GIRLS for selling 20 packages of Biscuits or Ink Powder at 10c each. We give credit; no money required. Send your name and address; we mail you the Biscuits; when sold send us the money (\$2) and Watch and Chain will be sent you. Big list of other premiums. **EAGLE CHEMICAL CO. Box 31, Blue Ash, Ohio.**

\$5--FOR A CATSKIN--\$5

\$4 for a Wolf, \$3 for a Coon, \$2 for a Muskrat, \$1 for a Squirrel or Gopher skin. Men, boys and girls wanted in all parts of the country to organize and push this "New Departure Plan" of Co-Operative Certificates. Send addressed and stamped envelope and 10c silver (can't use stamp) for Blank, Stock Certificates and samples.

Co-Operative Home Industry Syndicate, Jamestown, North Dakota.

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Stradivarius Model Violin, Case, fine Bow, extra set of strings, box of Rosin, Finger-board chart. A fine instrument usually sold at \$5.00 our price \$3.15. High grade guitar, beautiful mahogany finish, of sweet tone with extra set of strings and Book of Chords, fully guaranteed, equal to any retailed at \$6.00 our price only \$2.90. Mandolin, such as dealers sell for \$6 our price only \$2.75. A \$7 Banjo, nickel plated rim, for \$3.00 also Cameras, Graphophones and all kinds of Musical Instruments shipped direct at lowest wholesale prices. C.O.D. without one cent in advance. **ORGANS & PIANOS** of fine tone, elegant finish and thorough workmanship, sent on 30, 60 or 90 days free trial at one half dealers price. Pianos from \$122.75 up. Organs from \$21.75 up. A fine \$300 Kenwood piano for \$150. A \$75 organ for \$30. All instruments fully guaranteed. Write at once for illustrated catalog FREE Cash Buyers' Union, 160 W. Van Buren St., B-447 Chicago



For 65 Years Dr. Marshall's Catarrh Snuff has kept on Curing CATARRH.

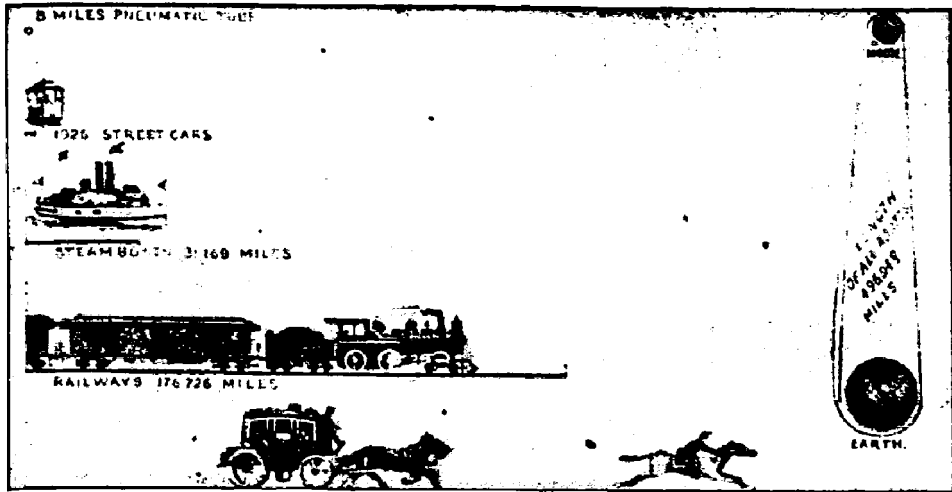
The oldest remedy, has a national reputation and has never been equalled for the instant relief and permanent cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, and the attendant Headache and Deafness. Restores Lost Sense of Smell. Immediate relief guaranteed. Use before retiring at night until all symptoms disappear. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Ask your dealer for it. Refuse all substitutes. Price, 25 cents. All druggists, or by mail postpaid. Circulars free. F. C. KEITH, Mfrs., Cleveland, O.



A SWELL AFFAIR
DENT'S Toothache Gum
STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY

NOT A CHEWING GUM.

How to Use it.
Clean cavity of tooth, and press firmly into it a piece of the Gum. If no cavity, apply to the gum as a plaster. At all druggists, 15 cents, or sent by mail on receipt of price.



Star Routes, 269,452 Miles. LENGTH OF POSTAL ROUTES.

Something About the Post Office.

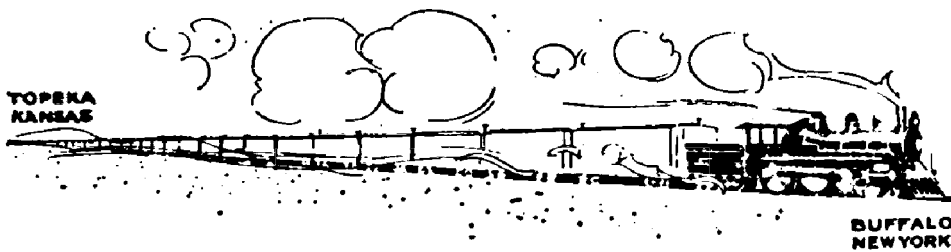
The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN of September 15 contains an interesting article entitled "The Greatest Business Concern In The World," by which it means the postal establishment of the United States. Here are some of the interesting facts stated:

A letter can be sent in thirty days from Florida to the Klondike for two cents. To carry the same by courier would cost something like three hundred dollars. The total length of the routes traversed by the mail service is 496,948 miles, or more than a round trip between the earth and the moon, as is shown in our illustration. The number of miles traveled in carrying the mails per annum is over 445,000,000, or more than two round trips to the sun. The cost per annum of carrying the mails is over fifty three million dollars. The illustration shows the number of miles traveled by the various classes of carriers. By "star route" is meant a route where the transportation is something other than railway, steamboat, street car, or pneumatic tube. The daily travel for one year by the star routes is 361,830 miles, or seventeen times around the world. The number of miles traveled per annum by the mail carrying railroads is nearly 300,000,000, the daily travel being 813,000 miles, or thirty one trips around the world. In one year the railway postal clerks alone have handled 13,351,992,725 pieces of mail. In addition they handled 17,537,058 packages of registered mail. It has been calculated that the railway mail clerks make one error for over ten thousand correctly forwarded pieces of mail. The steamboats cover in a year 4,327,028 miles. The street car service amounts to 4,978,130 miles in a year. The pneumatic tube service is, of course, small, there being only 8.05 miles of pneumatic tube in the whole country. This service is confined to Boston, New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. "First-class" mail matter includes letters, postal cards and sealed matter. "Second-class" matter includes newspapers, periodicals, and so on. "Third-class" matter includes printed books, pamphlets, circulars, etc. "Fourth-class" matter embraces merchandise and samples of all kinds. Of first-class matter there was carried, in the year ending June 30, '99, over 3,588,000 pieces. There are nearly 10,000,000 pieces of first-class matter mailed daily. This would make a pile more than seven miles high. The total number of pieces of second-class matter in the same time was something over 2,173,000,000. The number of pieces of third-class matter was something over 747,000,000, and the number of pieces of fourth-class matter was a little over 66,174,000. The total number of pieces mailed in the year was 6,576,310,000, and if these pieces were placed together they would make a band seven feet wide around the earth. The total weight was 664,286,868 pounds. To carry this enormous weight would require 33,214 freight cars, forming a train three hundred miles long, hauled by five hundred locomotives, and the locomotives alone would require seven miles of track. There was enough money received by the Postal Department for postage to make a pile of ten dollar gold pieces 47,000 feet high. The number of registered pieces carried in the year was over 16,000,000. The number of post office money orders issued was nearly 30,000,000. The Dead Letter Office, which is a

department of the post office to which unclaimed and defectively addressed mail is sent, received nearly 7,000,000 pieces. Of these 367,469 were misdirected, 71,919 were without an address, 4,903,700 were unclaimed, and 113,917 had fictitious addresses. The number of stamps issued was 4,917,269,025. There are not far from 75,000 post offices in the United States, with about 200,000 employes.

Golden Kansas.

At any reasonable figure the present wheat crop will bring sixty million dollars in cash into the State of Kansas, and fifteen million dollars into Oklahoma. What this means to a single state is best shown by a few figures. From her wheat crop alone the wealth of Kansas will be increased this year forty dollars per capita. The amount received would pay for all her public schools ten times over. The railroads of the state share largely, directly and indirectly, in this prosperity. It will take two hundred thousand box cars to



THE TRAIN REQUIRED FOR CARRYING THE CORN CROP OF KANSAS.

move the crop. These cars would make thirteen thousand ordinary trains, or one single train which would reach from Topeka, Kansas, to Buffalo, New York. The harvest has lasted five weeks. It has required the use of five thousand machines and the labor of twenty five thousand men. For labor alone the farmers have paid out nearly a million and a half dollars. There were four million seven hundred and ninety six thousand one hundred and twenty nine acres of the state in wheat alone.—Harper's Weekly.

A Mammoth Watch.

There will be a mammoth watch at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903. The watch will have a polished metal case and will lie on its back and be so large and roomy that people will be able to walk around inside of it among the moving wheels. It will be nearly seventy five feet in diameter and more than forty feet high, with neat little stairways running all about it. The balance wheel will weigh a ton and the "hairspring" will be as thick as a man's wrist. The mainspring will be three hundred feet in length and made of ten sprung steel bands, two inches thick, bound together. Guides will point out and name every part. The watch will be wound by steam regularly at a certain hour during the day.

It is interesting in this connection to read that there is in Berlin a watch which measures one fourth of an inch in diameter, its face being about the size of the head of a large sized tack or nail. It weighs less than two grains Troy and keeps perfect time.

No two persons see color exactly alike.

Muscles Lost by Disuse.

There are over two hundred distinct muscles in the human body, of which the best of us keep about one hundred in prime condition by proper use. By sticking our feet into shoes we lose the use of the toes, so there is not one man in a thousand who can manage them. In other words, the interossei muscles are dead. If we wore mittens all the time the individual control of our fingers would be lost. As we eat so much soft food we are losing the need of teeth. The gums after awhile will answer every purpose, as mastication is performed by machinery before we begin the meal.

A Novel Exhibit.

One of the most novel exhibits at the Paris Exposition is a complete set of bed hangings from Madagascar, manufactured from the silk of the halabe, an enormous and ferocious female spider, which has a way of eating the males which come near it and feeding on the weaker members of its own sex. A great scientist invented an arrangement for winding off the brilliant golden-colored thread, which a spider yields to the amount of three hundred to four hundred yards and in texture finer than that of the silk worm, and of remarkable strength.

"The Duty of an Educated American."

In view of our recent acquisitions in the Pacific Ocean, it may interest boys to read the following paragraph from the graduation address of the late James G. Blaine, made when he was 18 years of age, his subject, "The Duty of An Educated American":

"The sphere of labor for the educated American is continuously enlarging. But recently we added the vast dominion of the Lone Star Republic to our glorious Union. The war to which that act gave

rise is now in victorious progress, and will not end without another great accession to our territory, possibly carrying our flag beyond the great American Desert to the shores of the Pacific sea. Where our armies march, population follows; and the full duty for the scholar is to be continental in extent and as varied as the dominions of a progressive civilization."

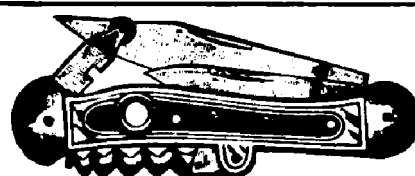
BOYS and GIRLS to send your Name and Address to Box 1, Millbrook, Ill., and I'll tell you how and help you to make a lot of **MONEY for XMAS**

AGENTS NEW GOODS. Rapid sellers, Notraah, Sample Ideal Spoon Holder, catalogue, terms, etc., 50 articles, 10 cents. **WHITE QUICK, MCKAY MFG. CO., CHICAGO.**

BOYS Start a business of your own. I furnish all particulars and "The Million Friend," a valuable Book of Secrets for only 10 cts. Price lists of goods and printing free. Address, **J. T. LIVELY, 800 Sheffield Ave., CHICAGO.**

BOYS, BEGIN BUSINESS WITH US

We will send you prepaid 12 packages of our **ROYAL MACHET PERFUME**, to sell at 10 cents a package. When all are sold, send us the money, \$1.20, and select any of the following premiums:
 Solid Gold-Plated Watch Chain with Charm.
 Solid Gold-Plated Pen with Pearl Penholder.
 Solid Gold-Plated Ring or Stud, any Stone Setting.
 Pearl-Handled Knife, etc.
 Write to-day for the perfume and premium.
FRANCIS J. HAICK & CO., 87 Leland St., Detroit, Mich.



NOVELTY POCKET KNIFE

Handiest thing you ever saw; regulation size; fitted with the following attachments:
 Cork Puller, Glass Cutter, Cigar Cutter, Pen Blade, large size Jack-knife Blade, Novelty White Metal Bolster Shell Handle, well finished and strongly riveted. Sent post-paid for only \$5 etc. Catalogue Books, Tricks, etc., free.
J. U. Steele, 2215 Beach Ave., Baltimore, Md

Boys earn typewriter selling 1 1/2 doz. Perfection Packets. No money needed, write C. J. Pearce, Venice Center, N.Y.

START Mail-order Business, capital unnecessary \$2 daily. Enclose stamp. States Supply Co., (15) Cleveland, O.

\$2 Per 100 to distribute Circulars, etc. Send 3 stamps for terms. The Universal Co., Red Wing, Minn.

EVERYBODY Goes Wild over playing the new Ludwig Mouth Organ. Anyone can play it. Sent with 56 tunes for 50c. American Music Co., Dept. 3, Detroit, Mich.

YOU CAN learn to play Mouth-organ, Banjo, Accordion, or Guitar in 10 minutes. Chart free. Agents, World Music Novelty Co., Dept. 3, Detroit, Mich.

STARK best by rest—74 YEARS. **WY PAY CASH** WANT MORE SALESMEN **FREE** Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N.Y.

FREE a Solid Silver Watch for a few hours' work selling our well known and unexcelled flavoring Powders for Ice Cream, etc. Sample box 25c. Write N. E. Agency, 29 Kenilworth St., Malden, Mass.

BOYS Can learn Typewriting and gain proper form of Business Correspondence while deriving many hrs. of amusement with our typewriters. Prices, 50c to \$5. Send stamp for cat. L. PASCALL, 219 W. 61st St., N. Y.

IF YOU WANT FINE PENMAN at your own home to become a **SALESMAN** this winter, it will pay you to write for our circular. Western Correspondence School of Penmanship, Boulder, Col.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell Flavoring Powders, Medicinal Soaps, Household Articles, Christmas Books, with FREE premiums. Our goods are reliable, satisfactory, easy to sell, big profits, permanent work. **BRADFORD & CO., 113 Adams St., CHICAGO, ILL.**

WOMEN MAKE \$2 TO \$10 A DAY selling our **MCKINTOSH DRESS SKIRTS**, new dress shields, etc. Catalogue Free. **MCKAY MFG. CO., 8737 La Salle Street, Chicago.**

SONGS The very latest and most popular.—"Break the News to Mother," "Mid the Green Fields of Virginia," "The Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee," "My Hannah Lady," over 80 others, "My Southern Rose" and 156 with words and music complete and our new Marriage Guide all for 10c. **MCKAY MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. MFC**

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The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture, Suite 1645, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT BOYS ARE DOING



PIERCE LONG,

Son of John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy.

The Champion Boy Rider.

One of the brightest boys of his age in the United States resides at Conneaut, Ohio. Although but about eight years of age, Elmer Thompson has already gained considerable distinction, both in the United States and England. He is the champion wheel rider of his age in the world, and has made some records of which he may be justly proud. He holds many valuable medals, and is in training to compete for even better ones in the future.

When but five years of age, Elmer began his famous career upon a wheel. He rode a quarter of a mile in fifty nine and one-fourth seconds. It was then that he received his first silver medal. The following year, he rode in another quarter mile contest and won his second medal. This time his record was forty six seconds. It was in that same year that he lowered the world's record by thirteen seconds, making a quarter

in forty four and one quarter seconds. When he closed his sixth season, he was the possessor of four medals, two of silver and two of gold.

In his seventh year he made his first half mile and mile records. The mile in competition was made in three minutes and fifteen seconds on the Erie, Pa., race track. The half mile on the same track was covered in one minute, twenty five and one-fifth seconds. He has appeared at the state meets in his own state, where he has always been the idol of all the boys in attendance.

Elmer weighs but fifty two pounds and stands forty six inches in height. He has the best of health, and thoroughly enjoys the athletic sports in which he engages.

Elmer is ready to challenge any boy, anywhere near his own age, either in the United States or Europe. His printed schedule of challenges is as follows: A five year old, one-eighth of a mile start on a half; a six year old, one hundred and seventy five yards; a seven year old, one hundred yards; an

gested that his attire was not in keeping with the dignity of his position. Ray is an honest and energetic bright American boy and an exceptionally good penman and bookkeeper. His treatment of all he comes in contact with in the discharge of both his official and private duties is so courteous and gentlemanly that no doubt he will become county clerk when he attains his majority, for courtesy is a rare quality in a public official. Oratory and public speaking are also in his line. At a public competition in the high school last winter Ray won an honorable place with the larger boys.

Ray is the son of H. W. Davis, a local lawyer and Republican leader. The boy has probably made out as many marriage licenses since May 1 last as has any person in the country. The business of marrying couples is St. Joseph's healthiest industry. From one hundred to two hundred couples of cooing lovers come to this Michigan town every week from Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and even from points as far



ELMER THOMPSON, A BOY CHAMPION.

eight year old, fifty yards. With a nine year old, he will start even; with a ten year old, he will take fifty yards; with an eleven year old, he will take one hundred yards; with a twelve year old, one hundred and seventy five yards.

Elmer is a businesslike little fellow. He receives and answers letters from many parts of the world, and keeps all his correspondence nicely classified.

Earl and Louis Calkins of Conneaut are juvenile friends of Elmer's, who have paced him during two years past in his contests. Elmer's father, Mr. J. H. Thompson, is an athlete of ability. He, too, rides a bicycle and is also an expert oarsman. Elmer's little sister is about a year and a half old. She guides a wheel about the room in a way which shows the interest she takes in one. When she is two years old she is to have a little wheel made to order, and her papa is sure she can learn to ride it even at that early age. As Elmer has friends in Paris and London who are urging him to come across the water, it will not be surprising if next season he should appear in a bicycle race on a foreign track.

W. FRANK M'CLURE.

The Youngest Deputy County Clerk.

Ray Wallace Davis, of St. Joseph, Mich., is probably the youngest deputy county clerk in the United States, being fourteen years of age. At the time of his appointment in March last he was a sophomore in the high school and wore short trousers. His short trousers were retired in favor of long ones when two young ladies of his acquaintance called on him in his new office and sug-

gested that his attire was not in keeping with the dignity of his position.

County Clerk Needham started the business in 1899, when Cupid was driven out of Milwaukee by a law which prevented swift and secret marriages by requiring publication of a license five days before the solemnizing of the marriage.

The young deputy clerk receives candidates for the matrimonial venture in his office and fills out the blank spaces on the marriage licenses. He has issued during the last summer as high as twelve hundred licenses.



RAY WALLACE DAVIS.

Besides writing marriage licenses, the youthful official performs the numerous other duties of a deputy clerk, such as the recording and filing of hundreds of legal papers of divers kinds.

BARRATT O'HARA.

THE MAGIC ENGRAVING FLUID Engraves names on knives, key rings, scissors, saws, hammers, hatchets, etc., in one minute. No experience required. Send 25c. for package or 2c. stamp for circular. H. MOTTE, Box 49, New London, Ohio.

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occupying space of lead-pencil. Agents Wanted. J. HULLE, 511 W. Baltimore St., Balt., Md. WE GIVE Boys' Suits, Bicycles, Cameras, etc., to persons for selling our exquisite Perfumes. Everybody buys them. Send name and address, with two references, for outfit. No money wanted in advance. AM. MFG. CO., Dept. A, Beaver Springs, Pa.

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We are giving a very handsome watch for selling 15 packages of our celebrated Monday Bluing at 10 cents each, or a better grade stem wind and stem set lady's or gent's size for selling 32 packages. Send your full name and address by return mail and we will send the Bluing prepaid. No money required. We also send our souvenir free, and a large premium list.
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ATTENTION

DON'T BUY A WATCH
before seeing our 17 Jeweled movement, has Patent Regulator, is Quick Train, stamped 17 Jewels, Adjusted. In beautifully engraved Gold Filled Model Case, The Imperial, with certificate for 25 years. This is the best watch ever offered for the price, and one of the oldest and most reliable Wholesale Jewelers in America will send it to you by express, to examine before you pay one cent. When you find it to be the best value for the price you have ever seen, pay Agent our Special Price, \$5.00 and charges for Watch and Rolled Gold Chain warranted 5 years. Give both P. O. and Express office and state whether Ladies' or Gents' Watch is wanted. Jeweled Eight or Waltham Watch at same price if preferred. This offer can not be continued long, so send order at once to
Stem Wind & Set. ALLEN & CO., 315 O'Leary St., Chicago, Ill.

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Mailed direct upon receipt of money, price one dollar.
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CHOOCHEE WU,

The Little Son of the Chinese Minister to the U. S. (Photograph by Gilbert, Washington.)

Here is a picture of a real Chinese boy. His name is Choochee Wu. He is the little son of the Chinese Minister to the United States. He wears a figured silk gown, covered with rich embroidery of the finest workmanship.

Horace Boyer, "the World's Fair Boy."

Our readers this month have the pleasure of looking upon the face of a boy who enjoys a peculiar distinction



HORACE BOYER, "THE WORLD'S FAIR BOY."

His name is William Horace Boyer, and he is known as "The World's Fair Boy." Two pictures of him are given, one showing him in the costume of the "Dude Brownie" in "Columbia's Fete," an amateur theatrical performance recently given at Galesburg, Ill., where Horace, the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Boyer, resides.



HORACE IN FANCY COSTUME.

The boy's life history is an interesting one. It will be remembered that at the World's Fair Exposition there was a place provided for babies, with cribs and playthings and nurses, so that mothers wishing to spend a day at the great Exposition could, for a small fee, leave their little ones in safe hands for the day and receive them again at night. Of the one thousand and two little ones that were thus cared for only one failed to be claimed by its parents. In other words, one little baby was abandoned. Strange to say, he was the youngest and the smallest of all that were cared for. Two kind-hearted persons, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Boyer of Galesburg, Ill., adopted the little one, after vain efforts had been made to find his parents. He has grown up to be a sturdy boy, as the picture shows.

Horace has a wealth of russet curls, bright, penetrating eyes, olive skin, and princely manner. He is unspoiled, despite the ceaseless singing of praises that greets his ears. He is very fond of dogs, an enthusiastic sportsman, and something of a musician. One who knows him declares that his little soul is all tenderness and kindness toward every living creature, a characteristic of a first class boy.

An Energetic Newsboy.



HUGH PARK, A Boy Who Aspires to High Places.

Hugh Park of Asbury Park, N. J., was born in England. He is fourteen years old and the grandson of an English clergyman. He has been compelled, young as he is, to earn money, and for two years has sold papers at Asbury Park, ranking among the most successful of the newsboys there. He has shown energy, business ability and independence. He thoroughly identifies himself with America, and has already come under the notice of the Governor of New York and the President of the United States.

When Governor Roosevelt visited Asbury Park recently, Hugh went up to him in the railway station, and the Governor shook hands with him. On the President's arrival in the same station Hugh again came to the front, and offered to hold the horses until the President was ready for them. When the President left he gave Hugh fifty cents and shook hands with him, so he has twice been the one among a crowd of boys to come forward at the right moment.

"I wonder," said little Harry, "if men will ever live to be five hundred or six hundred years old!" "No, I guess not," replied his five year old sister, who was studying her Sunday school lesson. "The Lord tried the experiment once and they got so bad that He just had to drown them."

Has Made Himself Useful.



CLAUDE FRANCESCO.

A little more than two years ago Claude Francesco became an apprentice to a meat dealer near his home in Grand Rapids, Mich. He at once took charge of the "order wagon," and in one year succeeded, by his uncommon business ability, in bringing the number of wagon customers from seventeen up to seventy five. He has succeeded in making himself invaluable to his employer by strict attention to his work. Boys of this sort are wanted, and do not long need to be out of employment.

A Young Reporter.

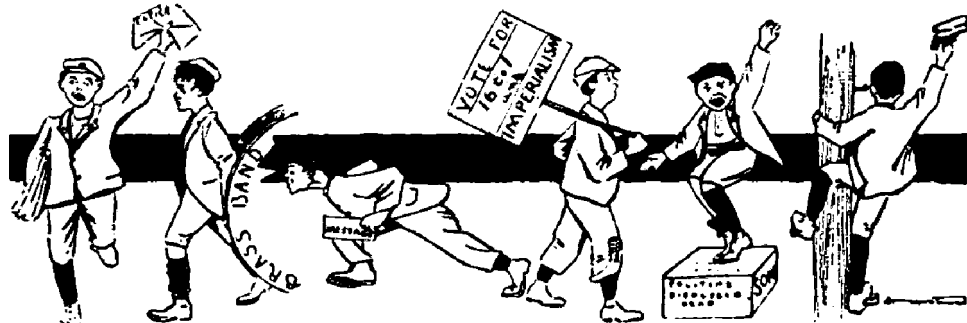


FRED FARLEY

Battle Creek, Michigan, claims to be the home of the youngest reporter in Michigan, if not in the United States. He is Fred Farley, a boy fifteen years of age, and an all-around reporter, writing everything from banquets and balls to suicides and police news. An evening newspaper in Battle Creek gives him employment. He is the son of a prominent merchant of Battle Creek, a high school pupil, and, while active as a reporter, is taking a course in stenography in a business college. He is still in knee breeches, slight in build, has a refined yet resolute face and determined manner. Recently, when sent on an assignment that was particularly distasteful to him, he said: "I don't like it, but I'll do it all the same, "showing that he is made of true stuff.

In a letter to THE AMERICAN BOY young Farley says: "I have always been very much interested in printing. A few years ago my father bought me a small hand-press with which I have done some work. During the summer of 1899 I secured work in a printing office in a small town in Indiana where I was visiting. While there I set type and fed the job press. In the winter of 1899-1900 I attended school in Battle Creek, and at the end of the term was offered a position as reporter on one of the dailies. I will be sixteen years old next December, and am in the tenth grade at school. I enjoy the work of a reporter very much, and hope to make journalism my profession."

Here is a boy's definition of a mammoth: "A mammoth is a dead elephant that has kept fresh for a thousand years, and perhaps for more. Dogs eat it as it comes out of the ice. It is more ancient than the old army preserved meat."



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Boys and girls, here's something you need. The envelopemaker, a little device to make envelopes out of any old scrap of paper. Just the thing to pass away winter evenings. Just because you're nothing else to do. Send 10 cents and get one. Money back if you cannot make envelopes in a minute. **ALBERT BINNS, Box 748, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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Boys and girls be independent. Here's your chance to make money during spare time. The Lithocopy-gram, home made printing press, wonderful invention, prints circulars, music, etc. It's just what you need. Anyone can make one and one it, costs less than a dollar to make one to print circular 8x12 inches, including everything. Low size, low cost in proportion. 10 cents gets full instructions how to make one. Address **ALBERT BINNS, Box 748, Philadelphia, Pa.**

PARISIAN SENSATION
At great expense we have secured full secret how to make Liquid Electric Light. Bright and cold as moonlight, gives no heat, requires no matches. Electricity and Liquid Air not in it. The same in Europe. Adopted by French Government for use by watchmen in powder magazines of Paris. Every reader of American Boy should have a vest pocket size Liquid Electric Light Lamp. You can cause a sensation among your friends. It costs less than 20 cents to make one including oils, etc., enough to last 6 months, purchasable at any drug store. The secret giving instructions and drawings how to make one. 10 cents. **ALBERT BINNS, Box 748, Philadelphia, Pa.**

WORLD'S SENSATION
The King Gem Diamond Scarf Pin has set people talking. Finest imitation Gem in America. Sparkles like a Diamond. Clean it like a Diamond. Experts baffled. Jewelers dumfounded by its prismatic fire, and dazzling brilliancy. Makes fine Xmas present. Price, one dollar. Yours for 25 cents, if you will agree to show it to your friends who will not be able to resist sending for one. Money back if you can get a more dazzling imitation gem for a five spot. Send to-day. Price will advance soon. **ALBERT BINNS, Box 748, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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The Yankee Doodle Blockade is the wonder of the 19th century. It's one of those little things that just can't help tickling everybody. With nothing on your mind but your hair, you can do wonders with it. Don't miss the greatest thing that ever happened. The people just go wild about it, because, it mystifies, it fascinates, it pleases, and drives away worst kind of blues. Thousands sold for a quarter. We want to sell a million. You get one. Show it to your friends, and they want one. Just to get acquainted, send 10 cents, and we will send The Yankee Doodle Blockade and an American Beauty Pin FREE. "looks like \$5.00 Pin" for your sister, or some other fellow's sister, and you won't be sorry you did it. **ALBERT BINNS, Box 748, Philadelphia, Pa.**



A Newsboy for Ten Years.

I was a newsboy for ten years, because I had a keen desire to earn my own money.

In the spring of 1890 I took the agency for a Chicago paper, and my first attempt to sell this paper proved to be a flat failure, but I remembered this old proverb quoted often by my mother: "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again," and, with this deeply engraved upon my mind, I, for the second time, attempted to sell papers, and succeeded in selling ten; thus my career as a newsboy began, and it was thus that my first money was earned.

I was so proud, oh, so proud, when I returned home that day with two ten-cent pieces jingling in my pocket, and I was all the more proud to think that the money was actually and really mine.

After selling copies of one paper three years, I came to the conclusion that I might expand my business, so I took the agency for two more papers and a magazine; from these I made enough money to keep myself in clothes, and be the sole owner of a bicycle besides.

When the American-Spanish war broke out I thought it was the chance of my life, so I took the agency for several more papers and magazines, making twenty in all. I was at this time clearing ten dollars a week.

When the Christmas of 1898 rolled around I had a small bank account of my own, and was holding a position as clerk in a drug store.

To any boy wishing to sell newspapers I would offer the following advice that I myself followed: You must first have courage, self-confidence and endurance. Then you must not antagonize your customers by your brusqueness, lack of courtesy or tact. Thirdly, don't smoke cigarettes; many a boy's success has been spoiled by this evil habit.

ROY J. STRICKLAND.

Making Money Out of Bees.

Many boys take readily to bee culture, and, much of the work being light, they are well adapted to it. A good smart boy who is not afraid of a few stings and can get around lively can manage an apiary of his own successfully. A good bee keeper can find useful and steady employment in almost any country on the globe. Bees have but one language. If we learn their ways and methods in America we can handle them in any country. Honey bees are the same little people the world over. We have heard of a boy who goes to school the usual number of months each year, but works with bees during vacation time. He has learned something that is worth as much to him as an ordinary trade. The first work he did was when he was a little fellow of five or six. With a veil that covered him down to his feet, he was set to watch for swarms while the older "hands" were absent from the apiary. Finally he came to have little hives of his own. His father gave him a small nucleus hive with two or three frames of bees with a beautiful Italian queen. The bees were gentle, and he was in the habit of opening the hive and opening the frames until he saw the queen bee, which he would point out with great glee. He certainly knew something about bees, for there are comparatively few people who can

BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS AND MONEY SAVERS

find and point out the queen bee of a colony. Along toward fall, however, when the bees got restless and cross, the little fellow got badly stung, but he stood it bravely and in a short time was as well as ever and back with his bees.

The expense of fixtures and supplies in the keeping of bees may exceed the profits for the first year or two, but never mind. Persevere, and in due time you will find the balance on the right side of the books.

A BOOK HOSPITAL.

Any Clever Boy or Girl Looking About for an Occupation Could Find a Congenial and Paying Scheme for Making Money in Conducting a Sanitarium for Aged or Injured Books.

If a clever boy or girl chose to establish a book hospital there is no doubt but that plenty of patients—quite enough to afford a comfortable living—would apply for treatment.

Patience, neatness and care are the capital required, with time to learn how to nurse abused or aged volumes back to a good physical condition.

Purchasers for libraries will tell you that they are continually rejecting books because they are tattered and worn, or "holey." These could be sent to the hospital and doctored into value. All public as well as private libraries would be patrons of such an enterprise, and to their own great gain.

"The art of restoring and mending," says one who speaks with authority, "is as yet much in its infancy."

One cardinal rule to keep in mind is never to try experiments with valuable works; try new methods of restoration on comparatively worthless books. For book bindings which have lost their gloss a preparation is made as follows: Take powdered gum-copal, add to it oil of rosemary sufficient to form a solution. Pour off the superfluous liquid and mix the remainder with sufficient alcohol to dissolve it well. In making, take only enough oil to cover the copal; and of alcohol, about eight parts to the whole.

INK SPOTS.

A fresh ink spot can be easily removed from a printed page by rubbing it with a finely pulverized mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, alum and powdered pumice. If the spot is an old one moisten it first with a little water. When the ink does not penetrate the paper it can be removed by erasure with a sharp pen-knife or a preparation of powdered pumice and vulcanized India rubber sold at the shops. When this does not "bite" its action can be aided by moistening it. After erasure rub the spot with powdered pumice, and then polish with a burnisher. Or, still another way: Lay underneath the blot a pad of blotting paper; dip a fine sponge in lemon juice and press it on the stain so as to moisten it. Then with a clean, soft rag, folded into a pad, press on the spot, and the pad, lifted off, will remove a little of the ink. Repeat this process, taking a clean part of the pad each time. Do not try to rub the stain out, but to draw the ink away or out by absorption. To become an expert at this treatment pour ink over a worthless page and experiment. In old manuscripts ink spots were sometimes cleverly covered with ornaments in gold or color.

GREASE SPOTS.

Heat an iron and hold it as near as possible to the stain without discoloring the paper, when the grease or wax will disappear. Upon any traces that are left put on powdered calcined magnesia for a time. Bone, well calcined and powdered, is an excellent absorbent of grease; also plaster of Paris. For extracting spots of a resinous nature use cologne, turpentine or benzine. A beautifully bound book and quite new had oil from a lamp spilled over it. The culprit called for quicklime, but there was none to be had. So he got some bones,

which he quickly calcined and pulverized and applied. The next morning there was no trace of oil, but only an odor, which soon vanished.

BOOK WORMS.

Book worms and their ravages have been made the subject of recent experiment at Cambridge, Mass. An ounce of prevention is worth a good many pounds of cure in the case of book worms. Books kept clean and well dusted are seldom visited by them. To get rid of these pests pyrethrum insect powder may be used, or bisulphide carbon, evaporated in closed boxes or cases containing the books.

To mend a worm-eaten hole on a page take another piece of paper of the same quality and mash it fine with a knife. Combine it with flour paste, which has a little clear, white glue in it. Lay a piece of tin under the sheet which has the hole, spread the paste, which is really soft paper, with a knife over the hole. When dry it is well mended. The pulp must be a fine paste, not lumpy and stringy.

It is better first to experiment on a sheet of paper in which holes have been punched, because success may not crown one's first efforts. Torn edges may often be reunited so as almost to be as good as new. This is remaking paper with paper. Pages which have been torn across, or engravings usually have a transverse rent; that is, a rent which leaves a small flap edge. With good glue, taken in microscopic quantities on the point of a camel's hair brush, the edges may be perfectly reunited.

DOG-EARED LEAVES.

When a book is dog-eared or its leaves have been turned, if the paper is not too stiff, there is a chance of restoring them. Dampen the leaves, one by one, with water, in which a little gum tragacanth has been dissolved. This is not so much an adhesive as a stiffener, and is used as such for laces. Then flatten the leaves, putting a piece of smooth, white paper between every leaf.

If there is any trace of dampness in a library, or books begin to show mould, place a pan of quicklime near the shelves. This is better than a stove to dry the air. In the process of slaking, the lime absorbs all the moisture in the atmosphere. When slaked it must be thrown away and a new lot procured.

Do not pack books tightly together on their shelves, as the bindings are liable to burst.

Windfall of a Bright Boy.

A strange incident is reported from South Auburn. Two gentlemen, strangers, driving through the country apparently for pleasure, called at a farmhouse and asked a little girl standing at the threshold for a drink of water. The child brought out two glasses of water, and each of the gentlemen gave the child twenty five cents. As they were about driving away one of the family asked if the gentlemen would like to hear the little boy "recite a piece." "Of course we would," they replied. The lad recited his "piece" with admirable effect, and one of the gentlemen was so pleased that he said, handing the boy a bank bill: "Here's a little something for your education." The lad ran in to his mother and the gentlemen turned to drive away, when the lad, running breathlessly after them exclaimed: "Look a-here—you've made a mistake. That was a fifty dollar bill." "All right," said the stranger, "that's no mistake; it may go a little piece toward your education," and the gentlemen drove away in the direction of Lewiston. Now everybody is guessing and nobody knows who they were.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.

A young man should be what he would appear to be.

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HOW A WESTERN BOY GOT HIS START IN LIFE

CHARLES CURTIZ HAHN



WHEN Hermon Browning started in business life in the dingy, cobwebby attic, politely termed the Leader office, besides learning to set type, it was his special privilege to sweep out the office, build fires in the winter, stand behind the old Washington hand press on Wednesdays when the paper was run off, and

run a black rubber rolling-pin backward and forward over the forms before each individual paper was submitted to the squeezing process, assist in wrapping and mailing the papers Wednesday night, and scrub the type in the rickety sink afterward.

Besides these favors, the editor also gave him two dollars a week in money, or "store account," more frequently the latter.

The editor and Hermon did all the work!

The other hand did not fare much better than Hermon, but then he owned the Leader, and that was glory enough for one man.

Then both were young, as was the Leader, and Hermon liked his work, dirty as it was. There was something deeply interesting to him in the work of transferring a paragraph from a sheet of wrapping paper on which the editor always wrote his editorials, into a solid mass of "tenpenny nails," which, when put in the forms, and planed, and adjusted, and locked up, and pressed, gave out a clear copy that all Windom could read. And as for the mysterious manner in which different sized "quads," and "leads," and "slugs," could be used in filling out a line or a column—that was as fascinating to him as chucking stones at a dog is to most boys. He handled the mallet and "shooting stick" at first with a feeling of undefined respect, and stood by the editor as he "made up the form" "adjusted," and "locked" it, and thought there was nothing more wonderful in the world than the business-like way in which he did it, and wondered if ever he would become skilled enough to do likewise.

In fact there was not a thing about the office he did not like—from setting type to scrubbing the ink from them after the great event of the week was over and the Windomites were eagerly scanning the paper fresh from his, Hermon's, hands. So, loving his work, he went rapidly on as fast as he could, taking up each part one by one, until the whole art was acquired and the editor graciously allowed him to do all the work.

After he had been in this beatific condition for two or three months, Hermon received another favor. His salary was raised to thirty dollars a month. But I do not believe he took as much pleasure in that as he did in controlling the office.

This was in the fall. His board and other expenses, being but a boy, amounted to about four dollars a week, so out of his salary at the end of six months, he would have about fifty dollars—if he saved it.

He did save it! For the editor some way always found it convenient to pay Hermon's board bill himself, by turning in a grocery "ad" here and a dry goods bill there, etc., on to the end. The rest he told the boy he had better save! So when spring came his money was all carefully laid away in the editor's savings bank.

When, at last, he was entrusted with thirty five dollars and an order on the tailor for a suit of clothes, Hermon of course felt duly grateful and set about finding a way to invest his capital.

The editor wanted him to invest it in the newspaper, but Hermon felt as if he was too young to enter into such a deep speculation.

Just west of town was a piece of land



He offered Hermon six hundred dollars for it.

thickly grown up with "scrub oak," elms and small underbrush. To the owner it was an eyesore, fit for neither pasture nor farming, and although only a short distance from town, it was entirely unsuitable for laying out in lots.

On Saturday, after the type had been distributed and enough matter set for the next issue so that he need not be hurried on Monday and Tuesday, Hermon took a walk down by that land. He met the owner of it just coming to town.

"Mr. Jones, how much will you take for that piece of land cut off by the creek?"

"I don't know, Hermon, it isn't worth much, there's only an acre of it. Do you want to buy?"

"Perhaps, if I can get it reasonable. What's your price?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I never thought of selling it. Don't know as I really care to. Pity to break into one's farm. Suppose, though, forty dollars would be about the figure."

"Fine weather for planting corn!" remarked Hermon as he turned back towards town.

"I don't know—O—yes—very good. Were you wanting to buy that land? If you do, perhaps I might take a little less than that. What do you think it is worth?"

"I'll give you twenty dollars."

As land was worth about ten dollars an acre any place around there, they made out the papers when they got to town, and Hermon went home the owner of an acre of scrub oak, elms and underbrush.

After this his time was pretty well occupied. As the days grew longer, he had more and more time out of the office in the morning and the evening, and this

he spent on his new possession. With an ax he cut down all the smaller trees, leaving only the best shaped oaks and elms standing. These poles he sold for firewood, for this was a time, and a state, when and where anything would sell for wood. He did not have time for anything else, and so hired a man for a few days who went through and dug up the roots of the trees and cleared away the underbrush. All of which Jones, the former owner, watched and wondered at.

By this time it was growing rather late in the season for such work, nevertheless, when a rain seemed to be coming up, Hermon went out and sowed the place with timothy.

The shower came and the bare places where the roots and brush had been, were soon covered with bright, green grass. Now in place of the rough land, was a well kept young grove, and Jones wished he had not sold it. Several men who passed by thought it would be an excellent place for picnics, which Hermon at once vetoed.

The scrub oak makes a most beautiful ornamental tree, with its deep green leaves and symmetrical shape; the elm, with its long, slim branches, has an entirely different appearance, but is more picturesque even than the oak.

Hermon had this advantage also, of having his trees full grown, while if he had bought open prairie it would have taken years to accomplish what he had done in a few months. In the fall his land was one fine lawn, with diminutive hills and valleys, with here and there a large rock in it. With his spare money he put a neat fence around it,—and was offered two hundred dollars for the whole.

The next year his wages were changed

to five dollars a week and board and washing. He sold a lot, and with the proceeds, added to what he had saved from his wages, he was able to put up a small house next to the lot he had sold. The remaining part of the land he further improved by laying out walks and thus heightening the picturesqueness of the little hills and valleys. This attracted the attention of a business man who had just moved to Windom and wished to build a house. He offered Hermon six hundred dollars for it and Hermon took him up. Hermon still had his own house and lot.

This was what one western boy did with his money, and there are many other chances like it.

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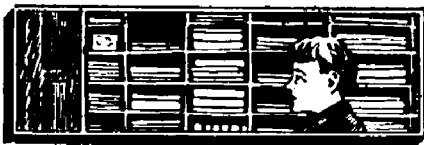
"Through your kindness I now expect to attend college. The first week I started to sell the POST I opened an account in a saving fund and deposited 60 cents. Since that time my account has grown until now it is over \$70.00. I work only on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings, and it has never interfered with my school work. I do not believe that there is any work which a boy can do which will pay him so well and give him so much business experience, as acting as an agent for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Some day, when I have graduated from college, I will write to you and tell you how much you have done for one boy."

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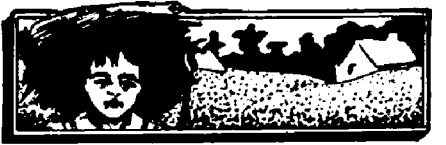
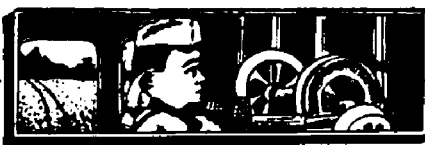
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Killing Time. "When I was a boy in a printer's office," says Robert Bonner, "and it came along about three o'clock in the afternoon, I would say to myself, 'Suppose the proprietor should come up where we were at work and say, 'Robert, what have you been doing to-day?' what would I answer?' "He never did such a thing, but I used to reason to myself, 'Suppose he were to do it?' If I could not, with pride and pleasure, point to what I had been doing, I would pack up at six o'clock and leave the place. I consider that kind of spirit is an element of success, and there is always room for men who show that kind of disposition. The indolent man, who shiftlessly goes through his day's work, will never reach the goal of success. The man who is constantly watching the clock, waiting until it shall strike six, and trying to 'kill time'—well, it will not be long before time will kill him, so far as business is concerned."

He Wouldn't Tell. Not long ago a merchant employed a clerk who had been discharged from another house in the same line. A few days afterwards one of the heads of the office was anxious to know what terms the other house made to a certain customer. He went to the young clerk for the information. The clerk hesitated, looked distressed and finally asked to be excused from replying.

"I know the facts, of course," he said, "but I don't think I ought to tell." The department head became angry and reminded him pretty sharply that, having been discharged from the other house he didn't owe it anything in the way of keeping its secrets. Nevertheless, the young man stood firm, and the matter was reported to the head of the house, who at once complimented him on his sense of honor and raised his salary. There are few things more dangerous to the average business house than the thoughtless tattling of employes. Every establishment has secrets—that is, matters of a private character which are as much the exclusive property of the house as is the stock on the shelves. Clerks come into a knowledge of these secrets, and the more important the secret is the more likely are they to tell it. Every employe ought to understand that the affairs of his employer are things he has no more right to give away than he would have the right to give away his merchandise. Young men who proceed on this principle are pretty certain to win esteem.

Competent Boys Always in Demand.

Abram S. Hewitt, a business man whose name is familiar to the country, says he believes that competent boys have just as good a chance to get ahead now as they ever had, but he particularly emphasizes the word "competent." In the interview referred to he says: "We need competent boys now. I need five or six of them; boys who are willing to begin at the bottom and work up." And the word "competent" is the key to the whole situation. The trouble today with boys is that their eagerness to get ahead and climb the ladder toward success rapidly really keeps them from reaching the goal at all. When you are building a house, you must first lay the foundation, and the more solid you get the foundation the more substantial will be your house. Many boys of to-day build the foundations to their prospective business careers on sand, or similar unsubstantial material. That is, they dislike to start at the bottom and perform the necessary amount of drudgery required in all cases to prepare a suitable foundation upon

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which to build a successful business career. The boy who wishes to achieve success in business has no particular need to be in a hurry. If he doesn't really get started on his career until he is thirty five years of age, there will be time enough for him to make his mark. Competent boys can always find profitable employment, and the only way to become competent is to start at the bottom of a business and learn every detail of it by hard work. There is no other way to accomplish this. Hard work will bring success to even mediocre ability.

The Boy Wanted in Business. "What kind of a boy does a business man want?" was asked of a merchant. He replied, "Well, I will tell you. In the first place he wants a boy who don't know much. Business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer some one who will listen to their way rather than teach them a new kind. Second, a prompt boy, one who understands seven o'clock is not ten minutes past. Third, an industrious boy who is not afraid to put in extra work in case of need. Fourth, an honest boy—honest in service as well as matters in dollars and cents. And fifth, a good-natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer does lose his now and then."

Are You Learning to Write Shorthand? Speed is by no means the most necessary thing in shorthand writing, although teachers often make it the great consideration. The big thing in shorthand is legibility. There are many who can write fast enough, but are unable to tell what it means after it has grown cold. An expert said that there is no necessity for a stenographer who does amanuensis work to write over one hundred and twenty words a minute, and, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred no necessity to write over a hundred words a minute. He says he knows of at least twenty five stenographers drawing large salaries as private secretaries who have assured him that they have never been required to average as much as ninety words. It seems strange, therefore, that teachers of stenography will excite pupils to write one hundred and fifty to two hundred words a minute and make them believe that that is a necessity. There are instances where it may be necessary to write over two hundred words a minute, and there is a legend around the United States Senate Chamber that General Hawley, for ten or twelve minutes in a speech, once spoke two hundred and twenty five words a minute. The average speed of senators in speeches does not reach one hundred and ten words, and in dictating rarely reaches one hundred words.

A boy is naturally a "club man," and if the exercise of his social qualities are denied him at home, or are not provided for, he will provide for them himself.

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OWN A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN. Work it up at odd times. Our FANCY LINES MARKER is a great seller. Wanted in every house. Any initial or monogram furnished without extra cost. Send 25 cents for complete sample with agents' terms and outfit. Write to-day to the LEWIS MFG. CO., Dept. F, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

THE LATEST SILVER NOVELTIES THE DENVER SILVER NOVELTY CO. will sell for a limited time Good Luck Pins, Friendship Hearts each postpaid. Send your orders early as the limited quantity will soon be exhausted. E. S. ROSE, DENVER SILVER NOVELTY CO., 118 East 11th St., NEW YORK.

Boys and Girls! We Give Away this Watch Free. Send name and address, NO MONEY, and get a box of 10 of our Scarf and Stick Pins to a 11 at 10 cents each. Ring, Bracelet, etc., given for selling 10 pins. Watch, with Chain and Charm, given for selling a few more. When pins are sold, send us the money and get your premium FREE. BATES JEWELRY COMPANY, Dept. 4, Box 88, Providence, R. I.

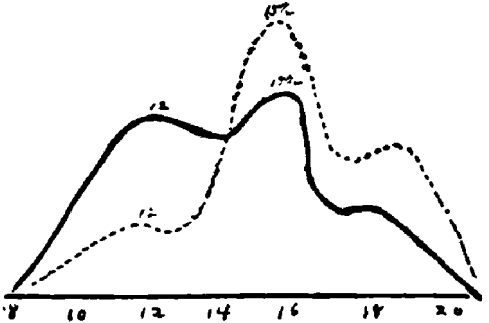
CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN? Yes, you can. We teach ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of anyone. No matter where you live, if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is endorsed by Thomas A. Edison, and other prominent men of the country. We teach also Mechanical Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Electric Lighting, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Mining, Elementary Mathematics, etc., by mail. Write for our free illustrated book entitled, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer." The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 86, 240 West 23d St., NEW YORK.

How to Reach the Heart of a Boy.

1. Study his parentage and home influences.
2. Observe closely his likes and dislikes, aptitudes, temper, companions, reading.
3. Converse often with him in a friendly way.
4. Ask as to his purposes and ambitions.
5. Lend him books.
6. Interest yourself in his sports.
7. Speak to him of the lessons in the lives of good men.
8. Tell him of your own struggles in boyhood or girlhood with adverse circumstances.
9. In brief, be his friend; when he leaves school and neighborhood keep informed as to his whereabouts by correspondence.—Western School Journal.

Time and Frequency of Religious Experiences.

Sunday school teachers will be interested in the accompanying illustration representing the time and frequency of religious experiences, the heavy line representing girls' experiences and the dotted line boys'.



Note the three periods of greatest activity. The dips correspond to periods of indifference. The illustration is taken from the "Psychology of Religion," by Edwin D. Starbuck, Stanford University.

Russell Sage's Thanksgiving.

"When I was a boy," says Mr. Sage, "I lived in Troy, where I was employed, and our Thanksgiving dinners were eaten in that city. Early Thanksgiving mornings I was up doing some work, for my holidays as a boy were not all play. After the work was done I went to church and heard a sermon.

"And after church came the dinner. "Our Thanksgiving dinner, no doubt, had various things on the table, but my only real recollection is of turkey and pumpkin pie. I ate both of these rapturously and ravenously.

"I ate until I almost burst. I could have all the turkey I wanted and all the pie I could hold. And I assure you that I did not stop short of a great deal. "I drank cider by the gallon. My merriest Thanksgiving day when I was a lad was the memorable one when I succeeded in polishing off a whole pie and several more slices of turkey than any other member of the family."

There once lived in a western village a woman who was anxious that her only son should achieve some great success in life, and lift himself above "the common run of men," as she said. When she reflected that even the presidency of the United States is within the reach of the poorest and humblest boy, she did not wish her son to fall far below that station in life. Long after the son was a man, an acquaintance met the ambitious old lady, then visiting in a distant state, and asked her about her son's success in life. "Well," she said, cheerily, "he ain't the president of the United States yet; he ain't a senator, nor yet a congressman, nor governor, nor mayor; but I tell you he's the very best blacksmith there is in our part of the country. Indeed he is!"

From Angell's Lessons on Kindness to Animals.

1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.
8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.
12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
13. You should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

Pen, Pencil & Rubber Stamp 12c 8 in one. Nickel plated. Price your name. EAGLE SUPPLY CO., 33, New Haven, Conn.

THE NEW DUST PAN.—Rapid seller. Exclusive territory. Write for large catalogue. 50 other fast sellers, and how to get Sample Outfit Free. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 12th St., Bath, N. Y.

JUST 4 Cts. in stamps sent us will bring you a very handy Aluminum Pencil and Pencilholder, and particulars regarding latest Aluminum Novelties. The Harry Allen Co., 840 Main St., Saginaw, W. M., Mich.

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A GREAT PHYSICIAN SAYS:

thus shutting up in the blood the poisons and effete matter which Nature intended they should eliminate. The pores are the sewers of the body and must be kept open and active, if you would have perfect health."—SIR ERASMUS WILSON.

ROBINSON'S TURKISH BATH CABINET

A Turkish Bath in your own home for 2 cents. It opens the pores and sweats all the poisons out of the blood, leaving it pure and healthy.

SPECIAL THIRTY DAY OFFER Drop us a postal card with ten names of people suffering from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Blood, Liver, Kidney, Skin Trouble, or other ailments. For each sale made by us we will allow you \$1 cash; if three sales are made, we will send you a Bath Cabinet FREE. Do not neglect this fine opportunity for earning a Cabinet.

Send for Free Book, "Health and Beauty."

ROBINSON THERMAL BATH CO., 700-735 Jefferson St., Toledo, O.

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ARTIST'S GUITAR.

GUITAR
Mahogany finish, inlaid around sound hole. Brass Patent Head. Orange Sound Board. Rosewood Bridge. Metal Tail-piece. Complete Instructor.

\$2.98

ARTIST'S VIOLIN.

VIOLIN
Hoop model, brown color, good finish, inlaid edges. Ebony trimmings: Violin Bow, Brazilwood Ebony Frog. Pearl Slide and Eye, Bone Tip, German Silver Trimmed; box of rosin. Complete instructor. Violin case, wood; black varnish; Brass Lock and Hooks; fannel lined.

\$2.98

ARTIST'S MANDOLIN.

MANDOLIN
Nine Ribs, Walnut and Maple, inlaid around sound hole. Celluloid Guard Plate, Brass. Patent Head. Orange Sound Board. Patent Tail-piece and Complete Instructor.

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Send only 50 cents. State instrument desired. We ship by next express. Examine at express office. If you find outfit exceeds your greatest expectation, and the most remarkable value ever offered, pay Express Agent the balance of \$2.48 on Guitar or Mandolin, or \$3.18 on Violin, and express charges, and the handsome outfit is yours. Give it **ONE MONTH'S TRIAL**; if not perfectly satisfied, **WE WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY.**

COSTS YOU NOTHING! To those who send entire amount of cash with order, we will **SEND FREE** an extra set of strings and U. S. Lettered Fingerboard, with which you can learn to play either instrument in a short time, without a teacher. Our is handsomest Cat. published, 80 pgs., 400 illus. Shows all musical instruments from 25c. up. **SENT FREE.**

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO., 208 E. FOURTH ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.



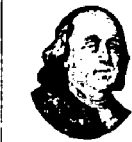
The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will sell at a very reasonable rate to professional or amateur papers the cuts used in illustrating this or any of the preceding numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Illustrate your papers.

Practical Printing for Amateurs.

W. S. Knox.

(Continued from October.)

There are established forms or styles for almost every variety of job printing, and amateurs are not entirely alone in not being fully acquainted with them. Some alleged professional printers show a wonderful ignorance in some of these matters, though they would not, perhaps, believe it were their shortcomings brought home to them. For instance, the term "letter-head" is often used to refer to letter-heads, packet note-heads and commercial note-heads. A "head," by the way, is the space left at the top of printers' ruled stock for the insertion of the printed matter by the printer. There is from two to two and three-quarter inches of "blank" space above the first ruled line. A letter-head is eight and one-half inches wide by eleven inches in length; a packet note-head six by nine and one-half inches, and a commercial note-head five and one-half by eight and one-half inches. The manner of setting type for either a letter-head or note-head is the same, except in size. There are also two styles for setting same—either a "corner card" or "full width." The former is generally used by professional men and consists of a few lines of small type in the upper left hand corner, with the "date line" in its usual place—bearing to the right down to within a half-inch or so of the first ruled line. The "full width" stretches across the face of the head in either large or small type as taste suggests. The "date line"—name of town and state, dotted line for month and day, and the figures 190... with dotted or blank space to fill in last figure of date of year, always appears just above first ruled line of the head, starting near the middle and running to within a half-inch of the right hand margin. A bill-head is the form used by business men in notifying a purchaser of the number of articles purchased and the price charged therefor. These heads are all the same width (eight and one-half inches), but are of various lengths. A "sixth-sheet" and "quarter-sheet" head (named from the number ruled on and cut from a sheet of flat paper) are the most generally used sizes. A "sixth" has six or seven ruled lines, and a "quarter" thirteen or fourteen. A "half-sheet," therefore, would be twice as long as a "quarter." These heads are also ruled crossways, being spaced for date, name of article, and double ruling for dollars and cents. The blank space for printing is two and three-quarter inches wide. The style for printing a bill-head is almost the reverse of that for a letter-head. First comes the date line with blank spaces as described above; then a dotted (or straight) rule line starting at left hand margin and running half or two-thirds of the way across (for the name of purchaser); under this a second rule line, commencing three or four inches from left margin and running nearly or completely to right margin (for address); then the name of the person or firm, preceded by the words "Bought of," or the word "To" with the abbreviation "Dr" (debtor) following the name; then comes the announcement of the firm's business (Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc.) followed by the telephone number, street address, etc. A statement is a form generally used at monthly or other stated intervals by merchants for notifying debtors as to the standing of accounts. A statement is five and one-half by eight and one-half inches in



size, same general ruling as a bill-head, but narrower, and has from eighteen to twenty ruled lines. The typesetting for a statement is similar to that for a bill-head, with the exception that the word "Statement" or words "Statement of Account" are usually placed immediately at the top, in the center, over the date line, and the words "In Account with" used instead of "Bought of" or "To-Dr." These styles, of course, can be and often are varied to suit different conditions and different compositors. But they can not be improved upon, as a general thing, except by artists, and nine printers out of ten use no other forms for these classes of work.

An envelope corner is always set in the upper left hand corner, and is from two to two and a half inches wide. A plain "card" consisting of name, business and address, each set in a separate line, is the style, though a good many persons would not have an envelope printed without the words "If not delivered in five days, return to—" or the simple "Return to—" preceding the advertising matter.

Business cards, tickets, checks, and the like, are of all sizes and shapes, and are among the simplest of the many styles of job printing. The average size is about two and one-half by four inches for a business card; one and one-half by three inches for tickets, and one by two inches for milk or bread checks. Business cards are printed upon good Bristol cardboard; tickets upon cheap, colored boards, and checks upon heavy tagboard or "tough check." Tickets, checks, etc., should be printed as plainly, neatly and distinctly as possible—using no fancy type, ornaments or other "flubdubs." Whatever the job, try to keep it well "balanced." Don't have all the heavy or large type on one side of the center and all the small or light type upon the other. In a business card or ticket the most prominent line generally appears in the center and the next most prominent should be the leading top and bottom lines.

Circulars, dodgers and bills should all be set to regular measure and not put up in any size or shape regardless of how the paper may cut. Paper and cardboard should be cut so as to leave little or no waste strips to a sheet. These odds and ends may be utilized, but they litter up a shop and are generally a dead loss. A "sixteenth" is about the largest regular size bill that the average boy printer's press will take in. This sheet is six by nine inches in size, and the type form should not be greater than five by eight inches. This is also the same size as a note circular. A letter circular is eight by twelve inches. A bill is printed on cheap newspaper, while a circular or other better grade work, such as notes, recipes, "blanks," etc., are printed upon "writing" paper.

However, the boy printer who is anxious to learn will gather all necessary information upon these things when the necessity arises. One particular requirement will be patience. He will obtain the greatest assistance, perhaps, from studying the work of the professional printer. Note the arrangement of the lines singly and as a whole; note how the prominent features are brought out in larger or heavier type than the secondary matter; note that in the displayed lines two lines of the same length seldom appear together, nor do the lines always alternate long and short. A keen observer often picks up valuable points that a heavy student passes over unperceived.

(To be Continued.)

American League of Amateur Authors.

This league is attaining some prominence among amateur journalists, and the interest and enthusiasm manifested by its members indicates a promising future. Its aim is "the encouragement and perpetuation of all literary pursuits among the young people," and it has done much in the way of gathering in new recruits who had no previous knowledge or experience in regard to literary work. The officers of the league are: President, George Julian Houtain, 282 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn; vice-president, Morris J. Cohen; secretary, Harry Shannon Elliott, 109 Olney avenue, Marion, O.; treasurer, M. Jay Lancelot; official editor, Percy H. Gladstone; laureate recorder, L. W. Fitch; literary director, L. J. Cohen; historian, J. F. Gamble; chairman recruit committee, George Marcus Brazer, 1738 North Fifteenth street, Philadelphia; chairman auditing committee, John W. Carpenter; official organ, The Zenith Magazine. It is published by George Julian Houtain and is well worthy of the attention of all amateurs. The League is making great efforts to bring recruits into the fold and will be glad to hear from any amateurs or prospective amateurs in the field of literary work.



THE "ONE MAN OFFICE."

Roller Composition.

"I am an amateur printer and subscriber to THE AMERICAN BOY. I would be very thankful if you could give me the formula for making a good roller composition. I have a roller mold for my press, but although I have tried over twenty times I have been unable to cast a roller that would do good work. In a large number of cases I have been unable to remove the roller from the mold without tearing it all to pieces."

Our correspondent lives at Santa Paula, Cal. We would advise him to get from the American Type Founders Company, which has a branch in almost every large city, a patent composition that the company has for sale, which is a great deal better, and where one uses very many rollers, at least, if not in any case, is cheaper than any home-made composition that one can manufacture. The Inland Printer gives the following recipe for a set of form rollers for a cylinder press:

Soak in clear water nine pounds of clear and brittle glue; when soaked about half way through, spread it out on boards until the moisture has penetrated through the cakes of glue and the surplus water drained off. The glue should then be placed in the melting kettle and allowed to melt; after this has taken place and it is on the point of boiling, add three gallons of treacle, and let this be stirred through the glue and allowed to slowly get to the boiling point. When the mass becomes quite hot, skim off the froth and dirt that floats on the top and then add two pints of crude glycerin and two ounces of venice turpentine. Mix these well into the composition a few minutes before removing the melting kettle from the fire or steam heat. While the composition is being prepared see that the roller molds are clean, well oiled with lard oil, and comfortably heated so as not to chill the material; when all is ready, slowly pour the composition into the molds. The rollers may be drawn from the molds in about ten or twelve hours after pouring.

Unless our inquirer uses enough rollers to enable him to save considerable money by making them himself, we would advise him to buy them already made, for it will be cheaper, because an expert roller maker will turn out a roller that will do a great deal better work and last a great deal longer than any that an amateur can make even with the best prepared composition. Unless the roller maker is expert, the roller is apt to be full of blow-holes.

The foregoing recipe, it will be noticed, is for several large rollers. While the proportions should be the same the amounts must be varied according to the quantity of rollers to be molded.

698 Sold to Light Cards Filtrations, Songs, Jokes, etc., with biggest Agency Sample book & outfit ever offered for a 5 ct. stamp. **BUCKEYE CARD CO., LACEYVILLE, OHIO.**

BOYS 3 mos. trial sub. to "The Yankee," a boy's paper, 50 silver. **Yank. Pub. Co., Baker's Summit, Pa.**

CARDS CALLING and VISITING. Engraving, Photo, RECORD CARD CO., CLEVELAND, O.

Combination Pocket Knife 25c, worth \$1. Regular size, 2 blades, shell handle, with cork puller, and glass cutter attachment. **STATES SUPPLY CO., 15 CLEVELAND, O.**

YOUR return card neatly printed on 25 fine white envelopes, also 25 calling cards, all postpaid for 10 cents. **W. K. HOWIE, Printer, Beebe Plain, Vt.**

OJN Odds and Ends—high grade monthly for young folks—18 pages—sample copy 2c.—4 months 10c. **F. De VOS, Coopersville, Mich.**

BOYS you can quickly acquire a beautiful style in writing by carefully following instructions and specimens. I send for 60 cents course complete. Address **H. A. NORTON, Front St., Meridian, Miss.**

BOOK FOR BOYS FREE—Treasure Island to each one sending the regular price (10c. for a 3 months' subscription to our up-to-date "QUILLINGS." **THE ERICSON CO., Elroy, Wis.**

CARDS Send 3c. stamp for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST styles in Gold, Enamel, Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Rayette, and Calling Cards for 1901. We sell GENUINE CARDS, Not Trash. **UNION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.**

100 XX white envelopes (or packet paper), name and address neatly printed thereon, only 25c, both 4c. 50 finest cards out now, or 100 nice business cards neatly printed for 25c. All postpaid. Pretty type forms and fine work. All kinds of printing. Write **Judson N. Burton, Madison, N.Y.**

LEARN PROOFREADING If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail. **HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia.**

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c name & address, latest style. Order filled day rec'd. Not obtainable elsewhere at twice the price. Special inducements to Agents. Booklet, "CARD STYLE," FREE. **E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. 6, St. Louis, Mo.**

100 Letter Heads Free A 2 cent stamp brings samples and particulars. Avoid postals. **FRANK CHEADLE, Erwin, Okla.**

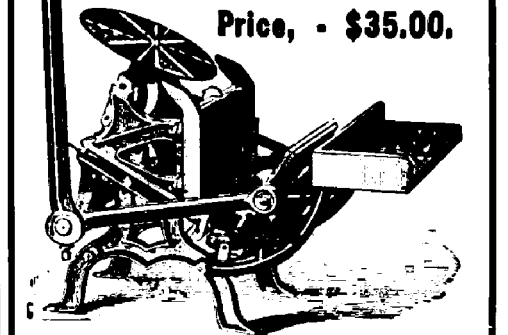
Money Maker And saver. Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper, with our \$5 or \$18 printing press. Type setting easy; printed rules sent. For man or boy. Send for catalog, presses, type, paper to factory. **The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.**

BOYS Combine business with pleasure. Print circulars, cards, envelopes, etc., and make spending money. Our "Little Beauty" Printing Press with cards, type and outfit sent prepaid for only \$1.00. We know it will please you. Catalog of larger presses, type, borders, ornaments, etc., 2c. **The J. F. W. DORRMAN CO., Baltimore, Md.**

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Size 6 1/2 in. by 10 in. Inside Chase. Price, - \$35.00.



Strong, Easily Operated, Thoroughly Practical. All Ordinary Job Printing can be done upon this press.

For Sale by all Dealers in Printers' Supplies. **THE CHANDLER & PRICE COMPANY** Manufacturers of High Grade Printing Machinery. **CLEVELAND, OHIO.**



THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

Edited by JUDSON GREWELL

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year...

glass; others cannot be so treated. To know all this requires observation, added to experience. Keep a sharp lookout on store windows, or wherever there is a display of prints.

Negatives That Are Not Perfect.

The following are defects found in the negatives of amateurs. They constitute about all that lay in wait for the poor fellow who doesn't read his instructions...

Crystallization on negative—Imperfect washing of plate, leaving hypo on it. The remedy is care in washing.

Clear shadows—if a weak negative, it is under-developed; if strong, it is under-exposed.

Fine transparent lines all over negative—This comes from using too stiff a brush when dusting off.

Foggy negatives—Several things may cause this. The plate may be light struck while in dark room, caused by having too bright a light while manipulating the plate...

Mottled negatives—When a fixing bath containing alum becomes old, a precipitation of the alum is liable to occur, and this gives the negative a mottled appearance.

Pinholes in negatives—These are generally caused by dust on the plates, or the use of old developer; or, it may be caused by air bubbles while developing.

Yellow colored negatives—This is not a particularly bad defect, unless the negatives are very yellow. It is caused by not using enough sulphite of soda in the developer, or the article may be old and decomposed.

Yellow stains—Old hypo, which has assumed a dark color, will sometimes cause this. At other times it is caused by impure chemicals. The cure is obvious.

Answers to Correspondents.

Charles Holmes.—Instructions in mounting will be given before long. A good picture is often spoiled by a bad mount.

Earl K. Shorett—Your plates turned "rusty" because they were not washed sufficiently after being "fixed." All the hypo was not washed out of them.

Willie Nelson.—Red will photograph black, or very dark, and blue will be pretty light, even when the blue to the eye looks quite dark.

Ben M. Washburn.—The same kind of developer may be used for snap shots as for time pictures; only it wants to be diluted. To three ounces of the normal developer add an ounce of distilled water.

Charles Westingway—You can sometimes save over-exposed plates by having your developer almost ice cold. That makes the development come very slowly.

An English concern has prepared for the market tablets of persulphate of ammonia. Dissolve one of these in an ounce of water, and the reducing solution is ready.

Photographs for Half Tones.

It has often been asked: "What kind of a photograph makes the best half tone?" A short answer is: One with plenty of detail, yet with contrasts, printed on a smooth paper and toned black.

The reason why a smooth paper is needed is that otherwise the reflection from a rough surfaced print scatters the light while it is being photographed for the half tone. The resulting negative has a mottled appearance, plainly seen under the magnifying glass, preventing the plate being as clear as desired.

But perhaps the reader does not know how half tones are made. The process is not so very complicated. First the photograph from which the half tone is to be made is set up in front of the camera, tacked to a board, and a couple of strong electric lights are turned on it.

Some Excellent Pictures.

A set of photographs of Florida scenes, taken by Wm. C. Conrad, of Massillon, Ohio, are especially worthy of mention. They are of more than usual interest and excellence, and show careful work and good judgment.



"HOLDING ON TO THE AMERICAN BOY—A GOOD THING." Second Prize Photo, by Joe Stone, Buffalo, N. Y.

Photographic Pointers.

When the dark room is a hot box, it can be made several degrees cooler by hanging some wet cloths around on nails or strings.

Sometimes a thin negative can be made a fine printer by covering the glass side with blue aniline dye, but it should be put on very evenly.

A pyro-developed plate can be stripped of its negative by soaking it for a few minutes in a strong solution of bicarbonate of soda, and then transferred without washing to a weak acid solution.

Yellow Stained Negatives.

The Professional Pointer gives the following formula for treating yellow stained negatives: Sulphate of iron, 3 oz.; sulphuric acid, 1 oz.; alum powdered, 1 oz.; water, 20 oz.



THE PALMETTO'S FIRST BLOSSOMS—FLORIDA PICKANINNIES. First Prize Photograph, by Wm. C. Conrad, Massillon, O.

A Very Important Question.

Allow me to ask THE AMERICAN BOY how to finish a picture, from developing to mounting. D. B. M.

My dear boy, that is just what this department is doing every month, but the subject is too big for one issue. Volumes have been written on the art of developing, printing, toning and mounting, and it has not yet been exhausted.

Read this department for a year, and if anything has been missed during that time, let us know. As the cool weather advances, and picture-taking becomes less active, the most improved methods of printing will be taken up, and that, with mounting, which can be followed without the aid of sunlight, will be fully exploited.

Getting Ready for the Fall Exhibits.

Now is the time to make a careful selection of your summer's work for the various exhibits being held throughout the country, paying the most attention to your home club. If there is one in your vicinity, every camera enthusiast certainly has a few negatives without a flaw.

Take these selections and give weighty consideration to the problem of printing and mounting. Will they look best on artisto platino, or platinum, or velox? Is rough or smooth paper required? Should the mounts be dark or light? It is on correct answers to such questions that the effective picture depends.

Some pictures are greatly improved by an appropriate frame; others are weakened. Some need to be covered with a

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER THE CAMERA is a Monthly Magazine, devoted exclusively to your wants. It is full of practical hints, told in plain language.

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IF! You want to START PRACTICAL IN BUSINESS as a be sure to write to FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Depl. A, Hackensack, N. J.

\$300.00 IN PRIZES FOR PRINTS Amateur Photographers Read Western Camera Notes and Enter Monthly Competitions open to all subscribers.

AGENTS WANTED in every locality. MAKE BIG MONEY. STAR PHOTO-BUTTON & COPYING CO., 824 E. 43rd St., Chicago, Ill.

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Something About Bantams.

HARRY UNGERER.

I am often asked, "Do bantams pay?" In answer I say, "They certainly do when properly handled." They consume but a small amount of food and require but small space, so here is economy to start with. There is no other fowl out of the raising of which one can get more pleasure. My advice to beginners is, purchase the "American Standard of Perfection," which costs one dollar. Read it thoroughly, and if you are not interested in the little members of the feathered tribe you are not a true lover of animals. You will perhaps be bothered to know what variety to take up with. Attend the next poultry show or county or state fair in your vicinity, and there, by examination of the varieties on exhibition, you can make your selection according to your taste. Do not take up more than one breed as a starter. After a few years, if you find you are successful, add others. Do not hide the results of your labor under a bushel, but trot out

Commander Winslow is inclined to doubt the accuracy of this statement, as there is no palace at Shanghai and Pekinese pugs are not seen that far south. He says he was in Tien Tsin for a year, and that it was nearly impossible for him to get a thoroughbred there, or even in Pekin. He further says that people are very easily deceived in regard to Pekinese pugs. "Well," says he, "my little fellow has added twenty three thousand miles to his travels since his picture appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY."

Hunting Rabbits With Hose.

A Western paper is responsible for the statement that boys hunt rabbits in Nebraska with the hose. They carry with them when hunting a coil of hose about an inch in diameter, which they run down a rabbit hole until the bottom is reached. They shout down the holes, and then draw the mouth of a sack over the hole. The rabbit comes out plump into the sack.



BANTAMS BRED BY A BOY OF FIFTEEN.

your fowls to the first nearby poultry show or fair, and do not get discouraged if you do not receive the blue ribbons at first. The knowledge you will gain by comparing your stock with those of older breeders will soon place you in a fair way to win prizes. If you are a true fancier and work hard you will always find a little cash to your credit besides considerable pleasure in the pursuit. The accompanying picture shows a pen of white Cochins bantams bred by a boy fifteen years old. A number of these bantams were first prize winners at some of the leading poultry shows.

The Hen and Her Eggs.

The common hen lays about five hundred or six hundred eggs in ten years. In the first year the number is only ten to twenty; in the second, third and fourth one hundred to one hundred and thirty five each, whence it again diminishes to ten in the last year.

Li Hung Chang, Pug.

In our May number we gave a picture of Li Hung Chang, the Pekinese pug belonging to Commander Winslow of the United States Steamship "Solace." Our readers may be interested in knowing that about the middle of September, Commander Winslow returned from China, and at once on seeing the number of THE AMERICAN BOY containing the picture, wrote to the editor saying that he had received a letter from a lady in Ohio who had seen the picture, in which she made the statement that she had a Pekinese pug whose ancestors lived in the Imperial Palace at Shanghai. Com-

Squirrels and a Squirrel Hunt.

CHAS. W. HAWKINS.

There are six different kinds of squirrels known to hunters of this little animal. The fox squirrel is the largest. He is called fox squirrel because of his cunning, large size and yellow hair on underside of body and tail, thus resembling a fox in habit and color. He is really the king of the squirrel family; his kind is not now and never has been numerous.

Gray squirrels are quite plentiful. They are also known by this name because of their color. In size they become nearly as large as the fox squirrel. The black squirrel belongs in the same class with the gray squirrel and is different only in color.

The next in order is the red squirrel, which is distinguished from other members of this forest family by its color and size. It never assumes the same proportions as does the fox, black or gray squirrel. Red squirrels are very numerous and multiply much faster than any other variety.

A flying squirrel is quite a curiosity. It is almost like the red squirrel in appearance, although not quite so red, having two streaks of white running lengthwise of its back. Its greatest diversity is the fact that it is endowed with a little more skin than any of the other species, which is so arranged that by stretching its four legs out directly from its body the skin forms into sort of wings, enabling it to fly from one tree to another. This squirrel is very scarce.

Lastly, we have what is familiarly known to hunters as the chipmunk. It gets this name because of the chipping sound it emits from its throat when dis-

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turbed. He is not very cunning, nor is he easily scared. He is very small—not larger than a half-grown rat.

All the species mentioned are inhabitants of the forests and are found principally in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, and other states of the Union, where nut-producing timber is plentiful, from which they secure their food.

The hollow tree serves for its home, summer and winter, although the chipmunk does not, as a rule, live in hollow trees that are standing, but takes up its abode in trees which have fallen to the ground. They often burrow in the ground and live there.

Hickory nuts, beech nuts, walnuts, butternuts and berries comprise the squirrel's bill of fare. In the autumn, if one were to go into the forest where any of the trees bearing the nuts mentioned

Since the modern shotgun has come into existence these animals can be much more easily bagged; consequently they are usually hunted in this manner.

With the aid of a shotgun the hunter who has been born and reared in the country, near the forests, is generally better equipped to bag these little animals than any one else. It requires a constant watching of their habits and ways to hunt them successfully. One must live among them, as it were, in order to study them closely.

The fox squirrel is very "foxy" indeed. It will climb a tree and crouch down on the top of some large branch, directly opposite where the hunter may be standing. As the hunter moves around the tree to get a good view of him "his majestic shyness" will quickly move on around also, constantly keeping the limb of the tree between himself and the hunter. Therefore, one has to be strategic in his movements in order to get a shot at this squirrel.

No doubt the best time to hunt the squirrel is during the months of October and November. Then the leaves have nearly all fallen from the trees and squirrels can easily be seen from a distance if in them. The hunter should start out directly after rain has fallen, as, when dry, the leaves make considerable noise in being tramped upon.

It was in the autumn, after a slight shower, that a young hunter who lived in Northern Ohio, started out one afternoon to bag some gray squirrels which he knew to be quite numerous in a certain piece of wood, not far from his home.

This hunter was armed with a double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun, one known as a number twelve bore, and which would carry number six shot very closely for a considerable distance.

With plenty of ammunition in his pockets and gun loaded, he approached the wood very stealthily; then walking slowly and quietly some distance into the interior he stopped and stood perfectly still, looking around on all sides, now and then gazing into the tree-tops. After a few minutes had passed he espied

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"HOW D'YOU S'POSE THE SQUIRRELS DO?"
(Photograph by A. J. Swanson, Faribault, Minn.)

were growing, and should stand under one for some little time he could hear the nuts dropping here and there. Upon investigation he would find the squirrels cutting them off with their teeth so they could drop to the ground. When this frisky animal has accumulated a large number of nuts on the ground he goes down and gathers them into heaps under or near some fallen trees and covers them up with leaves and shucks, to be uncovered when winter comes.

A great deal of sport is enjoyed in hunting and killing squirrels. They are a cunning, crafty animal and one must employ strategic measures in order to get near enough to do execution with a firearm. Years ago the rifle was the only weapon used in their destruction, and many interesting "yarns" have been "spun" by early settlers when relating their experience in shooting squirrels.

a large gray squirrel perched upon a log about twenty rods from where he was standing, but too far away for a successful shot. Moving slowly to one side until a large oak tree, which stood about half-way between the squirrel and the spot where the hunter was standing, shut him from the squirrel's view, the hunter began to move in that direction, at the same time making as little noise as possible and using every advantage to keep out of sight.

After taking a few steps the hunter would stop, peer around the tree and locate the squirrel, who, probably scenting danger in the air, began to make quick motions towards a large beach, which he proceeded to climb at a very rapid rate, reaching its top in short order. After passing the oak and observing the squirrel in the top of the tree, making ready to spring to the limbs of another tree, in which its nest was undoubtedly located, the hunter hastened his steps into a sharp run, bringing himself directly under the tree in which the squirrel had taken refuge. By this time the squirrel had reached the extreme end of the limb and was in the act of leaping into the branches of another tree near by.

The exciting moment had arrived. It was a time when a cool head and a steady nerve were in demand.

The hunter brought his gun to his shoulder, and, taking aim a little ahead of the jumping squirrel, pulled the trigger.

Bang!
There was a loud report. When the smoke had cleared away the squirrel was seen coming toward the ground at a terrific speed, turning over and over on the way down. Striking the ground, he quickly regained his feet and scampered

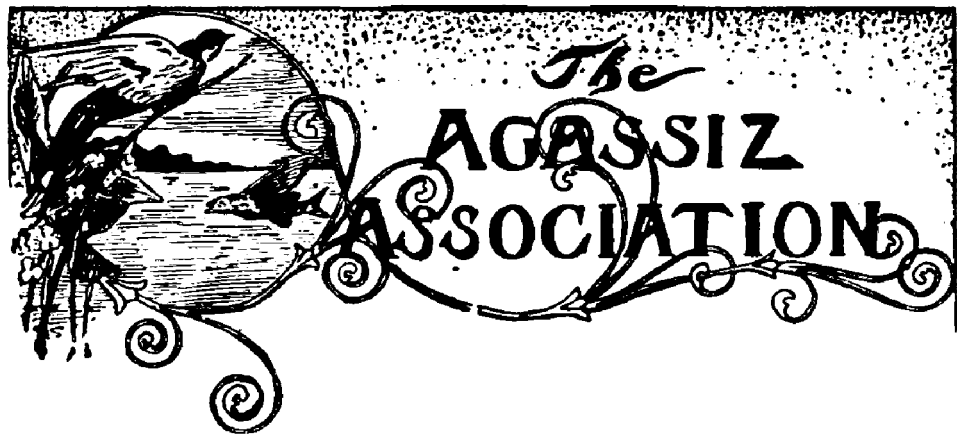
for the tree somewhat under difficulties, as it was very evident he had been wounded, and began ascending the tree in a winding fashion.

The hunter was not to be so easily outdone. When the squirrel appeared on that side of the tree nearest him he promptly sent the remaining charge of the other barrel after him, which brought the would-be-escaped to the ground, not to go up again. He was bagged.

The hunter promptly loaded his gun, and, after picking up his game, started off in the direction from whence he heard the bark of another of the gray squirrel family, who had probably been aroused from his midday meal by the reports of the gun a short time before and discovered that danger was near. It was not long before the hunter was within gunshot range, although he had to dodge behind trees and logs on his way there and use the same tactics he had used before. One well-directed shot was sufficient to bag the second squirrel.

This seemed to stir up more and more of them, and soon squirrels could be seen in all directions, gray ones, red ones, and even the little chipmunk added his chipper to the excitement of the others, but this young hunter did not desire to waste his ammunition on so small game as red squirrels or chipmunks. His ambition was bent towards capturing larger game than they would prove to be. Consequently, on this occasion, his whole attention was given to bagging large ones.

Six shots were fired by him that afternoon, during the hour and a half in which he was in the wood, resulting in his bagging three large gray beauties. It is almost needless to add that he felt somewhat proud of his successful adventure.



THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member.
All correspondence for this department should be sent to Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass. Long articles cannot be used.
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Hints on the Study of Insects.

Many of the boys who have joined the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION in response to the invitation of THE AMERICAN BOY have evinced a particular interest in insects. Many letters show that there is a general difficulty in the path of our young friends in properly classifying and naming their specimens, and not a few have asked us to give some simple hints to help them get a clearer understanding of the insect world.

far the greater number of all the living creatures upon this earth are insects. It is a multitude no man can number. The task of reducing the myriad tribes of flying and creeping and crawling things to order, and learning their names, and life-histories, and habits, seems at first impossible. Yet so long and patiently have these little animals (O, yes—insects are animals!), been studied by scientific men, that it is really a simple matter to get a clear notion in a general way of the entire branch of the animal kingdom, known as Arthropoda (Ar-throp-o-da). This great division in-

cludes not only insects proper, but also their near relations, the spiders, centipedes, lobsters, etc.

The young student should procure at the outset a good manual, and we recommend Comstock's Manual for the Study of Insects, published by the Comstock Publishing Co., of Ithaca, N. Y., of which we shall make free use in our further explanations.

The study of the forms of animal life in its broadest form, with special reference to their proper classification, is called zoology.
Classification is the process of dividing confused masses into smaller groups whose members shall be closely related to one another through well-marked resemblances, or putting similar animals into separate classes.

It has also been learned that there is a real blood relationship between the different kinds of animals. This is called the Natural Classification.

The animal kingdom is made up of individuals, each the offspring of parents like itself, and each in turn producing similar offspring; offspring never exactly like either parent, but in a single generation varying but slightly. Thus there are large numbers of individuals which closely resemble one another. Such a group of individuals is called a Species. The name sparrow hawk indicates a species of hawk; and pigeon hawk another species.

Roughly speaking, a species is a group of individuals which are as much like one another as the offspring of the same parents.

Again, it is found that there are groups of closely allied species, resembling one another somewhat as cousins do. Such a group of species is termed a Genus.
Thus,—to take an illustration from the vegetable kingdom,—all the different species of pine trees, such as pitch pine, scrub pine, etc., taken together constitute the genus pine, or as the botanists term it, Pinus.

The several species of hawks and falcons are classed together by zoologists as the genus Falco.

Kindred genera, again, are grouped into families. Falcons, hawks, kites, and eagles are classed together as the Falcon Family (Falconidae).

Closely related families are grouped into

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orders. The Owl family, the Falcon family and the Vulture family constitute the Order Raptores, or Birds of Prey.

Closely allied orders are grouped into classes. Thus, all the orders of birds taken together form the Class Aves, or Birds.

Finally the classes are grouped into branches.

It is found that animals in general are built on several distinct structural plans. All animals built on the same plan are included in the same branch. The backboneed animals constitute the Branch Vertebrata; the clams, oysters, snails, cuttlefish, and other soft-bodied, skeletonless animals form the Branch Mollusca; the insects, spiders, etc., as we have said before, constitute the Branch Arthropoda, etc.

All these branches together constitute the Animal Kingdom, and the three Kingdoms, Animal, Vegetable and Mineral, constitute the entire material world.

The limits of all these different groups cannot be precisely defined, yet each is sufficiently definite to be of service to the student, and the longer he studies the more accurate his understanding of each becomes. We now set these groups in the form of a table, beginning with the highest, and this table may well be learned:

Branch or sub-kingdom.
Class.
Order.
Family.
Genus.
Species.

ARTHROPODA.

If an insect, spider, scorpion, centipede, or lobster be examined, the body is seen to be composed of rings or segments, and some of these segments bear jointed legs. This structure is clearly shown in the accompanying cut of the curious insect known as the Walking Stick.

Worms are distinguished from Arthropods by the absence of legs.

Many animals popularly called worms, as the tomato worm, apple worm, etc., are evidently not worms at all, as they have legs. They are the larvae, or immature forms of insects; and an illustration is shown in Fig. 2. The larvae of moths and butterflies may properly be called caterpillars, but not worms.

The Branch Arthropoda is divided into four main classes: Crustacea, (lobsters, shrimps, crabs, etc.); Arachnida, (spiders); Myriapoda (centipedes, etc.); and Hexapoda, (insects). We pass directly to the last class.

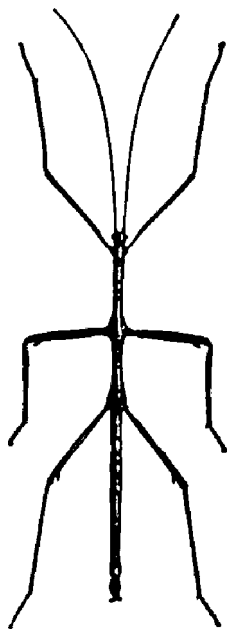


Fig 1. "The Walking Stick."



Fig 2. Caterpillar.

HEXAPODA (HEX-AP-O-DA.)

THE INSECTS.

Insects are Arthropoda, with distinct head, thorax, and abdomen. They have one pair of antennae, three pairs of legs, and usually, in the adult stage, one or two pairs of wings.

This definition should be carefully learned. It is well illustrated in Fig. 3. Notice, first, the three distinct parts of the body, the head, the thorax (that part to which the wings and legs are attached), and the abdomen. The two "feelers" growing out from the head are called antennae; one of them is an antenna. Note the three pairs of legs, and the two pairs of wings. Some insects, house-flies for example, have only one pair of wings, and some have none.

We hope that we have now made clear what an insect is, and the place it holds among the various groups of the animal kingdom. In following papers we shall take up some of the more interesting features of the Hexapods, or six-footed creatures, and learn the different orders into which this class is subdivided.

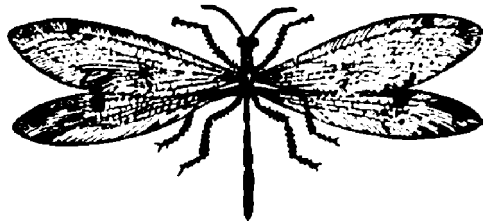


Fig. 3. Hexapod.

TREES AND LIGHTNING.

The German government has been making systematic inquiry into the subject of lightning-struck trees. Overseers of nine forestry stations, scattered throughout an area of 250,000 acres in the district of Lippe, have made a thorough investigation of the forests in that locality. They report that the oak is the most susceptible to lightning. The beech is the most seldom struck, and next in exemption comes the pine. In that

locality the forests are composed of trees in the following proportion: Beech, 70 per cent; oak, 11 per cent; pine, 13 per cent; fir, 6 per cent. There have been 275 trees struck in this acreage within three years. Examination shows this to be the ratio: Fifty-eight per cent oaks, 21 per cent firs, 3 per cent pine, 7 per cent beech.

[We offer a badge of the Agassiz Association to every reader who will send us an account of lightning striking a tree. The name of the tree should be given, and as full details as possible.—Ed.]

QUEER TREES.

Louis H. McBain, of Grand Rapids, Mich., sends the following picture (Fig. 4). He says:

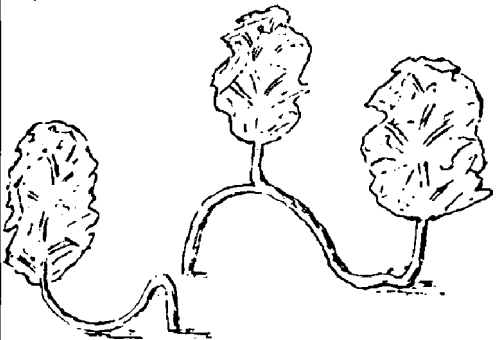


Fig. 4. Freak Trees, as drawn by Louis McBain.

"Back of our summer cottage are two queer cedar trees. When they were young an old tree fell upon them, bent them to the ground, and held them there until they had grown as you see in the picture."

[Can any one send a picture of any (trees as strange? Photographs preferred.—a badge for each. Ed.]

NIGHT HAWKS.

The common night hawk is about eight or nine inches long. Gray, brown, and black may be found on the same feather. The general color is brown, like the dead limb of a tree. A little more than halfway from the base of the wing to the tip is a white streak about three-fourths of an inch in width. The food of the night hawk consists of insects, which it catches on the wing. It flies only in the evening and at night. In the daytime it sits on some dead limb, and looks so nearly like a knot that few would notice the difference. HARRY CLARK, Maple Park, Ill.

HIGH FROGS.

Big Pine, Cal., Aug. 9, 1900.

President of the Agassiz Association:

Dear Sir—I notice at an elevation of about twelve thousand feet, on the east slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, that the lakes at the foot of the glaciers, and above the timber line, have thousands of frogs; not very large ones, but dark in color. One of the lakes is called Frog Lake because it has so many frogs in it. Now I want to ask some of the older naturalists how they get there. The mountain passes are 13,000 feet, and it freezes every night, even in this month. To the south is 200 miles of waterless desert, to the east in Nevada are numerous chains of barren mountains. (I can count five ranges from the lakes); and to the north is nearly two hundred miles of volcanic rock almost impassable for men. Every direction it seems impossible for a frog to go unless he carries his canteen and blankets as we do. My papa is a civil engineer. He says the lake is in latitude 37° 12' N. and longitude 118° 20' W. JOHN W. DIXON.

A STRONTIAN CAVE.

Put-in-Bay Island is one of a group in Lake Erie, midway between Detroit and Cleveland. It abounds in minerals. It is chiefly underlaid with limestone, in which are many small caves. In these caves the water of the lake forms numerous clear pools. Mr. Gustav Heinemann bought a portion of this island, including a well which had been drilled to the level of the lake, and a bed of strontianite, partially worked. On examining this well, Mr. Heinemann determined to enlarge it, and in doing so, broke through into a wonderful circular cavern, walled and overhung with great blue-white crystals of the rare mineral. He has now fitted this grotto and the passages leading to it with electric lights, so that it glitters and sparkles like a fairy palace. It is believed that other caves are waiting discovery here, and the whole region invites the exploration of scientific men. [Some of our American boys must know of interesting caves. Why not earn a card of membership and badge of the Agassiz Association by telling us about them, and sending a flash-light photograph of the interior?]

VIVID DESCRIPTION OF CALIFORNIAN ANIMALS.

Rosedale, Kern Co., Cal., Aug. 16, 1900.

Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, President A. A.:

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find Wells-Fargo express money order for seventy five cents, for which please send me a copy of "Three Kingdoms," a Handbook of the Agassiz Association.

I am writing for my son, as he is at present absent in vacation, and is anxious to have the book on his return.

We are living some forty miles due south of Tulare Lake, in the San Joaquin valley, where there are many excellent opportunities to make observations in natural history. The country being still thinly settled, the wild animals are only partly exterminated. Here and there the "grizzly" is still

found in the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range. During the dry seasons it occasionally happens that that animal known by the many names of panther, cougar, catamount, mountain lion, puma, or California lion, comes down into the valleys in search of water, and then the herds of the ranchers have to suffer. The prairie wolf (coyote) is both in the mountains and valleys in distressing numbers. A species of badger is found on the prairies, and also a large wildcat. The hares can be seen by the hundreds and are a great nuisance, especially as they cannot be used for food in this section, owing to a skin disease which some of them have, probably caused by the excessive heat and lack of water. The gopher is also found here, and a kind of a kangaroo rat, with two strong hind legs, hopping in preference to running. Among the reptiles we have several kinds of lizards, also an animal erroneously called the "horned toad," although it is more of a lizard, yet it differs much from the lizard, too; a most curious animal. The rattlesnake fortunately is becoming scarce. The irrigating of the farmers drowns them, yet in unbroken land you have to be careful. There are many other varieties of snakes, some of which may be poisonous, but a snake without a rattle is not very seriously thought of by the people here. The gopher snake is numerous. This is a most useful and harmless snake. It kills the rats, lizards and gophers, and is neither poisonous nor disposed to fight, and it is a pity that the animal cannot be preserved. But it is a snake, and is therefore killed together with all other snakes. This snake is very large, sometimes over seven feet long, and therefore often is an imaginary terror to the average tourist from the east, who does not know the animal. The scorpion, centipede, and tarantula are rapidly disappearing here through irrigation. There is a glossy-colored blue-black spider, however, whose bite, if neglected, may become fatal. This is really the most dangerous animal, because it is found so near to men. It spins its webs in woodsheds, stables, abandoned rooms, etc., and it is necessary to be constantly on the lookout and to use the broom freely in sweeping out the corners.

There is also a sort of a bee with an indigo blue body and ochre brown translucent wings, the body sometimes two inches long. This bee, it is claimed, kills the tarantula. Whether true or not I do not know. With all these animals, however, life here is by no means any more endangered on account of them than anywhere else, after the habits of ordinary care are acquired. Among the birds we occasionally find a stray eagle from the mountains, the various varieties of hawks and owls, white and blue cranes, the bittern, wild ducks and geese, a species of gull on Tulare and Buena Vista Lakes; the bald-headed buzzard is very numerous and useful in cleaning away dead animals, and is protected by law. Then we have many mocking birds, the meadow lark, the butcher bird, the bee martin, the oriole, the wild dove, the California quail and many others. Also the road runner, a most beautiful bird of the size of a pheasant, which, it is claimed, can run as fast as a horse but cannot fly. Thus you see what a splendid opportunity a boy has in this section to make observations, and I trust that my boy, when under the direction of your book, may make good use of this opportunity. F. W. W.

NOTES OF PERSONAL OBSERVATION.

- 25. ENGLISH SPARROWS.—We fed the sparrows brown bread and white bread. They like white bread best. I enjoyed having them come to our window and pick the crumbs we gave them. They are brown and plump, but no songsters. They are lots of company on a cold day. FRED LITTLEFIELD (age 10), Haverhill, Mass.
- 26. FLYING SQUIRREL.—The flying squirrel is about the size of a very young kitten. It has about two inches of skin on each side, and is of a mouse color. MYRON W. RIGHTMIRE, Fairmount, W. Va.
- 27. WHITE SPARROW.—While at work the other day in the Draper Co. works, a friend called my attention to a white sparrow, which was on a fence near by. EDWARD DRISCOLL, Mendon, Mass.
- 28. TARANTULA.—I have a large tarantula, given me by a friend. Its eight legs, or, to be accurate, seven, for one is gone,—are covered with black hairs. Its body, which is about an inch long, is covered

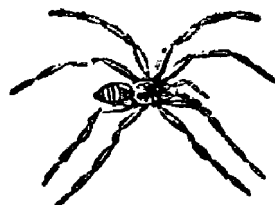


Fig. 5. Tarantula.

with brown hairs. The head, which seems to be of a light brown, horny substance, has two feelers with very sharp red claws on them. The legs are about an inch and a quarter in length. This is the largest one I have seen. When caught it was all doubled up in a ball, as if about to spring, which they can do, to a height of from five to six feet, and they always seem to jump at the face when angry. ROY GASKILL, Little Rock, Ark.

29. SIREN, or WATER LIZARD.—Please find enclosed a sketch of a water-lizard, the like of which I never saw before. It is about four inches long. The upper part of the body is lead color, belly white, and tall yellow. It has a red fringe, resembling small feathers, about a quarter of an inch long, around the upper part of its neck. I drew it up from the well. I should like to know what kind of water-lizard it is. STANLEY HENDERSON, Bentonville, Ark.

[We cannot determine from the imperfect sketch the exact species. It seems, however, not to be a lizard, but one of the sirenidae, or possibly an urodelian. We



Fig. 6. Siren.

give a picture of one of the sirens (Fig. 6), Necturus Maculatus, so that Stanley may see whether this is like what he has found or not. Ed.]

REPORT OF CHAPTER 591, HYDE PARK, MASS.

(A). The Barton Chapter has reorganized on new lines. The chief changes are the limitation of the number of active members, the formation of an associate membership, for which the only requirement, besides the payment of the annual fee, is a love for nature.

Our active membership is now full, and we have several associate members. Our work this spring has been in the form of weekly and holiday outings, and although several Saturdays have been very cold and cloudy, we have omitted but one trip, when it really rained very hard. The list is as follows:

- April 19—Lexington, where we were delightfully entertained at the Dana home-stead, over one hundred years old.
- April 21—The Japanese green houses in Dorchester.
- April 28—Crescent or Revere Beach, where we collected algae, desmarestia, punctaria, laminaria, euthora, delesseria, polysiphonia, ulva, chorda, etc.
- May 5—The Fells Reservation; hepatica and other early wild flowers.
- May 12—Clifton—"Dogtooth violets," "Jack-in-the-pulpits" and algae. We found great quantities of euthora and others fruited.
- May 19—We planned to have supper on Chickatabut Hill and watch the sunset, but it rained too hard for anyone to think of starting.
- May 26—We collected spiders (and wild flowers) in the Stony Brook Reservation.
- May 30—We go to Needham.
- June 2—Hemlock Pool, Fells Reservation.
- June 9—Nahant. Low sea life and algae.
- June 15-18—Woods Hull, with the party from the Teachers' School of Science; also an electric ride through Lexington and Concord. So you see we are busy.
- One of our members was with one of the parties viewing the eclipse in the south. Very sincerely, (Miss) M. E. CHERRINGTON, Secretary.
- Reports of the Ninth Century, Chapters 84-900, should reach the President by Nov. 1.

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BOYS IN GAMES and SPORT

Some Hints on Football.

HORACE BUTTERWORTH.

You have probably heard your mother say more than once that "a stitch in time saves nine," when she has noticed a little rip in your coat, and have seen her take that stitch immediately. Upon the same principle, a few words of advice regarding football should be given boys every year at the beginning of the season.

The best way to avoid injuries is to protect yourself as thoroughly as possible. In addition to the padding which all football trousers have, you should sew a good sized sponge into the seat, so as to protect the end of your spinal column when you are tackled and thrown backward. You should have padding sewed on to your jersey, so as to cover the collar bone and shoulder joints. Many bad accidents occur to these parts, which could be avoided. These suggestions are in addition to the usual ear and nose guards, and head protectors for the men who do a great deal of line bucking. Protect yourself thoroughly before beginning any practice. It is well to wear ankle braces, either of webbing or leather whenever you practice or play a game. This extra stiffness will often save you a sprained ankle from some quick turn or roughness in the ground.

The word "training" is something to conjure with to most boys. Training simply means that you should be careful to do only those things which will make you a good strong boy. In the matter of eating it has been found by experience that for rough, vigorous exercises in the bracing air of autumn a diet composed more largely of meat, beef and mutton, than you ordinarily get is helpful for strength and endurance. Such articles as give you a touch of indigestion, or such as have very little nutritive value—those things which just taste good or act as filling, like cabbage, pie, etc., are to be avoided. But this care about your food should not be a matter which you think of only when you are trying to excel in some athletic event. It should be a part of your daily life always. "Breaking training" is a "bad hoodoo." It has come to mean an indulgence in smoking, drinking beer, and worse things, none of which any boy should be guilty of who wishes to be perfect physically and mentally and to enjoy to the very utmost the good things of life.

Among boys' teams, and often in college teams, too little attention is paid to the one who fills the position of quarter back. The experience of years has shown that it is for the best interests of all, as a rule, to have the quarter back run the team, whether he is captain or not. This makes him the general, and no matter how much of advice or instruction others may feel at liberty to give him before the game begins, after the kick-off he should be left to his own thoughts and his instructions carried out implicitly. This makes it a most necessary thing that the boy who fills this position should be a very quick thinker, a rapid observer and of good judgment, besides having the other and more usual qualifications for the position—the ability to handle the ball quickly on either side of his body without fumbling, be a good interferer, and be able to speak clearly. Generally speaking, the quarter back

gets little training except in passing the ball to the players, giving the signals and interfering. He should have as much or more practice off the field as on it. For instance, when the fellows are talking over matters, all kinds of possibilities should be suggested for the quarter back to solve. With the assistance of the others he will decide what is best to be done in such and such a supposed case. Have two or three of these thoroughly in mind, and then have the opposing team daily put itself into one of the supposed positions and let the quarter back put into practice the method of play which has been decided upon as best. Let this be done so frequently that when a similar case arises in a game his judgment will be formed, and he will act instantaneously. Judgment—good judgment—doing the right thing at the right time, is something which comes from practice. Have some new positions to try every day. If there is a large boy who has a good many of these qualities, and whom it is possible to spare from the line, it would be well to use him at quarter back on account of the advantage which his weight gives back of the line in defensive playing and in acting as an interferer. A good quarter back opposed to one of only medium ability can win every time.

In the early part of the season there should be daily practice in dodging and tackling. Tackling is best learned by practicing sliding, as though sliding to a base in playing base ball. You run, looking downward toward the spot where you intend to land, lean a little forward and throw yourself through the air on to your hands, forearms and chest, and in this position slide as far as possible. The fingers are raised so as to be doubled up, and sprained. Two thicknesses of gymnasium mats with something smooth for a cover is an excellent sliding place. This practice teaches you to keep the head down and your eyes about your opponents' hips when ready to tackle, and to throw yourself through the air. The latter will often enable you to stop a runner who is on his way to a sure touchdown.

In going through the line, everyone directly assisting in the play should push and pull and struggle until "down" has been called. A very successful method of gaining a little additional ground—sometimes a great deal of it—is to have two players turn after they have broken through and grab the man having the ball by his trousers and haul him along after he has been tackled. These should be strong fellows, of course.

A great deal more can be done in passing the ball than has been usual. It is customary in making a run to have interferers ahead and one or more men behind the runner. After the runner is tackled and thrown, there is frequent opportunity for him to pass the ball to the man who is following, and thus enable his side to gain much more than if he simply hung on to the ball and yelled "down." This requires lots of practice in throwing and catching, of course, but it will pay. The same thing can often be done immediately after the kick-off, if arranged beforehand. Have the player who catches the ball run toward one side of the field protected by nearly all of the opposing side in that direction, then, before they have closed in on him, have the man with the ball make a long throw toward the other side of the field to one of his own side, being careful not to make a "forward pass." This player, with one or two interferers, goes down with a comparatively clear field before him.

The amount of space is too limited to go into the details of particular plays, but these suggestions will show you that football is to be played with

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brains as well as muscles, and the things which can be done have by no means all been tried. If you know the ordinary plays, get on your thinking cap and conjure up some new ones. Don't get into the habit of thinking that because you have not access to the games of some of the colleges that it is impossible for you to be in the lead among your town schools or state schools. Make diagrams that you have never seen or heard of and try them. You will get some good things and a great many poor ones, but the good ones will more than repay you for the time spent on the poor ones.

How the Boy Caught His Fish.

I went fishing the other day for trout in a small country stream which I have always held sacred even from my closest friends of the rod. I had no luck, and was on my way home when I met a small boy with a long string of fine trout. His outfit would have caused a horse to laugh, but he had the fish, and I had none, so I did not feel like laughing myself. With my guying friends in mind, I struck a bargain with the urchin, paying him three prices, and went on my way rejoicing. Two days later I visited the same stream and had the same luck, not even hooking the big one that always gets away. Coming out I met the boy again, carrying another string of trout, and we struck another bargain.

"See here," said I, somewhat exasperated at his luck, "I'll give you fifty cents if you will tell me how you manage to get such a string of trout every day."

The boy held out for a dollar and got it. "It's jest this way," said he, "all the kids around here fish more or less and sometimes they catch one or two, and I go around and buy 'em up; then I sell 'em to some greeny that ain't had no luck. I ain't caught a fish myself this year. I ain't had time," he added, with a grin.

It is a great scheme, and I don't begrudge him the money that he made out of me.

Some Things You Can't Do.

You can't stand for five minutes without moving, if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it, that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands, that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

The Boys Got the Bears.

If the hunters of Patten, Me., ever have another chance to chase a bear from this side of Mount Katahdin to her death, they will tell the boys of it before they start out, and will allow those who wish to join in the sport free privilege of going along. For a fortnight an old she bear and her cubs have been hanging about the Patten side of the mountain, coming out at night to raid the sheep pens and piggeries of the farmers. The bears had been seen a dozen times. Two women, who had been out to watch with a sick neighbor, met a roadful of bears one morning about daylight and ran all the way to the village to tell the news, but they were so excited and out of breath that nobody believed what they said. A few days later, a boy going home from school was chased half a mile by two bears. The lad says that he won.

Things went on this way for sometime until so many reports had come in, that the doubting ones were forced to believe, after which a hunting party was organized and a plan of campaign was mapped out. It was agreed to get back of a beechnut grove, half way up the mountain, and come down on both sides so as to compel the bears to seek the open fields back of the village. Three men who were supposed to be the best shots in town were stationed back of a ledgy bluff called

Danding's Big Nob, to do the shooting in case the bears attempted to make a break for the valley. While the men were taking the positions to which they had been assigned, three boys of the village, feeling slighted and neglected by the men, took rifles and went up the mountain side on their own account. One was stationed in a grove on top of Handling's Big Nob, another hid away under the Little Nob, a bluff half a mile further up the mountain, and the third stood near a wood road, which led from the fields to the big grove of beeches. All three agreed to shoot as soon as the bears appeared and keep shooting as long as there was a bear in sight.

The strategy of the men soon drove the bears from the beeches, where they had been nosing about for beechnuts. They followed the wood road for half a mile and then, scenting the boy near the fields, turned off to the right in the direction of Little Nob. The boy ran along the edge of the woods and shot the old bear as she emerged. In attempting to eject the shell his rifle stuck, and the cubs escaped. Hearing a shot where they had stationed no sentinel, the men rushed through the woods and found the boy cutting the throat of the bear he had killed.

"Who shot that bear?" asked one of the men.

"I did," replied the boy. "Why?"
"You're a mean sneak," said the man. "We wanted that bear ourselves. We planned the hunt and made sure of getting him."

"And we've got him, see!" said the boy beginning to skin the game.

Meantime the boy who was lying behind Little Nob, hearing angry voices near the woods, looked up the side of the ledge in time to see a cub's head emerge above the ledge. He fired without taking aim, and as the body disappeared, he believed he had not hit the mark. As he had agreed to remain in hiding there was nothing to do but wait and watch. A minute later he saw the cub's head above the nob two rods further away. He was mad and excited and fired offhand, causing the cub to again withdraw behind the ledge.

"Shaw!" said the boy in disgust. "Two straight misses! I must be getting awfully rattled. If he shows himself again I'll take aim to kill!"

While he was talking to himself and blowing his luck, a cub had climbed over the ridge of the nob and stood in full view among the rocks not ten rods away. This time he made sure of his aim and dropped the young bear in its tracks. On going up to inspect his game he found two other dead cubs beyond the ridge. After the death of their mother the cubs had come across the nob in Indian file, and the boy had shot them as they came along.

Instead of congratulating the boys on having killed an old bear and three fat cubs, the men were very mad and made a solemn compact that no boy in Patten under twenty years of age shall carry a fire-arm to the woods. As the four bears were all shot beyond the timber belt the boys are not at all frightened.

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Dear Journal:—
One of the Boston teachers received this last week:

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I don't want Mary lerned any mor pysical torcher if I want her to jump I can lern her myself from
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The Beginner's Guide to Stamp Collecting.

FRED. J. MELVILLE.

Author of "Stamp Collecting," "The Stamps of Hayti," "A Postage Stamp Zoo," etc., and Editor of "The Young Stamp Collector" (London, England).

PHILATELIC FRAUDS AND HOW TO GUARD AGAINST THEM.

As in the cases of most hobbies, Stamp Collecting is by no means free from the wiles of the swindler. In a variety of ways are philatelists imposed upon. The chief of these is Forgery. Illegal facsimiles of rare or medium stamps are (alas!) too common, and the buyer will do well to restrict his purchases to those he can obtain from thoroughly reliable and established dealers. In cases of doubt as to the genuineness of a specimen it is desirable to consult an expert who will give an opinion on pay-

Collectors have also to guard against "faked" specimens. These are stamps of a common variety doctored up to represent rarities. For instance, in the case of the rare Indian 4 anna stamp of 1854, which was printed in two colors, a few specimens (about twenty altogether) exist with the center printed upside down. The ordinary copies are only worth 5 shillings, while those with the center inverted are worth nearly two hundred pounds. On several occasions collectors have been offered copies of the common variety, which have been doctored up by cutting out the center and replacing it in the inverted position. Thus the common stamp worth 5 shillings was faked up to represent the rarity worth £200.

The famous V. R. Black English, which is valued at over £10, has also been a subject for fakirs. An ordinary penny black stamp of 1840, worth fourpence, has been skillfully treated so that the little ornaments in the upper corners have been scraped away and the letters V. R. cunningly inserted in their places. A recent discovery made by Mr. Charles Nissen, a well-known expert, showed that common imperforate British stamps of 1841 had received the addition of a fraudulent



THE GENUINE SPECIMEN.



A FORGED COPY.

ment of a fee, which is usually half-a-crown, for a minimum of a dozen specimens. Many of the philatelic societies have experts who are prepared to give advice to members on payment of a smaller fee. The accompanying illustrations show an example of one of the most clever stamp forgeries ever perpetrated. The first picture shows a genuine specimen of the shilling green stamp of 1872, and the second one is a forged specimen. Although the fraud took place in 1872, it was only discovered after an interval of more than a quarter of a century, during which time the English Post Office was defrauded of many thousands of pounds. The differences are minute, except that the watermark (a spray of rose) is absent from the forgeries.

perforation which had allowed them to pass for a rarer variety of a later date, 1854-5. Bogus stamps have done no little harm to stamp collectors. These are issues that have been put forth by private speculators, and which purport to be postal labels, although they are really frauds. Instances of such stamps are the emissions of a Mr. Harden Hickey, who styled himself Prince James the First of Trinidad. This was not the British Colony of Trinidad, but a small uninhabited islet off the Brazilian coast, which of course had no use for stamps. The young collector is occasionally confronted by a set of labels which purports to be stamps of Sedang, and if he is not strong in his geography he may take it

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SCOTT'S CATALOGUE, 60th edition will be out in November, I am booking orders for it for 68c, postpaid, can't get your order? At the same time don't lose sight of the fact that I am still sending out those attractive books on approval at 50% commission, boys, be sure and send reference from your parents when applying, others send commercial reference. FRANK H. ELDRIDGE, Mansfield, Mass.

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STAMPS ALMOST GIVEN AWAY. Hawaii, 1894, 1c 2c 1894, 2c 2c 1894, 5c 2c 1894, 10c 9c 1894, 12c 12c Nicaragua, 1869, sets of 6, unused, 15c 1878, sets of 6, unused, 15c Roman States, sets of 14, 8c Samoa, sets of 8, 8c Postage extra. Fine stamps on approval against good references. ROBERT M. MITCHELL, - - Oradell, N. J.

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for granted that there is such a stamp-issuing country. But there is not, and the stamps are bogus. They were issued by an ex-officer of the French Navy, who when staying in Paris, adopted the title of King Marie the I. of the Sedangs.

Where to Find Stamps.

In the October number we said that in this number, we would tell you where many old and rare stamps could be found, and with which you could build up your collection until it became large and valuable at comparatively little expense. This is not a "Get Rich Quick" scheme, but simply tells you how you can build up your collection and accumulate a good many rare stamps.

In the first place, and the most essential of all, you must be persistent. Never let an opportunity go by to secure a stamp when you think you can get it by asking for it. It may be worth little, if anything, but the fact that you are a collector will soon become known among your friends and you will be surprised to see how many will save them for you, if they know you are an enthusiast.

While a great many valuable stamps have been found on old letters stored away in trunks and boxes, there are still many undiscovered ones packed away in some dark attic, which only wait for the earnest search of bright American boys to unearth them from their resting places.

"Well, now, how shall I begin?" you say. I presume you have been all through your own home, so that it is unnecessary to tell you to look there for old letters. The first government issue of United States stamps was in 1847. For a few years prior to this date, the postmasters in New York, Baltimore, St. Louis, Providence, New Haven, Brattleboro, Vermont, and some other cities issued stamps which were recognized by the Government. Most of these are very scarce and are rarely found, even on letters from these cities.

The five cent New York is the most common. The majority of letters mailed prior to 1851 have no stamps on them, the prepayment of postage being indicated by these words, so exasperating to the searcher for rare stamps, "Paid 5" or "Paid 10"; but if you come across a large bundle of letters written in the '40s, do not fail to examine every one, simply because they all seem to be marked paid, and with no stamps. Your patience may be rewarded with one stamp worth many days' labor. The writer went through a box containing about a thousand letters one afternoon, and only found five with stamps on, but these were catalogued at \$65.00. Years ago, people saved their letters more than they do now, and as envelopes did not come into general use until 1852, the letter was simply folded up, sealed with wax, and the stamp put on outside. Many elderly persons and old business houses have their letters of fifty years

ago filed away, and will, in many cases, if approached in the proper manner, grant you access to them. If this privilege is extended, do not abuse it in any way, but replace the letters exactly as you find them, after examining them and removing the stamps. If possible, however, secure the stamps on the original letter, as those prior to 1851 are worth more on the "cover" than off, and also the higher denominations of later years, that is, the 5, 10, 12, 15, 24, 30 and 90 cents. Letters of law firms and justices of the peace frequently contain these higher denominations of stamps.

One source which is generally prolific in old stamps is the files of business houses who were in existence during and prior to the Civil War. Here your search for postage stamps will not always be as well rewarded as that for revenues, as business firms did not, as a rule, save their envelopes; but the papers of any firm doing a large business in those years will often yield thousands of revenues. From 1862 to 1872, all notes, checks and drafts, express receipts, bills of lading and many other kinds of commercial paper were taxed the same as at present, this being one source of revenue for meeting the enormous expenses of the Civil War. The tax on checks and drafts was two cents, and as there were millions of these papers, most of the stamps on them are very common, hardly worth saving, but up to 1864 several varieties of two cent stamps were in use, which are now worth from 20 cents to a dollar apiece. The 2c Certificate, 2c Proprietary, and 2c Playing Card are all good in blue and orange. The 2c Express is also worth saving. All of the blue stamps of this denomination are found imperforate, and some of them are very valuable, but save them all. It is on notes that revenues are most abundant. Here are found the odd denominations, the 30 cent, 40 cent, 60 cent, 70 cent, \$1.30, \$1.90, etc. The tax on notes was five cents for every one hundred dollars or fraction thereof, so that a note for one thousand dollars would have fifty cents in stamps on it; two thousand dollars, one dollar; five thousand dollars, two dollars and a half, etc. Both checks and notes are generally tied up in packages, each month by itself, so that their examination is very easy. Express receipts, which are generally in book form, will often yield some of the scarcer of these denominations, particularly those dated in 1863.

The above are the principal commercial papers which were subject to stamp tax, though you will occasionally run across others, but a careful, systematic search through the files of most any large commercial house, which has preserved its papers since the War, will yield a good return for your trouble, provided no one has been there before you.

In the next number, we will tell you some other sources for finding old revenues, more certain, and even more prolific in stamps than the above.

60% commission on fine approval sheets. Banking reference required. August M. Berry & Co., Logan, Ia. TO REACH "THE AMERICAN BOY" WAR 3 and 6c, 4c; 1861, 1, 2 and 3c, 4c; Reves, 7 var., 4c; Haiti 6 and 7c, 5c. Postage extra. Sheets 50c. WHITE, Box 187, Lewiston, Me. 4 COINS 10c, 8 1/2c, 10 1/2c; 100 var. stamps 6c. 200 25c. 300 40c. 10 var. unused 10c. Post. extra, if order is less than 25c. No. Cal. Stamp Co. Santa Ana, Cal. OLD COINS Book giving highest prices paid for all kinds of coins sent for 10 cents. C. W. KING, BOX 281, ELYRIA, OHIO. Most Wise AMERICAN BOYS collect stamps. Do you? If not, better get in line! A Transval stamp free to applicants for approval sheets during November. W. F. PRICE, 84 Washington Ave., Newark, N. J. 10 old coins, 25c; 3 Liberty cents, 18c; hog cent, 12c; 5 rare old coins, 12c; 1793 Liberty cent, 5 rare stamps and price list, all for 10 cents. W. P. ARNOLD, Peacedale, R. I. OFFICIAL PREMIUM COIN CATALOGUE. Buying prices, complete list of all rare coins. American, gold, silver and copper. First Edition. Invaluable to bankers, brokers, storekeepers and others. Price 10c. A. A. ST. GERMAIN, Kankakee, Ill. FREE—An unused Siamese stamp to all who apply for my fine approval books. They contain only good unused and used stamps at 60% discount. No torn specimens. Send for a selection TODAY. You won't be sorry; they are the best approval books in the market, a trial will prove it to you. Ant. E. Bitar, 202 Broadway, New York.

10 FOREIGN COINS. 27c; 100 varieties stamps, many Oriental, 25c; Oregon bird points, 15c to 25c; \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00 Confederate bills, 5c each. Electrotypic copy of rare medal and 64 pp. catalogue of coins and curios, 12c. W. F. Greany, 858 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Cal. PACKET 139 Contains 30 scarce stamps from North Borneo, Labuan, New Foundland, Mexico, old U.S., etc., 25c PACKET 140 Contains 25 good stamps from Venezuela, Hong Kong, Columbia Republic, Uruguay, etc., 10c WANTED.—I want to buy collections, in fact any stamps you wish to dispose of. Enclose stamps when writing. AGENTS Wanted at 60% com. Write for trial selection. H. J. KLEINMAN, GERMANTOWN, Phila., Pa.

THE NUMISMATIST

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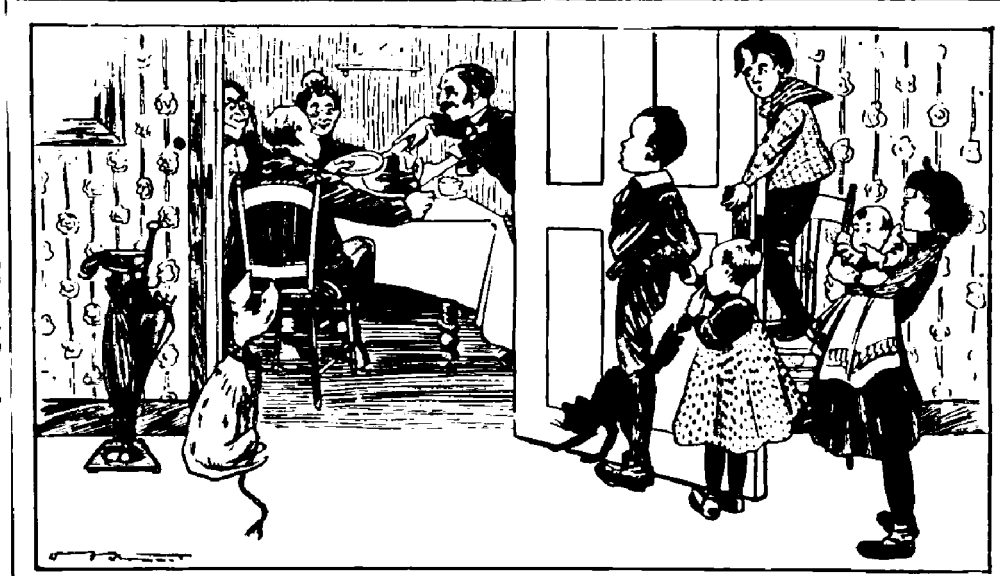
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THE "CRYING EVIL" OF THANKSGIVING DAY. Johnnie (thoroughly alarmed): "Say, the turkey's all gone, an' the stuff'n's all gone, an' the puddin's nearly all gone, and the deacon's a-kin' for more, an' then it'll be all gone. If they keep up this gait what'll be left for us!"



The Numismatic Sphinx.

Wm. Lumm, Newark, O.—1858 cent no premium.

Harland Blair, Plana, Ill.—A good 1812 half dollar is worth seventy five cents.

W. Raymond Evans, Yeadon, Pa.—See answer to J. M. Blanchard.

Samuel S. Rosenberg, New York—An 1835 dime is worth twenty five cents.

Arthur Bergantz, Phoenixville, Pa.—An 1821 dime, large date, in good condition, is worth thirty five cents.

Julius Milsolczik, Bridgeport, Mich.—The dealers charge \$2.50 for a silver dollar of 1872. 1849 cent is worth five cents.

A. B. —, Rolfe, Iowa—The dealers would charge you two dollars for a good 1860 silver dollar. The Philadelphia and New Orleans mint both coined them.

Frank Kirtley, S. Corey, W. Va.—Wants to know what we pay for a coin of 1778. The coin editor is not buying coins, and besides many coins in many metals were issued by many countries in 1778.

Alvin Bryan, Ruthven, Iowa—The quarter dollars of 1844 and 1873, without arrow points, sell for seventy five cents each. The latter date with arrow points, fifty cents; 1853 quarters with arrow points, no premium.

Lyman A. Wirl, Stillwater, N. Y.—Unless the half dollars of 1856, '58 and '59 are very fine there is no premium on them. An 1853 gold dollar is worth \$1.75. The U. S. issued no coins prior to 1793, so your cent of 1787 is likely one of the colonials.

Lawrence Giersenheimer, Washington, D. C.—Your rubbing is taken from a 4 escudo or 1/2 Dobra, a gold coin of Portugal, Joseph I., (1750-77) 1765. Its intrinsic value is \$8.65. So few collectors are interested in these larger gold coins that it would be difficult to place on it a numismatic value.

George Shull, Everett, Pa.—Asks "when coins of to-day were first made"? There has probably been no year since 650 B. C. (and perhaps earlier) when some country has not struck coins. We have said something regarding the earliest coinage in some of the earlier issues of THE AMERICAN BOY.

L. F. L., Amherstburg.—(1) There are three varieties of the 1799 dollar, viz., over 1798, five and six stars facing. If in good condition they are worth \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$2.50 respectively. (2) English sixpence 1825, George IV., (1820-30) is worth seventy five cents. This is much rarer than the varieties which follow 1826-29. (3) English farthing 1825 and U. S. cent 1855, five cents each.

J. J. McKallip, New Kensington, Pa.—Your silver coin that you call a "Colonial" is one of Spain, Charles III. (1759-88) 1781. A Spanish silver coin so poor that it cannot be read is worth only its weight in metal. The same may be said of all the common U. S. silver that is headed or mutilated. No premium on 1872 half dime. The mint mark on the dime up to 1861 is always found within the wreath on the reverse. After this date it is found just beneath the tie in the wreath.

Julian M. Blanchard, Hertford, N. C.—No premium on twenty cent piece of 1875. Ten cent piece of 1823 sells for fifty cents. Any of the gold dollars sell for from \$1.50 up. Twenty dollar gold pieces, unless uncirculated or fine, command no premium. The Columbian half dollars of 1892 and 1893 are held at seventy five cents each. The cents of 1817, 1818, 1822 and 1831, in good condition, are worth 15, 15, 25 and 30 cents each respectively. The English half penny of 1891, no premium.

J. A. Heartwell, Port Huron, Mich.—(1) 1814 dime, large date, forty cents. (2) Brass Canadian token, obverse head of King George IV., reverse harp and date 1830. There are several varieties of these, all very common. (3) A George III. token. There are also many varieties of these and few care to collect them on this side. You must be mistaken in date, "1701," as this king reigned 1760-1820. (4) A French clng (5) centimes Napoleon III., dated 1855, very common. (5) A half penny of Victoria 1850 first coinage, also very common. (6) "Ships, Colonies and Commerce," a Canadian token easily obtained, having been issued in great quantity for small change. (7) An English "hard times" half penny token of 1796. Thousands of varieties of these tokens were issued by the towns, cities and corporations and private parties in England during the latter part of the last century to meet the necessity of small change. (8) English half-farthing of 1847 is worth ten cents. (9) 1854 cent, five cents.

THE BOY CURIO COLLECTOR



What Some Boys are Collecting.

A number of boys at Cape Girardeau, Mo., have a hunting and athletic club. Within a few miles from Cape Girardeau these boys have discovered some old mounds in which they have found a collection of relics. The boys take much pride in their collection and are adding to it constantly. What is better, the boys are doing a great deal of reading about historic people and things, and the result is that in addition to their interesting collection they are acquiring some very valuable information. Their collection of arrowheads is very large, embracing nearly every conceivable shape and form. They have found stone axes, wedges, knives, etc., peculiar specimens of pottery, pipes and other articles too numerous to mention. The members of the club are Elmer List, Albert Huhn, Himer Hunze, Norman Moody and Alfred Vogt. One of the boys having seen the pictures of stone arrows in a recent number of THE AMERICAN BOY, suggested that the club select a number of their specimens and have them photographed for THE AMERICAN BOY. The picture accompanying this item shows only a part of the collection.

Are there any boys in America who have a better one?

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A few days ago I came across our friend, Oliver Optic's (William T. Adams) delightful book-series, "Young America Abroad: A Library of Travel and Adventure in Foreign Lands." "These would be excellent books for an American boy's mid-summer reading," I thought, and after a perusal of the initial volume, "Outward Bound," my thought was confirmed. The character which dominates the entire series is Mr. Lowington, a very wealthy, retired naval officer. The death of Mr. Lowington's wife and children leaves his luxurious home desolate, and growing tired of his idle, aimless life he longs for "old ocean." Being not only an energetic and practical man, but a philanthropist as well, Mr. Lowington determines to gratify his desire in a way that will benefit his fellow-men. Certain events attract the attention of the ex-officer to the distressing number of wealthy young men, who through their own folly, and the culpable indulgence of their parents, are sowing the seeds of future misery, and inevitable ruin. Mr. Lowington, therefore, determines to devote his means to the rescue of these foolish young fellows.

"By making honest, intelligent men of these boys I will enable them to use their wealth and influence for the benefit and uplifting of their fellow-men, and thus accomplish a double good," thought Mr. Lowington. Accordingly, this philanthropic gentleman, after a long and careful study of the matter, decides upon the following unique plan: He will purchase a large vessel, and equip it as a model naval academy where unruly young fellows can receive a thorough education, enjoy all the novelty and delights of constant travel in foreign lands and, at the same time, be rescued from the ruin toward which they are drifting, by means of kindly but strict discipline, plenty of physical exercise, and freedom from temptation and evil association. The academy-ship will be commanded, officered and manned exclusively by the students. The best instructors will be in charge of collegiate departments, and history and geography will be illustrated by actual visits to the countries and places under discussion. A handsome uniform will be worn by the crew. Mr. Lowington's unique plan meets with enthusiastic approval from the parents of idle, or unruly boys, and the novelties and constant adventures inseparable from such a school prove irresistible to the very individuals for whose benefit it is to be established. So in course of time, the academy-ship becomes an actuality. Students crowd in upon her until eighty seven young fellows answer to the daily roll-call, and after remaining in New York harbor long enough for its student-crew to master the art of navigation the school ship, which has been given the very appropriate name—"Young America"—lifts anchor, spreads her white sails and sails away to foreign lands.

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tage, or Young America in France and Switzerland," and "Down the Rhine, or Young America in Germany." While the second and last series is made up of the following delightful and interesting books: "A Trip Up the Baltic, or Young America in Norway, Sweden and Denmark"; "Northern Lands, or Young America in Russia and Prussia"; "Crown and Crescent, or Young America in Turkey and Greece"; "Sunny Shores, or Young America in Italy and Austria"; "Vine and Olive, or Young America in Spain and Portugal," and "Isles of the Sea."

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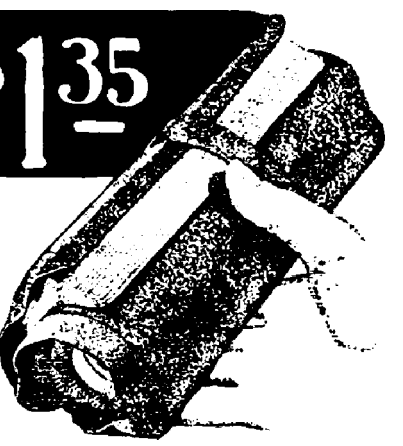
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OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Christmas number of THE AMERICAN BOY, which will go to the press on or about the 10th of November, gives promise of being a record breaker in every sense of the word. The advertising columns of the November number may be taken as an index of what we may expect in the way of advertising patronage for the Christmas month. In order to accommodate our pages to the increase in advertising for Christmas, we shall add some pages for that number. The exact number of copies of the December issue that will be printed has not yet been determined, but we guarantee not less than 50,000.

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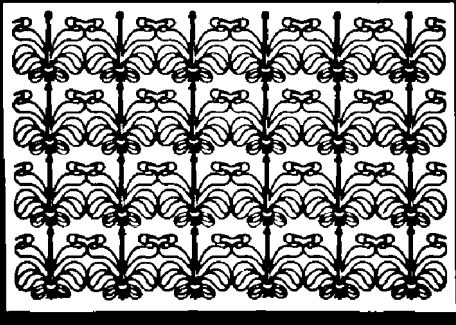
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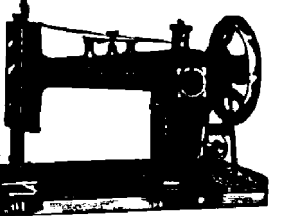
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 221 Remember the Poor Tramp. 1070 I felt it in the Dark. 1361 Fallen by the Wayside. 1524 A Girl in the World for us all.
 428 Answer to Gipsy's Warning. 1074 Ten Thousand Miles Away. 1374 The Fatal Wedding. 1540 A Hot Time in the Old Town.
 430 Boys keep away from Girls. 1107 Whistling Coon. 1380 The Little Lost Child. 1561 I love Her just the Same.
 432 I had but 50 cents. 1116 Johnston's Flood. 1392 I'll take you Home. 1562 The Mother of the Girl I Love.
 464 Drunkard's Dream. 1127 Three Leaves of Shamrock. 1397 The Pride of the Ball. 1566 Back to the only Girl I Love.
 468 Arkansas Traveller. 1197 Three Leaves of Shamrock. 1397 The Pride of the Ball. 1581 Doris the Village Maiden.

Any 10 Songs post paid for 10c; 20 for 25c; 50 for 40c; 100 for 75c. A beautiful finger ring and scarf pin FREE with every 75c order. Not less than 10 songs sold. Order by number. Stamps taken. **STANDARD PICTURE CO., 618 OHAMA BLDG., CHICAGO.**

Answers to October Puzzles.

- No. 75. Ben E. Diction. Ed I. Fy. Cy Clone. John Qull. Pat Tern. Al Luring. Roy A. List. Lew B. Lee (loobly).
- No. 76. T-one, on, o. Tone, ton, to. Marsh, Mars, mar, ma.
- No. 77. Wise to resolve and patient to perform.
- No. 78. Lincoln. Gladstone. McDonald. Harrison. Bismarck. Napoleon. Hawthorne. Wellington.
- No. 79. Cooper. Farmer. Tinner. Stevedore. Janitor.
- No. 80. Regal. Lager.
- No. 81. C-row. H-og. I-bex. N-ewt. A-pe-CHINA.
- No. 82. Steam. Stem.
- No. 83. P A R E A R T A R E A R T R E T A F A R R U S E A L A M E S S E T R A M A S H E N D
- No. 84. Cap-u-chin.

Award of Prizes.

- First mistake—Bartlett Dorr, Little Falls, N. Y.
- Second mistake—Warden Blair, 627 West Sixtieth street, Chicago.
- Longest list of mistakes—Clyde C. Swayne, 48 1/2 Bates street, Washington, D. C.
- Puzzle 75. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. Dakota.
- Puzzle 76. C. D. Martin, Spokane, Washington.
- Puzzle 77. Norman Davis, Christiana, Pa.
- Puzzle 78. Glenn Rhoades, Dana, Indiana.
- Puzzle 79. Warren Peters, Seco Poultry Yards, Sandersville, Ga.
- Puzzle 80. Delbert Beals, Alcester, S. Dakota.
- Puzzle 81. R. P. Hamburg, Prescott, Ark.
- Puzzle 82. Charles P. Taylor, 131 W. Twenty-sixth street, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Puzzle 83. Robert A. Jerauld, 8 S. Broadway, Peru, Ind.
- Puzzle 84. Milton S. Bouman, 1036 Broadway, Hannibal, Mo.

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

NEW PUZZLES.

No. 85. Acrostic.
A wise man, one of seven famed of old.
A fabled region, rich in gems and gold.
The largest state in Uncle Sam's domain.
The lower class of noblemen in Spain.
A fabled river of the world below.
A Hebrew measure, as, perhaps, you know.
The planet third in distance from the sun.
A proper synonym for sport and fun.
A fabled place of Darkness now behold.
A Persian governor's title, we are told.
A form of rain when it is very cold.
Initials give the Hebrew name of an ancient city of great renown.

J. CAL. WATKINS, Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

No. 86. Enigma.
My FIRST is a part of a wheel,
A projecting part, I ween.
My SECOND, a period of time,
The length remains to be seen.
If you have none already, you will confess
That you are anxious my WHOLE to possess.

No. 87. Anagram.

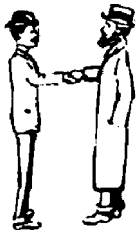
If I one evil habit have,
I know I must overcome it
By using all my whole.
I MEND ONE TRAIT must be my staff
If I would reach the summit
Of success, which is my goal.

No. 88. Rhomboid.

Across—A spear, a Northman, pertaining to dower, to place in proper position, danger, think much of, way.
Down—A letter, an article, to droop, a season's harvest, to stay, a frame for holding a picture, a dormouse, to plunge, a boy's nickname, thus, a letter.

No. 89. Rebus.

VISIT VISIT VISIT MAKE



No. 90. Hidden Cities.

- I saw Sally on Susan's doorstep.
- Come, Augusta, then Sophia will come.
- His name is Doolittle Rockman.
- Plato led others to conquer themselves.
- He that hath ague must take quinine.
- Emma conducted the class to-day.
- A burden very seldom grows lighter.
- The elevator on top of that hill is unsafe.
- There is a beautiful lilac on Cordella's terrace.
- Thou lovest royalty and loyalty.

No. 91. Metagram.

I am a color; change my head and I am successively—full size, a wreath, a scowl, to inundate.

No. 92. Hour-Glass.

Weak, haughty, an insect, a letter, a utensil, a heathen, a whole number.

The Stamp Prizes.

The three boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions during the past thirty days are, in their order: J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Donald Annis, Detroit, Mich.; Charles Holst, Portsmouth, N. H. The first named receives one-half of our accumulation of foreign stamps and each of the others one-fourth.

Photographic Prizes.

The amateur photograph contest for last month resulted as follows: First prize—Wm. C. Conrad, Massillon, O. Second prize—Joe Stone, Buffalo, N. Y.

Foreign Postage Stamps.

To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by Nov. 20 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.

To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time, who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the longest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

Prize Offers.

- For the first correct solution of the puzzles we will give prizes as follows:
- Puzzle No. 85—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scorer.
 - Puzzle No. 86—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.
 - Puzzle No. 87—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
 - Puzzle No. 88—An AMERICAN BOY Knife.
 - Puzzle No. 89—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.
 - Puzzle No. 90—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
 - Puzzle No. 91—A six months' subscription to this paper for any boy whom the winner may name.
 - Puzzle No. 92—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.

Extra Foreign Stamp Prize.

Wortsmen Brothers, of Savannah, Ga., proprietors of "Hogan's Alley News," sent us a hundred foreign postage stamps, which they authorize us to offer to the boy getting the largest number of subscribers to THE AMERICAN BOY before the issue of the December number. This offer, made by our Savannah friends, is in addition to the offer that we elsewhere in these columns make of one-half of all the foreign stamps that accumulate in our office during the thirty days immediately preceding the issue of the December number, to the boy sending us the largest number of subscribers during that time. Certainly here is considerable of an inducement to a boy who wants foreign stamps. Arthur R. Talbot, Wallingford, Conn., sends twenty five foreign stamps, which he also offers to the boy getting the largest number of subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY during the time stated. These offers on the part of our friends indicate the interest they are taking in the growth of the subscription list of THE AMERICAN BOY, as the offers were made without solicitation on our part. The boy who gets the largest number of subscriptions by the time the December number of THE AMERICAN BOY goes into the mails will get a very large packet of foreign stamps.

The Standard Gas Lamp

A wonderful invention. 14 the expense of kerosene, or six times the light. Perfectly safe. 14 different styles. Retail from \$4.00 up. All brass. Country people can now have light brighter than electricity and cheaper than kerosene. Can furnish thousands of testimonials from people using them for months. Agents coinuing money. Write for exclusive territory. STANDARD GAS LAMP CO., 118-120 Michigan St., CHICAGO, ILL.

187 HUNTING CASE
17 JEWELLED
adjusted, patent regulator, stem wind and stem set, genuine RAILWAY JEWEL movement. Ladies or Gent's size. WARRANTED 30 YEARS. 14K. Gold plate Hunting Case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a King. No better watch made. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special offer for next 60 days, send your name and address and we will send this watch C. O. D. with privilege to examine. If found satisfactory pay agent \$4.87 and express charges. A guarantee with every watch. W. HILL MDSE CO., 96 AB STATE ST., CHICAGO.

\$5.49 ELGIN WATCH
Ladies or Gents size, stem wind and set. WARRANTED 20 YEARS. Elgin made movement in a 14K. Gold plate hunting case, elegantly engraved. Fit for a King. No better watch made than an Elgin. Must be seen to be appreciated. Special Offer for the next 60 days, send us your full name and address and we will send this watch by express C. O. D. with privilege of examination. If found satisfactory pay the agent our special price, \$5.49 and express charges. A guarantee and beautiful chain and charm sent free with every watch. Write at once as this may not appear again. Address: W. HILL MDSE CO., 96 AB STATE ST., CHICAGO.

\$3.50 DON'T PAY A CENT
until you see this bargain. Fine 14K Gold plated, fancy engraved case with guaranteed fine solid nickel jeweled stem wind movement worth \$8.00. Fancy chain and Charm, 1 fine Diamond cut stone Ring, 1 Diamond cut stud, 1 pair Cuff Buttons, 1 Shirt Waist set, 1 pair Ear Drops, 1 set Collar Buttons, 1 stone set fancy Brooch Pin. Will send entire lot by Ex. C. O. D. You examine before paying and if a bargain pay \$3.50 and charges. Order at once, offer will not be made again. Bargain catalog free. Agents wanted. NATIONAL JOBING CO., 74 Trade Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

AIR GUN FOUNTAIN PEN
FREE We give the premiums illustrated and many others for selling our NEW GOLD EYE NEEDLES at 5cts. a package. They are of Best Quality and Quick Sellers. With every two packages we give FREE A SILVER ALUMINUM THIMBLE. Send no money in advance, just name, and address, letter or postal ordering two dozen needle papers and one dozen thimbles. We send them at once postpaid with Large Premium List. When sold send us \$1.20 and we will send your choice of premium. Write to-day and get extra present FREE. PEERLESS MFG. CO., Greenville, Pa., Box 73. SOLID GOLD or SILVER PLATED BRACELET

We Give CREDIT
1/4 SIZE
BOYS GIRLS
Sell 18 Scarf Pins
FOR THIS WATCH
We also give Bracelets, Cameras, Rings, Guard Chains, Purses, etc. Send your name and address and we will mail you 18 Gold Plate Scarf Pins to sell for 10 cts. each. When sold send us the money and select your present from our large catalogue. Anawan Jewelry Co., N. Attleboro, Mass., 1 Main St. We Give CREDIT

WE TRUST YOU.
These Valuable Free Premiums
And your choice of 100 others for selling 20 packages of Alpine Perfume at 10 cts. each. When sold, send us the \$2.00, premium will be sent instantly. No money wanted in advance. Premium list and instructions sent with goods.
J. C. KEYLER CO., 981 Madison Ave. Cincinnati, O.

BOYS AND GIRLS
Watches, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, etc., given away for selling 18 packages of Belgian Ink at 10c. We ask no money. Send your name and address and get outfit and premium list with instructions postpaid. When you sell the ink send us the money and select your premium. We Trust You. This is an honest offer. Write for outfit today. BELGIAN INK CO., Dept. 67 Chicago

PICTURES ON CREDIT
—NO SECURITY ASKED—
We send you 4 beautiful large colored pictures, each 16x22, named "Christ in the Temple," "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," "The Life of Christ." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought at Art Stores for 50c each. You sell them for 25c each and send us the money and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold plated ring, set with a beautiful brilliant stone which looks exactly like a diamond. These rings are exceedingly handsome and cannot be told from genuine diamonds except by an expert. If you sell 8 pictures we give you a handsome Silver Dish a beauty. If you sell 15 we give you a nice watch or a dozen Silverplated Tea Spoons. The watch is carefully regulated and guaranteed a good timekeeper. The spoons are heavily plated and guaranteed to wear well. Our pictures are works of art and our prizes are valuable. Don't waste time trying to sell rubbish. Take hold of our High-Grade Goods and secure some of these valuable prizes. We pay post-ge. We take back unsold pictures. We run all the risk. STANDARD CO., 615 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

SEND NO MONEY
For our magnificently engraved double hunting case watch of Gold alloy with extra 14 karat gold plate, equal in appearance to any \$5 dollar watch. Movement is the best make, fully jeweled, duplex escapement, quick train, patent pinion, accurately regulated and adjusted and sold with written POSITIVE 20 YEAR GUARANTEE. Railroadmen all over the country buy this watch, on account of its durability and timekeeping qualities. Our wholesale factory price is \$42.00 per doz., but we will send you one sample for free inspection. If fully satisfied pay \$8.50 and express charges, otherwise not one cent. State nearest express office and if Ladies' or Gents' watch. FREE with first order from each town a handsome Excelsior Watch Co. 147 Central Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

SEND NO MONEY!
\$3.35 AND EXPRESS CHARGES
Send name and address and receive C. O. D. WITHOUT MONEY IN ADVANCE your choice of this beautiful Violin outfit or this elegant guitar. You examine before paying a cent. If satisfactory pay \$3.35 and express charges. Nothing nicer than this for these long winter nights. DESCRIPTION: Extra Fine Violin, Case, Bow, Strings, Etc., better value than others sold at advanced prices. Guitar, made of quarter-sawed oak, inlaid around sound hole, handsome strafe in back, highly polished. Strings and instructions. Best FREE. Large Catalogue FREE. Send to-day sure. U. S. MAIL ORDER CO., Dept. E. A., 259 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

COMBINATION OFFER
FREE NO MONEY WANTED
From your own pocket. Ladies, Boys and Girls, send us your full address plainly written, and we will mail you without delay, 25 Pads of our Sweet, Fragrant and Exquisite Perfume to sell among your friends at 10 cts. each. When sold remit us \$2.50 and we will send you, postpaid, for your work all of the premium Articles represented and illustrated in this advertisement, as follows—A handsome Nickel Silver Watch and Long Opera Chain attached; also a lovely engraved Latest Style Silver Plated Nethercole Bracelet, and a beautiful Ladies' Gold Plated Neck Chain with heart charm. (new all the rage), together with an elegantly engraved Gold Shell Band Ring, provided you sell Perfume and make returns within 30 days. This is a bona fide offer, made in good faith to honest people who will hustle to dispose of our Perfume. You run no risk, as we take back all unsold goods. Premium Circulars with each consignment which explain all. Order 25 Perfume Pads at once and address, AMERICAN TRUST CONCERN, 420 Trust Bldg., Erie-Cogswater, Conn.

THE AMERICAN BOY

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MONTHLY
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Detroit, Michigan, December, 1900

PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR
10 Cents a Copy

CHRISTMAS

ONE year ago, 8,800 copies of THE AMERICAN BOY carried our Christmas greeting to boys. To-day

90,000 copies are needed for this purpose. A wonderful enlargement of our family circle in twelve short months, isn't it? It is fair to say that 180,000 boys read these 90,000 papers. What a sight it would be, were these boys to pass in procession before our eyes! Were they to march single file the line would stretch over hill and dale for nearly 150 miles; and if marshaled in army array there would pass 180 full regiments of ten companies each, with a hundred boys to the company. Before this tremendous army of bright and enthusiastic American boys we feel like a General at review, proudly conscious of our position as in one sense its leader. At least, while these boys are reading the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY we can claim to be Commander in Chief of their time and their thought; and to occupy this place of privilege for several hours each month in the lives of nearly a fifth of a million American boys, is to possess an influence over them for good or for evil wider than any preacher, or philosopher, or reformer enjoys.

To this great company of boys we wish to say a word about Christmas, in order that the true significance of the day may not be lost amid the glitter of shop windows and the carnival of giving and receiving:

Christmas is the one world-wide festival. The "Glorious Fourth" is purely American; "Dominion Day" purely Canadian; "The Queen's Birthday" purely English, but Christmas is the world's holiday, or, better still, the world's holy-day.

Every boy celebrates in some way his own

birthday, and sometimes others join in the celebration. No matter how bad he is, someone, most likely his mother, is glad he was born.

But there was a boy born nineteen centuries ago whose birthday millions of men, women and children delight to commemorate. It is

inspiration for the greatest and best things these centuries have known.

It is an uplifting thought that for one day the world steps aside from the routine of life, with its selfish rush for gain, to contemplate the life of one whose every utterance in word and

deed was a benefaction. All men in civilized lands thus get into their hearts for one day in the year, at least, a little of the religion of love—the essence of what the Bethlehem babe came to teach.

One has said that there is a place in the universe where the myriad sounds of earth and sky blend into one great and splendid note of praise to the Creator; another has said that if our ears were fashioned to catch the minutest sound-waves, we might hear the music of springing blade and bursting bud; still another has said that all nature sings a continual anthem of thanksgiving, and that man alone of all created things, though made in the image of his Maker, is prone to forget.

Suppose with ears fashioned to catch the faintest sounds, we could stand on that spot where all sounds of earth blend into one, as this most blessed day of all the year approaches. Day after day the note of joy increases, as men turn from the struggle of daily life to deeds of kindness and thoughts of sympathy and love. As Christmas eve draws nigh, the tone becomes tender and sweet, as mothers tuck their little ones into bed and tip-toe about the house, their hearts throbbing with the joy of making others happy; and as morning breaks on the blessed day we hear the diapason of wildest melody that floats up from palace and cottage, mountain and plain, a chord in which is



well that they do, for whether Christian or Jew, Protestant or Catholic, believer or infidel, no sane man will deny that the life of the man Christ was the most beautiful and perfect life ever lived upon the earth, and that his example and teaching have raised the world to higher and higher planes of living, and proved the

mingled church bells and myriad choirs, the mellowed voices of the aged, and the merry shouts of children. How marvelous that note as it rolls in from every land! We can imagine all Heaven listening to hear the grandest of the hallelujahs of the universe, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

A Prairie Christmas

DALLAS BURTON

It was my brother Jeff who "thought up" the first Christmas tree in Windom County. Our grandmother Randall told the truth when she said that Jeff was a master hand at "thinking up things, speshly things with lots of fun in them." It was well enough that Jeff had this fertility of invention, for Windom County needed all the fun that Jeff could "think up." It was an almost treeless county in the west, and only those who have lived there can have any adequate conception of how dreary and desolate the western prairies are in the winter time.

And one must have lived there to understand how cold it gets, and how the wind goes roaring and sweeping across the snow-covered plains with an edge like a blade. Jeff and I knew, for we were born there, and we never knew anything about a milder climate until we were men. We went three miles across the wind-swept plain to school during the four winter months, walking both ways and not minding it very much because we were pretty rugged boys, accustomed to rigorous winters. We had so few diversions that we rejoiced at the opportunity of walking six miles to a spelling school or a singing school when we were lads of thirteen and fifteen.

Jeff's ideas were never of slow growth. He said that they "just popped into his head all of a sudden." The idea of the Christmas tree "popped into his head" one evening when we were walking home from school. The teacher, a pretty young girl from the east, had been telling us about a Christmas tree she had had in the schoolhouse in the district in which she had taught the year before.

I do not wonder that she had not proposed to have a tree in our schoolhouse, for it was the dreariest little sod affair in which thirty persons would have been uncomfortably crowded. When we were about half way home Jeff said:

"Say, Fred!"

"Well?" I said.

"I have an idea."

"Better hang on to it or you might lose it," I said with poor wit.

"Smarty," retorted Jeff, but with good humor.

"What do you say to a tree like the one Miss Drewe told us about?"

"Where would you have it?"

"In our new barn."

I saw Jeff looking at me out of the corner of his eyes, and I, after the manner of boys, pretended to think little of his proposition, although I was really so impressed by it that I came near expressing my real feeling. Overcoming this unboylike weakness I said:

"But, then, all boys are holler clean into the ground."

"Pooh! The idea of a Christmas tree in a barn!"

"It is just as good a place for it as a schoolhouse. You know that father said this morning at the breakfast table that he had a notion to have some kind of a merrymaking in our new barn before he put in the stalls and partitions. I believe that he will fall right in with the idea of a tree in the barn. So will Aunt Randy. I am going to stop at her house and see what she says about it."

Aunt Randy Dill was a somewhat eccentric elderly woman who lived on a homestead between our house and the schoolhouse. We went within a few rods of her door on our way to school. She was our great aunt and as kind-hearted as she was peculiar. She was

sure to come to a door or window and call out something cheery and kindly to us every time we passed her house. On her baking days she was likely to come out with some hot doughnuts or a couple of turnovers to put into our dinner pail.

"Of course I know your mother has put up dinner enough for you," she would say, "but, then, all boys are holler clean into the ground, and they can allus stow away a turnover or a fried-cake on top of a two-gallon pail of dinner. Beats all how the avridge boy kin eat."

When Jeff told Aunt Randy of his idea she clapped her fat hands together and said with genuine enthusiasm:

"The very thing! And what more appropriate place for a tree could there be than a barn when you recollect that the Christ child was born in a stable? I think that it will be just splendid! You can count on your old Aunt Randy to take right holt and help carry the thing through. If her and Jeff can't make a go of that tree no one in Windom County can. You sail right in, Jeff, and I'll 'aid and abet' you in it. Of course your pa will let you have his barn! I know Hiram Turner well enough to know that he will fall right in with the plan. It'll be just great! It's a burning shame that we have all been so busy building up the country since we moved out here that we ain't paid hardly any attention to Christmas. I was thinking about that very thing the other day. We've too much work and not half enough play here, and I wouldn't be a mite s'prised if this Christmas tree was the beginning of a good deal more sociability and merrymaking among us. We'll have a supper along with the tree. My land! I wouldn't wonder if the thing grew into a reg'lar barbycue yet!"

It was characteristic of Jeff that he carried out his ideas while they were still "hot," as he said, and as soon as we reached home he said to father:

"O, father! Aunt Randy and I have planned to have a big Christmas tree in your new barn."

"Oh, you have, have you? It seems to me that you and Aunt Randy are taking a good deal of liberty with my barn," said father laughingly.

"Well, Aunt Randy said that she knew that it would be all right with you, and I guess so, too."

Father "dropped into line," as Jeff said, and preparations for the tree went merrily forward. Jeff and Aunt Randy went all over the neighborhood the following Saturday "stirring up the neighbors." They set out early in the morning in Aunt Randy's pung and did not reach home until after dark.

"I don't think that any one within a radius of fifteen miles escaped us," said Aunt Randy on their return. "And all but one or two fell right in with the idee. Old Jonathan Riggs wanted to know how much it would cost to 'git in,' and if he'd be expected to fetch any more supper than he and his wife would eat, and when I told him no he said that he reckoned they'd come. Old Squire Holt said that it was 'all nonsense,' but that is what he says about every idee that don't 'rignate in his own noddle, and I guess he'll be here. I've got about a barrel o' doughnuts and fifty pies and ten turkeys and eighteen cakes and all kinds of sasses and preserves and pickylillys and fell promised for the supper after the tree is over with. I'm going to send word to the storekeeper over in Ridgeville to lay in a lot o' Christmas things, for there'll be a big demand for them for the tree. I kin tell you that the idee of the tree took like wildfire with all the children ev'ry place we went. It'll be the first tree most of 'em ever saw."

"Perhaps they will enjoy it all the more for that reason," said my mother.

"So they will, so they will. We want to git a turrible big tree, and we must have yards and yards of strung popcorn to drape on it. Then if you take strips of old white cotton cloth about an inch wide and ravel it on both sides until there is only a thread or two left in the middle you can fix it on the branches so that it will look ever so much like snow. Then I have some pink and blue tissue paper that will come in handy. I have counted up and I think that there will be fifty six children under eighteen years old at the tree so I am going to fix up at least that many bags

of candy and a like number of gingerbread animals with icing on them. Then Jeff and I have app'nted ourselves a committee of two to 'tend to hanging the things on the tree. We give out word that ev'rything must be left at the barn the day before Christmas. I have a job for you, Henry."

"Oh, I daresay," said father. "What is it?"

"I want you to go away over to the Widow Miller's homestead and get her and her three little ones and fetch them to the tree."

"Why, Aunt Randy," said father, "didn't you say that you thought that old Squire Holt would come even if he did say that the tree was all nonsense?"

"Yes, I did. What of that?"

"Why, you know that the Widow Miller is Squire Holt's daughter, and that he has never spoken to her since she married against her father's wishes."

"More shame to the Squire, considering that the worst that could be said about poor Hugh Miller was that he was poor and not very capable. But what's that got to do with the Widow Miller coming to the tree even if her father is here?"



"We saw father open our barn-yard gate."

"Why, if they don't speak to each other it will be rather awkward for them."

"You leave that to me. I've allus said and I say now that if the Squire could once see them three sweet little grandchildren of his he would give up his sin-

ful spite and warm to them as he ought to do. I'm going to give him a chance to see them. He won't s'pishion that his daughter will be here because she really lives out 'o this district, but you go and get her, Henry, and if the Squire don't take her and her babies home with him, as I lot on him doing, I'll take her home with me and carry her to her own poor little home next day. You can trust me to see to it that the old Squire gits an interdoose to his grandchildren. It's my private opinion publicly expressed that he wants to make up with his daughter, but that his mizzable pride won't let him. Christmas day will be a good time for him to scatter that pride to the four winds, and I'm going to help him do it through the happy meejeum of our Christmas tree."

She laughed merrily over her "schemes," as she called them, and then said:

"Come, Jeff; let's go right out to the barn and decide where we want the tree to stand. The rest of you can come if you want to, but you wont have anything to say about it. Jeff and I are running this tree, ain't we, Jeff?"

Preparations for the tree went merrily forward. Aunt Randy's enthusiasm did not wane, and her merry spirit seemed infectious. New ideas regarding the tree kept "popping" into Jeff's head, and he and Aunt Randy were in daily and sometimes secret confidence over their plans.

The weather had been unusually mild thus far that winter, but the week before Christmas a sudden change came and it grew intensely cold and a heavy snowstorm set in. We lived on what was called the "Big Road," and many emigrant wagons went by our door moving slowly out across the great plains. It was not often that an emigrant wagon came along in the winter time, but five days before Christmas my mother, who was sitting by a front window sewing, called out in a tone of surprise:

"Why, if there isn't a mover's wagon going by this bitter day! And what a sorry looking outfit it is! Do come and see it!"

We hurried to the window, and saw a rickety old wagon drawn by a pair of bony and feeble horses moving slowly by the house. The canvas cover sank limply between the wagon bows, and we could see that it was ragged in places. A dejected looking yellow dog trotted along under the wagon. A foot or more of rusty stovepipe protruded through the wagon cover. Smoke was coming from the pipe and we could imagine the occupants of the wagon huddled around the little sheet-iron stove in a vain attempt to keep warm. On the driver's seat sat a girl or a woman, we could not tell which, because of the way in which she was bundled up to protect herself from the bitter wind.

When father came to the window he said:

"I must go out and speak to them. They must not

try to camp out any place to-night for it looks as if there would be a real blizzard before morning. They must be very ignorant regarding this climate or they would not be traveling in such a wagon as that in this kind of weather. I'll go and hail them."

"Don't let them go on if there are any children with them," said my tender-hearted and ever-generous mother. "Bring them in here. I cannot bear to think of little children out on the prairie in a wagon on such a night as this is sure to be."

A few minutes later we saw father open our barn-yard gate and the driver of the wagon drove into the yard. When the driver had jumped down from her seat we saw that she was a girl of about fourteen years of age. Then we saw father help a boy of about nine years and a little girl of perhaps five years from the wagon. He came toward the house with the little girl in his arms while the older girl led her brother by the hand. We were all at the door to meet them.

"Here are some little wayfarers for you to look after, mother," said father. "Boys, you run out and put up the horses and give them a good feed. Better get these little folks something to eat right away, mother. Hungry, little one?"

The little girl nodded her head, but did not speak. She had big dark eyes and a thin white face. All of the children looked as if they had suffered from cold and hunger. None of them were warmly dressed, and the hands of the girl who had been driving were blue with cold. This was her story as she told it to us after she was well warmed and had a cup of tea:

"We started from Illinois many weeks ago, my mother, Paul, Lucy and I. My father had been out west for more than three years, and he had sent word for us to come out to where he was. We lived on a little place in the country and we sold off the little we owned and started west without our horses and wagon. We thought that we would fall in with other movers, and we did for a part of the way, but when we got a little this side of the Missouri River the folks we were with concluded to stay there for the winter, but mother wanted to come right on to where father is. He said that he would be sure to meet us some place on the way after we got into Nebraska, and we have watched and watched and watched for him. Mother would sit up on the front seat of the wagon and keep looking for him when she was too sick and weak to hold up her head—poor mother."

The girl drew her sleeve across her eyes before adding:

"Mother never was very strong, and she was sick when we started. A fever set in and she died about a month ago in a town away back here. The folks in the town were real good to us, and they tried to have us stay there until spring and go on then with the movers that would be sure to be coming along at that time, but mother had said for us to go as long as the weather kept good, and we have had real fair weather so far, so I came on hoping and praying every day that I would meet father. Something must have happened to him or he would surely have met us long ago. He wrote that he would be likely to meet us some time in October. We would have been where he is by this time, only mother was sick so much that sometimes we have had to camp for a week at a time. Then our horses are old and they are about tired out. I guess we will have to put up for the winter at the next town we get to. We can't go on now that winter has set in. If father had only come to meet us!"

She cried a little and mother said soothingly:

"Don't you cry, my child. Father will come yet. I am sure that he will. And you shall stay right here with us for the present. I want a little girl like Lucy. It is so long since I have had a little girl in my house."

Mother took Lucy upon her lap and kissed her as she spoke. The little girl nestled close to mother's heart, and seemed to realize that she had found a true and loving friend. There were no railroads in the west at that time, and it seemed certain that the three little wayfarers would have to stay with us until spring. It was impossible that they should go on in the wagon now that winter had set in with such severity. Moreover, they were almost entirely out of food and Martha, the oldest girl, confessed tearfully that they were out of money.

"Well for pity's sake!" exclaimed Aunt Randy when she came over to our house in a blinding snowstorm the next day and heard the story Martha had to tell. "Of course you can't go on now. You got to stay right here. You must stay with me part of the time. Like enough your pa will bob up some day when you least expect him. Something has turned up that he didn't expect, but don't you worry. You are in good hands. Then you'll be here for our tree. Ain't heard 'bout the tree, I reckon? Well, it's going to be worth your coming all this far to see. And Santy Claus won't forget any of you. I guess that he has a speshly soft place in his heart for children that ain't got any ma and who don't know where their pa is. He's got you writ down for something real nice. I feel that in my bones. I'm going to town to-morrow no matter if it blows and snows great guns."

But the next day was serenely fair and the hearts

of many children out there on the prairie were glad when they saw their fathers and mothers setting forth in sleds and pungs for the only town in the county. They knew that there would be mysterious bundles and packages come home in the sleds and pungs, and that they would not know what those bundles contained until they saw their contents on the Christmas tree. Aunt Randy was off early and did not get home until late. Her old pung was half filled with bundles, most of which were for the tree.

Christmas eve was fair and cold, but the wind that had swept the snow-covered prairie all day died down at sunset. There was a full moon and the Christmas stars twinkled in a cloudless sky. The wide prairies were one unbroken expanse of snow shimmering in the yellow moonlight. Our big new barn wore a wonderfully festive appearance. Father had set up two big stoves so that there was plenty of warmth. Jeff and I had borrowed every lantern in the neighborhood and these lanterns hung from posts and beams and crosspieces all over the barn. Lamps and rows of tallow candles added to the illumination. We knew a way of braiding husks of corn together so that the ears hung in a heavy and graceful fringe. We had made many yards of this fringe and it hung in festoons all around the barn. Aunt Randy, in a

and be thankful for him!" and all the people clapped their hands when the old Squire took the child in his arms and kissed him.

"I knowed he would," fairly shouted Aunt Randy. "Why, la, he couldn't help it! He's human, the Squire is, and no human man could refuse a heaven-sent gift like that! Come, Mary Miller, bring the other babies and yourself over here to your pa. He likes grandchildren for Christmas presents so well that we'll give him a couple more of them. Hooray! Hooray! Praises be! There's the real Christmas spirit here this night!"

This last outburst was caused by the fact that the old Squire had gone forward to meet his daughter and had kissed her and her children. Hardly had the applause over this scene died away when the door of the barn opened, and a strange man entered. He closed the door and stood with his back to it looking on the merry scene before him. He looked travel-stained and careworn. By what intuition Aunt Randy guessed who he was we never knew, but she looked at him for an instant and then ran forward with little Lucy Hayden in her arms crying out joyfully: "You are Myron Hayden and I just know it, and here is a Christmas gift for you! It's your own little Lucy girl! And Paul and Nettie are right here!"

"It looks like—it is father!" cried Nettie, running forward to have her father clasp her in his arms.

"This is the best of all!" exclaimed Aunt Randy. "I tell you we've got to sing the Doxology right out of our hearts before we go home! The Lord knows that we have a sight to praise him for! It's the blessedest Christmas I ever see!"

Suddenly Hetty Ward, the sweetest singer in the county, sang in her clear and ringing voice:

"Now to the Lord sing praises, all ye within this place."

Myron Hayden had been dangerously ill for a long time. Letters that he had sent to his family had failed to reach them. When he was able to do so he had set out on horseback in search of his wife and children. He had heard in the town eight miles from our house of the children we were caring for, and he felt sure that they were his, therefore he had pushed on although he had ridden many miles that day.

"All who think that this tree has been a success say 'I!'" shouted Aunt Randy when some of those who had come a distance of ten miles felt that they must start for home.

"I!" shouted every one present.

The supper had been a scene of great festivity, and it was after midnight before the last of the merry-makers had gone. We could hear their shouts and merry laughter as they rode away over the snowy plain, and I am sure that all of them carried away in their hearts the beautiful Christmas spirit of peace on earth and good will to men.

A GIRL'S ADVICE.

Here is a letter from Lelia Templeman, Fisk, Cal., a girl who is not afraid to write to a boys' paper. She says, "I wish you would devote a part of your paper to the question of parents. I think 'Father' and 'Mother' are the proper names to call our parents, and I would like for you to impress upon the minds of young boys that 'Father' and 'Mother' sound better than 'Pa' and 'Ma.' Some of the young boys whom I know and who are almost men, say 'Paw' and 'Maw.' Don't that sound bad? Now I want to tell you I am a little girl, but I like THE AMERICAN BOY just the same. So does father and mother. They say it is just what our boys need. Good-by for this time."

THE BOY WHO DOES.

ADAPTED FROM L. A. W. BULLETIN.

Say, Do you know the kind Of a fellow who's Just to the world's mind? The kind of world Can't lose? The kind that folks enthuse Over And take off their hats to? Why, it's the Boy-Who-Does!	If he starts a little sweat! He doesn't need a big Brass-buttoned copper To tell him to move on; He keeps the procession humping To keep up with him He's hustle from his feet Up And from his head Down. He's not only in the Push, But he is the Push. The whole thing; And say, The way He makes things come And business hum Is a caution. The way the world Takes that follow up And is good to him Makes your heart glad. He's all right, He is. He greases the wheels of Progress And keeps the world spin- ning round. And that's why I say Here's to the Boy-Who-Does! Bully for him!
He's the fellow! Not the boy whose grandpa Got there; Not the fellow who would If he could; Not the boy who's going to do Some day. But the Boy-Who-Does Now, Today! No setting round Waiting About him; No expecting something to happen; No looking for something to turn up. No, sir! He calls the turn And turns 'em He takes off his coat And doesn't care	



"I," shouted every one present.

sudden outburst of patriotism, had ridden eight miles to borrow a flag from a friend of hers, and this flag hung from a beam of the barn. Strips of red, white and blue bunting had been used with fine effect, and there were many outbursts of surprise and delight when the people began to arrive. The tree was concealed behind a great curtain and it was not to be revealed until all were present. When the curtain was finally drawn there burst upon the dazzled eyes of the children a huge tree with two hundred little candles on it. From every twig and branch hung toys and gifts of every description. Father was the Santa Claus who was to distribute the gifts. His disguise was so complete when he came climbing down from his place of concealment in the top of the barn jingling his sleigh bells that no one recognized him, and the smaller children did not suspect that he was not Santa Claus himself.

It would take many pages to describe the simple joy of that evening. Aunt Randy was radiant. Her loud and merry laugh could be heard every few minutes and she was here and there and everywhere helping, directing, planning. She it was who took the Widow Miller's pretty little baby boy and laid him in his grandfather's arms, saying as she did so:

"There, Squire Holt, that's your Christmas gift! What reasonable man could ask for a finer gift than a beautiful little grandson like that? And he's got your name, too, Ira Holt Miller! You take him



(Begun in October.)

Review of Preceding Chapters: Jack Carroll, Frank Chapman and Ned Roberts, three boys whose homes are in a village in the far East, obtain the consent of their parents to go to Denver for a visit to Robert Sinclair, a friend of Jack's father, who is a painter of mountain and Indian life, and spends the greater part of his time among the Indians. They are accompanied on their journey as far as Chicago by Mr. Carroll, and are greatly delighted with the sights and sounds of the great city. On the train for Denver they meet Jim Galloway, a trapper, who tells them a true story in which his life is saved by a white man, who was living at the time with the Indians, and turns out to be Robert Sinclair, the artist, whom the boys are going to visit. The boys tell the trapper the story of Sinclair's life. The train on which they are traveling runs into a herd of Buffalo and Ned shoots one.

CHAPTER VIII.



THE CORRAL.

AFTER a few hours, which seemed endless to the impatient boys now that the mountains were continually in view, the train pulled up at the station and the long journey by rail was at an end.

Mr. Sinclair was there to meet them and his greeting was a hearty one. It did not take long, you may be sure, for Sinclair and the trapper to renew their acquaintance, and the reunion was a joyous one all around.

Mr. Sinclair had come up from "The Springs," by which name the region about the foot of Pike's Peak was generally known, to meet the boys. He had thought that Denver would be a good place at which to buy an outfit for the hunting trip which he had planned; then, too, he had determined that after making his purchases he and the boys should return to "The Springs" by easy stages on horseback, so that the boys might accustom themselves gradually to rough life before plunging into the heart of the Rockies. In this way the boys would get needed practice at riding their horses, shooting at the smaller game, and sleeping hunter fashion under the open sky.

It took but a moment for Mr. Sinclair to tell the boys about his plan, after they were gathered in their room at the hotel; then, with one accord, they pounced upon the big trapper, who had accompanied them to the hotel, and begged that he go with them.

"Nothin' would please me better, youngsters," said he, "but I've got a job on hand fer nigh on a month back up in the hills for the Government—doin' a little scoutin', so I can't go with you, much as I'd like it; but I ain't goin' to lose track o' you fellers now I've found yer," and as he said this he looked straight at Sinclair, "fer I've bin lookin' fer that ma'n high an' low fer years; I've got ter even up with 'im. I'll do it soon, too, er my name's not Jim Galloway."

"Suppose," suggested Mr. Sinclair, smiling, "that we set a time and place that will suit us all and agree to meet for a big hunt together?"

The suggestion met with approval, the time and place were arranged, with the boys almost wild in their excitement over the prospect, for nothing could be a grander scheme for three boys than a season in the mountains with Robert Sinclair, the friend of the Indians, and Jim Galloway, the noted trapper and scout.

The following morning the big-hearted hunter rode away mounted on a hardy Mexican pony, fully equipped for what to the boys was some mysterious expedition for the Government. Mr. Sinclair and the boys were loath to see him go, and their last words to him as he rode away were, "Don't you forget;" and nobody could doubt, by the tone of his answer, but that he would be on hand at the appointed place and time.

Then the little company set to work getting together an outfit for their journey to the Pike's Peak region. The boys were a little disappointed to find that they were not on this first trip to really get into the mountains and that the trail lay along the foothills only.

But this feeling was soon over in the novel experience of getting together their equipment. The first thing to do was to select their horses. Mr. Sinclair having made some inquiries, had learned that there was a ranch on the outskirts of the town where suit-

able horses could be obtained at a fair price; so as soon as the trapper had left the four made their way to the ranch, where they found a big collection of mules, bronchos and ponies which Ned declared to be the worst looking lot of scrubs he had ever seen.

"Never you mind," said Mr. Sinclair with a knowing shake of his head, "all things are not what they seem, and horses are no exception to the rule. You'll think differently about these scrubs after a while. You can't always tell about these homely critters 'till you've had a little experience with them. They're not beauties, but it isn't beauty you need in the mountains. You want a horse that's got sand and bottom. He's got to have muscles of iron. He must be able to stand fire, go without eating or drinking, jump ravines, swim rivers, climb mountains, stand rain or sunshine without complaining, and not lie down and get sick on your hands when you're miles away from camp, and may be running a race with a pack of wolves or a lot of unfriendly Indians."

This reassured the boys, and they set to work under Mr. Sinclair's guidance picking out their horses from among the motley crowd that were pushing one another about in a frightened way inside a big corral, or pen, into which the ranchman had led his four customers.

The ranchman was a rough looking specimen who looked more like a Mexican than an American with his immense sombrero and swarthy skin. The boys didn't just like his looks but they soon made up their minds that he knew his business—so much so that they lost all thought of his appearance in their admiration of his knowledge of horseflesh and skill in trading. He carried over his left arm several coils of rope, one end of which he held in his right hand, looped and ready for throwing.

Mr. Sinclair walked about the enclosure scrutinizing, with the eye of an expert, each one of the excited group of horses, while the boys were quite satisfied with keeping as far away as possible from the heels of the struggling mass which seemed bent on kicking up as much dust in the enclosure, as possible.

After a few minutes Mr. Sinclair called the attention of the ranchman to a tough looking bay, one of the biggest in the bunch. The ranchman took a step or two forward, swung the long loop a few times above his head and shot it out over the heads of the frightened animals. "Surely," thought the boys, "he can't in that way expect to get any particular horse in that jumble of heads." The loop caught on something; then bracing himself the ranchman drew in the slack rope and, sure enough, out walked as demurely as possible, the big bay. The ranchman put a halter on him, tied him outside the corral and returned, again deftly winding the rope into a coil.

Within a half hour four horses had been caught and a bargain had been struck. Mr. Sinclair took the bay, as he was the strongest and could best carry a man's weight, and to the three boys fell the task of choosing each his horse. There was nothing to do but draw lots as between the three ugly looking animals, no one of the boys was able to make a selection. So it was in this way that Ned got a fiery little gray, Frank a sleepy-looking little animal that didn't appear to care what happened, and Jack a lanky fellow distinguished principally for long legs, prominent ribs, and scarcity of mane and tail. The boys laughed and joked one another over their mounts, and forthwith christened them. Ned said that he guessed he'd call his "Snap," from a remark that Mr. Sinclair had made when the fellow was kicking and plunging under the lasso, "He's got snap in him." Frank named his "Sleepy Sam," and Jack thought "Spareribs" about the most appropriate name for his.

A little later Mr. Sinclair had bought saddles—the kind made of wood and leather, with a big horn in front and wooden stirrups—bridles, ropes, blankets, and a few cooking utensils. Some provisions in the way of cornmeal, bacon, coffee, etc., were added, and then came the buying of guns and ammunition and a rough suit of clothes for each of the boys.

The start was made from the ranch where they had bought their horses, and as they rode, single file, away from the ranchman's hut and waved "good-bye" to the swarthy Mexican, they made a queer looking procession. In the lead rode Mr. Sinclair gracefully astride his big bay, which the boys had named "Jim" after their friend the trapper, his fine athletic figure clothed in a suit of buckskin which had already seen some ad-

ventures, his rifle across the horn of his saddle, his belt decorated with several good knives and a brace of trusty revolvers. A broad-brimmed hat, high boots, and a pair of shining spurs completed his outfit. As he turned in his saddle and waved his big hat in the breeze and shouted, "Forward, march" to the little company that trailed after him, the boys thought they never had seen a more splendid looking man. They just couldn't help shouting, "Hurrah for Uncle Bob," for he had already been adopted as an uncle by each one of the boys.

The first thing Ned did in his excitement was to stick his spurs into the sides of his steed—an act of imprudence that cost him his seat. The pony didn't forget it for some minutes, and the boy made up his mind either to take off his spurs the next time he took a ride or keep them at a respectful distance from Snap's hide.

The boys were dressed very much like their leader, except that they each wore a good strong suit of blue-jeans instead of buckskin. Each wore a hat and belt and spurs, and carried weapons and ammunition. Indeed, they looked very much like frontiersmen, though any one could see with half an eye by the way the boys rode their nags that they were "greenies."

CHAPTER IX.

THE START.

The little party had started from the ranch at day-break, not so much because they wanted to cover a long distance on the first day, but because it is the style in the mountain country to get up early when there is anything to be done. Indeed when night fell they had only ridden ten miles, but Frank said the tenth mile was longer than all the others put together.

As they rode away from the ranch they thought they had never looked upon so beautiful a scene as lay spread out before them. To be sure, they didn't have much time to discuss nature, for it was about all that the boys could do to hold on to the pommels of their big saddles and carry their guns, but they did not fail to see the undulating plain which stretched away to the left with its never-ending carpet of green, and to the right away off on the horizon the low-lying range of the Rockies with its dim suggestions of snowy tops, dark forests, and yawning chasms.

The trail lay over a hilly country dotted here and there by great rocks that the boys could imagine some giants had rolled down from the distant mountains with which to play at marbles on the plain, and that tired of the sport the giants had gone away and left them. They crossed little valleys down which trickled mountain streams, and now and then ascended the tops of hills which to the boys, seemed veritable mountains, but which were only ant hills as compared with the great peaks in the range beyond.

In their first day's travel they met with little adventure. True, Snap had given his rider some trouble and had once landed him on the ground all in a heap, and Frank had had excitement enough keeping Sleepy Sam from falling completely to sleep; but this was not exactly what the boys had pictured to themselves to be mountain life. Now and then, however, some small animal darted out from under their horses' feet, a prairie dog saucily barked from the door of his little hut, strange birds fluttered up from the sage brush and whirred off out of danger (but not before Mr. Sin-



An act of imprudence that cost him his seat.

clair had bagged three of them with his rifle for their evening meal) and ugly looking snakes went squirming through the grass, and once they thought they saw a coyote skulking along the base of a hill.

The sun was not very high when they halted in the shadow of a big boulder, turned their ponies out to graze, and stretched themselves on the ground for a good rest. Mr. Sinclair here gave the boys their first lesson in shooting. They were as green at this as they were at riding horses, but their teacher declared that he would have them hitting the bull's eye before many days, for they were all boys of good nerve, quick of eye, and anxious to know how.

By the middle of the afternoon they struck camp and were again on the trail. The scenery was rapidly growing wilder and more to the boys' liking, but by

sundown they had lost all interest in their surroundings and talked only of finding a good place to dismount and tie up for the night, for they were about as tired a company of boys as ever turned in. The hard saddles and the jolty gait of their horses had made the boys so lame they could scarcely get out of their saddles, and when they did so they had scarcely energy enough left to help Mr. Sinclair gather together dry grass and branches to make a fire for their evening meal. Soon, however, the coffee was steaming, and the aroma from it and the frying bacon acted like a charm to drive away exhaustion.

It was indeed a happy little company that lounged about the camp that evening. As night fell they were stretched at full length upon the soft turf, each with his saddle and blanket for a pillow, and at a little distance the ponies quietly grazing.

"Just the time for a story, Uncle Bob," said Jack when they had comfortably settled themselves.

"Very well; what shall it be?"

"An Indian story!" exclaimed the boys in chorus.

"Well, it shall be an Indian story, but you'll promise me that when I tell it you boys will go to sleep, for we must cover more miles tomorrow and be up before the sun. I will tell you a story that was told me by an old Indian some years ago. The raccoon by some Indian tribes is considered the mischief-maker among animals, and this story is about the raccoon.

The relatives of two old blind Indians, wishing to move them from a place of danger, built for them a wigwam in a secluded spot near the bank of a lake, provided them with food, a kettle and a bowl, and left them there, first stretching a line from the door of their wigwam to a post in the lake, so that the blind men could easily find the water by following the line. The two old men here took care of themselves. One of them would do the cooking one day and the other the next, and so on. They divided the work equally, and ate out of one bowl, each taking half.

One day a raccoon which was looking for crawfish came to the line near where it was tied to the post, and, curious to know what it meant, determined to follow it up, so he followed it to the wigwam. Peeping in at the door he saw the two old men asleep on the floor, their heads toward the door and their feet to the fire. Sniffing about, he found there was something good to eat within, but he decided to retire and see what the men would do. Presently the old men awoke, and one said, "My friend, I'm getting hungry; let us prepare some food." "Very well," replied his companion, "you go down to the lake and fetch some water while I get the fire started."

The raccoon hearing the conversation ran to the water, untied the line and carried the end to a clump of bushes, and there tied it. The old man stumbled along until he reached the bush, where he began to dip his kettle upon the ground. Not finding any water, he slowly returned, and said to his companion, "We shall surely die, because the lake is dried up and the bush is grown where we used to get water. What shall we do?"

"That cannot be" responded his companion, "for we have not been asleep long enough for the bush to grow upon the lake bed. Let me go out to try if I cannot get some water."

Then the raccoon took the line back and tied it to the post, and the second old man, of course, got his pail full of water, and returning to the wigwam said: "My friend, you told me what was not true; there is water enough, for here I have our kettle full." The other old man wondered. Then the raccoon came in and awaited the cooking of the meal. When all was ready, the two old men sat down before their bowl, which contained eight pieces of meat—four for each of them. Each took a piece, and talked and laughed in their enjoyment. The raccoon then quietly took out of the bowl four pieces and began eating them with great relish. Presently one of the old men reached into the bowl and found only two pieces left. "My friend," he said, "you must be very hungry to eat so rapidly. I have had but one piece, and there are but two pieces left."

The other replied: "I have not taken them, but suspect that you have eaten them yourself," whereupon the other replied, more angrily than before.

Thus they argued, and the raccoon tapped each of them on the face. Then the old men began to fight, each thinking that the other had struck him, rolling over and over on the ground, upsetting the bowl and the kettle, and setting fire to the wigwam. The raccoon then snatched the two remaining pieces and ran out of the wigwam laughing "Ha! ha! ha! I have played a nice trick on you. You should not find fault with each other so hastily," whereupon the old men ceased fighting and knew that they had been deceived.

When the story was ended the boys remained quiet

for a moment; then Ned exclaimed rather disappointedly, "Uncle Bob, that's not an Indian story."

"Indeed it is; I heard it myself from the lips of an old Indian, years ago."

"I suppose," said Frank, "that he heard it from some white man."

"No," said Uncle Bob, "it is a real Indian story, and the Indians have many such stories to tell. They believe most of their stories, too. I suppose hundreds of Indians—not Indian boys but grown up Indians—believe the raccoon story to be true. The Indians have many stories that point good morals. White men mustn't think that they have all the good in themselves and that the Indian is all bad."



"Whiz," went the loop.

"Well, I supposed you were going to give us a hair raiser," said Frank. "Somehow I can't think of an Indian without he's a regular devil in paint and feathers, and with scalps hanging around his belt."

"Well, my boy, you want to get over that feeling; and when you have been with me through the summer and fall, I will miss my guess if you do not go back to the States with a different idea of Indians. Now I'll fix the fire a bit, and then we'll spend our first night under the sky. I guess you'll not have any trouble getting to sleep after this hard day's jaunt," so saying Mr. Sinclair piled a fresh supply of branches on the dying embers, for the night air was chilly under the mountains, then glanced out on the prairie to see that the horses were all right.

"Hello, how's this? Where's Snap? Confound that little vixen; he's taken 'French leave.'"

The boys were on their feet in an instant, and Ned was for putting off post haste on foot to follow his runaway.

"Here, lad, you stay right where you are. That horse is going back to the ranch, and probably he's had an hour's start. You stay here and I'll fetch him."

In a moment Mr. Sinclair had bridled and saddled Jim, given him a few vigorous spurs, and was cantering at a lively pace back over the trail. He came up with the fiery little animal, about two miles from camp, leisurely trotting along with his trail rope dragging for yards behind him. As soon as Snap heard his pursuer coming he gave a jump and a kick and away he went. Now it was a pretty race. Two or three times the pursuer got close up to the runaway, and, as quick as a flash, had leaped from his horse to catch the end of the trail rope as it whizzed past, but each time he missed it. Jim was a good horse, but he had a load to carry, and Snap was rider-

less, and what was more he was frightened, so the race was an uneven one. At last Sinclair bethought himself of his lasso, which was securely tied to the horn of his saddle. Loosing it, he made ready to cast, and driving his spurs smartly into his horse he was soon alongside of the gray.

"Now I've got you, you rascal," he shouted, and "whiz" went the loop, but Snap heard it coming, jumped aside with the agility of a cat, and was off at right angles to the trail, up a little ravine that ran among the rocks. Quick as lightning Jim was brought to his haunches and was turned in hot pursuit up the ravine. Snap made a big mistake in his sudden resolve to leave the trail, for his new path was only the bed of a little stream, now run dry, which ended abruptly a hundred yards or more from the trail plump up against a big boulder. Here the little gray stopped stock still, palpitating like a scared rabbit, while Mr. Sinclair, coming suddenly upon him, took him captive and led him ingloriously back to camp.

The boys, of course, had not slept a wink, as minute after minute went by without the return of Mr. Sinclair. They then felt the first sensations that come from being alone at night on the plains, and they were not entirely pleasant ones. They now heard noises they had never heard before—strange night birds, owls, wolves; and several times they thought they saw round burning eyes peering at them from out the darkness. Maybe they did. They were just in the right state of mind to see such things; and then, too, they were in the home of the wild beasts, and not far from the home of the Indian.

No telling what might have happened had not Mr. Sinclair, just in the nick of time, saved them from sheer panic by marching into camp with two rather dilapidated looking horses.

(To be Continued.)

ADAM: THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS A BOY.

Of all the men the world has seen
Since time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day—
Earth's first and foremost man;
Just think of all the fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The dear delights of youthtime.
For—he never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone,
He never with a pin hook fished
For minnows all alone.
He never sought the bumblebee,
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end,
Because—he never was a boy.

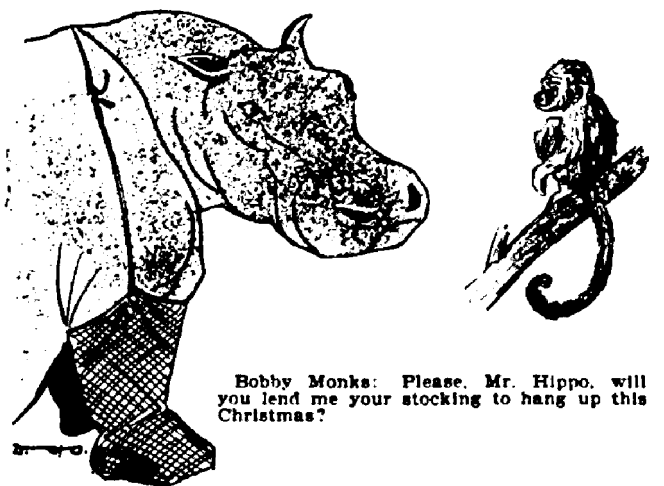
He never hooky played, nor tied
A bright and shining pail
Down in the alley all alone,
To a trusting poodle's tail,
And when he home from swimming came,
His pleasure to destroy
No slipper interfered
Because—he never was a boy.

He might remember splendid times
In Eden's bowers—yet
He never acted Romeo
To a six-year Juliet.
He never sent a valentine
Intended to annoy
His good but maiden aunt,
Because—he never was a boy.

He never cut a kite string, no,
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never spoiled his pantaloons
A playin' mumble-peg.
He never from the attic stole
A 'coon hunt to enjoy,
Nor found the "old man" waiting,
For—he never was a boy.

I pity him, why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He never knew how much he missed;
He never will, I fear,
And always when those dear old days
My memories employ,
I pity him, Earth's only man
Who—never was a boy.

—Pittsburg Dispatch.



Bobby Monks: Please, Mr. Hippo, will you lend me your stocking to hang up this Christmas?

The Deer Lick Endeavor Society

FRANK H. SWEET



IT WAS uphill work starting a Christian Endeavor Society at Deer Lick, for there was neither church nor resident minister, and the available young people were scattered over a wild, almost roadless territory which extended from the foot of the Cumberland mountains on one side, to Yellow Pine Ridge on the other, a distance of twenty miles. But Tom Hunt and

Jud Brown were at their best when confronted by uphill work, and when they declared that they intended to start a Christian Endeavor Society, they meant that they would strain all their sturdy strength and yet sturdier determination to that end. Tom had spent part of the summer with a cousin over the mountains, and there had attended Endeavor meetings, and become a member, and taken an active, enthusiastic part. And now he meant to have a society here for the benefit of himself and the other young people, and Jud, as his nearest neighbor and best friend, was, of course, to help him.

Just above Deer Lick—so named from the animals coming to this particular run in search of the saltiness which the water contained—was a small log building which was the only school house in the community. Here preaching was held once or twice a month, according as the minister from over the mountain found himself able to leave his own work. The building was also used for political meetings, and for all public business which called the people together.

Tom found no difficulty in securing the use of this building, and he and Jud at once sent word through the neighborhood for the young people to meet there the following Sunday afternoon to organize a Christian Endeavor Society.

The room was about twenty by twenty four, with two openings for windows which had never been put in, and which were closed against the weather by loosely fitting shutters. Log benches enclosed three sides of the room, the fourth being reserved for the pine table and stool of the preacher. In the center was an old-fashioned box stove of the Franklin pattern, without legs, and propped up from the floor on bricks.

The boys swept the room, and cut wood on the slope and brought and packed it in a generous pile behind the Franklin. Then they scoured the immediate neighborhood in search of small Bibles and books of music. Three Bibles were secured, but the one music book found was a collection of ballads which Tom declared would not do at all.

Sunday afternoon, between thirty and forty young people gathered, some of them coming from seven or eight miles away. Most of them rode horses or mules, though a few were on foot. That they came chiefly through curiosity, Tom understood. A public gathering of any kind was of such rare occurrence that even the notice of one was sure to bring out a good proportion of the people. But would they continue to come after the novelty had worn off? That was the work he and Jud were to do: they must make the young people understand what the Christian Endeavor was for, and get them interested.

When he rose and explained what they hoped to do, a few laughed; but more listened. Then Jud stood up and said a few words, haltingly, and as though encouraged by his diffidence, two or three others rose hesitatingly and said something in favor of the project. Then Tom called for those who were willing to join, and was agreeably surprised to have ten promptly enroll themselves as active members, and as many more promise conditionally to attend the meetings.

Over the mountains, singing had been one of the interesting features of the service. In this all had seemed to take part, and the girls especially had been helpful. When a break occurred in the speaking, some one had called a hymn, and the inspiration of the music had borne away the hesitation, and after it the members had always seemed to have more confidence and willingness to speak.

Several times Tom tried to start a hymn, but failed, and grew embarrassed at the suppressed chuckles from the scoffers on the benches near the door. Neither he nor Jud could carry an air, and the eight or ten girls present seemed diffident and afraid to trust their voices to begin. Still, Tom knew that most of them were fairly good singers, and that with something to lead they would be glad to take part. Oh, if they could only have some instrumental music—a piano, or organ, or cornet—or anything that would draw out the fresh young voices that were only waiting for confidence, to do their share!

After the meeting, some of these girls approached Tom.

"Don't you s'pose we could borrow Junkin's old melodeon?" one of them asked. "Seems like we can't get started on singin' without something to go ahead."

"We can't get that anyhow," another girl spoke up; "it's broke. Mis' Junkin told me so herself. They're goin' to send it over the mountains to be fixed."

"Well, we've got to have something," the first girl insisted; "if we don't these meetin's are bound to fall through."

As they went out, Jud looked at Tom significantly. "I wouldn't wonder if Sally's right," he said; "none of us can talk much, an' if we don't have music, folks will begin to stop comin'. A few of the members might keep on, but that ain't what we're after. We want the meetin's to be interestin' enough to bring all the young folks out. After we've been at it a while we'll learn to talk better, mebbe, an' that'll help; but jest now we need singin', an' to get singin' I reckon we'll have to hunt up some music for a starter. What do you think, Tom?"

"I'm afraid you're right," Tom answered, slowly; "but I don't see where we're to get it. Junkin's melodeon is the only one I know of in the neighborhood. However, we'll scour the country before another Sunday. Maybe we can find something up to the iron works."

The next morning they started out, and kept up the search until Wednesday afternoon. The superintendent of the iron works, eight miles away, had a piano, but, of course, he would not care to let it go; they did not even ask him. And they were equally loath to ask the wife of his foreman for a fine organ she had just purchased. But while at the iron works they heard of a cornet which one of the workmen played, and him they interviewed. He was willing to lend them the instrument occasionally, he said, but his duties as watchman prevented him from coming to play on it himself, so as there was no one else in the neighborhood who could play on a cornet, the offer of it was declined.

Wednesday afternoon they were returning from an unsuccessful search of the upper neighborhood, when low, intermittent strains of music caught their ears, apparently coming from some distance away. They were about four miles from Deer Lick, in a narrow valley through which a broad, shallow creek ran. The forest here was chiefly of oak and walnut, and not very dense. The locality had the reputation of being an especially good place for hunting and trapping. When they heard the music the boys looked at each other with sudden questioning.

"It's old Leclere playin' his fiddle," Jud said, "no use tryin' him, I s'pose?"

"N-no, I reckon not," Tom answered, doubtfully; "he's a foreigner, you know, an' a Catholic; an' he's queer." Then, suddenly, "But s'pose we go an' hear him play a few minutes."

Nearly a year before, old Leclere had come among them and built his camp and quietly begun his hunting and trapping. He was a shy, reserved man, never making any advances, and by his silence and preoccupation seeming to repel such as were made by others. His camp was three miles from the nearest settler, and in an out-of-the-way angle among the ridges; so for the most part he had been left to himself, only an occasional party of boys venturing to the camp to listen to him play.

That he had some strange power over the fiddle, they all understood. They had heard negro players at corn shuckings and various "doings" in the lower valley, where there were more people; but none of them had made music like this man. When he pressed his chin caressingly upon the fiddle and allowed his eyes to stray off, off, wistfully, toward something which no one else could see, they knew what to expect. At such time a boy could have gone through the camp and taken anything or everything it contained, and the owner would not have known; but no boy ever thought of it, he would rather listen to the music.

Leclere was in that position now, his chin pressed against the fiddle, and his gaze fixed upon some indeterminate point where the creek twinkled through the openings in the foliage. Before they reached him, the boys began to walk on their toes, not lest they should disturb him, but that they might not lose any strain of the music.

He was not aware of their presence until they had stood fully twenty minutes beside the stump on which he was sitting; then he looked up, started a little, and rose slowly to his feet.

"You garcons come so sof'," he grumbled; "me neva hear. What you like?"

"Oh, we heard you playin' an' jest came to listen," Jud explained.

"You see, we've been huntin' three days for some kind of music," Tom added, "an' are on our way home."

A gleam of interest came into Leclere's deep-set eyes.

"Hunt music, for why?" he queried; "cornshuck, danser, some be marry, oui?"

Tom explained about the Christian Endeavor, and their need for some kind of in-

strumental music to accompany the singing. The man listened attentively.

"An' you come for me do dat, with my feedle?" he asked.

"Why, no; not exactly," Tom replied hastily. "We never thought of you until we heard the music. Of course we—we wouldn't ask you."

"For why?" gravely.

"Well, this is a sort of church work, you know," Tom hesitated; "an' you're a—a Catholic."

Leclere was a small, broad-framed man, but as he threw out one of his arms with a slow, deliberate motion toward the noisy water of the creek, the boys felt a sudden sense of awe.

"Music be for all kin'," the man said, reverently. "Dat water be sing, sing, all t'rou de time of de worl', an' it neva stop for Catholic or Protestant or Heathen. Dey all like hear de same. De same sky cover over dem, an' dey warm in de same sun, an' de same Fader as make de worl' make dem: Me neva play for your danser, non, nor cornshuck, nor marry. You hab plenty black man for dat. But if you like me play for dis t'ing dat make people bettair, den me play; me glad to play. Me Catholic, oui; you Protestant; but we both work for make de worl' bettair, hey?"

The faces of the boys were glowing; this was better than they had expected, better than they could have hoped for; but to assure themselves more fully, Tom said:

"It will be mostly slow music; hymns and the like. Can you play from notes?"

A slight smile touched the man's face for an instant, then vanished, leaving his face expressionless as before. But a wistful, far-away look was in his eyes.

"Long time ago," he answered, "I play mooch. You garcons no un'erstan'. No like dese woods. Here I play for myself, for my lonesome an' mebbe for de birds. You get music book what you like, an' me play, anyt'ing. Me glad for play to make worl' bettair."

Tom possessed but two articles which had a market value, his horse and a half-grown calf. That evening he sold the calf to a neighbor for two-thirds its value. But then he got cash.

The next morning he started on a journey over the mountains. The society of which he had been a member, had purchased new singing books during the summer; he was going to see what had become of the old ones. When he returned, two days later, he had them



"Music be for all kin'."



strapped in a large package behind his saddle, purchased with the money he had obtained for his calf.

The next Sunday afternoon nearly fifty young people—all within eight or ten miles who were able to come—gathered in the log building, for Jud had been careful to spread the news of the violin and the hymn

books. A special seat of honor was made for old Leclere near the table, and there were books enough for each one present to have a copy. Before the meeting ended, twelve more members had been added to the roll, and the permanence of the Deer Lick Endeavor Society was assured.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION

Reported by a Boy Reporter Especially for Readers of
The American Boy

FIFTH AND LAST LETTER

Dear Boys—There is a little village just outside Paris where we boys have had lots of fun. The place is called Robinson, and as some of you may guess, it was so named after the famous "Robinson Crusoe," who is as well known in France as he is in England and America. The village is peculiar because it has a number of houses built up in the tree-tops and these queer old structures were modeled after the ones described in the "Swiss Family Robinson." They are made of rough wood, have thatched roofs and one can only reach them by climbing ladder-like steps. Once up in them, however, there is a fine view to be had of the surrounding country, which is picturesque and beautiful. A great many people visit Robinson from Paris and take luncheon or dinner in one of the old tree-top houses. It is a most charming spot and simply teems with attractions. The greatest attraction there for Sidney and me is the number of donkeys which we can ride. There must be three or four hundred of the little beasts in the village and their owners hire them out by the hour. As the price is very low we never go out without having a donkey ride and it is great fun. We go all around the village and sometimes far out on the country roads leading over the hills. Some of the donkeys are not very easy to ride and the first time we went out Sidney was unfortunate enough to select one which was unruly. The little beast went up the hills in the nicest way imaginable, and Sid was delighted with its behavior, but when we wanted to turn back the donkey absolutely refused to turn around. Sid labored with him for some time with a little stick, but the old fellow seemed to pay no attention to it. Finally Sid decided to get off, when the treacherous little beast gave a snort and sent poor Sid flying over his head to light among the grass on the roadside. I couldn't help laughing. It looked so funny to see Sid flying into the road with that surprised expression on his face, and as he wasn't at all hurt, except in feelings, it was really quite a laughing matter. The donkey stood very still after he had accomplished this feat, and Sid said he was bound to ride him back to the village. He turned his head in the direction we wanted to go and much to our surprise the old fellow moved along as nicely as we could wish. But I noticed that Sidney held on very tightly to the reins and since then he has been careful not to choose a wicked looking donkey with gray hair, when we wish to go to ride.

In Robinson there are swings and merry-go-rounds and amusements of every kind for the children, and I couldn't help thinking that it would be a fine thing if there were some such playground for children near some of our great American cities. The Paris boys and girls spend whole days with the donkeys and tree-houses at Robinson, and, of course, they return home at night much refreshed by so happy a country holiday. Sidney and I hope that the picturesque old place may exist for many years longer, and whenever we come to Paris again we will certainly have dinner in the trees at Robinson and afterwards a good long donkey ride.

The great Exposition has been increasing in interest every week and lately there have been many special events which we have liked immensely. We have always liked the illuminations which have taken place on certain nights and of late these have been finer than ever before. Some evenings the Champ de

Mars, which is a great square in the Exposition grounds, is so brilliantly lit up that one can see the reflection in the sky for miles, and when we boys have stood in the square itself we have thought that we must be in fairyland, so wonderful is the scene. At one end of the long esplanade, or oblong square, are some remarkable electric fountains which change color very rapidly and form most beautiful spectacles. Then, about midway in the esplanade is the great Eiffel Tower, lit with thousands of incandescent lamps until it seems to be a tower of fire. At the other end of the space are more fountains, while, all around, the great buildings are decorated with white and colored lamps, making the entire place one blaze of light. On nights when these illuminations take place there are always band concerts, and we have never failed to have a good time. We have decided that we enjoy the Exposition more at night than in the daytime, because all the side-shows are open and it is great fun to wander about examining the various buildings and listening to the music of the bands. We have now visited about all the shows we care to see and have decided that there are only two in the whole lot worth the price of admission. These two are the Swiss Village and the collection of buildings called "Old Paris."

I was successful the other day in obtaining a short interview with President Loubet, of the French republic. I had once seen President Faure and on this account I was very anxious to have a talk with his successor in office. Of course the President is just now a very busy man, and for some time I was afraid that I might not be able to accomplish my desire. There are a great many functions and entertainments held in connection with the Exposition which he is obliged to attend and he hasn't much time to devote to strange boys with an ambition to secure his autograph. I tried for a long time to think of some way in which I could secure an introduction to him, but there seemed no chance of securing any one to do this for me, and I finally made up my mind to visit the Elysee Palace and trust to luck to getting in without being stopped at the gates. I had been to the palace when here before and had finally succeeded in getting in when Felix Favre was President, and I hoped I might be remembered this time. So I went up to the entrance of the courtyard and, sure enough, the soldiers made no attempt to stop me. I walked in and up to the entrance of the palace and soon found someone who could speak English. I asked for the secretary, whom I had seen in 1897, and learned that he was out. They told me I could see him if I returned the next day. Of course I did go back and found that I was remembered. The Secretary said he would be glad to introduce me to President Loubet and I was conducted into his presence without delay and introduced. I found him a very pleasant man. Everyone knows that he is beloved for his great geniality and goodness, and it seemed to me that he couldn't possibly have been more friendly in his manner. He shook hands with me and through the interpreter I told him of some of our experiences in Paris. He seemed greatly interested in all that I said. "I have heard a great deal of American boys," he said, when I had finished, "and I believe they deserve to be complimented for their pluck and energy." President Loubet impressed me as being a man full of business, who works hard

to fulfill the duties of his office, and those who know say that he is going to prove one of the best chief executives the French republic has had. He was raised on a farm amid hard conditions. He had to work long and faithfully for whatever he received, and now that he has achieved such great success, he deserves great credit. His career should be an inspiration to boys all over the world, for he has proved that any boy can make a success in life if he only tries hard and in the right way. President Loubet gave me one of his autographs before I left and wished me a successful trip abroad.

We have been getting along fine with our light housekeeping lately and Sidney says he is going to be his mother's cook when he returns to London. He seems to be really fond of preparing our breakfasts and suppers. He gets up early in the morning and makes the coffee and sets the table and gets everything ready. In the evening he nearly always returns home to get the supper and usually manages to fix something very good. But he says I must do the shopping. "I simply will not fight any more with these awful French shopkeepers," he said, when he came in the other afternoon. "They will not understand what I want, and it takes me about an hour to get two eggs and a loaf of bread." The truth is that Sidney hasn't progressed very rapidly with his French and it isn't much wonder that the shopkeepers don't understand him. He doesn't seem at all ambitious to learn the language. "It sounds to me like pig-latin," he said yesterday, "and I've got something else to do than to spend my time learning any such crazy stuff." Of course he isn't likely to learn anything at all as long as he feels that way about it and he may as well make up his mind to study some.

We will not be in Paris very much longer. We are beginning to feel that we have seen enough of the Exposition for a while and are going to make a short trip into Switzerland, where we hope to climb mountains and have a good time generally. From Switzerland we will go to Oberammergau to see the famous "Passion Play"; and then we will probably come back again to Paris through Germany.

We have had a mighty good time here, and will be glad if we can come back again. Paris is a wonderful city, with the Exposition, the museums, and all the interesting places to visit. Still, there is an idea in my mind just now, that I would rather be an American boy than any other boy on earth.

THE BOY REPORTER.

Paris, November, 1900.

GRIM PLACES FOR NESTS.

If you will note where the English sparrow builds his nest, you will oftentimes be surprised. I once saw a nest built by some sparrows in the mouth of a cannon in the Old Fort on Governor's Island, just off the battery in New York City. I hope that the pair had the good fortune to raise their brood unmolested, and that the family are now fitting about Greater New York, notwithstanding their grim, warlike home.

On the corner of Forty-fourth street and Lexington avenue, New York City, high above the pavement, there is carved a lion's head, in the mouth of which a pair of sparrows recently built their nest and raised their young unmolested, regardless of the ferocious eye and mouth of the King of Beasts.



Little Hercules admits he ate it all; but the question is, where did he stow it?

LITTLE CHING CHUNG LING'S CHRISTMAS

L. E. M. SMITH



LITTLE Ching Chung Ling lived with his parents on the very edge of Chinatown, and so it happened that not far away lived a "Melican" family with a little boy about the same age as Ching Chung Ling. These children were very fond of spinning their tops together,

and when a tempting wagon passed that way it was nip and tuck between the two to see which would hang on the longest, though the driver usually decided this point by shaking both off at the same time.

The American boy had tried to teach the little heathen the fascinating game of leap frog, but the little fellow's clumsy clothing, consisting of a loosely fitting quilted under vest and over this a broad, flowing garment of cloth with wide, loose-hanging sleeves and bulging trousers, made it impossible for him to show the agility in jumping that was necessary in emulating the lively "Melican flog." The game of horse, however, was a success, as Ching Chung Ling's long braid of hair, or "pig tail," as the "Melican" boys called it, always came in very handily for reins, which made Ching Chung Ling the horse every time. But Ching Chung Ling, like other Chinese children, was of a joyous disposition, and he good naturedly submitted to such restraints of government as his playmate took advantage of.

Christmas time was drawing near, and the American boy could talk of nothing else but Santa Claus and what he



The game of horse was a success.

expected that wonderful person to bring him, enlarging, of course, with a lively imagination for the little Chinaman's benefit, upon the number of things he had found in his stockings the Christmas before.

Little Ching Chung Ling couldn't make out all that the "Melican" boy told him, but he understood enough to excite in him the most lively feelings of interest in this "Melican god," as he thought this "Sanna Clausa" must be. His little jet-black eyes that usually had the appearance of being ready to spill out of his little brown countenance, now caused the other boy considerable uneasiness as he noticed how they fairly bulged out after listening to one of his highly colored descriptions of Santa Claus's liberality in bestowing gifts.

Little Ching Chung Ling now began cautiously to question his parents, to discover whether they had not an idol like the "Melican Sanna Clausa," before which he could bow down and burn little slips of paper bought from the priest,

and in this way bribe that god to remember him at Christmas. But to his disappointment, he learned that "Sanna Clausa" was not numbered among their gods, or idols. Then he began questioning the American boy as to the possibility of communicating with this "Melican god," and also the best way to court his favor. He learned what many American children would do well to remember, that to make friends with Santa Claus he must be "oh, so dreadfully good!" for just three or four days before Christmas, and then "Sanna Clausa" would be sure to remember him.

Little Ching Chung Ling was "oh, so dreadfully good!" for as long as six days before Christmas. He judged from the malicious desire that possessed all the Americans boys he had ever met to pull his "pig tail," that to the American mind it must be a very objectionable appendage, and so the poor little heathen thought that his "pig tail" must be atoned for by doubling the time of probation. In his zeal to attain the proper amount of goodness prescribed in the recipe given him by his playfellow to make a favorable impression on the "Melican god," the little fellow was running to Quong Chong's shop on errands for his mother all day long, bringing home many little brown paper parcels containing such small dabs of the queerest looking stuff! And once, when they had company from over the sea, actually he was sent after as many as three chicken legs, two wings, a neck and the back of a duck, all cooked and ready for the table.

And he tried to be "oh, so dreadfully good" in other ways. He was always anxious now to go with his father to the joss house—the Chinese church—where he imitated his papa and the other Chinamen in bowing down to the floor before the hideous idols that frightened him so very much. He always gave his little head an extra hard bump to please the gods, thinking that this extra goodness on his part might be mentioned incidentally some day by the Chinamen's gods when conversing with those of the Americans. In his sleep at night his mother heard him say something that sounded like "ohsodreadfullygood!" and she thought it must be some bad "swear word" he had learned from the "Melican" boy.

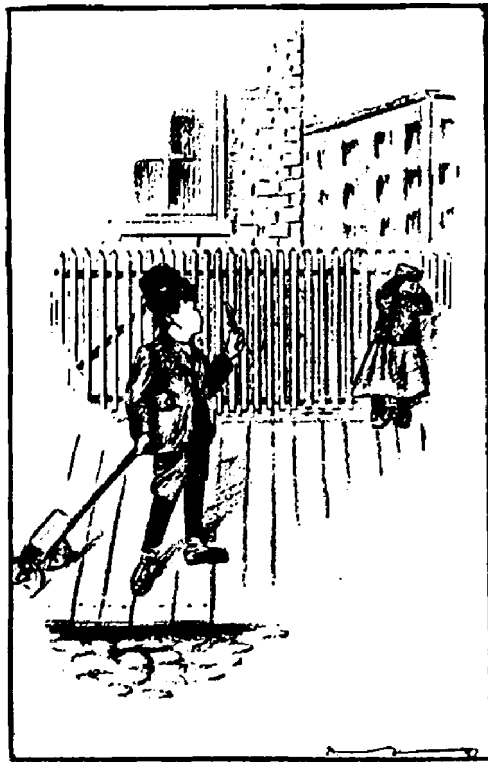
Christmas Eve arrived, and little Ching Chung Ling, full of perfect faith in "Sanna Clausa," was wild with excitement, and looking forward anxiously to bed time, when he could place his little white slippers in a convenient place for the "Melican god" to find them, after which he would go to bed and to sleep that he might quickly bridge over the long time that must elapse before Christmas morning arrived. He would like to remain awake all night watching for "Sanna Clausa," but the "Melican" boy had especially warned him against committing so fatal a mistake as that, and the little heathen wasn't going to risk any of his chances with this strange god by disobeying directions.

But the poor child's patience was sorely tried by his own papa and a number of other papas staying up most of the night to play cards, after which they smoked long pipes ending in a tiny little bowl or no bowl at all, and the smoke was so queer that it made the little fellow very sleepy, and he knew that he must not go to sleep until he had put out his little shoes for "Sanna Clausa." "And, oh! suppose the Melican god should come while they were all up, and see all those pig tails!"

At last every one was asleep, and little Ching Chung Ling, trembling with excitement, carried his two little shoes to the door, where he placed them on the floor just to one side where "Sanna Clausa" was sure to see them as soon as he opened the door. That was the only way the "Melican god" could get into this room, for there wasn't any fireplace nor even a crack left open in the window

where he could squeeze through, even were he ever so thin, which he was not, according to the "Melican" boy's vivid description.

On Christmas morning, little Ching Chung Ling was awake before any one else in that crowded, ill-smelling room. He peered out of his end of the bunk, or bed, towards the door, but in the dim



A heart-rending howl broke from his little bosom.

light could see nothing, not even his little white shoes. Then he got up very cautiously, for fear of waking some one, and, greatly excited, crept up to the door and felt around tremblingly for his little shoes and the Christmas gifts that would be pouring out of them all over the floor; for had he not been "oh, so dreadfully good" for as long as six days before Christmas?

He got hold of one shoe, and "oh!" it was actually empty! He could hardly keep from crying. "But perhaps the Melican god wouldn't fill but one shoe for a little boy that wore a pig tail." So the confiding little heathen gulped down his tears while he felt around for the other shoe. It, too, had nothing in it! He was so dumbfounded that "Sanna Clausa" should have broken faith with him thus entirely that he was too hurt now to be able to cry. He persisted for a while in feeling around all over the floor, hoping against hope that the things might have spilled out. He rubbed his trembling little hands over the rough, dirty boards for a yard or more around—but most certainly there was nothing—"Sanna Clausa" had not come, after all!

When the poor child was finally convinced of this woeful fact, he made a rush for his bed, and burying his head under the bed clothes to stifle his despairing cries, the little heathen sobbed and sobbed as though his little heart would break. Then when he had quieted down sufficiently to be able to think, he remembered how short a time he had spent in bumping his little bruised head before that hideously ugly idol in the joss house, the one that always frightened him so very much.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he cried, "that must be the reason 'Sanna Clausa' did not come, oh! oh! oh!"

The grief-stricken Ching Chung Ling finally got out of bed and went out on the pavement, where he found the "Melican" boy tugging a little wagon after him, and in this wagon were other things that Santa Claus had brought him. His hands were full of candy, his face, too, was smeared with it. Before gazing upon these indisputable proofs, little Ching Chung Ling had begun to harbor a faint hope that the "Melican" boy might have made a mistake in the day—that it wasn't yet time for "Sanna Clausa" to come. But now! how could he doubt it! Well, he was but a little heathen, and human at that; so a heart-rending howl broke from his little bosom, and rent the morning air.

The mother of the American boy came running out of her house at the sound of this cry of distress, and upon learning

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CLEVELAND, O.

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the cause of Ching Chung Ling's great woe, she immediately thought of a cure for it. She told him that Santa Claus must have surely lost the number of his home—he did do that sometimes, there were so many places for him to visit. If Ching Chung Ling, however, would go with her in the evening, she would take him to a place where Santa Claus himself was going to distribute gifts from a Christmas tree, and, strange to say, most of the things were what he had forgotten to take around Christmas night.

Little Ching Chung Ling's grief soon vanished at the thought of this great event of the evening. Actually! he was going to see "Sanna Clausa, the Melican god!"

When evening came, so did little Ching Chung Ling, dressed in his best suit, which consisted of something out of the ordinary. He wore green silk trousers tied in at the ankles and puffing out like two balloons; a quilted yellow brocaded silk undervest with silk cord and tassels of a green color; an over garment of purple velvet with wide flowing sleeves; and on his head a little red silk skull cap. His hair was braided out with yellow string, and his "pig tail" almost swept the ground as he walked along so daintily and proudly in his tiny canoe-shaped white slippers, embroidered in silk threads of red, green, yellow and blue.

When he reached the Sunday school and got his first glimpse of the Christmas tree, his astonishment and delight knew no bounds, and when "Sanna

Claus, the Melican god," appeared upon the scene and gave to little Ching Chung



The poor little heathen bowed down before this god.

Ling with his own hands some pretty things off the tree, and a little wagon that was just like the "Melican" boy's, the poor little heathen bowed down before this god, as he thought him to be, and in his great awe and gratitude was proceeding to bump his little head full of bruises, but just then the American boy's mother raised him off the floor and led him away. And, oh! he was so very happy this Christmas day that "Sanna Clausa, a Melican god," had remembered to bring something to a little boy that wore a "pig tail"

The Bad Boy.

FROM THE WASHINGTON EVENING STAR.

His hair is red and tangled, and he has a turned-up nose; His voice is loud and strident, and it never gets repose; His face is full of freckles, and his ears are shaped like fins, And a large front tooth is missing, as you'll notice when he grins. He is like a comic picture, from his toes up to his head— But his mother calls him "darling" when she tucks him into bed.

It is he who marks the carpet with the print of muddy boots; And rejoices in a door-bell that is pulled out by the roots. Who whistles on his fingers till he almost splits your ear, And shocks the various callers with the slang he chanced to hear. He fills the house with tumult and the neighborhood with dread— But his mother calls him "darling" when she tucks him into bed.

A BOY'S ASCENT OF MT. HOOD

TRAFTON M. DYE



THE CLIMB.

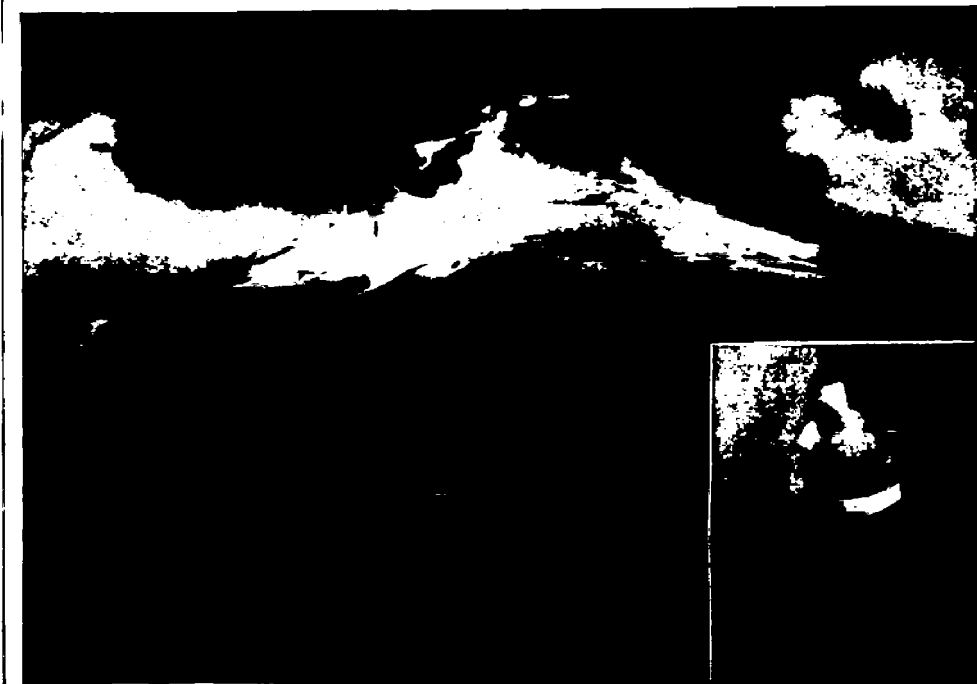
ern Oregon and Warm Spring's Indian Reservation. Not far away the piled-up ice of the White River glacier plowed its way in a deep canyon and finally issued in a stream of milky waters far below. From among the foothills, flashing through the morning light, came a heliographic signal from the faithful wife of our guide at the camp which we had lately left, to which he flashed an answer by holding a hand mirror up to the sun.

An hour passed as we sat there on the rocks, then with weariness somewhat abated, we grasped our alpenstocks and turned our faces upward. Ascending to the Arete, a ridge of snow, we followed its steep and icy crest to a yawning crevasse forty or fifty feet across and of unknown depth. Creeping cautiously along its edge we came to a bridge of ice and crossed the dangerous chasm.

Then came the steepest part of the climb, just as a heavy fog rolled down, enveloping the entire party. A single

fog we were enabled without dizziness to proceed the remaining distance to the top. Zigzagging along, we followed the guide under whose care no life has ever been lost, at an incline of forty five degrees or fifty degrees, on the face of the cliff, cutting each step with an ice axe as we proceeded. Occasionally we heard what seemed to be falling rocks on a neighboring cliff, but proved afterwards to be thunder.

We stepped on the summit, eleven thousand feet above the sea, in a snow-storm. Soon the clouds lifted, though continuing to hide the sun, and the storm ceased; yet standing there, on Mt. Hood's top, we could look out under the clouds and see the rain pouring down on Eastern Oregon. Then our heads began to itch and something buzzed in our hair. I thought there was a bee in my hat, but could not find it. One of the men ran his fingers through his hair and electric sparks were seen. Our iron-tipped alpenstocks, when held up, began to buzz like arc lights. The clouds seemed to be closing in on us, so we concluded we had better return. We went down very cautiously until we had crossed the crevasse, then sliding much of the way, we soon arrived at the timber line, where we found our lantern, and were soon through the



MT. HOOD IN CLOUDS.

TRAFTON M. DYE.

ON August 20, 1900, as one of a party of five, under the guidance of the veteran mountaineer, O. C. Yocum, I made the ascent of Mt. Hood, the highest snow peak in Oregon. This was my third and by all odds most exciting ascent of the famous mountain.

We left Government Camp at three o'clock in the morning, with only the flickering light of a lantern to guide our footsteps through the forest. After a brisk walk of four miles, up hill all the way, we arrived at early dawn at the timber line and left our lantern in a bush. Clambering over the rocks we reached the edge of the vast snow-field and started to cross it. Crater Rock was plainly visible before us, and appeared to be only a quarter of a mile distant, yet it took us several hours to reach its welcome shelter. The rock is apparently a fragment of the southern edge of the old volcanic crater of Mt. Hood. Here in places we could hear water boiling, and see steam issuing from crevices in the rocks. Seated on a bench of the great rock we ate our lunch and caught our drinking water in cups, a drop at a time, on the edge of the melting snow.

A most magnificent view was spread out before us. Immediately in front were the receding foothills, rising ever and anon into distant snow-peaks, like Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters, and others of the great Cascade Range. To the left lay the great wheat fields of East-

misstep, a lost footing, might hurl us into the yawning abyss below, but with the danger behind hidden by the friendly

timber and safe at the foot. A hard day's work, but sights seen never to be forgotten!

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THIS TOY

Consists of rubber stamps representing parts of a man, a horse, a rifle, sword, two hats and a cap, the object being to stamp out a picture or composition from these various parts. The stamps are nearly twice the size indicated by the accompanying pictures. For instance, the picture of the man with the gun on his shoulder shown herein is about one and one-fourth inches long, but the rubber stamp represented by this picture makes a man two inches long. The pictures had to be reduced to three-fifths the size of the stamps in order to get them into this page. The rubber stamps are used in connection with an ordinary ink pad.

With the set of twenty stamps here shown, thousands of combinations are possible. We show a few simple ones made by an eight year old boy.

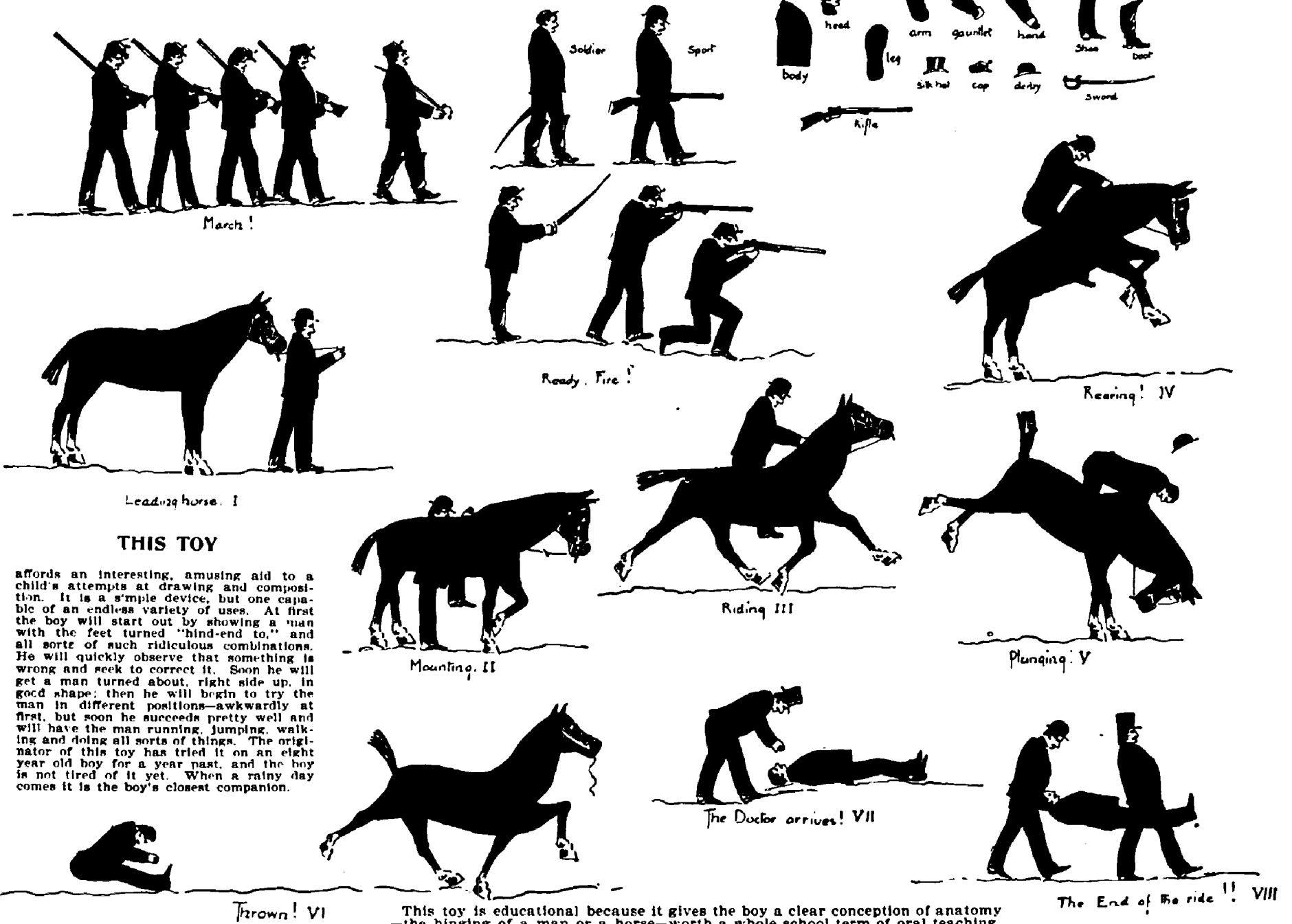
THE COMPOSITE RUBBER-STAMP PICTURES

An amusing, interesting and educational Toy It cultivates originality, composition and form; also the study of anatomy

OUR OFFER.

We will sell this educational toy, consisting of the seven parts of the horse and thirteen parts of the man, gun, sword and clothing, together with self-inking pad and full directions, all neatly enclosed in a box and delivered free for 75 cents; or will give the toy complete FREE to any AMERICAN BOY subscriber who will obtain for us a new subscriber.

THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.



THIS TOY
affords an interesting, amusing aid to a child's attempts at drawing and composition. It is a simple device, but one capable of an endless variety of uses. At first the boy will start out by showing a man with the feet turned "hind-end to," and all sorts of such ridiculous combinations. He will quickly observe that something is wrong and seek to correct it. Soon he will get a man turned about, right side up, in good shape; then he will begin to try the man in different positions—awkwardly at first, but soon he succeeds pretty well and will have the man running, jumping, walking and doing all sorts of things. The originator of this toy has tried it on an eight year old boy for a year past, and the boy is not tired of it yet. When a rainy day comes it is the boy's closest companion.

This toy is educational because it gives the boy a clear conception of anatomy—the hinging of a man or a horse—worth a whole school term of oral teaching. He soon takes to drawing in connection with his stamping, supplying with his pencil parts or accompaniments he does not have in stamps. He must be accurate in stamping out a picture in hinging the various parts together, and this gets him into habits of thoroughness and painstaking in detail. There is no end to the thing. One boy has gotten up over one thousand combinations of a man, showing him drilling, swimming, exercising, and what not. There is, in fact, a bushel of fun and instruction in this educational toy.

Short Talks to Boys

J. W. BURGESS.

No. 8.

Remain in school as long as you can, consistently with your circumstances, and don't be ashamed to fill in your spare hours at manual labor, in order to help along in the purchase of your books, and the defraying of other necessary expenses. Be just as independent as your circumstances will permit, and never use the funds of another when you can provide them yourself. Don't think you must be helped to everything you have. An education for which you toil, and scheme, and economize will stand by you longer, and be appreciated by you more than one that costs you no effort beyond the mere mental exertion necessary to

the study of books. The country is filled with college-bred young men looking for situations, who have no experience beyond book-learning. Whether graduated from a college or from a district school, the men who hold the reins of power today, in every walk of life, are those who have come up out of more or less tribulation, and who have good, hard, common sense and practical methods gained by rubbing against the rough side of the world. That sort of experience produces within a man a rugged determination, and a rigid back bone that can be secured in no other way. So, boys, cultivate independence.

No. 4.

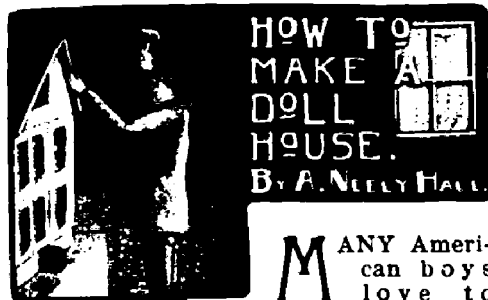
If it becomes necessary for you to leave school for a time and go to work, do it gracefully. Work is honorable. Don't be afraid of it. It would be an excellent

idea for everybody to learn a trade. The old Jewish law made it obligatory, asserting that if a man neglected to teach his son a trade he did the same as make him a thief. The emperor of Germany is a bookbinder. The fact that you have a trade need not make you work at it, but with a good trade at his fingers' ends and good health to back it, a man is seldom floored, no matter where he finds himself. If you start to learn a trade, remember that the harder you work, and the more closely you apply yourself, the sooner you will outstrip all your chums and land on the top of the ladder where situations are many and wages are high. Don't be afraid to work. Don't be content with merely putting in the allotted time, but try and find out the best way to accomplish the work you have to do in the heaviest and most expeditious manner. You may think that effort of this

kind is not appreciated, but it is, and when some fine day there is a chance for promotion, and when you find yourself singled out from half a dozen of your chums, and sent up a step higher, don't attribute it to luck, but to the fact that your employer saw and appreciated the fact that you were careful and painstaking and took this method of rewarding your efforts.

On the other hand, if you go fooling along, doing just as little as you can, and not even that until you are told repeatedly, and then in a slipshod and slovenly manner, don't attribute it to luck when some other fellow is allowed to go several rounds above you on the ladder, at better pay. The employer has seen the difference between your way of doing things and the other boy's, and prefers his to yours, that's all.

(Others to Follow.)



MANY American boys love to tinker with hammer and nails. Some do it just for a pastime, spoiling their materials and casting the work away when something new comes into their heads, but others spend their time to better advantage, making kites, boats, wagons, etc., instead of buying them.

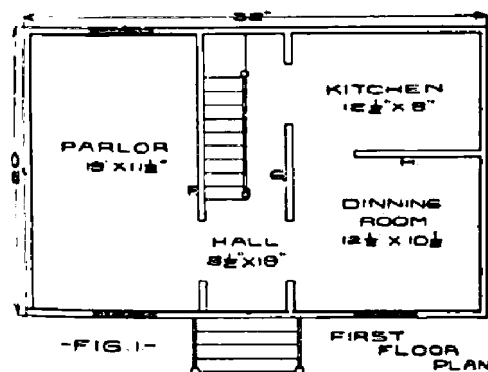
They very often, too, enjoy making playthings for their sisters. Next to the doll, there is hardly a doubt but what the doll-house is prized more than any other plaything, and one made by a brother is certain to be thought a great deal more of than is one that has come from a store.

I shall endeavor, in this article, to tell how to construct a doll-house with little expense. The plans given here are for a house of three floors, containing seven rooms, and in size, twenty inches deep, thirty two inches wide, and four feet high.

Large packing boxes can be used, but any boards you have on hand about one-half inch thick will answer the purpose.

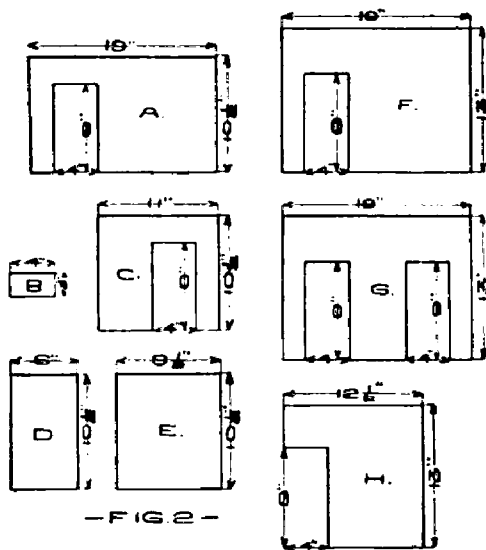
For the foundation, cut two boards each thirty one inches long by six inches wide, and two each nineteen inches long by six inches wide. Mitre the ends of these and nail them together. Saw up enough boards thirty one inches long to make a floor nineteen inches wide. Nail this floor onto the foundation. Now, with a sharp pencil and square, mark out upon the floor the part inside the heavy line of the plan of Fig 1, being careful to get the dimensions exactly the same as given upon the plans. The reason for not including the part outside of the heavy line is that that represents the outer walls which are to be nailed onto the edges of the floor.

For the side walls, cut enough boards two feet long to make a width of twenty inches, and nail them onto the edges of the floor. We will leave the cutting of the windows until near the last, but when partitioning off the rooms, we will cut the doors there as they cannot be made so easily when the partitions are put in place. First cut out partition (F) the shape and dimensions given in Fig. 2 and after making it (F) lay it aside and make partitions (G) and (H). When these are made, nail (F) and (G) on the places drawn for them upon the floor. Then slip partition (H) between (G) and

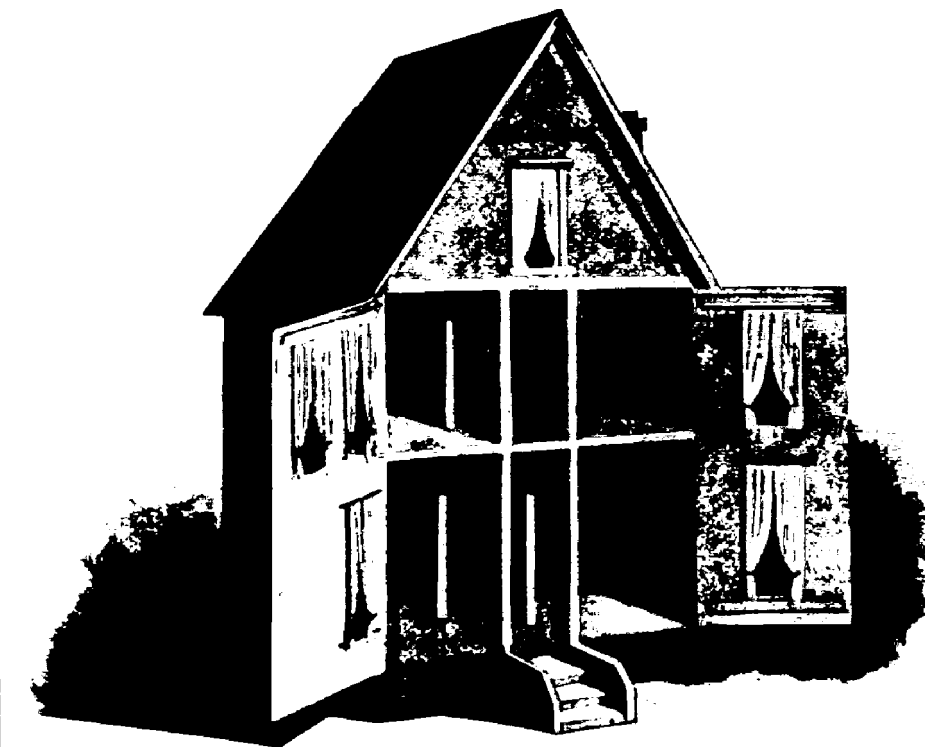


the side wall, on the line marked out for it. In fastening these, hammer the nails from the outside walls and underside of floor, using great care not to split the wood. It will now be necessary before making the second floor to cut two strips nineteen inches long, and nail one on each side of the house, thirteen inches from the floor. This gives something to which you can attach the floor for the second story. It will be noticed in Fig. 3 that there is a space five and a half by ten and a half left in the floor for the stairway and elevator shaft. After nailing down this floor, mark out upon it the plans for

second floor (Fig. 3). For the partitions see Fig. 2. When these have been made according to the dimensions given in the figure, nail them on the places marked for them. Partitions (D), (B), (E), must be mitred at the ends where



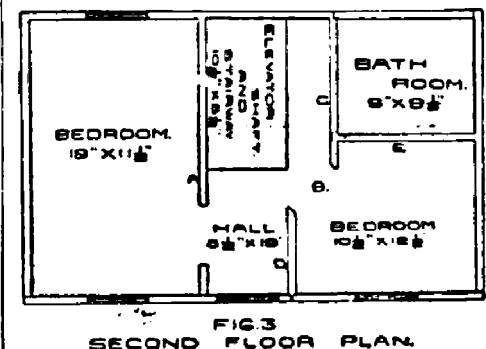
they meet so as to make them join neatly. Partition (B) goes above the door. When these are nailed in place the third floor should be made (Fig. 4). As in the second floor, a space two and



a half by five and a half inches should be left for the elevator shaft. Care must be taken to have this space exactly over the one left in the second floor.

Next make the roof. It will probably be easier to construct it in two parts, the dimensions of each being twenty eight inches long by twenty four inches wide. After cutting the boards, fasten them together by means of strips of wood, as shown in Fig. 5. Mitre one edge of both sections and nail them to the top of the house.

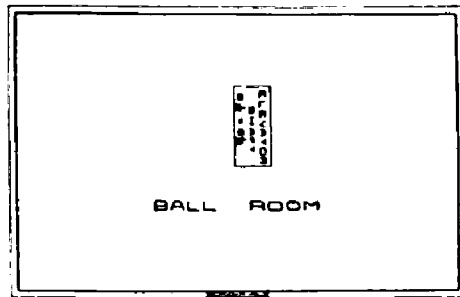
It will be noticed that neither back nor front of the house has been made. It is intended to have the front swing on hinges, and also the part of the back wall enclosing the kitchen and bathroom. Cut the boards the right length and after fastening them on, in the way described above, make the gable ends, fastening the rear one and leaving the front loose, so that it may be removed.



With a small saw, cut windows where they are indicated upon the plans, five by seven inches. Secure some pieces of glass five by seven inches (old camera plates will do nicely) and nail them in place with some strips of cigar boxes, which will also do for window casings.

Use your ingenuity in constructing a pair of stairs from the first floor to the second.

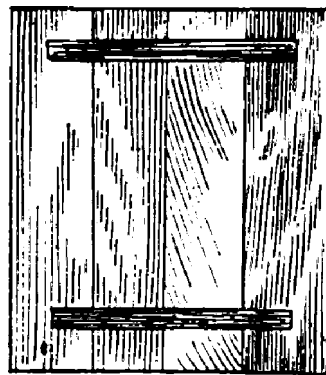
Make an elevator five inches long by



two inches wide and, fastening a small pulley to the ceiling of the third floor, run a small chain over it, attaching the elevator to one end and a weight heavy enough to balance it on the other. To keep it from swaying from side to side it is advisable to have it run on wires, which may be fastened to each side of

the elevator by small screw eyes or tea tacks.

You can now paper the rooms, nail on the door casings, baseboards, etc. Cigar



boxes, broken up into strips, and oiled will answer very well for finishing the inside of the house, such as the baseboards, door casings, hall floor, steps, etc. Cover the floors with scraps of pretty carpet, and out of cigar boxes a very pretty set of furniture can be made. Lace curtains may be put on the windows. It will be unnecessary to cut a door in the front of the house, but a false one can be made and fastened upon one of the swinging fronts. Below this door construct steps. Make a chimney and nail it on the roof, after which paint the house a terra cotta color with blue trimmings.

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The Cruise of the Yacht Gazelle; 6,000 Miles on Inland and Ocean Waters

KENNETH M. RANSOM

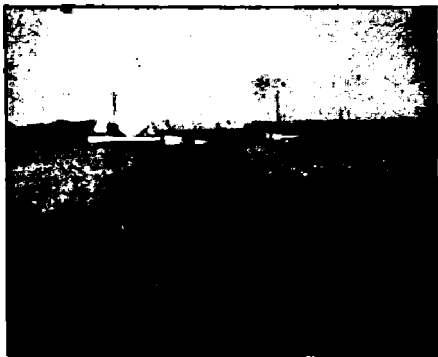
These are the ninth and tenth chapters in the story of a six thousand mile cruise by four Michigan boys in a boat of their own construction. Setting sail from St. Joseph, the "Gazelle," by which name their craft was known, proceeded by way of lake, river and canal to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans and the Gulf, along the gulf coast to the Atlantic, thence to New York harbor by way of the ocean, thence by river, canal and lake, home to Michigan.

CHAPTER IX.

TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

On the west coast of Florida is found Cape Romano, generally conceded to be one of the very roughest places along the whole Gulf shore. On the second day out from St. James City, Romano was sighted and by noon Gazelle was abreast the reef-bound point. The wind which had been fresh all day had by this time increased to a perfect gale, and coming as it did from the southwest was not at all in our favor. The idea of a ten mile beat to windward until we should clear the buoy, far out at sea, was not a decidedly pleasant one; but it had to be done.

Retaining all sail, our exciting beat to windward began. Along the bar, as far as the eye could see, was one frothing, boiling mass of white breakers, with now and then a huge black rock lifting its ugly head far above. Then again on the uneven bottom a swell would break sometimes near the yacht, warning us of sunken dangers. The wildness of it all was grand. Gazelle did strain and creak, but ever onward in the deep sea, far out from the dangerous reef, she found her way. At last the bell buoy was reached and knowing that the end of the shoal was doubled, we headed eastward and, although nearly in the trough of the large sea, with sheets



FISHING AMONG THE TEN THOUSAND ISLANDS.

slackened, we simply flew along, leaving a wake of foam aft, and the shoal far astern. Soon the first emerald hue of the Ten Thousand Islands loomed up in the distance and we were glad, so glad, when we finally dropped anchor in the lee of the largest of a large group. Frank and I rowed ashore, leaving the mate to prepare supper. We were impressed with the beauty of the place and wished we might have a cottage on its lovely shores. As we walked along, picking up shells, I was startled by a rooster's crowing. At first I thought I was mistaken, but the crow was again repeated, so we started inland in quest of Mister Rooster. We had not gone far before we reached a small clearing. Nestling in a grove of banana and cocconut trees was a small weather-beaten cottage, commanding, from its location, an excellent view of a small bay on whose bosom a small sloop rode at anchor. It was a beautiful scene. Improvised garden tools and other utensils gave evidence that the owner was a genius. Near by the door on a rudely formed bench was a tub made from the inverted shell of a huge turtle, and several pieces of clothing hung on a bark clothesline.

Approaching the door, I knocked and was met by a rather young woman who seemed timid at a stranger's approach, but I tipped my hat and asked if she could direct me to a fresh water spring or give me any information as to the coast farther on. She told me where to find the water but was unacquainted with navigation, but beckoning me to

follow her, she led the way across the room to a door leading into a second apartment.

As I entered the room I saw before me, reclining on a low couch, a man. He was brown from exposure and



INDIANS OF THE EVERGLADES.

showed the unmistakable signs of a life spent at sea. In stature he was short, but his broad shoulders and stocky build proved that he had once been a very strong man.

As I asked for information and told of our trip the old man rose to a sitting posture and seemed greatly interested in us. After hearing our story he gave me many helpful and interesting accounts of the navigation of the labyrinth we were about to tackle, and I was truly surprised at his complete knowledge of seamanship. In fact, there was something extraordinary about him, but just what, I knew not. When we started to leave he expressed a desire to see our craft, which being anchored on the opposite side of the Key made a walk of nearly half a mile necessary. Lighting his pipe and taking up a Cuban machete he led the way and in Indian file we proceeded along the narrow trail.

When we reached a point of vantage we all stopped and gazed upon Gazelle riding peacefully at her mooring. Our guide expressed himself as greatly pleased with the craft and for half an hour we stood and talked upon the relative merits of small boats of past and present design. The old man was so well informed on all matters pertaining to the sea that I became anxious to know the history of his past. I asked him if he would not relate some incident in connection with his life that would make an interesting item for my log.

He looked at me with a queer glance and asked: "Well, how old would you say I am?" I guessed eighty five. Frank thought eighty. The old man laughed and said, "Ah! boys, I fool them all; my name is John Gomez, and if the Lord spares my life until Christmas day I will be one hundred and twenty three years old." Thus the oldest man in America had looked upon our yacht. His remarkable old age was the extraordinary something I had seen in John Gomez, inhabitant of Panther Key.

For several days we cruised among the beautiful Keys and enjoyed them hugely. The tribes of Seminole Indians living in this locality greatly interested us. They are splendid specimens of physical manhood, and those I saw seemed to be exceedingly generous. Notwithstanding the pleasant things of the day, the mosquitoes were such a pest at night that we were all glad when we left the Everglades and sailed more in the open sea, for although the Indians and "razor-back hogs" seemed to stand their bites, we couldn't.

We had already been several days out from Senibel, and being anxious to reach Miami and thus be homeward bound, we all gave a shout of joy as Cape Sable was sighted. At five o'clock we dropped anchor in the lee formed by the east cape and were glad to find a large fishing fleet of small sailboats. It was good to see white men again, for Gomez and the young woman at his cottage were the first whites we had seen for several days.

We had a nice visit with the fishermen, who seemed to think we would make a speedy voyage to our destination. Thus encouraged we remained a

day at the cape and loaded our spare room with several hundred cocoanuts, which we had come to like.

The sky had a threatening look when we left Sable. Crossing to Sandy Key, we held our course across Florida Bay and by night had reached Grassy Key, one of those small islands forming the long chain from Key West to Biscayne Bay.

The storm which had been gathering all day finally broke at sunset with great force. Heavy rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and heavy thunder made a very tempestuous night; but Gazelle was securely anchored in a small bay, which gave ample protection from the gale, and had it not been that our water and food supply were running scant we would have been very happy. Next day dawned bright and clear, but a heavy sea ran in from the ocean and we were held prisoners for three days more. Cocoanuts and oatmeal formed the principal articles of our diet during this period, and though we found the milk of the nut a good substitute for poor water, we were all glad and thankful when the wind again settled down in a southwesterly direction and allowed us to proceed on our way up the Hawk channel to Miami, which we reached in safety.

During this time we had been unable to send communications home, and owing to our delay and the dangerous character of the waters we were navigating, our parents and friends had long since begun to fear for our safety. But telegraphic messages, followed by long explanatory letters, told that we again had conquered.

The Gulf was behind us, Gazelle had acted her part well, and now she seemed restless to enter the new element which spread out before her, and my confidence was complete that the little craft would successfully master even Old Ocean.

CHAPTER X.

MIAMI AND A SHARK.

It seemed good to be among people again after a voyage of thirteen days. Miami people were on the lookout for us, and no sooner had we stepped ashore than we were greeted by them as if we had been old friends.

The name Gazelle on our sweaters told who we were. All seemed familiar with our cruise, for our parents had long since become solicitous for our safety, as they had been unable to get word to or from us since our departure from St. James City. Frequent telegrams and letters had been sent to the postmaster asking if any information had been received from or of us, and in each case a negative reply had been



THE PLANTER'S HOME, CAPTAVIA, FLA.

sent. Those were days of anxious suspense at home. Our parents fully realized the dangers of the voyage through the everglades, knowing as they did the history of the dismal, intricate passes and dangerous shoals. How easy it was

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to become lost, perhaps wrecked; and even if lucky enough to reach the shore, one might die of thirst and starvation away from friends and nevermore be heard of. No wonder then that our being long overdue greatly distressed our dear ones. But now all worry must vanish, for here, peacefully riding at anchor off this southernmost city of Florida, on the bosom of Biscayne Bay was Gazelle with crew well and hearty, and little the worse from their long diet of weevilly oatmeal and coconuts.

Soon messages were clicked off to our parents telling of our safe arrival, followed by first mail by our long, long letters which had been written from day to day, and were now almost of sufficient size to send by express. These letters told all about our delays, and how we had fared and enjoyed ourselves, and I am sure were very gratefully received.

During our cruise our hair, which had not been trimmed since leaving New Orleans, had grown to such a length that football players would have turned green with envy in gazing upon us. While ready to admit that such long locks are a decided benefit in the fall, when we line up with "five yards more to gain or lose the pigskin," I am equally positive that they are not conducive to comfort in a climate whose June days seldom find the mercury below the one hundred mark.

It was therefore agreed that our hair must go. Not simply a good, stylish trim, but a downright close clipping was the decree. So like Indians on the trail we three fled into the barber shop. The result was wonderful. When I gazed upon my companions I thought I should die from laughter, and they in turn laughed at me; in fact the whole community enjoyed a laugh at our expense and I didn't blame them, either.

Talk about funny looking mortals, we were the funniest! Our faces were burnt nut-brown by exposure to the sun's rays, while our heads, so long covered, were white, and the decided contrast made us look very comical, but we were comfortable, and people forgave us for comfort's sake.

Miami is a city of mushroom growth so to speak, having risen to importance in a very short time. Besides being the terminus of the East Florida Railroad it is the nearest and most convenient port in touch with Cuba and Key West. The magnificent hotel known as the Royal Palm offers most luxurious entertainment for the tourists who come to winter in this favored latitude where sunny days and all kinds of fishing and other sports are enjoyed.

The pineapple season was at its height when we were in Miami and we were surprised at the vast number of crates brought to the city for shipment north.

After a two days' visit we hoisted "mud hooks" and waving back adieu to our friends, wended our way toward the old Point Florida lighthouse, passing which we would be in the broad Atlantic and our course would be to the north, and once more toward home.

Biscayne Bay is shallow and full of bars, and the bottom being covered with a thick seaweed growth makes them hard to see and the channel very difficult to follow. We had proceeded about two miles from the city when we brought up on one of those sand spits, and good and hard, too, for we were traveling along at a merry clip. The tide was ebbing and each minute the receding water left us higher and higher on the sand, notwithstanding that we made every effort possible to get afloat. Finally the water had so fallen, that we knew it was no use, and that we must stay a-bar until another high tide, which would be at least a six hours' wait. This was very disappointing for we had hoped to round the point by ten o'clock and be well up the coast ere nightfall, but by the time we would get free it would be too late to think of crossing the bar; thus we must stay in the bay all day and all night.

Taking our anchors out into the deep channel in the small boat, we cast them overboard with the ends of the cables made fast on Gazelle. By this means we would be enabled to haul the yacht into the channel as soon as the flood tide should rise to sufficient height, and thus

escape the danger of being driven higher on the bar by wind and wave when the boat floated.

The tide soon dropped so low as to leave our craft almost high and dry on the bar, of course she heeled over on one side and made it hard to stick on board, but it also gave us a splendid opportunity to examine the bottom, which we found in excellent condition.

Inasmuch as we would have to remain in the bay all day we resolved to make the best of our time and enjoy ourselves. The yacht was so tipped that there was no pleasure in remaining aboard, so we all decided to have a good swim, after which it was agreed that an excursion should be made along the beach in quest of shells. On one side of the bar we found a quick shelving bank dropping off into deep water, which afforded a splendid swimming hole. Leaving our clothing aboard the boat we ran across the bar to this place and each in turn took a dive into the sea. We enjoyed our swim for some time when Arthur and myself made up our minds to come out. Frank had not satisfied his appetite for the sport, however, and, while the mate and myself ran foot races along the smooth, hard-beaten sandbar, he continued to force his way over the long swells which were running in from the ocean.

Frank is a fine swimmer and I always watched him cleave the waters, with delight. I chanced now to look his way and was surprised to see how far out he seemed to be, and as far as I could make out was still swimming away from us



FLORIDA "RAZOR-BACKS."

as if to reach the other bar some one hundred yards from where we stood. I could not account for this as we had agreed not to get far separated as large sharks frequent the waters of the lower bay and swimming there is dangerous. I became alarmed and shouted for him to return, when I noticed that he was swimming in circles and splashing the water frequently. I made up my mind that he was in trouble, and, running to where the yawl lay hauled out on the sand I forced her into the water and was soon flying over the swells toward my companion.

As I neared him I looked over my shoulder, and my blood almost ran cold as I saw his dangerous situation. I could see now and then the fin and sometimes the back of what I knew to be a shark of the largest kind. Frank was swimming and splashing with all his might and main, and I was surprised at the coolness he displayed as his voice called, "Hurry up, Cap, I am most tuckered." I bent to the oars and was soon up with him. Taking advantage of being in the boat I swung in between the cook and his enemy, at the same time rocking the boat violently so as to frighten the monster and keep him at a distance, while I hauled Frank, who was now all but exhausted, into the boat. It was a narrow escape and I realized that help had arrived just in the nick of time for our comrade was almost overcome by his battle with the man eater.

No one would have supposed such a thing had happened had they chanced to see the hero an hour afterward, as we all three walked along the shore looking for shells, hatless, barefooted, with only a flannel shirt and a pair of overalls cut off just below the knees as a costume.

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After we left the water Frank had begun to practice fancy strokes and was enjoying himself greatly, when he noticed a great blackish object glide by him. This he knew must be a shark or a porpoise. If a porpoise, harmless, if a shark, only the most favoring circumstances would save him from great injury or death. With rare presence of mind he prepared for the worst, and in a second almost the monster was turned and was coming toward him. Turned upon his side, exposing row upon row of ivory teeth in his fiendish mouth, the fish advanced; but surprised and frightened by great splashing and a counter attack on the part of his supposed prey, he halted; then began to retreat,

with Frank after him, keeping up the fight. At times he would back up, then go round in circles, the sailor always after him keeping up the splashing. Thus Frank had held the monster at bay until assistance arrived. Had he tried to escape, the coward shark would have immediately borne down upon him and nothing would have saved him from great injury; but courage won and we rejoiced.

We enjoyed our afternoon greatly, finding sea curios to add to our collection, and we were surprised when night began to fall. Boarding our yawl we rowed back to the yacht, which had swung into the channel at high tide, and now lay at anchor in deep water.

(To be Continued.)

DECEMBER IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DECEMBER 1, 1841: STATUE OF WASHINGTON PLACED IN THE CAPITOL OF WASHINGTON.

DECEMBER 2, 1859: JOHN BROWN EXECUTED. John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Va. He was born in Connecticut, and moved with his father to Ohio when five years of age.



JOHN BROWN.

At the age of fifty five he went to Kansas, where he became a bitter enemy of slavery. He conceived the idea that he was to be the instrument for the abolition of African slavery, and in May, 1859, made his first attempt to liberate the slaves in Virginia in what was known as "John Brown's Raid", which resulted in failure and his own death by hanging. On a dark night, with seventeen white men and five negroes, Brown stole into Harper's Ferry, seized the government arsenal and railroad bridge, and arrested citizens found on the street. He expected as soon as daylight should come and the negroes in the vicinity should learn of what had happened, that they would flock to his aid, and that there would result a general uprising of the slaves. The local militia immediately hastened to Harper's Ferry, and a hand-to-hand fight was had with Brown and his followers. The latter were driven into a fire engine house, where they bravely defended themselves. Brown's two sons lay dead by his side, but with all the composure of a general he bade his followers to be firm. They held out during the entire day, until evening of that day, when Colonel Robert E. Lee arrived with ninety United States marines and two pieces of artillery. Brown and his followers were then captured, and the leader was tried for murder and treason, found guilty and hanged. Governor Wise, of Virginia, declared that he was ready to make war on all the free labor states. In a letter to the president he declared that he believed a conspiracy to rescue Brown existed in northern states. Attempts were made to fasten suspicion on leading republicans, and a committee of the United States Senate was appointed to investigate, but no proof was found that Brown had other accomplices than the twenty or more followers who were with him in the fight.

DECEMBER 7, 1796: WASHINGTON'S LAST ADDRESS TO CONGRESS

DECEMBER 13, 1813: THE TOWN OF BUFFALO (N. Y.) BURNED BY THE BRITISH. Dr. Amos Hall was in command of the Americans gathered at Black Rock and Buffalo, two thousand in number. General Raill, in command of the British and Indians, crossed the river on a dark night, drove the Americans out and took possession of Buffalo, and proceeded to burn and destroy. Only four buildings were left standing in the village. Four vessels were burned in the harbor.

DECEMBER 14, 1799: WASHINGTON DIED. Before his death he enjoyed domestic quiet at Mt. Vernon for about three years. His last words were, "It is well".



He was buried at Mt. Vernon, his home, where his body now reposes by the side of that of his wife. Thousands of visitors annually make a pilgrimage to Mt. Vernon to view the old homestead and look through the iron grating upon the stone sarcophagi that hold the remains of George and Martha Washington. There was universal sorrow at his death.

DECEMBER 16, 1773: BOSTON TEA PARTY. The merchants of Boston agreed among themselves not to import anything from Great Britain until the unjust taxation laws forced upon the colonies by Great Britain were removed. The English parliament declared that they had the right to tax the colonists without their consent. The colonists denied the right. Tea imported into the colonies was among the things taxed. The Boston merchants refused to allow any cargoes of tea to be landed, and vessels were sent back without their cargoes being touched. Two ships full of tea were anchored in Boston harbor, and the citizens of the town met in the old South meeting house on the evening of the sixteenth of December, 1773, and about sixty men disguised as Indians rushed to the wharf, boarded the vessels, and threw overboard three hundred and forty chests of tea. The citizens of Boston offered to pay for the tea, but the English government punished them by closing the port of Boston the following year against all commerce and navigation.



DECEMBER 16, 1835: THE GREAT FIRE OF NEW YORK. Six hundred and seventy four houses and many public buildings

burned, with a loss estimated at twenty million dollars.

DECEMBER 18, 1878: GOLD WAS AT PAR FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE 1862.

DECEMBER 20, 1860: SOUTH CAROLINA SECEDED FROM THE UNION. On the day when Lincoln was elected, a joint resolution was offered in the house of the South Carolina legislature providing for a state convention to consider the withdrawal of the State from the Union. Then the legislature passed an Act authorizing such a convention, and declared that a sovereign state of the union had a right to secede from it. Then orators went through out the length and breadth



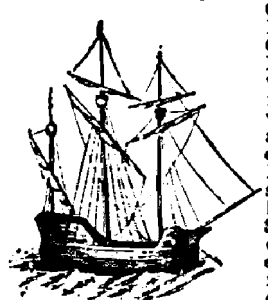
DAVID F. JAMISON.

of the State crying aloud "the wrongs suffered by South Carolina in the union." The Charleston Mercury called upon natives of South Carolina in the army and navy to resign their commissions, whereupon many South Carolinians resigned their positions. Vigilance committees were organized to discover and suppress anti-secession sentiment. Delegates to the convention were chosen December 3, 1860. David F. Jamison was president of the convention. J. A. Inglis was chairman of the committee appointed by the convention to draft an ordinance of secession. The ordinance was reported at noon of December 20, and was adopted just forty five minutes after it was submitted, without debate. At seven o'clock, of the same evening, the one hundred and sixty nine members of the convention went in procession to Institute hall, in Charleston and signed the ordinance in the presence of the authorities of the State. On their way they were cheered by the populace, and the chimers of St. Michael's church pealed forth "Auld Lang Syne" and other airs. After the signatures were affixed a venerable minister of the gospel uttered a petition to God for His blessing; then the president of the convention stepped forward, read and exhibited the instrument to the people, and said, "The ordinance of secession has been signed, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an independent commonwealth."

A great shout then went up from the multitude.

DECEMBER 21, 1864: SHERMAN ENTERED SAVANNAH ON HIS MARCH TO THE SEA.

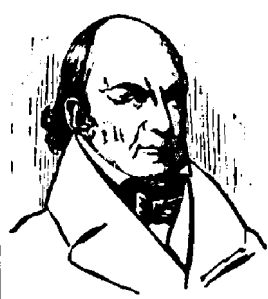
DECEMBER 22, 1620: THE MAYFLOWER PILGRIMS LANDED AT PLYMOUTH ROCK. The Mayflower first anchored in Cape Cod Bay on November 21. The Constitution of the Plymouth colony was signed by the forty one persons who comprised the adult male members of the company. The Mayflower had set sail for New England on September 6. She was a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons, and carrying in all one hundred and one souls, among them Edward Winslow and his wife, Miles Standish and his wife, and John Alden, whose names are familiar to every true American. The Constitution referred to was written on the lid of a chest belonging to Elder Brewster, one of the company, and the signatures were all written on this lid. It was nearly a month after the signing of this Constitution before the people of the Mayflower landed upon a rock in a snug harbor. Before spring nearly one-half of the Mayflower company were in their graves.



THE MAYFLOWER.

DECEMBER 23, 1783: WASHINGTON RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION AND RETIRED TO MT. VERNON.

DECEMBER 24, 1814: TREATY OF PEACE WITH GREAT BRITAIN SIGNED AT GHENT. The Empress of Russia tried to bring about peace between the British and the United States, but the English Government refused Russia's mediation and proposed that the two governments treat directly with each other at the old city of Ghent, in what is now Belgium. The American commissioners were John Quincy Adams, Jas. A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Jonathan Russell and Albert Gallatin. The discussions of this commission continued several months, but on December 24 a mutual agreement was reached providing for the restoration to each country of territory taken from it, and for three commissions—one to settle the titles to islands in Passamaquoddy Bay; another to mark out the northeastern boundary of the United States as far as the St. Lawrence,



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

and a third to run the line through the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the Lake of the Woods. No provision was made as to the boundary west of the Lake of the Woods, nor as to the fisheries on the shores of British America. It took away from the British the nominal right of navigating the Mississippi, and from the New England fishermen the right of catching and curing fish on the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Both parties agreed to do their best to suppress the African slave trade. The treaty as drawn up by the commissioners was ratified.

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DECEMBER 24, 1851: PART OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON AND THE WHOLE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS DESTROYED BY FIRE. The Capitol is built of white freestone, and is composed of a central building with two wings. The north wing was begun in 1793 and finished in 1800, at a cost of four hundred and eighty thousand dollars, the corner stone being laid by President Washington. The south wing was commenced in 1803 and completed in 1808 at an expense of about three hundred and nine thousand dollars. The central part was not begun when the two wings were burned by the British in 1814. The construction of the central building was begun in 1818 and completed in 1827, at a cost of nine hundred and fifty eight thousand dollars. The Capitol was first occupied by the two houses of Congress December 6, 1819. An enlargement of the Capitol was begun in 1851. The old building now forms the center.

DECEMBER 26, 1776: HESSIANS AT TRENTON SURRENDERED TO WASHINGTON. Washington had nearly six thousand men on the Delaware river, opposite Trenton. The English army was at Trenton, Princeton, Elizabethtown, and other neighboring towns. Fifteen hundred Hessians were in Trenton. Thinking that the backbone of the revolution had been broken, the English were careless. Not a cannon had been mounted at Trenton. On Christmas night Washington, with two thousand men, crossed the Delaware, a few miles above Trenton. There was ice floating in the river, the current was swift, the night dark, and a storm of snow and sleet falling. The American troops under Washington crossed safely and reached Trenton before they were discovered. The conflict lasted thirty five minutes. The American army took a thousand prisoners, twelve hundred small arms, six cannon, and all the German flags. This victory awakened anew the courage of the Americans, and many who had left the army, or were about to leave it, re-enlisted.

DECEMBER 26, 1853: GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK.

DECEMBER 26, 1860: Major Anderson, of the United States army, occupied Fort Sumter in South Carolina.

DECEMBER 29, 1778: BRITISH CAPTURE SAVANNAH. Two thousand British invaded Georgia late in 1778, arriving at the mouth of the Savannah on December 23. Six hundred continentals and a few hundred militia unsuccessfully opposed their march. By the capture of Savannah the continentals lost four hundred and fifty three prisoners, forty eight cannon, twenty three mortars, the fort, with its ammunition and stores, the shipping in the river, and a large quantity of provisions, together with a hundred men killed.

DECEMBER 29, 1865: EIGHTY FIVE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS FOR SOUTH-

ERN STATES EXCLUDED FROM CONGRESS. Congress refused to recognize the state governments instituted by the South, and insisted upon a plan of reconstruction different from that of the President. At that time began a long contest between the President and Congress over reconstruction. DECEMBER 30, 1851: LOUIS KOSSUTH, THE HUNGARIAN CHIEF, ARRIVED AT WASHINGTON ON THE INVITATION OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS.



LOUIS KOSSUTH.

Louis Kossuth was the exiled Governor of Hungary. He received great attention in America, being presented to President Fillmore by Daniel Webster, and later introduced to the Senate. He entered the Senate Chamber accompanied by Generals Cass and Seward. He was introduced by General Shields. He also visited the House of Representatives, where he was enthusiastically received. A banquet was given him by Congress at the National hotel, where Kossuth made one of his greatest speeches. He was indeed a wonderful orator. Hungary had attempted to throw off the yoke of Austria, and Louis Kossuth, Governor of Hungary, led the patriots in their struggle. On the failure of the revolution he took refuge in Turkey. The Austrian Government demanded that he be turned over to them by Turkey. The United States and England interfered, the United States sending a warship to bring him to this country. He could talk not only in his native tongue, but in English, German, French and Italian. He endeavored to interest this country in the cause of Hungary, but the Government, after a little hesitation, refused to depart from its attitude of neutrality. He returned to Europe in July, 1852.

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One week old silk worms. Two weeks old silk worms.



Three weeks old silk worms.



Four weeks old silk worms.

How a Boy May Raise Silk Worms

MARY H. O'CONNOR

THE raising of silkworms does not require the investing of much money and presents few, if any, disagreeable features; neither is it hard work, nor does it take any great amount of intelligence or special aptitude.

Of course, there are some things about the work that require careful attention, and some rules that must be strictly followed; but that is true of any sort of work if it is to be successful.

There are many varieties of silkworms imported from Europe and Asia. A cross between the Japanese and Italian breeds is desirable, for this worm spins a cocoon that is large, white and firm.

First, regarding the silkworm's food: It feeds on the leaves of the mulberry tree. Trees that are grown for the feeding of the worms are not allowed to become as large as the mulberry trees to which we are accustomed; they are kept down within four feet of the ground. Careful pruning regulates their height and form, so that the leaves may be easily gathered. They are trimmed once a year, in March, all the dead leaves and twigs being removed. In picking the leaves, the silkworm raiser follows a system. The first leaves that appear should not be picked when very young, for then they are bitter and pungent, and are not liked by the worms. The trees begin to send forth sprouts in April or May, and it is when you see these young leaves coming that you begin hatching the eggs. You can fancy how small the eggs of the silkworm are when it is estimated that



Five weeks old silk worms.

one ounce of them will hatch into forty thousand worms. They resemble a mustard seed, are nearly circular, slightly flat, and indented in the center.

When the leaves begin to appear on the mulberry trees, spread the eggs upon clean paper and place them in a room kept at seventy degrees. Stir the eggs once in a while with a small camel's hair brush or a feather, so that every part of each egg comes in contact with the warm air. In about a week the eggs will hatch. During that week they will change greatly in appearance; their fluid contents will become concentrated in the middle of the egg, leaving a semi-transparent space between it and the shell. The worm gnaws a hole through this shell and emerges as about the tiniest living thing you have ever seen. You should have trays ready in which to put the tiny worms. These may be made of the covers of cardboard boxes, say three feet long by two feet wide, and two inches deep. Line them with wrapping paper. When about one third of the little worms are hatched begin putting them in trays. Move all the worms as they appear, putting as many in each tray as seems practical. In order to change them from the hatching paper to the trays, place a few mulberry leaves over them, and after they have crawled upon the leaves move the leaves carefully to the trays.

Now begin feeding the worms crisp leaves, chopped into small pieces and spread evenly over the tray. You must feed young worms six or eight times a day, for they have good appetites, particularly when the temperature is kept even and the weather is not damp and cold.



Pierced cocoons and silk floss.

There should be some system of ventilation whereby the air of the room may be kept pure. If the room is heated by an open fire the floor should be sprinkled or the air dampened in some way, as dry air is not good for the worms. After five days clean the trays by putting in new paper, never transferring the worms without the use of a brush or mulberry leaves.

Silkworms live through five "ages," as they are called. At the end of each age they go to sleep, and on awakening cast off their old skins. When the tiny worms are seven days old they start to go to sleep. You must continue feeding for some time longer, however, as some will be slower to fall asleep than others. They will stay asleep about thirty hours, and when they awake they are in the second age and now are somewhat larger, and you can see the twelve segments of the body joined one after another and connected with muscular fibres. You will find on each worm four pairs of non-articulated legs under the abdominal part, three pairs of legs under the anterior part, and one pair under the posterior part, opposite which a tiny horn is located.

The worms remain in the second age for six days, during which time they should be fed five times a day, and their trays cleaned every other day. Before they go to sleep the second time you may find it necessary to put some of them on new trays, for they are so much larger now that they need more room—indeed about twelve times as much as they did when first hatched. You will find it difficult to move them



Nest (spinning cocoons).

on leaves now, so you will lay mosquito netting over the trays and spread crisp mulberry leaves over it. The worms will creep upon the net, attracted by the sweet, fresh leaves, and the entire company be thus lifted over and shaken down on the new trays.

When they go to sleep the second time it is for twenty five hours, and on awakening they are in the third age. During this age, which lasts for seven days, the worms should be fed about six times a day, the leaves cut one-half an inch square, and the trays cleaned daily. At the end of seven days they fall asleep for the third time, to sleep for twenty four hours.

The fourth age continues for seven days, during which the worms must be fed five times a day, this age being followed by a sleep of forty hours, upon the awakening of which the worms are ready for work.

During the last age the color of the worm is white for the first two or three days; then it turns gray, and gradually lightens until it assumes a yellowish-white color. The worms are now about three inches long, and have increased in weight ten thousand times since the day they were hatched. They crawl around the trays in a restless fashion, spinning on the green leaves over which they crawl traceries of white silk thread. They will creep up the sides of the trays, peer out into the world beyond, and swing themselves from corner to corner. They are now looking for a suitable place to nest, and after a few days this must be furnished them.

To make a nest for the silkworm, take a bunch of clean straw and put it in a fairly deep box, or between strips of cardboard folded into zigzag lines on a shelf. When you place the largest worms in their nests they will first inspect them with apparent gravity and will then select each his little corner and begin spinning.

The worm fastens its threads first at one straw and then another, moving its head backwards and forwards; in the course of two days it will have encased itself in a little silk prison. At first you will see its body, slightly dark, moving in the cocoon. At the end of ten days you will see a shining white silk roll, which is the completed cocoon. As each cocoon is perfected you can remove it from the nest and put a new worker into its place.

After selecting the largest, cleanest, and most perfect cocoons, laying the stained and inferior ones aside, you may remove the floss or loose silk from the outside. Now you must remember that the worm is still

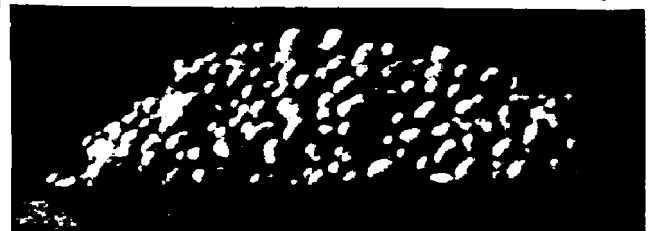
within its little white silk house and is preparing to become a butterfly. When this change takes place it will pierce a hole at one end of the cocoon and creep out. This must be prevented, because in reeling, the silk filaments unwind from side to side, and if the cocoon is pierced the threads will all be broken, so the life of the chrysalis must be sacrificed to keep the cocoon intact.

To keep the chrysalis inside, place the cocoon, as soon as it is taken out of the nest, in a steam mill, which is merely an air-tight vessel with shelves. Fifteen minutes after steam is turned in the worm is choked. The cocoons are then placed in the sun to dry. Fresh cocoons are sometimes put in a warm oven for 20 minutes, as heat will kill the chrysalis in them, but if you do this you must be watchful and not allow the cocoons to be scorched, and there is danger, too, of the gum which holds the filaments of silk together becoming sticky and making reeling difficult.

You should put a few of the cocoons in a warm corner and allow the moths to come out of them. Place the moths on a clean piece of paper in a shallow box, and there they will lay countless eggs. These you will set aside in a dark, cool place as your stock in trade for next season's work.

Pierced cocoons may be picked and pulled to pieces with the fingers, and thus become floss, or "silk cotton," which is used for padding, or interlining. It is very warm and as light as down.

If one wishes to reel the perfect cocoons, he will have to invest in a machine which consists of a reel, an electric regulator, an automatic brush and a self-feeding basin. From six to thirty cocoons, according to the size of the thread required, are put into a basin of water containing a little alkali, and the



Stifled cocoons ready for reeling.

cocoons are cooked for ten minutes in one hundred and forty eight degrees of water. An automatic brush passes among the floating cocoons in the basin and catches the filaments of silk, which having been twisted several times are run upon the reel, after passing the electric regulator, which automatically regulates the size of the thread. When the reel is full it is taken down and the silk is dried and made ready for the market.

In Europe and Asia, where great quantities of silk are produced, each district has a central station which purchases the cocoons from the operators. All the culturists in the district send their cocoons to this reeling establishment, from which the silk factories all over the world buy their silk.

The silk firms in our own country complain that they cannot get reeled silk or cocoons in sufficient quantities, so there is an opportunity here for silk culture. The silk factories order from samples submitted, and pay from forty to seventy cents a pound for fresh cocoons, and one dollar to one dollar and sixty cents for stifled ones. The fresh cocoons hold the living worm and hence weigh a great deal more. Of course, one cannot ship the fresh cocoons unless he lives near a factory. In any case, it is always wise to submit samples, and be prepared to follow them with cocoons of the same grade.

Considering that it has not been over fifty days between the time the eggs were hatched and the time when they are ready for shipment, and that the work, although indoors, is not confining, it would seem that the raising of silkworms might be a lucrative, as well as interesting employment.



Stifled cocoons and reeled silk.

THE FLOUR MILL PUZZLE

TEN BARRELS OF FLOUR AS PRIZES

FRANK W. FITZPATRICK

Our American boys are great fellows to work out puzzles; they'll stick to one with the tenacity of "Tanglefoot" fly-paper until it yields, and then how easy the pesky thing seems!

Why not give them something instructive as well as amusing to mull over? There's a modern flour mill, for instance. Is there anything that runs so smoothly and simply and yet presents to the uninitiated such a maze of machinery, such a tangled-up looking lot of shafts, belts, spouts and wheels?

To trace out on the accompanying diagram of a flour mill, the "flow" or run of one part of the wheat from the raw to the finished product of its class is the puzzle we suggest, and we will give a substantial prize to each of the first ten boys—time of mailing and distance considered, of course—who get satisfactory solutions into this office.

So as to familiarize the "puzzleists" with the problem in hand let us briefly glance at flour, its uses, and its manufacture, the instructive part of the problem.

Bread eaters are increasing in numbers tremendously. In 1877 there were about 395,000,000 in the world, to-day there are over 520,000,000.

It requires 2,324,000,000 bushels of wheat a year to feed these millions of people. Some years we raise more than that and hold it in store, as Joseph did of old, against a time of want such as in '97, when the crops ran 311,000,000 short. North America supplies about a sixth of this wheat; Europe, a little over half; Asia an eighth; South America, a fortieth; Africa, a sixteenth, and Australia, a hundredth.

In this country we raise about 500,000,000 bushels of wheat a year, upon some 40,000,000 acres of land. Minnesota heads the list of the states with about 60,000,000 bushels, then Kansas is next with about 48,000,000 and Ohio with some 35,000,000.

From all this wheat the mills of the world will grind out about 360,000,000 barrels of flour this year. The Anglo-Saxon race will use up nearly one-half of this supply, the Latins a little over one-third, the Germans one-sixth, and the Slavs one-twentieth.

In this country, in our fifteen thousand mills, some with a capacity from 1,000 to 8,000 barrels a day (the Pillsbury-Washburn Co., of Minneapolis, grinds out nearly 25,000 barrels a day in its own system of mills alone), we make enough flour to supply our own needs of nearly one barrel of flour per year to every man, woman and child of our population, some 73,000,000 barrels, and then export over 15,000,000 barrels, besides nearly 75,000,000 bushels of wheat.

Together with Russia we supply nearly all of Western Europe with flour and certainly give it and most other countries their very best flour. Our "Northern" or spring wheat, rich in nitrogenous and flesh-forming properties makes the very best bread in the world, and most of it is milled in Minnesota. That State can grind out 119,000 barrels a day, the biggest flour milling district in the whole world, while Missouri with its mill capacity of 60,000 barrels a day is the center for and grinds most of the "Southern" or winter wheat, the starchy, prize pastry-making flour.

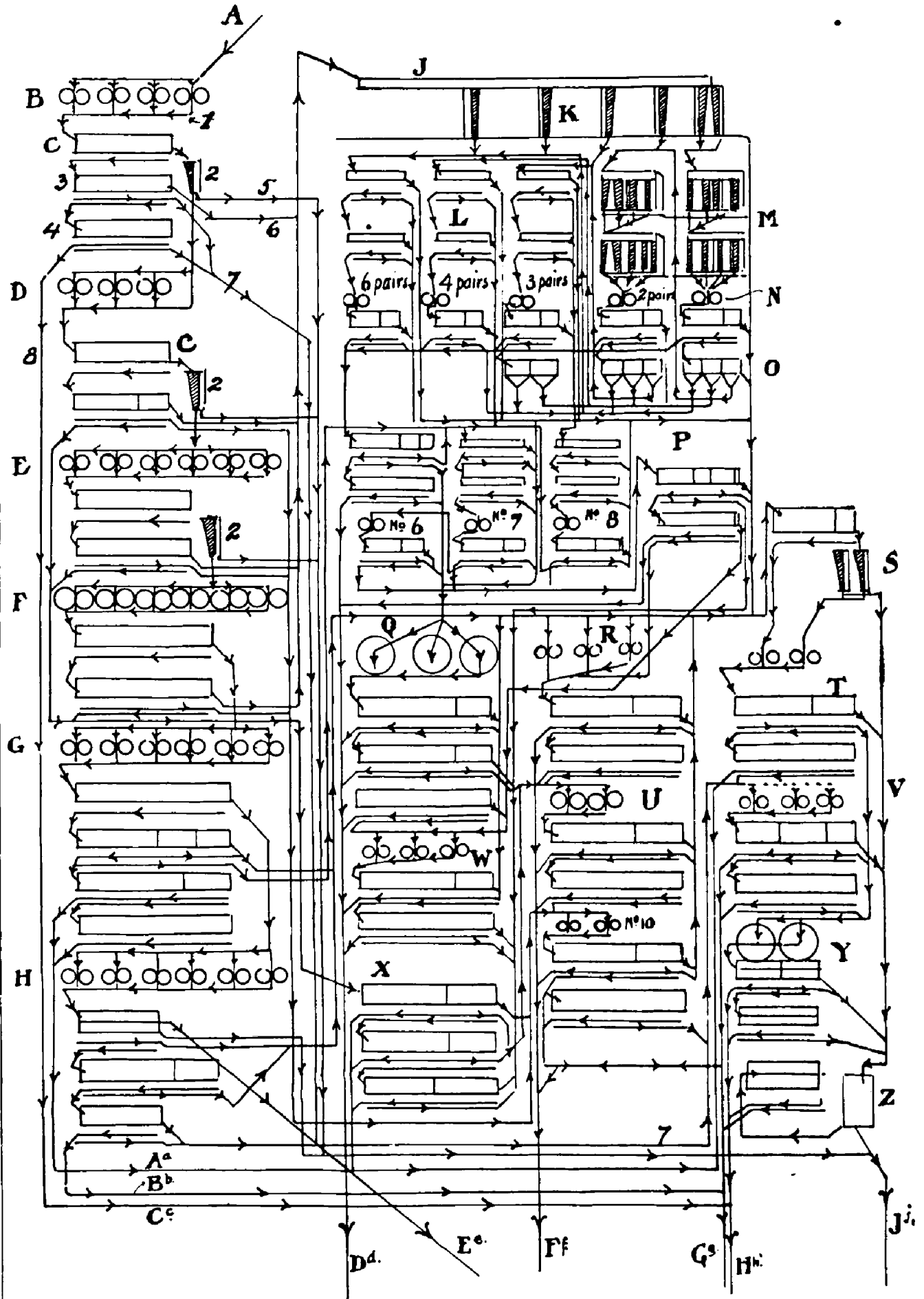
Spring wheat makes from 20 to 40 more pounds of bread to the barrel than does winter wheat. Four and a half bushels of wheat make one barrel of flour, or 270 pounds of wheat relieved of its husks, dust, bran, etc., etc., make 200 pounds of flour, called "196 lbs. net" per barrel that in turn makes up into 325 pounds of bread.

They say that we make enough bread every year to pave a street thirty six feet wide all around the world, or that would fill 20,000,000 two-horse bakers' wagons—a procession 60,000 miles long, or eighteen 'abreast from ocean to ocean! We also make 3,000,000 barrels into biscuits and crackers in New York alone, and then we bake nearly 8,000,000 pies a day besides all the cakes, flap-jacks and other flour-made, light or heavy things, our boys help to consume every day.

Until thirty years ago our process of grinding between stones was not unlike the way Father Abraham made his flour centuries ago. Since 1870 our mill machinery has been wonderfully improved. The "patent process" is used to-day. There are five distinct grindings of the wheat and no less than sixty one distinct and separate processes to go through before the flour is ready to be barreled.

Now, then, look at the diagram and follow us carefully: The wheat passes through primary receiving, weighing and milling machines, where bits of straw, oats, seeds and foreign bodies are removed. It passes through "smutters" where that fungus growth called "smut" is brushed off it, then all fuzz is also brushed off, the light bran or anything else that might stick to the berry. The wheat after all this is heated for tempering purposes and is then ready for the first process we are now interested in, the beginning of its being ground into flour.

It is conveyed to the grinding machines through spouts shown by A on the diagram, in the direction shown by arrowhead, to the first reduction-rolls that slightly crush the berry, about as if you set an old pair of millstones pretty far apart. The arrow line, 1,



under the rolls shows how the ground product is carried down to C, the first receptacle under the rolls, a "separator" or sifting machine in which the coarse and fine portions are divided. The very coarsest passes off to the right into a "purifier," 2, where the poor part of the berry is passed off on line 5 down and along—follow the arrowheads—until it meets other similar grindings or "shorts," and passes off at Jj; and the best part of the berry is carried on down to the next series of reduction-rolls or grinders, at D. The floury siftings from C are passed into another separator, 3. There the residue is passed along line 6 on up to the sieve graders J where we will leave it awhile and follow the next coarsest product down line 7 to where it meets similar grindings and is conveyed along and up to the rollers V that grind "tailings" of the wheat. The nearest approach to flour in 3 is sifted into separator 4, worked over again and part of it is conveyed along line 8 and out at Hh as "low grade" flour, the other portion joining that from the machine above it along line 7.

The best part of the wheat we left in "purifier" 2 goes on down to the next series of rolls at D that virtually repeats with its separators C the process carried on at B.

This grinding goes on over and over again, finer and finer every little particle of impurity being removed, next at E at F at G and at H.

J are "sieve graders" that sift the part of the wheat that comes to them into K, the purifiers for the various grades. The finer parts in these last are carried

down into "gravity-purifiers" M. Then parts from these are again ground between the rolls N for a certain class of product while the other portions are carried down to still another set of purifiers at S. The coarser portions from K go into sieves L for the re-separation of classes, some of which are ground into the rolls below while others follow along the arrow lines into still other machines.

O are "hopper sieves." P are still more purifiers of another kind, while 2 are millstones to grind up "No. 1 middlings" and R to grind "fine middlings." U are finishing rolls and W are rolls for the second run in the "patent process" for the highest grade flour. X are flour reels and Y are millstones between which are ground the low grade flour and Z is a finishing machine for the "shorts" or low grade of flour.

Then Aa shows the run of what is called "first clear," Bb "second clear" and Cc the "low grades." Dd is the exit for the finished "patent flour." There it is barreled or bagged ready for shipment. Ee is the bran outlet from whence it is also carried off to be sold for the many purposes that useful material is put to, while Ff—Gg—Hh—Jj are the respective outlets for the "clear," "second clear," "low grades" and "shorts" brands of flour used by cheap bakers, the very poor people, and for commercial purposes such as paste and things of that sort.

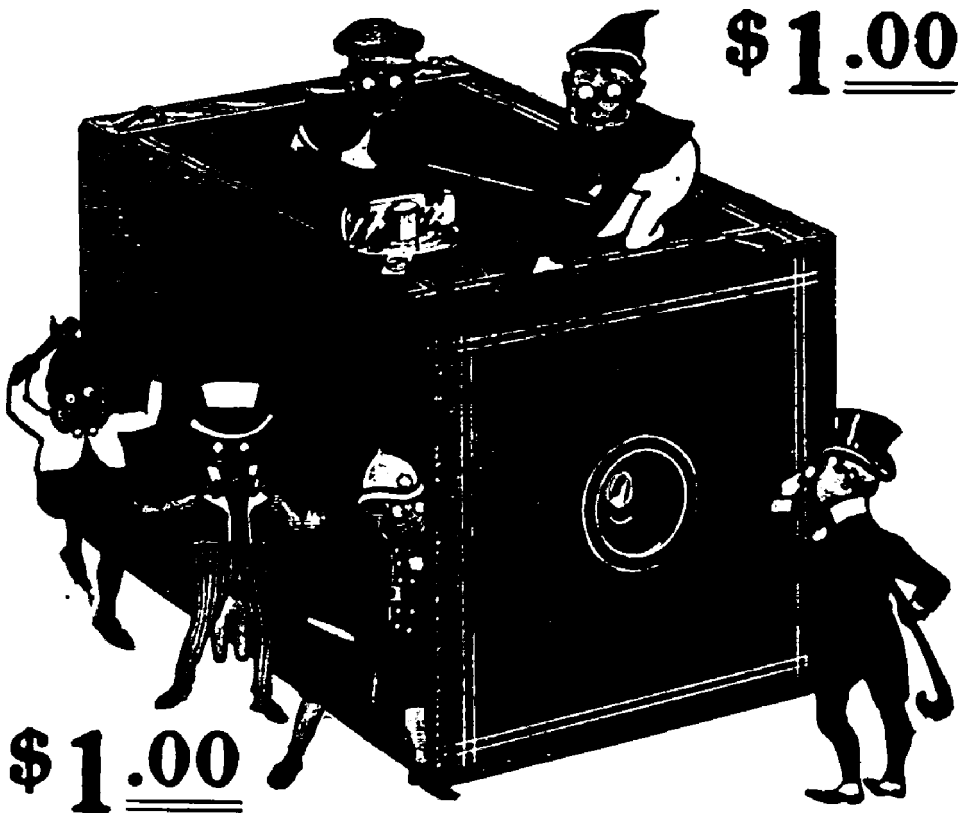
Remember, that where two arrow lines are shown running in opposite directions, as they are under "separator" 3 they indicate that as the product is sifted, one part is carried one way, while the other

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ONE OF THE PILLSBURY-WASHBURN MILLS.

part goes the other. Still taking "separator" 3 as an example; the nearly whole wheat that remains in the machine after sifting is carried off on line 6 to the other processes of reduction, the next coarser product passes off to the right down line 7 to another grinding for wheat "tailings" at V and the nearly finished but low grade flour, or finer sifting is carried off to the left down into "separator" 4 where it is again operated upon and one portion of that flour goes off into 7, the other down 8 and out as a "low grade."



INTERIOR OF FLOUR MILL, SHOWING SECTION OF ROLLER FLOOR.

For a boy who likes machinery it will be interesting to trace out these various lines and follow the twistings and turnings, the ups and the downs of the wheat berry while its outer coat or epidermis is broken off, blown away, its next jacket crushed off and made into one kind of product, while its minute gluten cells are powdered into the finest and whitest flour that can pass through the spider-web-like meshes of the bolting cloth. And all this without being touched by the hand of man!

But to make it still more interesting we want the boys to trace out the flow backward from the exit of the best or "patent flour"—where it is barreled—and tell us how many machines that main line receives its supply from direct. We don't want them to show us how it passes through any of the machines. There are several, in different parts of the diagram, that put the last touches upon that flour and empty direct into the line that finally conveys that product out to the barrel. How many such final machines are there? Two, five, nine, ten or more? Just write us the one word, the number of your answer.

It's an easy thing to find out and to the ten who get their answers into this office before the rest do we will give each one a barrel of "Pillsbury's Best Flour." Now then, that's something worth trying for. Go ahead.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT PEKINESE PUGS.

Considerable interest has been stirred up in that very rare breed of dogs, the Pekinese pug, by our mention of one owned by Commander Winslow, of the United States Navy, and the picture of the little animal given in our May number. Through the publication of this item in our May number, Commander Winslow received a letter from Mrs. J. C. Fahnestock, of Piqua, O., in which she informed him that she was the owner of a genuine Pekinese pug, and stating that the ancestors of this pug lived in the Imperial Palace at Shanghai. Commander Winslow somewhat questioned the purity of the stock, and expressed the opinion that Mrs. Fahnestock had been imposed upon, from the fact that there was no imperial palace at Shanghai and that Pekinese pugs were not seen that far south in China. Dr. Fahnestock, the husband of the lady who owns the dog, writes us under date of Nov. 6, saying that he has been in correspondence with Commander Winslow and has sent him a picture of the dog, whose name, by the way, is Li Hung Chang, the same name as that possessed by Commander Winslow's pug. The gallant officer, on seeing the picture, writes Dr. Fahnestock that the dog is all right, and congratulates the Dr. on having one of these rare and valuable dogs, adding, "He is undoubtedly a very fine specimen." The doctor says: "We were mistaken in saying the dog came from Shanghai." The fact is

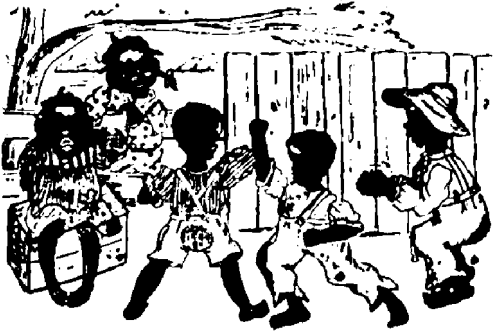


that the gentleman from whom the doctor got the dog lives in Shanghai, and obtained the sire and dam of the Pekinese dog from the Imperial palace in Peking, through a high court officer. The Piqua dog is therefore, a pure bred Pekinese pug, and a fine specimen.

We are glad that we are able to give pictures on this page of the Li Hung Chang of Piqua, O., in one of which the little fellow is doing a trick for the doctor's son.

Pekinese pugs are beautiful, affectionate little animals, and are destined in the near future to be very popular.





Why the Pickaninnies Made Up

ANTONIA NELL

"Go it, Eb! Da's right, Jim, lam 'im one! Hurrah!" yells Rastus.

"Ma-a-a!" squeals Theodosia, tearfully, "Jim's fightin' Eb an'-an' hurtin' 'im!"

"Wha's dat? Yo' fightin' Eb? Wha', I'm 'shamed o' yo' chilluns. Come in 'ere. I's gwine tell yo' 'bout dem chilluns what fought so much."

Eb and Jim come shamefacedly in, while Theodosia dries her tears, and Rastus, disappointed in not being able to see the finish, follows, shambling with Snowblossom, who wanted to see Eb get the worst of it.

"Once 'pon a time," begins ma, when all are comfortably seated, "dere was two lill boys what fought an' fought an' fought, an' one 'special day when dem boys was a fightin' so hot yo' couldn' see dere fists, dey was a flyin' so fas', suddenly dey hears a awful whoop an' yell an' down swoop a terrible lill debble, takes Jonas unner one arm an' pickin' up Bob by de seat o' his pants wid



his tail, he begin risin' an' risin up in de air an' fin'ly wid a thump he drop on de groun' agin, an' dere right afore dem boys was two long fences wid a roof on 'em, an' dem fences dey was so long yo' couldn' see de end. Inside dey was all covered wid dem picturs like what dey paste on de fences 'roun' here—posters I specks yo' call 'em—an' dese ones all represented lill nigga boys an' gals.

"An' bless yo' heart, dem chilluns was too skeert ter tink o' 'scapin'; dey jus' foller dat debble like lill lambs. Well, when Jonas pass de fust picture he jus feel a terrible kick on de back an' tinkin' Bob was er gettin' funny he turn 'roun' an' was er goin' ter fight when dat debble say awful like, "Here, come on!" an' dat boy he foller, but when he gits by de secon' pictur', he feels anoder kick an' not darin' ter stop agin he turn his head so's he can look o' his shoulder an', lawsy, when he pass dat third pictur' he see one of its legs move right out o' de paper an' gib 'im a awful kick, den it go back inter its place agin, an' yo'd a nebbber thought 't moved 't all.

But affer dem pore boys was kicked till dey was all colors o' de rainbow, suddin' Jonas feel a terrible pain in de left ear an' glancin' out o' his left eye, he see one o' dem lill nigga gals 'ad

stretched out a arm which looked jus' like a real one, on'y de res' ob her body was like paper, an' her face turnin' inter a grin, she lift Jonas up by his left ear 'till 'is left foot couldn' tech der floor no moah, an' when he go furder a lill gal on t'other side do de same thing wid his right ear an' et looked so funny Bob would o' laughed on'y he was did de same way. But fin'ly dey git to de end, which wus er great big dark cave.



Jonas an' Bob, dey jus' stan' an' wiggle, dey're so skeert, an' Bob his hair all cum out o' curl wid fright till et look like de hair ob dat poor white trash nex' door, an' Jonas he turn so pale all his freckles begin ter show es plain es der red dots in dat han'chief wat I wears on ma head, an' Jonas' heart stopped an' his liver 'gin beatin' instaid; Bob he wud 'a' hid 'hind Jonas er Jonas 'hind Bob on'y dey wus dat skeert dey could'n move.

"Soon when dere eyes gits more used to de dark and dere ears to de noise, dey sees a dim red fire in de middle an' 'roun' it some more lill debbles like de one wut bring dem boys, wus a dancin' an' a screamin' like mad. Jonas cry real soft, "O! Bob, I wisht we hadn' fought, doan' yo'?" an' Bob he say, "Ye-es." Ef dem pore chilluns hadden a bin so skeert dey'd o' had lots o' fun watchin' dem lill debbles. One o' 'em jumps inter de air an' sticks out 'is tail real stiff an' 'stead o' litin' on 'is feet he lites on de end o' his tall an' stay up in de air jus ez dough he war a



sittin' on top o' a pole 'stead o' 'is own tail. Den one debble bring a bowl an' dey all puts in some mystifyin' fire, red 'n' blue 'n' green 'n' yaller, till yo' couldn't tell what color et wus, an' mix et till finally et gits too hard to mix wid de hands, so anoder debble stiffens up an' dey begins ter mix et wid him ez a spoon, an' soon et git so stiff dey can't mix et so dey takes et out an' begins a pullin' et jus' as yo' chilluns does taffy an' soon it gits stiffer 'n' stiffer till dey can't pull et no more, den dey pulls et out real far an' one debble gits un'erneath an' blows an' blows till Bob thought sure he'd bust but he didn't an' when he blow, de center ob dat stuff et go up till at las' et forms a arch 'n' den dose debbles puts

de two ends on de groun' 'n' dere wus de mos' bufulles' rainbow yo' eber seed, an' what do dose debbles do but run an' jump on top'n slide down t'other side a yellin' all de time, 'n' Bob an' Jonas gits so 'cited dey is jus' about ter run 'n' have some fun too, when sudden, 'fore dem boys knows et, demimps dey rush over an' graspin dem pore boys, dey drags 'em fo'ward. Ef Bob had a know'd how ter faint he surely would 'a' on'y he didn't know how. Well, what do dey do but put dem boys on de floor jus' where dey put dem oder debbles an' put some mystifyin fire 'roun' 'em, an' dat fire creeps closer an' closer till dem pore boys jus' has time ter see dey bof got tails an' horns an' long ears an' look jus' like de oder debbles, an' dem boys wus punished fer fightin' sure! Well, dat fire creeps closer an' biney et jus' reaches dem boys an' burns. O! dey gibs such a heart-rendin' cry what sounds jus' like de debbles', but jus' den, Bang! went suthin' an' eberyting wus pitch dark, not a sound. 'Dem debbles is sure gwine ter do us suthin' terrible,' whispered Bob. 'O! ef we uns on'y hadn't fought,' says Jonas, an' den dey feel they're risin' an' risin' 'till fin'ly et gits lighter an' lighter an' las' dey find demselves up on er big mountain which wus at de end o' dat wood tunnel, an' two angles wus a standin' dere an' laffin'. But O, dem pore boys dey still had dere tails on an' horns an' ears, an' wot wus dey ter do? Dey see dat fense tunnel what dey came trough an' what dey nebbber noticed 'fore, de roof slanted down from dat mountain so dat at las' dey couldn't see de oder end (which mus' hab been a mile away). Now dis roof wus covered wid suthin' slipprier dan ice an' wus awfully steep an' den dem angles jus' gib 'em a shove an' down dey goes, an' slides an' slides, an' dey tumble ebry which way till Bob hit 'is head ag'in'st a sort o' balaster which wus put on each side to keep folks fum fallin' off, I s'pose, an' fust t'ing he do he knock off 'is horns an' Jonas knock off 'is tail an' dey keeps on a knockin' off t'ings till finally dey ain't nuthin but common ordnary boys agin, but when dey gits to de end how dey do run and run till a' las' dey gits home an' dem boys neber had anoder fight. In going down dey wore off de seats o' dere pants an' dere ma 'ad to put on patches, an' Jonas, his hair neber got kinky agin' an' now he curles et ebry monin' on a curlin' iron, an' Bob his 'plexion neber got dark agin an' his mudder 'as to dye et ebry now an' den, an' Jonas doan know to dis day wedder 'is heart or 'is libber is a beatin'.

An' dose boys dey doan fight no more, an' now ef yo' Eb an' Jim, doan stop fitin' dem debbles 'll sure do yo' wuss 'n dat some day."



Composition on a Horse.

A father going into his stable one day last week found his little son astride one of the horses with a slate and pencil in his hand. "Why, Harry," he exclaimed, "what are you doing?" "Writing a composition," was the reply. "Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father. "Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."

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A Famous Cartoonist.

The name of no American artist has been more prominently before the public for the last fifteen years than that of F. B. Opper, now a member of the staff of a metropolitan journal. His drawings have been important features in several campaigns and his illustrations for humorous articles, from the early writings of "Bill Nye" to those of "Mr. Dooley" of the present, have made the name of the artist a household word.



F. B. OPPER, WHEN A BOY.

Opper is a self-made man. He has worked his way by degrees and through hardships and discouragements which would have daunted most fellows of his age. He was born in Madison, Ohio, a small village forty miles east of Cleveland. He had no educational advantages except those afforded by the common country school; and he did not even avail himself of all of these, but before completing his studies, entered a printing office, where he served an apprenticeship.

In school and in the office he gained a reputation among his companions for his remarkable pen drawings. His pen was not only artistic and accurate, but prolific as well. He soon accumulated a large number of sketches, illustrating rural scenes which came before him daily; and fortunately, at this period of his career, his parents moved to New York City, taking the family with them.

Young Opper immediately set about offering his work for sale. He did not first resort to the weekly publishers, from whom he expected he would find encouragement, but with true boyish instinct went upon the streets and himself offered his work to passersby. He soon thus obtained an appreciative audience, and before the fact became known to his parents, interested purchasers had paved the way for him with certain illustrated periodicals, so that he was soon the possessor of an assured salary, with work according to his own choice.

Natural genius and the care with which he labored soon brought him fame; and to-day in the same city in which he offered his sketches for sale upon the streets, Fred B. Opper, the famous cartoonist, is receiving for his work a princely salary. ARCHIE BELL.

A New Idea in Boys' Clubs.

The Paulist Fathers, in one of their parishes in New York city, have decided upon a new way of caring for the youngsters. A club room has been secured, occupying a floor and a half of an old mansion at No. 915 Tenth avenue. The house contains a large hallway with coat and hat racks, a large reception room, a music and assembly room, a large apartment for all kinds of quiet games, two rooms fitted with athletic apparatus, an empty room for drill and athletic purposes, and a bath room and closets. The house has been furnished richly with curtains, statuary, pictures, tables, piano, etc. The library contains many of the finest of recent juvenile publications. A member of the Society of St. Vincent De Paul will have control of the club at each meeting, assisted by

ladies and gentlemen, who will conduct classes in debating, singing, history, etc. Competent teachers will give domestic exercises and train boys for public dramatic performances. Outings and games in the country and upon the water will be arranged for the summer. There will be club meetings every night of the week, and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. A boy must be between ten and fifteen years of age to be admitted to membership. If a boy wishes to enjoy the privileges of the institution, he must purchase a ticket for the meeting he desires to attend. The tickets are two cents each. Only fifty tickets will be sold for each meeting, so that there will never be more than fifty boys in the rooms at one time.

The plan is said to be in successful operation in the St. Elizabeth's House, Boston, where it was inaugurated by the Jesuit Fathers a year ago.

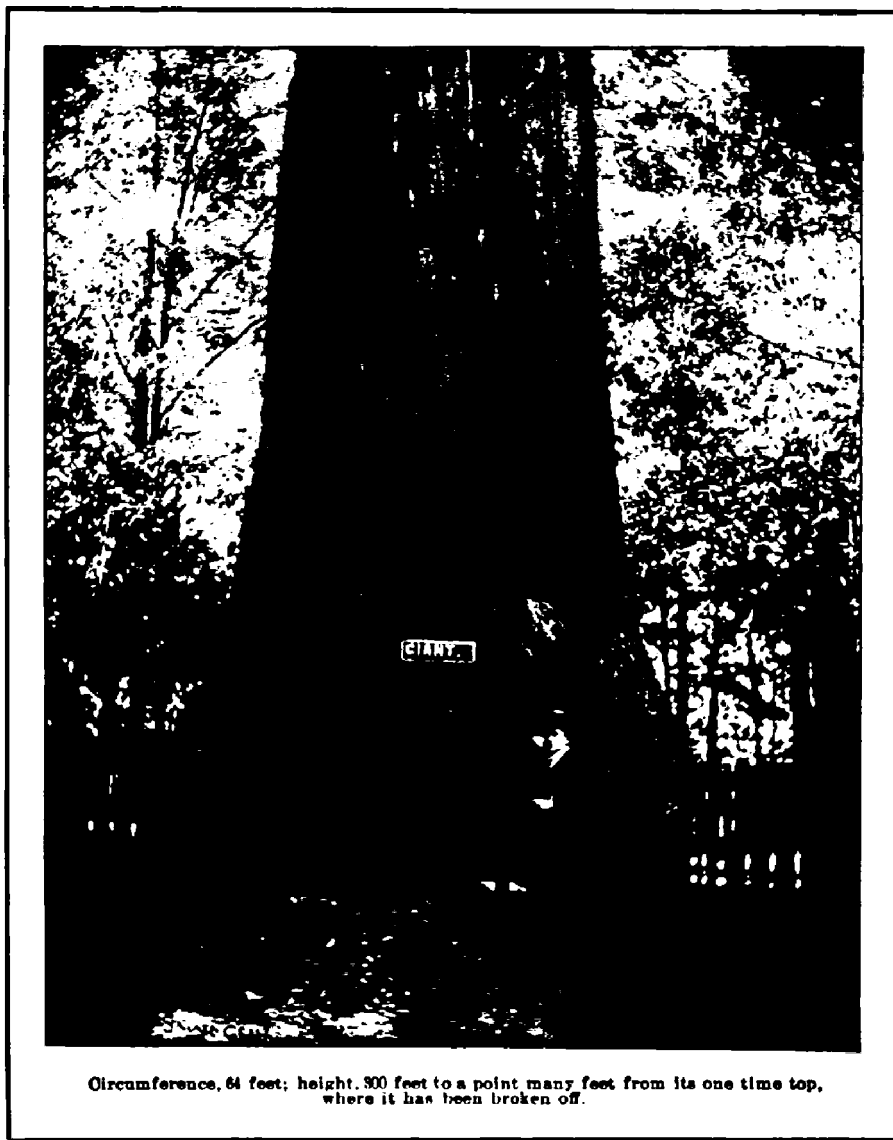
What California Boys See and Do.

I am sure readers of THE AMERICAN BOY are glad to learn all they can about our great country; and, of course, they already know something about California. One of the prettiest little cities and one of the finest counties in Cali-

Santa Cruz and the adjoining counties of Santa Clara and San Mateo (you see we are all "saints") possess a large and still untouched tract of redwoods known as the "Big Basin." It lies high up in the Santa Cruz mountains, and within its boundaries are the sources of scores of living streams which flow into and fertilize the three counties I have named. Besides the redwoods there are, within this area of sixty thousand acres, some fifty varieties of native trees, growing in untrammelled beauty, including madrono, oak, pine, fir, maple, sycamore, California nutmeg and manzanita. Thousands of blossoming shrubs, delicate vines, wild flowers and ferns add to the picturesqueness of the "Big Basin"; the fauna of this region represent all the native species of wild animals.

The oldest and biggest redwoods have attained a height of three hundred feet, and hundreds are two hundred and fifty feet high. Try to realize that these trees were stout young saplings when Rome was built and that all this wonderful beauty lay here undiscovered and undreamed of for centuries.

Do you wonder that Californians want to save the "Big Basin?" That they want it for a great park and pleasure



Circumference, 64 feet; height, 300 feet to a point many feet from its one time top, where it has been broken off.

ornia are the city and county of Santa Cruz, lying on the beautiful bay of Monterey and embraced on the landward side by the Santa Cruz mountains, a part of the Coast Range. Once these mountains were covered with dense forests of the redwood tree, the "Sequoia sempervirens," a cone-bearing evergreen, a tall, straight, wonderfully beautiful tree, with its trunk of dark red and its foliage of dark green. Many of these trees are of great age and are giants in size.

As the redwood makes excellent lumber, these fine forests are rapidly being turned into boards, and from boards into buildings, and this process is accomplished by an enormous and unnecessary waste, which the best citizens of California deplore very deeply; accordingly, they are making an earnest and systematic study of how to save and renew the redwoods, and are trying, with the help of state and national lawmakers to reserve certain of the finest groves of the sequoia sempervirens and also the sequoia gigantea. The latter are the "Big trees" of Calaveras and other counties, and are quite a different species from the sempervirens.

ground for the people of the state, the nation, the whole world? The Basin is only forty miles from San Francisco, and, although there is not, as yet, a single wagon road traversing the thirty five thousand acres of the central part, and visitors have to leave their horses or their mules almost at the entrance, yet it is really but a few miles from the railway and can be made as accessible—almost—as Central Park, in New York.

If there were space for it I am almost sure I could interest "American boys" in the wonderful variety of pleasures that Santa Cruz boys and girls are blessed with. They begin to swim in the surf when they are so young that they almost forget their first "dip"; they have all kinds of fishing, from deep sea salmon to tiny and delicious mountain trout; they go berrying for nearly twenty sorts of wild berries; they hunt, and botanize, and "collect" more kinds of things than most boys have dreamed of; and all the year round they just live out of doors with nothing colder than a good rain-storm to hinder them—and they mind that no more than do the ducks.

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TURNING POINTS IN A BOY'S LIFE

...SECOND ARTICLE OF A SERIES...

THE QUESTION OF GOING TO COLLEGE.

MY subject for last month, which was "Joining the College Fraternity," and the one for this month should have swapped places, as naturally the question of whether one shall go to college precedes that of whether he shall join a college fraternity. I changed the order, however, as the subject treated last month seemed more appropriate to the time, it being the time of the year when the "spiking" is being carried on among the college freshmen.

Should a boy go to college?

My answer is, Yes. I am sorry that I have not more space in which to give my reasons, for they are many and are weighty. I can

only hope to hint at a few of them.

I knew a man who achieved great success in business, in society, in politics. He was universally respected throughout a wide territory, and died full of honors. I have heard him say many a time that his greatest handicap through life had been his lack of college training. He came at one period of his career into close contact with men of culture, men of the schools, and got a good opportunity for measuring himself alongside of such men. He felt, as he expressed it, a continual consciousness of something lacking in himself that they possessed, and this feeling gave him a degree of diffidence and lack of self-control and self-confidence that made his position one of great trial and interfered with his largest usefulness. To his sons he was accustomed to say, "I may not leave you money, but I am determined to give you what I did not get—a college education; that legacy, if rightly used by you, will prove better than lands or stocks."

This man's experience is the experience of the great majority of men who have succeeded despite obstacles and

without college training. They have succeeded, yes, but at an enormous cost to themselves, much of which might have been saved to them in the way of physical and mental strength had they started out better equipped for the race.

The best argument in favor of the college is that it gives mental discipline, mental training, of the highest order. Mental discipline or training gives mental power, just as the training of the gymnasium gives physical power; and mental power—not money, as we are accustomed to thinking—is the dynamic force that moves the world.

True, a great part of what is taught in college is of little practical benefit, so far as the actual knowledge acquired is concerned; much of it may be forgotten without great disadvantage to the man. It is one of the arguments most commonly used against the colleges, that they teach so much that is impractical. The argument has some force; and yet much of the training in the line of these impractical subjects is of the very highest order. I may forget the Latin, the Greek, the Trigonometry, the Calculus, the Chemistry, but I will not readily lose the strengthened memory, the increased power of reasoning, the quicker grasp of cause and effect, the heightened power of analysis—in a word, the mental acumen I have obtained in the pursuit of such studies.

It is, after all, not so much knowledge that is power as it is ease and certainty in the right application of knowledge. I have met some very "knowing" men who were failures; they were crammed full of fact, but had absolutely no power of applying fact.

It is not that a college education gives a superior knowledge of the practical things of life that I argue for it, but that it gives the mind strength to discriminate, arrange, combine, apply, and these are imperatively necessary to the greatest success.

I insist that the best place for mental discipline is the college. Taking a man when his mind is in the formative period, the college gives him that mental stimulus and that systematizing of effort that he needs.

Sometimes we point to the giants of other days and say they did so and so without a college education. We argue therefore that a college education is unnecessary. But the mere fact that some

men have succeeded despite a deficient education proves nothing, save that there are men who have the God-given faculty of working miracles of achievement against every obstacle. It is not fair, however, that I should purposely handicap my boy and chance his being that

sort of a man, nor should I, as a young man, take these chances for myself if I can help it. The college presents to the boy insidious temptations; but where, indeed, will he not find them? It presents to him also some things which tend to counteract the evil influences, namely, the opportunity to associate with good and wise men, who go in and out before the students as inspiring examples. It presents to him also companionships with bright young men, many of whom are filled with zeal and the determination to succeed. The slow and unambitious boy is pushed ahead by the very force of his contact with such young men; the laggard is urged on; the indifferent is encouraged and enthused. The very soul of college life, not only in the class room but on the campus, is enthusiastic rivalry. In the college the boy meets the flower of the rising generation—the boys who are to be the leaders some time. He makes friends with these boys. They become his best friends for all time, as old friends, particularly school friends, are the best. When he and they have left college, the very fact that they are getting ahead will be a standing remonstrance against his failure.

A college education gives the boy a taste for learning. I need not stop to argue this point, but "just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

A college education will best fit him for professional studies. Many of our professional schools are now closing their doors against boys who have not a college education. One of the best law schools in the East has recently taken this step. The managers of professional schools have come to know that the highest and best results are obtained only from men who have learned to study under the discipline of the schools.

Nor will a college education make the boy, should he choose to go that way, any the less successful as a tradesman or artisan, for college learning melts like snow into the soil of practical life, watering and vivifying it into the best of which it is capable.

All successful men have not been college men, but the converse of the proposition is wonderfully near true, that a large majority of college men have become successful men.

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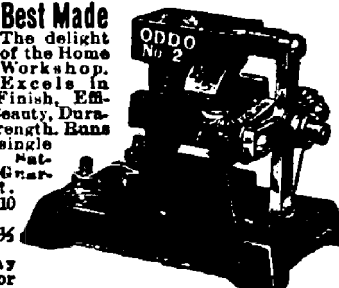
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WE TRUST YOU
THE FAMILY RECORD is a beautiful and attractive picture, size 16x22, printed in 10 rich colors upon a background of solid gold. In the center is an open book resting upon a base of pure white marble. On the pages under the different headings are spaces in which to write the names and date of birth of each member of the family. Upon either side is a beautiful scroll (surmounted by lovely flowers) on which to register marriages and deaths. At the top of the picture are the words "God bless our family" in the richest and choicest lettering known to the printer's art. Under this are two spaces for father and mother's pictures. Enclosed in these spaces are lovely roses and pansies. Around the picture are arranged eight spaces for photographs of the other members of the family, each space enclosing a little gem flower piece. Elsewhere on the picture are scattered creeping vines, buds and blossoms in rich profusion, the whole resting on and thrown into bold relief by the gorgeous background of solid gold, which produces a picture of dazzling beauty. H. C. Jackson, Ellamere City, Utah, sold 375 framed Records, making over \$600 profit in 60 days. Why cannot you do as well? We will send you a **SAMPLE FREE** if you will promise to send us 15 orders for \$2.50 each. As soon as you have taken the orders we send you the pictures. You collect the money and send it to us and we send you a nice watch for your trouble. If you sell and pay us for 30 at 25c each we send you a very handsome Gold plated Watch, either ladies or gents size. We have other premiums, such as Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Musical Instruments, China Tea Sets, Silk Dresses, etc. Our watches are all guaranteed to keep accurate time and our goods and premiums are exactly as represented. We refer you to the publishers of this paper who will tell you we are perfectly reliable. Address Standard Picture Co., Dept. 38A, Chicago, Ill.

"The American Boy" an Inspiration.

"Hawaii's Young People," a juvenile monthly published at La Hai Na Luna, Maui, Hawaiian Islands, reprints the sketch of Baker Washington, the thirteen year old son of Booker T. Washington, which appeared in the August number of THE AMERICAN BOY, the editor adding a note of comment as follows:

This is the kind of boy to imitate. Learn to work, and work, if you wish to get along well in Hawaii. You will not become brickmasons, since there is so little brick-work done in the country; but there are many kinds of work you can learn to do. Boys can learn to be helpful to parents in the work about home; they can learn to mend fences, to repair houses, to shoe horses and to do a great many things to make themselves useful. They can learn to make their living as carpenters, painters, blacksmiths, machinists, sugar boilers, printers, or bookkeepers. Or, better than anything else, they can learn skillfully to plant and cultivate fruit trees and other useful plants. Girls, besides becoming helpful to their mothers, can learn to make their living as dress-makers, tailoresses or printers. Or, best of all, they can learn to take care of a house, to cook and to make and mend the clothing needed in every family. What can you do?

Personal Purity.

SAMUEL B. CAPEN, L. L. D.

No young man can do faithfully any work unless he be temperate and pure. The evils of intemperance are so often dwelt upon, that young men are on their guard at this point. To use intoxicating liquors in any form is a barrier to any progress. Alcohol is a poison, and the temperate young man will win, other things being equal, every time. But the perils of impurity are not so often emphasized. That is the most direct road which the devil has prepared to the world of despair.

Shun the very beginnings of evil. Refuse to keep company with those who tell the questionable story and who speak slightly of that which is pure and innocent. Avoid such men as you would the pestilence. No matter if they seem good in other respects. As a chemist can tell from one drop of blood that there is poison in the veins, as a chip will tell you the current of a stream, so in these beginnings there are the seeds of disease which will surely end in failure and moral death. Beware of harboring impure thoughts for they are like the spark in the hold of a ship; it will work its way right and left until there is a bed of fire under your feet and destruction is at hand.



Well, sirree, if mother hasn't laid in another cargo of this stuff just before Christmas. Wonder why!

A BOY'S SISTER

It is a little strange that a good many boys are inclined to treat the sisters of other boys with much more courtesy and kindness than they treat their own sisters. It is also true to a certain extent that girls are kinder and more courteous to other boys than they are to their own brothers. But the purpose of this article is to have a little talk with the boys regarding their relations with their sisters, and something may be said in another article regarding the relation of girls to their brothers.

Next to having a good mother, no greater blessing can come to a boy than to have a good sister, and a boy who has such a sister should thank God for her and manifest his gratitude by treating her with the greatest affection and consideration. There is no more beautiful example of brotherly and sisterly affection than that of the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb. Many instances could be given of men who have held their sisters in the highest respect and given them the tenderest affection. There is nothing more beautiful in this world than the friendships of brothers and sisters, and nothing sadder than the indifference and real discourtesy with which some brothers treat their sisters.

There are boys who have the impression, judging from their conduct, that the chief good of having a sister is in the opportunity she affords for unlimited teasing. I have in mind at this moment a boy who teases his three sisters from morning until night. He calls them by nicknames peculiarly disagreeable to them; he plays all sorts of rude tricks on them; one of them is of a very nervous temperament and he whistles steadily when she is near because he knows that it makes her nervous. He does a hundred annoying, teasing little things every day of his life, frankly admitting that he "just loves to tease the girls."

Now a boy of this kind lacks a good many things that every boy should possess. He lacks, in the first place, a manly spirit. It is just as unmanly to tease a girl and cause her actual distress as it is to strike her. He lacks the spirit of kindness and courtesy, without which a boy is likely to become boorish and vulgar. He lacks the qualities that all boys must possess if they ever expect to become gentlemen, and the boys who do not expect to become gentlemen are undesirable as boys and will be still more undesirable as members of society when they are older.

A boy's sister is usually his most faithful friend, next to his mother. She will make sacrifices for his pleasure and comfort that no one else but his mother would make. There are not many selfish sisters in the world. I could fill columns of this paper with instances of the beautiful unselfishness of sisters who have denied themselves in every way that their brothers might have college educations or that they might be given opportunities of making the most and the best of life. And it has sometimes happened that these brothers have not repaid their sisters with the gratitude and affection such sacrifice demands.

There are very few sisters who will not eagerly respond to any kindness and affection shown them by their brothers. It is always a matter of regret when this kindness and affection are withheld. It is still more to be regretted when a boy is habitually rude to his sister. Many boys affect a lofty superiority over their sisters and always speak contemptuously of girls. I have never known a boy of this kind to develop into a man whom it was a pleasure to know or whom it was safe to trust. Reverence for all women is a virtue possessed by all good men. I have in mind a brother and sister between whom there is the beautiful bond of friendship and comradeship that ought to exist between all brothers and sisters. I met them yesterday going off to play golf together. I have often seen them on their tandem bicycle out for a ten mile ride. They go to church together, to concerts and other entertainments. When

this brother meets his sister on the street he tips his hat to her as politely as if she were the sister of some other boy. I have never heard him speak rudely to her. In fact, he pays her exactly the same courtesy that he would pay the most distinguished woman in the world. I would not be afraid to trust that boy. He has a fine sense of courtesy, of honor and of his duty as a son and brother.

Have you ever read of how Margaret of Navarre loved her brother, Francis I.? When he was very ill and death was imminent she would take a seat in the middle of the road, where she could see, when yet a great way off, the messenger coming from her brother's bedside, and would say: "Ah, whosoever shall come to announce the recovery of the King, my brother, though he be tired, jaded, soiled, disheveled, I will kiss him and embrace him as though he were the finest gentleman in the kingdom." But no messenger ever came to tell her that the King, her brother, was recovering, and her anguish was pitiful when the messenger of death came with the summons for her brother that even kings must obey.

A boy's sister should be his comrade, his friend, his companion in his studies, his joys and his sorrows. There are many sisters who would gladly be all this to their brothers, but their brothers deny them the happiness of this relation, through selfishness or boorishness or for some other equally inexcusable reason.

May every brother who reads this be the brother he ought to be to the sister God has given him.

Can You Dust?

The "National Rural" contains the following good advice on the importance of dressing well:

"A shabbily dressed young man applied to the manager of a big department store for employment.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"Most anything," answered the applicant.

"Can you dust?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then, why don't you begin on your hat?" The fellow hadn't thought of that.

"Can you clean leather goods?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then it's carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." The fellow hadn't thought of that, either.

"Well, can you scrub?"

"Yes, indeed," was the reply.

"Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

While a neat attire is not always an index to good character and ability, the fact remains that of two applicants the business man will always employ the well-dressed attractive looking boy rather than the one who is careless in his appearance.

The reason is obvious. The boy who is particular in regard to the details of his dress will be careful in his work and thus command the respect and confidence of his employer.



Where his presents were Christmas morning.

You Can Play Them Without Learning



THE CHURCH CHOIR ZOBO BAND OF PATERSON, N. J.

Photo from Life.

This band was organized by the church choir and Organist, Mr. W. F. Miller, as a means of raising money for Church and Missionary purposes. It was a success from the start, and has even participated in Easter Sunday service. The band is very proficient, and is now taking outside engagements. They find it a pleasant, profitable variation from routine work. Many Church choirs have these Zobo Bands, and find them of great value. As a means of earning money for church purposes, a "Zobo Concert" invariably draws full houses. Zobo Bands can play any piece of music in all parts by ear or by note as preferred.

READ WHAT PASTORS AND ORGANISTS SAY ABOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS

G. B. Richardson, Business Manager of the "Young Peoples' Weekly," Elgin, Ill., writes: "The Zobo Instruments I purchased of you were first used at an entertainment given at my home to the 200 employees of the Young Peoples' Weekly. Although the Quartette had opportunity for but one rehearsal the effort met unbounded enthusiasm and was voted a great success. We are now considering the organization of a full orchestra for next winter's entertainment, and I write this to ask you to forward me a select list of 25 to 35 instruments." Wm. J. Siemens, leader of the Beacon Light Zobo Band, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I send you to-day copy of a Baltimore paper, giving a very complimentary notice of the 'Zobo' Concert given last night by the Beacon Light Zobo Band, composed of members of the choir of the Scott Street United Brethren Church. The concert was a great success, both artistically and financially, and at the close we received an offer at good pay for another engagement. Every church should have a Zobo Band. It is the pleasantest and easiest way of raising money that I ever tried or heard of, because any one that can hum a tune can play on a Zobo." Miss Hattie E. Komty, of Springfield, S. Dak., organist, choir leader, says: "Zobo Instruments received, and are all right, and we want more of them." Rev. James C. Mitchell, of North Easton, N. J., says: "I have just received the Zobo Cornet and I am delighted with it; will organize a band." Wm. F. Miller, organist and director of church choir of Park Ave. Baptist Church of Paterson, N. J., says: "I find the Zobo Brass Band Instruments to be first-class, and just what we needed, as we have a very small organ. We have a fourteen piece Zobo Band, and intend to enlarge it. We have had one Zobo Concert, and would say it was a complete success." Mae Hance Winfield, instructor of music at Allaway Female College of Seneca, Ark., says: "I am much pleased with the Zobo Band Instruments." Had we space we could quote you thousands of such letters from renowned persons who have had our goods, but we believe we have quoted enough to satisfy any reasonable person that we are perfectly reliable and that our goods are as represented.

CAN BE PLAYED BY ANY ONE WHO CAN HUM A TUNE—NO LEARNING

We do away with that long tedious labor of practice. It is the most extraordinary musical instrument ever produced. An instrument capable of almost every modulation, its music may be softened to the cooing of a dove or the thrilling song of the nightingale. The Cornet is an elegant accompaniment to Organ, Piano or any string instrument, and affords unlimited pleasure to the individual; suited for all in and outdoor entertainment. These instruments open up new possibilities to the Vocalists, and develop the vocal cords.

WITH A FULL BAND A GRAND PIPE ORGAN EFFECT CAN BE OBTAINED Those that have no pipe organ, the Zobo supplies the want at a minimum cost. Every church without a paid choir should organize a Zobo Church Choir Band. Sing into the mouthpiece—Zobo does the rest.

\$1.00 SPECIAL OFFER

To introduce the musical marvel of the age and to give you a chance to test our instruments and prove all our claims, we will send the Zobo Cornet, solid brass, highly polished and lacquered, 11 inches long, 5 1/2 inch bell, with full instructions how to play, and illustrated catalogue, prepaid, for \$1.00. We make this offer, believing that all interested will eventually organize a Zobo Band. This is a grand offer, and you should not miss it. We warrant each instrument just as represented or money refunded. Send money by registered letter, postoffice money order, or a bank draft payable to our order.

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To be well dressed is not to have expended a great deal of money on your clothes; on the contrary, if your garments are neat in appearance and whole, if your collar is clean and necktie neatly fastened, if your shoes are polished and pants carefully pressed, the care and thought displayed in these small matters will more truly reflect character than the richness of the material of your clothes.

Muddy shoes can reflect nothing! Neatness and cleanliness as well as a little style are important recommendations and are within the reach of every boy seeking work.

There are five thousand two hundred and eighty two Smiths employed by the Government. One thousand five hundred and twenty three Joneses. One thousand one hundred and two Browns and one thousand and four Johnstons. There are eighteen George Washingtons, two William McKinleys, three William Bryans, and two Grover Cleverlands.

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BOYS AND GIRLS send us your name and address and we will send you 10 STICK PINS TO SELL FOR 10 CTS. EACH. When sold send us 5c. Dept. F, Address HAND JEWELRY CO., CAPE MAY, N. J.

HELP WANTED BOYS and GIRLS Wanted Everywhere to make Envelopes evenings. Easily learned. Not the usual Millions of envelopes are used annually. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for particulars. BINNS CO., 205 1/2 Locust, Philadelphia.

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FAMOUS COMIC RECITATIONS. New book containing 110 very best humorous recitations, as recited by most famous elocutionists, consisting of Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, in prose and verse; also humorous compositions of every kind. The contents of this book is selected with great care, being only the best. Contains the cream of 50 of the ordinary recitation books, and without doubt the best collection comic recitations and readings ever published. This great book Free to any one sending 10 cents to pay postage. Also catalog Dialogues, Speakers, Wags, Mustaches, Music and Magic Goods, Free. SATER & CO., 100 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

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WHAT BOYS ARE DOING

A Young Telegraph Operator.

Harold Sherman Thomas, who lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Thomas, at Bee Creek Junction, eight miles east of St. Joseph, Mo., is the youngest telegraph operator in the state of Missouri and possibly in the United States.

Harold is but eight years old. He can send a message as well as the average



HAROLD S. THOMAS.

operator and can read it as fast as can any one. He can put down only twenty five words a minute, which is much less than he can read, being handicapped in not being able to write fast.

Harold was born in Kansas City on April 1, 1892, and came to Bee Creek Junction with his parents on December 1, 1898. His father is block station dispatcher for the Santa Fe road at Bee Creek Junction, and it was under his father's teaching that the boy learned to send and receive messages by telegraph. He never heard the click on an instrument until April, 1899, and when it came under his notice he immediately took an interest in telegraphing and expressed himself as wishing to learn to use the instrument. He worked, studied hard and in a few months could operate with ease.

Harold goes to school now and when not occupied with his studies assists his father in his work. He says he is going to be a telegraph operator when he becomes a man.

The Messenger Boy Returns.

Several readers of THE AMERICAN BOY have asked us to tell them the sequel of the journey of James Francis Smith, the messenger boy who last spring carried to President Kruger at Pretoria a message of sympathy signed by nearly twenty nine thousand Philadelphia school boys.

Young Smith conveyed the message safely and returned to New York, reaching there Sept. 16. He reached Pretoria on May 28, at a time when the British troops were within forty miles of the Boer capital. He saw the Boer secretary of state, who arranged for an interview with President Kruger at three o'clock that afternoon. At that time the messenger drove to the president's one story cottage, in front of which are the two marble lions presented to Oom Paul by Cecil Rhodes. He carried with him the petition bearing the nearly twenty nine thousand names, in a black leather-covered box weighing seven pounds. The president stood at the end

of a table holding his pipe in his hand, wearing his tall hat, and stooping slightly. Young Smith made his speech, which was as follows: "Your Excellency, I have the honor to present to you a message of sympathy, signed by twenty nine thousand young men of Philadelphia, which was entrusted to me to deliver." Then everybody shook hands with everybody else, the secretary showed the first part of the roll to the president, and then the latter said in Dutch to his secretary: "Say to this young man: My son, I thank you for taking this long journey to bring a message of sympathy to an oppressed people. I hope that you will have a safe and pleasant journey home. Tell the young men of Philadelphia that this expression of sympathy will encourage the people of the Transvaal to continue their struggle for freedom."

That night Oom Paul left Pretoria for Middleburg, one hundred and fifty miles toward Delagoa Bay.

A Boy of Rare Presence of Mind.

MARY P. SAYERS.

Probably no boy who has acted the part of a hero ever did so with less self-consciousness than Herbert Botsford, a lad of fifteen, when on the morning of July 2, 1900, he saw a tiny break six inches wide in the huge reservoir which supplied the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., with water, and without a



HERBERT BOTSFORD.

thought of his own danger ran to warn the people in that vicinity.

Herbert had started out at five o'clock on the eventful morning to deliver his papers when he noticed the break, and meeting another newsboy asked him to take his papers, and then ran as fast as his legs could carry him to give the warning signal. He was none too early either, for soon the whole side of the reservoir gave way and an immense volume of water poured into the city, carrying destruction with it. Thanks to the boy, but one life was lost, though the destruction to property entailed a loss of over four hundred thousand dollars.

Herbert is a boy of rare presence of mind. At one time a little child caught fire at a Christmas entertainment, and with uncommon thoughtfulness he took off his own coat and wrapped it about the child, thus smothering the flames and no doubt saving its life.

The reservoir incident, and the straightforward manner in which the hero gave his testimony in regard to the break of the reservoir, resulted in his appointment to the position of messenger in the United States Census Department at Washington at a salary of four hundred dollars a year, which on account of his sterling qualities and strict attention to business, has since been raised to six hundred dollars. His

duties consist in attending to the supplies of about seventy persons in the building where he works. He must be on hand every morning to see that the desks are in readiness for the workers; that the ink bottles are filled, pencils, paper, blotters, carbon paper, and, as he expresses it, an hundred other little things are attended to. In his letters home he gives many descriptions of the beautiful things he sees at Washington. He describes the congressional library as "all marble and gold, and such an inspiration to me that it almost took my breath away." At the time of his appointment he had been a newsboy in Grand Rapids for seven years.

A Young Globe Trotter.

A New York paper tells of a boy of eleven years of age, Edward H. McMichael, who has traveled sixty three thousand miles. The boy was born in Shanghai, and has crossed the Pacific ocean and the American continent seven times. He spent last summer with his uncle, Dr. Robert F. Adams, in Syracuse, and entered St. Paul's School at Arden City, Long Island, a few weeks ago. He speaks and writes Chinese, French and English, and his knowledge of geography and history is remarkable. One day last summer he visited a man ninety years of age who had lived in one town for eighty eight years and whose travels had been limited to the neighboring villages. The old man and the boy had their photographs taken together.

A Boy "Street Boss."

John A. Minewegen, son of an alderman of that name in Chicago, is only twelve years old, but he is playing at a novel game. The boy has organized a boys' cleaning brigade. Every day, under his direction a good sized load of rubbish is removed from the streets and alleys and piled up where the city wagons can haul it away. The youngster wants all the glory of "bossing" that he can get. His father spent his vacation in old clothes, walking around the streets and directing the city work. The boy, however, rides in a small wagon with a high seat which two of his playmates draw from place to place. His work is both wise and comical, but it has a pathetic side, too, for the boy really hopes that the streets of Chicago will be clean some day.

A Boy Fiddle Maker.

"The Fiddle Maker of Tamarack" is the title won by Harry Evans, a fourteen year old boy living at Syracuse, N. Y. Last March the boy started in to make a fiddle after the Stradivarius model. He got books from public libraries treating on the subject, and then supplied himself with fine seasoned woods from far away places. Then, with the best tools that he could get, he went to work, getting up at four o'clock in the morning, that he might have time for his violin making before school. When his first violin was completed he found that it weighed too much, according to the Stradivarius standard, so with infinite patience he took it all apart and smoothed and sandpapered the surfaces until it was reduced to the proper weight. Then he invited all the musicians of note in the city to come and hear it, for he is something of a violin player as well as maker. Every one proclaims the fiddle a marvel in workmanship and tone, and its maker a genius. He is a nephew of the actor, Charles Riegel, of New York.

The boy has a sister who is deserving of mention. She is fifteen years old and is in business for herself, having opened a grocery which promises to develop into a department store, having already a meat market, a drug department, an ice cream parlor, and a candy kitchen.

An American Boy Among the Boxers.

We are able to tell our American boys this month about one of their number who witnessed some of the stirring scenes in China during the Boxer outbreak there. The boy is Ted Chalfant, the nine year old son of Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, a prominent American missionary located at Wei-Hien. The missionary's family consists of himself, his wife, an eleven year old daughter, Margaret by name, and Ted. For many years they have lived in that far-off clime—in fact so many that Ted is more familiar with things Chinese than with things American. He dresses, however, just as do boys in this country, as will be seen in the picture.

Wei-Hien was among the first of the missionary stations to meet with trouble. Early in the uprising every foreigner in Wei-Hien was in danger. At the first outbreak the pretty mission station occupied by Mr. Chalfant and his family was burned. Then their residence was attacked and laid in ruins. At the time of the attack the missionaries at Wei-Hien were preparing to leave for safer quarters. A number of them had already gone away, but the Chalfants were still at the station. Mr. Chalfant met the



TED CHALFANT.

mob and tried to reason with them, but it was of no avail. The Chinamen were bloodthirsty, and there was nothing for a missionary to do but protect the foreigners in his charge by the use of firearms. At first he tried to frighten them by shooting over their heads; but the Chinese believing their bodies to be invulnerable as against bullets, the missionary found it necessary to shoot right at them. When several of the Yellow men fell the crowd retreated; and in the interval of a few minutes before the second attack, the missionaries climbed over the wall of the compound, or yard, and made their escape, finding refuge in the German mines.

Little Ted is still in China with his parents, but his sister, Margaret, has reached America, in company with a lady missionary. Miss Margaret will not return to China until the Boxer troubles are entirely over.

The American home of the Chalfants is at Pittsburg. When Ted returns to America he will tell his Pittsburg boy friends of real exciting times, such as most boys only have a chance to read about.

Ted is a very bright boy. He shows a great interest in the work in which his parents are engaged, and proves a valuable assistant to them. He is too young yet to decide on his life work, but it may be that he, too, will become a minister of the gospel in the country which will soon open a new era in its history.

A Medal For Good Penmanship.



JAMES J. HARNEY

James J. Harney graduated from the Christian Brothers' Commercial Academy of New Orleans a short time ago with high honors, receiving the gold medal for penmanship. The boy is eighteen years old and is a graduate of the New Orleans High School. After graduating from the Commercial Academy he obtained a position in the post-office at Chinchuba, La., where he is now at work.

Winner of the Cuyler Prize.

Robert B. Sawyer won the Theodore Cuyler prize in economics at Princeton University recently. He is the son of L. M. Sawyer, of Evanston, Ill. He took high rank as a scholar and an athlete in the Grammar and High Schools of Evanston. He entered Northwestern University in 1895. He played in his class baseball team in both his sophomore and freshman years. When a junior at Princeton he was chosen as one of the editors of the "Syllabus," the college annual. The scholarship he has won is the interest on five thousand dollars for one year.

Selected for West Point.

LeRoy Bartlett, a sophomore in Brown University and a member of the football team, who volunteered and enlisted in Battery B, of the Rhode Island Artillery during the late war, has been appointed by the Secretary of War to the United States Military Academy at West Point. He holds the bronze medal given by Rhode Island to meritorious soldiers and sailors, and has won several prizes in athletic contests between the Rhode Island batteries while in camp. He is nineteen years of age.

A "Tall Story" from California.

The San Francisco Call says with a sober face that a two year old baby, by name Robert Bruns, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bruns, of Alameda, can render in perfect tone and without the loss of a note, "The Holy City." The little phenomenon is said to have a wonderful ear for music. His parents have no desire to pose him, and have bent every effort to prevent the abnormal development of the child. The little fellow seems to be as much at home with the classics as with ragtime. Friends are endeavoring to urge the parents to exhibit him, but they wisely refuse.

A Prize Winner.

The James Gordon Bennett prize in the University College, N. Y., was established in May, 1893, by the gift to the university of one thousand dollars. The interest on that sum is awarded annually to that member of the senior class or special student of two years standing who shall have taken the prescribed course in political science and English literature and shall have written the best essay in English prose upon some subject of American, governmental, domestic or foreign policies of contemporaneous interest. This year the contest was remarkably close. The successful contestant was Stanley Holcomb Molleson. The young man won in the Brooklyn High School a scholarship sufficient to pay all his tuition fees through the four years' college course. In his sophomore college year he walked off with the Herman Ridder prize of fifty dollars given for an essay on some topic connected with German literature. Throughout his course he has worked in various ways to pay his own expenses. Just before the end of his undergraduate course he won the Butler physical fellowship, which will give him three hundred dollars and a year's free tuition in post-graduate work. In addition, he is an all-around athlete.

The subject for the essay this year was, "The Government of Federal Dependencies."

A Little Hero of the Storm.

Twenty five days after the storm, two little lads were found in the ruins at Avenue R and Thirty seventh street, Galveston. They would never speak again, and so with their lips they could not tell of the horrors that overtook them when the awful cyclone swept down upon them, as away from their parents, and turning, perhaps from childish play, they met its horrors. Yet, a part of that story was plain. The smaller lad, a little fellow of four, was clasped tightly in the rigid right arm of the elder, whose left arm was shattered, and whose whole body gave evidence that he had suffered painfully before death overtook him. He had died trying to shield his little brother. This twelve year old hero was identified as Scott McCloskey, son of Captain McCloskey, a well known seafaring man of Galveston. The little brother bore the name of Earl. "I lost my wife and three children," said the Captain, when the little lads were shown to him. "I did not get ashore until after the storm. When I went to where my house had been there was nothing left but the brick piers. I haven't found the body of my wife. It's an awful blow, seeing these little lads. But I'm glad Scott died a hero's death. He was manly and lovable, brave as a boy could be."—Christian Herald

Captured a Runaway Horse.

Walter Jack, a Chicago boy, aged thirteen, distinguished himself recently by racing on horseback after a runaway horse on Washington Boulevard, capturing the animal and saving a number of boys from being run over. The race was an exciting one and aroused the admiration of those who witnessed it. He was escorted to the police station by several officers, where he was complimented by the captain of police. Inspector Shay, when the story was told to him, said he would secure for Walter a place on the police force when he grew older. The captured horse was attached to a light delivery wagon and was dashing down the boulevard at a great rate. Walter, who was riding his pony, at once gave chase. Three times the little animal headed the horse off, and Walter made as many daring attempts to stop the animal. At one point a number of boys were in danger of being run over,



WALTER JACK.



WALTER JACK AND HIS PONY.

and here the daring young rider dashed directly in front of the horse and almost pushed him against the sidewalk, at the same time leaning far over in his saddle, catching the bridle and bringing the frightened animal to a stop.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.



Here is a bright boy in Crestline, Ohio. In writing of his work for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST he says:

"When I saw your advertisement I knew that there was a good chance to earn some money, which I wanted. I sold my first ten copies easily and then started to work for new customers. My order has grown until I now sell more than sixty a week. I deliver all the copies on Friday, after school closes, and on Saturday. In addition to selling single copies I have earned about \$12.00 by taking yearly subscriptions."

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A handsomely printed and illustrated magazine, published weekly at 5 cents the copy.

We will furnish you with ten copies the first week free of charge; you can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell for the next week.

You can find many people who will be glad to patronize a bright boy, and will agree to buy of you every week if you deliver it regularly at house, store or office.

You can build up a regular trade in a short time; permanent customers who will buy every week. You can thus make money without interfering with your school duties, and be independent.

Send for Full Particulars. Remember that THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is 112 years old; the oldest paper in the United States, established in 1788 by Benjamin Franklin, and has the best writers of the world contributing to its columns. So popular that a hundred thousand new subscribers were added to its list the past year.

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This elegant Gold plated ring, guaranteed to stand acid, and this beautiful Pin which looks exactly like a real diamond FREE with every order for songs.

1 Old Black Joe.	436 Boston Burlyar.	1128 A Mother's Appeal.
2 Home Sweet Home.	495 Spanish Cavalier.	1147 Little Annie Rooney.
12 See my grave's kept green.	535 Dying Man.	1180 Down on the Farm.
22 Old Folks at Home.	639 Call me back again.	1170 Song that Broke My Heart.
28 You'll remember me.	639 Milwaukee Fire.	1192 Hear Dem Bells.
30 Kathleen Navoureen.	678 A Boy's Best Friend.	1202 Irish Jubilee.
77 My old Kentucky Home.	712 Ship that never returned.	1240 Picture turned to the Wall.
84 I'll be all smiles to-night.	713 Why dig Ma's Grave.	1249 Sentenced to Death.
95 Gipsy's Warning.	717 Some Day I'll wander back.	1260 Pardon came too late.
107 Back to Old Virginny.	748 Texas Ranger.	1278 Takes a Girl to do it.
113 Two Orphans.	761 Dying Girl's Message.	1287 Push dem Clouds away.
111 Drunkard's Lone Child.	806 Photograph of Mother.	1290 The Broken Home.
112 Tenting Old Camp Ground.	829 Letter that never came.	1298 Man in the Moon.
227 Sherman's March to the Sea.	828 Save my Mother's Picture.	1304 In Old Madrid.
242 Farmer's Daughter.	838 Dad's Dinner Pail.	1311 He never cared to Wander.
254 I left Ireland.	952 Dying Cowboys Lament.	1327 Still the World goes on.
302 Butcher Boy.	972 Package of Old Letters.	1336 Kiss and Let's make up.
313 Old Oaken Bucket.	988 Lost on the "Lady Elgin."	1344 When Summer Comes.
331 Remember the Poor Tramp.	1000 Song that reached my Heart.	1346 Volunteer Organist.
338 Answer to Gipsy's Warning.	1014 Jesse James.	1349 The Widow's Plea.
409 Boys keep away from Girls.	1070 I felt it in The Dark.	1361 Fallen by the Wayside.
422 I had but 50 cents.	1074 Ten Thousand Miles Away.	1374 The Fatal Wedding.
444 Drunkard's Dream.	1107 Whistling Coon.	1380 The Little Lost Child.
465 Arkansaw Traveller.	1114 Johnstown Flood.	1397 I'll take you Home.
677 Evening by the Moonlight.	1127 Three Leaves of Shamrock.	1397 The Bride of the Ball.

Any 10 Songs post paid for 10c; 30 for 25c; 50 for 40c; 100 for 75c. A beautiful finger ring and scarf pin FREE with every 75c order. Not less than 10 songs sold. Order by number. Stamps taken. **STANDARD PICTURE CO., 618 OMAHA BLDG., CHICAGO.**

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Upon a background of pure solid gold rests the Family Record in the shape of a handsome volume with gold clasps upon a cushion of crimson velvet with a beautiful gold tassel. On the pages under the different headings are spaces in which to write the names and date of birth of each member of the family. Upon either side is a beautiful scroll (surmounted by lovely flowers) on which to register marriages and deaths. At the top of the picture are the words "Family Record" in the richest and choicest lettering known to the printers' art. Under this are two spaces for father's and mother's pictures. Enclosed in these spaces are lovely bluebells and morning glories. In the lower part of the picture is a beautiful home scene in colors. The dear old grand-parents, the handsome stalwart husband and happy young wife, the loving daughter and the baby boy—the idolized grand-child—are all gathered around the table while grandfather reads a portion of God's Holy Word. A truly delightful scene. Underneath are the words in rich lettering, "God Bless Our Family." Around the picture are arranged eight spaces for photographs of the other members of the family, each space enclosing a little gem flower piece. Elsewhere on the picture are scattered creeping vines, buds and blossoms in rich profusion, the whole resting on and thrown into bold relief by the gorgeous background of solid gold, which produces a picture of dazzling beauty.

Mark Hagle, Uxly, Mich., has sold over 5,000 pictures; Wm. D. Wessner, West Salem, Ill., has sold over 1,000 frames. H. C. Jackson, Fillmore City, Utah, bought 375 records for \$36.68, sold them at half-price, 25 cents each, making \$48.12 clear profit. If you take orders for twelve Framed Pictures your profit will be over \$25.00 PER DAY. Can you do better? We have over 5,000 testimonials, and we want yours. We will mail a sample for 12c; 9 for \$1.00; 100 for \$9.50. Sample frame made of beautiful gilt moulding nearly four inches wide, \$1.00. One dozen frames \$9.00, glass and backs included. We will send a Present Free with Every Order, if you will cut out and return this advertisement.

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A Boy Financier.

An eleven year old boy of Lowell, Mass., whose name is Wesley Court, earned enough money during his last summer's vacation to buy a pony and cart, and pay the expenses of an "across the continent" trip for himself and his father. Francis G. Court, father of the boy, says that he has been a money maker since he was six years old. At the close of school last spring many of the boys in Lowell erected canopies at the street corners for the purpose of selling soft drinks to the passers by. Wesley had one of these stands, but he was not satisfied with the income from it. He sold out his shop for five dollars and increased this capital by ten dollars which he borrowed from his father at six per cent. Then Wesley went to the managers of each of the many shoe factories, manufacturing chemists, etc., and said that he would give them twenty cents for every dollar of his income for the exclusive privilege of selling root beer, lemonade, etc., on their premises at lunch time. In nearly every instance the privilege was granted, in most cases the managers refusing to take any money from him. In two weeks he had paid back the ten dollars he had borrowed from his father and had six boys working for him. He paid the boys liberally. The lad actually startled his father by the amount of money he realized. "He bought himself a suit of clothes and then a pony and a cart," said his father, "and before I was fully aware of it he had money enough in bank to take us both to California."

This winter Wesley will substitute hot coffee, tea and milk for the cool drinks sold in the summer.

Make Money Raising Aster Plants.

We give a picture of Mark Wright, a bright boy of thirteen who lives in Grand Rapids, Mich. In company with Phil Merrit, a boy about his own age, he raises aster plants to sell. Mark says:



MARK WRIGHT.

"Last spring Phil Merrit and I raised aster plants at our own homes and went

BOYS AS MONEY MAKERS AND MONEY SAVERS

from house to house making contracts to sell them at fifteen cents a dozen. Our first venture brought us one dollar and eighty five cents each. This is to be the beginning of a business that we expect to carry on next summer quite extensively."

A Colored Boy Who is Worth Money.

There is a colored boy in Boston not yet twenty years of age who has in bank more than three thousand dollars, every cent of which he has earned. His name is Isaac Jackson, and he is employed by one of the leading firms on Washington street. "I worked for a long time in Philadelphia for two, and then for three dollars a week," he said, "but I saved some of it every week, for my old mother told me I should do it. When I had a little put away in a savings bank a friend advised me to go into a building society, and that is just what I did. Then I got more money and took more shares in the society, until now I have got quite a little sum put by. Here in Boston I am now earning eight dollars a week, and I save just half of that."

Jackson has the respect and confidence of his employers, works honestly and diligently, studies at nights and Sundays, and dresses in good taste. He doesn't expect ever to be a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller, but he does expect some day to have a home of his own.

A New Way of Making Money.

The Young People's Weekly says that a bright boy in a western city has found a new way of making money. He has a long list of customers whose pencils he keeps sharpened and who patronize him for new pencils. He has a patent sharpener and goes from store to store and office to office doing unique work. By spending four or five hours a day of his time in this way he makes from five to seven dollars a week.

The Milkman.

Let me introduce you to John Apsey, Jr., milkman, aged thirteen, who has served daily one hundred and twenty three customers, through cold and heat, sunshine and storm, for nearly a year. He is a level headed little fellow, and although his route takes in many of the principal thoroughfares of Grand Rapids (Mich.) he has no fear of accidents, as he drives a trusty team.

Just see how pleasant he looks in his photograph as he is about to step out with a measure of milk.

Recently I inquired his name and he replied: "John." "Yes," said I, "just plain 'John'; no fixings to his name. He is all business."

His father owns and manages an extensive dairy, and "John" is his right hand man. MARY P. SAYERS.



JOHN APSEY, JR., MILKMAN.

How Boys Make Money.

Harry Brown, P. O. Box 306, Columbus, Wis., age fourteen: I am saving my money to buy a printing outfit. During the greater part of the summer vacation I worked in a jewelry store in this town, earning three dollars a week while I was there. I also did odd jobs when I found them. If you know of any second-hand self-inking, foot-power press for about twenty five dollars will you please let me know?

James H. Crawford, 722 Hattie place, Schenectady, N. Y.: I practice one hour every day on the piano and carry golf sticks at the golf grounds. I get twelve and a half cents a round—that is, nine holes. I am saving up my money to buy a small printing press. I think it will help me to make a little money.

Lester Orr, Mount Hope, Wis.: My father is a doctor and I earn money by attending to three horses and a cow. I have two rabbits at my home. This year I bought a calf for one dollar and fifty cents and now it is seven months old and is worth fifteen dollars. I am worth about fifty one dollars and seventy cents in addition to my calf and rabbits. Am twelve years old.

Paul Sheridan, Youngstown, O.: I make my money by typewriting for my father. I get two cents for a letter and one cent for a postal. I make from seventy five cents to a dollar a week. Mornings I sweep out a store for a dollar and a half a week, and earn about fifty cents more for odd jobs.

It is not every calamity that is a curse, and early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach, but hearten us in our future struggles.—Sharpe.

The Largest Chicken Farm in America.

There is a farm near Cobleskill, N. Y., owned by Henry Van Breeser, where they will show you thirty five hundred hens. On this farm is one hen house three hundred and sixty five feet long, with thirty two each, and three other rooms for six hundred rooms large enough for seventy five hens. There is a hatching house with incubator capacity for two thousand eggs at a setting. Thirty shanty houses, each with room and hot air for one hundred little chickens, and an "egery" where often the day's laying amounts to sixteen hundred eggs, which are cased and expressed to one New York hotel every night on the six o'clock train. The hens have a forty acre pasture for a run, and hence are never sick. The average lay is not far from one hundred and sixty eggs for each hen. The big hen house has double walls packed with wild hay five inches thick, cement floors and net partitions, except that every third one is of matched lumber, so that there can be no draughts of air. There are scratching boxes in the corners, fresh running water in each pen, and large windows. Each room is partially cleaned every Wednesday, and on Saturday the whole house is cleaned, swept and dusted. At times a good scrubbing is given. In a ten acre orchard may be seen more than twelve hundred pullets at one time. The little roosters are fed on cornmeal, and as soon as they weigh about a pound each are sent to New York for broilers. Four acres of sunflowers produce the seed fed to these chickens every year. In one year the chickens will consume nine hundred bushels

of wheat, six hundred bushels of shelled corn, four hundred bushels of peas and oats, six hundred bushels of buckwheat, one hundred and twenty five bushels of sunflower seed, seventy five bushels of millet, besides acres of beets and cabbage. This whole plant did not cost more than five thousand dollars, aside from the land. Commencing with October 1, this great establishment became part of the Cornell Experiment Station, and while it remains the property of Mr. Van Breeser and under his control, the workings will be published in the bulletins of the station.

The great secret of success is laying by a nest egg and adding to it, never spending more than one makes and being strictly economical.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing Fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Coboes, N. Y.

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BOYS and GIRLS to send your Name and Address to Box 1, Millbrook, Ill., and I'll tell you how and **MONEY for XMAS** help you to make a lot of

.. Xmas .. Presents. Boys and Girls, write for Free Outfit and Catalog of 200 valuable Presents. Easily earned during spare hours. F. Parker, 284 Madison St., Chicago.

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BOYS WANTED to get business men to sign our blanks, must be 14 to 18 years of age, wide awake and have good references: new and easy plan, and we remit to you direct in **CASH**. Address ADVERTISING WORLD, Columbus, O.

HOW I ACQUIRED MY MILLIONS This book gives in full detail the very information most American boys are eager for: how to become a millionaire, and this book shows how it is done. It is safe to say that every millionaire in the United States has made or increased his fortune by following out the ideas explained in this book. Price 10 cents postpaid. LEWIS & MYERS, 556 87th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

HELP WANTED BOYS and GIRLS Wanted Everywhere to make Envelopes. Easily learned. Not the trust. Millions of envelopes are used annually. Enclose stamped addressed envelope for particulars. BINNS CO., 205 Lancaster, Philadelphia.

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\$1440 YEARLY SALARY EASILY EARNED BY ANYONE writing for our Free Outfit and taking Only One Order daily for our Extracts, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes, etc. After you have secured orders We Trust You for the goods. We pay freight. Our offers beat all others. Your customers will be delighted with our goods. Choice of 20 valuable Premiums for Ladies, Girls and Boys who have but few spare hours. Write at once for Free Outfit, full particulars, Catalog and absolute proof of our responsibility. F. PARKER, Pres. M.C.S. Co., 284 Madison St., Chicago.

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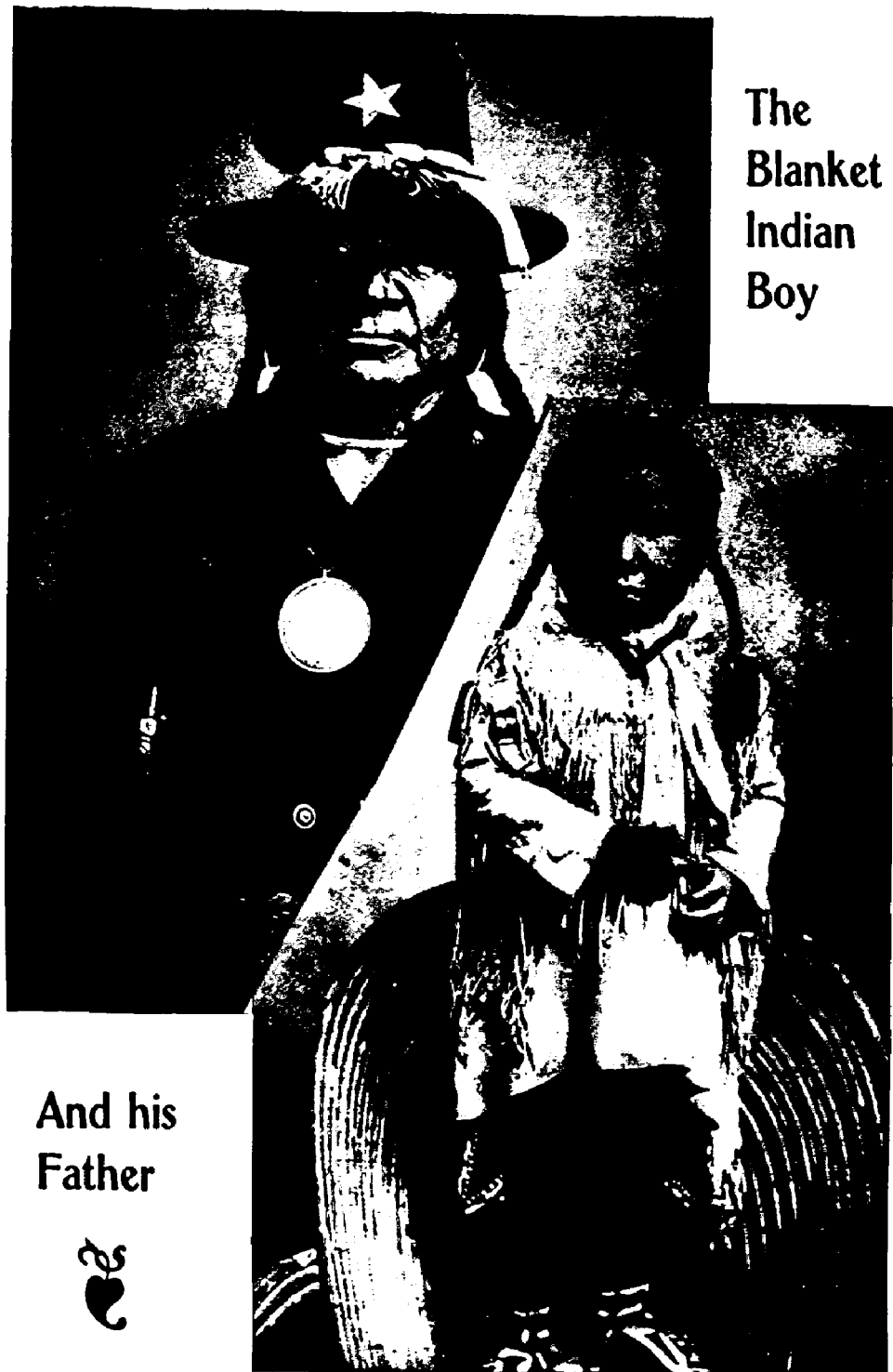
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THE LEWIS PHONO-METRIC INSTITUTE, 125 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

The Blanket Indian Boy



And his Father

The Blanket Indian Boy.

LELA FISHER WOODWARD.

When a boy babe makes his appearance among the Blanket Indians there is much rejoicing, for will he not grow up to be a warrior?

If twins are born and one of them be a girl, she is speedily killed, for to give birth to twins is a terrible thing in the eyes of savages.

When the boy papoose opens his keen, black eyes, he sees his doting parents looking appreciatingly at him.

He sticks his chubby red fist in his mouth, just as a white baby would, and regards his mother who, with her coarse, black hair uncombed and falling down over her eyes and almost hiding her face, takes him in her arms and then deposits him in the bright, warm blanket on her back.

He probably considers his father handsomer than his mother, for the father's long, black hair has been nicely combed, greased, and wrapped in strips of otter hide or beaver skin or some bright bits of cloth he has picked up around the stores at the agency.

His little eyes rest wonderingly upon the skins on the dirty tepee floor and glow with admiration as he catches a glimpse of the bright fires outside, around which many blanketed, moccasined squaws are pounding corn in wooden mortars, preparatory to cooking bread.

No sooner has his father seen him than he rushes pell-mell from the tepee to find his boy a name. The first object that strikes him favorably suggests a name for his son and heir. He may spy a lone wolf at a distance; thereupon he runs back and christens the little one Lone Wolf. (This is probably how the noted Kiowa Indian chief, now residing on the Comanche reservation, received his name.) If nothing he sees suggests a name, the father rushes back and looks

intently at his papoose again. Why? To see if his nose is not crooked, for then he will be called Crooked Nose. Or, perhaps his ears flop; his name will then be Flop-Eared. He may have weak eyes; he may be christened Evil Eye.

Not only personal characteristics, but circumstances may suggest a name. One little Indian boy was born at some distance from home and his father called him "Born-a-long-ways-from-home." Another was born while on a visit to Texas, so he was christened "In-the-white-man's-country."

The first name given, however, is not always permanent. The boy may lose a leg, and his name be changed to "One Leg," or he may grow into a brave who stumbles along, and his tribe thenceforth call him "Stumbling Bear."

Some of these names are very peculiar, but all Indian names are significant and suggestive. There is not one without a meaning. Indians have no surnames.

The little papoose is not bathed and early becomes acquainted with dirt. When he can walk and frolic, he runs faces with his father's ugly Mexican dogs, plays football with his brothers and lords it over his sisters, who are only to be squaws. He delights to drink hot blood from the cow which his father has killed—probably stolen from some white man's pasture—and which his mother and other squaws are dressing with scalping knives. He will thrust in his hands and fill his palms and drink blood, that he may become a warrior.

Taught from infancy that woman was created for use and man for ornament, he soon becomes vain and exacting. He delights in having his hair, which is never cut, plaited, for this is considered his crowning glory. He decorates him-

self with all kinds of bright things, especially brass trinkets.

It is the Blanket Indian boy's ambition to become a great warrior like his grandfather, who has shown him his scalps of the "pale faces" and has proudly recounted to him around the camp fires the treacherous, bloody deeds committed in his youth. Or, if he be specially ambitious, he desires to become a mighty "medicine man" or a great "war chief."

His parents allow him to grow up in Nature's own free way and exercise no discipline over him. He does what he likes, which consists in using the rifle, riding the wildest horses, and going to the pasture with his father to "round up" the few head of cattle and horses.

When he reaches the age of sixteen, he becomes the most potent factor in his family. His word is law and he can even give away his sister or sisters in marriage in exchange for some bright baubles.

When he has occasion to go to the Agency he decks himself in full savage regalia, while his mother or sister paints and decorates the pony he is to ride. Reaching the Agency, he sits around the stores of the traders and discusses women and horse flesh with the older braves. Or, if it be Issue Day, he goes to the Commissary building and draws his government supplies. He may be the recipient of a bright blanket, a gaudy sombrero, or a pair of trousers. These latter he converts into leggings and after trimming them with fringe, or some other savage decoration he considers himself resplendent.

When he draws his allotment of "grass-money" he repairs to some secluded spot, where, with older braves, he engages in playing monte, and so passionately fond of gambling is he that he will stake his last cent; or if he be wiser, he will only look on, while he munches candy or nuts bought with his "grass-money."

But he comes to the "parting of the ways" when the government agent or teacher visits his father's wigwam on the reservation and tells his parents they must send him either to the public school or the mission. After many threats or promises, he, contrary to his own desires, and to his parents' extreme dissatisfaction, enters one of the schools. Here he must stay for ten long months, must be given an English name, must adopt civilian's clothing, forget his language and the old savage life. He is docile if he likes his teacher, but will not study what he does not wish. When his parents visit him, he longs to go back with them to the skins and wigwams. In vacation he does go back and would enjoy the wild life were his happiness not marred by the thoughts of September and of the school to which he must return.

Notwithstanding the millions of dollars spent for his amelioration, the Blanket Indian boy much prefers savagery to civilization. True, some of them attend the noted Carlisle Indian school, where they graduate, but more of them prefer the skins and tepees.

After all, the Blanket Indian boy is really the only American boy.

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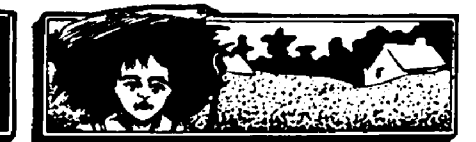
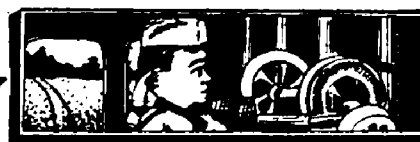
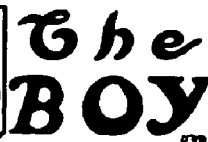
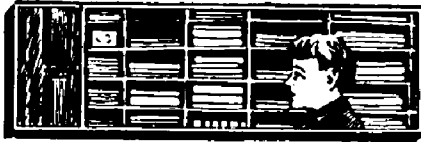
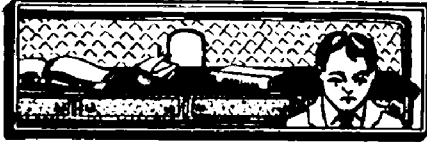
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The BOY

in the Office, the Store, the Factory and on the Farm.

Take for your star self-reliance.

Think well of yourself; strike out.

A good apple is a good physician for a boy.

Inscribe on your banner: "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero."

Remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work.

Put potatoes in a cart, go over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom.

No young man in the practical work of to-day can hope to get on if he shirks his work.

Many young men fail to render valuable service through lack of ability to do accurate, systematic work.

There are few young men who do not possess sufficient ability to make a successful start in life if they are thoroughly imbued with the precept, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success."

Every business man knows that there are moments on which hang the destiny of years. If you arrive a few minutes late at the bank, your paper may be protested and your credit ruined.—Pushing to the Front.

Business Methods of Newsboys.

The newsboy on the corner shouted: "Evening Papers—Stevenson nominated for vice-president!" and the people passed on, satisfied. In the next street another newsboy shouted: "Evening papers—democrats nominate a vice-president!" and the people were curious and bought. "Who's nominated, sonny?" asked a dry old fellow eagerly. "Have a paper sir?" was the answer. This boy was selling the news; the first boy was giving it away. It is easy to pick the winner between the two.

Too Particular.

J. L. H.

I feel quite sure that one reason that some boys do not succeed in retaining positions they have secured, or that their friends have secured for them, is because they are too particular. They are inclined to define too closely the boundaries of their duties, and are too unwilling to go beyond those boundaries. One day last spring my wife's laundress came to me and wanted to know if I could tell her where to find employment for her boy of sixteen years.

"You know," she said, "that his father died two months ago and I cannot keep Hugh in school any longer. I have answered a dozen or more advertisements in the papers, and have tried in every way to get a place for him. I am in great need of his help in providing for my family, and you do not know how grateful I would be if you could help me to secure a situation for him."

Now it happened that the very next day I was in the office of a friend of mine who is the manager of a large business establishment, and just as I was leaving his office he said to me:

"You do not happen to know of a clean, willing, bright boy who wants a place, do you?"

I thought at once of the son of my laundress, and I said:

"Why, yes, I do. I know of a boy who needs a place very much, and he impresses me as a very bright boy. If he is as faithful as his mother in doing work, he would please you. What kind of work would you want him to do?"

"Oh, I want him for general office work. The boy I have is very satisfactory, but his folks are going to move out of town next week and he is going with them, so I must start in with a new boy on Monday."

"Do give Hugh Hoopes a chance," I said. "I will have him come at once to see you if he may."

"All right; send him around. He shall have the place if he can fill it."

I felt that a bit of real good fortune had come to Hugh when he secured the position in my friend's office. The work was not very hard, and I knew that my friend would deal justly with him. It was, moreover, a place in which there were excellent opportunities to "work up." I congratulated Hugh on securing the position, and advised him to do his utmost to please.

Three weeks later Mrs. Hoopes came to me to ask if I would use my influence in securing another place for Hugh.

"Why," I said, "he has not left his place in my friend's office?"

"Yes, sir; he—well, he couldn't get along there. They expected too much of him, sir."

I knew that my friend was a very kindly and considerate man, and that he would not "expect too much" of any boy, therefore I thought it wise to visit him before I tried to get another place for Hugh Hoopes.

"I will tell you the simple truth," said my friend when I went to see him. "The boy was too particular, and he did not have a proper conception of what was due me as his employer. When I engaged him it was with the understanding on my part that his time belonged to me from eight in the morning until five in the evening. I paid him a fair salary for giving me his time during those hours. I did not and I could not tell him of all the things I might ask him to do. I told him some of the more important things, and I was very much surprised the fourth day after he came to work for me to have him object to doing something I asked him to do."

"Why," he said, "I thought that was the other boy's work."

"So it is usually," I said, "but the other boy has gone over to the other side of the city for me, and may not be back for several hours, and I want that work done now."

"He did the work, but evidently under silent protest. A day or two later, when he was not doing anything at all, I asked him to do something else he had never done before, and he said:

"It isn't my place to do that."

"My boy," I said, "it is your place to do anything reasonable I may ask you to do during the hours that I am paying you for your time. Do you not think so?"

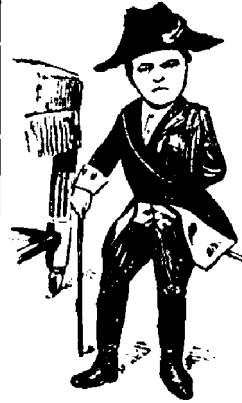
"He said that he did not come to me with the expectation of doing anything and everything. I tried to show him that he ought to be willing to give me all of the service he could during the hours for which I paid him, but he was sullen and impertinent, and I was compelled to send him away at the end of the next week. I wanted to keep him to oblige you and on his own account, for he is really a very capable boy, but he must change his ideas regarding his duty to those who employ him before he can hold a place very long."

This was true, and every boy who reads this should bear in mind the fact that the too particular boy, the boy who is unwilling to serve, the boy who would rather be idle than do anything "not nominated in the bond," is the boy whose life will be a failure. Better far have the spirit of the boy whom I hired to work for me on Saturdays a few years ago. He came to me the first Saturday with his sleeves rolled up and said:

"Now I am ready to sail in to anything you happen to have for me to do. My time is yours."

That boy will "get along" in the world.

How General Tom Thumb Got His Title.



GEN'L TOM THUMB.
(From an old picture.)

General Tom Thumb was a Mr. Stratton, before the well known title was given him. When P. T. Barnum first met young Stratton the showman persuaded the parents of the boy that it would be a good scheme to introduce him to the public as Tom Thumb; so by that name he was introduced to the public and finally to Queen Victoria. On one of his visits to the Queen the midget was presented both to the Prince of Wales and to the Princess Royal, who afterwards became Empress of Germany. As he stood beside the Prince and Princess his smallness was more noticeable. The Duke of Wellington was present, and noticing this fact said to one standing near, "Their Royal Highnesses are getting shoulders taller than Tom Thumb." This remark was overheard by the Queen, and turning to the Duke she said, "General Tom Thumb." Bowing low to her majesty the Duke then gave the military salute, repeating the title, "General Tom Thumb." Everybody bowed, and from that time on it was "General Tom Thumb."

A Boy's Essay on Lions.

The boy's teacher had taken him to the zoological garden with his classmates. Upon their return the teacher asked that each should write an essay on some one of the animals he had seen. Here is a sample from a bright minded eleven year old.

"Lions always walk except when they eat and then they growl. Their roar is most terrifying to men and other beasts when heard in the forest, but when they are in cages it sounds like they was sorry about something. Their tails are not so long as the monkey's according to their size, but keep switching all the time, and the seals can make just as loud a noise and have more fun in the water. They are cats no matter what you think and their size has nothing to do with it, and they think without talking. Once a donkey stole a lion's skin and went around bragging about it, but the other donkeys got onto him because he talked so much. That showed he was a donkey. Keep still when you are thinking."

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Dan Rice and the Boys.

The late Dan Rice, the famous circus man, was fond of boys and always wanted to see a lot of them in his audience. He never gave a performance when the nooks and corners were not filled with youngsters who had come in free. One story of this sort is told of a time when Rice's show visited Zanesville, Ohio. It was Mr. Rice's custom to stand at the door until the first "grand entree" of the circus people, when he would leave. On this occasion a very large crowd of boys had assembled, penniless but hopeful. He saw the hungry look on the faces of the boys and called them around him. "You want to go in, don't you, boys?" he asked. "Bet your life!" shouted back the youngsters. "Very well," said Mr. Rice, gravely. "All the boys who are back here in ten minutes with clean hands and faces can go into the show free!" The words were hardly out of his mouth before there was a dash for the river, and in less than seven minutes two hundred clean faces and twice that number of clean hands came back to the tent. The boys went inside with a rush, and maybe they didn't applaud that performance."

Punished Enough Already.

A very subdued-looking boy of about eleven years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows: "Miss B—: Please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played troant, but you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troant with and him fell out and the boy licked him, and a man they sassed caught and licked him, and the driver of a cart they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, and I had to give him another one for sassing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him till next time. He thinks he better keep in school now." Under the circumstances the teacher thought James had been punished enough.

He Had Enough.

There is a New York physician, says the New York Tribune, who takes an active interest in politics and is popular with the "boys." In spite of his jolly disposition he is an extremely thin man, so thin that many a joke is aimed at him. Here is the latest story they are telling about him:

A grocer's boy entered the doctor's office the other day with a basket of fine fruit which some grateful patient had sent to him. The doctor told the boy to place the basket in a cabinet which stood against the wall. At the same instant he stepped out of the room, and, going into an adjoining one, manipulated a contrivance which caused an articulated skeleton within the cabinet to waggle its head and limbs in an appalling manner just as the messenger boy opened the door.

With a yell of terror the boy fled. When the doctor had enjoyed a hearty laugh, he picked up a fine apple and followed the boy into the street to give it to him. "Come here, my boy!" he shouted, "Here is a fine apple for you." "Not on your life!" replied the affrightened youngster, taking to his heels again. "You can't fool me with your clothes on."

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself by making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

Her View of Boys.

At a recent school examination for girls, this composition was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When a boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."—Ledger Monthly.

When We Were Boys.

When a boy grows older and begins to realize how very little he knows compared with what he thought he knew, he stops calling his father "the old man" and ceases to regard him as a back number. During this period he considers himself five fourths of the village, and if corrected, talks about what he will do, and threatens to leave home. He is the most abused person in all the world, and does not stop to consider the feelings of his parents, who coax him to be half way decent. If the "Old Gent" had taken the most of us across his knee and flailed thunder out of us it would have been what we deserved. This is the experience of one who has traveled this pathway, but who has just begun to realize it.—American Thresherman.

Got a Letter from Dewey.

Some boys in Casselton, N. D., organized a club and named it after Admiral Dewey. The corresponding secretary of the club wrote to the Admiral and told him about the honor that had been conferred upon him. The Admiral replied as follows:

"Washington, March 13, 1900.—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., in relation to the organization of the Admiral Dewey Chapter of the Journal Junior Club. I beg to express the hope that the Chapter may be successful, and that its members may grow up to be many men, full of patriotism and love of country. Very truly,

Alfred Dewey

One boy, when asked what was raised in damp climates, replied, "Umbrellas."

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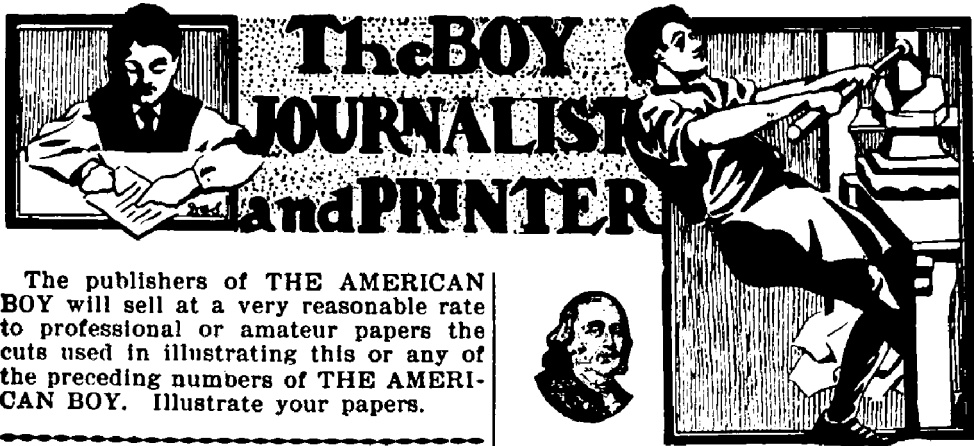
If you will write us for particulars. Our students are everywhere, in this and foreign countries. Hundreds of them have completed the course, and are practicing law with great success. We are the oldest correspondence Law School in existence, and have the support of leading educators and business men at home and elsewhere. We will refer you to persons right in your own neighborhood.

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Yours for the young man with no class
W. C. Sprague, Pres.



The publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY will sell at a very reasonable rate to professional or amateur papers the cuts used in illustrating this or any of the preceding numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY. Illustrate your papers.

Practical Printing for Amateurs.

W. S. Knox.

(Begun in October.)

PRICES OF STOCK.

The cost of printers' paper stock varies with the condition of the market, but the following prices are about those asked to-day for the common grades. The goods can be obtained at any newspaper or printing office, in either city or country, at a small advance over these prices. Most of these goods are done up in packages of five hundred, and dealers do not like to break packages. There are, of course, both better and cheaper grades, but these prices are based upon good, fair stock. Prices are for one thousand:

Letter Heads—White, ten-pound, one dollar and twenty cents; twelve-pound, one dollar and forty cents. Linen and Bond, eight-pound, one dollar and thirty five cents; ten-pound, one dollar and sixty five cents.

Note Heads—Packet, white, six-pound, sixty cents; seven-pound, seventy cents. Linen and Bond, four-pound, eighty cents; five-pound, one dollar. Commercial, white, five-pound, fifty cents; six-pound, sixty cents.

Bill Heads—Sixes, fifty cents; quarters, seventy five cents; thirds, one dollar; halves, one dollar and fifty cents.

Statements—Five-pound, fifty cents; six-pound, sixty cents.

Envelopes—Manilla (for circulars, etc.) six inches, XX, sixty cents. White, six and one-half inches, XX, ninety cents; same, XXX, good, one dollar and twenty five cents. Amber, blue, canary, granite, and other colors, XX, six-inch, one dollar and fifteen cents.

Cut Cards—Size two by three and one-half inches, fair quality, white or tinted, seventy five cents. A nice, heavy, round cornered, ivory surface card, in tints, ninety cents. Tough check for tickets, sixty cents. Thin, colored board, forty cents.

Cut Paper—(For circulars, bills, dodgers, etc.)—"Writing" paper, white or colored, five and one-half by eight and one-half inches, forty five cents; eight and one-half by eleven inches, eighty cents. Newspaper, white, six by nine inches, twenty cents; nine by twelve inches, thirty five cents; twelve by eighteen inches, sixty five cents.

These sheets can be cut into smaller sizes to fit the requirements for any special work by the use of a "straight-edge" and a sharp shoe-knife. Straighten a number of sheets with the edges perfectly even and place upon a table or board. Mark the top sheet off into the sizes desired. Place a heavy ruler or smooth, straight edged stick to the mark and press down upon the paper tightly with the left hand. With the right hand draw the point of the knife across the paper, bearing down heavily and rubbing close against the straight-edge. Don't raise left hand until the last sheet of paper on bottom has been severed. Repeat this operation until the paper has been cut into the size slips desired. This is the way the "country" printer always cuts his paper, until he can afford a modern lever paper-cutter.

Nearly all printed stationery is now put up in neat tablets or "pads." In this shape it is more convenient to handle by the user than in loose sheets, and only the top sheet may become soiled. Tablets are easily made by the use of liquid padding glue (which is always ready for use and dries on the pads quite readily), although the composition requiring melting in a glue pot is more substantial.

Liquid padding glue is made by dissolving eight ounces of the finer grade of common glue, well broken up, in eight ounces of acetic acid, with a small quantity of glycerine added. The glycerine keeps the composition from becoming too brittle when dry. Color as desired with aniline. If the preparation is too thick, add more acid until it drops readily from the brush. About one hundred sheets should be placed in a tablet, with a piece of heavy strawboard the same size as the paper upon the bottom of each tablet to stiffen and protect it. Straighten the paper and bottom board nicely and evenly from the top and one side, and lay smoothly upon the edge of a box or table with the top of pad to outer edge. Place a board carefully on top to the outer edge and lay a brick or other heavy weight upon it. Then take your brush and apply the glue evenly and thinly over the surface of the paper



THE YOUNG PUBLISHER ON HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

exposed at the top end of the tablet. After this coat has been allowed to dry for ten or fifteen minutes, apply a second coat of glue. Two thin coats are better than one heavy application. Let it dry from thirty to sixty minutes. If you have padded several tablets at one operation, separate them by slicing apart with a thin bladed "case knife"—being careful not to get the heavy bottom board cut off on top of the pad beneath. In the regular printing offices these tablets are trimmed in the paper cutter on the three unpadded sides, after padding, giving them a smooth, finished appearance.

(To be Continued.)

A Successful Publisher at Thirteen.

William P. Little, of 23 Washington street, Delaware, O., son of the cashier of one of Delaware's prominent banks, is a successful publisher, though only thirteen years of age. He began publishing at the age of seven, when his outfit consisted of a series of rubber Brownie stamps and a small font of rubber type. His paper contained pictures and descriptions of them made with rubber stamps, printed one line at a time. As the leading paper of the city was the Gazette, and as the young editor's name was Little, he appropriately named his sheet "The Little Gazette." For one year he published a little paper, which was a monthly, presenting it promptly on its issue to the publishers of other papers in his town, receiving in exchange their papers.

At the end of a year his father gave him a rubber type press which had been used at the bank. The boy bought new type and fixed the holder so that he could print an entire page at a time. At the end of the next two years, with money earned from subscriptions, he bought a hand press, printing a paper 3x5 inches, and a set of lead type. From a one column paper it became a two column. Then he began soliciting advertising, and so successful was he that in a short time he had to buy a new press which would print a paper 5x8 inches, and an equipment of fourteen different kinds of type. It then became a three column four page paper.

The boy has now a job office in connection with the paper, and prints deposit slips for the banks, cards, and other matter for business men who take an interest in his enterprise and want to encourage him. He deposits in the bank two-thirds of his receipts from job printing, and the other third he keeps for spending money. Every purchase he has made has been paid for from the earnings of his establishment. He does all the work, from that of editor to delivery boy. The heading of his paper for some time was "William P. Little, Editor, Manager and Delivery Boy." Once he said in his paper, "If the delivery boy is not polite to customers, please report him to the manager." The paper has not missed an issue since it was founded.

BOYS 3 mos. trial sub. to "The Yankee," a boy's paper, 5c silver. Yank. Pub. Co., Baker's Summit, Pa.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS—Go in Mail Order Business. No capital. For particulars send stamp. H. MOTTER, Box 49, New London, Ohio.

YOUR return card neatly printed on 25 fine white envelopes, also 25 calling cards, all postpaid for 10 cents. W. K. HOWIE, Printer, Beebe Plains, Va.

BARGAINS IN PRINTING PRESSES SUPPLIES, TYPE and PRINTER'S STAMPS. Stamp for catalog. 5016 Willows Ave., Sta. B, Phila., Pa.

MEXICAN PHOTO VIEWS: 5,000 to select up, handsomely mounted, appreciated by all. The very thing for Christmas presents. Sample with list of subjects 10c, 5 for 25c, \$1.00 per doz. STEVENSON & FOWLER, Corpus Christi, Texas.

CARDS CALLING and VISITING. Business Cards, 100 for 25c. Record Cards, 100 for 25c. RECORD CARD CO., WILMINGTON, N. Y.

BLANK APPROVAL Books and Sheets sample 2c. HASKELL PRESS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

ONLY 10c A YEAR. Penny Monthly. Youngstown, O. Sample free.

AGENTS WANTED in every county to sell "Family Memorials," good profits and steady work. Address CAMPBELL & CO., 608 Plum St., ELGIN, ILL.

100 XX white envelopes (or packet paper), name and address neatly printed thereon, only 2c, both 4c. 50 finest cards out now, or 100 nice business cards neatly printed for 2c. All postpaid. Pretty type forms and fine work. All kinds of printing. Write to Judson N. Burton, Madison, N.Y.

FREE Novelty Pocket Knife, containing Glass Cutter, Corkscrew, Cigar Cutter, Large and Small Blades. Fine metal and shell handle. Sells for 25c. Sent free to any one sending 15c for six months' subscription to "The Agents' Gazette." "Lively" Printer, 309 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

CARDS Send 5c. stamps for New SAMPLE BOOK of all the FINEST in Gold Beveled Edge, Hidden Name, Silk Printing, Envelope and Calling Cards for 1901. We sell GENUINE CARDS, not Trash. CHION CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.

PRINTERS and all others interested send for HASKELL PRESS Bargain Sheet, 56 Elm St., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

100 Letter Heads Free. A 2 cent stamp brings samples and particulars. Avoid postals. FRANK CHEADLE, Erwin, Okla.

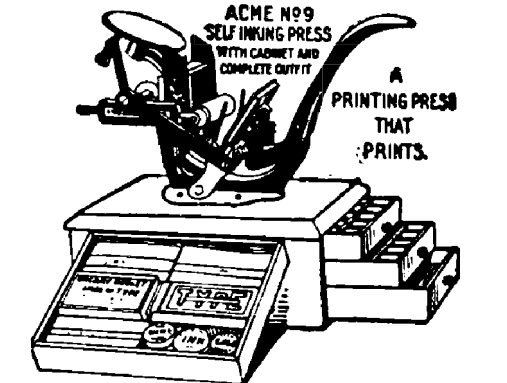
LEARN PROOFREADING If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$36 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail. HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia.

I Print Card Press \$5 My Own Larger, #18. Money saver, maker. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog. pre-press type, paper, etc., to factory. The PRENS CO., Meriden, Conn.

BOYS Combine business with pleasure. Print circulars, cards, envelopes, etc., and make spending money. Our "Little Heavy" Printing Press with cards, type and outfit sent prepaid for only \$1.00. We know it will please you. Catalog of larger presses, type, borders, ornaments, etc. The J. F. W. BURMAN CO., Baltimore, Md.

School JOURNALISM INSTRUCTION BY MAIL ONLY. A thorough and scientific course adapted to the individual needs of writers. Long established. Responsible. Successful. Instructors experienced and competent. Students successful and pleased. Host of references. Write for descriptive catalogue. It is sent free. Address, Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, No. 108 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

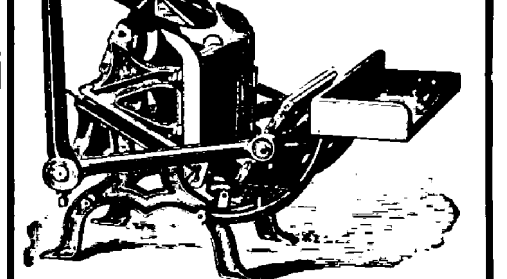
A GREAT OFFER TO BOYS! We offer 500 of our regular \$5.00 Acme Self-Inking Printing Presses at \$2.50 each, delivered free anywhere within 1500 miles of N. Y.



The Press is mounted on a polished cabinet, precisely as shown in illustration, and weighs 12 lbs., boxed. The Cabinet has three large drawers containing the complete outfit of Type, Ink, Bronzes, Reglet, Cards, Tweezers, &c. A most complete printing office all ready for work, and warranted to do good work. We make Amateur Printing Presses from 50c to \$100 each, and have been engaged in this business exclusively upwards of 40 years. Write for catalog of our Presses and Printers' Supplies. Address all orders ACME MANUFACTURING CO., Estab'd 1860. (Dept. G.) 48 Murray St., New York.

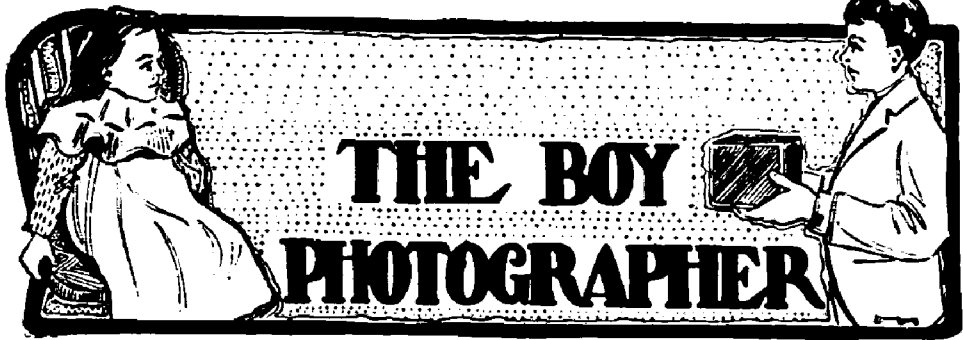
THE PILOT PRESS

Size 6 1/2 in. by 10 in. inside Case. Price, - \$35.00.



Strong, Easily Operated, All Ordinary Job Printing Thoroughly Practical. can be done upon this press

For Sale by all Dealers in Printers' Supplies. **THE CHANDLER & PRICE COMPANY** Manufacturers of High Grade Printing Machinery. CLEVELAND, OHIO.



THE BOY PHOTOGRAPHER

Edited by JUDSON GREENELL

THE AMERICAN BOY offers twelve prizes of Two Dollars each for the best Amateur Photograph received during the twelve months in the year...

After the aristo platino paper come those that, like velox, have to be developed after being printed. They are called "printing in" papers.

The various glossy and dull surfaced papers are next in importance. Their name is legion, and all have points of excellence.

This article is not intended to give precise information as to manipulating these papers. The directions accompanying them do this.

Photographic Notes.

"Nature to become art must be filtered through the fingers and brain of the artist." -H. P. Robinson.

A woodland view, to be interesting, should contain in the foreground a well-defined object of interest.

When the subject of the photographer's effort wears a broadbrim hat, have him raise the front so as to let light in on the face.

Cold developer is apt to leave a plate thin. A good way in winter is to place the developing tray on a brick thoroughly warmed.

One of the chief sources with the beginner is the opportunity of gleaning from the experiences of others.

When putting a plate in the plate holder, do not let the fingers touch the sensitized side. An oily mark is left that prevents development.

A short talk on negative making has been issued in pamphlet form by the Hammer Dry Plate Co.

Ernest Seton-Thompson advocates "hunting with the camera," instead of with a gun.

Take care of your lens. Keep it clean, but never wipe it with any material that may contain grit.

"Pyro" is a new form of pyrogallie acid which seems to have met with considerable success.

Pictures Worthy of Note.

A print sent by A. G. Gilmon, of Lebanon, O., is a beautiful one—well timed, well printed and correctly mounted.

Answers to Correspondents.

Barton A. Brown—Write to the Nodark Camera Co., New York city, for descriptive circular of camera that takes, develops and fixes a picture in three minutes.

John Conline—You took your plates out of your developer too soon. Watch for details in the shadows, and do not take it out until the image begins to fade.

Charles Tomlinson—Toldol is spoken of very highly by acquaintances who have used it. So is Rodinal. But probably more pyrogallie acid for developing is used than all the other developers combined.

Benny Levenson—Experience is the only sure way of knowing when a plate is sufficiently developed. One plan is to watch the back of the plate. When the "highlights," that is, the sky and the other light parts, show through, it is probably sufficiently developed.

H. H. Wilder—If you had printed your platinum paper a shade darker, you would have had some definition in the high-lights, and consequently a better picture.

To Get Natural Expressions.

One of the tricks of photographers to get a natural expression is to talk to the sitter of the thing in which he or she is interested. Is he a farmer? Then talk of crops.



Second Prize Photo by Russell Imrie, Napa, Cal.

PHOTOS COPIED 20c, 50c, 75c & \$1.00. DOZ. 1.50. 12. 1.50. 24. 2.00. 36. 2.50. 48. 3.00. 60. 3.50. 72. 4.00. 84. 4.50. 96. 5.00. 108. 5.50. 120. 6.00.

YANKEE CAMERA A \$1.00 camera including complete outfit and full instructions, only 68 cents, postpaid. NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Belvidere, Ill.

35 PHOTOS Copied from any picture for 25c. Photo Print 25c. 50c. 75c. 1.00. 1.25. 1.50. 1.75. 2.00. 2.25. 2.50. 2.75. 3.00. 3.25. 3.50. 3.75. 4.00. 4.25. 4.50. 4.75. 5.00. 5.25. 5.50. 5.75. 6.00. 6.25. 6.50. 6.75. 7.00. 7.25. 7.50. 7.75. 8.00. 8.25. 8.50. 8.75. 9.00. 9.25. 9.50. 9.75. 10.00.

BRADLEY Platinum Paper For sale by dealers every- The Paper on which where, or by mail direct. Photographic Mas- Sample picture for stamp. terpieces are made. JOHN BRADLEY, 47 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS THE CAMERA is a Monthly Magazine, devoted exclusively to your wants. It is full of practical hints, told in plain language. To introduce ourselves, we will send it for 6 months for 50 cents. No sample copies. THE CAMERA, 6th and Ludlow Sts., Philadelphia.

IF! You want to START PRACTICAL IN BUSINESS as a PHOTOGRAPHER be sure to write to FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Dept. A, Hackensack, N. J. Don't waste time and money experimenting. He will save you all that expense, and start you right.

BOYS AND GIRLS THIS CAMERA AND OUTFIT FREE. We send this practical Camera and Outfit producing pictures 2x2, for selling 18 hand-stamped Linen different designs, at 10c each. We ask no money. Send full address forward an assortment with large premium list. Camera, or a Watch if wished, will be sent you by return mail. CRESCENT TEA CO. DEPT. 92, Springfield, Mass.



IN JACK O'LANTERN TIME. First Prize Photo, by Lyman H. North Waukegan, Ill.

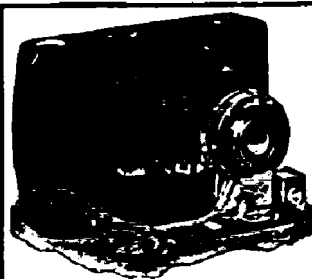
Printing and Toning.

After a negative has been developed, washed and dried, it is ready for the printing frame. Is it dense or thin? Soft or harsh? Is it a portrait or a landscape? On the answer to these questions depends the selection of the proper paper.

The highest style of photographic art demands carbon paper. It is also the most permanent, and when properly done the picture will never fade.

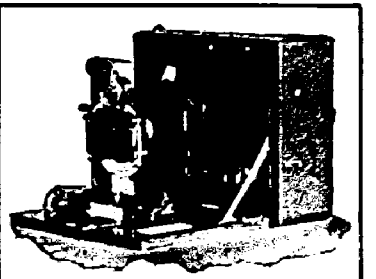
Next in beauty and permanence is platinum paper. This any amateur can work, but it is expensive. It comes in rough and smooth surfaces. The paper is placed in the printing frame next to the negative, and exposed to sunlight only until the high-lights begin to appear.

Next in excellence comes aristo platino paper. Most professional photographers use this for their studio work. It is printed much darker than the ordinary paper, then toned and fixed, and can be produced in the fashionable sepia, in warm tones, or in white and black.

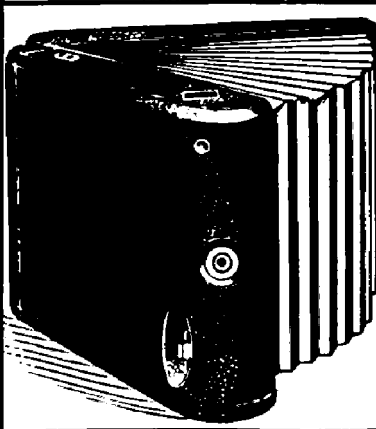


Here They Are

Illustrations of 3 fine Cameras, good for Holiday Gifts. Order early and be sure to get your camera before Christmas.

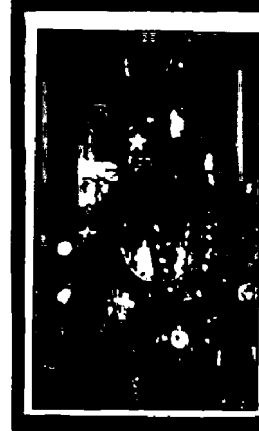


The Latest No. 5 Folding Weno. HAWKEYE, 8 1/2 x 4 1/2, list, \$15.00. 25% discount on entire Hawkeye line. A Camera and Outfit, \$3.75. 4x5 Sunart Box Camera, and complete outfit for taking pictures, only \$5.75. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for complete description.



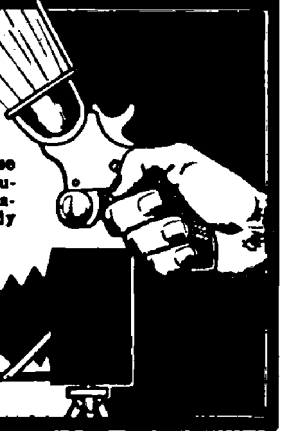
POCKET KOZY 1 1/2 x 3 1/2 Small Measure 2 1/4 x 2 1/2 Compact Folds like a book Light, 16oz. Unique Novel Attractive List price \$16.00 Our price \$7.75 Post ex. 30c Carrying Case List, \$1.50 Price, \$1.25 Film 12 exp., 60c Send a stamp for Kozy Cat. and Price

SUNART SUNART ALVISTA KORONA IMPERIAL CYCLONE PREMO RAY POCO CHASE VIVE Cycle Vidi No. 1, see cut above Un. 81. 8. A. Lens, 4x5, list, \$10.00 \$7.50 Cycle Vidi, 4x5, " 25.00 18.50 Long Focus, 5x7, " 20.00 15.00 Panor. 3B, 5x7, " 20.00 15.00 Other styles at 25% discount from list. Series VII, 4x5, list, \$5.00 \$3.75 Series II, 5x7, " 22.00 16.00 Mag., 4x5, " 10.00 7.50 Cycle No. 12, 4x5, " 20.00 15.00 Mag., 4x5, " 10.00 7.50 Sr., 4x5, " 5.00 3.75 Pony No. 6, 4x5, " 25.00 18.50 Pony D, 4x5, " 10.00 7.50 Long Focus, 4x5, " 20.00 15.00 Stereo, 5x7, " 40.00 30.00 Cycle No. 8, 5x7, " 20.00 15.00 Cycle No. 9, 5x7, " 20.00 15.00 Box Mag., 4x5, " 10.00 7.50 Fold Mag., 4x5, " 20.00 15.00 15% discount on entire line. See October ad. for other prices. Prices on KODAKS: Adlake, Bedford, Buckeye, Day-plate, Ideal, Montauk, Reflex, Tornado, Wizard, etc., on application. On high grade LENSES on application: B. & L., Zeiss, Clark, Goetz, Ross, Dallmeier, Voigtlaender, Manhattan, etc. BACK GROUND: over 20 styles, 9c and up. Weno, \$1.25, 17 exp., 9c; more than 50 other styles. Any \$1.00 Ruby Lamp for 75c. 1 pt. Paste List, 2c. 2c. Aristo Printing Paper a specialty, send your orders. Dry Plates, 4x5, list, 6c. 4x5, 5x7, list, \$1.10, 6c. Den and Print Outfits, 4x5 or smaller, list, \$1.50, \$1.25. All at reduced prices. Send order, filled at lowest prices. Extra remittance returned. Presents to Camera Buyers: mention this paper. Send stamps for mfr. sale and our prices, or order from this ad. MAINT A PURELIN, 151-153 S. Main St., Union, Ia.



Flash Light Pictures.

Take a picture of your Christmas Tree. You can make better negatives with a FLASH LIGHT PISTOL than you can by daylight. Pleasant and amusing scenes can be perpetuated by this small device. Doubles the use and value of your camera. No failures, blurs or unnatural expressions, because the flash is instantaneous and brilliant.



Chelsea Manufacturing Co. 132 Main St., Chelsea, Mich.

1200 Choice Bred Poultry & Pigeons, also Ger. Hares for sale. Col. 60-page book 10c. J. A. Hergey, Telford, Pa.

100 Varieties Prize Poultry, Pigeons, Hares, Stock and Eggs cheap. Cat. 4c, cir. free. J. D. Souder, Telford, Pa.

BOYS! Raising BELGIAN HARES is better than going to the Klondike; write for prices. H. G. JACKSON, LANSING, MICH.

Valley View Poultry Farm, Bellefonte, Pa. Br. & Wild Turkeys. Leading va. of poultry. Prices low. Cat. free.

BELGIAN HARES—the greatest money makers on earth. 400 prs. free. Full particulars and 3 mos. sub. 10c. Animal Life, Dept. P., Richmond, Va.

WE BREED 9 kinds pure bred Fowls and Pigeons. Lowest Prices. Catalogue FREE. WHITE PLUME FARM, Richfield, Illinois.

PETS FREE! All kinds Animals, Birds, etc., given free to Lovers of Animals. Particulars free. Animal Life, Dept. B. Richmond, Va.

Bronze White Holland Turkeys, Blue Andalusians, B. P. Rocks, W. Wyn. Cochins, S. C. B. Wh. Bl. Leas., prize takers. W. C. JOHNSON, Homer City, Pa.

BELGIAN HARES 50 cents up. Best book for beginners yet published, 10c. F. I. PALMITER, Milton, Wis.

FOR SALE A fine lot of fall and winter Breeding Birds. All grades. W. and Barred Rocks, W. and Br. Legs, v. Wyan. Stamp. MRS. J. P. HELLINGS, Dover, Del.

Anybody can easily make \$50 a month in a back yard with All grade Pigeons. T. L. KENNEDY, BOOK ON BREEDING, 10c. HACKENSACK, N. J.

PETS FOR BOYS Belgian Hares, Barred P. Rocks, Scotch Collie and English Setter Dogs, at prices to suit beginners. Hill Top Stock Farm, Bellairs, Belmont Co., Ohio.

"BELGIAN HARE AS A MONEY-MAKER." Full information on care, management, etc., 15c. Best imported stock, reasonable prices. MRS. M. B. SLACK, Pueblo, Colo.

LATEST varieties of Standard Bred Poultry. Pigeon Bantams, Hares, Ferrets, Cavies, Angora Cats, Squirrels, Song Birds, Parrots, etc., 80 page catalogue 10c. A. H. NYCE, Verona, Pa.

POULTRY, BEES and BELGIAN HARES CIRCULARS FREE. A. H. DUFF, LARNED, KANSAS.

DON'T SET HENS the same old way when our new plan beats it. 100 Egg Hatcher Costs Only \$2.50. Big Catalogue and 25c Litter Formula FREE if you write to-day. Natural Hen Incubator Co., 5104, Columbus, Neb.

THE BARTON R. CRUM CO., 219 Highland Ave., Denver, Colorado, breeders, importers and dealers in high grade Belgian Hares. Stock for sale at all times. Guaranteed as represented. Prices low. Quality considered.

BOYS We expect to move in 30 days. Until then will sell pedigree Belgians at 60 Per Cent. Discount to introduce. All guaranteed. Cal. Gold Nugget Hare Co., 223 W. 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Belgian Hare Champion Mrs. A. M. Bush, Editor, is publishing a series of articles on "How to Judge Your Own Hares," something every breeder should know. Complete instructions on care and food. Only 60c per yr. till Jan. Sample 10c. Room 254-B Wilson Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

POULTRY PAPER, illustrated, 30 pages, 25 cents per year. 4 months trial 10 cents. Sample Free. 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cents. Catalogue of poultry books free. Poultry Advocate, Syracuse, N.Y.

BIG RESULTS from a small investment. That's what you get by using the Bantam Hatcher. Hatches every hatchable egg, often 50 chicks from 50 eggs. 50 eggs only \$4. SENT ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Send for catalogue No. 29. Buckeye Incubator Co., Springfield, O.

CHICKEN MONEY FOR BOYS Raising pure bred fowls is an easy and fascinating way of making money, and any bright boy can succeed at it, if he has our paper to guide him. Poultry Success is a handsome illustrated monthly journal, full of valuable matter about poultry, and is only 50c per year, sample copy 4 cents in stamps. Poultry Success, Des Moines, Ia.

100 GOLD DOLLARS Is about the value of our New Style 100 Egg Incubator, only \$5.00 if you don't get it at once. Guaranteed to hatch a larger per cent. than any incubator on the market, or money refunded. 50 chick brooders to go with it, \$5.00. Send stamp to-day for cat. of New Century Incubator. The Monitor, box 4, Moodus, Conn.

How TO Train Animals This book, written by an experienced animal trainer, tells you how to teach your dog to leap, walk erect, beg, stand on his hind, etc. It also tells how to train horses, mules, cats, rats, mice, birds, etc., to perform remarkable feats. Handsomely illustrated. Price 10c. Catalogue of Books, Tricks, Novelties, etc., free. J. U. STEELE, 223 Beech Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

The Belgian Hare Guide The latest and best book out on the Belgian hare industry. Illustrated, practical and covers every phase of the subject. Price 25 cents or with INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL one year, 40c. Sample copy of JOURNAL free, if requested, or 15c. trial subscription, 10 cents. Please mention this paper. Agents Wanted. Inland Poultry Journal Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

BIRDS AND EGGS HOW TO KNOW and STUDY THEM SUBSCRIBE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY NOW TO For the Home and School. Only 50 cents a year. 12 numbers. Each number contains illustrations in half tone from photographs of several N. A. birds, also egg in full size and interesting description of each bird. CASH PRIZES EACH MONTH for short stories. Send five cents for sample copy. CHAS. K. REED Station A, Worcester, Mass.

BOYS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

How to Start a Rabbitry.

CHAS. B. BOVIER.

The breeding of Belgian hares opens up opportunities for many who before had no means of earning a dollar for themselves. It also provides another very dainty item of fresh meat for the thrifty housekeeper.

It gives the boys business training and teaches them self-reliance. Many boys, through raising Belgian hares in their back yards, are laying up money. It also teaches them practical lessons in stock breeding. For instance, the learning that the mating of one animal with good shape and good color, but short on ear-lacing, ticking or color of hind feet, with another having an abundance of those points, produces in their descendants more perfect specimens.

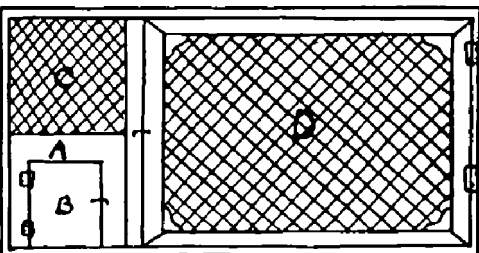


DIAGRAM OF FRONT HUTCH.

A—Nest box. B—Door to nest box. C—Space above nest box. D—Main door.

The first great essential is to have suitable and comfortable quarters kept always in a cleanly condition, and well ventilated, but without drafts. These requirements must be conscientiously looked after to insure the health of the animals.

The hutches may be easily and cheaply made from dry goods boxes. Take a box, say about three by four feet and two feet high. Take off one side. In the doe's hutch put a smaller box, say about twelve by twelve by twenty inches, with a hole cut in the back end about eight inches square, through which the doe can enter. In the front end make a door, and place the nest box at one end of the hutch within easy reach of the door. Close the opening above the nest box with one inch mesh poultry or rabbit wire. Make a door to fit the entire opening from the nest box to the other end. The frame should be made of seven-eighths by two inch lumber and covered with the one inch mesh screening. Tack the wire on the inside of the door to prevent bunny from nibbling at the wood.

A hutch made in this way is tight on three sides, while the front is all open, except the end of the nest box, thus insuring ample ventilation.

These hutches should be placed under shelter, from storms or too great heat. They should also be raised from the ground to avoid dampness. Again, we say, keep dry, clean and well ventilated.

The hutch for the buck does not require a nest box.

The next thing is to procure the stock. Boys who have had little or no experience in stock breeding, should start with only a few good animals. At first I would not advise buying fancy stock.

While there is big profit in raising fancy animals for show specimens, yet the risk is greater, and it is much better for boys to be content with the smaller profits derived from raising meat animals, until they become familiar with the habits of the little animals and the best methods of caring for them.

Get the name of some reliable breeder and write to him, telling him about what you want and get his prices on a pair or trio.

If the rabbits are to be raised for meat only, it is not necessary to purchase pedigreed stock, but for fancy breeding get stock that is pedigreed from some well known strain of blood.

It is better to take an inferior animal known to have good blood than a much better animal with inferior blood, for the specimen with the good blood will in all probability, with proper mating, produce young better than itself, while with the other animal the opposite is true. If you can not afford to spend much money, a good grade of stock may be procured by buying animals two and a half or three months old, and as they mature rapidly one will not have to wait long, as they can be bred at about six months of age.

About a week before the doe is due to have her young, give her plenty of good, clean straw out of which to build her nest, and she will line it with hair pulled from her own body.

If the weather is extremely cold, sometimes she will not pull enough hair to keep her young warm, and they will be chilled to death. This can often-times be obviated by saving the pelt of a hare which may have been killed for meat, and cutting the hair from it and putting it in the nest about the time the doe is going to have her young. Many valuable litters have been saved in this way. Soft feathers are sometimes used to good purpose, where the hair is not available.

The Bellbird.

Our illustration represents the Bellbird from Brazil, a remarkable ornithological specimen. It is the Spaniards' celebrated Campanero, and called "Dara" by the Indians. His plumage is white as snow, and he is about the size of the jay. He has a spiral tube on his forehead that when expanded, rises nearly three inches high; this communicates with the palate, and when filled with air looks like a spire. It is jet black, covered all over with tiny white feathers; when empty it remains flat.



The Bell Bird.

The Bellbird's note is loud and clear like the sound of a bell, and may be heard a distance of three miles. The Campanero is found in the extensive wilds of Brazil. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced "Whip-poor-will," causes such astonishment as the toll of the Campanero.

Like many of the feathered songsters, he greets you with a morning and evening song, and even after the meridian sun has silenced almost the whole of animated nature, the Campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, then another toll, then another pause, then a toll, then he is silent a few minutes, and then a repetition of the tolls.

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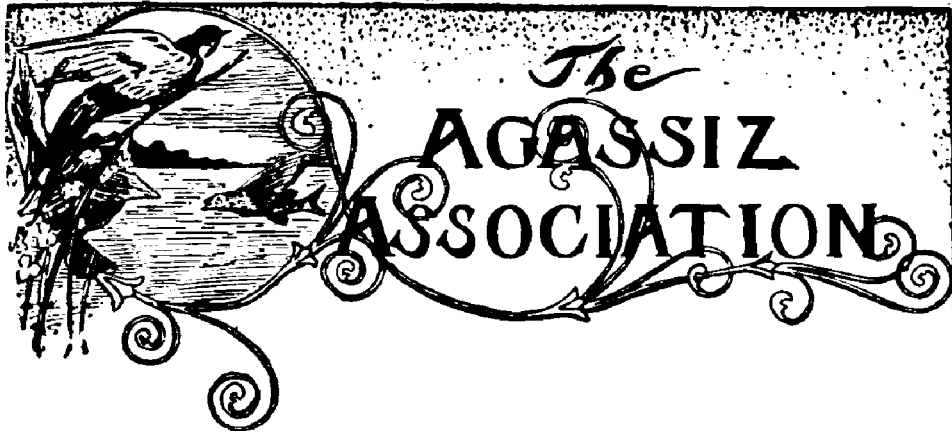
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THE AMERICAN BOY is the only official organ of the Agassiz Association and should be in the hands of every member.

of all ages, and anyone who is interested in any form of natural science is invited. Established in 1875. Incorporated in 1902.

Hints on the Study of Insects.

Don't be alarmed, boys! It is not our intention to write a treatise on entomology. The plan of the Agassiz Association is to lead its members out of doors; to bring them into contact with Nature; to help them use their own eyes, rather than to ask them to read what other people have seen with theirs.

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that we can successfully study any branch of natural science without learning something of what has already been done. Our own little observations will perhaps be of greatest benefit in helping us understand the observations of others. We must have books as well as bugs if we would learn about insects. Reading and observation and experiment must go hand in hand.

But you cannot very well talk or write about insects unless you know their names; and knowledge which cannot be communicated or shared is not very valuable. At all events it is a fact that whenever you find anything new almost the first question you ask is, "What is it?"

In our last paper we explained as clearly as we could the general outlines of natural classification as applied to the animal kingdom; and this kingdom we divided and subdivided until we came to the class Hexapoda, or Insects.

We also learned that insects have bodies divided into three parts, known as the head, thorax, and abdomen; that they have one pair of antennae, three pairs of legs, and usually, in the adult state, one or two pairs of wings. If you have carefully read thus far, you should be able whenever you find any living creature in its full grown state, to determine whether it is an insect or not.

As a test of your attention we invite answers to these two questions:

- 1. Is a spider an insect?
2. Is a caterpillar an insect?
All correct answers will be acknowledged. We will now glance at the sub-divisions, or "orders," of the class Hexapoda.

The first order given by Comstock, in his Manual is Thysanura (Thys-a-nu-ra), or, as the Greek name means, fringe or bristle-tails.

Thysanura are wingless insects which undergo no metamorphosis. The mandibles and maxillae are drawn back into the head so that only their tips appear. They can, however, move enough to bite and chew soft substances. The abdomen is sometimes furnished with rudimentary legs, in addition to the six true legs of the thorax.

We give this definition now, not for the sake of having it learned, but merely to show that before we can go on with our study of insect orders, it is necessary to learn something more about the structure of the bodies of insects, and some of the unusual words used in describing insects and their ways. The definition is useless unless we understand the words "metamorphosis," "mandibles," "maxillae," "abdomen," "rudimentary," and "thorax."

Metamorphosis means change of form. Most of our common insects appear in four very different forms, the egg, the larva, the pupa and the imago, or adult form.

The eggs are usually laid by the mother on or near food appropriate to the young. These eggs are sometimes smooth and oval; but often are of exquisite shapes and beautifully ornamented and colored.

The larva is the insect in the form that hatches from the egg. The caterpillar of the butterfly, and the grub of the beetle are familiar examples. The growth of the insect occurs almost wholly during this second or larval state. It is the larvae of insects that do most injury to vegetation.

chrysalids of butterflies. This stage has a certain resemblance to the first, or egg, state; and the perfect, or adult, form often breaks from its case in such a way as to suggest the former "hatching" from the egg. The whitish, rice-like pupae of ants are often mistaken for eggs.

Many pupae, especially those of moths, besides the protecting pupa-case, are further shielded by silken coverings spun about their bodies, and known as cocoons. These cocoons are sometimes made inside rolled leaves, and sometimes in cells under the ground.

From the pupa the insect emerges in its fourth and final form, which is the adult or imago. Insects never have wings until they have reached the adult state. Therefore as the classification of insects is largely based upon a study of their wings, it is wisest not to attempt to classify or name insects until that stage has been reached. Many questions regarding insects have been sent to us which our young friends could have answered for themselves if they had only waited for their specimens to reach the adult form.

The best way to capture a butterfly may be to catch a caterpillar, but the easiest way to name a caterpillar is to wait until it changes into a butterfly.

Now, there are some insects which do not pass through all the various changes or "metamorphoses" we have described. In one order the young insect just from the egg is of the same form as the adult, and afterward merely grows larger. Insects of this order have no wings; and now you can understand the first part of the definition with which we began: "Thysanura are wingless insects which undergo no metamorphosis."

In our next paper we propose to examine the anatomy of insects far enough to get an understanding, at least, of the rest of our definition of Bristle-tails.

A. A. Chapters.

Now is the time to organize a chapter of the Agassiz Association in your school or home. You can get into good working order, and carry forward all the indoor preparations and study needful for active outdoor work in the spring. All are invited.

The Child is Father of the Man.

Jean Louis Adolphe Agassiz, the naturalist, was born in Motier, canton of Fribourg, Switzerland, May 28, 1807. His father was the pastor of the Motier Protestant church, and his mother was the daughter of a Swiss physician. She educated her son at home during his earlier years and implanted that love of nature which afterward served to make him famous. Even in boyhood he spent much of his time collecting natural history specimens. When he was ten years of age, he was sent away to school with his younger brother. When he went to college at Lausanne, he continued his studies in lines that would aid him in becoming a good naturalist. He studied medicine at the universities of Zurich and Heidelberg and became connected with some of the greatest living naturalists. His first contribution to science was a classification of South American fishes collected by an explorer named Spix. After this he spent his time in study, traveling, writing and giving lectures in natural history. In 1846 he came to the United States to make some scientific investigations, and his reception by the American people was so enthusiastic and the opportunities for making research afforded by the government were so great that he removed his family to this country. In 1848 he accepted the chair of geology and zoology created for him in the Lawrence Scientific School at Cambridge, Mass. From 1851 to 1854 he was professor of anatomy and zoology in the Charleston (S. C.) Medical College. In 1855 he traveled in Brazil, and in 1857 he joined a government expedition in a trip around Cape Horn. In 1873 was established on Penikese Island a summer school, over which Agassiz was to preside. Shortly after its establishment, Dec. 14, 1873, he died in Cambridge.

The Isaac Lea Chapter of Conchology.

The Isaac Lea Chapter of Conchology is a correspondence chapter of the Agassiz Association. It was organized many years ago, and has had members all over the

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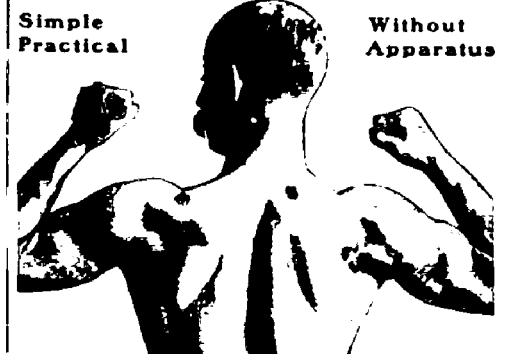
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DAISY BUTTON AND HANDSOME BOOKLET FREE DAISY MFG. CO., PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

Leaf Hoppers.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 29, 1900. The insect, of which I send a sketch, I caught on a hollyhock. It resembles a grasshopper, but is only three-eighths of an inch long. It could run rapidly, side-



UNDER SIDE UPPER SIDE G. B. DENTON LEAF HOPPERS.

ways or forward, and could hop to quite a distance. The wings are bright red, with blue stripes running to the middle of the back. Can you tell me its name? GEORGE B. DENTON.

[The insect is one of our more common "leaf hoppers," and its name—several times as long as its body—is Diadromella coccinea.—Ed.]

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and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg put in it, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly. Write for free catalogue. GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.



The Sparrows' Shower Bath.

Chicago, Sept. 25, 1900. One morning, as I was walking down one of our boulevards, I heard the chirping of sparrows, and to my delight saw, under the heavy shower of a lawn sprinkler, a flock



BOY'S SKETCH OF SPARROWS' SHOWER BATH of sparrows enjoying their morning bath. I send a sketch of the pretty sight. GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

Government Launch Carries Wide-Awake Agassiz Chapter.

Chapter 132 of the Agassiz Association made an interesting excursion yesterday afternoon to Windmill Point on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie. Robert M. Codd, Jr., was enabled to arrange this excursion for the Chapter through the courtesy of Maj. Thomas W. Symons, who kindly gave the use of the government steam launch, Gen. Wilson, for the occasion. The geologists had a delightful trip and gained much interesting and valuable data regarding the immense deposit of corniferous limestone that is being quarried and brought over to Buffalo to be used in constructing the magnificent breakwater at Stony Point. This hard, flinty limestone is doubtless the most durable material that can be found to withstand the force of our storms on the waters of Lake Erie, and protect the fine harbor in this vicinity.—Buffalo Sunday News.

Water Shrew.

Pine, Oregon, Sept. 17, 1900. While out prospecting for quartz with my father, I saw a mouse which excited my curiosity. We were camped on the summit of the Eagle Creek mountains in Eastern Oregon. It was too cold to be comfortable, although it was August. We were near a spring that was cold enough to make your teeth ache. I went to get some water, and saw a mouse swimming in the spring. Thinking it was drowning, I tried to get it, but it seemed to dive into the bank, as a muskrat does. I saw it several times afterwards coming from the grass that surrounded the spring. It swam across perhaps two feet of water, then dived into its hole. It was about the size of an ordinary house mouse, which it resembles in color and general appearance. There is no account of this mouse in my books. FELIX RIDENOUT.

[This animal is probably one of the water shrews, perhaps Neosorex navigator, which is especially partial to Washington and Oregon. Shrews look much like mice, but have a longer snout. Professor Cope found one of another species, the Marsh Shrew (Neosorex palustris), swimming in a lake in New Hampshire about forty feet from the bank. Ed.]

How the Agassiz Association Helps Mothers.

As an illustration of the help which our Association brings to many who are beyond the reach of ordinary means of culture, we give the following letter from a devoted and grateful mother, omitting names:

Sept. 16, 1900. H. H. Ballard, Pres. Agassiz Association: Dear Sir—I have received the Handbook of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, which I like ever so much. It is just what I need. I have always wanted to study Nature, but never knew how. I do so want to get our teacher to start a school chapter. If I cannot do that I will have a family chapter. I have always had a few specimens of minerals and pressed flowers, and yesterday a friend sent me two beautiful pieces of coral. I sent for a three months' subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY and liked it so much that I sent in a dollar for a year. My girls like it also. You will hear from me again soon. Respectfully, Mrs.

Two New Chapters.

Curran, Mich., Sept. 15. We live in the woods in northern Michigan. Our settlement of about a dozen families is situated near the center of a large tract of hardwood timber, which as yet has scarcely been touched by the lumberman's ax. Surrounding this are the vast hilly plains that once were covered with pine forests. Lakes nestle among the hills in all directions, and most of them abound in fish, while all through the hardwood lands are small spring creeks well filled with speckled trout. We have a good school, a Sunday school, a minister once a month and a postoffice. We have become much interested in the A. A. and wish to form a family chapter if possible. We have quite a collection of stones, of which there are a great many here. Yours respectfully, MRS. IDA PATTEE.

Livermore, Colorado, Oct. 8, 1900. Myself and family wish to join the A. A. as a chapter. We organized as such Oct. 5, choosing as our name the Agassiz Look-about Club. I am chosen president, my daughter treasurer, and we have five other members. Our year's program will be "The months of the year and what they bring us." We have the hand-book and THE AMERICAN BOY. MRS. BELLE OLSON.

[Both these chapters are most heartily welcome. The former is No. 36, Curran, Mich., and the latter, No. 243, Livermore, Col. Ed.]

Birds That Build Their Own Incubators.

PROFESSOR CHARLES F. HOLDER.

Some years ago a sea captain who was trading in the Celebes Islands received, as he was about to sail, a basket which the messenger said contained a few eggs which he wished delivered at the next port. The skipper placed the eggs in his cabin for safety, and thought no more about them until one morning he heard a noise in the basket and to his amazement saw one of the eggs break open and its occupant fly across the cabin.

Later he learned that the bird was the Maleo, a pheasant-like creature that deposits its eggs in the volcanic sands of the beach, allowing the sun to hatch them. The young birds dig their way out and are able to take care of themselves from birth, and can fly immediately to a limited distance.

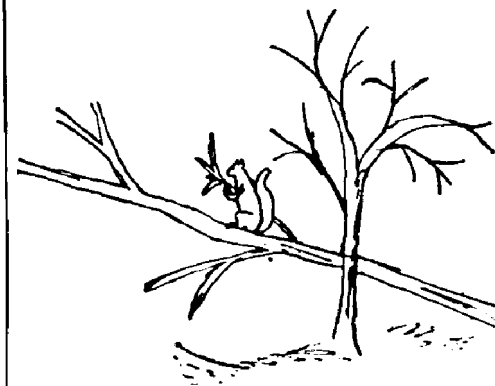
Closely related to the maleo is a group of birds which can be properly termed the mound builders of bird life. They are the Megapodes of New Guinea and Australia, the only birds that use incubators to hatch their eggs. There are a number of species, but in general they resemble small turkeys with large feet, and are found in the brush near the shore or beach.

When the breeding season arrives both sexes select a suitable place and proceed to build a mound of grass and vegetable matter. This is accomplished by the birds seizing the material in their large and powerful claws and hurling it backward. The work of perhaps a score of birds so accumulates, that a large sized mound is the result, which, when used year after year, often assumes striking proportions.

As an example, some naturalists who were traveling on the island of Nogo, in Endeavor Straits, were attracted by the accounts of the natives of a bird that made mountains in which to hide its eggs from enemies. By offering to reward the natives, the travelers were taken to the mound of a megapode, from which the guides triumphantly dug out several eggs. The mound was, if not a mountain, a small hill, and measured one hundred and fifty feet in circumference, and at one end was fourteen feet in height, sloping in one place twenty four feet to the level of the ground, which was scraped bare in the neighborhood. Another observed was twenty five feet in length and five feet high.

Notes of Personal Observation.

31. SQUIRRELS AND MUSHROOMS.—One day last summer when I was in the woods picking berries, I saw a squirrel run along a fallen tree. It had something white in its mouth which looked like a piece of bread. This it placed in a little crotch



Drawn by our correspondent.

among the limbs and ran away. I went over to see what it was, and found it was a mushroom. Afterwards my brother found another mushroom fastened up in the same way, and we think they fasten them up in this way so they may be ready for use whenever they want to eat them. GRACE PATTEE, aged 12.

32. BLUE JAYS AND BEECHNUTS.—I noticed several blue jays in a beech tree, and discovered that they were gathering beechnuts. They would fly out to the end of a branch and hang with back downward



Drawn by our correspondent.

until they secured a nut; then they would fly back toward the trunk of the tree where the limbs were stronger, pick the nut open and eat it. ROLAND C. PATTEE, Curran, Mich.

33. BUTCHER BIRD AND MICE.—In passing through a fallow I became interested in the movements of a bird that was evidently picking something to pieces. Upon closer examination I found the body of a small bird pierced through with the point of a limb and neatly dressed. On another occasion I observed a bird of the same species sitting on a stub, when three mice ran from under a shock of corn. The bird must have very sharp eyes, for, though fully twenty rods away, it saw the mice, and before they could get to shelter, caught each by the tail and carried them to trees near by. I think that this must be the great butcher bird. MR. JNO. A. PATTEE.

34. THREE-LEGGED FROG. While in Morris, N. Y., this summer we came to a spring, and being thirsty, I was just stooping to get a drink, when a frog jumped into the water. I picked it up, and to my surprise it had three legs, one where the tail was when the frog was a tadpole. Only one of its legs was fully developed. CHAS. R. TOKEY, 1747 Capouse avenue, Scranton, Pa.

Prize Offer.

Our offer of a card of membership in the Agassiz Association, and a badge, is still open to all who will send us notes of original observation, accompanied by a drawing, no matter how crude, or a photograph.

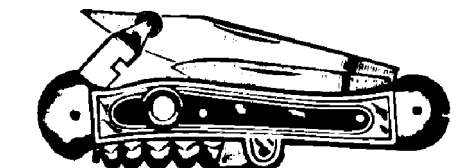
Reports from the First Century, Chapters 1-100, should reach the President by Jan. 1.

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Football Advice.

The following is taken from Football by Camp and Deland:

Don't fail to play a fast game. Line up instantly after each down. Your game is twice as effective if there are no delays.

Don't sing. Scrapping is not football. More than this it prevents good playing.

Don't wait for the opposing runner in the line. Break through and stop him before he reaches the line.

Don't let any player whom you tackle gain an inch afterward. Never let him gain his length by falling forward. Lift him off his feet and throw him back toward his goal.

Don't fail to try and take the ball away from an opponent when he is tackled. Make a feature of this, and you will succeed oftener than you anticipate.

Don't be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of the rules. Master every detail.

Don't make excuses, however good they may be. There is no room in football for excuses.

Don't answer back to a coach upon the field, even if you know him to be wrong. Do exactly what he tells you to do, so far as you are able, and remember that strict obedience is the first requirement of a player.

Don't lose your temper. The man who cannot control his temper has no business on the football field.

Don't rest contented after a misplay. Redouble every energy till it is redeemed by some exceptionally brilliant stroke.

Don't stop if you miss a tackle. Turn instantly and follow the runner at your highest speed. He is your man now more than ever. This is important.

Don't weaken or slow down when about to be tackled.

Don't forget that a touch-down is twice as valuable and only half as difficult to make in the first three minutes of a game. The opponents are often not completely waked up, and the moral effect of such an immediate score is very great.

CONJURING TRICKS.

Sleight of Hand that is Easily Accomplished.
P. W. HUMPHREYS.

The very name of conjuring suggests delightful possibilities to lovers of mystery; indeed sleight of hand is one of the most fascinating of pastimes for the long evenings at home. Many wonder-moving tricks may be practiced by boys which will prove a pleasing diversion on "guest nights." Here are a few simple ones—simple to the performer, but puzzling to the onlooker—which may lead to more elaborate performances later.

MAGIC DOMINOES.

Taking a complete set of dominoes, the conjurer manages to secrete one domino—which must not be a double—while shuffling. He then asks the company to arrange the rest after the ordinary fashion of the game, and, without looking at them, engages to tell the two numbers forming the extremes of the line. These will correspond with the numbers on the secreted domino. Of course, if the trick is repeated, the domino must be changed, or detection would be imminent.

RECOVERING A LOST RING.

Another trick is the recovery of a lost ring. The "properties" necessary are two rings precisely alike, a piece of elastic thread, and a lemon. The rings should be quite valueless. One point that is essential in performing this trick is that the sleeves should be loose at the wrists. The elastic thread must be about three or four inches long. To one end secure one of the rings, and let the other end be fastened to the sleeve, on the inside, the elastic being of such length that it permits of the ring being worn on the finger, and that when the ring is removed it will fly up the sleeve, so as to be concealed from the audience. In the middle of a lemon make a crosswise slit, into which the second ring is forced until it lies in the heart of the fruit. This slit must be carefully cut so that no rind is removed and the incision is closed up and imperceptible after the ring has been pushed in. All this preparation must be made before the trick is proposed. It will readily be seen that a plain ring is better than one with a setting. When all is ready you hold up the lemon in view of the company, then setting it down, proceed to cut it in slices which are nearly, but not quite, severed. Hold it in such a way that if anything were between the slices it would fall out, and be very careful that, in the process of cutting, the ring is in the center of one of the slices. Now take a piece of tape, and thread it through a bodkin, which you push lengthwise through the lemon in such a way that it is passed through the ring. A little practice will soon make this easy. Give the tape ends to two of the guests, and ask them to



stretch the tape tightly. Slip the first ring over your finger—the ring which has the elastic attached—and hold it between your thumb and your finger, being careful that the elastic is not seen by the company. Explain that it is your intention that the ring should pass from your hand to the inside of the lemon. Point toward the fruit with your hand, suddenly spread out your fingers, and let the ring go. It naturally flies up your sleeve and is hidden. The action must be swift and sure. Go to the lemon, and separating the slices, pull them, one by one, from the tape, keeping the central slice till the last. When this one is reached, take the knife again, and cut it into the slice until the ring is visible; then ask a member of the audience to disengage it from the tape.

FINDING THE MARKED COIN.

Less practice is required for the accomplishment of a trick by which you may detect a marked coin without looking at it; and, moreover, no previous preparation is necessary. Place the pennies in a hat, then hand it around, one of the guests being requested to remove one, and one only, of the coins, and to mark it, by scratching it with a penknife. Induce the same person to hold it as long as possible in the hand in order that the penny may become warm. All the coins, by the way, in the first instance, should come from a very cool place—if possible, from the ice box, or cold outdoor air. The hat should now be covered with a silk handkerchief and be passed to you as quickly as possible. You immediately thrust your hand beneath the covering and detect, by the warmth of the coin which has been handled, the marked one. Do not, however, make the fact instantly known, but appear to hesitate before selecting the penny.

How to Measure the Chest.

Every boy should develop his chest if he wishes to grow up into a strong and healthy man. Every boy should also know how to measure his chest, from time to time, so as to keep a record of his development, and here is the only accurate system, which is in use in all the recruiting offices of the United States Army:

Strip to the waist. Hold your arms above your head, the tips of the fingers touching. Have the measurer put a tape around our chest under the armpits. Inhale and exhale naturally. Let your arms fall easily by your side. The tape will slip down to the maximum girth of the chest. This is the mean chest. Exhale all you can, still keeping your arms by your side. This is the minimum chest. Inhale and inflate all you can, in the same position. This is the maximum chest.

The difference between the minimum and maximum chests is called the mobility. A mobility of over three inches in a man of medium height is considered good, below two and one-half inches it is poor.

Artificial movements of the arms or muscles interfere with proper measurements. Having made the above measurements, record them in your diary, and then repeat the measurements on the first of each month, for one year. By that means you may keep an accurate and instructive record of your muscular progress.—Golden Days.

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The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amusement of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel, and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose. Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board, and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board, or a screw eye inserted by which to hang it upon a nail in the wall.

No. 10 is sort of a "bullseye," and each player having three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting one hundred points being the winner. However, exactly one hundred points must be made. For instance, if a player has ninety nine he has to work for "Hook No. 1," as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty adds to the interest of the game. An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.

FIFTY GOOD GAMES As Played in Brooklyn Public Schools From Report by Jessie H. Bancroft, Director of Physical Training

NO. 1. CENTER BASE. The players form a ring; one player stands in the center holding the ball. He tosses it to some player, who must catch it, place it in the center of the circle, and at once chase the one who threw it. The one who threw it runs out of the circle and tries to return and touch the ball before being tagged. If he is tagged he rejoins the circle, and the other player throws the ball. If he is not tagged before returning to the ball, he throws again.

NO. 2. CATCH BALL. The players form a circle with one in the center, who throws the ball in the air, and calls the name of someone in the circle as he does so. The one called tries to catch the ball before it reaches the ground. If he catches it he returns to the circle; if he does not catch it, he exchanges places with the one in the center and throws the ball.

NO. 3. CIRCLE CATCH BALL. Form a circle with six to eight feet between the players. Toss the ball in one direction from one player to the next. The first player who fails to catch the ball steps into the center and throws it to someone in the circle. It is then tossed promiscuously from one to another, so as to elude the one in the center, who tries to catch it. If he is successful, the one toward whom it was aimed takes his place in the center.

NO. 4. PASS BALL. Form a circle with the feet in straddle position, touching the feet of the adjacent players, so as to form a barricade for the ball. One player stands in the center and tries to roll the ball out of the circle, between the feet of the players; the latter roll it back with their hands. If it passes between a player's feet, or he moves his feet to stop it, he exchanges places with the one in the center.

NO. 5. HAND BALL. The players are divided into two teams of from one to five each. On a wall free from obstacles, draw a line three feet and a half above the ground. On the ground or floor, draw a line parallel to the wall, and ten feet distant. Draw lines at the sides to mark the outer edge of the court on the side of the wall and on the floor. One player bounces the ball on the ground, and strikes it on the bound with the open palm of the hand, so as to bound it against the wall. When it has bounced back from the wall, or rebounded from the ground after touching the wall, or before it touches the ground, a player of the opposite side strikes it against the wall. One of his opponents must strike it next. The ball is thus struck alternately by one of each side until a failure is made. A failure consists in missing the ball, striking it against the wall below the chalk line, letting the ball touch the ground outside the court, or not striking it until after the second bounce. When any such failure is made it scores one for the opposite side. The game consists of eleven or twenty one points. (Other Games to Follow.)

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and it is up like a flash, and he cannot make it lie down. 1 LOVER'S MAGIC TRAP. — This trap is a catching novelty, having caught thousands of timid and bashful lovers. The cause of this is its simplicity and never-failing grip. A couple can be joined together, and their struggles to be released only make matters worse. Worth its weight in gold. 1 TIGER CALL WHISTLE. — A beautiful nickel-plated call whistle, loud and clear if you know how to blow it, but dumb as an oyster if you are not in the secret. 1 PUNCH AND JUDY WHISTLE. — With this whistle you can readily learn to imitate the different characters in the Punch and Judy show, by speaking in entirely different tones. Boys and young men can have any amount of fun with these whistles. 1 COPY OF SECOND SIGHT EXPLAINED. — A book fully explaining the second sight mystery, which has astonished and mystified thousands. A handsomely bound 24-page book. 1 COPY OF PARLOR MAGIC MADE EASY. — This work fully explains how to perform 25 of the latest and best tricks, suitable for the parlor or drawing-room; also instructions for performing 10 wonderful illusions, without apparatus, and a treatise on legendeism. We send full and explicit directions for performing all the tricks.

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The Numismatic Sphinx.

Leslie Hamner, Gibsland, La.—Your 1829 dime is worth twenty five cents; the others face value only.

C. O. L., St. Paul, Minn.—A 4 real silver of Charles III. (1759-1788), 1776, of Spain. The dealers charge seventy five cents for it.

H. M. F., Louisville, Ky.—A three dollar gold piece of 1878 is worth \$4.00. An 1851 gold dollar, \$2.00, and a 1798 silver dollar, \$2.50.

Harry Tidd, Kendallville, Ind.—The East India quarter anna of 1837 is worth ten cents and a Hanover groschen of 1857 the same price.

George Ferguson, Lincoln, Neb.—The dealers would charge \$12 for a good five dollar gold piece of 1834. See answer to Wm. H., Jr.

S. J. Sandoz, Opelousas, La.—Your 1853 quarter, if of ordinary type, with rays surrounding the eagle and arrowhead each side of the date, is worth just face value.

Mervin R. Owens, Manitou, Manitoba.—The coins you mention as having are nice to have in a collection, but none of them have any premium value.

Lloyd Lee, Mill's Mills, N. Y.—The rarest dates in our cent series are about in this order, beginning with the rarest: 1799, 1804, 1793, 1855, nickel, 1809, etc.

James Kidd, Steele, O.—The two cent pieces, with the exception of the last date of issue 1873, have no premium. The half dime of 1853, if fine, is worth twenty cents.

W. Glenn Phillips, Youngsville, Pa.—An eagle cent of 1856 is worth \$1.50. A half dollar of 1812, seventy five cents, and a half dime of 1866, if fine, twenty five cents.

Ralph Angle, Cedarville, Ill.—The half dollar gold pieces struck in California in 1871 are both octagonal and round. They are worth \$2.00 each. Your other coins, no premium.

Wm. Hildebrand, Jr., Sheboygan, Wis.—See answer to Julius M. The Columbian half dollars, if fine or uncirculated, sell for seventy five cents each. That of 1892 is somewhat the rarer.

A. W. B. Ruthven asks the value of an 1826 ten cent piece. No dimes of that date were issued by this country. The dimes of 1873 have no premiums. The same may be said of the 1855 half dollar.

Ralph S. Weaver, Macedon, N. Y.—Your 1894 dime is from the Philadelphia mint and is common. The rare one is from the San Francisco mint and has the letter S beneath the wreath on the reverse.

J. S. Wells, Chicago, Ill.—An 1838 quarter dollar is worth fifty cents. There are two varieties of this date, one with Liberty head, the other with Liberty seated; both the same value. 1845 cent is worth five cents.

John S. Spicer, Harrisburg, Pa.—Your rubbings are taken from Spanish coins: 1. A half real silver of Charles III. (1759-88) 1773. 2. A 5 centimo of Alphonzo XII. (1874-85) 1877. Both the coins are very easy to obtain.

Frank Lilly, Catonsville, Ind.—1821 dime worth twenty five cents. A good 1803 cent is worth from twenty five cents to a dollar, depending upon the die variety. No cents were issued in 1773. Your other coins face value only.

Jerome Simer, Kell, Ill.—Your rubbing was taken from a 2 real silver coin of Charles III of Spain (1759-1808). 1796. Intrinsically it is worth only bullion value, but collectors of coins have to pay the dealers for such a coin about forty cents.

Herbert Jeffries, Louise, Texas.—Your drawing is of a five (cinco) centimos piece of Spain. There are four pieces in the series, viz.: 1, 2, 5 and 10 centimos and all are dated 1870, thus representing Spain while she was a Republic. The coins sell for ten cents each.

Willard Gardner, Shreve, O.—1804 and 1806 half cents are worth from twenty five to fifty cents each, depending upon condition; 1798 cent, same price. Your rubbing is from a common "Ships Colonies and Commerce" Canadian token. The other coins you mention have no premium.

Curtis Hallingsworth, Wheel, Md.—Your "coin" with the legend, "If anybody attempts to tear it down, shoot him on the spot," is a war token, sometimes a "Dix token," for these are the words of Gen. John A. Dix. A rare error of this medal has the word "spot" spelled "spoot."

Charles V. Runyon, Clarksville, Tenn.—The coin that you are troubled about is a

common Canadian half penny. The man on the horse is to represent St. George killing the dragon. The 1842 and 1848 cents are common, bringing but five to ten cents each, depending upon condition.

Ethel, Shawnee, O.—Your coin with "Our army" on one side and Indian head and twelve stars on the obverse is a war token, issued during our Civil War, 1861-1865. A two real piece of Ferdinand VII. (1808-33), 1817, worth perhaps thirty five cents. Your others are very common. Canada issued no coins in the year 1700, so you must be in error.

W. G. P., New York, N. Y.—The half dollar of 1849 is worth seventy five cents. Cent of same date, five cents. You do not say whether your three cent piece of 1865 is of silver or nickel; if silver it is worth seventy five cents; if nickel, ten cents. There is no premium on your other coins. A Rebellion token of no value only as a memento of an interesting period of our history.

Alvin W.—There are several die varieties of the 1795 half cent, and they sell for from seventy five cents to two dollars each if in collectible condition. There are two varieties of the 1795 cents, viz.: Lettered edge and plain edge. In good condition they are worth easily two dollars and one dollar each respectively. Denmark skilling of 1771 is very common. Iverness half penny sells at twenty cents each.

D. M. K., Madison, S. D.—Your rubbings are taken from (1) 1 ore Charles XV. (1859-72) 1870, of Sweden, five cents. (2) rubbing poor, evidently a sou of France, Louis XV. (1715-74), no value in its condition. (3) A common war token, "The Federal Union it must be preserved," no value only as a memento of an interesting period of our history. The same may be said of your fifty cent Confederate scrip.

Ellwood S. High, Dillinger, Pa.—The 1878 dollar with eight feathers in eagle's tail is considered rarer than the one with seven. Neither have any premium except they be in uncirculated condition. The half dollars of 1827, 1829, 1830 and 1836 sell for seventy five cents each. A cent of 1801 in good condition is worth the same. Your 1843 dollar usually brings two dollars. Your other rubbing is taken from a 100 reis nickel of Brazil, worth fifteen cents.

Walter G. Williams, Hot Springs, Ark.—Has over \$5,000 in Confederate bills from 25 cents up to \$500.00. Many of our boys would be "independent" if Confederate bills were only exchangeable at face value for our Uncle Samuel's money, but they "Represent nothing on God's earth now, And nought in the water below it; But as the pledge of a nation's that's dead and gone, Keep it, dear friend, and show it." No premium on an 1857 half dime.

Edward Ellsen, New York, N. Y.—Your description and drawing is of a Russian coin, issued during the reign of Catherine II. (1762-96) for Moldo-Wallachia. There are three copper coins in the set struck at the Sagodowna mint, viz.: 1, 2 and 5 paras. and bear dates 1771-1773. Instead of the right shield on the obverse bearing "a peacock with a cross in its mouth" it is a dove with an olive branch. These pieces sell for fifty cents each in good condition. Your small copper For Public Accommodation, 1861, is one of those war medals or tokens so largely used during the last years of the Rebellion, of no particular value. Your other coin is doubtless Austrian, but your description is indefinite.

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BOYS' EXCHANGE

Percy L. Small, 21 Union Street, South Norwalk, Conn.: I will exchange a hand printing press and outfit for an old camera. J. Lee Sullivan, 601 Barnard St., Savannah, Ga.: I would like to exchange a small printing press and outfit for a 22-calibre rifle.

Ray M. Belden, 225 Central Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.: I will exchange specimens of gypsum for Indian relics, shells or minerals.

William F. Klett, 109 So. Frt. St., Wheeling, W. Va.: I will exchange fifty United States stamps, all different, for three Indian arrowheads.

Frank Parnell, Ashley, Ind.: I will exchange stamps, arrowheads and leaves for other stamps, fossils, minerals, old coins, relics and curios.

E. S. Johnston, Gregory Landing, Mo.: I will exchange fossil shells and shells from the Mississippi River for sea shells and Indian arrowheads.

Samuel A. Jenks, 52 River St., Pawtucket, R. I.: Will give ten copies of "Snaps" for either No. 2, No. 3, No. 5 or No. 8 of the "Tip-Top Quarterly."

S. S. Wortsman, 115 Gaston West, Savannah, Ga.: I will exchange twenty five stamps for each of the first six copies of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Ray Venetitsch, care Crews and Beggs, Pueblo, Colo.: I would like to exchange a nice collection of stamps in an album for a cornet or a printing press.

Sam Hemmingsen, Sundown, Minn.: I will exchange ten foreign stamps, all different, for one hundred common U. S. stamps. Send a good stamp for return postage.

Harry Higby, 304 Third South St., Fairfield, Ia.: I will exchange nine foreign stamps, all different, for two Indian arrowheads, or for shells from the Great Lakes.

George Sweeting, 109 Terrace Hill St., Brantford, Ont.: I will exchange one 3-cent jubilee, one 5-cent 1880, and one 8-cent, two maple leaves, for one 15-cent 1880 Canadian stamp.

Walter Mashburn, Flomaton, Ala.: I would like to exchange with some of the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY, one No. 1 camera and some supplies, for a printing press.

Lawrence D. Ackerman, Bristol, N. H.: I will trade leaves with any boy of any section other than my own. I will trade valuable coins or stamps for Indian relics or curios from any State.

Fred Rowe, Letart Falls, O.: I will exchange one arrowhead, one Roman stamp, twenty five mixed stamps, one relic, one shell from Point Comfort, for one dollar in Confederate money.

Robert L. Hindman, Ottumwa, Ia.: I will exchange eight numbers of the Inland Printer of 1898, January to August, inclusive, and four late Argosies, for seven Inland Printers of 1899 or 1900.

Clinton Baird, Pataskala, Ohio, asks for the names of boys who make a specialty of gathering Indian relics. He also wants to know the name of a magazine in the field of prehistoric anthropology.

Henry C. Sauerer, Media, Pa.: I will exchange seventy four different foreign stamps worth about eighty or ninety cents for military or naval buttons not from Pennsylvania, or for Indian relics.

G. H. Play, 167 11th St., Long Island City, N. Y.: Will exchange United States and foreign stamps or old copper cents for eggs of birds special to the South, West, or Mexico or other countries, in good condition.

Louis D. Nalty, L. B. 29, Brookhaven, Miss.: I will exchange leaves of China berry, water oak, plum, cherry, peach, beechnut and black gum, and other trees of this locality, for a book on how to train dogs.

Clarence R. Curren, Millbrook, Ill.: I have a coin book worth a dollar which gives the value of all coins, that I will exchange for Indian arrowheads, or Indian axes or tomahawks, or petrified wood from Arizona.

Edward Miller, 2 Boehm St., Lawrence, Mass.: I will exchange thirty six numbers of the "Golden Days," beginning with No. 37, Vol. 20, and ending with No. 21, Vol. 21, for the first ten numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

F. Tripp, 2715 Forest St., Port Huron, Mich.: I would like to exchange leaves from Michigan trees, and stones and shells from Lake Huron, for leaves from other States, army buttons, or Indian relics.

George Nesbit, 94 Wakeman Ave., Newark, N. J.: I will give some good books, some copper ore and red maple, pear, chestnut, apple and elm leaves, and foreign stamps, for Indian or other relics.

Clyde Jennings, 405 Harrison street, Lynchburg, Va.: I will exchange a fine collection of postage stamps, six hundred and twenty five varieties valued at thirty dollars, for type or printing fixtures.

Frank Vallant, Spring Lake, N. J.: I have stamps used during the Civil War which I will exchange for Cuban or Spanish newspapers or foreign stamps, or leaves of trees from California or Colorado.

George William Lewis, Sonoma, Cal.: I will exchange leaves of silver poplar, pepper, pepperwood, cork, quince, buckeye, osage, walnut and acacia, for fifteen different postmarks from any other State excepting California.

Harry Lindquist, Iron Mountain, Mich.: I will exchange iron ore specimens for Omaha stamps, any denomination, Columbians, above two cent, or other stamps catalogued at and above two cents each, and interesting curios.

Harry Slocum, Gouverneur, N. Y.: I have a printing press and type which, when new, cost five dollars. It is in good condition. I have also a collection of twelve hundred stamps, all of which I will exchange for Indian relics.

Howard Murphy, Williams, Ind.: I have a good New Haven stem-wind and stem-set watch, two Indian arrowheads, an Indian corn pounder, a piece of petrified wood and some iron ore which I will exchange for a good boy's bicycle.

H. L. Metzger, 1009 Baugh Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.: I have a big stock of reading matter which I would like to exchange for anything of value. I have a 2 1/2 x 1 camera and complete outfit that I will exchange for a 2 1/2 inch double tube bicycle tire.

William Trapp, 220 11th St., Hoboken, N. J.: I will exchange some Saturday Evenings Posts for AMERICAN BOYS or other magazines. I have also old newspapers of 1850 which I will exchange for the first six numbers of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Walter C. Smith, 282 Lincoln Ave., Detroit, Mich.: Would like to exchange 4x8 unmounted photographic prints with readers of THE AMERICAN BOY. I have fine views of Washington's Tomb and of State, War and Navy building in Washington city.

Scott B. Williams, 314 Common St., Shreveport, La.: I will send a stamp from each of the countries France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Switzerland and England, for a stamp from each of seven other countries. I would like also samples of amateur papers.

George H. Slocum, Caro, Mich.: I have a Baltimorean, No. 10, self-inking, one roller press, size of form 3x5 inches. Outfit consists of one press, one new roller, two fonts of type, ink, cards, paper. Has only been in use a little. Is as good as new. I will exchange the outfit for a goat; or write me what you will exchange.

Charles Rochefort, Jackson, Mich.: I will exchange five striping brushes; one left bicycle pedal, good; one new pedal, same; four pedal rubbers, new, fit any bicycle, aluminum lock and chain; three pieces patch rubber, 4x16; one checker-board and checkers, new; for arrowheads, coins, shells or best offer.

Ralph B. Rich, Chincoteague, Va.: I will exchange an old book, bound in calf, published in 1801 in Dublin. I will exchange it for good foreign or United States stamps catalogued to over five cents each. I have also Chinese chopsticks and Chinese spoon to exchange for good stamps.

Harry B. Lohmeyer, 922 N. Gilmer St., Baltimore, Md.: I will exchange 4x5 photographs of Western Maryland, Gettysburg Battlefield, Baltimore and vicinity, for views of Great Lakes, Niagara Falls and Western United States. I will also exchange petrified wood from Western Maryland for Indian arrowheads or spearheads.

Charles Gabrielson, Sloux Rapids, Ia.: I will exchange pressed leaves, oak, elm, ash, elder, bittersweet berry, blackberry, raspberry, willow, silver maple, hard maple, for any leaves not mentioned here, or for Indian arrowheads or ore of any kind. I will exchange a copy of the Sloux Rapids Republican or Sloux Rapids Press, for a copy of the Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette or the Steubenville Herald-Star.

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THE BOYS LIBRARY

Prize Fight Literature Causes School Boy Fights.

Fighting among small boys has increased to an alarming extent, according to Mr. John Jasper, superintendent of New York public schools.

"There are many reasons for this," said Mr. Jasper. "There is the cheap sensational paper, with pictures of the fighters, which gets into the schoolboys' hands. The newsboys can tell you all about the coming fight. They read about our governor taking boxing and wrestling lessons. This and other examples are always before them.

"Last week I had to act as peacemaker in four of these fistic encounters. In each instance a large crowd had gathered and it was with great difficulty I reached the fighters and put a stop to the fight. I was surprised to see that the crowd in each case contained many men, well dressed and of middle age, who encouraged instead of putting an end to these shameful exhibitions. They encouraged the boys to hit each other harder and acted collectively as referee, using in their comments the well known slang of the prize ring.

"These exhibitions are in many cases the result of the extensive literature published concerning prize fights and the example set by some of our leading citizens who attend the contests at so called athletic clubs. The schoolboy hears his older brother, or his father, discussing some fight, and his mind becomes filled with the subject. The consequence is that street fighting between schoolboys has increased fifty per cent."

Some Good Boys' Books by George Waldo Browne.

Like Edward S. Ellis, G. Waldo Browne has taken both history and juvenile fiction for his literary fields. A few years ago he was editor of "The American Young Folks," published in Manchester, N. H., where the author lives. Then he sold his magazine to "The Youth's Companion," determined to devote himself entirely to authorship, taking the American boy as the object, largely, of his entertainment. He contributed serials to such juveniles as "Good News," "The Argosy," and "Golden Days," then drifted naturally into steady book making, where we know him at the beginning of this new century.

Passing by his newly published histories of Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, entitled respectively "The Paradise of the Pacific," and "The Pearl of the Orient," as well as his forthcoming volumes on China and Japan, we shall glance at three of his narratives of adventure, first of which will be "Two American Boys in Hawaii," published by Dana, Estes & Co., Boston, at \$1.50.

Lewis Hilland, a boy with weak lungs, is obliged to take a change of climate, so he goes to Hawaii, where lives a former

friend, Ned Merriweather. He arrives on the island in time to be thrown into the troubles which led to the raising of the American flag over Honolulu, in August, 1898. Scenes among the surf riders, the wild men, the lepers, and during a volcanic eruption, work together into a series of exciting times, while the two boys are in search of Ned's family, who had been carried off by the natives. History and description enter into the narrative in the ever-interesting manner of Mayne Reid and Jules Verne.

In "The Woodranger," published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, at \$1.00, Mr. Browne takes up a period of history ever delightful to our patriotic boys of America, yet in a place not often drawn upon for narrative. The scene is laid around the Merrimac Valley and Massabesic Lake, one hundred and sixty years ago, when the Scotch-Irish settlers of New Hampshire were in a state of angry dispute with the Massachusetts settlers over the boundary question. The Woodranger himself is that typical frontiersman, like Murray's John Norton, and Cooper's Leatherstocking, dear to the Yankee heart. Among his young friends are Norman McNeil, Robert Rogers, afterwards famous as the leader of Rogers' Rangers, and John Stark, later the Revolutionary hero of New Hampshire. The incidents of the story are such as will enthrall any live boy who is at all interested in descriptions of adventure and sporting contests. Here are boat races, shooting matches, forest fires, floods, and humorous situations enough to make the boy wish he had another three hundred pages to read, including more bears, panthers and mysteries as wholesomely told by this prince of juvenile authors.

"The Young Gunbearer," a companion book to "The Woodranger," has for its two principal characters the unique old forester and Rob Rogers, who are in the land of "Evangeline" eleven years before the Exile of the Acadians, and at the time when Nova Scotia and New England were threatened by an invasion from a great French fleet being organized across the water, while also there were troubles at home. The story is introduced by a quip-pitching contest between the boys of Grand Pre and those of a neighboring town. Then follow intrigues and scouting scenes about the smithy of Basil Le Noir; an Indian attack upon the house of a suspected spy; the night flight along the river, through dangers of chase, rapids and ambuscades, when a family is rescued from peril, and the settlement of Main-a-Dieu is warned in time of its immediate danger from an attack by the enemy; the descent of Rob Rogers into New Hampshire; the organization of rangers for a siege of Louisburg, the powerful French fort; and the siege itself, all of which incidents are told with the author's characteristic clearness. Mr. Browne is without doubt a man whom the boys want to know.

Iron Melted in Five Seconds.

A European inventor recently performed a remarkable experiment in the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison at Orange, N. J. He placed a cup half full of a chemical in a crucible and covered it with a small quantity of powdered aluminum. He then placed an iron wrench about half an inch thick and six inches long in the crucible. Touching a match to the compound, the mixture blazed furiously, and in five seconds the iron wrench was melted. It was estimated that the heat evolved in the process was three thousand degrees centigrade, hitherto considered impossible to reach.

The inventor keeps the nature of his chemical compound a secret.

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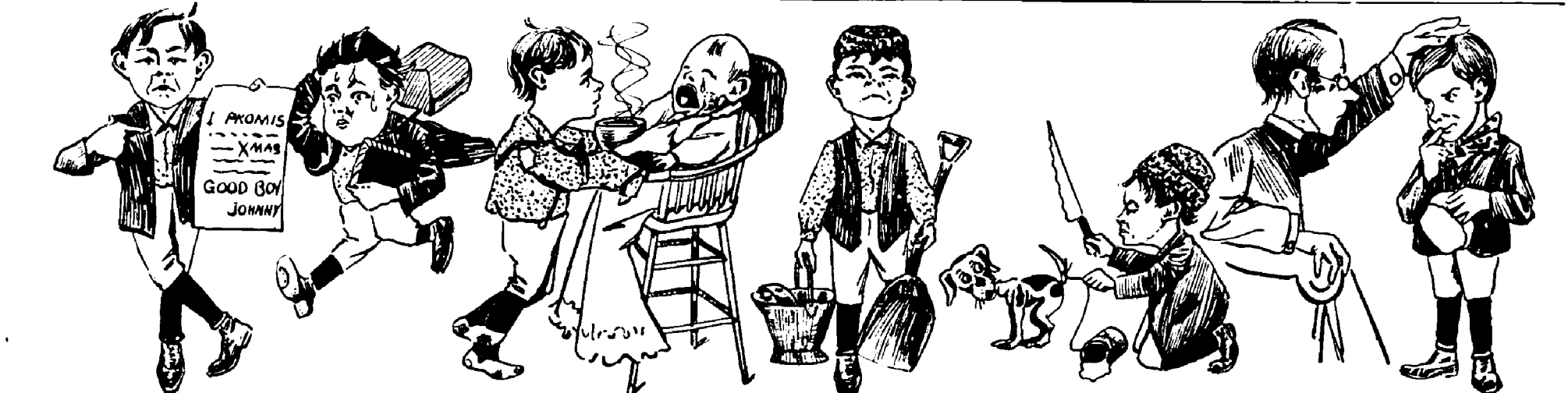
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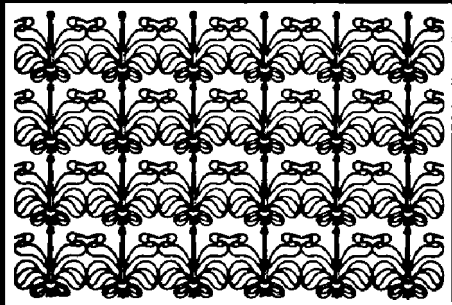
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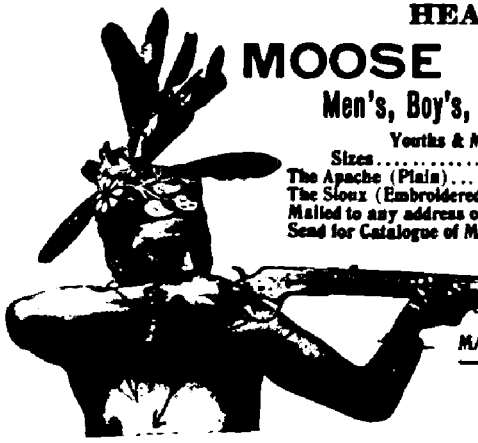
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But, had sampled the Christmas dinner the day before.

And had got a stocking like this Christmas morning, wouldn't it make you weep?



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HAYDEN MFG. CO.,
 84 Main Street, - Attleboro, Mass.

PRIZE AND PUZZLE DEPARTMENT

Answers to November Puzzles.

No. 85 B las.
 E ldorado.
 T exas
 H ldalgos.
 S tyx.
 H orner.
 E arth.
 M erriment.
 E rebus.
 S atrap.
 H all.
 Bethshemesh—the Hebrew name for Heliopolis.

No. 86. Camera.
 No. 87. Determination
 No. 88. L A N C E
 N U R S E
 D O T A L
 P O S E D
 P E R I L
 L O V E S
 T E N O R

No. 89. Short visits make long friends.
 No. 90. Lyons. Athens. Little Rock. Toledo. Hague. Macon. Denver. Toronto. Concord. Troy.
 No. 91. Brown. Green. Crown. Frown. Drown.

No. 92. W A N T I N G
 P R O U D
 A N T
 C A N
 P A G E A N
 I N T E G E R

Award of Prizes.
 First mistake—Stanley B. Walte, 79 Hancock avenue, Detroit, Mich.
 Second mistake—G. H. Buckley, Spring Lake, Mich.
 Longest list of mistakes—Clyde C. Swayne, 48 1/2 Bates street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 No. 95. Frederick H. Drangooler, P. O. Box 5, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
 No. 96. Louis Feniger, 183 1/2 Woodland avenue, Cleveland O.
 No. 97. Willie S. Morris, McConnelsville, O.
 No. 98. Irving B. Phelps, Grafton, N. D.
 No. 99. Fred P. Willey, 34 Upper Weldon street, St Albans, Vt.
 No. 90. La Roy Hollister, Newark Valley, N. Y.
 No. 91. James R. Clark, 960 Warren avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 No. 92. S. Gordon, 2237 N. Thirtieth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW PUZZLES.

Numerical.
 My whole is a pretty quotation from Goldsmith, containing 42 letters.
 My 31, 19, 24, 14, 41 is a color.
 My 16, 36, 22, 27, 32, 3, 12, 42 is unnecessary.
 My 17, 28, 10, 11, 13, 20, 35, 9, 40 is reputation.
 My 4, 39, 33, 7, 1, 15, 18, 26 is a high hill.
 My 23, 5, 25, 34, 37 is circular.
 My 2, 15, 21, 6 is a crown of light.
 My 38, 29, 30 is a pronoun.

No. 94.
Double Decapitations.
 Behead to exhort and leave to extend; again, and leave every one.
 Behead a large check and leave have placed again, and leave assistance.
 Behead ashore and leave ground; again, and leave also.
 Behead a fish and leave a revel; again, and leave without.
 Behead a large nail and leave a road; again, and leave a boy's nickname.

No. 95.
Sentence Anagram.
 The question of the hour.
 WHO CAN WHITEN THE BAD SIL-LAH?

No. 96.
Word Anagram.
 Since Teddy, the Great, ran up San Juan hill
 And wrote his long letters home,
 This word is put in most frequent use
 From Texas and Maine to Cape Nome.
 We hear all about the SUR SU NOTE life
 Of deeds that can SUE NO RUST.
 And authors whose heroes USE NOT RUS
 Will soon or late "bite the dust."

No. 97.
Hidden States.
 1. He sent me the protocol, or a document giving full particulars.
 2. At Kindel a warehouse was destroyed by fire.
 3. Did a hoe cause all that damage?
 4. Lima, in East Peru, has a population of 130,000.
 5. I told Pharaoh I only took half.

6. Where is all that silver ore gone?
 7. Geneva Dales is an amateur actress.
 8. There are three cities in this state within a radius of ten miles: Denver, Montclair and Littleton.
 —Albert McCaffrey, Denver, Colo.

No. 98.
Hour-Glass.
 1. Pertaining to first principles. 2. Curative. 3. Neat. 4. The close of day. 5. A letter. 6. A pen. 7. During. 8. Walks slowly. 9. Annals. Perpendicular—height.

No. 99.
Enigma.
 A hedged inclosure is my FIRST;
 A sharp, wooden leg, my second;
 A novelist of renown, my THIRD,
 Second to none, by many reckoned.

The Stamp Prizes.
 The three boys sending in the largest number of subscriptions during the month preceding November 20, are, in their order: J. Lawrence Hirschland, Reading, Pa.; Woodford Kron, Santa Cruz, Cal., and Charles Karkaw, Lansing, Mich. The first named receives one hundred and sixty two stamps; the second named forty nine stamps, and the third named forty nine stamps.

Foreign Postage Stamps.
 To the boy sending the largest number of new subscriptions to THE AMERICAN BOY by Dec. 20 we will give, in addition to the regular premium offered, one-half of the foreign stamps accumulated in our office for the month ending that date; to the two next in order, one-fourth each.

Prizes for Mistake Hunters.
 To the boy first notifying us of a mistake in spelling (dialect not considered) in this number of THE AMERICAN BOY, we will give \$1.00. To the boy next in point of time, who detects a mistake, 50 cents. To the boy sending in the longest list of mistakes, \$2.00.

Prize Offers.
 For the first correct solution of the puzzles we will give prizes as follows:
 Puzzle No. 93—An AMERICAN BOY Base Ball Scarf
 Puzzle No. 94—An AMERICAN BOY Watch Charm.
 Puzzle No. 95—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
 Puzzle No. 96—An AMERICAN BOY Knife.
 Puzzle No. 97—An AMERICAN BOY Fountain Pen.
 Puzzle No. 98—A Coin and Stamp Guide.
 Puzzle No. 99—A six months' subscription to this paper for any boy whom the winner may name.

FREE BOYS, We give you a... WATCH, CAMERA, BANJO, MANDOLIN or GUITAR, SOLID GOLD RING, PAIR OF SKATES, or your choice of many valuable premiums. No money required. Send your name and address and we will mail you 18 handsome Gold Plate Scarf and Stick Pins set with beautiful stones. Sell them to your friends at 10c each, send us the \$1.80, and we will send by return mail the present you choose.
GEO. G. BLAKE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

The Egyptian Group-Band
PREVENTS GROUP, CURES BRONCHIAL COUGHS
IN TWO DAYS.
An External Treatment by Absorption.
 For father, mother, children and baby, worn about the neck next the skin, not visible above dress or neck band. Every home should have one to combat these Bronchial affections before they develop into chronic and incurable diseases.
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Egyptian Group-Band Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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 1/4 SIZE
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 Sell 18 Scarf Pins WATCH
FOR THIS
 We also give Bracelets, Cameras, Rings, Guard Chains, Purse, etc. Send your name and address and we will mail you 18 Gold Plate Scarf Pins to sell for 10 cts. each. When sold send us the money and select your present from our large catalogue.
Answan Jewelry Co.,
 N. Attleboro, Mass.,
 1 Main St.

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Revolver and Razor FREE With Your First Order.

SEND NO MONEY in advance, only your address and the name of your Retail Jeweler in your town and we will send you one Gent's American Watch, open face (cut shows back of case) richly engraved, stem wind, 14-karat, gold plated, with fine American Lever Works. Sold under a Positive Guarantee for 20 years. Looks like a \$50 watch. With your first order we send Free with watch one Police Revolver, full nickel plate, 5 shot, 3/4 inch barrel, self-cocking, 32 or 38 S. & W. Cartridge—guaranteed—also one "Barber's Choice" Razor, India hollow ground, ringing silver steel gilt edge blade, with fine finished and well-balanced handle. All sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. If satisfactory pay express agent \$3.57 and expressage. We send ladies size watch in place of gent's, with revolver and razor for \$4.90.
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TO INTRODUCE our novelties, Handsome Insect Pin, set with Stones and Enamel, Waist Pin, set with Garnet, Horseshoe Pin with Horse's Head, beautifully set with Stones and Enamel, which will be mailed (Free) to any address on receipt of 15 cents to pay postage, together with descriptive illustrations of many other up-to-date novelties, superior to anything now on the market. If you want the very latest, don't delay, but send in your orders at once.
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